

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1974 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY



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OF SKIING**

**CANDICE BERGEN
DISCOVERS CHINA**

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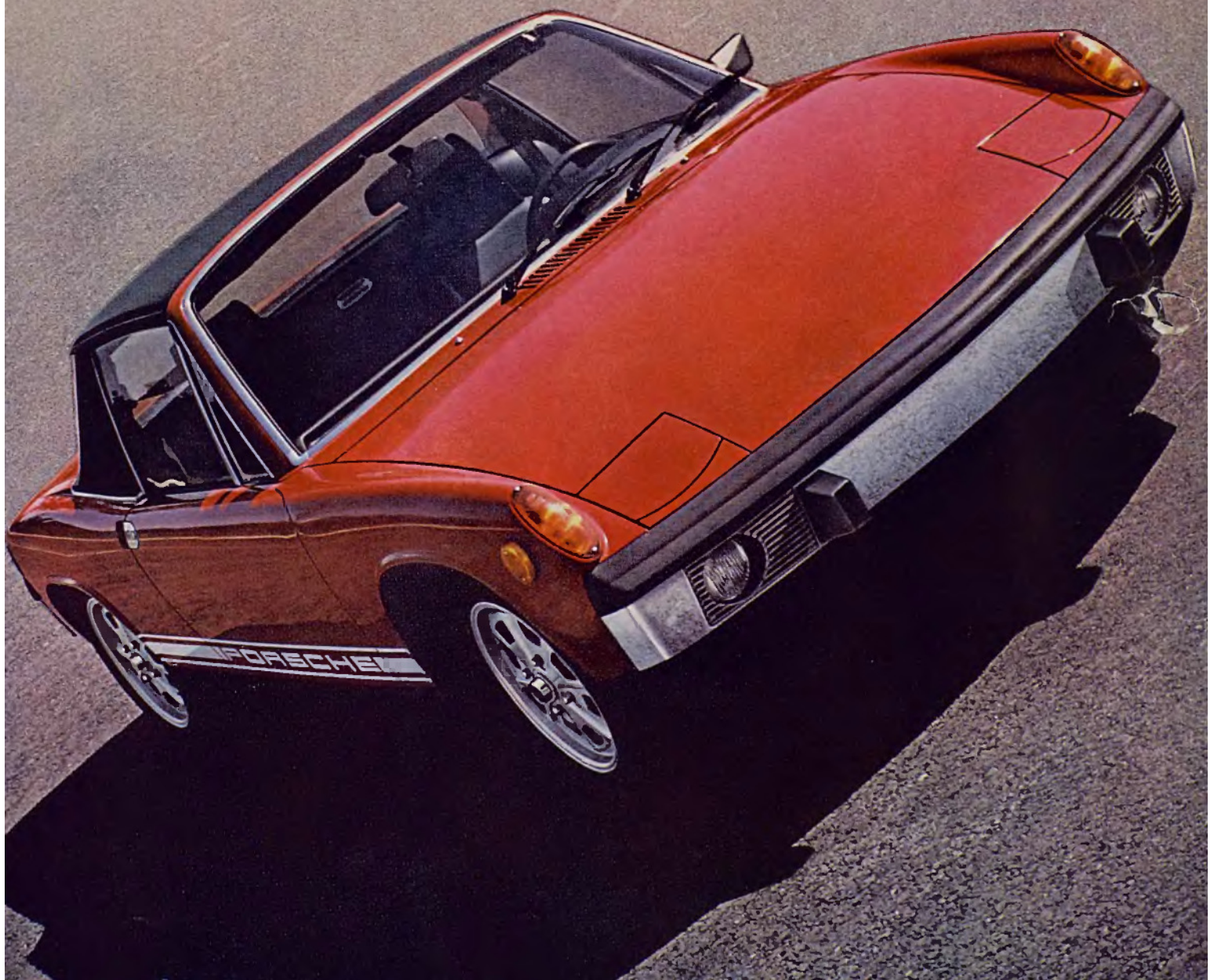
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PLAYBILL IT WAS JUST two years ago this month that Richard M. Nixon stood beside the Great Wall of China at the climax of a historic junket that transformed the visit to Peking, theretofore a passport-lifting offense, into a chic stop-off on the grand tour. One of the more attractive—and articulate—new China hands who've followed in the President's footsteps is actress-writer Candice Bergen, whose *Can a Cultural Worker from Beverly Hills Find Happiness in the People's Republic of China?*, illustrated by Herb Davidson, appears herein. After a two-and-a-half-year vacation from films, Candy recently made *11 Harroaehouse*, shot in London; before that, she spent a month in Ethiopia on a magazine assignment. There she found, in order: "Haile Selassie, camels, dust and a man who feeds wild hyenas for a living, which gives you an idea of what night life in Ethiopia is like." Two other China watchers, coincidentally, are among this month's contributors: Susan Sontag, whose sardonic *Baby* is our lead fiction, and John Kenneth Galbraith, who reveals *Neuroses of the Rich*. Miss Sontag toured China a couple of months before Miss Bergen; last we heard from her, she was in Israel making a war documentary. Galbraith, author of (among other things) *A China Passage*, now spends a good part of the year among the Beautiful People in Gstaad, Switzerland. Richard Rhodes, back home in Kansas after a trip to Africa (on which he wrote for us last November), had only to cross the wide Missouri to witness the hotel demolition he describes in *Strung Out on Blast*.

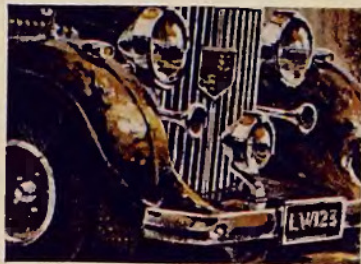
The collapse of the State Hotel was considerably tidier than the self-destruction of the Nixon Administration. Political prankster Dick Tuck insists, rather plaintively, *Watergate Wasn't All My Fault*. Whoever's fault it was, the whole mess is driving many citizens, like the husband in Henry Slesar's short story *Nothing but Bad News*, to seek various means of escape. Slesar's the head writer for the TV soap *The Edge of Night*, the sort of fantasy with which inmates of the vast wasteland described by Malcolm Braly in *Terror Stalks the Fat Farm* consoled themselves. The starvation regimen worked, Braly tells us: one year postfast, he's still svelte—down from 215 to 175. But he found the institution strongly reminiscent of San Quentin, where he had previously been incarcerated on an involuntary basis. (Only for burglary, Braly points out, not for the kind of capers perpetrated by the cover boys in Peter Palombi's illustration for *Playboy's History of Organized Crime: Murder, Inc.*)

If TV doesn't turn you on, how about music? Pick a winner from *Jazz & Pop '71*—with text by Nat Hentoff, illustrations by Ignacio Gomez and Bill Utterback and sculpture by Jack Gregory—and insert a tape of his/her/their latest hit in your *Car-Fi*, the one you'll buy after reading Frank M. Robinson's report on the subject. Friends of mild-mannered, unassuming Frank will cheer the news that, since taking a leave of absence from a cozy sinecure on the PLAYBOY staff in Chicago, he's making out like a bandit with screenplays: two in the past year bought by major studios. "I suspect sooner or later I'll end up in Hollywood with my own private pool," Frank writes from San Francisco.

Hollywood's stock in trade is escapism, and that's what really brings people to the movies, says the guy who ought to know, the world's leading box-office attraction: Clint Eastwood, interviewed by film critic Arthur Knight and PLAYBOY Associate Editor Gretchen McNeese. And before movies came books: cartoonist Ffolkes redoes some of the classics with *Ffractured Ffiction*. A used-book dealer from Oregon, Richard Kennedy, some months back unearthed an old German tome on exercise: recaptioned and called *Body English*, it spoofs the currently fashionable study of body language.

Bodies—and faces—beautiful are the professional province of Contributing Photographer Mario Casilli, who triple-threats this month with Playmate Francine Parks and actresses Alexandra Hay and Ratna Assan. Photographer David Chan undertook a quite different assignment with *Be Our Guest*, a parodic how-to for a flock of potential PLAYBOY imitators. We still think the original is better. But we'll let you find out for yourself.

PLAYBOY®



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Say, Hay! P. 81



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Murder, Inc. P. 121

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PLAYBOY, FEB., 1974, VOL. 21, NO. 2. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BLDG., 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHGO., ILL. 60611. SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHGO., ILL., AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U. S., \$10 FOR ONE YEAR. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLO. 80302.

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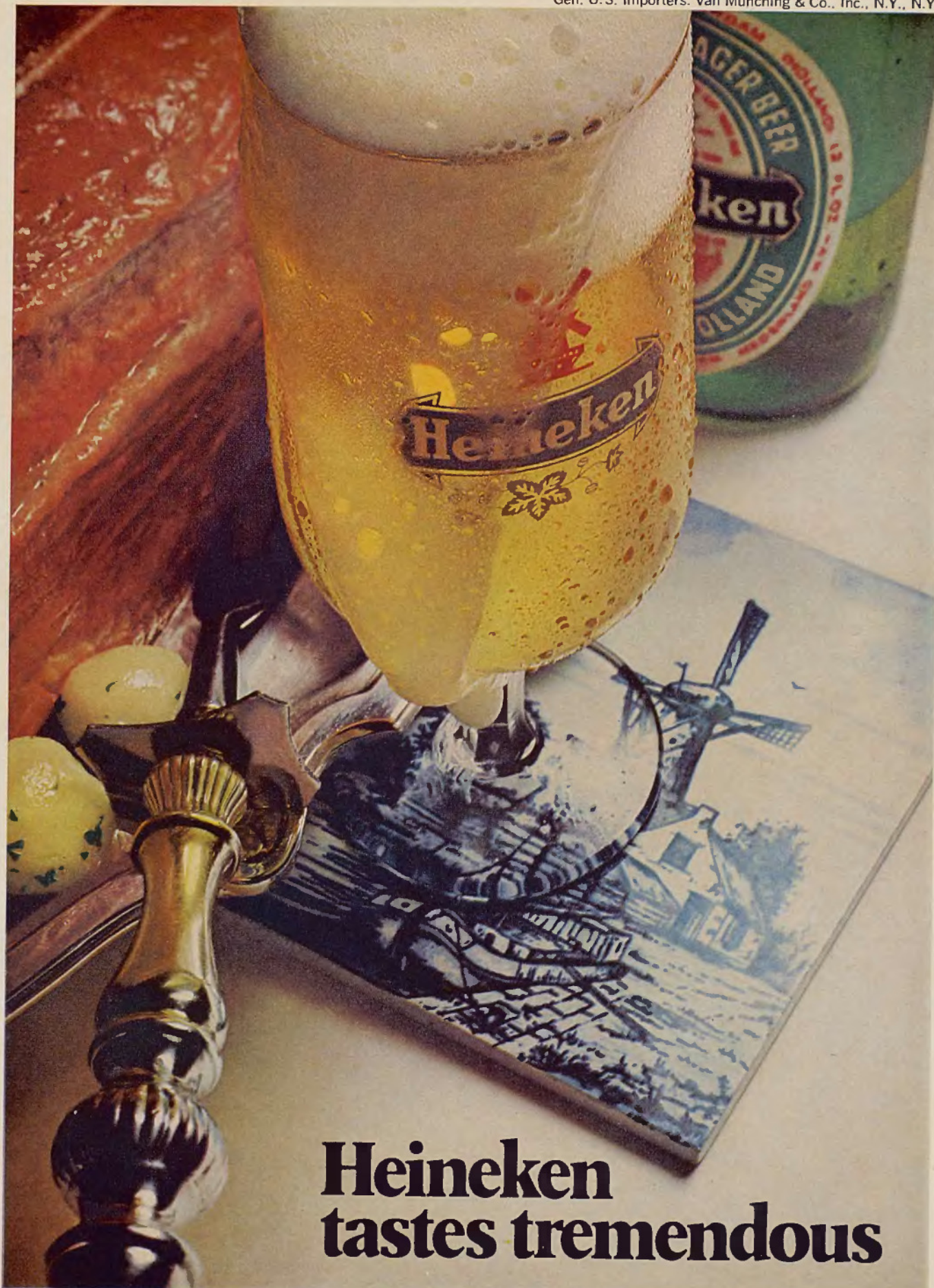
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MAN'S FATE

Kudos to Richard Rhodes for his *Goodbye to Darkest Africa* (PLAYBOY, November), one of the finest pieces of interpretive journalism that I have read in a long while. A sentence in his article—"Man began in Africa black, foot-loose and free"—reminded me of a similar statement expressed by paleontologist Louis Leakey at a talk I attended several years ago. "Many people have asked me," he said, "what Africa ever gave human culture. They cite the contributions of China, Greece and Rome: what did Africa give us?" The doctor paused, then answered, "Africa gave us man."

Hans Bertsch
Berkeley, California

Rhodes writes that the basic mechanism of evolution is random mutation, implying that the living world consists of nothing more—and nothing less—than the results of purposeless accident. Another visitor to Olduvai Gorge had a different explanation. He was Teilhard de Chardin, Jesuit Father and distinguished French paleontologist. In his *The Phenomenon of Man*, De Chardin wrote, "Of course there exists in living organisms a selective mechanism for the play of consciousness. We have merely to look at ourselves to perceive it—the nervous system. . . . So let us attempt to classify living beings by their degree of 'cerebralization.' What happens? An order appears. . . . Among the infinite modalities in which the complication of life is dispersed, the differentiation of nervous tissue stands out, as theory would lead us to expect, as a significant transformation. It provides a direction; and therefore it proves that evolution has a direction." As Shakespeare might have said, this explanation is, for me, nobler in the mind than Rhodes's.

Casper M. Murphy
Tinley Park, Illinois

Because of PLAYBOY's wide circulation, there is a danger that Rhodes's offhand speculations might be accepted as facts. Rhodes writes: "Migrating to colder climates, [man] forestalled the evolution of body hair by inventing clothing and taming fire; seeking larger game, he forestalled the evolution of claws or canines by organizing hunting parties with

spears." First, man didn't "forestall" anything. Rhodes's speculation suggests that if man had not invented clothing, he would now be more hairy. Maybe so: but man still *is* quite hairy. Besides, if you compare man with the other mammals who evolved under the broiling East African sun, you notice that hairlessness (and light skin, as a matter of fact) constitutes a less successful evolutionary adaptation among mammals than hairiness and dark skin. Early man was hairy because without the protection of hair or pigmentation, he would have synthesized too much vitamin D under the intense tropical sun. The lighter skinned and less hairy among our forebears in Africa died off sooner. Therefore, it cannot be said that our lack of body hair is a successful evolutionary adaptation. Light skin color and hairlessness only appeared to be successful adaptations when man moved to the northern latitudes. There, sunlight is less intense and, because healthy levels of vitamin D were more often than not maintained among those who were less hairy and lighter skinned, the hairier and darker skinned began to die out. Evidently, over the long history of man, hairiness has had mixed results as an adaptive mechanism. But since it has not proved to be necessary for survival of our species, it has been gradually diminished. But skin color does vary greatly in man and there's no way in which evolution of either skin color or hair was forestalled by the invention of clothes. Moreover, the organizing of hunting parties did *not* suppress the evolution of canine teeth and claws. Wolves, to cite but one example, also hunt in parties and they have both canines and claws. Of course, unlike man, wolves never carried spears, but even spears did not forestall canine development. To this day, man retains substantial canines. They are one of those features that are diminishing in importance but are still in our genetic code. As for claws versus nails, Rhodes should have noted that chimpanzees and most other primates, including man, have nails and not claws. Nails are an evolutionary development that has more to do with increased tactile sensitivity at the ends of the digits than the invention of hunting parties. No, man did not forestall the evolution of body hair, claws and canines, as

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Rhodes would have us believe. Claws were selected before our species existed and man has simply evolved beyond the days when body hair and canines were so important.

John C. Brower
State College, Pennsylvania

East Africa obviously offers much in the study of man and in the abundance and variety of its wildlife. Unfortunately, I've just returned from a trip to East Africa and, though I was impressed with its wildlife, I was disturbed by the number of tourists who are willing to go to East Africa unprepared. If only they'd read Rhodes's *Goodbye to Darkest Africa*, they could have better appreciated what the region has to offer. Rhodes's article should be required reading for everyone visiting Kenya and Tanzania.

Deirdre Womack
Bakersfield, California

ARMA-DILLY

Congratulations on your fine *Playboy* *After Hours* item *Three Days at the Armadillo Races* (PLAYBOY, November) concerning the Third First Annual International Armadillo Confab and Exposition in Victoria, Texas. Although your coverage is accurate, I find it isn't complete. For example, The Bull Durham Roll-Off Contest was noteworthy not only because folks rolled some fine homemade cigarettes but because so few of the contestants cared whether they won or lost. (Must have been the filler they used in their hand rolls.) And although your reporter correctly noted that the winner of The World Championship Armadillo Throw was lost "in the excitement," he failed to report that the same fate befell the winner of The Annual Yelling Contest, the reason being that nobody could hear the name of the winner with all that yelling going on. Nevertheless, I would like to take this opportunity to invite you to join us for our First Second Annual International Armadillo Confab and Exposition, which I'm sure will include many new events along with many new world's records.

John M. Young
Victoria, Texas

DEFENSE MECHANISMS

Bruce McCall's playful and stimulating humor piece on military design, *Project Superscrooge* (PLAYBOY, November), sent the tactician in me scurrying to my workshop. Congratulations on a funny piece.

Bruce W. Lick
St. Paul, Minnesota

McCall goofed on the M-X "Mirromatic" VW-Powered Tank Float. If the tank identification lettering U. S. ARMY were painted reversed, it would not, as McCall writes, "show correctly in reflect-

ed mirror image." After being reflected off two mirrors, the reverse lettering would still show up reversed.

Paul W. Porter
Chicago, Illinois

Our cockamamie ordnance expert says he designed the "Mirromatic" especially for enemies who attack from the rear.

Bruce McCall, in his *Project Superscrooge*, has a number of splendid, low-cost ideas on how to keep our country's defense strong at a fraction of the cost. The design for the "McBoing-Boing" ICBM, however, could lead to huge hidden costs. I'm referring to his choice of a giant "Gus Zernial" model fielder's glove as a recovery vehicle. Zernial, a real-life major-leaguer, had a good deal of difficulty handling missiles shot his way. In fact, during his 11-year career, he either led the league in fielding errors or was near the top in this category eight times. A glove bearing Zernial's name could only mean expensive recovery blunders, the cost of which would be passed along, as usual, to the unsuspecting taxpayer.

Thomas R. Ellis
East Lansing, Michigan

CHASIN' MASON

Sam Merrill's superb personality portrait of Mason Hoffenberg in *Mason Hoffenberg Gets In a Few Licks* (PLAYBOY, November) brightened an otherwise uneventful day. Merrill's insights into the lives of the members of The Band and news of Bob Dylan only add to the article's excellence. Well done, one and all.

Randy W. Frey
Kent, Ohio

So that's what happened to Hoffenberg. I was beginning to have my doubts as to whether there ever *was* a Hoffenberg. I even thought he might be some clever comic character created by Terry Southern who somehow didn't get into any of his books. Then your November issue arrived, and now I know that it was Southern who was invented by Hoffenberg! I hope that you continue your missing-person journalism and that Mason keeps body and soul together long enough to finish the "funny dope book" of which he spoke. Write, Mason.

John Guido Geirland
San Pedro, California

I think it only fair you realize that the identity crisis of Mason Hoffenberg (if, indeed, that is his name) and his fantasyville existence were at full cry and whack-off before he encountered yours truly or, for that matter, most of the other people he refers to in Merrill's article. In fact, the one thing that rings true in the article is what is implicit in the title phrase "gets in a few licks"—the licks being the jerk-off and self-delusion he's been into for the past 20 years. All

the rest, to put it at its most generous, is sheer bullshit.

Terry Southern
East Canaan, Connecticut

Southern, of course, is the co-author of "Candy."

SMOKE AND FIRE

Michael S. Lasky's November article on cigars, *A New Leaf*, was both excellent and informative. But, if I may, I'd like to offer a few additions and corrections. The band on the cigar originally did have a function beyond keeping a lady's fingers clean; bands used to hold together the wrapper on handmade cigars. Incidentally, cigar lore has had more to do with ladies than just their fingers. In years gone by, cigar smokers were urged to smoke some Caribbean brands that were "rolled between the naked thighs of dusky maidens." Combustible as that come-on is, I regret to say, there is still only one proper way to light a good cigar, and that is with a wooden match. Fluid or gas lighters, cardboard matches and \$20 bills, while convenient or flashy, only pollute the cigar with foul aromas. And, speaking of foul odors, the best way to minimize them when you are through with the smoke is to extinguish it, as Lasky notes, by letting it expire rather than by stamping it out. The process of terminating a cigar can be aided, however, by blowing a puff of air back through the cigar, then placing the remains in an ashtray, angled with the ash end pointing up. This simple operation will greatly minimize foul odors and is a far more civilized way of bidding adieu to a friend that has performed well.

Lt. Harries-Clichy Peterson, Jr.,
U. S. M. C.
Quantico, Virginia

Rudyard Kipling did say, "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke." But if he'd only seen actress-Playmate Anne Randall, who was featured in your pictorial accompanying *A New Leaf*, he'd never have opened his mouth. My compliments also to photographer Mario Casilli, one of the best in the land. Never before have I seen such beauty as Miss Randall's. From the soul, gentlemen, thank you.

Steven A. Mitchell
Crailshiem, West Germany

BOOBY PRIZE

V. S. Pritchett ought to get a Nobel Prize himself for timeliness with his essay *The Ignoble Nobel* (PLAYBOY, November). The Nobel committee's dingbat move to give Secretary of State Henry Kissinger the peace prize pretty much proves Pritchett's point. Of course, the real reason Kissinger got the peace prize has nothing to do with peace but, rather, with politics, precisely the kind of politics that moves Pritchett to decry the

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selection process for the literature prize. As he points out, pressure campaigns (such as Nixon's nominating himself) and wheeling-dealing have nothing to do with enduring literature. Neither have they anything to do with peace.

Jerry Greenberg
Glens Falls, New York

Pritchett calls the awarding of the Nobel Prize for literature to John Steinbeck for *The Grapes of Wrath* "a generous mistake." Would that Pritchett could write something that would result in a similar mistake.

Mark Kaplan
Portland, Oregon

SKIN SHOW

Robert L. Green's fashion feature *The Skin Game* (PLAYBOY, November) is great. But where can I find that great jewelry worn by the girls?

Janice Coswell
Detroit, Michigan

Kit Hamilton's jewelry designs can be seen—and acquired—at Certain Something, Chicago.

DICKEY DELIVERS

Your interview with James Dickey (PLAYBOY, November) is excellent. I am able to relate to his ideas not so much because of the way I am but because of what I am striving to be.

Lloyd Meyer
Tigard, Oregon

On at least one point, Dickey reveals himself to be a hypocrite. In your interview, he inveighs against the habit some poets have of vilifying one another. "I don't want to indulge in literary battles," he says. Yet, in the very next exchange with your interviewer, he claims fellow poet Robert Bly "has an inferior intelligence and no imagination at all." In 1968, Bly was awarded the National Book Award for poetry. In subsequent years, his work has won him considerable following on the campus and among professional poets. Critics have singled out Bly's writing for its forcefulness and imagination, and Dickey's entirely unsubstantiated personal attack is in poor taste.

Garry S. Herzog
Ardmore, Pennsylvania

It was refreshing and enlightening to read your interview with Dickey, a successful poet still among the living.

Royal McGowan
Springfield, Ohio

LOW-PRICED SPREAD

I have just finished reading Larry Siegel's parody *Last Polka in Albania* (PLAYBOY, November). I found *Albania* excellent except for its ending, where Marlon Brando dies of a broken heart after discovering that Maria Schneider has smeared herself with margarine in-

stead of butter. Neither Brando nor Siegel should have been so appalled. After all, everything's better with Blue Bonnet on it.

Albert Delgado
Louisville, Kentucky

As a former citizen of Tirana, Albania, I certainly had to admire the way in which Siegel captured the bittersweet contrast of quaint hospitality and cosmopolitan raunchiness so apparent to the thousands of Westerners who annually visit my dear home town. But, loath as I am to do it, I must chastise Siegel for introducing a glaring improbability into his final scene. Anyone who professes knowledge of the Communist countries should know that for several years, margarine has been outlawed in all of them—Albania included—as part of an "Imperial"-istic plot.

Ross R. Whitney
Austin, Texas

HANG-UP

A photo caption in *Sex in Cinema—1973* (PLAYBOY, November) incorrectly identifies the blonde actress pictured in a scene from *Hangup* as Marki Bey. I'm Marki Bey and I star in *Hangup*, and,



as you can see, there's no way the blonde in your photo is me.

Marki Bey
Los Angeles, California

The actress shown in "Sex in Cinema" is Mikel James. In addition, the actor in that photo, incorrectly identified as William Elliott, is Bob Delegall. Well, at least we got the name of the movie right.

TEN YEARS—AND COUNTING

Garry Wills's *Ten Years After* (PLAYBOY, November), which commemorates the tenth anniversary of John F. Kennedy's death, attests to how fashionable it has become to rip J.F.K. and his Administration. Granted, Kennedy made mistakes, but I'm sure I'm not alone when I say that he was a statesman of the highest order and the only real President we have had since Franklin D. Roosevelt. In street language, J.F.K. had balls, both as a man and as a President. This rare quality still sets him head and shoulders above the political hacks who have

coveted—and achieved—the Presidency since his murder. It was with a deep and profound sense of loss, therefore, that I approached the tenth anniversary of his death. And that loss was exacerbated by the frustration of knowing that the perpetrators of the conspiracy that carried out his murder still walk the streets in freedom.

John F. Kennedy—ten years after, I still mourn you.

J. B. Ervin
Muncie, Indiana

My father once told me, "Roosevelt proved that a man could overcome any obstacle and become President. Truman proved that anyone could be elected President. And Eisenhower proved that we could get along without one." As for Kennedy: At least he didn't pull the boners of the current Administration.

Jerrie Rexroat
Fort Worth, Texas

In his opinion piece, Wills assails President Kennedy for not being liberal enough by today's standards. That may be true, but the Kennedy Administration, by passing such measures as the Trade Expansion Act, the Peace Corps, the Mental Health and Mental Retardation Acts and by signing the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty, established a progressive record that others might envy. More than this, though, was the feeling then of confidence in our nation's leaders, ourselves and our future. Such sentiments are sadly lacking now. Hans Morgenthau, who is certainly no devotee of the Kennedys, has written of the brothers: "That intellectual and emotional awareness of the distance between the actual conditions of American life and what they ought to be set [the Kennedys] apart . . . from their contemporary rivals. For that alone, they have earned the gratitude of their countrymen, and no myths are needed to evoke or deepen it."

Robert Thompson
College Park, Maryland

Wills writes that his insights into the Kennedy era came to him, in part, through the practice of "Monday-morning quarterbacking." His essay illustrates how such a method leaves something to be desired, especially when he cites Khrushchev as "the real hero of the [Cuban Missile] crisis." Wills would be wise to consider these few words from Kennedy's commencement speech to Yale University on June 11, 1962: "Let us not engage in the wrong argument at the wrong time between the wrong people in the wrong country—while the real problems of our own time grow and multiply, fertilized by our neglect."

Sean Mullin
Newton, Massachusetts





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The Bloodhound.

What's red, has Smirnoff in it and is served in a tall glass? Think you know? Suppose we add it's easy to make and it has a nut-like taste instead of a spicy one? Still confident?

Well, even we were fooled when somebody served us what appeared to be a Bloody Mary but turned out to be a nifty new drink. It's made with Smirnoff, tomato juice and a little dry sherry. We're calling it the Bloodhound. So nobody gets fooled.



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Smirnoff
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



We have it on unimpeachable authority that the phrase cover girl, when translated into classical Arabic, becomes "woman of the foreskin."

Ease up on the New Journalism, please: Ontario's *Peterborough Examiner* reports that during a showing of *Last Tango in Paris*, "a 67-year-old physician suffered a eeeee oeeel eeee hrd tin ctaine watching the movie. . . . He died on the way to the hospital."

An Ohio hobbyist publication offers a collection of nude paintings on stamps, "a total of 24 pieces . . . all fully ready to be mounted."

The Dolomites, a kind of Austro-Italian version of the Catskills, never had much of a reputation as a funky vacation area, but all that may change soon, thanks to Britain's *Spectator* magazine. The editors published a sampling of letters from Dolomite innkeepers advising prospective tourists what to expect. Among the promised features were "two rooms with a vulgar balcony and excommunicating doors" and a convenient nearby village, where "you can buy jolly memorials for when you pass away." There were also "scalding aqueducts in the litter rooms" and a list of room "prizes" from one innkeeper, who added, "If I am dear to you and your mistress, she could perhaps be reduced." But four of the letters are clearly more informative than the rest, and we reprint them in full:

Honoured:

I am amazing diverted by your entreaty for a room. I can offer you a commodious Chamber with balcony imminent to the romantic gorge and hope you want to drop in. A vivacious stream washes my doorsteps, so do not concern yourself that I am not to good in bath: Also, I am superb in bed. As for cuisine my wife is an unapproachable tyrant of the kitchen. Patty of fungus a specialty: Enjoy it, rest in peace.

For the youthful personages there are alluring ways, wild life, rustic

revelries: very good hospital only 50 miles away. My charges are so changeable to be all you can afford. I shall myself be strenuous for you and my wife will mimic me. A satiated guest wrote: "I will never to visit other stranger countrysides."

Listening attentively for you.

Dear Sir!

I am very pleasing to retort to Your Asking for my Hotel. I am happy that I am empty in the upstairs compartment from 23st to 5st. . . . You will be agreeable that in view of the Services my Figure is highly modest. There are hot and cold Waters running on every Floors. If you are wishing a Pension, one can order it. . . . Sorrowfully I cannot abide your Auto, but Oberflockigs Autowork can put up with it.

If you will come here you will be certainly arrested by the local beauty. My wife and I will be always at attention. We will make your duration so dear as possibly. Your humble and expectant

Servant!

Dear Sir or Madam,

Having freshly taken over the property of this notorious house, I am



A North Carolina community was up in arms over the establishment of an all-girl massage parlor within the town limits. Conscientious reporters did a bit of on-the-spot investigating and found that it was, indeed, that kind of massage parlor. Name of the community: Horneytown.

wishful that you remove to me your esteemed costume. Standing amongst savage scenery, the hotel offers stupendous revelations. There is a french widow in every bedroom, affording deliteful prospects! I give personal look to the interior wants of each guest. Here you shall be well fed-up and agreeably drunk! Having once sampled our fooding, you will surely wish to enlarge your stays.

Numerous bedrooms! Full drainage! Our charges for weakly visitors are scarcely creditable! Peculiar arrangements for gross parties! Our motto is ever "Serve You Right!"

Dear Madame,

I am honorable to accept your impossible request. Unhappy it is I here have not bedroom with bath. A bathroom with bed I have. I can though give you a washing with pleasure in a most clean spring with no person to see. I insist that you will like this.

Your question also to receive beds for twins. For this I have grate seeking made without O.K. As well from the Postmeister because the wife to this man gives him many childs. This man admits no knowledge about beds for twins. Part of you may sleep in this place while your extras at the Postmeister go. It is only throwing a stone away.

All must eat in this haus the cheapest food. The fish your man hopes to catch is always in the stream. Hoping to do you.

Yours fully faithful.

Tony Appleton, of Dover, England, set what is surely a record by sailing across the English Channel in a four-poster bed. "The French people on the beach were amazed when I chugged ashore," he modestly told a U. P. I. reporter. The 21-nile trip took five hours, assisted by an outboard motor.

More shameful permissiveness on TV! Listing for a late movie in the *Chicago Sun-Times*: "Stolen Hours—10:30 P.M.—

IT'S TOUGH MAKING A DISHONEST BUCK

It may have something to do with the way those guys in the White House kept breaking the law with such dazzling ineptitude, but we think we've spotted a national trend. While the competition from Washington was, admittedly, pretty stiff (when those two missing tapes made a splash last November, one White House aide couldn't take it any longer: "Jesus, we can't even bug ourselves right!"), there were examples elsewhere of strange improprieties and klutzy wrongdoing worthy of attention in their own right. In Franklin, Tennessee,

a man was arrested for drunken driving and taken to the station house. With a rueful smile, he told police that other people had also had the same mistaken impression about him in the past: Whenever he ate black-eyed peas or corn on the cob, he explained, his breath smelled as if he'd been drinking. The officers listened patiently but decided to press charges when the man fell out of his chair.

An FBI agent investigating a Manhattan bank holdup asked a teller to describe the robber. The teller looked around and pointed at a customer standing in line. "He looked a lot like that man," she said. A pause. Then she remarked, "You know, I believe it is the same man." The agent waited behind him in line. As the man reached the window, he passed the teller another robbery note. The agent tapped him on the shoulder and arrested him.

A burglar who broke into an apartment in Preston, England, was apparently weary from the night's rounds, because he was discovered the next morning by the owner of the apartment—asleep in bed. He was sentenced to 18 months.

Two gunmen who had robbed a Holiday Inn in Chicago were arrested after one of them ran at full tilt into some wire screening and the other shot himself in the leg.

Two reputed Mafia gunmen in Brooklyn were holding a man in the front seat of a car who had defaulted on his payments to a loan shark. They drew their guns and pointed them at the man, who was sitting between

them. Four shots were fired, but the intended victim escaped with a nick in the shoulder; both mafiosi sustained serious gunshot wounds.

A roundup of unusual crimes in the London *Sunday Times* lists thefts of a beach in the Canary Islands, where sand is at a premium; a street in Bradford, England, where paving stones are in great demand; a house in South London, which disappeared in 1971 and hasn't been seen since; and a railway station in Yorkshire, which "melted away" over a two-month period.



Benny Melton put on a stocking mask at 9:40 in the morning, pulled a gun from his pocket and rushed the front door of the Bank of America building in Los Angeles, attempting to push open the door with his shoulder. The door didn't give and Benny bounced back into the arms of a security guard. A visitor to California, Benny was annoyed: "In North Carolina, the banks open at nine!" he said. In L.A., they open at ten.

Joe Sherlock of Belmont, California, phoned his wife and asked her to pick him up at San Mateo County Jail, where he was being held for drunken driving. On her way over, she was arrested for drunken driving.

Police in Sherman, Texas, discovered a 65-year-old man rummaging through a downtown garbage basket. Asked what he was doing, the man replied that he was an undercover agent for the Watergate affair and was looking for bloodstains. He explained that he also owned a 1,000,000-acre ranch in Oklahoma, where he raised elephants. Police ordered the man to go home, but he advised them that they owed him \$300 for taking up so much of his time.

Finally, as if to clinch our Watergate suspicions, a U.P.I. dispatch points out that late last August, both Kennedy and Nixon were charged with burglary in Boston Municipal Court, while on the same day, Truman was being sentenced for cashing a forged check. Roger Kennedy and Philip Nixon pleaded innocent, but Ed Truman was given a six-month suspended sentence.

Susan Hayward stars in a remake of Bette Davis' classic rearjerker *Dark Victory*."

This we have to see: According to Maine's *Portland Press Herald*, the wine steward at a local hotel is a stunning 22-year-old girl who "does her cock-popping in hotpants and knee-length boots."

RECORDINGS

Two of the most happily public lovers around, Kris Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge, seem also to be most publicly happy. They share some of their joy on *Full Moon* (A&M), a delightful excursion into various modes of country-and-western, folk, pop, even one quasi-Mexican number. Although Rita can sing rings around Kris, their duets have a lot of charm. With an outstanding group of backup musicians and a good selection of tunes—by Paul Williams, Bobby Charles, Kris and others—the album offers glimpses into a rare, musically rewarding relationship.

Marvin Gaye has made an extraordinary career out of relatively few albums, almost no public appearances, a tough-minded attitude toward his music and a dedication to quality. His albums sell like crazy, and the new one, *Let's Get It On* (Tamla), is no exception. This is impeccably performed soul music, irrepressibly erotic. Says Gaye: "I wanted to make some sort of strong, funky statement on sex and love. Something that people could listen to and get in closer touch with sex and love and sensuality." While sex has always been a staple of soul music, its treatment has generally been mannered and stylized, tailored to the musical format. On this disc, Gaye has turned all that around and made the musical values serve his message, which is, as he suggests, to get people in touch with



their feelings. There's a considerable range of feeling (and music)—from the totally frank sexuality of *You Sure*



America's Favorite Cigarette Break.

Benson & Hedges 100's.

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

18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Sept. '73.



**Until now this is the kind of
hairspray you probably used.**



Now new Vitalis Dry 3.

Vitalis® Dry 3,™ unlike the spray you're probably using, actually goes on almost dry.

And it leaves your hair softer and more manageable—not as stiff as ordinary sprays.

Vitalis Dry 3. It makes the other hair-sprays look all wet.



THE ITALIAN MARTINI.

Use a couple of drops of anisette instead of vermouth, and the perfect martini gin, Seagram's Extra Dry.



Seagram's Extra Dry.
The Perfect Martini Gin.

Love to Ball to the wistful, upper-register reminiscence of *Just to Keep You Satisfied*. Every song is carefully modulated and arranged and masterfully sung. We hope Marvin, as one of his titles has it, can *Keep Gettin' It On*.

Of Blue Eyes Is Back (Reprise) announces to the world that Frank Sinatra, friend of veeps and master of songs, has returned to showbiz. We wouldn't call his unretirement album a complete success, but there are enough uncommonly attractive cuts to more than satisfy those who have bemoaned his absence from the musical scene. Producer Don Costa and conductor Gordon Jenkins share the charting chores. Joe Raposo is the favored songwriter this outing, with four of the nine songs, including two beauties—*There Used to Be a Ballpark* and *Noah*. The top song, however, is Kris Kristofferson's *Nobody Wins*, which Sinatra makes his very own, imparting an aura of world-weariness that is his hallmark. He also applies that to Stephen Sondheim's *Send in the Clowns*, from *A Little Night Music*, to stunning effect. There are a couple of tunes that should be dismissed as pretentious bores, but those can be overlooked as minor flaws on a major new LP.

A gentleman who once turned out a lovely album with Sinatra has his own fine LP, *Jobim* (MCA). Antonio Carlos Jobim is probably the best composer (Gato Barbieri notwithstanding) to have wended his way north from Latin America. Jobim, of course, was catapulted to fame with the bossa-nova craze and has since proved his staying power. This session was charted and conducted by Claus Ogerman, who has a nice feel for the Latin-American idiom. There is some music Jobim did for movie sound tracks, and the marvelous Jobim tune *Agua de Março* that leads off the LP, with Jobim doing the lyrics in Portuguese, and caps it with Jobim singing them in English. His singing voice is that very appealing Brazilian half whisper. Another Brazilian composer-performer of immense talents is Baden Powell. *Canto on Guitar* (BASF/MPS), recorded in Germany, fills two LPs with lots of Powell compositions and a wonderful display of his extraordinary guitar work. Several of the best tunes are not his, however—Jobim's *Dindi*, Vinícius de Moraes' *Euvidice* from *Black Orpheus*, Edu Lobo's *Reza* and the Kern-Hammerstein classic *All the Things You Are*. Except for a flute on four of the tracks, Powell has only a rhythm section for company, but that's all he needs. A superlative album. Riding the crest of his *Last Tango in Paris* sound-track music, Gato Barbieri is a hot recording name. The Argentine composer-leader-tenor man is currently offering *Bolivia* (Flying Dutchman), on which he shares billing with that fine pianist Lonnie Liston

Smith. Also on hand to add driving Latin-American rhythms is percussionist Airto Moreira. In addition to his tenor work, Barbieri tosses in some impressive fluting and a couple of vocals that are nothing to be ashamed of. His compositions, which form the bulk of the album, display a vitality and an eclecticism that make him one of the most interesting composers around.

"I pissed off after I'd slept off the comedown. I got me suit cleaned at the automat and spent two hours pressing the pissing thing. It never did look quite right." Thus Jimmy, the sad-ass casualty of family, society, culture and genes in The Who's watery parable *Quadrophenia* (Track). This whopping indictment of lower-middle-class British life is the most interesting and coherent work the group has ever done, including *Tommy*. Four musical themes represent Jimmy's character, as well as each member of the four-man Who. Jimmy offers his story in a prose autobiographical sketch, and the music and lyrics flesh out the details and amplify his feelings. Hung up with pills ("leapers"), sex, fighting, clothes and his Vespa, the only truth in his life is the pull of the sea, the relief of the rain. Nominally, Jimmy's story is about a seemingly pointless trip to Brighton that leads to a weird revelation of what his life is all about on a rock out in the sea. His father called him schizophrenic; he knows better, he's split four ways, "quadrophenic." The music gives us flashes of insight, dramatically, into this character, and it's powerful enough to carry through on its own. The symbolic suggestions throughout don't intrude but deepen both the search and the despair that Peter Townshend and The Who have brilliantly rendered.

SPORTS

Recently, we learned that the most avidly anticipated civic event in Lansing, Michigan, is the annual football game between the Pigs and the Freaks. More than 35,000 advance tickets were purchased for last October's meeting of teams fielded by the Fraternal Order of Police, Capitol City Lodge 141, and the local hippie community.

Lansing is a city of some 130,000 mostly solid citizens who often feel beset by the visible and vocal 40,000 students in East Lansing. Especially ominous is the large hippie community, living in dilapidated Victorian houses across Grand River Avenue from the main campus.

In 1970, acrimony between the flower children and the local police erupted when a pick-up football game was busted. Restaurateur Chuck Rose, a spokesman for the Freaks, challenged Deputy Sheriff Mike Harrington to a full-dress gridiron confrontation between the two

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hostile groups. The three annual games since then have been barn-burners, each decided with less than two minutes to play. Before the 1973 meeting, the series stood at two to one in favor of the Freaks, and reports of feverish preparations prompted us to dispatch our football expert Anson Mount to see what was going on. Herewith his all-points bulletin:

A sun-bleached October afternoon, the smell of burning leaves in the air, an autumnal haze on the far horizon; a 43-man Pig squad, the sartorial elegance of their red-and-white uniforms topped off by helmets emblazoned with fierce-visaged swine, trotted onto the Tartan-turf of Michigan State University's Spartan Stadium while 20,000 straights in the west stands cheered. As the Pigs were



warming up with precision drills, the Freaks shuffled raggedly out of the concrete tunnel at the north end of the field. The crowd in the east stands, rivaling Ringling Bros.' best precircus parade, exploded in cheers.

Led by two cheerleaders in granny dresses, the Freaks wore uniforms—dyed approximately black—that were obvious discards from the university athletic department; their helmet emblems were large marijuana leaves. Indeed, the night before, a corpulent former Pig player, explaining his team's previous frustrating defeats, told us over a bourbon and root beer, "We didn't know what to expect before the first game, and they breathed in our faces. If we hadda been wearing gas masks, we woulda stomped 'em. By God, next year we put in a special rule. Hell, even at the track you ain't supposed to dope the horses."

The Freaks insisted on a special game rule of their own: Tackling a runner by grabbing the hair hanging out of his helmet would draw the same penalty as grabbing a face mask. Another special rule decreed that any game ending in a tie would be settled by a sudden-death fifth period.

Stories abound concerning the Pigs' laborious annual preparations, the relatively relaxed preparations of the Freaks and the frustrating ill luck that always stalks the Pigs during the games. Chief Pig Mike Harrington told us, "We're always in far better physical shape than they are. We're bigger, faster, better coached and much better organized. But they always luck out some way."

"We got more spirit. We want to win 'cause we want to kick some Pigs' asses.

God is on our side," explained Freak fullback O. C. Wilson, a big black elegantly dressed dude who tools around town in a Buick deuce-and-a-quarter and whose regular occupation, he told us, is "not doin' much."

The start of the game was delayed by officials because of huge traffic jams around the stadium. The Freaks won the coin flip and chose to kick off. It was immediately apparent that the Pigs were the far better team. The Pig quarterback, an agent from the Lansing FBI office, was a sharp passer and an elusive scrambler. But a series of inopportune Pig miscues kept the first quarter scoreless. Half-way through the second quarter, the Pigs drove to the Freak 15-yard line before stalling. They settled for a field goal. Two minutes before the end of the first half, Freak defensive tackle John

Garland, whose potbelly hung six inches over his belt buckle, fell on a Pig halfback, nearly smothering him and causing him to cough up the ball. Garland recovered the fumble, then tried abortively to turn a cart wheel while running gleefully off the field. With the help of a pass-interference penalty, the Freaks worked the ball down to the Pig four-yard line, where, on fourth down, with goal to go and one second left on the clock, a wing-back reverse failed. The half ended, Pigs 3—Freaks 0.

In the Freak dressing room, head coach Gary Bredahl, weeping with rage, mercilessly chewed out the offensive linemen. They were contrite. Blocking assignments were changed and offensive tactics readjusted. Meanwhile, Pig head coach Chuck Ginther was redesigning his punt-return tactics, because he had noticed that on each of the five occasions when the Freaks punted, they had only ten men on the field. This pattern persisted throughout the second half. The Freaks never noticed and had two punts blocked. "Those assholes all went to college and they can't even count," sniffed Pig tackle Bill Renfrew who, at 41, was the oldest player on the field.

Although the Freak offensive line was much improved in the third quarter, the Pigs still dominated. A Pig field-goal attempt, way off target, was fielded two yards inside the end zone by Freak tailback Al Miller, who then dashed for the opposite side line. The Pig team, assuming the ball was dead, momentarily relaxed. Before they realized what was

going on, Miller was headed down the far side line and was still gaining speed when he crossed the goal line.

The east stands erupted. The extra-point attempt was ridiculous, and the score was Freaks 6—Pigs 3. Thousands of matches were struck in the Freak cheering section and soon the entire east side of the stadium smelled like a burning rope factory.

Another Pig field goal tied the score 6-6, but neither team could move the ball during the last five minutes, largely because the bedlam from both cheering sections made the quarterbacks' signals inaudible. After the regular game ended, the officials decreed a ten-minute rest period before the sudden-death play-off. The Freaks won the toss and chose to receive. The Pigs tried an on-side kick that failed, giving the Freaks the ball near mid-field. A pass-interference penalty and three furious fullback plunges by O. C. Wilson put the ball on the Pig 20-yard line. The Freak coaches decided to try for a game-winning field goal, but therein lay a quandary: The regular Freak field-goal kicker had been dismissed from the squad a few days earlier for failure to show up for practice.

Offensive tackle Roy O'Dell was chosen to attempt the kick. It was strictly a bottom-of-the-barrel choice, because O'Dell had never in his life tried to kick a field goal, even in practice. The snap from center was perfect. The kick was high, limp and wobbly. It came down on the crossbar of the goal posts—and rolled over. As the referee threw his arms in the air signaling the score, the east stands went totally berserk. Bodies were thrown in the air. Twenty thousand shrieking celebrants poured onto the field. O'Dell lay on the turf kicking and giggling hysterically while his teammates pummeled him and smothered him with wet kisses.

During the after-game party for both squads at Chuck Rose's restaurant, brotherly love flowed like champagne. Rose glowed like a light bulb. "You know," he told us, "there hasn't been a single nasty confrontation between our kids and cops since the series started."

Most of the Pig squad and their wives departed for a beer-and-polka party at Saint Gerard's parish hall, where Danny Thomas, who had flown in from Hollywood, accepted a check for more than \$40,000, the gate receipts, for Saint Jude's Children's Research Hospital.

Meanwhile, the Freaks' party, gathering momentum, had moved to O. C. Wilson's apartment. In the parking lot outside, two young toughs, armed with bicycle chains and other assorted hardware, attacked Freak assistant coach Pat Long and game hero O'Dell. Long and O'Dell were busy wiping up the pavement with the two louts when police cars, flashing and yelping, came from all directions. Seeing how well things

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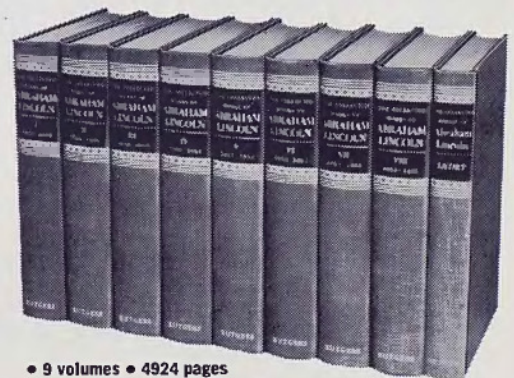
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were being handled, the police faded back into the night.

O. C. lay on the floor of his apartment, pretzel crumbs in his Afro beard, contemplating the cracks in the ceiling. "Hoooooeee! We kick their asses all over the football field, and a few hours later they come on like Gang Busters when they hear we're gettin' hassled. Those Pigs are nice people. Most of them."

He fell asleep.

BOOKS

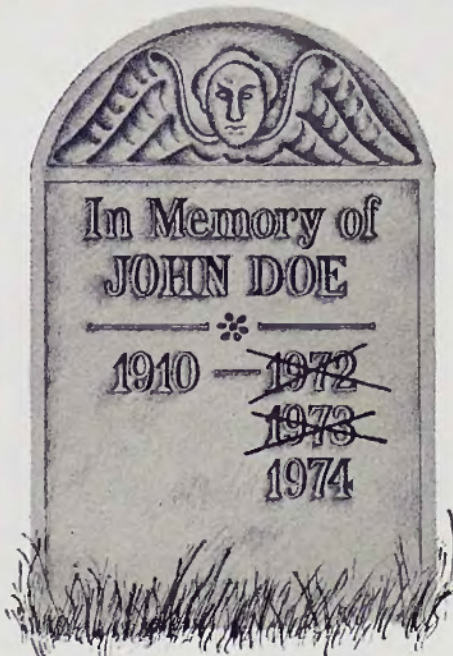
In his philosophy of government, Daniel P. Moynihan doesn't come on quite as strong as, say, Machiavelli or Marx—which, when you think about it, may have something to do with the way things have been for the past few hundred years. Moynihan is most emphatically not an earth shaker; in fact, his approach is pretty well summed up in the title of his latest collection: *Coping* (Random House). If he is anything, Moynihan is flexible: not strictly against government—only the kind that promises much, delivers little and generally excites great passion to no sure end—and for government that speaks in quiet tones (no more New Frontiers, please—although Moynihan served in the Labor Department under Kennedy) and pays special attention to those things that it knows for certain it does *not* know. That may not sound like a theme for the ages, the kind of thing to part the heavens, but Moynihan makes it sound appealing. He can write about such things as welfare, automobile safety and aid to education with wit and grace (which should be enough for a prize right there). He is a thoughtful, articulate man of wide experience, and even if all that weren't true, he would still be worth reading, since he is a member in good standing of the Nixon Administration (currently ambassador to India) as well as an intellectual. It goes without saying that he writes of paradox most lucidly.

Four Reforms (Putnam), by William F. Buckley, Jr., covers a lot of the same ground and with the same kind of wit. But Buckley's book is considerably more focused and more firmly rooted in doctrine—although he is not one of those conservatives who treat all doctrine like revealed truth, and that is part of his appeal. In this new, slender book, Buckley grapples with the Seventies' answer to the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse: Crime, Welfare, Taxation and Education. He wastes little time arguing that something needs changing, since he is not one to waste his eloquence on the obvious. Besides, there is so much to say about what *can* be done. For starters, he proposes a new constitutional amendment (aimed at keeping private schools alive) and urges repeal of another (the Fifth as currently interpreted). Also, there would be no

graduated income tax, no Federally appropriated funds for states with per-capita income above the national average nor corporation tax.

The arguments are complex and subtle—but not obscure—and can't be summarized in this limited space. But they are well stated (this is William Buckley, after all) and provocative. And, like a number of conservative proposals advanced recently (the negative income tax, the voucher system in education), they will, Buckley argues, not only serve to increase individual freedom (first priority of a conservative proposal) but also improve life materially. Free beer and wide roads, in other words. If it works, we're for it.

In *Four Reforms*, Buckley notes that one of the most serious and long-term social problems facing us has to do with the aged and how we shall care for them. Others have noticed, too. A very good book called *Nobody Ever Died of Old Age*, by Sharon Curtin, appeared a few months ago. Now Marya Mannes enters the field with *Last Rights* (Morrow). Unfortunately, it's not the book it could have been. Sketchy, superficial in thinking, badly organized. But still very moving in places. The aged, like the poor, will be with us—more and more of



them. There are sure to be more books (Donn Pearce, a PLAYBOY contributor, has one in the works called *Dying in the Sun*). As a matter of fact, the books will probably get better before the situation does.

Jane (Viking), by Dee Wells, is a first novel that doesn't take itself as seriously as most first novels and, for that reason, winds up being fun. Our heroine lives in London with three (count 'em, three) men, none of whom knows about the others. What's more, one of them is not

of the same race as the two others. Worse, one of them is a smalltime burglar who literally fell into her life through the skylight in the converted warehouse where she lives. Naturally, she gets pregnant. That's the story. But Jane is likable and the dialog is good and the novel is worth some smiles. It accomplishes what it sets out to do—a rare enough thing these days.

The Eye of the Storm (Viking), by the 1973 Nobel Prize winner Australian Patrick White, is an old-fashioned long novel gussied up to look fancy, rather in the manner of its main character, who at 86, bedridden and blinded by a stroke, still has herself made up and decked out in her jewels. Waited on by her round-the-clock nurses, her masochistic housekeeper and her faithful lawyer, Elizabeth Hunter pettily tyrannizes those who await her death. In particular, the middle-aged son and daughter who return from Europe to her bedside in Sydney, so that she and they may relive the hurts of the past, squabble through the present and fear the future—mirroring one another's mindless coldness. White does his best work in delineating the sterility of these people. It is a sterility that results from relocation: Mrs. Hunter's departure from her husband's country ranch to fashionable Sydney society and the children's leaving Australia altogether for the Continent. It is, in fact, the rare character in *The Eye of the Storm* who is comfortable with his life. Even those who stick close to their roots, unmolested by so-called civilization, achieve only an artificial peace.

Despite the novel's involved structure, with incident piled upon incident, which reaches into the past and out to the future, each character in *The Eye of the Storm* still is given his due. Even the meanest, shallowest character can compel the reader's sympathy, as a result of White's artistry as a basically honest storyteller. Yet, because of the convoluted style of the book, White has succeeded only in making the reader pay more attention to technique than to content. The Nobel committee must have decided it was time for an Australian to win the prize.

Larry L. King is an unlikely Texan in his constant (if mild) self-deprecations—a sort of what's-a-poor-kid-from-Texas-like-me-doing-cavorting-with-Presidents attitude prevails throughout his work. He also laments his involvement in the "vexing impermanence" of magazine journalism. King should stop apologizing. There is little impermanence, at least in the work he chooses to anthologize, and his latest collection of magazine pieces, *The Old Man and Lesser Mortals* (Viking), contains two or three of the more memorable examples of magazine nonfiction from the past five years. Many

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of the selections come from *Harper's Magazine*, published during the nervously golden period when Willie Morris rode herd over a small *remuda* of incisive, acerbic and imaginative contributors. It was a time when every issue of *Harper's* contained at least one piece worthy of being passed from reader to reader with an insistent "You've got to read this." More often than not, the by-line on that piece read Larry L. King. (The last entry in the book is a memoir of King's relationship with the erratic and talented Morris, who is revealed as a devout practical joker.) "To appreciate King's writing," Morris once said, "one need know that the land of his youth was a reluctant civilization and that to escape it was to come a long way, indeed." And King has come that way, including a Neiman Fellowship at Harvard and a visiting Ferris Professorship of Journalism at Princeton, not without some scars, the first of which was the result of wrenching himself away from the parched landscape and harsh but honest lifestyle of his father's country. In *The Old Man*, King has written what is thus far probably his best work, peeling layer after layer of fat from the belly of a century's father-son myths, revealing, as King discovers, "larger subjects." "Who was your favorite President?" King asks his Old Man. "Harry Truman. Harry wasn't afraid to take the bull by the horns. Wasn't no mealy-mouthed goody-goody in him like in most politicians. Ole Ike, now. They blowed him up like Mr. Big and all he ever showed me was that silly grin." "Did you ever vote for a Republican?" "Yeah, in 19-and-28. Voted for Herbert Hoover. And he no more than put his britches on the chair till we had a depression. I promised God right then if *He* wouldn't send no more depressions, I wouldn't vote for no more Republicans." "Do you think God really cares who's President?" King asks. "I reckon not," the Old Man says. "Look at what we got in there now."

A man-eating shark terrorizes Amity, a Long Island resort community, becomes a grisly tourist attraction, then the vehicle for a labored mishmash of ultimate questions about chance and design, ominous ecological imbalance, even divine judgment. Peter Benchley's *Jaws* (Doubleday) is a nimble thriller that neatly satirizes economic impediments to social responsibility (closing the beaches would kill off summer trade) but gets in over its head when it tries to be *Moby Dick*. Benchley's hero, Martin Brody, is convincing enough: an embattled small-town police chief trying to do right. But when his investigation becomes a search for "catharsis," "personal expiation," "vengeance against a fish" . . . well, you know. Benchley moves the viewpoint around, fitting various characters' hang-ups to the pattern of general upheaval. There are John O'Hara-like social dis-

courses; subplots are sprayed about indiscriminately: Brody's highborn wife plots to seduce a conveniently available young-stud marine biologist. Amity's mayor, in deep to a profitable real-estate swindle, has a vested interest in playing down the dangers. (Would you believe the Mafia is in it, too? Of course you would.) Everyone's "jaws" are unhinged, menacingly poised to swallow everyone else. Actions are unconvincingly motivated, except for the shark's, which are unimpeachably



natural. (One exception: Everybody vomits a lot. *That's* motivated. Benchley has a gift for unrelentingly repulsive details.) Benchley knows a lot about sharks, even more about boats. He also knows about Herman Melville. The novel ends with a chase several days long in a hired fishing boat whose stony skipper is overcome by a compulsion to destroy the "great fish," saying they have "no choice." There are storm clouds, harpoons, much agitated discussion of eternal verities . . . at the end, Chief Brody alone is left to tell thee. There's an impression of vast imponderables remaining unanswered. But the only real questions here are who'll produce and direct, and who's going to play the shark.

MOVIES

Fresh from a prison break, boy meets girl, robs banks and comes to a bad end in *Thieves Like Us*, a blistering slice of life based on Edward Anderson's mid-Thirties novel and transformed into prime-quality Americana by director Robert Altman, whose *M*A*S*H*, *McCabe & Mrs. Miller* and *The Long Goodbye* (to name a few) guarantee his place in the top rank of U. S. film makers. Already filmed once—as *They Live by Night*, Nicholas Ray's 1949 drama starring Farley Granger and Cathy O'Donnell—*Thieves* will inevitably invite comparisons with *Bonnie and Clyde*. Yet it belongs to an altogether different breed—as a gritty, unretouched

and moving portrait of America's losers, marvelously photographed by Jean Boffety in backwater Mississippi towns where the Thirties and the Seventies meet without a visible seam. Altman establishes the Depression as the social context of his tale only in the endless background drone of old-time radios crackling with *Gang Busters*, *The Shadow*, Rudy Vallee and the tinny strains of *I Found a Million Dollar Baby* (in a *Five and Ten Cent Store*). An eloquent, finely detailed evocation of period, this rueful ode to the have-not generation is built around three dim but daring fugitives (Keith Carradine, John Schuck, Bert Remsen) and their molls, one a beauty-school dropout, the other a scrawny country mouse (played with stunning effect by Shelley Duvall). These are the common, ignorant folk whose lives lack beauty or purpose or hope for anything much beyond mere survival. Altman approaches them with compassion but not a jot of cheap sentimentality, and with special emphasis on the stunted relationship between Carradine (a fine young actor improving all the time) and Miss Duvall, as his disadvantaged doxy, who sucks on bottled Cokes as if they were truly the opium of the masses. If she is Bonnie and he is Clyde, they are naked prototypes, stripped of glossy veneer and closer kin to a shantytown Romeo and Juliet (as the movie points up in one awkwardly groping love scene played against a radio broadcast of Shakespeare's classic). *Thieves Like Us* has very little graphic violence, for it is essentially a study in unsparring close-up of some trapped social misfits who'd hock their souls and bodies for a chance at the jack pot. Just as he has done in earlier works debunking the glib mythology of war movies, Western movies and private-eye thrillers, Altman takes the romance out of crime with surgical precision.

All about the rise and fall of a Golden Gloves contender, *The All-American Boy* carries a subtitle announcing "The Manly Art in Six Rounds." The subsequent division of the movie into numbered rounds is the viewer's first clue that writer Charles Eastman, making his directorial debut, had a serious problem with continuity. Dividing his work into parts, as if it were a symphony of the sporting life, helps Eastman disguise a jerky and uncertain film style that actually amounts to no style at all. Though his script is interesting—a doggedly misanthropic blend of *Fat City* and *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner*—the director lacks the skill to fuse actors, ideas and expert photography into a cohesive whole. *All-American Boy* stubbornly makes statements even when it doesn't make sense; thus, its message about the bleakness of contemporary America comes through loud and clear. Jon Voight plays the title role as a sullen,

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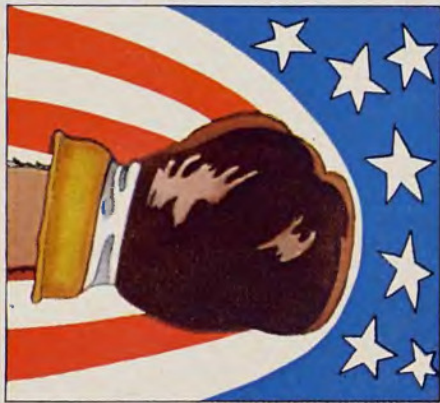
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inarticulate hero named Vic Bealer who deplures life in a small town where there's nothing to do but "screw, booze and smash up." He gets into the fight game, leaves a local girl pregnant (unabashed, she sashays off to L.A. to become a rock recording star) and ultimately but inexplicably kicks away a chance at the amateur boxing crown. "A middle-class



white son of a bitch without responsibilities" spells trouble every time, in the words of one of the hangers-on and opportunists who surround Bealer. What moves Vic is never made clear, however, despite Voight's painstaking portrayal of a primitive lout who seems committed to the proposition that nothing really matters very much—neither life nor love, success nor failure, friends nor foes. All the same, and all hollow. Unfortunately, the pervasive emptiness appears to be rooted in Eastman's thesis rather than in the lives of real people. Small wonder that the movie was quietly shelved by Warner Bros. after its completion a couple of years ago. *The All-American Boy* turns out to be a dullard dressed up in the hair shirt of fashionable despair.

Jean-Louis Trintignant, Jean Seberg, Michel Piccoli, Roy Scheider (Gene Hackman's partner in *The French Connection*) and an ace international supporting cast create mesmerizing intrigue in *The French Conspiracy*, a fiction based freely upon the known facts of a celebrated political scandal. In 1965, Ben Barka—leader of French Morocco's left-wing opposition party—was abducted and presumably murdered in Paris as the climax of a high-level plot involving American CIA men, French underworld characters and top Moroccan and French officials. Very low-key, ready as ever to make mediocrity seem a fascinating fault, Trintignant plays the spineless journalist who is bribed and bullied into enticing a Third World leader named Sadiel (the Ben Barka character, coolly portrayed by Italy's Gian Maria Volonte) back from exile in Switzerland, on the pretext of a guest appearance in a television documentary. Among director Yves Boisset's chief collaborators here was author Jorge Semprun, scenarist of *Z*, who undoubt-

edly contributed much from his private stock of political savvy. In the age of Watergate, there is nagging resonance in a press-conference scene that pits a French government minister against a supposedly tough TV commentator (Philippe Noiret) who just happens to have been a major figure in the kidnap plot and now takes a role as probing reporter in the cover-up. *French Conspiracy* lacks the sizzling pace that made *Z* a bonanza, yet it's taut, topical and generously fortified with food for thought.

Conspiracy theories stemming from the Kennedy assassinations—President John F. Kennedy in November 1963, his brother Robert in June 1968—are advanced in two American films of unique political portent. The more ambitious but less effective is *Executive Action* (discussed in PLAYBOY's November 1973 issue, in interviews with producer Edward Lewis, director David Miller and scenarist Dalton Trumbo), a fictionalized account of events leading up to that black November day in Dallas based on a story by Donald Freed and Mark Lane (whose book-length *Rush to Judgment* was a skeptic's response to the Warren Report). Burt Lancaster, Will Geer and the late Robert Ryan—in his very last screen role, after *The Iceman Cometh*—play a trio of influential and obviously affluent right-wingers who gather in a plush Virginia mansion to plot ways of ridding the nation of J. F. K. They follow through on a scale worthy of an Ian Fleming thriller—with charts, film briefings, payoffs to two teams of perfectly drilled assassins and cunning use of an impostor to incriminate Lee Harvey Oswald. *Executive Action* stands on dramatic quicksand, however, which is acknowledged at the outset—in small print—with a plea for factual license: "Did the conspiracy we describe actually exist? We do not know." Somehow it matters a lot, for the film's fictitious ring false, measured against unforgettable newsreel and TV coverage that is woven into the drama at whim and with scant regard for any evidence likely to weaken a familiar, cherished hypothesis. As a result, the movie raises as many questions as it answers, simply by fudging details about the moves and motives of such key figures as Oswald and Jack Ruby, the man who slew him. While director Miller conscientiously avoids melodramatic flourishes, he also erases any possibility of real tension or suspense by letting his star conspirators—capable as they are—loll around in smoke-filled rooms, generally expressionless except when they scowl at their TV sets during Kennedy speeches. The inexplicable deaths within four subsequent years of 18 material witnesses in the Kennedy-Oswald case are cited at the end yet are omitted from the film itself. Now, *there* is material for a political shocker.

In *The Second Gun*, an out-and-out doc-

umentary, producer Theodore Charach and director Gerard Alcan make a provocative case against California and U. S. law-enforcement agencies for hastily condemning Sirhan Sirhan as the sole assassin of Senator Robert Kennedy. The argument that Sirhan's gun was not the only weapon fired in a corridor of the Ambassador Hotel in L.A. gets substantial backing from a county coroner, a respected ballistics expert and a number of eyewitnesses. But *Second Gun* really zeroes in on testimony concerning a security guard who admitted drawing his weapon directly behind Kennedy and who was only perfunctorily questioned, despite his membership in a right-wing political group. This half of a troublesome double feature adds to the mounting proof that truth in our time is both stranger and scarier than fiction.

A callgirl plummets to her death from a high-rise apartment house in Montreal—and while putting the pieces of her life together, detective inspector Christopher Plummer finds himself caught up in a web of occultism, Satanism and ritual murder. Under director Harvey Hart, *The Pyx* is an effective but rather fancy thriller characterized by artful camera angles and numerous flashbacks (the title, by the way, is borrowed from the locketlike case in which a priest carries the Eucharist to a believer who's ill or dying). The movie as a whole seems frankly derivative—as if *Klute* and *Lava* had mated to produce a sibling for *Rosemary's Baby*—and builds to a disappointing climax. But the beginning and middle will quicken a moviegoer's pulse, thanks largely to a substantial mortality rate and some eloquent body English by Karen Black, as the doomed hustler (more than a match for Plummer, a fine classic actor who chews gum as if to tell us he's just a regular guy). Tough and likable and believably human in the starring role, Karen makes *The Pyx* well worth watching. Worth listening to, as well, since those all-but-inevitable ballads on the film's sound track are composed and sung with promising proficiency by tunesmith Karen Black.

French directors are incurably addicted to inside jokes—usually in the form of sly references to other movies by themselves and admired colleagues—but that sort of nonsense cannot wither the frothy charms of *Happy New Year*. It's pretty droll, in fact, when writer-director Claude Lelouch steals a moment to let one of his characters dismiss Lelouch's *A Man and a Woman* with a four-word critique as an essay on "windshield wipers and tranquilizers." The opening of *Happy New Year* whimsically replays the closing scenes of *A Man and a Woman*, then fades smoothly into a prison auditorium, where some hardened convicts

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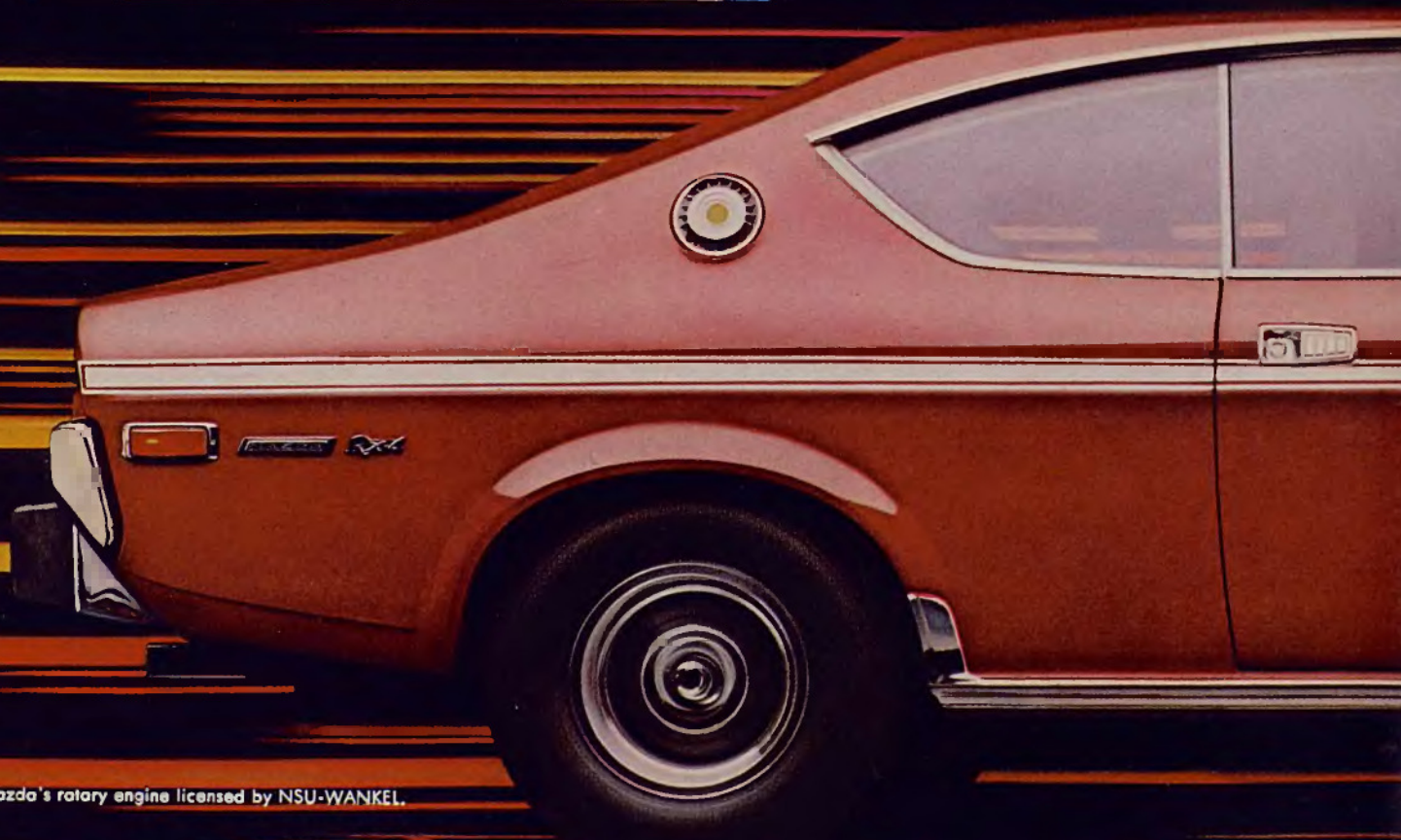
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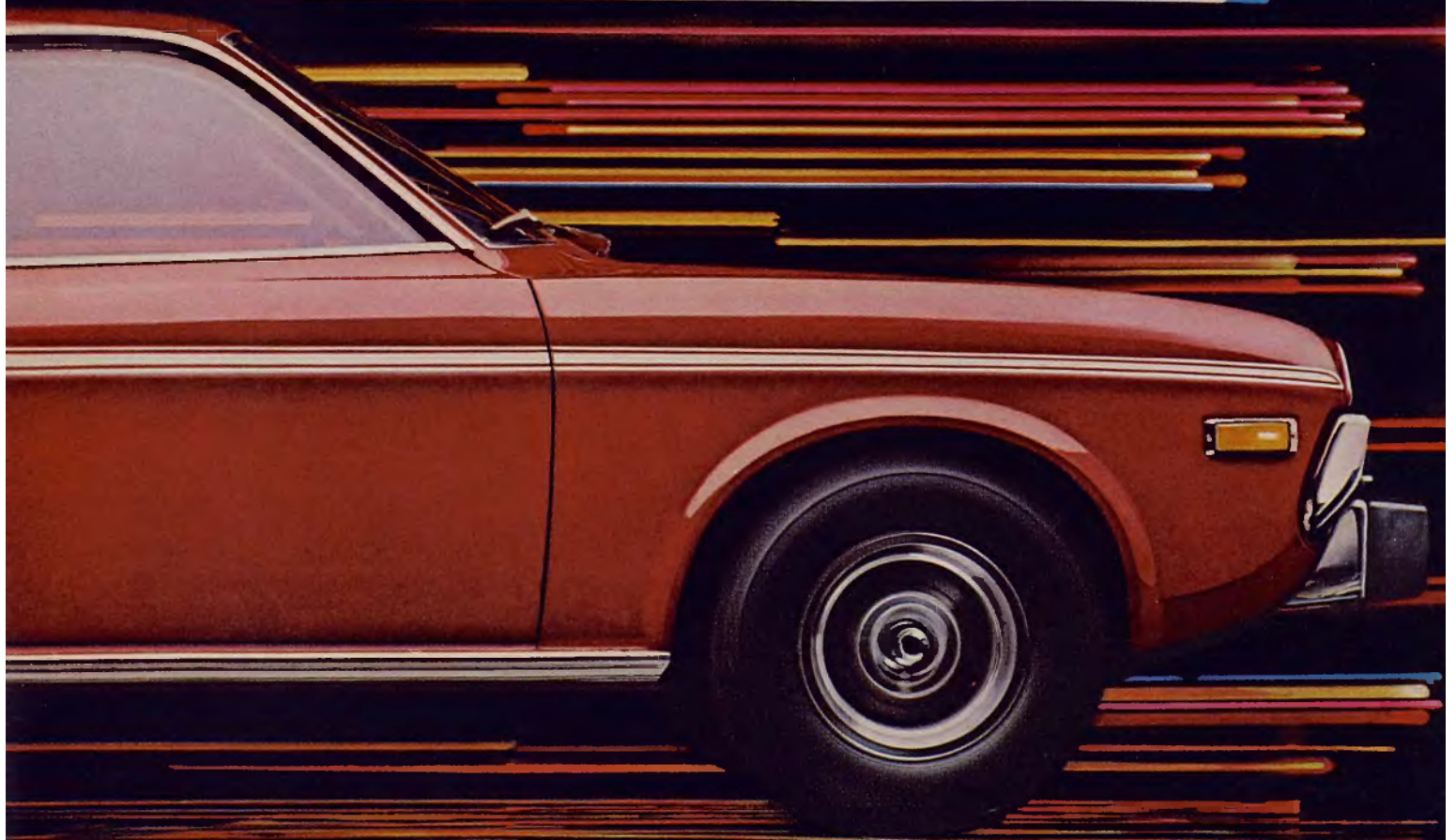
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have been savoring a bit of high romance. There's more to come when Lino Ventura—as a tough guy cut from the stuff left over when they made Jean Gabin and Bogart—is sprung from jail to claim his ill-gotten gains and the girl he left behind. How he acquired both is recounted in flashbacks, and they add up to a merry tale about a jewel thief who travels to the French Riviera to rob a burglarproof branch of Van Cleef & Arpels but unexpectedly falls in love with the sophisticated proprietress of an antique shop next door. Since the lady is played deliciously by Françoise Fabian (the svelte seductress of *My Night at Maud's*), this bizarre Gallic love story might be compared to a heady vintage wine. "Affairs don't need a pretext... they start with a look and end with breakfast," purrs Françoise, midway through an affair characterized by grown-up dialog and breezy reassurance for 40ish swingers everywhere. *Happy New Year* celebrates amour, divorce, liberation and casual infidelity, with a bit of well-timed suspense thrown in. Only a grouchy moralist who abhors Paris labels would dismiss it as frivolous.

Another novel by Larry McMurtry, author of *The Last Picture Show*, gives a solid base to *Loving Molly*, adapted and produced by Stephen Friedman (from McMurtry's *Leaving Cheyenne*) and directed by Sidney Lumet. Once again, rural Texas is the setting for a romantic saga spanning two generations—with Blythe Danner, Beau Bridges and Tony Perkins cast as a trio of freethinkers considerably ahead of their time, at least among countryfolk. Since the story chronicles their youthful follies of 1925 straight through to their twilight years in the mid-Sixties, *Loving Molly* cannot achieve total credibility; and in their middle period, when they're pretending to be 40ish, Lumet's actors look like people playing mom and dad roles in a high school play. But they are effective, all the same, in a relatively liberated drama that treats modern



morals with more humor, truth and compassion than you'll find in a dozen pseudo-hip imitations of *Bob & Carol &*

Ted & Alice. "I ain't gonna marry... I'll do anything you want me to do but that," says Miss Danner in her role as Molly, an earthy farm gal who loves both Gid (Perkins) and Johnny (Bridges), but instead marries a third suitor for reasons she can never quite explain—maybe, she muses, simply because she liked the way the hair curled at the back of his neck. The gist of the tale is that Molly—beginning before she's widowed—hangs onto her beaux for four decades and bears a son by each of them—despite pain, intense rivalry and the enmity of small-town bigots who call her a whore. Bridges and Perkins perform remarkably well in difficult roles as boyhood pals who pass a lifetime sharing one woman's bed; but the movie belongs to Miss Danner, who first commanded attention on Broadway in *Butterflies Are Free*. As Molly, she is simultaneously folksy and sexy, the very embodiment of a truly liberated female character who may herald a new era in *femmes fatale* on film. *Loving Molly* looks at the complexities of love with disarming freshness.

Triple Echo, set in rural England during the dark days of World War Two, notes the fickleness of fashion by reminding us that an Army deserter (played by movie newcomer Brian Deacon) could pass for a girl back then by letting his hair grow shoulder length. As the wife of a P. O. W., a strong-minded country lass who shares her bed and board with the boy, Glenda Jackson delivers yet another forceful, stunning performance. All's well up to a point, and director Michael Apted intelligently charts the subtle shift of male-female sexual roles. But *Echo* dwindles into preposterous melodrama when Oliver Reed appears on the farm as a horny sergeant and persuades Glenda's "sister"—the soldier in drag—to be his date at a Christmas dance in camp.

An exhilarating blast of openmindedness and candor emanates from Washington, D.C., of all places, in a delightful 62-minute documentary titled *I. F. Stone's Weekly—the Movie*. The tag is film maker Jerry Bruck, Jr.'s, attempt to distinguish this cinematic tribute from the four-page journal published for nearly two decades by the irascible black-listed newspaperman whose admirers, young and old, were won by Stone's blunt, basic assumption "that every government is run by liars, and nothing they say should be believed." Part of the narration is by *Times* man Tom Wicker, performing a labor of love that becomes contagious on film.

Fans of Rudolf Nureyev will find him in rare form—which is probably usual for him—as Basilio in the full-length filmed ballet *Don Quixote* opposite Robert Helpmann, Lucette Aldous and members of the Australian Ballet. Codirected by

Nureyev and Helpmann, this mannered and stacy spectacle is steeped in the traditions of story ballet and may prove incomprehensible to moviegoers who think of Cervantes' classic in *Man of La Mancha* terms. Make no mistake: Rudolf's smashing solos are the whole show.

THEATER

Lorraine Hansberry's *A Raisin in the Sun* is a landmark in the American theater—the first black play to touch a rising



consciousness. Since Miss Hansberry's death in 1965, her husband and "literary executor," Robert Nemiroff, has been mining her creations with a sometimes questionable compulsiveness. For that reason and because the original play is basically a close-knit naturalistic drama that wears its sentiments on its sleeve, one greets the musical *Raisin* with skepticism—which is overcome by the strength and professionalism of the production. As an asset, there is, first of all, the play. What could have been soap opera becomes myth deepened by memories—of more peaceful black-revolutionary times, of the deaths of Miss Hansberry and Diana Sands, who first leaped to fame in the original production in the role of the awakening sister. The musical book (by Nemiroff and Charlotte Zaltzberg) retains the essence of the drama. As director and choreographer, Donald McKayle stays firmly inside the Younger household but surrounds it with the pulse of the street. To a certain degree, *Raisin* becomes a play *within* a musical, and although the music and lyrics are not milestones, the dances fill the stage with vitality and the songs are smashingly delivered by a highly musical cast—Joe Morton, Ernestine Jackson, Deborah Allen, Robert Jackson, Ralph Carter (as the youngest Younger) and, especially, Virginia Capers as the domineering, soul-filled mother. The new *Raisin* is an irresistible emotional experience. At the 46th Street, 226 West 46th Street.



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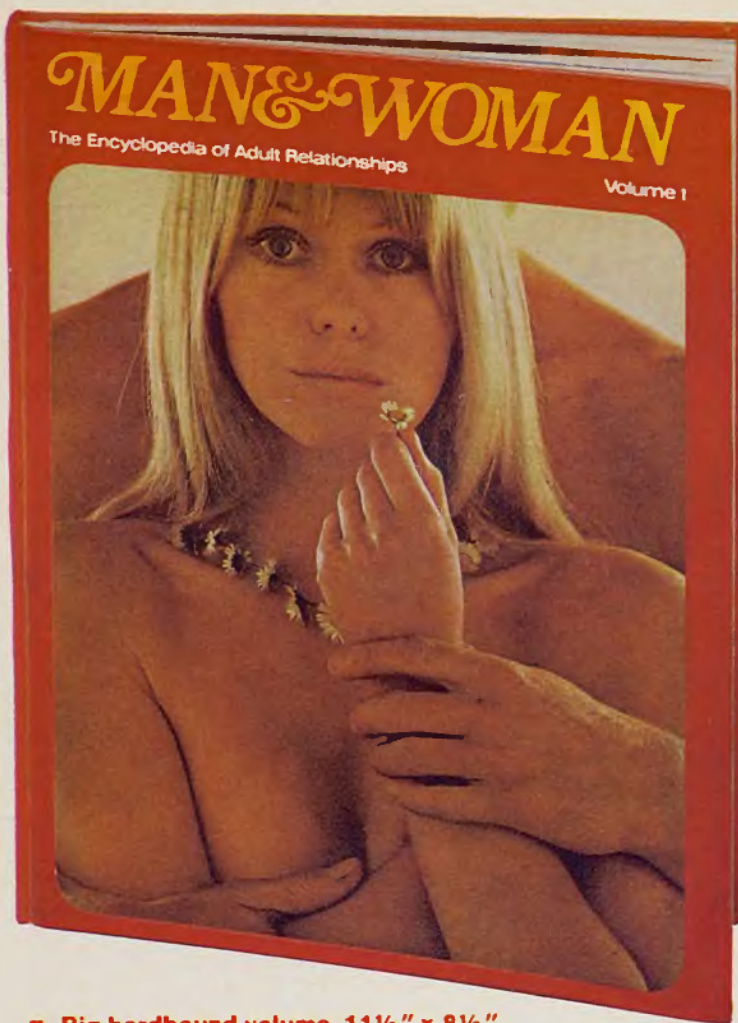
The dilemma of a man who feels compelled to seek escape in an extramarital affair.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Nearly 30 years ago, I married the eldest of three wonderful sisters. Four years ago, the second sister lost her husband and moved in with us. None of the sisters is jealous and as the second sister and I had shared a bed discreetly many times, she soon became a second wife. About 18 months ago, the husband of the youngest sister passed away and, as she was childless, the ladies wanted very much to bring her into the household. Within a few months, she was on equal standing with her sisters. However, she began to assert herself, gently at first and then more firmly, holding my hand in public and coming to my room frequently. (We have separate bedrooms.) I have reprimanded her for her selfishness, but scolding her is difficult, since I do love her. My problem is that I'm 74 and have a limited amount of love to distribute. I must not neglect the other sisters. How can I solve this problem?—H. S., Palo Alto, California.

You're old enough to remember the Boer War admonition that three on a match is bad luck, but anyone who can strike a match for three sisters at the age of 74 doesn't have to worry about his luck. If you want to play it safe and conserve your incredible energy, you should make the body erotic a democracy. Share your concern with all of the sisters and work out an arrangement that fits each of your needs.

Early blues recordings are my abiding passion and I have a large collection of 78s. I just purchased a four-speed turntable with an elliptical cartridge and diamond stylus. The brochure says that this equipment was designed for standard LPs. Can I use it on my 78s?—S. P., Buffalo, New York.

Yes, but the resulting sound would be similar to that produced by dragging a hatpin through the grooves of a Frisbee. The grooves on a 78 are considerably wider than those on a 33-rpm LP; your stylus would rattle around in them. You should obtain a stylus designed expressly for 78s. It's inexpensive and easily interchangeable with your cartridge. Be sure to rebalance the tonearm and adjust the tracking force when you make the switch. A clerk at your stereo shop should be able to give you the proper setting for satisfactory listening.

A penny arcade that actually charges a quarter just opened near my apartment. I like to unwind over a pinball machine after work and I sometimes take a date to play air hockey, electronic ping-pong or foosball. A few nights ago, two guys playing air hockey noticed that I was

waiting to use the table. One of them motioned to a row of quarters, said that they were playing a best-of-five series and that I should put a quarter at the end of the row to claim my turn. Is this standard practice?—M. F., Cleveland, Ohio.

Emily Post and "Robert's Rules of Order" say nothing about it, but the gesture appears to be an informal, nationally recognized way of letting others know that a machine will be tied up for some time. Also, if someone challenges you to a game, he will put a quarter on top of the machine, while you put a quarter into it. The winner picks up the extra quarter, plays for free and keeps possession of the table if he chooses.

My girlfriend and I have sex every Friday night at a drive-in theater. After we get our clothes off and I'm about to enter her, she opens her purse and pulls out a vibrator. She starts to use it and asks me to rub her breasts. Then she says it's all right to enter her. What do you advise I do?—B. G., Englewood, New Jersey.

Do exactly what she says, movie lover.

Returning from a short vacation, I found that my girlfriend had moved into my apartment, completely changing it and filling the closets with her clothes. We're close, but believe me, I was not prepared for this invasion. I would like to see her leave. She is sensitive and I don't want to hurt her feelings. How can I extricate myself gracefully from this situation?—C. D., Richmond, Virginia.

State your feelings clearly or you may never escape the interpretations of others. Your girlfriend was operating in an atmosphere of affection, if not actual invitation (we assume that you had given her a key). The means were drastic, but her strategy of breaking and entering was conceived in the interest of her own emotional security. Be direct: Explain your need for privacy and offer to help her find a new place to stay. If you still can't tell her to leave, wait until your lease expires, send her to the corner for stamps, then move.

Lenny Bruce once suggested that the sexual fantasies of the American male revolve around "tits and ass." If so, then I must be abnormal; my focus of attention is four or five inches higher than that of the rest of the nation. Simply, I am turned on by collarbones and sacral dimples (the two depressions near the small of the back). Mind you, it's not that I don't appreciate tits and ass, it's just that when I catch a glimpse of a

The Old Timer.



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beautifully articulated collarbone or when a girl confesses that she is graced by sacral dimples, I almost faint with desire and immediately pledge my undying love. So far, no one has noticed my obsession, but I am afraid that one day it will be discovered. What should I do?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

Funny you should mention it. Would you believe that for 20 years PLAYBOY has been devoted to collarbones and sacral dimples and that no one has ever noticed? Probably not, and for the same reason, it's unlikely that you will be found out. When you unbutton and slowly remove a woman's blouse to reveal her collarbone, or when you slip your hand into the waistband of her blue jeans to caress her sacral dimples, she will probably think you are going for the traditional erogenous zones and will react accordingly. So don't worry about it. In one sense, we are all fetishists. Ernest Becker, a noted psychologist, explained that "Our culture teaches us to become committed in some way to the body of the opposite sex, and we are eager for cues which give us a passport to permissive excitation. When we learn such a cue, we invest it with rich significance." What you see in women is a symbol of desire, not a symptom of disease. As long as you end up dealing with the whole person, there is nothing wrong or abnormal about your response. In fact, the adjective sacral has two meanings: "in the region of the sacrum" and "designed for use in religious rites and ceremonies." You're not the first.

This may sound kinky, but the hair on my mons is as straight and as silky as the hair on my head. The only time it has any curl at all is after a bath, and then for only about a half hour. My boyfriend says he's never seen or felt anything like it. No one in my family has an unbush, either. Have you ever come across anything similar?—Miss D. D., Columbia, Missouri.

Yes, we've come across it occasionally. Straight pubic hair is unusual, but that doesn't make it kinky. Don't worry.

I am a college graduate with a job with a small television studio. My great love is film and I would like to direct movies eventually. Unfortunately, Hollywood is a union town and I can't figure out how to get my foot in the door. Do you know of any schools that give on-the-job training?—G. L. C., Wausau, Wisconsin.

In most cases, the man behind the megaphone got his start as one of the men behind the man behind the megaphone. So contact: Assistant Directors Training Program, 8480 Beverly Boulevard, Hollywood, California, 90048. The school is a joint venture of the Directors Guild of America and the Association of

Motion Picture and Television Producers. As a student, you attend seminars and complete four 100-day on-the-job training periods, for which you receive pay. At the end of the program, your name is placed on the Industry Experience Roster, making you eligible for employment as a second assistant director. Before you pack your duffel bag and light meter, read the following excerpt from their brochure: "Acceptance into the program does not represent a guarantee of continuous employment. All trainees should be prepared to cope with periods of unemployment." It sounds just like real life.

After ten years of an exciting, satisfying marriage, I seem to be turning into one of those frigid women you read about. My husband is tall and good-looking, but over the past six months, he has fallen into the habit of asking for sex instead of just taking it. My stock answer seems to be, "Maybe later" or "I'm tired" or "I'm just not in the mood." He shrugs and leaves me alone for the rest of the night. The worst thing of all is that I don't mind being left alone. A few months ago, I broke off a two-year affair. It had been reasonably satisfying, but I was afraid of getting caught. My lover was not as sexually talented as my husband, yet I regretted leaving him. On the occasions my husband and I have sex, I enjoy it—not with my previous gusto, but my climaxes are still very powerful. Recently I told him that perhaps I did not like being asked, that perhaps I just wanted to be taken. I have been neither asked nor taken since. How can I reverse this trend?—Mrs. F. D., Kansas City, Kansas.

Frigidity, when it exists, involves having sex and not having orgasms. Your problem is not having sex. We suspect that you are bored with a ten-year pattern of being the available wife. Passive acceptance of sex often leads to a brief but effective period of passive resistance. A country-and-western song we heard last year described this declaration of independence as: "If you don't leave me alone, I'll find someone who will." You didn't have far to look; now, you'll have to rekindle your husband's desire as well as your own. Initiate sex for a change. The love you make should equal the love he takes.

My favorite brewery has announced that it's shutting down operations soon, so I'd like to stock up on the brand while I have the chance. What's the best method of storage and how long will my hoard keep?—S. P., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

The maximum shelf life of beer, whether in cans or in bottles, is 90 days to—at best—six months, depending on

which brewery you talk to. The same goes for ales. Both beer and ale should be kept from extremes of heat and cold, with around 55 degrees Fahrenheit being the preferred temperature. Bottled beer and ale should be protected from direct sunlight and kept at least two feet away from fluorescent light.

Every now and then, I get a letter from a friend of mine in the merchant marine relating his exploits in foreign ports. The last one came from Hong Kong and contained reference to something called the Chinese basket trick. He said that he had read about it in a book called *The Rise and Fall of the Chinese Basket* and had finally gotten to try it. Apparently, it was exquisite, but he assumed that I knew what it was, and I don't. Can you give me details?—S. K., Hartford, Connecticut.

Sure. Lovers suspend a basket from the ceiling of their bedroom with a block and tackle. The woman climbs into the basket and lowers herself until her genitals come into contact with her partner's. (By the way, the basket should have a hole in it, and the trick doesn't work quite as well with the man on top.) Some couples have the man raise and lower the basket, while the woman plucks the ropes as if they were the strings of a harp; the vibrations can be delightful. Other lovers twist the ropes before the woman gets into the basket; the gentle unwinding motion adds a new dimension to the phrase "getting turned on." We've heard of several variations of the Chinese basket trick. Persons concerned with birth control attach the basket to a catapult. When the man feels the approach of orgasm, he tugs a second rope to ensure a rather dramatic form of coitus interruptus. Also, single men sometimes combine the basket with a Chinese finger handcuff (one of those tubes of folded palm fronds that drove you crazy as a kid) for a unique form of masturbation. If you would like to experience the technique and don't happen to have beams in your bedroom, try the Chinese picnic-basket trick. Toss a block and tackle into a basket and find a secluded wood where the tree limbs are fairly thick. Make sure your equipment is secure and never raise your friend higher than you would like her to fall.

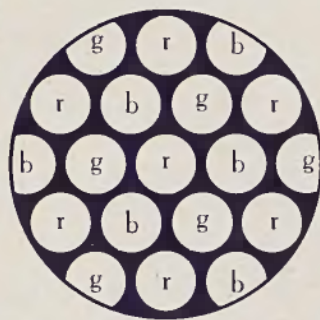
All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to *The Playboy Advisor*, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois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



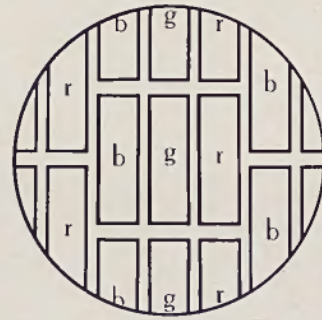
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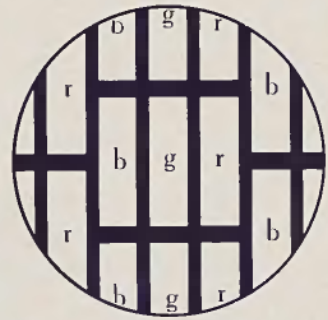
1.



2.



3.



4.

Get your kid's box of crayons and take out three colors.

Red. Blue. Green.

These are the three colors that make up a color television picture.

If you took microscopic portions of color television screens, blew them up and simplified them, they would look like the diagrams above.

FIRST GENERATION COLOR TV

Color in the circles in the first diagram.

Do not color the background.

You have just simulated the way the first generation of color TVs reproduced a color image. The colors look weak, soft.

This process was around back in 1956. Unfortunately, many color TVs on the market still use it today.

SECOND GENERATION COLOR TV

Using the same three colors, color in the second diagram.

Compare the two.

The circles in the second diagram are much more colorful. Sharper. Clearer.

The reason? The jet black background.

This process is also being used by many manufacturers today. And while

it may be far superior to generation 1, to a color TV expert it's practically ancient.

THIRD GENERATION COLOR TV

Now we come to the modern way of reproducing a color image. Stripes.

Again, do not color in the background.

Notice how much more color you can get into stripes than circles. Even though the total area of the diagrams is equal.

The colors look brighter. More true-to-life.

This system is the newest method of reproducing a color image most manufacturers have.

But it's not the newest Toshiba has.

TOSHIBA INTRODUCES FOURTH GENERATION COLOR TV

When you color in the fourth diagram, you'll see it has all the advantages of the previous two.

The wealth of color of a stripe.

Plus the sharpness and snap of a black background.

Resulting in the brightest, clearest color television image possible today.

This system was invented by Toshiba. It's called Blackstripe.™

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If you buy a color TV that doesn't have it, you could be making a \$400 mistake.



Model shown, C-335. Manufacturer's suggested retail price \$369.95. 13" picture measured diagonally. Solid state circuitry composed of 5 plug-in modules for better performance and easy servicing. "Uni-button" automatically adjusts color balance, tint, brightness, contrast and fine tuning. Matching swivel stand included.

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Anatomy of a legend:

Introducing Datsun 260-Z for 1974. A product of four years of exhaustive development in Japan, and four in America. Eight years of in-depth scrutiny resulting in numerous design and engineering refinements to give America what it wants: gran-turismo motoring as faultless as modern automotive technology can provide. And, at a reasonable price.

The legacy of "Z"

Americans got their first look at the Z-Car late in 1969. It was love at first sight. Here was a car fired by an overhead cam six with all the power and response of a domestic V-8. A flat out performer with nice manners, an impressive list of standard creature comforts, and economy to the tune of around 20 miles per gallon.

Indeed, it looked as if the Z had found a new happy home. **Road & Track** called it "the most exciting GT car of the decade." In '72, **Car and Driver** readers selected the 240-Z as "Car of the Year." And in '71 and '73 they voted it "Best GT" over Porsche, Lotus Europa, and the like. Later a **Road & Track** owner survey published in 1972, showed that "91% of all Z-Car owners polled said they would buy another one."

The driver's machine.

Whatever else the Z-Car is, it's a driver's machine. One that has taken the measure of its peers on the track as three-time SCCA C-Production National Champion, and three-time winner of the treacherous East African Safari. A car that has done a

standing quarter mile in about 17 seconds, at nearly 85 MPH.

A car that has moved from 0-60 in about 9 seconds. A car that can transport two people from point A to point B with a minimum of fuss, a maximum of fun, and do it economically. But now it's even better. Now there's 260-Z.

The picking of nits.

Up front the six-cylinder overhead cam engine has gone from 2.4 liters to 2.6 liters, to prevent loss of power as a result of complying with 1974 emission regulations. Heat dissipation and fuel delivery have been improved by a new transistorized fuel pump, larger fuel lines, a larger radiator and fan, and better carburetor cooling. To the rear there's a redesigned taillight panel. And a new stabilizer for even better cornering ability. Spring rates have been altered and the frame,



DATSUN 260-Z SPECIFICATIONS: Engine: 6-cylinder, in-line SOHC, water cooled. Bore & stroke: 3.27 in. x 3.11 in.; Displacement (2565cc) 156.8 cu. in.; Compression ratio: 8.8:1; Carburetion: 2 Hitachi. Transmission: All-synchromesh 4-speed or optional 3-speed automatic. Dimensions: Length: 169.1 in.; Width: 64.1 in.; Height: 50.6 in.; Wheelbase: 90.7 in.; Tread, (front) 53.3 in.; (rear) 53.0 in.;

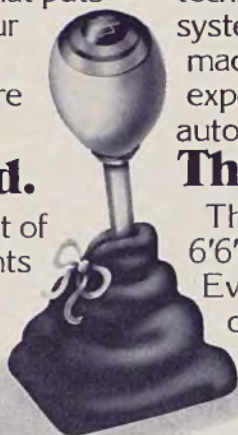
new Datsun 260-Z.

engine mounts and suspension all have been beefed up. Add those refinements to an all-synchromesh 4-speed transmission that puts crisp, positive shifts in the palm of your hand—and you have an automobile the likes of which could sell anywhere from \$9,000 to \$25,000.

The affordable legend.

The 260-Z is the affordable result of Datsun-pioneered advancements in computer design and one of the most modern mass production facilities in the world.

Space-age technology also makes it economically feasible to power the Z with a sophisticated overhead cam engine. Fewer moving parts, lower inertia and less friction produce higher revs, more efficient use of fuel, and longer engine life than a cheaper pushrod engine.



The 260-Z's superb cornering and remarkable ride are also products of superior technology. Its strut type fully independent system is usually found only on exotic racing machines, and is normally considered far too expensive to be practical on a production automobile.

The luxury of it all.

The spacious interior accommodates two 6'6" adults in unadulterated comfort.

Everything is at your fingertips. Map light, overhead light, heater/defroster, standard AM/FM radio, and optional factory-installed air conditioning.

Deep cushioned high-back bucket seats recline 20 degrees and fold

forward for easy access to

the spacious rear deck. Non-purists can even order an optional 3-speed automatic transmission. But for all that, one of the nicest luxuries of owning a 260-Z



is being able to

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av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Feb. '73).



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

Where does that anonymous nurse from New York City get the gall to make such a statement about the profession of nursing as "For many of us, just the sight of a large penis is a turn-on" (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1973)? All you hapless male patients, please believe that most of us are neither sexless pill dispensers nor voyeuristic sheet lifters. We are interested in your welfare as persons, and not in leering at your genitalia.

Christine R. Treadway, R.N.
San Diego, California

Shucks!

THE OTHER SIDE OF CIRCUMCISION

I was over 60 years of age and for years had wanted to have myself circumcised; however, I had always imagined it to be painful and I even read a medical column that advised men past middle age not to undergo the operation unless absolutely necessary. Finally, though, I made up my mind to have it done. My doctor checked me into a Tulsa hospital and, after a careful medical examination and preparation that lasted for more than two days, I had the operation. I awoke circumcised and was told that I had bled scarcely enough to wet the flap of an envelope. Within a month, I was completely healed, having experienced no discomfort. In fact, the only pain I experienced was the injection of the anesthetic.

It may be psychological, but I now seem to be hornier than I was before. I hope my experience with circumcision will relieve the doubts and fears others may feel.

George D. Watts
Tulsa, Oklahoma

LONG LIMB

According to the article *Porno Chic* (PLAYBOY, August 1973), porno film star John C. Holmes has a 13-inch penis. He's lucky. If it had been one inch shorter, it would have been a foot.

Al Hamburg
Champaign, Illinois

PROBLEMATIC PENISES

I can't tell you how grateful I am to *The Playboy Forum* for publishing the letters discussing the problem of impotence. As a woman who has gone to bed with a number of men who turned out to be impotent, I was greatly relieved to discover that many other women are facing the same problem. It's nice to know that a

case of temporary impotence need not be taken as a personal rejection. And learning that impotence is often the result of male fears about performance has made me a lot less defensive and more inclined to be understanding toward a man who, for whatever reason, can't make it on a particular occasion. That, in turn, has meant that sometimes, though not always, we were able to enjoy sex later.

(Name withheld by request)
San Francisco, California

NOT SEX BUT POWER

I think many commentators miss the point entirely when they assume that men worry about the size of their penises because they want to satisfy women. The real reason men want larger penises is that they instinctively associate penis size with the ability to dominate others. Ethologist Desmond Morris points out in *The Human Zoo* that erection of the penis is used in the animal world as a threatening display and that there is evidence that humans so used it in prehistoric times. Morris concludes, "It follows that the greater the erection, the greater the threat." Even today, the larger a man's penis the more he feels he can dominate both men and women.

Daniel M. Cheney
Denver, Colorado

THE PHALLIC FALLACY

Most women who have unsatisfactory sex lives blame psychological factors for their lack of gratification. This is probably due at least in part to the errors of noted sex researchers Masters and Johnson. In attempting to disprove a host of myths that can and do limit sexual effectiveness, they have created a monstrous new illusion, namely, that penis size has nothing to do with sexual performance. This, of course, is utterly ridiculous, as any honest woman or inadequately furnished man will testify. The fact is that the most common causes of sexual dissatisfaction and incompatibility are male impotence and small penises. Sexual intercourse is a physical act for which the male must be properly equipped physically. Psychology enters the picture only insofar as a man with a small penis doubts his virility and experiences shame that causes him to perform more poorly than he otherwise could. And some women refuse to admit to a preference for men with large organs because they

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are insecure and are afraid of being dominated by such men.

To ladies who appreciate plain old physical sex but haven't settled on a sexual partner, I want to suggest that masculine genital bulk, combined with a properly lubricated vagina, will produce the greatest possible pleasure. What's more, a secure woman need not fear domination by a well-endowed man; she will realize as she absorbs his full penetration that it is she who triumphs by being able to take all he can offer.

R. W. Byrnes, Executive Secretary
International Phallic Society, Ltd.
Las Vegas, Nevada

Security. Domination. Triumph. Are you talking about balling or battling? Masters and Johnson's conclusions were the result of exhaustive studies of thousands of episodes of sexual response observed under rigorously scientific conditions. You, on the other hand, offer not a particle of evidence to support your assertions, and they don't stand up under even the most casual scrutiny. There's no proof that impotence and small penises are the most common sources of sexual dissatisfaction. Impotence is not a cause of sexual problems so much as an indication that they already exist. One sexual problem that can cause impotence is the fear that a small penis can't satisfy a woman. And that fear is put to rest by scientific studies: Masters and Johnson have shown that the physical sensations of intercourse are not dependent on penis size; the vagina accommodates itself to whatever size penis penetrates it—expanding to accept a large one, fitting snugly around a smaller one.

"The Playboy Forum" and "The Playboy Advisor" receive letters each month from women who complain about various sexual frustrations. Sometimes they say it's their own problem, sometimes their partner's. When a woman blames the man, she complains about his being too slow, too fast, not interested enough, too interested or obsessed with acts she considers kinky. We never hear complaints that a lover's penis is too small.

Maybe to the mind and the eye—and possibly the hand—penis size makes a difference if the individual woman cares about it, just as breast size makes a difference to some men. But these are among the many factors that influence sexual enjoyment, and there is no evidence that they are among the most important ones.

EXERCISE FOR TWO HANDS

Men seem to think that in sex their hands are useful only for foreplay and that once the woman becomes excited the penis should take over. However, I've discovered that there is no way a man can move his body as fast or as creatively as his hands when it comes to providing a woman with sexual pleasure. Two of the best orgasms I've ever had occurred

FORUM NEWSFRONT

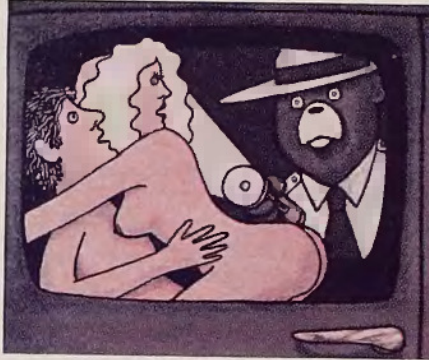
a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

SEXY SENIOR CITIZEN

PORTLAND, OREGON—Police charged a 78-year-old man with prostitution because he sought payment for his services. He was arrested in a motel room after insisting that an undercover policewoman give him \$50 to perform sexual acts with her.

PIECE OFFICERS

CHICAGO—Two Cook County Forest Preserve rangers have been charged with extorting money from couples they found making love in parked cars. What



looked like just another amorous couple turned out to be an undercover team from the state's attorney's office, which had been receiving anonymous complaints of the shakedown.

THE RAPE PROBLEM

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The District of Columbia Human Resources Department has announced that the city will set up a special program to treat rape victims. The program, to operate out of the D.C. General Hospital, will include a 24-hour telephone service and a special medical team and will offer psychiatric counseling. In addition, the program will provide special training for doctors, nurses and hospital personnel who deal with victims of sexual assault. Authorities estimate that the actual number of sexual assaults is five to ten times higher than reported, largely because of the embarrassment connected with such crimes and the failure of public agencies to deal with the victims quickly or sympathetically. The D.C. city council is considering a recommendation to establish a special institution to treat sexual offenders.

The commander of a New York Police Department rape detail told a Chicago City Council meeting that arrests for sexual assault increased 38 percent since an all-woman unit began processing rape complaints. The increase was attributed to the greater willingness of rape victims to report attacks when the police personnel they deal with are female. Chicago is

considering setting up a similar all-woman rape unit.

Senator Charles Mathias of Maryland, citing a 70 percent increase in reported rapes over the past five years, has introduced a bill in Congress to establish a national center to combat rape and investigate the problem of homosexual assaults in prisons. He said that too often a rape victim "must also contend with the societal assumption that she may have precipitated the attack, or did not resist vigorously."

A Baltimore grand jury has charged a 17-year-old youth with murder after the 75-year-old woman whom he allegedly raped later committed suicide.

PLAYING DOCTOR

NASHVILLE—A 27-year-old man, described by police as a smooth talker, has been charged with practicing medicine without a license after posing as a doctor and giving physical examinations to several women. He had listed himself with an employment agency as a doctor seeking female employees for his obstetrics and gynecology clinic. He specified that the applicants be high school graduates of good appearance and good personality and that they undergo a complete physical examination—which he performed. The agency discovered its doctor was a phony after several applicants complained that their physical exam involved mostly fondling.

KISS, DON'T SHAKE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A study by the University of Virginia School of Medicine indicates that it's easier to catch a cold from shaking hands than from kissing. The research project, financed by a Government grant and reported in the New



England Journal of Medicine, found evidence that the most common route of infection is from the hands, on which at least one type of virus can survive for up to three hours, to the mucous membranes of the eyes or nose.

PROSTITUTION PICTURE

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY—A special Federal grand jury found prostitution widespread in Louisville, then recommended that consideration be given to legalizing

it. The report noted, "It is anticipated and understood that this issue will cause an active negative response from those who sincerely believe that prostitution is a grave, moral evil," but added, "the community needs to decide whether it is better to tolerate prostitution as an illegal or as a legal activity, since ignoring the problem will not make it go away."

Elsewhere:

• In Sacramento, a random telephone survey of 302 persons by The Sacramento Union indicated that 61 percent of men and 49 percent of women favor legalizing prostitution in California.

• In San Francisco, a judge who dismissed prostitution charges against a woman has been sued by her for return of the appointment book seized at the time of her arrest. "Unless the book is returned in the very near future," the plaintiff argued, "I will suffer the full damage of the loss, since appointments will have already been missed, and so forth."

• Also in San Francisco, members of Coyote, a prostitutes' union organized by Margo St. James (see letter titled "St. James vs. Saint Paul" in the December 1973 "Playboy Forum"), picketed a hotel because it supposedly provides free rooms to vice officers for the purpose of arresting prostitutes.

• In Rome, local prostitutes announced a strike against uniformed police and military personnel after the Italian postal service suspended a 34-year-old woman employee who had formed a prostitutes' defense league. She had also asked the government to classify streetwalkers as artisans. Said one of the strikers, "This is our reply to the post-office decision. Uniform means the state and the state means repression."

SCREENING FOR GONORRHEA

ALBANY, NEW YORK—A new, simple blood test, described as a major breakthrough in the campaign against gonorrhea, will be used by the New York health department in the country's first state-supported, state-wide venereal-disease screening program. In its first 12 months, the program is expected to reach more than 100,000 people, mostly women, who tend to be asymptomatic. The new test gives results in less than two hours. The traditional bacterial method, which takes several days, will still be used for final diagnosis.

Another gonorrhea test, called the Gonosticon Dri-Dot, which requires only two minutes, has been marketed by a pharmaceutical firm in New Jersey. Ac-

ording to the manufacturer, a drop of blood serum and distilled water are mixed on a disposable slide coated with chemicals that visibly change in the presence of gonococcus bacteria. The test is reported to be 80 percent accurate and therefore suitable for preliminary screening prior to conventional diagnosis.

CONTRACEPTIVE FAILURE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—About one out of three couples who practice birth control have children anyway, according to a report published in Family Planning Perspectives. The study, an evaluation of birth-control effectiveness among 6752 women over a five-year period, was extrapolated from the 1970 National Fertility Study directed by Drs. Norman Ryder and Charles Westoff of Princeton University. It showed that about five percent of the women who used pills or I.U.D.s became pregnant in a year's time and that the failure rate was ten percent for those who depended on condoms, 17 percent for those who depended on diaphragms, more than 20 percent for those who used contraceptive foams or the rhythm method and 40 percent for those who relied only on douching. Commenting on the relatively high over-all failure rate, Dr. Ryder said, "The implication of this is that we have a substantial number of people in the United States using ineffective methods of contraception or using effective methods carelessly."

ALASKANS FREEZE BLUENOSES

ANCHORAGE—The city council and the citizens of Anchorage have registered their disapproval of censorship. The council rejected one anti-obscenity ordinance and another one was defeated at the polls by a vote of 3283 to 2493.

1001 DELIGHTS, MINUS A FEW

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT—Police are puzzled over the burglary of an adult-movie theater in Hartford. The intruder went through each reel of the film "1001 Danish Delights," clipped out the nude scenes and left the rest.

MADNESS OF THE MONTH

"Slaughterhouse-Five," the popular novel by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., about the Allied fire bombing of Dresden, Germany, during World War Two, has inflamed some small-town Americans for reasons no one else has quite figured out. The school board in Drake, North Dakota, burned 32 copies of the book, denounced the 26-year-old English teacher who assigned it and searched lockers for any copies not surrendered by students. In Mabee, South Carolina, a 23-year-old high school teacher who assigned the book to his English class was arrested and charged with distributing obscene materials to minors.

after my lover came, then used his hands to bring me to climax.

Obviously, I'm not saying that men should forget about penile-vaginal intercourse; they should just let go of the idea that it's the only way to get or give pleasure. Besides, I should think a man would be happy to know he's capable of providing exquisite sensations and satisfying his partner without wearing himself out.

(Name withheld by request)
Snyder, Texas

SEXIST SAM

Samuel Newman says in the November 1973 *Playboy Forum* that women can control sexual appetites much more easily than men and are "able to give or withhold as they see fit." He adds that "Men spend a great deal of time and energy trying to please women in order to obtain sexual favors." This is the sort of self-serving male nonsense women have had to put up with for centuries. The fact is that my own experiences and those of my friends are that if a girl doesn't come across on the first date, she'll never hear from the guy again. Men don't want to waste precious time getting to know a woman if they think they could be balling someone else.

As for Newman's statement that a man who marries assumes a lifetime financial burden, whether he stays married or not, I'd like to introduce him to my husband—if only I could find the bastard! He left me with bills to pay and a baby to support on the pittance that a woman with only a high school education can earn.

Samuel Newman doesn't know anything about either women or life.

Susan Hayes
Nashua, New Hampshire

Samuel Newman thinks that men are horny "most of the time," women aren't and, therefore, "Men spend a great deal of time and energy trying to please women in order to obtain sexual favors." Samuel Newman is full of shit. In the first place, few of my colleagues or drinking buddies crave sex most of the time. Some of the time, yes. Maybe even a lot of the time. But not most. In the second place, the women I know (and I humbly note that I've known more than a few) are not much more inclined "to give or withhold" sex for manipulative purposes than I am. If we're both in the mood, we just do it, without any of the bartering that Newman implies is necessary to get a woman into the sack.

All of which brings me to my final and most important point. If a woman and I are in the mood, it's because we enjoy each other generally, and sex is simply a logical extension of our compatibility; it's not because I've expended my resources trying to make her feel obligated to slake my savage lust. If I do spend



time and energy—and money—on a woman, it's because I enjoy doing so as an end in itself. Anyone who does so because he thinks it's the only way to get into the lady's pants is either very crass—and should simply find himself a good whore—or very sad, apparently having found few women who appreciate him for anything but the favors he can offer.

Jack Green
Brooklyn, New York

WOMEN'S RIGHTS

E. R. A. Central is an organization for Illinois supporters of the Equal Rights Amendment to constitutionally protect women from legal and economic sex discrimination. Without the help of the Playboy Foundation, E. R. A. Central would probably not be operating at its present level. We are deeply indebted to the Foundation.

Sonia McCallum
E. R. A. Central
Chicago, Illinois

HAPPY WIFE AND MOTHER

Ubiquitous articles on women's liberation, open marriage, egalitarian marriage and the like disgust me. They are written primarily by frustrated human beings who are so damned worried about being "fulfilled" that they completely forget the purposes for which we have been placed on this planet: to propagate the race and to hold the family unit together.

Believe it or not, there are some women left who do not want to be liberated from anything. I have been a housewife for nine years and am the mother of two children. I like it, even though I have an above-average I.Q. and a demonstrated ability to succeed outside my home. Both my husband and I realize that a woman's greatest challenge is to raise well-adjusted, creative children. If women want to seek fulfillment outside the roles of wife and mother, they should wait until their children no longer need them full time.

Donna Lombardi
Reseda, California

Nobody needs liberation from doing what she likes. All of us need liberation from people who insist they know "the purposes for which we have been placed on this planet."

WENDY'S CRUSADE

I do agree with Wendy Berlowitz that our society needs a change of attitude regarding nudity (*The Playboy Forum*, October 1973). But I think she is going about promoting this change in the wrong way. You can't just strip on any busy corner and expect to get away with it. I would suggest that if Wendy took her bikini top off at a beach or some other appropriate location, anyone who claimed to be offended could justifiably be dismissed as a prude.

Anyway, I believe there are a lot of more important matters that need changing in this screwed-up world, but I guess it's up to the individual to decide what she wants to work for.

Günter Henke
Visselhövede, West Germany

Since writing that letter, Wendy has bared her breasts and been arrested in Albuquerque, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Denver, Chicago and the White House in Washington, D.C. She says her aim, among other things, is to bring about "the downfall of Western civilization and the Judaeo-Christian ethic."

BATHROOM LIBERATION

My wife and I recently encountered a situation that we feel is certainly discriminatory and probably unlawful. To wit: In a public rest room, she had to pay a dime to do what I do for free, simply because her anatomy dictates that she sit.

It wasn't so much the dime as the principle of the thing that made my wife furious. Her anger was rooted in her certain knowledge that men would never stand for such an outrage.

This form of discrimination is ugly and crude, and serves no good purpose that we can see. It should be stopped at once.

Robert T. Monica
St. Petersburg, Florida

In Chicago, at least, pay toilets officially have been eliminated from public places. Mayor Richard Daley explained: "I did it for women's lib." The Committee to End Pay Toilets in America noted that "The introduction of this convenience will greatly improve the quality of the American way of life." Chicago has established one right women will never have to stand up for.

SEX IN THE SEVENTIES

I'm happy to see that the Playboy Foundation and Morton Hunt are confirming with statistics the sexual revolution that has occurred in this country since the days of Kinsey (*Sexual Behavior in the 1970s*, PLAYBOY, October 1973 through February 1974). I've long had the impression that sexual activity of most types has been increasing, but I've never been able to prove it. We are all, especially parents and others who deal with young people, going to have to come to terms with these new attitudes and trends in sexual behavior. Before, it was possible for many older persons to close their eyes to what young people are doing and to claim that outdated ideals and standards still govern behavior. Now the returns are in and no one can blind himself to the facts any longer.

Ralph Lippert
Cincinnati, Ohio

Stop the presses—the ones printing the installments of Morton Hunt's *Sexual Behavior in the 1970s*. Don't you people

know what sort of man reads PLAYBOY? He didn't give a damn about Kinsey and he doesn't give a damn about your sex survey. Comparative statistics bore him. PLAYBOY readers are aware that sexual mores have not changed in thousands of years, except as to frequency. Increased opportunities for privacy, V.D. control and improved contraception have encouraged increased activity. And the taboos against talking about sex have withered away. But the positions and the practices are almost as old as mankind. What makes PLAYBOY think its readers want to read such crap? Most of us are living it.

A. Poole
Cleveland, Ohio

And some of us are full of it. Since you're sure you already know all about contemporary sexual behavior, your lack of curiosity about your fellow humans is understandable, as is your conviction that PLAYBOY's survey data must be boring. But the fact is, there have been major—and very interesting—changes in moral attitudes and in the popularity of certain sexual practices that only a few years ago were widely considered taboo.

THE S AND M SCENE

The September 1973 *Playboy Panel: New Sexual Life Styles* discusses sado-masochism at some length, but there was no S and M representative on the panel. As an S and M organization, we reject the validity of what others say about us. We formed the Eulenspiegel Society in order to raise consciousness about sadism and masochism among ourselves and within society. Our message to society is that we alone have the right to define or explain ourselves.

Our own theorizing suggests that practically every human relationship involves some implicit dominance and submission and that S and M makes these implicit dynamics highly explicit. S and M can also be a way of working out early infantile conflicts in which we were pretty well outmatched—one little kid against the whole 20th Century.

Finally, on the most sublime level, S and M is total giving. Because there are sharply differentiated roles, each person in an S and M relationship needs exactly what the other one needs to give. As an M, my need is to put myself totally in the power of my S, to worship him, to prove, by my pain and humiliation, that my love can overcome all the obstacles that the world can put in its path. The S must be a giving, loving person—enough so that he can accept such extravagant devotion with a clear conscience. He must have the courage to live in this world of limitations as a king.

We call ourselves the Eulenspiegel Society because in Theodor Reik's book *Masochism in Modern Man* the story of Tyll Eulenspiegel is given to illustrate

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THE DIAMOND-TOOTHED GENIUS WHO SAID HE INVENTED JAZZ.



He was quarrelsome, moody, and a braggart. But he was a brilliant composer and arranger, and probably the greatest jazz pianist who ever lived.

Ferdinand 'Jelly Roll' Morton was born in Gulfport, Louisiana in 1885. He grew up playing piano in bordellos in the fabled Storyville district of New Orleans.

Morton claimed to have invented jazz in 1901. Few musicians of the period have disputed his claim and, true or not, his impact on jazz was enormous.

Jelly Roll's records are chronicles of New Orleans at the turn of the century. They paint a picture of contemporary city life there with their blues, marches, stomps, and rags.

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As colorful with his life as he was with the keys, Jelly Roll Morton would whip out a thousand dollar bill and flash a diamond-toothed smile to anyone who doubted his prosperity. At different times he hustled pool for a living, dabbled in the cosmetics business, became a boxing promoter, and vacationed in Alaska.

Jelly Roll Morton was involved with the

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Listen to Jelly Roll's records today and you'll be amazed at his vitality. Listen to him through a 4-channel music system using this new Harman/Kardon 800+ multichannel receiver and you'll think you're standing over his shoulder in a smoky New Orleans club.

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Jelly Roll would have liked that.

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one of the aspects of masochism. Tyll is lighthearted while carrying a heavy load uphill because he is anticipating the easy descent. While descending the hill, however, he is downcast in expectation of the next steep climb upward. About this Reik writes, "The masochist and Tyll Eulenspiegel obey another rhythm, their own. They do not march in step with us. Perhaps that is because they hear another drummer."

Ms. Terry Kolb
The Eulenspiegel Society
New York, New York

TRUTH BY VOTE

I was quite entranced by the democratic approach to philosophy exemplified by Robert C. Dell in the November 1973 *Playboy Forum*. He confronted the knottiest question in metaphysics—Is there a God?—and answered in the affirmative because "most of history's greatest thinkers" have believed so. If this method of validation were generally accepted, we could save all the time and money currently being spent on laboratory equipment and researchers' salaries in institutions of learning, as well as the hard mental effort now being put into devising experiments clear-cut enough to give definite answers to our questions. We could simply poll the great thinkers to get answers to all the other hard questions, such as: Is there intelligent life elsewhere in the universe? What should we use to drive our cars when gasoline supplies are exhausted? Are people really equal, or are some born with superior qualities determined by their genes? And, of course, the question that should follow naturally if we decide that God exists: Does He, She or It have any special interest in humanity?

G. Riley
San Francisco, California

THE PORN IS GREEN

Recently my fiancée and I went to see three of the current crop of porno movies. We had heard that a new artistry, subtlety and quality had entered the field, and we were curious and expectant. To our dismay, what we saw in the films just barely improved on the gross ineptitude of the stag films of yesteryear. A few of the actresses can almost act, some camera angles are more imaginative than the standard stag-film crotch shots, one or two jokes are semiliterate, and that's the extent of the improvement. Sound is as bad as ever, most of the acting is as clumsy as a drunk in snowshoes and the over-all impression is one of slapdash incompetence. Obviously, the critics have gone gaga over these films only in relief at finding them not quite as bad as earlier efforts.

The poor quality of these films, I think, is a depressingly telling revelation of the persistence of puritanism in America. Nobody in the porno field can believe



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that sex is good enough, lovely enough or important enough to be treated as artistically as any grade-B movie will treat a bank robbery. Or else, nobody believes that there is a real audience for quality erotica. The apparent assumption is that sex is so low and animal a function that those who would enjoy it in a film are mental cripples incapable of telling a good film from a bad one—while the nice people, the intelligent and tasteful people, are eunuchs. This is sheer nonsense, as the Kinsey Reports proved long ago.

I predict that the first producer who dares to make a really professional, high-quality porno flick will become a multimillionaire.

Louis Levine
Boston, Massachusetts

CASTRATING THE EUNUCH

According to a *TV Guide* survey published last October, almost 40 percent of the public think that TV should be less "open and frank" (I assume this means they think it should be more evasive and ambiguous, if not downright stealthy). In addition, 41 percent think television devotes too much time to sex and 51 percent think censorship of the TV screen would be a good idea. I've heard of hauling coals to Newcastle, but this sounds more like trying to castrate a eunuch.

Peter Jensen
New York, New York

IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH

Mortimer Adler once wrote *How to Read a Book*, but nobody has yet written the equally needed text *How to Improve a Book*. Of course, the famous Thomas Bowdler, who cleaned up Shakespeare in the early 19th Century, did show the general direction that book improving could take; however, it remained for a high school teacher in Hilliard, Ohio, to perfect the technique. When Edgar Lee Masters' epic poem *Spoon River Anthology* was assigned to her class, she simply tore out four offensive pages (containing references to harlots, bare breasts, free love and lesbians) before passing out the books that her students had purchased through the school.

This approach to expurgation is apparently too sophisticated and/or too time consuming for some communities, so they just reject entire books. For example, the school board of Granby, Connecticut, has banned Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* from its high school required-reading list. It seems that half the board members thought that the students would be warped by the book's "lavatory language" even though, as the chairman noted, the kids "are not naïve and they know all the words." I should hope they know the words, since the book was written a quarter of a century ago when

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE 1970s

PART V: MASTURBATION

article By MORTON HUNT *autoeroticism is a secret service; even the most liberated are reluctant to talk about it*

THE PLAYBOY national sex survey finds that sexual liberation, which has had impressive effects on many attitudes and behavior patterns, has a mixed record where masturbation is concerned. Our data, compared with those gathered by Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey from 1938 through 1949, indicate that the belief that masturbation is sinful has largely disappeared and that today both males and females start masturbating at a younger age, continue to masturbate longer (many into their married years) and do so more easily and more often than used to be the case. These changes, however, have been less impressive than those in many other areas of sexuality, and most people, despite their professed liberalism on the subject, still are more ashamed and secretive about their own masturbating, especially current masturbating, than about almost any other sexual behavior.

These attitudes have persisted despite strenuous efforts by sexual liberationists in recent years to remove the stigma from masturbation and even to endow it with considerable merit. Kinsey defended it as normal and valuable; he reported that for American males, it was second only to coitus as a source of sexual gratification, and that for females, it yielded orgasm more reliably than any other sexual act. Since Kinsey's time, a growing number of doctors, psychologists, sex experts and others have argued that masturbation is harmless (it does not cause physical disease, mental disease, pregnancy nor interpersonal conflict) and have enumerated its virtues (many authors, ranging from psychologist and longtime Kinsey associate Dr. Wardell Pomeroy to sexploitress "J" of *The Sensuous Woman*, recommend it unhesitatingly for sexual relief, pleasure and precoital training).

But in a series of in-depth interviews supplemental to our questionnaire survey, we found that guilt and shame about masturbation are still both common and powerful during adolescence and especially during adulthood. A few of the men and a fair number of the women we interviewed indicated that guilt had wholly prevented, or at least long delayed, their masturbating.

A typical comment:

Man, 38: "When I was an adolescent and would get an erection, I'd want to grab it and do things to it—I'd be almost sick with wanting to—but I felt too terrified."

But sooner or later, nearly all men and

a majority of women yielded—and many continued to suffer and struggle and fight for years:

Man, 25: "I worried and held back, and fought it, but finally I gave in. The worry didn't stop me and doing it didn't stop my worrying."

Woman, 38: "I tried not to, and wept and prayed, and I did it anyway. But as soon as I fell in love with a boy at the age of 16, I got the strength to stop and I felt clean and decent again—until the next time."

Only a few had no initial conflicts about it:

Man, 26: "I learned from the guys I played baseball with. I was in sixth grade and one time they said, 'Come on over—we have books and pictures and we jack off together.' So I went over, and there didn't seem to be anything wrong about it—it was all happy vibes."

Even this man, however, later felt shame and a sense of failure when, as a young adult, he resorted to masturbating during a sexual dry spell. Only a few wholly liberated people feel totally at ease about masturbation in adulthood:

Woman, 29: "I still do it when the man I live with is away. It gives me satisfaction and peace and keeps me from wanting to go looking for someone else."

Man, 25: "Even though I'm sleeping with a great girl, I still masturbate sometimes, because the orgasm is better or because I just want to do something different."

But almost no adults, not even the very liberated, can bring themselves to tell friends, lovers or mates that they still occasionally masturbate. Americans are neither ashamed nor secretive about their self-administration of other kinds of pleasure (e.g., eating, lying in a hot bath, staying in bed late); why, then, the shame and secrecy about this one? Or, rather, why does this common sexual act engender so much more shame than most others? Probably because parental disapproval of touching or playing with the genitals is manifested so much earlier in the child's life than most other disapproval—so early, indeed, that much of it is preverbal and implanted too deep for liberating words to uproot it fully later in life.

Nevertheless, at the conscious level, during the past generation, Americans have grown measurably more tolerant about masturbation. Though Kinsey published little statistical information on



and coital variations, masturbation still is inwardly regarded as a lowly and immature act, and it is not yet a topic of honest and liberating conversation.

Actual masturbatory behavior has, however, increased measurably as a result of the partial stripping away, by other forces, of the aura of sin and/or pathology that surrounded it. At first glance, there would appear to be no significant increases in the percentages of men and women who have ever masturbated: Kinsey gives 92 percent for males, 62 percent for females; the Playboy survey, 94 percent and 63 percent, respectively. But our figures represent only what has happened up to now

in the lives of our respondents, while Kinsey's are lifetime, accumulative incidences. Since a few men and a fair number of women do not masturbate for the first time until adulthood, lifetime figures for our sample would be somewhat larger; i.e., there have been definite increases in accumulative incidence since Kinsey's time. (In making this and other direct comparisons with Kinsey's all-white sample, we use only the white data in our own survey.)

A more striking and clear-cut measure of change is the age at which the urge to masturbate breaks through barriers of parental and social disapproval. The trend is unmistakably toward breakthrough at younger ages, as this table shows:

Our data, broken down by smaller age groups, show that the residual condemnation of masturbation has withered throughout the era of sexual liberation:

attitudes toward masturbation, we can see the change by comparing the 35-and-older half of our survey sample with the 18-to-34 half; the attitudinal differences reflect differences in the social milieu in which each half grew up. Our findings:

- In the older half of the sample, nearly one out of three men agrees with the statement "Masturbation is wrong"; in the younger half, only one out of six agrees.
- In the older half, one woman out of three agrees with the statement "Masturbation is wrong"; in the younger half, only one out of six agrees.

MASTURBATION IS WRONG (percent agreeing)		
Age	Males	Females
55 and over	29	36
45-54	28	33
35-44	27	27
25-34	16	17
18-24	15	14

Kinsey found that the taboo against masturbation was stronger at the blue-collar level than at the white-collar level and stronger among noncollege people than among college-educated people. Today, men and women in every category are more accepting of masturbation than their precursors were—but the gap between levels has not narrowed as it has in many other areas of sexual attitudes and behavior. One reason is that while freer verbal communication has played an important role in breaking down class-determined attitudes about foreplay

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EVER MASTURBATED TO ORGASM, BY THE AGE OF 13					
	0%	25%	50%	75%	100%
Males					
Kinsey					
Playboy					
Females					
Kinsey					
Playboy					

Also noteworthy are certain changes in active incidence (the measure of how many do a given thing within a specified period of time) and in the typical frequencies of masturbation. Active incidences for young single males are only moderately higher in our sample than in Kinsey's, but very much higher for young single females: In Kinsey's sample, only a little more than a quarter of the single girls in their upper teens and a little (continued on page 176)

standards were a damn sight more prudish than they are today and the word fuck had to be spelled fug.

Speaking of decades-old novels that frighten the people to whom we foolishly entrust our children's education, George Orwell's *1984* has been banned from a high school again, this time in Tulsa, Oklahoma. It sometimes seems that I have read about such an incident at least once a year ever since that satirical masterpiece was published in 1949, and I experience the same feeling of despair every time. There is a special irony in seeing this anti-Communist defense of liberty being suppressed again and again in this rabidly anti-Communist nation that claims to be the chief custodian of world freedom. Does this idiocy continue only because "one page in the book implies the two principal characters had sexual intercourse," as a Tulsa student explained to the press? Frankly, I doubt it; Orwell's satire is threatening to more than Marxism.

How can students read about a "memory hole," into which historical documents disappear without a trace, without thinking of the paper shredders that have been working overtime in Washington, according to the testimony of John Dean? How can they read of the electronic spying devices in that novel without Watergate coming to mind? Or how can they discuss the baffling nonlanguage of Newspeak without remembering how White House spokesmen have described previous statements as "inoperative" when, in English, they would be called lies? Obviously, this could lead students to begin asking some rather embarrassing questions about our Government.

The only really happy feature in the spectacle of folly presented by this banning of great books is that some of the students, inspired by curiosity, will read them with more interest than they might have if the books were required reading. They will note some of the parallels. And, hopefully, they will also recognize in the anti-intellectualism of their own school's resort to censorship the policy that Orwell caricatured in the unforgettable slogan "Ignorance is strength."

Hugh Crane
New York, New York

For still more illustrations of the strength of ignorance see "Madness of the Month" in this issue's "Forum Newsfront."

"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: CLINT EASTWOOD

a candid conversation with the world's number-one box-office star

About ten years ago, rumors started drifting back to Hollywood that a new movie, directed by an Italian, shot in Spain and starring an American actor hitherto known only for his labors as the second lead in the moderately popular television series "Rawhide," was packing moviehouses from Rome to Frankfurt. Studio heads shrugged. Flash in the pan, they said, scornfully dubbing "A Fistful of Dollars" a spaghetti Western. When "Fistful" was followed by the equally profitable "For a Few Dollars More" and "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly," skeptics were forced to take a more serious look at the lanky, laconic star of these runaway hits: Clint Eastwood.

Eastwood's films have grossed some \$150,000,000 world-wide to date, and nothing is more indicative of his rapid upward mobility than the rise in what the studios have been willing to pay for his services. From \$75 a week as a contract player to a flat \$15,000 for "A Fistful of Dollars," Eastwood's price went to \$100,000 for his first American-based feature, "Hang 'em High"—and to participate in its production he formed his own company, The Malpaso Company, which promptly made a \$1,000,000 deal with Universal Pictures for "Coogan's Bluff." To help finance Malpaso projects, Eastwood began renting his increasingly costly services to other studios—to Paramount for the musical "Paint Your

Wagon" (\$750,000 and a piece of the profits, including those made by the record album from the film, in which surprised Eastwood aficionados discovered that the previously semi-inarticulate lone stranger could sing creditably, if not operatically); and to MGM for "Kelly's Heroes" (\$1,000,000) and "Where Eagles Dare" (\$1,000,000). All plus percentages, of course. Since then, he and Malpaso have virtually been able to write their own ticket—a ticket that has often specified, of late, that Eastwood tackle directorial as well as acting chores.

Malpaso is a small, highly mobile operation, consisting essentially of Eastwood himself; Robert Daley, who acts as the company's producer; Sonia Chernus, the story editor; and a tall blonde secretary and trouble shooter named Carol Rydall. Eastwood likes to keep things simple. His personal tastes are equally unpretentious. Invariably dressed in jeans, hatless and tieless, he's the antithesis of everything that once stood for Hollywood glamor. He and his wife, the former Margaret Johnson—to whom he's been married for 20 years—live quietly with their two children, Kyle, five, and Alison, one, in Carmel, not far from Eastwood's native San Francisco and a six-hour drive up the coast from the smog of Los Angeles and the demands of Hollywood society. An evening with the East-

woods is likely to consist of dinner with two or three couples as guests; the only full-scale social event with which they're involved is the annual Clint Eastwood Invitational Celebrity Tennis Tournament at Pebble Beach, the proceeds of which—nearly \$50,000 last year—go to local charities.

Another Eastwood quality is intense loyalty to his friends. Before he would sign on for "Fistful," he insisted that the Italian producer agree to bring over his old Army buddy Bill Tompkins (now deceased) to act as stunt coordinator. He promoted Ted Post, a television director who had worked with him on a number of "Rawhide" episodes, to feature films with "Hang 'em High"—and chose him once more to direct his most recently released starring vehicle, "Magnum Force," for which Warner Bros. executives are already confidently predicting a \$40,000,000 gross. Another close friend is Don Siegel, who directed Eastwood in "Coogan's Bluff," a contemporary melodrama about an Arizona sheriff sent to New York to extradite a local hood; "Two Mules for Sister Sara," which featured Eastwood as the protector of a whore in nun's clothing played by Shirley MacLaine; "The Beguiled," a Gothic horror tale with Eastwood as a wounded soldier who falls into the none-too-gentle hands of the students at a girls' school during



JEFF COHEN

"I'm not a person who advocates violence in real life, and if I thought I'd made a film in which the violence inspired people to go out and commit more violence, I wouldn't make those films."

"We don't have a staff of 26 and a fancy office. I've got a six-pack of beer under my arm, and a few pieces of paper, and a couple of pencils, and I'm in business. Hell, I can work in a closet."

"I disguise myself when I go into a theater; it makes me look quite different. By the time I get a hat on, and a mustache and glasses, it drops my I.Q. by about 50 points, which makes it about five."

the Civil War; and "Dirty Harry," the saga of a tough San Francisco cop (to which "Magnum Force" is a sequel). Characteristically, when Eastwood set out on his maiden effort as a director, with "Play Misty for Me" (in which he also starred), he cozened Siegel into playing a small role as a bartender.

To learn more about Eastwood, PLAYBOY asked longtime contributor, film critic and University of Southern California cinema professor Arthur Knight to interview him. Here's his report:

"Though Eastwood is the world's hottest star, it's hard to believe he believes it. And it's difficult to reconcile the real Clint Eastwood—gentle, soft-spoken, self-effacing—with the violent men he's played onscreen, men who were ready to shoot first and talk later, if at all. There are other contradictions; he's a physical-fitness buff but a chain beer drinker; he enjoys shooting but refuses to hunt; hates giving out autographs, but the fans who besiege him whenever he makes a rare personal appearance are unlikely to discover this unless they become unbearably persistent. You won't find Eastwood in the 'with-it' spots of Hollywood: a big night out, for him, might be spent with a few friends in a bar. One with a good jukebox; he's a former musician who once played piano and jazz trumpet.

"PLAYBOY's interview with Eastwood took place in three separate sessions, variously fueled with peach kefir, herb tea, beer, macadamia nuts, sun-dried apricots and saucer-sized oatmeal cookies from the nearest organic-food store. The first session came precariously close to not coming off at all. We had arranged to meet at my hotel in Sausalito at four p.m. (after a day's shooting on "Magnum Force") to start the interview. But when Eastwood arrived, very much on time, the tape recorder wouldn't work. Eastwood said he thought he could borrow one from a friend, ducked out the back way and returned in about ten minutes bearing a cassette recorder—but with only one cassette, good for a single hour's worth of conversation. Frantic telephone calls turned up a shop that promised to remain open for us—in a town about ten miles away. Seeing that I was without wheels, Eastwood drove me over.

"The second session took place in the suite of offices Eastwood maintains over the startlingly named Hog's Breath Inn, a restaurant of which he's part owner in Carmel; and the third—for which I was joined by PLAYBOY Associate Editor Gretchen McNeese—in the Malpaso company's offices in a five-room bungalow in Universal City. The walls are decorated with posters; looming in one corner is a life-sized cardboard cutout of Eastwood—which, like his best-known screen characterizations, is curiously one-dimensional and strangely ominous. The most bizarre object in his private office, though, is a three-foot-high, balloon-shaped,

shocking-pink, papier-mâché rabbit piggy bank. Definitely not a Playboy Rabbit, the creature wears a sheriff's badge; from his mouth dangles the stub of a cigarette; and protruding from the hat he holds in his hand is the muzzle of a gun. It was, he explained, the gift of a fan—a school-teacher in New Jersey who described it as her idea of the real Clint Eastwood. It would never have occurred to me to visualize Eastwood as a paunchy pink rabbit. But then, not many people do know the real Clint Eastwood, as I noted when I began this interview."

PLAYBOY: You're the world's number-one box-office star, yet to the public you're almost as much of an enigma as the characters you portrayed in your first screen hits, the laconic loner of the spaghetti Westerns. Why is that?

EASTWOOD: Oh, I guess I'm something of a recluse; when I'm not working, I like to just hide out. And I was never particularly in with the press.

PLAYBOY: You have the reputation of being difficult to interview.

EASTWOOD: Do I? Well, it's not easy for me. I'm not too thrilled with the idea of talking about myself. I have no idea what PLAYBOY wants, how I should reply to a PLAYBOY-type question.

PLAYBOY: What's a PLAYBOY-type question?

EASTWOOD: The kind you answer with something like, "No, I didn't fuck her in 1941." I can't make up anything exciting to jar the readership: it's a talent I distinctly lack.

PLAYBOY: Have you done any interviews you regret?

EASTWOOD: Yes, because of the sheer boredom of it all. I've done talk shows where you get on and it doesn't go right—whether it's because of the mood you're in or the moderator's in, or both, it doesn't jell—and you kind of sit there and think, "Let's cut to the film clip, quick, before you fall asleep. Or the audience falls asleep." But I find myself kind of on the defensive about interviews, because the thing everybody seems to like is shock. I've always admired guys who can do that. Bang-bang. Whoosh. I've read your interviews with people who really work at giving the shock treatment, and they do it well. Like Lee Marvin, Raquel Welch. If I could talk like Lee, my interviews might be more exciting to read. I don't have that capability.

PLAYBOY: Your name doesn't surface often as a participant in those night-club brawls that are always making the columns. Yet Clint Eastwood onscreen is a guy who's always using his fists. Can you take care of yourself in a real fight?

EASTWOOD: I get by.

PLAYBOY: Do you get in many?

EASTWOOD: No, not too many. I don't provoke a lot of them. You know, there's a lot of actors who claim they're always being harassed. But I'm never harassed. People leave me alone.

PLAYBOY: Maybe that's because you're six, four and weigh 198 pounds.

EASTWOOD: I don't know whether that has anything to do with it. Probably it's because I don't carry a big entourage. When I go someplace, it's usually just for a quiet beer, and then I'm gone before the action starts. I come and go like The Whistler on the old radio program, you know. And I don't do much night-club crawling. I can't hack that. I don't go to too many functions around here at all. I guess the last big one I attended was the Academy Awards show, and I'm still shaking my head over that one.

PLAYBOY: That was last year, when Charlton Heston got stuck on the freeway ramp and you filled in. Were you nervous?

EASTWOOD: Well, I didn't have time to think about it. Which was probably fortunate. First of all, I thought the guy—Howard Koch, the producer of the show—was joking when he asked me to do it. He came up to me and told me, "Charlton Heston isn't here!" And I said, "So what?" Then he started telling me about filling in for him, and I couldn't believe he was asking me. I said, "Where's Gregory Peck?" You know, some of the more distinguished members of the Academy. "There must be somebody around who could come out here and lend a little class to the thing," I said. But Koch's eyes were kind of twitching; sweat was running down his forehead and the TV guys up there were doing their countdowns: "Ten . . . nine . . . eight . . . seven," and I'm standing there listening to him, and all of a sudden he's whisking me backstage. My wife, Mag, was really kind of responsible for the whole thing. She said, "Go ahead! Help him out!" And then, of course, she was laughing hysterically in the audience. All I could hear out there was her and Burt Reynolds. They both have very distinctive laughs, the kind you can distinguish out of several thousand people, and there they were in the front row, cracking up.

PLAYBOY: What did you say to her afterward?

EASTWOOD: By that time, I didn't care. After I walked off, I went backstage, into a pressroom, and I saw a little ice chest on the floor. I looked in the chest and there was a six-pack of Olympia. It was like, you know, some angel had put it there. So I ripped open about four of them and some page was running back and forth, looking in as I drank them. Finally I went out and sat down in front with Mag, and she said, "A page was just down here asking me how many beers you could drink before you'd get drunk."

PLAYBOY: How many can you?

EASTWOOD: Quite a few, but at that point I needed about ten.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your wife. How long have you been married?

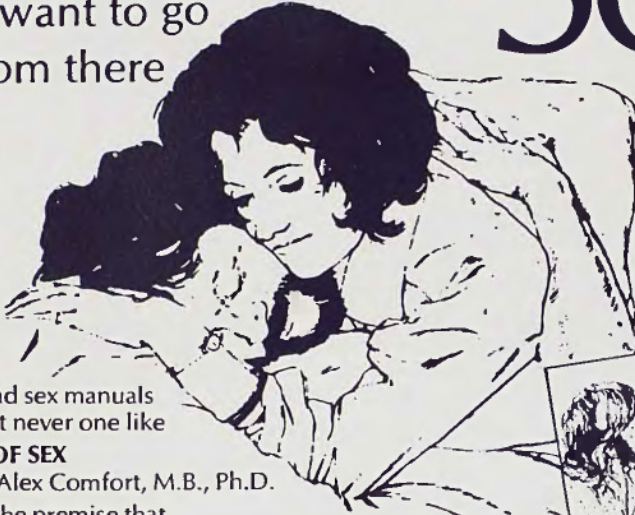
EASTWOOD: Twenty years last December.

PLAYBOY: With marriages, even those of long standing, breaking up at a rapid

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penis	lubrication	corsets	pattes d'araignée	hazards
playtime	matrimonial	dancing	pompoir	health
pubic hair	menstruation	discipline	pornography	impotence
real sex	missionary	exercises	postillionage	infertility
relaxation	position	feathers	railways	obesity
semen	mons pubis	femoral	remote control	pain
size	mouth music	intercourse	rocking chair	perversion
tenderness	navel	feuille de rose	rubber	priapism
variety	négresse	florentine	saxonus	prostitution
virginity	postures	foursomes and	shoes	rape
vulva	quickies	moresomes	slow	smoking
waking	rear entry	friction rub	masturbation	termination
women (by her	scrotum	g-string	south slav style	transvestitism
for him)	showerbath	gadgets and	stockings	vasectomy
	skin	gimmicks	substitutes	venereal diseases
	standing positions	gamahuche	swings	waterworks
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rate, why do you think yours has lasted so long?

EASTWOOD: Gee, I don't know. I'd better not say too much; I'm liable to jinx it. I guess people grow away from each other, whether it takes 20 years or one. I don't think that's happened in our case.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

EASTWOOD: I'd say I'd have to give Mag a lot of the credit. She's a bright girl, and she's interested in a lot of the things I'm interested in. You know, we were married very young; I don't really recommend getting married that young. But you can't say exactly; the right age for one person isn't the right age for another. The luck, I guess, is in getting the right partner. There are so many things that can go wrong, it has to be somewhat of a crap shoot. I just think when you're older, sometimes, you know a little more about what you like in a woman.

PLAYBOY: What do you like in a woman?

EASTWOOD: Well, many things. What I mean is, when you're older, you appreciate things other than physical attraction, which is the basis of so many young relationships. Though I don't think it was in ours. I mean, we were physically attracted, but we also had everything in common. We both liked the same kind of music—jazz and classical, like Bach—and we'd go to the same kind of places.

PLAYBOY: Your wife's a blonde, but far from a dumb blonde. Have you ever been turned on by that type?

EASTWOOD: For marriage, no.

PLAYBOY: For fooling around, but not for marriage?

EASTWOOD: Sure, fooling around a little, hanky-panky, you know, sitting in the saloon with that old patter: "Do you come here often? Are you new in town?" No, seriously, I'm not turned on by a dumb chick—for anything. What's that old joke: "What do you talk about afterward?" There's an awful lot of afterward, very little during. Before and after, there have to be many other things. And I think friendship is important. Everybody talks about love in marriage, but it's just as important to be friends.

PLAYBOY: How did you meet Mag?

EASTWOOD: On a blind date up at Berkeley. When we got married, I was going to L.A. City College, and she helped support us. She worked for an export firm called *Industria Americana*—a little company that exported auto parts here in Los Angeles. And she worked for *Caltex* and *Catalina*, a couple of those swimsuit manufacturers, as a model. She was a good bathing-suit type.

PLAYBOY: Is she still a good bathing-suit type?

EASTWOOD: Yeah, she is. She worked for a while, and then she got hepatitis very badly—about as badly as you can get it without ceasing to exist. She had to quit, not do anything for a year. By that time, I was steadily employed. Fortunately,

PLAYBOY: Is there any connection between Eastwood the family man and the character you play on the screen—the fanatic cop from *Dirty Harry*, the Man with No Name from *A Fistful of Dollars*, the disc jockey from *Play Misty for Me*, the mysterious avenger from *High Plains Drifter*?

EASTWOOD: Well, I think I'm a little bit of all of those. Everybody has certain elements of himself in every role he plays. Maybe the thing that makes me work in the type of roles I'm more famous for, like the lone Westerner or the rebel police officer, is that I'm an individual in real life.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

EASTWOOD: Well, I've been lucky enough in life to head up my own company at a young age, make my own decisions, shape my own career. With a lot of help, of course. I guess I'm pretty self-sufficient, and I think that's appealing from the audience's point of view, because there are so many things to feel unself-sufficient about in life. Everybody likes to look at a moving picture and say, "That's the way I'd like to be when I grow up." "That's the way I would have handled it if I had lived in 1840" or "If I could just be that self-sufficient, I could dump the shrink and put all the payments in the bank." I think there's a dream in every man's mind of being an individual, but it's harder every year to be one. The tendency is to join something—join the left, join the right, join the Phi Beta this, the Kappa Kappa Gamma that. Everything is joining.

PLAYBOY: Do you join anything?

EASTWOOD: No, it's not my thing. But I've had to join a lot of unions at one time or another, because I had many different jobs before I got into pictures.

PLAYBOY: What kind of jobs?

EASTWOOD: Well, as a kid I had summer jobs all over Northern California—hay baling around Yreka, cutting timber for the Forest Service near Paradise. The forestry job was mostly fire fighting; we'd cut timber when we weren't fighting fires. Then, after I got out of high school, my family moved from Oakland up to Seattle, and I went to Springfield, Oregon, just outside Eugene, to work for the Weyerhaeuser Company.

PLAYBOY: As a lumberjack?

EASTWOOD: Yeah, up in the hills, and in the pulp mill at Springfield.

PLAYBOY: How long were you there?

EASTWOOD: Between the lumberjacking and the millwork, maybe about a year, year and a quarter. The dampness finally got to me and I moved on. Around Eugene, in the Willamette Valley, it's beautiful, but in the winter it socks in. You go six, seven months without seeing blue.

PLAYBOY: What else did you do?

EASTWOOD: I bummed around three, four different jobs around Seattle. I worked for Bethlehem Steel on the graveyard shift, in front of a furnace.

PLAYBOY: Like Peter Boyle in *Joe*?

EASTWOOD: Yeah, I felt like Joe. I wasn't there very long. After that, I went to work for King County as a lifeguard and swimming instructor. That was in Renton, near Seattle.

PLAYBOY: Where the Boeing plant is?

EASTWOOD: I worked there, too, at Boeing, in the parts department. People would call for parts, and you'd get them stuff out of the inventory, fill out the forms. And I drove a truck—short-trip stuff, loaded and unloaded—for the Color Shake organization in Seattle.

PLAYBOY: What's that?

EASTWOOD: It's an outfit that dyes shakes.

PLAYBOY: Shakes?

EASTWOOD: For siding.

PLAYBOY: Not milk shakes.

EASTWOOD: No, no; I would have gotten acne at a very early age. Anyway, just about the time I made up my mind to go back to school—I was going to be a music major—I got this notice from the Government: "Greetings from the President."

PLAYBOY: This was during the Korean War?

EASTWOOD: Yeah, but except for the 16 weeks of basic training, I spent all my military career in the swimming pool at Fort Ord.

PLAYBOY: How did you manage that?

EASTWOOD: Well, I'd taught swimming before going into the Army, and they needed a couple of guys to help out at the pool there. So I got up and went into my act as a Johnny Weissmuller type. This was before Mark Spitz and Don Schollander. Anyway, I told them I was absolutely the greatest swimmer going, things like that, and I ended up getting the job. When we started out, there were this buddy of mine and I, and a master sergeant and four sergeants over us, and a lieutenant over them. Everybody got shipped to Korea except me; my name just didn't come up. So I figured I'd make the best of it and went up and talked to the captain. I said, "Look, I'm only a private, but I think I can handle this swimming-pool thing," and he said, "Well, I don't even know how to swim, so go ahead and run it. You're wearing a sweat shirt; nobody will know you're just a private." So I stayed there and hired four other guys to work for me. We had a pretty good swimming-instruction program going, got quite a few excellent ratings—like four-star movie reviews. I even lived down at the pool; it was a terrific deal for being in the Service. And then, after I got out, while I was going to school, trying to break into pictures, I worked at a Signal Oil station, right across from the unemployment office on Santa Monica Boulevard in L.A., and for a while I dug swimming pools.

PLAYBOY: Did the physical build-up you got from all these jobs help later in your action-movie roles?

EASTWOOD: Well, they kept me in shape. But I wasn't trying to keep in shape; it was just a matter of survival. Digging

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swimming pools certainly wasn't mentally stimulating. I'd put down my shovel and sneak off in the middle of the day, get to a public phone and call my agent: "Anything? Anything?" Actually, though, what was important about those jobs was that they provided me with great places to observe the workingman. On those kinds of jobs, you run into some wild characters. I'd like to make a movie about some of them.

PLAYBOY: Do you think your bumming around gave you a greater insight into people and their motivations than you might have gained if you'd gone straight through school as a drama major?

EASTWOOD: Definitely. I think it's helped me judge what audiences like in the way of entertainment: escape from that kind of existence. I believe that's probably the secret to my whole career. The choice of material—and the judgment of whether an audience will buy the material—is what makes an actor or a director a success.

PLAYBOY: When did you realize you were going to be a success?

EASTWOOD: Not for a long time. The number of people who had faith that I'd make it in show business I could name easily on one hand—and have a few fingers left over.

PLAYBOY: How did you happen to go into showbiz? Had you wanted to be an actor since childhood?

EASTWOOD: No, not really. I remember in junior high school, in Oakland, I had a teacher decide we were going to put on a one-act play, and she made up her mind I was going to be the lead. It was really disastrous. I wanted to go out for athletics; doing plays was not considered the thing to do at that stage in life—especially not presenting them before the entire senior high school, which is what she made us do. We muffed a lot of lines. I swore that was the end of my acting career.

PLAYBOY: What changed your mind?

EASTWOOD: Well, while I was at Fort Ord, I met a lot of actors—Martin Milner, Dave Janssen, Norman Bartold. After discharge, they went back to acting, and I was curious about it, wondered what it would be like. There was also a still photographer named Irving Lasper—he's dead now—who was a friend of mine, and he tried to encourage me to become an actor. So I signed a contract with Universal. They paid me \$75 a week, I think; that was an enormous amount, it seemed to me then. I'd been going to school on the GI Bill at \$110 a month, plus working in the afternoons at a gas station and nights managing the apartment house I lived in; so \$75 a week sounded great.

PLAYBOY: How did you get the contract at Universal? Through a screen test?

EASTWOOD: In those days, they'd make interview tests, not acting tests. They'd sit you in front of the camera and talk—just as we're talking now. I thought I was an

absolute clod. It looked pretty good; it was photographed well, but I thought, "If that's acting, I'm in trouble." But they signed me up as a contract player—which was a little lower than working in the mail room.

PLAYBOY: What movies did you appear in at Universal?

EASTWOOD: Oh, all the biggies. I think I played in about 13 or 14 films over the year and a half I was there. My parts ranged from one-liners to four-liners—though to look at some of the billings in *TV Guide* these days, you'd think I co-starred in those films.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember your first part?

EASTWOOD: I think it was called *Revenge of the Creature from the Black Lagoon*. No, just *Revenge of the Creature*. Then I was in *Never Say Goodbye*, *Francis in the Navy* and *Tarantula*. None of them were what you'd call top-rank movies. But I learned a lot. There were classes every day, and I went to them, and I'd hang out on sets, behind the scenery somewhere—trying to be very unobtrusive—and watch people operate.

PLAYBOY: What can you learn from watching a second-rate movie being made?

EASTWOOD: I think you learn from seeing a bad movie as much as you do from seeing a good movie. I once went to a film festival where the audience was made up of students—or I gathered they were—and I forget what the film was, but it wasn't very good. And all these kids were yelling, making noises at the film, sort of as if it were a Sunday matinee of five-year-olds. And that seemed kind of stupid to me. I thought to myself, "Don't they realize this piece of crap on the screen can tell them a lot?" It's just like acting in a picture with a bad director; it gives you some point of reference, some comparison, so that when you meet someone who is halfway adequate, you see what makes the difference.

PLAYBOY: Why did you leave Universal at the end of a year and a half?

EASTWOOD: They 86'd me. My salary had gone up to \$100 a week after six months, and then it was supposed to go up to \$125. They called me in and said they didn't feel I was of any value to them at \$125, but I could stay on at \$100 if I wanted to. At first I was mad, of course, and I said, "What the hell, if they can't give me a raise, I'll take a hike." Then I decided I'd better hang in there another six months and get a little more experience. So I did, and after *that*, they dropped me. Still wasn't worth \$125.

PLAYBOY: Then what did you do?

EASTWOOD: Television was going pretty good then, so I figured there'd be some opportunities for me. I got out and tried the cold world.

PLAYBOY: At that time, wasn't the attitude toward television pretty low among movie people?

EASTWOOD: I guess it was; TV was like a

younger brother, or a second-class citizen. But to me, television was a logical place to go to really learn the business. Most of the people in television were doing the newest things, and in TV you had to work twice as fast, twice as hard to get half the credits. I learned a heck of a lot.

PLAYBOY: What shows did you do?

EASTWOOD: Oh, I did the circuit of the series that guys my age did then: *Navy Log*, *Men of Annapolis*, *Highway Patrol*. Didn't mean to get you overexcited there. I didn't play any giant parts, but they were improvements over what I'd been doing in those B movies—those three- or four-line bits.

PLAYBOY: On television you got five or six lines?

EASTWOOD: Yeah, well, I'd get a supporting role, or a semilead, because I could ride a motorcycle, jump off a building or some crazy thing. They didn't have to pay for a stunt man.

PLAYBOY: Do you still do your own stunts?

EASTWOOD: Some, but I used to do much more. When you start out, you think, "Aw, I'm gonna do that myself." Just for fun. Authenticity, you know.

PLAYBOY: Were you also trying to prove something?

EASTWOOD: Probably, yeah. But I enjoy doing stuntwork. As you become more important to the film, though, you have problems with the insurance company. In *Magnum Force*, my latest film, we had to use some doubles, because this guy I play drives a motorcycle 60 feet into San Francisco Bay. I wasn't about to do that.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had any mishaps with a stunt?

EASTWOOD: Oh, I've been punched around a little bit, kicked around, but nothing much. I've done a lot of things—driven over explosions and stuff like that—but I've been pretty lucky.

PLAYBOY: What's it like to drive over an explosion?

EASTWOOD: Well, in *Kelly's Heroes*, which we made on location in Yugoslavia, it was rough, because the special-effects man used dynamite—real explosives—rather than just cork and black powder. He was an excellent special-effects guy—a German, Karli Baumgartner. But those explosions are quite dangerous, if you're ever on top of one.

PLAYBOY: And that's where he put you?

EASTWOOD: Well, he put me close. He's good about setting them off; does it right after you get past. In those situations, they're always careful not to have shrapnel involved.

PLAYBOY: Very considerate.

EASTWOOD: But there's still rocks and things that always get blown loose. Most of the American guys don't use the high explosive that Karli used.

PLAYBOY: Why did *he* use it?

EASTWOOD: Maybe he was getting even for World War Two. I don't know; he just liked big explosions. We had one



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scene in *Kelly's Heroes* where we were supposed to run out and lie down and a barn was supposed to explode behind us. And Telly Savalas, he didn't want to do it. Brian Hutton, the director, said to me, "What do you think?" And I said, "Well, I'll do it, but first we ought to ask Karli what he thinks." So I went to Karli and said, "What's your opinion of this explosion?" He said, "I don't recommend your being in this stunt, because I just don't know." Which I thought was nice. I mean, a lot of guys would have said, "Go ahead, it's not me out there." So a couple of stunt guys did it; Baumgartner set it off and, sure enough, the building disintegrated right behind them. They were walking around talking to themselves, having trouble hearing for a few days. I do my own stunts whenever they're reasonable ones, but, like I said, not as many as in the old days back in television.

PLAYBOY: Were you working pretty regularly when you started out in TV?

EASTWOOD: They'd be two-, three-, four-day jobs, and then I'd be off for a while, collecting unemployment, digging more swimming pools. There were periods when I didn't work for four, five, six months at a time, and I got pretty depressed about it. Along about 1958, I had a sort of supporting role in a small film—it may have been the worst Western ever made—and it didn't do well, and I really thought about giving up.

PLAYBOY: What was the film?

EASTWOOD: *Ambush at Cimarron Pass*. That was sort of the low point of my movie career.

PLAYBOY: What brought you out of that slump?

EASTWOOD: I went down and visited a friend, Sonia Chernus, who was in the story department at CBS-TV. She works for me now, as my story editor. Anyway, we were sitting there talking by this coffee wagon in the basement at CBS and this guy came up to me and said, "Are you an actor?" And I said, "Yeah." He said, "What have you done?" So I listed a line of credits, always increasing the importance of the roles by about 50 percent, praying to God the guy would never ask to see *Ambush at Cimarron Pass*. Which, of course, he did. I was taking the whole thing kind of lightly, because, although I knew CBS was casting an hour television show, my agent had told me the lead had to be older than me—about 39 or 40. So the man—I didn't know who the hell he was—called me into an office and another guy came in wearing old clothes. Looked like he'd just been pushing a broom in the back room. I didn't know whether he was going to sweep under the chair or what.

PLAYBOY: Who was he?

EASTWOOD: Charles Marquis Warren, the producer of *Rawhide*. I can hardly wait until he reads his description in this interview. So, anyway, I was being very cool, and I just casually asked him,

"What's the lead like?" And he says, "Well, there's two leads, and one is a young guy in his early 20s." My agent wasn't bright enough to find that out. So I started perking up, straightening out the wrinkles in my T-shirt, you know—I was just wearing Levis—and finally the guy said, "Well, we'll get in contact with you." I kind of halfway wrote it off, because I figured once they'd seen *Ambush at Cimarron Pass*, that'd be the end of it.

PLAYBOY: That wasn't one of your better lunches.

EASTWOOD: No; well, they called me about four o'clock that afternoon and said, "Come on down and make a film test," and I did that, and another one the next morning. The big wheels at CBS liked it, and I was picked, and Eric Fleming was picked as the other lead. That was a great day in my life; the money looked to me as if I'd be in a league with Howard Hughes.

PLAYBOY: End of depression?

EASTWOOD: Not yet, because after we made ten of the 13 episodes we were supposed to do, the network pulled it off and shelved it. Here my career was, lying in the basement of CBS, because the word was that hourlong shows were out. So I decided to go up and visit my parents—they had moved from Seattle back to Oakland by then—and Mag and I got on a train. On the way from Los Angeles to Oakland, I got a telegram saying that the series had sold, after all, and to be ready to work on such and such a day. So Mag and I did a little champagne trick and yelled a lot; I stuck my head out the window and shouted a lot of profane things.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

EASTWOOD: I can't remember. As you get older, you know, you learn other forms of relieving tension. But at a certain age, standing in the middle of Sunset Boulevard and yelling "Shit!" at the top of your lungs does provide a certain release. I can use as big obscenities as the next guy when I'm bugged. I can go on for 15 minutes without a repeat. But don't ask me what they are.

PLAYBOY: Then you do get bugged? You're described as being unflappable.

EASTWOOD: Well, I may not be as cool as my exterior. Or maybe I'm the type who doesn't show it. I can't really be objective about it. But sure, some things bug me. Yesterday some guy, making a TV series, called and asked to use my dressing room as a set. So, being an economically minded person, I said, "Fine. Why build a whole set? Just move in and shoot." Then I go back and find the dressing room looks like a public toilet. I mean the place is an absolute shambles. I'm going to tell that producer just what I think of his group, as soon as my secretary nails him down.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to *Rawhide*. That was one of the longest-running series on

television. Didn't there come a time when you got sick of it?

EASTWOOD: Oh, sure, everybody gets sick of it. But I kind of hesitated bitching about it because before you get into a series, you hear actors complaining and you think, "Wow, what's this guy bitching about? He's making \$50,000 a year!" So I didn't have any real beefs. Having the security of being in a series week in, week out gives you great flexibility; you can experiment with yourself, try a different scene different ways. If you make a mistake one week, you can look at it and say, "Well, I won't do that again," and you're still on the air next week. It was kind of like being in a stock company on film. You might get three or four scripts in a row that are turkeys, and that can put you in the doldrums if you let it; but you can take those scripts and try to do more with them, rewrite them, upgrade them a little, and if you can take crap and make it adequate, make it palatable to the public, then you feel you've accomplished something. And I learned a lot about crews, too. You do 250 hours of television, you learn what makes one prop man good and another fair and another lousy, and what makes one cameraman better than another one. You learn about leadership, how one week a crew can move very fast and efficiently and the next week drag. About 90 percent of the time, it's the fault of the director. And you just store those things up in your head.

PLAYBOY: But didn't you really want to get back into feature films?

EASTWOOD: Oh, sure; there isn't any television-series performer who would ever say he wouldn't rather be doing a feature film. It's the difference between writing a single story once or twice a year and having to fill a column every day. Some days there's just nothing to put in the damn column and you're having to wring it out, fill the space with something. During the last season of *Rawhide*, I had taken over the sole lead. Eric was having some kind of an argument with CBS over something, so they decided to try it with me alone. But that didn't exactly save the show, and it just kind of quietly died in 1966, as most series do when they go. At their height they give you a vast exposure—immediate recognition of some sort—and then they lose about 30 percent as they go along. So at the end, when it dies quietly, everybody says, "Oh, yeah, him."

PLAYBOY: You made your first Italian Western, *A Fistful of Dollars*, while you were still a regular on *Rawhide*. How did that happen?

EASTWOOD: Well, we had a break in shooting the series, from February or March to late May, early June. And about that time—this was in 1964—my agent called me and asked if I'd be interested in going to Spain to do a very



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low-budget Western, an Italian/German/Spanish coproduction. I laughed. I told him, "For six years I've been doing a Western every week. Hell, no, I'm not interested in it, especially not a European Western. It would probably be a joke." "Well," he said, "do me a favor. I promised the Rome office that I'd get you to read the script." So I read it, and about the tenth page I recognized it as a Western version of *Yojimbo*, the samurai film by Akira Kurosawa.

PLAYBOY: Had you seen *Yojimbo*?

EASTWOOD: Yeah. The funny thing was that this buddy and I had seen it together, and at the time we were both impressed by what a good Western it would make—the way *The Magnificent Seven* was made from *Seven Samurai*. But we thought it wouldn't sell; it would be too rough. Anyway, I read the script and, although the dialog was atrocious, I could see that it was very intelligently laid out. I said to Mag, who hadn't seen *Yojimbo*, "Read this and tell me what you think of it." And she read it and said, "Wow, it's really interesting. It's wild." So I told the agent, "OK, go ahead. I've really got nothing to lose on this deal, because if the picture turns out to be a bomb, it won't go anywhere." And I had a hunch that if it was handled well, it'd work.

PLAYBOY: Your hunches were improving.

EASTWOOD: Besides, it was a chance to go to Europe. I'd never been to Europe. So I signed on, even though it wasn't as much pay as I had made on TV.

PLAYBOY: What was the fee?

EASTWOOD: It was \$15,000 for the total project.

PLAYBOY: No percentages?

EASTWOOD: No percentages, no nothing. The \$15,000 was all I ever made from that one.

PLAYBOY: What was it about the *Dollars* character that appealed to you?

EASTWOOD: I was tired of playing the nice clean-cut cowboy in *Rawhide*; I wanted something earthier. Something different from the old-fashioned Western. You know: Hero rides in, very stalwart, with white hat, man's beating a horse, hero jumps off, punches man, schoolmarm walks down the street, sees this situation going on, slight conflict with schoolmarm, but not too much. You know schoolmarm and hero will be together in exactly ten more reels, if you care to sit around and wait, and you know man who beats horse will eventually get comeuppance from hero when this guy bushwhacks him in reel nine. But this film was different: it definitely had satiric overtones. The hero was an enigmatic figure, and that worked within the context of this picture. In some films, he would be ludicrous. You can't have a cartoon in the middle of a Renoir.

PLAYBOY: Was the character of the Man with No Name defined in the script, or was he somewhat of your devising?

EASTWOOD: I kind of devised it. I even

picked out the costumes. I went into Mattsons', a sport shop up on Hollywood Boulevard here, and bought some black Levis and bleached them out, roughed them up. The boots, spurs and gun belts I had from *Rawhide*; the hat I got at a wardrobe place in Santa Monica. The little black cigars I bought in Beverly Hills.

PLAYBOY: You don't smoke, do you?

EASTWOOD: No, I don't. I smoked the cigars only for those films. I didn't really like them, but they kept me in the right kind of humor. Kind of a fog.

PLAYBOY: Did they make you sick?

EASTWOOD: No, they just put you in a sour frame of mind. Those were pretty edgy cigars.

PLAYBOY: What about the poncho?

EASTWOOD: The poncho I got in Spain. Never had any doubles for that. Most of the time, in films you have everything in duplicate or triplicate, just in case you lose things in stunts. But I never had any doubles for the poncho.

PLAYBOY: Didn't it get a little ripe?

EASTWOOD: Well, if you *must* ask! Yeah, the poncho got a little dirty. I never washed it in three films, I'll tell you that.

PLAYBOY: Do you still have it?

EASTWOOD: It's hanging on the wall of a Mexican restaurant that belongs to a friend of mine in Carmel.

PLAYBOY: With a plaque underneath it?

EASTWOOD: Yeah, he's got a plaque with it. He wanted to put it on his wall, so I let him have it.

PLAYBOY: Would you take the poncho off the wall to make another *Dollars* film?

EASTWOOD: You mean if the same director, Sergio Leone, came back and said, "We've got a new place to take you"? I'd make any kind of film if I liked the script. But I'd have to see the thing. I don't know; I doubt it at the moment.

PLAYBOY: What was working with Leone like?

EASTWOOD: Sergio and I got along fine. Of course, at first we couldn't converse much; he spoke absolutely no English, and my Italian was just *ciao* and *arrivederci*, and that was about it. So I did my own thing and he did his.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take before you could communicate with each other?

EASTWOOD: Well, it took three pictures. *A Fistful of Dollars*, *For a Few Dollars More* and *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*. He speaks better English now and I speak a little better Italian. I suppose we met somewhere in the middle.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a faculty for languages?

EASTWOOD: No, I don't. If I majored in language, I wouldn't exactly be at the top of the class. I was speaking Spanish to somebody the other day, though, and I wasn't doing too bad. I wasn't just ripping along; this person, a Mexican, was speaking very fast, and I was doing my usual "*Repite despacio, por favor*," but we got along. In the present tense. Not conjugating any verbs. But I think Mexi-

can Spanish is easier to understand than what they speak in Spain. Where we were in Spain, making the *Dollars* films, was in Andalusia—Andaluthia. They thpoke extremely fath in that Andaluthian dialect. Somebody who doesn't even speak rapid English, like myself, really gets lost.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any misunderstandings with Leone, or with the crew, because of the language problem?

EASTWOOD: Yeah, but I couldn't possibly give you an example. After a while, of course, you do it purposely. Like in Italy, they have *cornettas*—you know what those are? A little sweet roll that you have in the morning with coffee. And I used to go into a store and put on a typical American accent—a kind of Texas-cowboy drawl—and say, "Ah'll have one a them there core-noodos. Raht."

PLAYBOY: Cornutos? You mean cuckolds?

EASTWOOD: Yeah. You can have a lot of fun with that—with the looks on their faces.

PLAYBOY: Did you realize at the time you were making *Fistful* that it would be such a runaway success?

EASTWOOD: I had more faith in it than the producers did. They thought it was going to be an absolute disaster when they saw the dailies. They wanted me to play a more expressive character.

PLAYBOY: Why did you feel the Man with No Name should be played in so deadpan a style?

EASTWOOD: My feeling was that the strength of this character was in his economy of movement and what the audience anticipates he's going to do. This builds up a constant suspense. If you can keep the audience's interest in what he's going to do next, you've really got it. The worst thing you can do is just impress the critics.

PLAYBOY: Is that a dig at critics who have described your performances as deriving from the "Mount Rushmore school of acting"?

EASTWOOD: No, actually, I've been treated well—flatteringly so—by the better, more experienced reviewers, people like Andrew Sarris, Jay Cocks, Vincent Canby and Bosley Crowther. Judith Crist, for some reason, hasn't been knocked out over everything I've done—or *anything* I've done, as a matter of fact. I think she liked *The Devil in Miss Jones*, but she thought *Beguiled* was obscene.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about negative reviews?

EASTWOOD: I'm not overly affected by them; I figure everybody's entitled to his opinion, and reviewers are employed by publications to express those opinions. I've even seen unfavorable reviews of my pictures that I agreed with. I've always felt, though, that it's easier to write an unfavorable review than a favorable one. Because it takes more knowledge to write a good review. Anybody can do a pan, but to say what really works—that's tough. To take another area, jazz reviewers like Ralph Gleason and Leonard

Happy birthday to Joe.
Happy birthday to Joe.
Happy birthday dear Joey.
Happy birthday to you.

Kinda makes you wish you
were Joey, doesn't it?



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Feather can play musical instruments themselves. They know music. Consequently, if they do or don't like something, they're very specific about it in their reviews. They never make a general statement, like "This musician is the worst player I've ever heard." Movie criticism is an art, too, but I'm often surprised at how much is left out of reviews. Once in a while, one will mention the music or the photography, but they don't point out the ways in which these blend into the total style of the film, the reasons it does or doesn't work.

PLAYBOY: How much influence have the critics had on your career?

EASTWOOD: Not too much. To me, what's really important is whether the public likes what I do.

PLAYBOY: The public certainly liked *A Fistful of Dollars*. Was the picture an immediate success?

EASTWOOD: Not exactly. What happened was that they had a sneak-preview engagement somewhere outside Naples, and the first night I guess the house was about a quarter full. They had some expert come up from Rome and he said, "It's a well-made film, but it will never make a lira." But the next night the house was full, and the night after that, people were lined up down the street, and pretty soon the major downtown theater men from Naples were asking, "Why can't we have this film? What's it doing out here in the sticks?" So they were forced to release it nationwide and renegotiate all their contracts.

PLAYBOY: Were you back in the States by then?

EASTWOOD: Yeah, making *Rawhide* again, and I kept looking in the trades for news about the movie. One day I saw an item in *Variety*, quoting an Italian from Rome: "Westerns have finally died out here." And I said to myself, "Wouldn't you know it?" But two weeks later, I read another article that said the big deal in Italy was that everybody was enthusiastic about making Westerns after the success of this fantastic new film, *A Fistful of Dollars*. That meant nothing to me, because the title we'd used during the shooting was *Magnificent Stranger*. Then about two days after that, there was another item from Rome, and it said, "*A Fistful of Dollars*, starring Clint Eastwood, is going through the roof here." And I said, "Clint Eastwood? Jesus Christ!" Then, I got a letter from the producer—who hadn't bothered to write me since I left, saying thank you or go screw yourself, or whatever—asking about making another picture.

PLAYBOY: That would be *For a Few Dollars More*, which was followed by *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*. When did you finally start getting a percentage of the receipts?

EASTWOOD: With the third one. But even then, with three films that were successful overseas, I had a rough time cracking

the Hollywood scene. Not only was there a movie prejudice against television actors but there was a feeling that an American actor making an Italian movie was sort of taking a step backward. But the film exchanges in France, Italy, Germany, Spain—all these countries—were asking the Hollywood producers when they were going to make a film starring Clint Eastwood. So finally I was offered a very modest film for United Artists—*Hang 'em High*. It was a good film, analyzed capital punishment within a good story. I formed my own company, The Malpaso Company, and we got a piece of it and did the film for \$1,600,000. It broke even almost immediately, and then went into the black and was a very healthy film. That's kind of when things started picking up.

PLAYBOY: Why did you form your own company?

EASTWOOD: My theory was that I could foul my career up just as well as somebody else could foul it up for me, so why not try it? And I had this great urge to show the industry that it needs to be streamlined so it can make more films with smaller crews. The crews will be employed more, so there'll be just as much work. What's the point of spending so much money producing a movie that you can't break even on it? So at Malpaso, we don't have a staff of 26 and a fancy office. I've got a six-pack of beer under my arm, and a few pieces of paper, and a couple of pencils, and I'm in business. What the hell, I can work in a closet.

PLAYBOY: What does Malpaso mean?

EASTWOOD: In Spanish, it can mean bad pass or bad step. In this case, it means bad pass. I own some property on a creek in the Big Sur country called Malpaso Creek; I guess it runs down a bad pass in the mountains.

PLAYBOY: But you've continued to do films for other companies, as well as for Malpaso.

EASTWOOD: Sure. It depends on the story.

PLAYBOY: What's been your favorite role?

EASTWOOD: It would probably be *Dirty Harry*. That's the type of thing I like to think I can do as well as, or maybe better than, the next guy. He's very good at his job, and his individualism pays off to some degree. What I liked about playing that character was that he becomes obsessed; he's got to take this killer off the street. I think that appealed to the public. They say, "Yeah, this guy has to be put out of circulation, even if some police chief says, 'Lay off.'" The general public isn't worried about the rights of the killer; they're just saying get him off the street, don't let him kidnap my child, don't let him kill my daughter.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you concerned about the rights of the killer—or those accused of killing?

EASTWOOD: There's a reason for the rights of the accused, and I think it's very important and one of the things that make

our system great. But there are also the rights of the victim. Most people who talk about the rights of the accused have never been victimized; most of them probably never got accosted in an alley. The symbol of justice is the scale, and yet the scale is never balanced; it falls to the left and then it swings too far back to the right. That's the whole basis of *Magnum Force*, the sequel to *Dirty Harry*. These guys on the police force form their own elite, a tough inner group to combat what they see as opposition to law and order. It's remotely based on a true case, that Brazilian police death squad. It's frightening.

PLAYBOY: When *Dirty Harry* came out, it was accused of being "a fascist masterpiece." Did you expect the same thing to happen with *Magnum Force*?

EASTWOOD: No, I expected some people might call it a left-wing fantasy. Which I don't think it is. I don't think *Dirty Harry* was a fascist picture at all. It's just the story of one frustrated police officer in a frustrating situation on one particular case. I think that's why police officers were attracted to the film. Most of the films that were coming out at that time, in 1972, were extremely anti-cop. They were about the cop on the take, you know. And this was a film that showed the frustrations of the job, but at the same time, it wasn't a glorification of police work. Although some police department in the Philippines, I understand, asked for a 16-millimeter print of *Dirty Harry* to use as a training film.

PLAYBOY: Did you get many letters from policemen after *Harry*?

EASTWOOD: Yeah, I got letters. Still do. I'm asked to speak before police groups, women-police-officers' organizations. But I haven't accepted any of those requests, because I don't claim to be an expert on law enforcement.

PLAYBOY: At the end of the film, when Harry throws away his badge, is that a statement of contempt for his superiors? Something like what happened in *High Noon*, when Gary Cooper tossed his badge into the dust as a symbol of his disgust with the townspeople who didn't support him?

EASTWOOD: Cooper asked for support from the town that he had served so well, and they ended up crapping on him. But Harry wasn't saying the community as a whole had crapped on him, just the political elements of the city. The situation in another of my pictures, *High Plains Drifter*, is more like that in *High Noon*. That community didn't want to get involved, either. They weren't totally evil, they were just complacent, and they just sat back and let their marshal get whipped to death. It's a sort of comment on the thing that's very current today, of not wanting to get involved. Like the Kitty Genovese case a few years back, when something like 38 people witnessed this girl being murdered and not one of

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them so much as called the police.

PLAYBOY: What would you do if you saw a woman being beaten up in the street?

EASTWOOD: I don't know. I would hope that I would, at a minimum, raise the telephone and notify the police. At a maximum, wipe the guy out. I mean, people are capable of heroic action in life, but nobody knows what he'd do before the occasion arises. I'm sure that prior to World War Two, Audie Murphy never thought of himself as a war hero.

PLAYBOY: Take another example: What if you were in a liquor store, picking up a six-pack, when a holdup took place. Would you act as Harry would?

EASTWOOD: I probably wouldn't do a thing. I'm sure that if somebody were pointing a gun at me and I were standing there with a six-pack, I'd say, "Care for one?"

PLAYBOY: In other words, you'd be realistic, like the character in the *Dollars* films. Not get mixed up in something you didn't have to. Would you call that character basically an antihero?

EASTWOOD: Yes, he operates on strictly selfish motivations at all times. But he was never the total antagonist of the film; everyone else was so evil that he looked better by comparison.

PLAYBOY: Have you been disappointed in any of the films you've made—not the B-movie bits but the major ones?

EASTWOOD: I was disappointed in *Kelly's Heroes*. That film could have been one of the best war movies ever. And it should have been: it had the best script, a good cast, a subtle antiwar message. But somehow everything got lost, the picture got bogged down shooting in Yugoslavia and it just ended up as the story of a bunch of American screw-offs in World War Two. Some of the key scenes got cut out. I even called up Jim Aubrey, who was then the head of MGM, and said, "For God's sake, don't run that picture for the critics until Brian, the director, has had a chance to do some more work on it. You're going to cut off maybe millions of dollars in box-office receipts." Aubrey said he'd think it over, but I'm sure when he hung up the phone, he said to himself, "What does this frigging actor know about millions of dollars? Forget it." It was released without further work, and it did badly.

PLAYBOY: *Beguiled* didn't pack 'em in, either, did it?

EASTWOOD: That probably would have been a more successful film if I hadn't been in it.

PLAYBOY: Why?

EASTWOOD: It was advertised to appeal to the kind of people who were my fans from the action pictures, and they didn't like seeing me play a character who gets his leg cut off, gets emasculated. They wanted a character who could control everything around him. The other people, those who might have liked the film, never came to see it. But it was good for

me in a career sense, because it did give the few people who saw it a different look at me as a performer.

PLAYBOY: Since then, do you think you've developed a sense of what's right for you?

EASTWOOD: Yes. You have to cast yourself in things you do well. John Wayne has been the success he has been over the years because he does what he does better than anybody else can. A lot of people have said he doesn't really act. Just let them try to act like he does and they'll find they can't do it. You'll never go to any acting school in the world where people stand around trying to be the lone, enigmatic stranger, either. But at the same time, a lot of actors who play Henry the Fifth can't play my characters. They'd be ludicrous. To me, an actor's success comes not only from the magnetism of his personality but more from his ability to select material that would be commercial with him in it.

PLAYBOY: Which is what you didn't do in *Beguiled*?

EASTWOOD: Yes, although my role in *Beguiled* was easier to play than the lone Westerner was. In those Leone films, I had to establish an image for the audience while saying very little, showing very little. In *Beguiled*, I was dealing with straight, normal emotions.

PLAYBOY: What was so normal about *Beguiled*? It had incest, jealousy, sadism, hints of lesbianism, gore. . . .

EASTWOOD: I was talking about the emotions from my own standpoint, which were simply those of survival.

PLAYBOY: In *Beguiled*, as in several of your movies—most obviously *Play Misty for Me*—it's noteworthy that the moment you appear on the scene, all the girls make a play for you. There seems to be an attitude that women are not only available but eagerly available.

EASTWOOD: Women are eagerly available. And so are men. People are eager to be with other people, eager to establish some kind of relationship. Everybody in the world wants to meet somebody. *Play Misty for Me* was strictly a comment on an available guy, a single guy who's somewhat of a celebrity—a disc jockey—in a small town. And this kookie girl becomes intrigued by his show, intrigued by him; she sees herself in a romantic situation and they have an affair. To him, it's just an affair; he's in love with somebody else and he tries to level with her, telling her he's involved elsewhere. *Misty* was a suspense sort of psychodrama, with an added element: it looked at that whole problem of commitment, that misinterpretation of commitment between a man and a woman. The girl who wrote it based it on a real-life story, on a girl she once knew. It appealed to me, too, because I've had this situation happen to me in my own life, this thing of having somebody clinging and clutching at you, not allowing you to breathe.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the *Misty* type of situation a problem for you today? Don't you have groupies pursuing you?

EASTWOOD: Well, you know, women do make plays sometimes, but I guess I'm at an age where I don't allow myself to be vulnerable. The *Misty* sort of thing happened to me when I was very young, 21 years old, before I was married. Sick jealousy isn't confined to any particular age, but most people I know, male or female, who have gone through that *Misty* type of insane jealousy had it happen at a very young age.

PLAYBOY: At what point does jealousy become insane?

EASTWOOD: When people start threatening to kill themselves and do all kinds of silly things. I've never been a real jealous person myself. I don't know why; never even went through it too bad as a kid.

PLAYBOY: Was that something you got from your parents?

EASTWOOD: Maybe, yeah, because of the security of their relationship.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a fairly open relationship yourself, with Mag?

EASTWOOD: Sure. Oh, yeah, we've always had—I'd hate to say I'm a pioneer with women's lib or whatever, but we've always had an agreement that she could enter into any kind of business she wanted to. We never had that thing about staying home and taking care of the house. There's always a certain respect for the individual in our relationship; we're not one person. She's an individual, I'm an individual, and we're friends. We're a lot of things—lovers, friends, the whole conglomerate—but at the same time, I'm not shooting orders to her on where she's supposed to be every five minutes, and I don't expect her to shoot them at me.

PLAYBOY: Does she?

EASTWOOD: No. That's why the relationship has lasted as long as it has.

PLAYBOY: You say you can't claim to be a pioneer in women's lib. But what do you think of the movement?

EASTWOOD: I think it's justifiable; it's probably been too long in coming. So many articles you read on it are absolutely boring and silly, but the basis for it is all there. I think women tend to be smarter than men in a lot of areas, and I don't know what took them so long to get into things like equal pay for equal jobs. There's no reason in the world they shouldn't have it.

PLAYBOY: In what areas do you think women are smarter than men?

EASTWOOD: Well, you see a lot of terribly intelligent men with dumb women, but you never see terribly intelligent women with dumb guys. I can't really articulate it; it's just a feeling I have. I hate to break things down to their smallest parts. I work on more of an animal level,

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on a feeling level. I don't do a lot of philosophizing and intellectualizing.

PLAYBOY: Yet we've heard you do a great deal of reading.

EASTWOOD: I do a tremendous amount of reading, but a good portion of it, these days especially, is taken up by potential properties—potential films. That's almost 90 percent of my reading. It takes an awful lot of reading to find the right material; you have to wade through miles to get one inch. I've been easing up, though; Sonia and Bob are doing some of the reading and I'm taking their word on more things. I used to have to say, "Well, I'll give it a look myself." Never could take advantage of that old saying "You don't have to drink the ocean to find out it's salty." I'd read scripts from beginning to end, even if the first 50 pages were just awful.

PLAYBOY: Why?

EASTWOOD: I'd say, "Well, this is so bad, I've got to see how it turns out." And I'd sit up late at night, reading away on these properties. And finally throw them out, saying, "What the hell have I wasted the last two hours on that for?" I could have been sleeping, or walking the dog. Something really creative.

PLAYBOY: When you're selecting scripts, do you play by the conventional Hollywood wisdom—that it's safe to follow trends?

EASTWOOD: No. Why in hell do I have to follow some trend? Like the way I read that Westerns were out just before *A Fistful of Dollars* was released. There's always somebody who's going to say Westerns are out. They said police films were out when we made *Dirty Harry*. All you can do is just do your own thing, follow your instincts. If the project is right, people will go for all kinds of pictures.

PLAYBOY: The trend about which many observers have expressed concern lately is a continuing escalation of violence onscreen. Some critics have traced this to the blood baths in your own spaghetti Westerns. When you were making them, were you concerned about their violence?

EASTWOOD: No, I wasn't. I knew they were tough films, but there was a certain satire involved in the violence that I felt was a catharsis. I'm not a person who advocates violence in real life, and if I thought I'd made a film in which the violence inspired people to go out and commit more violence, I wouldn't make those films. But I don't believe that.

PLAYBOY: Why?

EASTWOOD: I believe they're a total-escape type of entertainment. There was an article in the *Los Angeles Times* several years ago: a journalist had been interviewing inmates at San Quentin, and they said their favorite pictures were Clint Eastwood Westerns—their reason being that any pent-up emotions they had were released when they saw those films. After they'd see one, everything would be very calm in the prison for the

next few weeks. The basis for drama is conflict, you know, and physical conflict is certainly a very important part of it. You can't have movies and television with people just sitting around having arguments; no physical action, nothing to look at. You might as well tell the story on radio.

PLAYBOY: But is there a point at which the violence becomes excessive?

EASTWOOD: Certainly. Everything can get overdone. I'm sure that since the *Dollars* pictures first came out, the Italians—and the Americans, for that matter—have made 200-and-some-odd Westerns, each of them probably more violent than those were. And with the Kung Fu films, you get one big hit and then the next guy says, "We'll do it twice as bloody." So it gets superviolent. A lot of critics interpreted Sam Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch* as a statement against violence; it was so violent they saw it as antiviolence. I don't think that's true at all. I think Peckinpah just wanted to make a super-violent flick. I don't think he showed how bad violence is; I think he showed how beautiful it is, with slow-motion cameras and everything. I liked the picture, but when you have that many shootings, you lose the horror aspect of it and it just becomes comedic.

PLAYBOY: Can't that have a brutalizing effect on an audience?

EASTWOOD: Yeah; after a while, you just sit there and say, "Oh, another guy getting blown to bits in slow motion." But I don't think it has a permanently brutalizing effect. I just think the audience gets tired of it. It's like—you see one person getting stabbed by a guy, and then the killer has to get stabbed by a bigger guy, and then the big guy has to get run over by a steam roller or something. What extremes can you carry this to? It's the same thing with sex in films. You start out with a scene of two people in bed, and then you have a scene intimating sexual relations, and pretty soon you have *Deep Throat* and people doing all kinds of kinky stuff.

PLAYBOY: Have you seen *Deep Throat*?

EASTWOOD: Yes, and I saw that other one, *The Devil in Miss Jones*.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of them?

EASTWOOD: Not much. The old stag films, with the guys in masks and black socks and garters, they were more fun. They were so bad they were good. The plumber with the bony knees looking through the window, watching the girl undress, and all of a sudden he comes in and sets the pipes down—those were the old smoker movies of the Forties. These new ones aren't any better; they're just done in color.

PLAYBOY: You don't think the new porno films are more artistic?

EASTWOOD: I don't see that ejaculating in a girl's face is more artistic. If that's beautiful sex, if that's socially relevant, you can keep it. What you want to do in your

own bedroom is great, but that's not necessarily what I want to look at. I'd like to see a good one, though; I've often wondered what would happen if somebody made a really good porno film.

PLAYBOY: What would make a porno film really good?

EASTWOOD: One that showed tenderness, that had a real, honest love developing, something that was well photographed, well presented, well acted. It would be interesting to see how an audience would respond to explicit sex within a moving story rather than just a gymnastic thing or a gag. You know, I'm surprised some women's group hasn't gone after *Deep Throat*. I mean, it's making a joke out of a woman's anatomy; that's the whole theme of the picture. Personally, I was turned off by sex after watching *Deep Throat*. That kind of stuff—people pouring Cokes into people—turns me off.

PLAYBOY: What turns you on?

EASTWOOD: I'm sure **PLAYBOY** would like to know what turns me on very specifically. But I've never been one to discuss that kind of crap in print. I keep a lot of stuff to myself.

PLAYBOY: We give up. Would you be in favor of censoring hard-core films?

EASTWOOD: No, I'm against censorship. I think it can be dangerous. If the press had been censored, we'd never have found out about Watergate, which needed to be exposed. As far as films are concerned, I think adult human beings ought to be able to see what they want to. I'm too much of an individual to think otherwise.

PLAYBOY: Have you run into censorship problems with your own films?

EASTWOOD: Well, we have a film, *Breezy*, that's R-rated, and I don't think it deserves to be R-rated at all. But it is, because 20-some states in the Union have statutes that say showing the nipple on a woman's breast to children is obscene. That's the first thing we come into contact with when we arrive on this planet: a woman's breast. Why should that be considered obscene? And I understand that someplace in Texas, there was a move to give *Paper Moon* an R instead of a PG, because an underage girl is swearing and kind of pimping for a hotel clerk in one scene. I don't know. You could argue that the local community has the right to set standards, but if you accept that, you could argue that the community has the right to impose segregation. That's the long-range implication of something like the Supreme Court decisions on obscenity. But I can see how the extremes of a *Deep Throat* have led to the public demand for censorship that put the Court under so much pressure. Sex is a very important topic; it's important to be able to show it artistically. But where do you go from *Deep Throat*? To chickens? It's that old cliché about the pendulum swinging back and forth. You remember, quite a

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WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a man who demands the best that life has to offer. When he takes to the slopes, he prides himself on having the newest and best gear going. And his buying guide is PLAYBOY. Fact: PLAYBOY is read by 42% of all men who spent \$100 or more on ski equipment last year. If you are an advertiser of a leisure product or service, this is clearly the market that can put you a jump ahead of your competition. And keep you there, season after season. (Source: 1973 Simmons.)

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

doctor, what do you think of a five-year-old who says he's going to win the nobel prize?

fiction

By **SUSAN SONTAG**

Monday

WHAT WE DECIDED, DOCTOR, was that it would be best to lay our problems before a really competent professional person. God knows, we've tried to do the best we could. On our own. But sometimes a person has to admit defeat. So we decided to talk to you. But we thought it would be better not to come together. If one of us could come, say, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and the other on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, that way you could get both of our points of view.

A few debts. Not many. We try to live within our means.

Of course we can afford it. We don't want to spare any expense. But, to tell the truth, we picked you because your fee was more reasonable than some others. And Dr. Greenwich said you specialized in problems of this sort.

No, we're not doing anything right now. Just riding out the storm.

Certainly not. That's what we're here to find out from you.

How much background do you need to know?

Yes, we've both had physical check-ups within the past year.

Both born in this country, good native stock. Why, did you think we were foreigners? You're a foreigner, aren't you, doctor? You don't mind questions like that, do you?

At the beginning, you can imagine, we felt very sure of ourselves. With a good income, a house with no mortgage, membership in three—

Sometimes. Sure. Doesn't every couple? It's only human nature. But they blow over. Then we usually celebrate by seeing a movie. We used to take in the plays at the Forum, too. But we don't have as much time for that anymore.

Oh, we dote on him. After all, when you have an—

Pretty regularly. Once, twice a week. Thank God, there's nothing wrong with that side of things.

No, it was the group that suggested we consult you. We're not claiming all the credit for ourselves. But probably we would have thought of it anyway.

All right, sure. We do. But what's wrong with that? We really get along very well, considering the difference in our educational backgrounds.

Perhaps our problem seems ridiculous to you.

No, no, we didn't mean it that way.

All right.

That door?

. . .

Tuesday

It's really Baby who's the problem, doctor.

What?

Oh, complete sentences. Right off the bat. He just started right in.

We take turns. It's not far.

He likes to. After the alarm rang, every morning, Baby used to bring us

to get away from each other once in a while, don't you think?

Union Station. The old one, downtown.

Like when we go to Sunday meetings of our group, we usually don't sit together.

Oh, Dr. Greenwich has been extremely helpful about that problem. We hardly even think about it anymore.

No, we decided not to have affairs. Lying would be awful, and since we both have a jealous nature, it seemed best not to.

You have a pretty cynical view of human nature, doctor. Maybe you spend too much time with people with problems.

That's right. From the beginning. We don't find being honest as complicated a business as some people do. All it takes, after all, is a little courage. And self-respect. But perhaps we're old-fashioned.

A dream. Anything you say, doctor. But it'll have to be for the next session.

. . .

Wednesday

You've probably had a lot of parents who brag about their children. But Baby really is precocious. When he was little, we tried to keep him from knowing how much smarter he was than the other kids. We didn't want him to get conceited.

Perhaps if we were younger. . .

Not what you'd call an accident. No. But he wasn't planned, either.

We don't believe in abortion. As far as we're concerned, even a fetus has its rights. Despite what you doctors say.

No, we never thought of adopting another child.

Baby is quite healthy.

It wouldn't be the same, would it?

Of course, sometimes we wish Baby were athletic. Truth is, he can't even swim. Even in the Doughboy pool he just flounders around. Hardly makes it worth while to get a real swimming pool.

Isn't that a rather conventional idea, doctor? Maybe there aren't many athletes with high I.Q.s, we'll grant

BABY

cups of steaming hot coffee in bed.

We try not to interfere. Baby's room is full of junk. We offered him the bigger bedroom, but he insisted. . .

We took a camping trip last spring in Big Sur for two weeks. We wanted to take Baby along, but he wouldn't go. He said he had to study for his exams.

Sure, he's perfectly able to take care of himself, cook his own meals. Still, sometimes we do worry.

He loves to.

Poe. Bulwer-Lytton, Jack London.

But we're afraid Baby is ruining his eyes. All he does is read. He doesn't want to play with the other kids. Comic books, 19th Century novels, the encyclopedia, it doesn't matter to him. After we turn the lights off at nine, he reads under the covers with a flashlight. We've caught him several times.

Just sitar lessons.

No, we don't try to influence Baby. Whatever he wants to be when he grows up is all right with us.

We don't believe in the old kind of family. Everybody living on top of each other.

We've talked about taking our vacations separately. It's good for people



you that. But we don't see why a brainy kid has to stay indoors all the time and refuse ever to go to camp.

You bet we encourage him.

He's always had real guts. And stick-to-itiveness. He likes challenges. And he's curious, too.

He likes to collect things. Old things. Baby loves the dinosaurs in the County Museum.

You know, we both remember the night Baby was conceived.

No. He's always brought all his little problems to us.

One spanking was enough. We haven't had that kind of trouble since.

The maid.

Yes, he used to bite his nails. But not anymore.

We're thinking of moving to a better neighborhood. It's probably more than we can afford. But the kids from Cudahy Baby has been running around with are rough. And the other Sunday, when we were out driving in Topanga Canyon, we saw this new split-level hacienda—it wouldn't cost much, just the down payment with a 20-year mortgage—that would be just right for us. It has a three-car garage that Baby could use part of for his chemistry lab and his ducks and chickens.

Two ducks.

Laurie and Billy. Sounds ridiculous, doesn't it?

No, he hasn't given names to the chickens. But there're six of them.

Straight A's this semester. We promised him a bicycle if he made the honor roll.

Oh, it's a fine school. High standards. Old-fashioned discipline. And they take all the necessary precautions. Baby came down with the measles yesterday. And his homeroom teacher called the house this morning, around ten A.M. That school is very careful, they have to be. Since they had a kidnaping two years ago.

No, we don't discuss what you say between us. You told us not to, didn't you? Neither one of us is deaf, doctor.

Already?

. . .

Thursday

We found a box of condoms in the drawer in Baby's night table. Don't you think he's a little young for that, doctor?

Baby's teacher came to the house. She wanted to know what was wrong.

Maybe Baby ought to see a doctor, too.

Baby's handwriting is very strange. Should we bring you a sample?

Just say the word.

Baby keeps a journal. Under lock and key, mind you.

We wouldn't dream of it. That would be one hell of a fast way to lose his confidence, wouldn't it, doctor?

We couldn't agree more. Young people are so pretentious.

It's nice of you to say that.

Arithmetic is his weakest subject.

Penmanship, that's not even worth mentioning. Atrocious.

History. And chemistry.

Never missed yet! Every semester.

Not much. He has such a good memory, he doesn't have to. But we'd like him to read more.

Everything. He remembers last year's supermarket prices, smog readings, the lines from an entire TV serial, closing averages on the stock exchange. He knows all our friends' telephone numbers. At the end of a day, he can reel off the license plates of every car we passed on the freeways. We tested him. He's a regular garbage can of useless information.

He's waited hours outside The Greenhouse because Steve McQueen has lunch there sometimes.

Basketball. He's good at volleyball, too.

Well, of course, he is tall for his age. It runs in our family.

And thin.

Regular measles, mumps, tonsillitis, the usual, when he was little. Braces for three years.

He snores when he sleeps. He's had his adenoids out twice.

You know something odd about Baby? He laughs at four every morning. He must be dreaming. But if you try to wake him up, he doesn't remember anything funny.

No, you don't understand. Always at four, exactly. Even when we went to Hawaii, where it's a two-hour difference. Still four A.M., right on the dot. How would you explain that?

Honestly! You can set your clock by it.

He has a wonderful laugh. Wonderful. It makes us feel warm all over, in the next room, just to hear him.

Actually, we did try once. We stood at the door to his room, waiting for four A.M. As soon as we heard the laugh, we rushed in and shook him awake and asked him what he was dreaming. He was so sleepy, poor kid. At first he didn't say anything. And then, you know what he said?

Guess.

You'll never guess.

"Fish." His eyes were closed, mind you. Then he laughed some more and repeated "Fish." And then he went back to sleep, snoring.

We asked him in the morning. But he didn't remember a thing. Not even our coming into the room.

One other time. But we didn't actually wake him up. It was when we were camping out in Big Sur last spring, sharing the same tent. Sure enough, the laugh went off at four A.M. exactly. We checked our watches to make sure. And we just called out, very softly, "Baby?"

And you know what he said? In his sleep, of course. He said: "Napoleon in a sealed train going to Elba." And then laughed and laughed. Pretty smart, don't

you think? Even when that kid dreams, he dreams smart.

Maybe it's stupid to worry so much about a child. Is that what you mean, doctor?

We've tried to give him every advantage, but—

Yes. Sometimes. Not often.

You think we were wrong?

Good. That's what we thought. Anyway, it was the maid who caught him.

Oh, Juanita loves Baby. Everybody who meets Baby knows he's special. Especially kids.

We were wondering if you shouldn't meet Baby yourself. Then you'd see what we mean.

. . .

Friday

Baby got a bloody nose in school yesterday.

The pediatrician says he's quite healthy except for his adenoids. Do you think he should have another checkup?

We think protein is very important.

But some things are physical. You do agree, doctor?

Using Dr. Greenwich's guidelines, we tried to cope ourselves. But it didn't seem fair taking up too much time at group sessions for a personal problem.

Perhaps you've never had a case exactly like ours.

Of course, we've tried to get him to see a therapist. But he refuses. You can't force someone to go, can you, doctor? People have to want to be helped.

Exactly. That's why we thought we could help Baby by talking to you.

Dirt-cheap. But their data-storage system is outmoded.

That wouldn't help. We raised Baby's allowance last week.

Green Stamps. But he'll never make it.

Baby says he wants to be a priest when he grows up. He sleeps with a Gideon Bible under his wooden pillow.

From The Wigwam in Barlow.

Awfully hot. It's a motel in the shape of a wigwam, and you know what Barlow's like in the summer. We almost suffocated. But Baby doesn't mind the heat.

We were probably crazy to go there in June. But when we get to feeling cooped up, sometimes we just have to get into the car and drive someplace.

You don't mind if we turn up the air conditioning, do you? Aren't you hot?

That way, oh. Thanks.

Baby is very mechanical, you know. He fixed the TV in the den the other night, when it jammed just as we were expecting eight for dinner.

We did. Ourselves. There wasn't any point in wasting money on that.

Both stick shift and automatic.

Sometimes we regret he leans so much toward science. It's a bit like having Dr. Frankenstein, Jr., around the house. And no matter what they say, you have to

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JOKOL

"Gesundheit!"

拥军公约



In class society everyone lives as a member of a particular class, and every kind of thinking, without exception, is stamped with the brand of a class.

—CHAIRMAN MAO TSE-TUNG, *Selected Works*

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN. I was raised in Beverly Hills by a famous father and a stunning mother, introduced as Edgar's daughter and Charlie McCarthy's sister, with a spoon stamped STERLING firmly clamped between my teeth, while Ronald Reagan stood staunchly in the living room beside framed photographs of my mother with President Eisenhower.

I come, of course, from a Republican family. Upper middle class, middle upper class. The term *bourgeoisie* is not threadbare from overuse in my vocabulary, but for purposes of clarification, we were and are some of its more comfortable, carefree constituents.

My college career was consistently and dutifully conservative. The extent of my political activity at school was being in Barry Goldwater's female honor guard when he came to campaign on campus, and participating in a protest against cutting down a tree.

I moved on to New York, to modeling and movies, bent on securing a well-deserved place in the sun and soaring off on the wings of the jet set. That bout was brief, fortunately, but left me hung with pearls, cashmere sweater sets, crocodile bags and a transcontinental lisp. At 20 I was a dead ringer for a dowager.

The deepening conflict between my conditioning and my dawning instincts was fertile soil for an incipient social conscience. But it took me a long time to realize I didn't want to be Princess Grace. It was not without sociological value, however, to have rubbed shoulders

CAN A CULTURAL WORKER FROM BEVERLY HILLS FIND HAPPINESS IN THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA?

anything's possible—well, nearly anything

article **By CANDICE BERGEN**

with a dwindling species that still subscribes to the divine right of kings.

After endless, intense debates on the origin of *scampi*, the moment of truth came during a celebration in a Madrid restaurant after a successful pheasant shoot. I was the only person at the table without a title and was flanked by two German counts who were deeply offended by a neighboring table of raucous Americans. It was more of a bane than either could bear and one broke the ice with the witty aside, "Disgusting. They should be made into soap." My jet-set days were over.

I began to let reality seep in. I started by learning about the American Indians—perhaps because they



were less threatening than blacks to a blonde from Beverly Hills. I began acquiring some awareness of who they were and what they had become. I read about America's earliest war crimes while watching a series glorifying Custer on TV. I met red-power Indians and white-collar Indians, medicine men and chiefs. I joined organizations, made contributions, raised funds, attended endless meetings. I spent a weekend on Alcatraz passing a peace pipe filled with grass. I photographed Indians. I wrote about Indians. But finally I didn't do anything but find a focus for my new-found rage.

When Jane Fonda discovered the Indians, I actually felt resentful and proprietary. It was like some absurd philanthropic territorial imperative. The Indians were *my* cause. Why couldn't she pick the Panthers? I pulled over to inspect my motives. Keeping a wary eye open for signs of megalomania or martyrdom, I went on: cruelty to animals, abortion, the war. I didn't do much; in fact, I did very little. I felt you had to do something, but no matter how much you did, it didn't seem to make any difference; no one was listening—except perhaps to our private telephone conversations.

Then, four years too late, even for the living, the war ended anyway—or began to die a death so slow that it's still impossible to tell if it's over. After all the fantasy of armistice—the anticipation of a final signed agreement—the actuality was dull and drained.

Movement diehards hollered hoarsely to thinning crowds that the war was only symptomatic of the ills besetting us, that the fight had just begun. Rightly or wrongly, the feeling persisted that if things *did* get better, it wouldn't be because of anyone's energies in that direction. So—as abortion reform was adopted and as the iceman himself took steps to defrost the Cold War by strengthening diplomatic ties with Russia and China—it became increasingly difficult to figure out where to stand any more.

Then, late in 1972, in the heady afterglow of Nixon's trips behind the Iron and Bamboo curtains, a New York newspaper called the *Guardian* announced that it was going to sponsor a group of 20 people on a tour of The People's Republic of China. My name was suggested. The only credentials required were participation in some area loosely defined as "the arts" and evidence of liberal political leanings and activities, e.g., the antiwar movement. There probably aren't many minutemen in the arts, anyway.

The only *Guardian* I'd ever heard of was *The Manchester Guardian*, the left-of-center intellectual English daily. This *Guardian* was slightly to the left of Lenin—a Marxist-Leninist paper that hence enjoys excellent relations with China. I wanted to go to China, but I wasn't sure this was my golden opportunity. It took me long enough to become

a *liberal*, for God's sake. Traveling with a bunch of Marxists was more than I was ready for. What if I couldn't get back into the country? What if, five years from now, in the chaos of some crazed conservative purge, my name were on The List? Even if my father *had* campaigned for Nixon. Oh, well, I decided if there *were* a list, I'd be in good company. And, as it turned out, there *was*. I didn't make it, but Joe Namath did. And he doesn't even know who's *President*. It was time to develop the courage of my convictions, take a stand, accept responsibility for my actions. I was sick of being spineless. But Marxism-Leninism? I hadn't even read the *Manifesto*.

I asked who would be in the group. "Well, Harry Belafonte's been invited." Suddenly the picture brightened. Having the courage of my convictions with Belafonte as a bonus, *that* was incentive. "And Alan Arkin might come, Joe Papp, Judy Collins, David Amram. We're trying to reach Brando. . . ." That's *different*. Not only would they be great company but they would only be *liberals*.

But a few weeks later: "Belafonte can't come—he's got concert dates; Alan's doing a picture. Joe's tied up with several projects, Judy's recording, haven't heard from Amram, Brando's in Tahiti. . . ." Who *was* coming? The only names I knew were Ring Lardner, Jr., screenwriter of M*A*S*H, and his actress wife; Howard da Silva, a New York actor, and his actress wife; Alan Meyerson, who directed the film *Steelyard Blues*; Leigh French, an actress I knew from *The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour*; Alice Childress, a New York playwright; Rita Martinson, a singer-composer who toured with Jane Fonda in the *F. T. A.* show; Pat Sitich, a television actress; Harold Leventhal, a theatrical manager; and Bert Schneider, a film producer, who had suggested me in the first place. There was also a realist-muralist from Chicago, a poet-professor from New York, a folk singer from Michigan, a movement writer from Los Angeles, a guerrilla playwright and a director of mime, both from San Francisco, a feminist writer/factory worker from Chicago, a novelist from New York and a representative from the *Guardian* who would serve as group leader.

The *Guardian's* intention was to assemble a representative group from different racial, geographical and financial backgrounds. Five people's trips were subsidized by other members in the group. There were nine men, 12 women, 16 whites, four blacks and one *chicano*. Five were hard-core Marxist-Leninists, three soft-core. There were six old-line radicals, two young radicals, one Black Muslim, one women's libber, two committed vegetarians and one McGovern Democrat (guess who).

The *Guardian* advised specificity in

the visa application. If you'd made films, for example, list titles. Give examples of political activity, etc. It was implied that my political credentials might be substandard. I wasn't sure by *whose* standards—the Chinese' or the *Guardian's*. Later I learned it was the *Guardian* that wanted a politically homogeneous group; the Chinese like people of varied backgrounds, contrasting beliefs. But by then I wasn't taking any chances.

My visa application contained enough subversive activity to put me behind bars for years. For "Profession," I put "actress/journalist." Then I slyly synopsized some of the films I'd been in: *The Sand Pebbles*, a story of American imperialism in China; *Getting Straight*, about the college revolution in America; *Soldier Blue*, the white man's annihilation of the American Indian; *Carnal Knowledge* dealt with the oppression of women in America; *T. R. Baskin*, the alienation of urban life. I left out *The Adventurers*. It read like the most radical catalog of films ever to hit the silver screen. It made Jane Fonda look like Sandra Dee.

Next came "Political Activities": Slept at Alcatraz during the Indian occupation, board member Friends of the Earth, campaigned actively for the antiwar candidate, abortion reform, participated in Vietnam moratoriums. Women's Ring-Around-the-Congress, jailed for obstructing a hallway during an antiwar protest in the Senate—all from the girl who brought you Barry Goldwater.

Sending off my visa application was like waiting for college acceptance. I knew I wouldn't get in.

I did.

Soon I was sent my itinerary. It read, "Guardian Cultural Workers' Visit to China—April 15 to May 10"—and was addressed, "Dear Cultural Worker: You will be visiting the following cities in China: Canton, Changsha, Shaoshan, Peking, Soochow and Shanghai." What in God's name. I wondered, was a Cultural Worker? I was the only one in the group who had to ask. A Cultural Worker, in Marxist terminology, is someone in the arts. For the next month I was to be one.

The group converged in San Francisco for the JAL flight to Tokyo. In a monolithic heap before the check-in counter were guitars, autoharps, harmonicas, radical reading matter, still and movie cameras, tape recorders, raw honey and organic juices. The group leader from the *Guardian* was a girl about my age with close-cropped dark hair, wire-rimmed glasses, work shirt and jeans. She looked like my fantasy of a commissar, but the initial austerity of her appearance was betrayed by a sweet face and a small, wispy voice. It was *her* debut as a group leader and she attacked the responsibility of shepherding 20 people to

(continued on page 88)



*Alexandra
The
Great*

*miss hay provides
a delightful reminder of the days
when hollywood had glamor
photography by mario casilli*



In her latest starring role—in Cinerama's just-released film *How to Seduce a Woman*—actress Alexandra Hay plays the sexy proprietor of an art gallery, a part that she explains was a natural for her. "I've always been a great art lover," she says, "although my tastes in art might well be considered conservative. My favorites are Monet and Dürer and I hate cubism and surrealism." The cultivated Miss Hay's tastes extend to other areas as well—notably, classical music (she plays piano) and opera. "I'm quite an opera singer myself," she claims facetiously. "I can sing the arias from *La Bohème* and *Carmen*—quite rottenly, in fact."







Alexandra's first feature-length film was *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, in which she played a carhop. Even though it was her first real acting experience and her role was a minor one, she managed to impress the likes of Katharine Hepburn and the late Spencer Tracy. "It was marvelous working with Tracy and Hepburn," she recalls. "I think that was the happiest movie I've ever done." The movies have been good to her, yet deep down, Alexandra misses the glamor of the old Hollywood. In a bit of pictorial wish fulfillment, photographer Mario Casilli has captured the rising star as she might have looked during Hollywood's golden age.



After *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, Alexandra's career accelerated; she's had starring roles in several films, including *The Love Machine* and *How Come Nobody's on Our Side*, to be released soon. But her Big Film, she feels, is yet to come. "I'd really love to do a period movie," she muses. "Perhaps a tragic role with lots of period costumes, a film steeped in elegance and grace." Although certain Hollywood prophets have likened her rise to the early careers of Monroe and Harlow, Alexandra prefers to think of herself as the Bette Davis type. "I'm more of a serious actress than a sex symbol," Miss Hay insists. Well, then, she must be a *very* serious actress.



CULTURAL WORKER

(continued from page 80)

China and back with earnest but querulous officiousness.

I was a total basket case about the prospect of traveling 25 days with 20 people. Just *thinking* about it gave me claustrophobia. No matter how much I hated it, I wouldn't be able to leave. I don't deal easily with groups, especially wild-eyed, zealous ones. I am not collectivist or zealous by nature. I am selfish and intolerant. But I'm getting better. A pathologically low threshold of boredom and an inordinate need for space and privacy combine into a major character defect I'm determined to overcome. In a group whose Marxist commitment runs rampant, I'm just along for the ride. I want to see China as a tourist, not as a revolutionary architect. So the simplest stratagem to adopt during a month of dialectical-materialist dialog is to sit back, relax and be a sponge.

We were flying economy class, of course, this being a workers' tour and all, but it was still somewhat of a shock to my system. I'm the first to admit it—which doesn't mean I'm proud of it. But I haven't flown tourist since college, and while I always feel guilty and uncomfortable about the implied segregation of traveling first-class, I *like* it, and I never felt guilty enough to fly tourist. Anyway, the studios always paid for it. I was only following orders.

It was nighttime and raining in Tokyo when we arrived. Five o'clock in the morning our time. We were told it would be 20 minutes before the bus arrived to take us to our hotel. At the risk of exposing capitalist tendencies, someone suggested sharing a taxi. Our group leader explained that a spirit of unity and collectivism was the goal of the group and a few people taking a taxi would differentiate between those who could afford it and those who couldn't. It was clear that taking the bus was a measure of our Marxist convictions. "Be a good socialist," she cooed. We waited for the bus.

A sign in the hotel in Tokyo read, SPECIAL GUARDIAN GROUP. The letters kept falling off, a good omen. *The Fountainhead* was playing on the TV in my room. For some reason I could never understand, that seemed to be one of those books that changed everyone's life. Everyone's, that is, but those in the SPECIAL GUARDIAN GROUP.

On to Hong Kong, where a group meeting was called in the lobby of our hotel with amused Chinese looking on. Its purpose was to announce the following morning's departure time by train and to elect our "Delegation Leader." We couldn't agree on anyone, but we heatedly discussed when to continue the discussion and finally agreed to resume the next day in Canton. Then we were told to introduce ourselves, and one by

one we announced our name, profession and purpose of trip. It was like show-and-tell time. That proceeded quite soberly and tediously: "My name is _____, I'm an actor and a director and I'd like to discuss their feelings about Stanislavsky. You know, they think of him as a Khrushchev revisionist." "My name is _____, I'm a writer and I want to see successful examples of communalism and democratic centralism." "My name is _____, I'm a writer and a factory worker. I want to compare wages and working conditions with factories at home." Then: "My name is Leigh French, I'm an actress and a teacher and a Cancer with Gemini rising." I guffawed. No one else even smiled. I'd counted on Leigh for levity, and she came through. Alan Meyerson said, "I'm a director and I'd like to see a country where people don't say, 'You should have been here before the Americans ruined it.' I'd also like to know more about their studies in psychic phenomena." "They don't have any of that," the group leader snapped impatiently. "Yes, they do," said Alan quietly. Thus began the Marxist metaphysical schism. Soon everyone was speaking at once. A short, dumpy girl complained contemptuously, "I think we should conduct this as a collective enterprise, make our decisions in a collective manner and raise our hands."

Next morning we left Hong Kong by train for the Chinese border town of Shumchun. We arrived, taut with anticipation, and walked across the border through a stream of foreigners, most of them British, leaving the Canton Trade Fair. That trek along the tracks into China was like something out of *Gunfight at O. K. Corral*. Seldom has one walk meant so much to so few. For several in the group, it meant Marxist Mecca. To me, at the time, it meant terror. Excitement, of course, but also terror. Yellow Hordes, Red Guards, uniforms, masses. I saw it—like most Americans—as a threat to my very being. You would have thought I were *moving* there instead of visiting for three weeks.

At the check point on either side of me were the signs, beet-red with snow-white letters, exclaiming, LONG LIVE THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA, LONG LIVE THE UNITY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD. A baby-faced people's-liberation-army man with a red star on his cap and a rifle and sneakers casually examined my passport. In China, the only way to distinguish an officer from an enlisted man is to look at the pockets on their jackets: officers have four, enlisted men, two.

The border had a certain Iron Curtain flavor to it. Very militaristic, highly regimental, policed, purposeful, unsmiling. It was the only place in China where we saw anyone armed. The army guys had rifles and the buildings were a warm, Neo-Stalinist gray. We were shown into a

large, multistoried building and one of an endless line of waiting rooms. Political broadcasts and revolutionary choruses came crashing out of loud-speakers. On a shelf were stacks of magazines on China and enough Little Red Books to put the Gideons to shame—all free and in different languages, with a sign saying, HELP YOURSELF. After a cursory luggage check, we passed through customs into yet another series of waiting rooms. Enormous rooms, with light tumbling through huge windows filtered by billowing white-lace curtains. They were comfortable, airy, even beautiful. But I kept feeling like I was in a convent or a hospital.

Then it was time for lunch—at the Shumchun railroad station, of all places. It was one of the best Chinese meals I've ever eaten and one of the best we had in China. Girls in braids and white jackets refilled our glasses after we'd hardly touched them to our lips, and food was in abundance. All of us had switched to our best behavior: intensely polite, respectful, soft-spoken and considerate. We sweetly asked our Chinese guides' permission to leave the table ("May I" have the bean sprouts, etc.). China seemed to affect us like little kids who think Santa's watching.

I went off to explore my first Chinese bathroom. What high adventure. It was, like everything else, immaculate, with shining tile, no mirror and *pink* toilet paper. No one else seemed to care when I came careening out with the news.

Most people are understandably indifferent to trains, but Chinese trains are something to get excited about. They're perfect. A finished fantasy. For one thing, they're punctual; for another, they're silent (except for intermittent blasts of martial music); for another, they're gorgeous. The seats are covered with crisp white-lace antimacassars, the windows with white-lace curtains, and potted plants perch on each table, where jasmine tea is served in flowered porcelain mugs. And the cars are *air conditioned*.

The countryside slides smoothly by in symmetrical shades of green—an abrupt change from the other side of the border. Gone is the garbage from the water; left behind is the litter on the streets. Every arable inch of land is cultivated—planted with trees or rice—by people working here and there in what seems a most serene and pastoral landscape.

The Chinese are lined up five deep outside the Canton station to watch the Foreign Devils being disgorged. There are flowers at the station, in old ornate pots and in trim, modest gardens. Touches like that continued to turn up everywhere, and I was always surprised and impressed by the apparent anomaly of attempts at beautification in a struggling revolutionary society.

I found Canton, as I was to find most other Chinese cities we saw, spotless and

(continued on page 150)

haldeman: tuck, you started all of this.
tuck: yeah, but you guys ran it into the ground

article **By Dick Tuck**



WATERGATE WASN'T ALL MY FAULT

Turning [to] the Segretti matter. Early in the precampaign period I agreed with an idea that was suggested to set up a man functioning independently of the White House, the Committee to Re-elect [the President] and the [Republican] National Committee, for the purpose of generating for our side the same kind of [activity] that [was] so ably carried out over the years for Democratic candidates and in 1972 for Senator McGovern by Dick Tuck, a man who has been widely praised as clever and acceptable parts of our political tradition. The repertoire of the political prankster includes such activities as printing up embarrassing signs for the opponent, posing in trainman's clothes and waving the campaign train out of the station, placing an agent on the opponent's campaign train to produce witty newsletters mocking the candidate, distributing opposition signs at rallies for use by members of the crowd, encouraging bandleaders to play rival songs at rallies, and so forth.

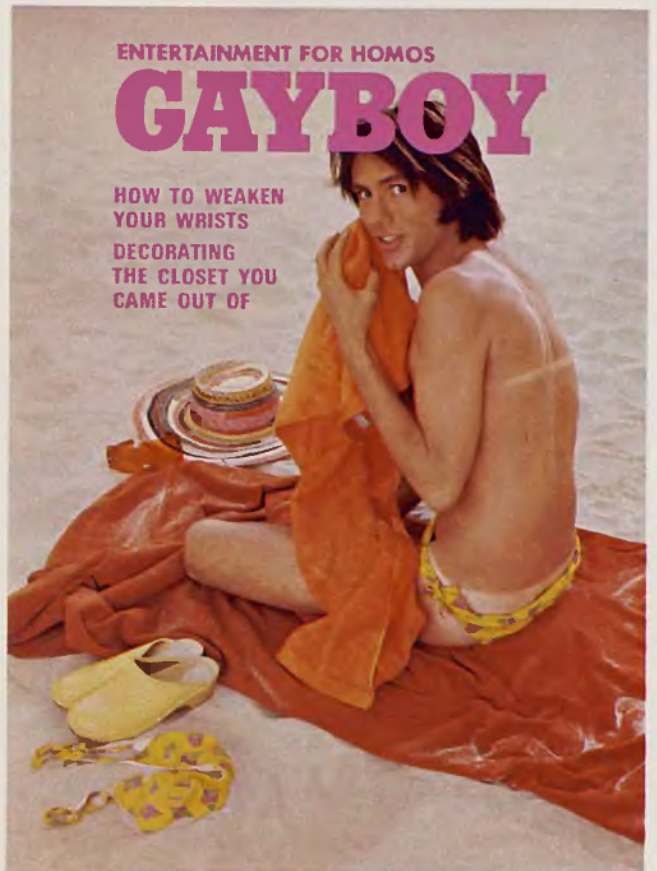
—OPENING STATEMENT OF H. R. HALDEMAN BEFORE THE SENATE WATERGATE COMMITTEE, JULY 31, 1973

SACHEL PAGE used to say, "Don't look back, 'cause something might be gaining on you." In 1973, it was. The Watergate investigation was supposed to cover the past couple of years, but we all found ourselves looking back much farther than that. When my name popped up in the testimony of four or five Watergate witnesses, I began to wonder. Were the references to "developing a Dick Tuck capability" and "Dick Tuck with Watergate?" Then Haldeman formalized the charge in his well-prepared statement. I had been fingered by the top aide and alter ego of the President of the United States—perhaps by the President himself—as a factor in one (continued on page 92)

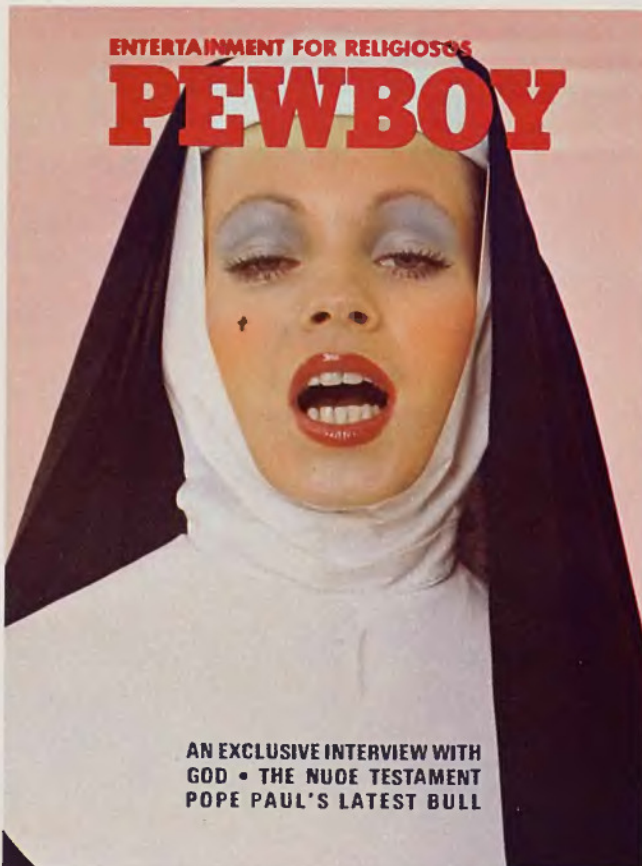
BE OUR GUEST

seven sure-fire publishing ideas based on a certain well-known format

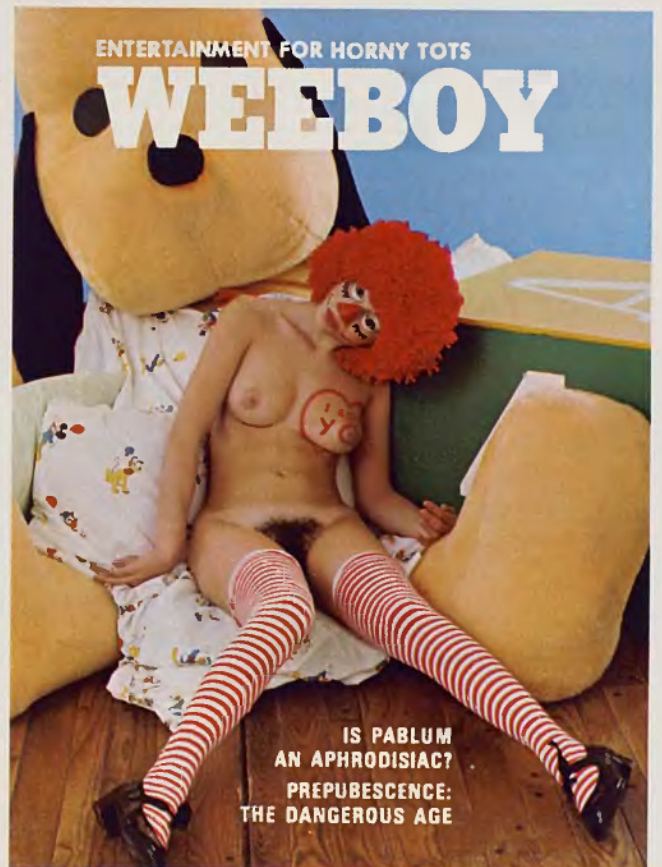
WELL, NO, we really don't mind the fact that PLAYBOY is the most imitated magazine in history. And yes, we're sincerely flattered. But why should only a few dozen publishers get rich by aping us? Why doesn't *everyone* jump onto the band wagon? You guys out there, putting out your specialty magazines, why not get yourselves a centerfold, hire a few sex-crazed photographers, throw in some kinky—what the hell, let's get specific. We don't mean to set ourself up as an expert, but we just thought we'd show you the kinds of publications *we'd* launch if we didn't already have a lot on our mind. So here are suggestions for a wide variety of special-interest magazines that should do dynamite business at the newsstands—or at least give the mailman his jollies. Just be careful where you put those staples, and—this is important—if you're the editor-publisher, remember the pipe and Pepsi.



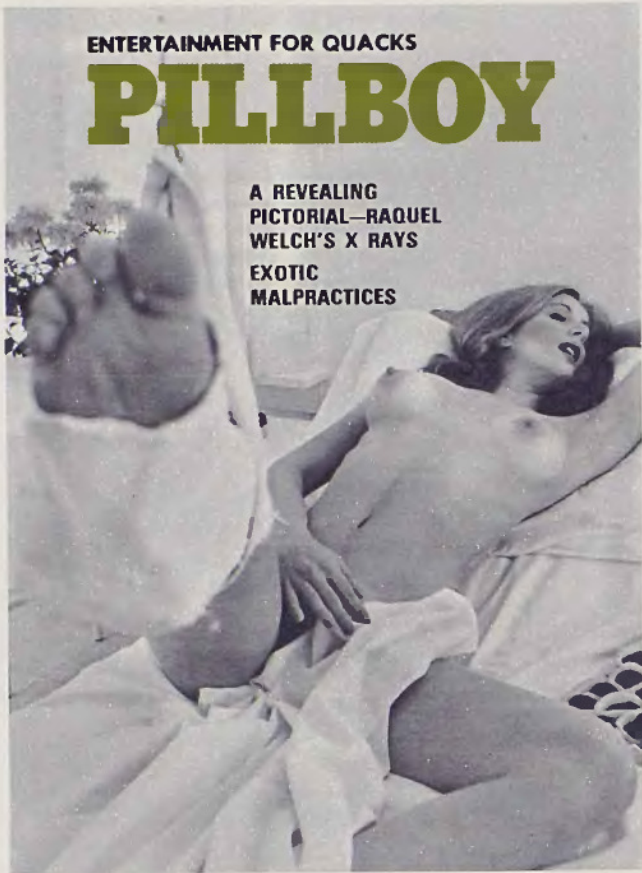
Plus these added features: A History of Sex in Cinema Men's Rooms • Fire Island on \$150 a Day • Chest Hair—Baon or Bane? • Gayboy's Guide to Private Flying • Steam Bath Fashions: Teensy Towels! . . .



Also: Prayers to Undress By • The Girls of the Vatican • Ten New Begetting Techniques • Pewboy Pad: Right-On Rectory • The Nudest Salome • Pewboy Potables—Bubbly Communion Wines. . . .



Testing the Hot '74 Prams • Weeboy's Potables: A Vintage Year for Mather's Milk • A Survey of Prebaptismal Sex • Fashion Preview: See-Through Diapers • The New Turn-On: Talcum Powder. . . .



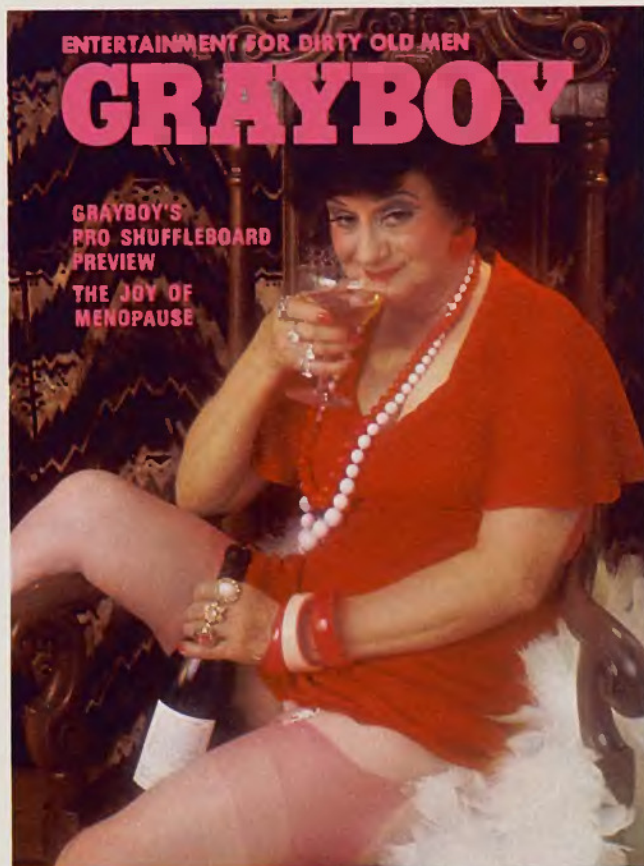
Linda Lovelace on Strep Throat • V. D.—Giving and Getting for the Holiday Season • Fun Physicals: A Pictorial • Twenty Tricks with Tongue Depressors • Pillboy Previews the New Epidemics. . . .



Revealing Post Office Photos • Xmas Gift Giving: Personalized Traffic Tickets • The Whores of Precinct 42 • "My Ten Most Moving Violations," by Sergeant O'Malley • Flat New Footwear. . . .



Should Horticulture Be Legalized? • The Calves of Iowa • Making Hay with Your Plowmate • Ten Fun Things to Do with a Corncob 4-H Foreplay • A Look at the Hot New '74 Threshers • And More. . . .



On the Town in St. Petersburg • Little Granny Fanny • Gourmet Guide to Food You Can Chew • A Swinging Grayboy Pad: All Ramps • Grayboy Tests the '74 Hearses • The Girls of Leisure Village.

WATERGATE

(continued from page 89)

of the biggest scandals in the history of the United States.

So it was time for some soul-searching. Did my tricks spawn their tricks? Did I deserve some of the blame for Watergate? I couldn't plead total innocence, since the Nixon crowd and I have been crossing paths for many years now. But as I thought about this White House Tuckophobia, I realized that it had all been a misunderstanding right from the start.

In 1950, I was a GI Bill student at the University of California at Santa Barbara. I was also becoming addicted to politics and political campaigns, and the only game in town was the race for a U. S. Senate seat. I backed the glamorous Helen Gahagan Douglas over one Richard Nixon—who you could tell wasn't going anywhere anyway.

I was, therefore, surprised when a Nixon staff member approached me about a month before the election and asked me to advance Nixon's visit to the campus the following week. It seems that an absent-minded professor, remembering only my interest in politics and not my affiliation, had suggested my name to the Nixon staff. "Why not?" I thought—this would be my first advance. I began making arrangements.

The speech was scheduled for a Thursday. A good choice, I thought, since most classes were held Monday, Wednesday and Friday. I picked the time; four in the afternoon seemed best, since there was nothing going on to conflict with the visit. There was so little going on, in fact, that the campus was empty.

With considerable effort I got the big auditorium, which seats around 1800. The moment arrived and after delaying the meeting for half an hour for the late-comers, who, unfortunately, were outnumbered by those who grew impatient and left, I introduced Mr. Nixon. I like an introduction that raises more questions than it answers, but I may have overdone it. After about 25 minutes, Nixon interrupted me and said he would have to speak immediately. So, concluding with a flourish, I said, "Here is Mr. Nixon, who will speak to us about a subject of importance to all Californians—the International Monetary Fund!" His gasp was louder than the applause and, I must say, his talk was somewhat incoherent.

After the speech, he walked to his car and, stopping before he got in, motioned me over. To thank me, no doubt. He asked my name. When I told him, he said, "Dick Tuck, this is your last advance!" He simply misunderstood. . . . After all, we carried Santa Barbara in 1950.

Two years later, I was in Sacramento when I learned that Nixon's train would be in nearby Marysville. There was a rumor that Nixon had a secret fund, and it occurred to me that his staff, overprotective even then, might not have told

him about the vicious rumor. Realizing that it would be difficult to get close to him, I stopped on the way to Marysville and had a large sign made. The train was just pulling out as I arrived at the station. I raced down the platform, my sign and I both shouting, "Tell us about the sixteen thousand dollars!" Fortunately, I caught his attention and he stopped the train.

But once more, he misunderstood. He pointed his finger at me and said to the crowd, "You folks know the work I did investigating Communists in the United States. Ever since I did that, the Communists and left-wingers have been fighting me with every possible smear."

At that moment, a man left his place behind Nixon and, sidling up to me, muttered out of the side of his mouth, "Where the hell have you been? You almost missed the train!"

While I puzzled that one over, Nixon continued: "When I received the nomination for the Vice-Presidency, I was warned that if I continued to attack the Communists in this Government, they would continue to smear me." The speech went on in this vein, but I was so stunned that he seemed to be talking about me that I heard little more of what he said.

Returning to my car, I was absorbed in my dejection and, therefore, startled when a car suddenly screeched to a halt and two men jumped out with signs almost identical to mine. They asked if "Chotiner" had left their money with me. This Chotiner was, it seems, the man who had left Nixon's side to speak to me.

To understand Richard Nixon, you have to know Murray Chotiner. Perhaps his greatest contribution to American politics was the discovery that a candidate for high office could be packaged and sold just like a box of detergent or a tube of tooth paste. All you needed was the right sales program. Issues and political philosophy became irrelevant.

Before Chotiner handled Nixon, he showed his skill in the early campaigns of Earl Warren and William Knowland. One of his tactics was setting up phony Democratic committees for the Republican candidates. Since party affiliation did not appear on the ballots, at least 2,000,000 Democrats cast votes for these two Republicans and still swore they voted the straight Democratic ticket.

In 1946, Chotiner launched Nixon's campaign with an old ploy. Once he had decided on his candidate, *not* before, he got a group of prominent good-government types to sign a newspaper ad seeking a candidate. They didn't ask for much: how could they, knowing who it was they had in mind? The ad asked for "any young man . . . preferably a veteran, fair education . . . and possessed of a few ideas for betterment of country." Nixon managed to qualify, barely meeting Chotiner's tough requirements, and 30 years

of political history were in the making. In 1956, Chotiner toured the country conducting campaign schools. His speech could best be summarized as follows:

"Deny what they didn't charge and charge what they cannot deny."

"Always play in the other guy's sand pile and argue over his marbles."

"If it's our charge, we're revealing the facts; if it's theirs, it's a smear."

Denying what wasn't charged and charging what can't be denied is probably the best known and used of all the Nixon-Chotiner tricks. Take a look at any of the press conferences or statements on Watergate over the past year for the best evidence that coach Chotiner is back in action now that, as he said, "those amateurs, Haldeman and Ehrlichman, have been thrown out."

The virtuoso performance, according to Chotiner, was the Checkers speech in 1952—the answer to the revelation that Nixon had a secret fund of at least \$16,000. Here was Chotiner's boy denying that his wife had a mink coat (the symbol of corruption and a chorus girl's dream that year) and swearing that he would never return the dog that had been given to his children—not that anyone had asked him to. After denying what wasn't charged, he quickly jumped to the attack. The fact that staffers in Adlai Stevenson's office had received augmentation of their salaries could not be denied by Presidential candidate Stevenson; and the fact that Stevenson's running mate, John Sparkman, had his wife on the Senate payroll from time to time couldn't be denied, either. But "Pat Nixon has worked in my office night after night, and I can say proudly—she has never been on the Government payroll since I have been in Washington."

No wonder Chotiner said, "I think the classic that will live in all political history came on September 23, 1952, from Los Angeles, California, when the candidate for the Vice-Presidency answered, if you please, with an attack against those who made one on him!"

These tactics were successful in turning back the anti-Nixon sentiment developing in the Republican Party because of the secret fund. Ike put his arm around Dick and said, "You're my boy." They both went on to win, and Dick Nixon disappeared to that place in Washington where Vice-Presidents go. I figured he didn't need any more help from me, so I got involved in some state legislative races in California and the next thing I knew, it was 1956.

One summer's day that year found me at the no-name bar in Sausalito—actually, many days found me at the no name, but on this particular day, Nixon blew into town, bringing his whole act with him. It had something to do with the Republican National Convention, which was being held in San Francisco's Cow

(continued on page 96)

*for everything
from bike riding
to pub crawling,
an old favorite
comes back strong*

getting into sweaters

By **ROBERT L. GREEN**

Below: The "world's best motorcor" calls for something equally impressive on a gentleman's shoulders—perhaps a wool knit hooded cardigan with leather buttons, front pockets and ribbed cuffs, by Scott Barrie, \$110.



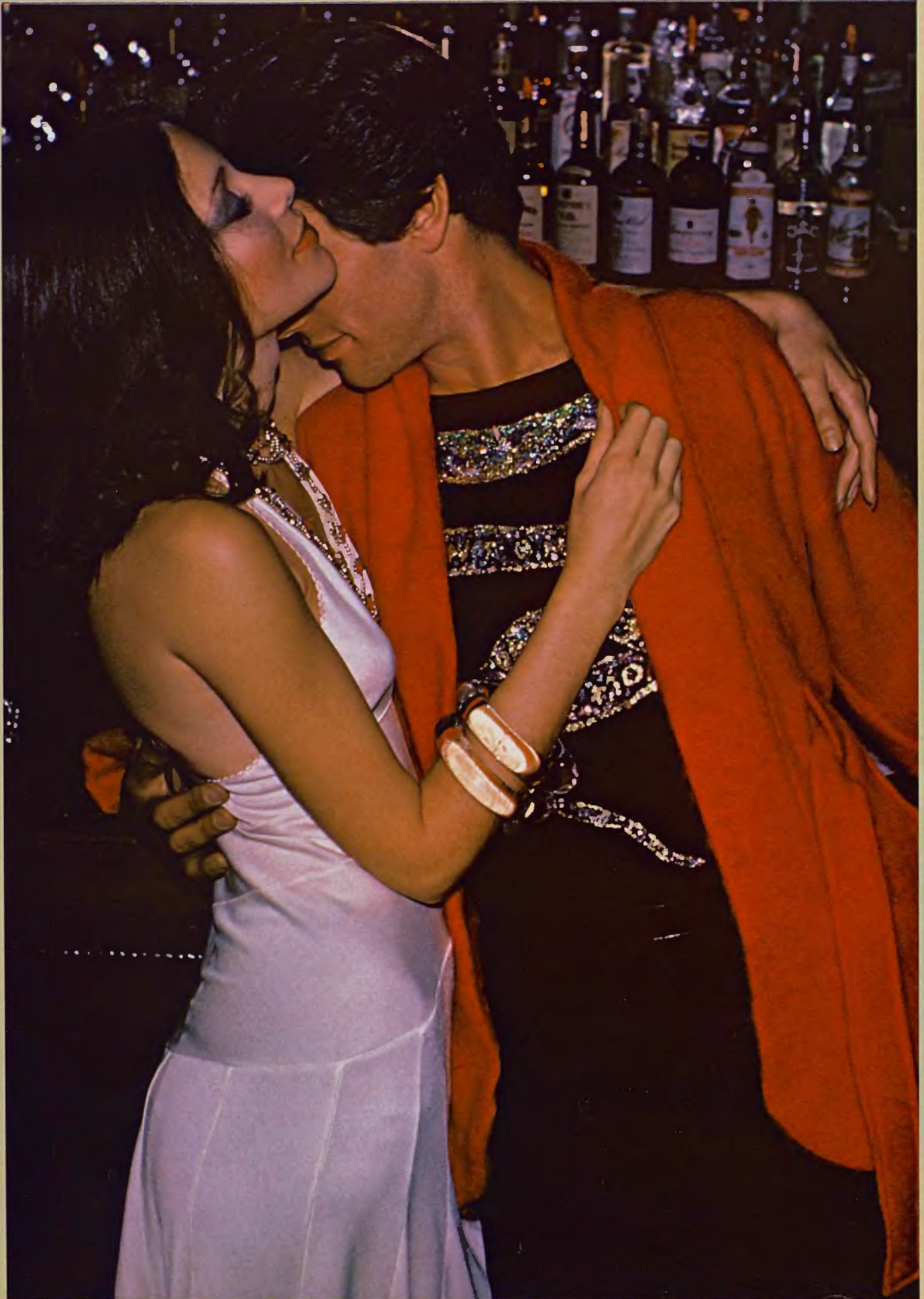
Of course, the old looped-scarf look will get them every time—but a raised-front-design mohair/acrylic crew-neck with contrasting neck, sleeves and ribbed waistband, by Himalaya, \$23, is a wise wardrobe addition to have around.

Remember the bad old days when a girl adjusting her garter rated a "Hubba-hubba"? OK, then you're old enough to remember the wrap-around, an early version of this wool sweater coat with shawl collar, by DDDominick, \$175.



IF WE ARE to believe Darwin, people used to come with built-in sweaters. This may have had its advantages, but what if a guy was born with a crew-neck and wanted to go a little more formal one evening? Tough luck, eh? Nowadays, however, there's more than one way to put skin on a cat. And if Darwin's modern-day buddies are right, we've been fleecing sheep for their naturals since neolithic times. From the Angora goat, with its stylish mohair wraps, to the Rambouillet ram, sporting the finest of woolen fibers, these otherwise unprepossessing creatures have occupied the front ranks of fashion since prehistory. But today the sweaters made from these hairs are no longer just something to throw on for a football game or a car wash; they range in price from a few bucks to a small fortune, and you can choose anything from a sitting-and-drinking model to a style that matches your Rolls-Royce. Whichever way you go, it's a good way for a man to keep himself covered.

Back in Hickory Corners, cocktails for two were never like this—and neither were the sweaters, such as this mohair wrap kimona model, available on special order from Pier Mellara Designs, about \$65. Too bad for Hickory Corners.



WATERGATE

(continued from page 92)

Palace. Once more, Nixon needed my help, this time because Harold Stassen (remember him?) and some others were engineering a stop-Nixon drive. I was pretty well identified as a Democrat by then, so I knew that anything I did for Nixon would best be done in the dark of night.

I went to his local headquarters and picked up a dozen of the largest and most elaborate Nixon signs. Late that night, I went out onto the Bayshore Boulevard leading to the Cow Palace and attached the Nixon posters to a series of road signs.

The next day, unnoticed, I boarded the Nixon press bus. As we reached the highway, I moved up front with Nixon's press secretary, Herb Klein, and the others to share their pleasure when the Nixon signs were first sighted. But, as they loomed into view, I was filled with chagrin. Not only did this highway lead to the Cow Palace, it was also the route the garbage trucks used. Each succeeding sign read DUMP NIXON.

. . .

When 1960 rolled around, I was the deputy director of motor vehicles for the state of California. I had been given the job because of my deep and lasting interest in traffic safety, my recognized ability as an administrator and because my candidate for governor, Pat Brown, had won the election. But I got tired of my friends' calling up and asking for motor vehicles and, since I never was sure where the office was, I quit and went to Washington. After all, the Presidential campaign was upon us, and this was the big one. The House, the Senate, the Vice-Presidency were all behind Nixon and ahead was the gold ring. Could we have known then that it would turn out to be brass?

Nixon has always complained that the press doesn't cover him honestly, so I decided to do my part to reveal the real Richard Nixon. If this was a matter of interest to the public, I thought, then it would certainly concern John Kennedy. So I proposed to the Kennedy organization that I be their Nixon correspondent, filing regular reports that would help them come to know the true man.

Not long ago, it was revealed that our old friend Chotiner hired at least two people to cover, surreptitiously, the various Democratic candidates in the 1972 campaign. Unlike Chotiner's covert agents, my presence and my employer were well known to the Nixon organization, although my sympathy for Nixon was not, for some reason. Also, unlike the Chotiner operatives, I never got \$1000 a week. (The Kennedys, in those days, surrendered dollars about as often as they did primaries. A hundred dollars a week was tops, unless you were a woman; then it was \$50, no matter what you did.)

So, with my tape recorder and my bowling-ball suitcase, I hit the road with Richard Nixon. On black-tie occasions, my reversible bowling shoes became patent-leather pumps and my bowling shirt, when reversed, shined the lapels of my only dark suit. It was a simpler world then, and nobody suspected a guy carrying a bowling bag.

I faithfully followed my leader, sometimes on his plane, sometimes on the press plane, and, on those occasions when an overzealous campaign aide threw me off the plane, on my thumb. Whether it was Dubuque or Memphis, I found that an indignant "What! You don't recognize Scotty Reston?" was better than a press pass. If that didn't work, I put on a Western Union badge and looked old or young, depending on the town.

Since the Kennedys weren't paying me all that much, I felt some part of the long days of the 1960 campaign belonged to me, and what better way to spend the time than by helping my old friend Nixon?

I was in Memphis at the time of the first debate. As it ended, I wondered if Nixon could evaluate what had happened. This was a totally new political phenomenon, and even the political writers of the day didn't know how to judge it. And the Nixon staff certainly wouldn't tell him anything. Even if they knew anything.

I was lucky. Following the debate, Nixon flew from Chicago to Memphis, where I waited at the airport to greet him. But I was faced once more with the problem of his overprotective staff and his inexplicable order to "keep that man away from me." I needed a courier. I found an accommodating matronly lady who agreed to deliver my message. The airplane pulled up to the ramp, the engines stopped and the crowd gathered at the foot of the stairs. As the lights went up and the TV cameras whirred, my lady was there to greet Nixon with a big hug and a loud "Don't worry, son! He beat you last night, but you'll get him next time." Nixon's face dropped and it took him several minutes to spot me smiling happily in the crowd. This sort of thing pricked the imagination of newspapermen, who felt more of an obligation to avoid boring the public than the politicians did. So it was reported that when the Nixon Victory Special pulled into Chillicothe, Ohio, and Nixon stepped onto the rear platform to speak, who should appear on the scene, disguised in a conductor's uniform (having changed in a phone booth, no doubt), but lovable prankster Dick Tuck. While Nixon was in midsentence, conductor Tuck signaled the engineer, who promptly took the train out of the station.

Repetition has firmly established the

story as fact. Even Haldeman and Nixon believe it. No amount of denial on my part can make that story inoperative. But I wasn't even in Chillicothe that day and I have never disguised myself as a conductor. Nor have I ever waved a train out of a station—but I wish to hell I had.

Along with this story, Haldeman made references to other Dick Tuck tricks in his prepared statement before the Watergate committee. One that particularly surprised me was the business of "encouraging bandleaders to play rival songs." Another myth. There were occasions when I was asked what Nixon's favorite song was. Naturally, I would oblige. In Manchester, New Hampshire, during the 1968 primary, I was chatting with Tom Wicker of *The New York Times* and waiting for Nixon to arrive when I heard the bandleader asking about the candidate's favorite song. I was only too happy to tell him. Wicker and I took a position near the door as the Nixon caravan arrived. Nixon walked confidently into the lobby—and the band struck up *Mack the Knife*. If the point was lost on most of the crowd, it wasn't lost on Nixon. He paused, looked around and, seeing me, came directly over to tell Wicker that he was in bad company. We all had a good chuckle. Mr. Nixon was kind of a wag in those days. . . .

The 1960 campaign ended at last. They finally counted all the votes in Texas and Illinois, and Camelot went to Washington. But old Nixon watchers knew that we hadn't heard the last of R.M.N. We knew that this close defeat would have a profound effect on him. And we were right.

In 1962, Nixon and Chotiner were back. This time, in the California race for governor. Their political bunko scheme that year called for setting up a phony committee, which they called the Committee for the Preservation of the Democratic Party in California. While they didn't have a John Connally, they did have Haldeman, Kalmbach, Ziegler, Chapin and a young volunteer named Segretti. This committee sent out a loaded questionnaire to 500,000 "conservative Democrats." (Do you think Pat Brown has stopped beating his wife yet? Yes or No.) When the hoax was exposed, the Nixon people denied having anything to do with it. But in a lawsuit brought by the Democratic Party, Judge Byron Arnold of the Superior Court of San Francisco (the Judge Sirica of his day) found that "Mr. Nixon and Mr. Haldeman approved the plan and project" and that "the mailing constituted fraud." It was also shown in the court documents that Haldeman paid out \$70,000 for the project—the largest expenditure for salaries of the entire campaign. Some political prank. Well, they had their pranks and I had mine.

(continued on page 100)

BODY ENGLISH

By RICHARD KENNEDY

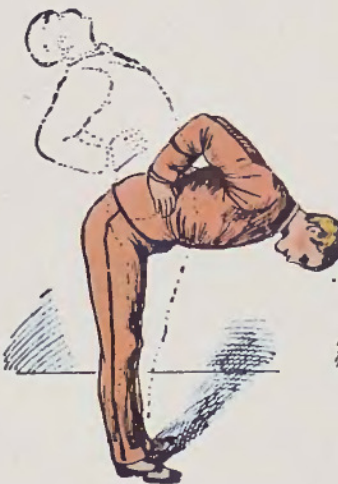
what a person reveals about himself when his head is inside a punch bowl

THE STUDY OF BODY ENGLISH—those nonverbal expressions and gestures that reveal a person's inner feelings—has become a burgeoning discipline. Scientists in this field have concluded that social gatherings provide the best context for the observance of Body English, as subjects are likely to be in a relaxed state and thus expose themselves more willingly. The following poses and attitudes are among the most commonly noted during festive occasions and it is hoped that the serious student will memorize this basic vocabulary in a new and exciting language.

An attitude meant by the subject to indicate that he is perfectly sober. This gesture is sometimes combined with a lamp shade pulled smartly over the forehead.



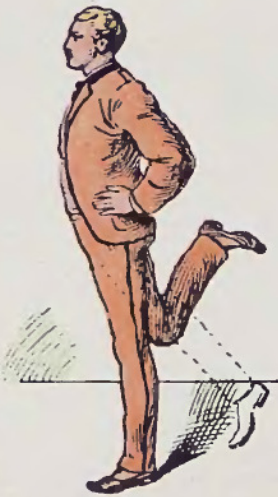
A greeting. The subject's employer has just entered the ballroom.



This indicates to all present that the subject has been thinking things over and wishes to be appreciated for her mind as well as her body.



The gentleman would like the lady to try some punch, but the lady indicates her reluctance to do so.



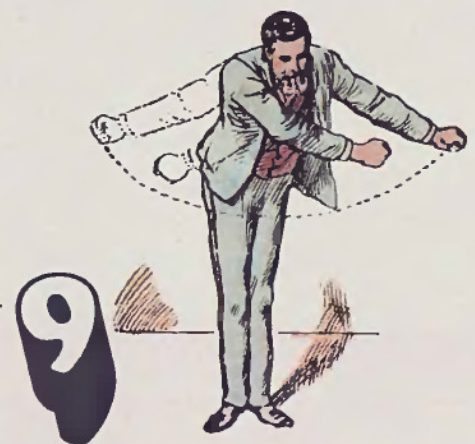
5 A scratching motion is made with the foot, much as an animal flings soil over feces. An apologetic gesture, as if the subject has made a particularly awkward faux pas and is hoping to clean up after it.

6 A warning. Do not give offense to this subject or she will strike you about the throat.

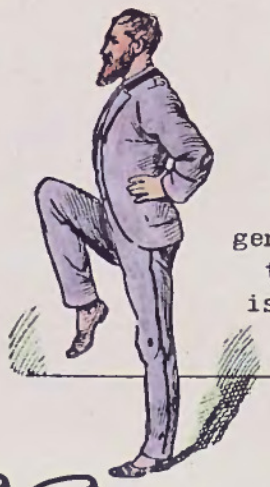


7 The arms are flapped up and down as if they were wings. An indication to any homosexuals in the group that he is the same.

Ranking perhaps as low in subtlety as a gesture can, this attitude is of a man who has found the punch bowl empty and is calling attention to the fact.



9 The man is advertising the fact that he is a swinger. Very likely he is not.



The head being thus revolved by the lady means she would like to accompany the gentleman on a trip around the world. The gentleman is earnestly assuring her that he will keep a sharp lookout for pagan savages throughout their journey.

10

11 The subject brings his knee up strongly into another's groin. Indicates disagreement and often mild annoyance.





An attitude that conveys one of two things. It means that the gentleman wishes to engage in fisticuffs with one of very small stature or it is a boast that his manhood is of such length that it may be plucked like a bass string.

14

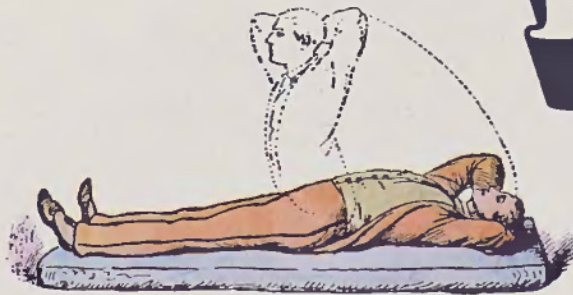


12

Removing all her clothes, the subject stands on the fringe of a group in a comely pose. Her particular erogenous zones have been indicated with quill and ink. The meaning is clear.

13

The arms are pumped vigorously up and down. Indicates approval of the lady's attitude at left.

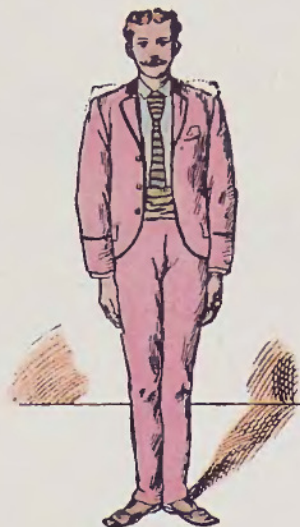


15

An open, honest statement. The subject first sits on the floor or a mat, puts his hands behind his head and flops straight backward—passed-out drunk.

16

The hostess has turned her back on her guests, which means the party is over and everyone should go home.



17

The subject exhibits a simple shrug, indicating that all this Body English business is Greek to him. He intends to stay the night with the hostess.

WATERGATE

(continued from page 96)

It has been called the Chinatown Caper. The former Vice-President went to Los Angeles' Chinatown and was met by the usual delegation—a Miss Chinatown, distinguished Chinese elders and children bearing signs, some in English saying WELCOME NIXON! and others with colorful Chinese characters. Nixon posed smiling for the TV cameras until an agitated Chinese elder whispered that the Chinese signs said, HOW ABOUT THE HUGHES LOAN?—a reference to the \$205,000 unsecured loan Howard Hughes had made to Nixon's brother, Donald. Nixon, in a performance that would be outdone only by his "final" press conference (or the push he gave poor Ron Ziegler in New Orleans), snatched the signs from the children's hands and ripped them to shreds—all on the evening news. Overnight, a subject the Republicans had been trying to cover up was debated openly.

Every now and then, there was an indication that Nixon *did* have a sense of humor. Just before the '62 election, he was speaking at a Los Angeles Press Club luncheon. Somehow my name came up during the question-and-answer period. He smiled and said, "Well, the last time I saw Tuck was at one of my rallies and he was wearing a Nixonette costume."

As the laughter died, I gained the floor and announced, "I will never reveal how he found out it was me in that Nixonette dress."

Nixon did not become governor of California; if he had, some say he wouldn't be President today. On the other hand, perhaps that shattering defeat in 1962 contributed to the psychology that brought us Watergate. Six of one, half a dozen of another.

• • •

Out of politics for the first time in 16 years, Nixon moved to New York and started doing well in the practice of law. He also traveled a lot. I remember running into him at the Rome airport in the spring of 1964 when he was holding a press conference. The meeting was friendly. He mentioned that he had heard the day before that Pierre Salinger had entered the Senate race in California. I said that I might go back and get Herb Klein to run against him. Nixon laughed and headed for his plane. As he reached the ramp marked PAN AM FLIGHT TWO, I heard him ask the stewardess if it was flight two to Cairo. She simply pointed to the sign, and with that he growled, "I know what the sign says, but is *this* flight two?"—looking straight at me. Another misunderstanding.

With Nixon practicing law, politics just wasn't the same for me. But October 1964 saw the Johnson-Goldwater campaign competing with paint drying and grass growing as a spectator sport and I

had to do something. Goldwater, in desperation—or in form—had decided to resort to the ways of the past and whistle-stop through the heart of Republicanland, U.S.A.: West Virginia, Ohio and Indiana. Since Barry and His Boys had not exactly made a name for themselves as a fun group, I thought this time capsule could use some help as it traveled through Middle America. Perhaps a publication of some sort—a house organ—a spot publication; and the more ridiculous the spot, the more ridiculous the publication. It was called *The Whistle-stop* and we managed to deliver it under every compartment door during the night.

It was a service publication: "In order to end confusion over the various time zones we are traveling through," the first issue announced helpfully, "Senator Goldwater has proclaimed that we will keep our watches on Washington time—George Washington, that is." It also included isometric exercises for conservative stomachs and cautioned against walking off the edge of the earth. And it reassured all that the water aboard the train wasn't fluoridated.

The paper good-naturedly took note of the size of the crowds along the way and compared them with Richard Nixon's similar trip four years earlier. It also noted which Republican leaders avoided the train like the plague and gossiped about squabbles among the Goldwater staff.

Unfortunately, it was the Goldwater staff that enjoyed the paper least. Before long, like a scene from *The Orient Express*, the train was crowded with railroad dicks, Pinkertons and, some said, men from Interpol.

Then it happened! Goldwater's press secretary, Victor Gold (more recently one of the saner members of the Agnew staff), decided enough was enough. Some said he played it like Humphrey Bogart, although those less inclined to be charitable said it was more like Bela Lugosi. The culprit was found: A pretty young girl turned out to be the deliveryperson. With a grand flourish, Gold stopped our "last train to Toledo" and ejected her, shouting as cameras rolled, "Young lady, you have made your last delivery!" Roger Mudd, who was a struggling young TV correspondent in those days, couldn't find his camera crew at first, so Gold, who was always obliging, let the girl get back aboard the train and gave television its first instant replay.

The paper continued to publish, incidentally. The girl was made News Deliveryboy of the Month and won a free trip to Disneyland. To the rest of the world, thanks to a then current best seller, she became known as "the spy who was thrown out in the cold."

History records that Goldwater lost,

and before I knew it, it was election time again—1966. In California, Pat Brown was to try for a third term as governor and, thanks to the Supreme Court decision on reapportionment, 13 new state-senate seats came up for grabs. I was late for the caucus that was choosing the Democratic nominee for one of the seats but agreed that its choice would be mine. They said that was nice, since that choice was *me*. Not only was I the most qualified, they said, but I was also the only one who lived in the district. Furthermore, since there was a large poverty pocket in the district, I could speak for the unemployed as one of their own.

It was a spirited campaign, complete with low blows. For instance, my billboards that started with THE JOB NEEDS TUCK ended with AND TUCK NEEDS THE JOB. I might have won, had it not been for two natural disasters. The first struck about ten days before the election.

There I was in the Democratic primary, in the most Democratic of districts, fighting to demonstrate my true Democratic credentials, when Nixon came to town. And he endorsed me!

Recovering quickly, I challenged him to a debate. And I said—in the spirit of fair play—just to make it even, I wouldn't shave. Nixon left town laughing.

The other disaster? The climax of my campaign was Huckleberry Tuck Day, which was the Saturday before the election. The Los Angeles River wends its concrete-walled way through the heart of the district, and I planned a gala tour down the river—by truck, in order to dramatize the one ingredient the beautiful river lacked: water. So it rained, and it was days before the river was navigable again.

Losing the election had a broadening effect, however; I understood how Nixon had felt the night of his final press conference in 1962. I thought of him as I faced the cameras to deliver my concession speech: "The people have spoken—the bastards!"

• • •

The year 1968 was to politics what 1929 had been to the stock market. It started out with Eugene McCarthy and his young supporters, who put an incumbent President on the run, and was soon joined by the happiest warrior of them all, Robert Kennedy. To watch and participate as those two Irishmen crossed swords in Oregon and California was a joy to anyone who loved politics. Then it ended on the kitchen floor of a lousy hotel in Los Angeles. After the siege of Chicago, with its stench of tear gas and its bloodied heads, everyone was so turned off that the field of battle was pretty much left to the bloodless and humorless group that brought us Watergate.

By 1968, my very presence would make Nixon folk nervous. Just before Election Day, they held a huge ethnic rally in

(concluded on page 162)

fiction

N O T H I N G B U T B A D N E W S

it's an ill wind that blows nobody an ebony mink coat

BY H E N R Y S L E S A R



DILLON WHIRLED and shot the bully for the fifth time. Pauline clenched her teeth and said, *Miss, you bastard*, but the marshal didn't, his accuracy guaranteed by rerun inexorability. Arnold Summerly breathed a fifth sigh of relief and Pauline said, "For God's sake, Arnold, didn't you *know* how it was going to turn out?" but Arnold was narcotized now by the commercial following the shoot-out. Pauline reached out to tune in the seven-o'clock news, but Arnold's hand beat her to the dial and spun it to the local channel; it was their own shoot-out, re-enacted every night.

"Arnold, please!" Pauline said. "Let's watch the news for once, just *once*. Anything (concluded on page 186)



february's francine parks works at a discothèque, helps out at a travel agency, goes to college, takes acting lessons and models; then on tuesday...

CATCH HER ACT—IF YOU CAN CATCH HER

DURING THE DAYS of Watergate, we heard a lot about some guys who used to work for the President and typified the "Orange County mentality." Roughly translated, that means you consider blue shirts with suits a little flashy and you think the weight of one's say in government should be directly proportional to the size of his avocado ranch. Well, just to set the record straight, there are some very *good* things about Orange County, too, and, as evidence, we offer 23-year-old Francine Parks. She grew up there with absolutely no visible ill effects and takes the liberated view that a lady should make her own way in the world. She also believes that if she can make it someplace near the ocean's edge, life will be just that much better; and so far, she's on course. Francine has recently rented an apartment in one of Southern California's rapidly developing areas, Marina del Rey, the world's largest man-made small-boat harbor, scooped

Below: Enjoying a typically lovely Marina del Rey day, Francine and friends Dave Laffoon and Randy and Janella Vasquez head out for a brisk afternoon sail.





Above: Froncine chats with her personal representative (and brother-in-law), David Mirisch (on phone), his partner Mark Landia (left) and a Mirisch client, Bob Fuller. Then she heads for work at Leisure World Travel, where (right) she helps a client plan a motor trip through California.





First Francine listens intently to instructions from her drama coach, Eric Morris, then she takes part in two sensory-awareness warm-ups: with fellow student Bill Haake (below) and in a let-it-all-hang-out exercise, Abandonment (right).



out of Santa Monica Bay. Restaurants, shops and cleanly modern apartment complexes have replaced the bugs and mallards that used to fill Marina's waters, and Francine both lives there and works at Tiffanys, one of its most popular discos. "As a place to live, it has everything I crave. I water-ski, sail, play a little tennis, and I can enjoy my greatest passion—dancing—at Tiffanys." Although she works there only part time, there are very few empty spaces in Francine's weekday schedule, which also includes classes at Santa Monica College, a second part-time job as a trip consultant for Leisure World Travel, assignments from Playboy Models and, most importantly for her future, a weekly class with drama coach Eric Morris. "The classes are absolutely stimulating. We do a lot of encounter-group kinds of exercises. There's one where he asks you to do something in front of the whole class that would normally make you feel embarrassed, or stupid, in order to get rid of inhibitions. It's called Reluctancy." We have an idea that that exercise might be tough for Francine, because if there's one thing she isn't in her enthusiastic confrontation with life, it's reluctant.



MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Francine gets together again with her favorite friends, Dave Laffoon and the Vasquezes, at the Promenade, one of Marina del Rey's popular restaurants, for a lunch that lasts several toasts into the afternoon. Afterward, they walk to Francine's apartment nearby, where, a few hours later, on her balcony overlooking the harbor, she serves hors d'oeuvres that more than suffice for supper.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A salesman was testifying in divorce proceedings against his wife. "Please describe," said his attorney, "the incident that first caused you to entertain suspicions as to your wife's fidelity."

"My job keeps me on the road from Monday through Friday," replied the man, "so, naturally, I try to make up for lost time when I'm home. One Sunday morning, we were making love on our squeaky bedsprings, when the old bitch in the apartment next door pounded on the flimsy wall and shouted, 'Can't you stop that racket—at least on weekends?'"



During a sudden and abnormally sharp cold snap in Southern California this winter, a starlet whose charms were obvious even beneath her unaccustomed wrappings asked to see a senior member of the UCLA physics department. "Professor," she asked rather nervously, "I wonder if you could tell me—er—well—that is—I mean, the exact temperature at which silicone freezes?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *foreplay* as Operation Head Start.

"Did I understand you to say," inquired the elderly chief judge as the beauty-pageant contestants paraded by, "that you'll automatically vote for the girl who doesn't appear to have a chance?"

"That's not quite it," explained the distinctly younger member of the panel. "What I said was that I invariably vote for the sleeper."

*As a C. P. A.'s mistress complains,
"When he's soused, his virility wanes,
So I get, when he drinks,
A male asset that shrinks,
And no cervical capital gains."*

The number of push-ups a fellow can do largely depends, according to one gymnastics expert, on just what it is he's pushing.

"I suppose I should have suspected he was a sky-jacker," remarked the stewardess, "when he asked me for a sandwich and coffee—to go."

When the medical man came home to find his basement flooding, he immediately called the new plumber in town. The latter arrived, found and fixed the trouble in five minutes and presented a bill on the spot for \$100.

"Why, that's outrageous!" exclaimed the doctor. "It works out to over a thousand dollars an hour! I'm a transplant surgeon and I don't make that kind of money."

"Yes, I know," deadpanned the plumber. "Neither did I when I was a transplant surgeon."

A shapely little teenage blonde bounced into the local card shop. "Do you have any, like, real special valentines?" she asked.

"Here's one from our private line," smirked the salesman as he slipped it out from under the counter. "It's inscribed 'To the Boy Who Got My Cherry!'"

"Wow!" burred the girl. "I'll take the box."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *impotent actor* as a boneless ham.

Perhaps you've heard about the man who broke his nose in amorous circumstances. He was making love to his wife doggy style and she suddenly ran under the bed.

Without warning, the defendant in the indecent-exposure case jumped up during cross-examination, pulled down his trousers and shorts and began masturbating.

"Isn't that illegal?" gasped a shocked young spectator to her law-clerk escort.

"It certainly is," answered the fledgling attorney. "Why, he's getting fingerprints all over Exhibit A!"

"My, but you look different!" clucked the office chatterbox to one of her co-workers. "Your hair is extra curly and you have a sort of wide-eyed look. What did you use—special curlers and some dramatic new eye make-up?"

"No," said the object of her chatter. "My vibrator shorted out this morning."

Our literary scouts report that bookstores will soon be stocking a volume called *The Unsen-suous Census Taker*. It's about a guy who comes once every ten years.



The prim American girl was swept off her feet by the handsome Parisian and they were married in a matter of days. As she undressed on their wedding night, she remembered the stories she'd heard about Frenchmen and their bizarre sexual habits. She turned around nervously, but there, much to her relief, was her husband on his knees praying.

"Oh, Maurice," she cried, "you *are* a sweet person. I'd been thinking— But no, you'd never do such a thing to me!"

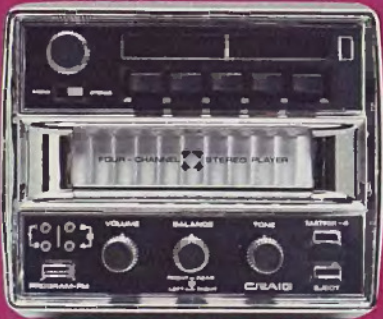
There was an odd gleam in Maurice's eye as he looked up. "Please be quiet, *chérie*," he whispered hoarsely. "Don't you see I'm saying grace?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a post-card, 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.



"Frankly, being all things to all men has always been a snap for me."

QUADRAPHONIC / FM



CRAIG 3133

Above: Quadraphonic eight-track FM tape player takes four-channel cartridges, has four amplifiers that give double power with regular cartridges, by Craig, \$219.95. Right: Grand Boss eight-track stereo with instant channel selector, by Automatic Radio, \$142.95.

AUTOMATIC
★ RADIO ★



GRAND BOSS 104

CAR-FI

top-gear audio—to go!

By
FRANK M. ROBINSON

ONE OF THE MOST dramatically effective music systems you can buy has comparatively small and inexpensive speakers, an amplifier that by most standards is woefully underpowered and uses as a sound source slow-speed tapes—a source not noted for its fidelity. Furthermore, the acoustical environment in which you listen to this system is relatively noisy, with the music constantly interrupted by outside



Sony
TC-30

Instaload

Cassette

QUADRASONIC



CTI 8877

Above: Sony car stereo cassette player with continuous automatic reverse, Instaload cassette loading and balanced flywheels that protect unit from road shocks, by Super-scope, \$149.95. Left: Compatible eight-track quadrasonic stereo with four-channel player has slide controls, program lights and a peak music power output of 28 watts, by Car Tapes, Inc., \$99.95. Below: Combo cassette combination has AM/FM/FM-stereo radio, can record in stereo directly from stereo station and has microphone for recording voice in monaural, by Blaupunkt, \$239.70.

**Blaupunkt
"Combo"
Cassette/AM/FM**



sounds. Most people who have purchased such systems, however, swear by them: They're relatively cheap, easily transportable, the variety of models is almost unlimited and they're far and away the most popular means by which to listen to four-channel music.

The systems, of course, are based on the cartridge and cassette units designed for your automobile and the secret of their success is simple: The small volume of air that your car speakers have to move (when compared with that in your living room, for example) makes for a musical effect that is sometimes almost overwhelming; it's as if the driver and passengers were literally inside the speaker enclosure.

Certainly, there are few more effective or less expensive ways of listening to quad sound than in your car. For one thing, the position of the driver and the passengers is fixed, which means there's little danger of soloists' or instruments' shifting their relative positions as the listener shifts his. And since you're listening to quad tapes, you're listening to four separate, discrete channels—the best possible way of presenting four-channel sound. Furthermore, there's little difficulty in "threading" a cartridge—just plug it in and away you go.

Without slighting car radios—and the selection this year is enormous, including models (ideal for boat or camper) that will give you an instant weather report at the push of a button—car tape systems have certain advantages all their own. One of the more obvious is that they're not subject to the limited range and, consequently, constant fading of stations of your car radio: in addition, the music is sans commercials and of *your* choosing.

The range of in-car tape models runs into the hundreds, with practically every major hi-fi manufacturer fielding a line of cartridge and cassette units for the road, plus several dozen other manufacturers who specialize in nothing else. Essentially, the variety of models breaks down into stereo eight-track cartridge units, quad (four-channel) eight-track cartridge units and cassette units. Each model has its advantages and disadvantages, so it's up to the individual purchaser to weigh the pros and cons of each, not forgetting to take into account what sort of system you might have in your living room. Compatibility between your music system on wheels and the one in your den just might double your pleasure from your stock of cartridges or cassettes.

A stereo eight-track cartridge player, sans speakers, may cost you less than \$40 or—depending on the features you want—close to \$200. The simplest form of cartridge player includes a slot into which you slide the cartridge (which also turns the unit on), lights that indicate which of the four "programs" is playing and a push button to change programs.

As the units go up in price, more fea-

tures are apt to be included. Among them might be a fast-forward button, in case you want to hasten the end of a particular program, a repeat switch in the event you happen to like a certain program very much and want to hear it again immediately, and a fine-tuning dial to adjust for tape wear (more of a problem with cartridge units than with cassette models). Extras might even include a headphone jack for the benefit of passengers who want to continue to listen when you find the strains of Jethro Tull or Alice Cooper more of a handicap than a help while searching for that freeway exit. Another handy extra is a built-in head cleaner so you don't have to clean the tape heads with Q-Tips and isopropyl alcohol every 40 plays or so.

Flexibility is the hallmark of the automobile tape unit. Some models are miniature units designed to fit into the dash, some have mounting brackets so they can fit underneath it and some are designed to mount on the transmission hump. Some will include speakers as part of the price, while others come equipped with built-in FM-stereo or AM/FM-stereo tuners. A few even have home adapters so they can double in brass in your living room when not being used in your car.

While both cartridge and cassette units have their strong points, if you're interested in quad sound, you're automatically restricted to a cartridge model. As of this writing, four-channel cassettes simply don't exist. Again, there is a wide variety of four-channel cartridge units available, some of which come equipped with the same extras as the standard stereo eight-track models—program-repeat switches, manual program selectors and fine-tuning dials.

As might be expected, some units have built-in tuners and others have matrix circuits incorporated so that the unit will synthesize a four-channel effect from a standard stereo eight-track cartridge (provided the unit is hooked up to four speakers). If the model seems unusually low in price, make sure it will play quad tapes as well as synthesizing a four-channel sound from standard stereo tapes. As enjoyable as matrix music can be, there's a large, audible difference between matrix and discrete sound. One built-in extra: Any true quad unit will play both quad and stereo cartridges interchangeably (it doesn't work the other way around, incidentally). Insert a standard stereo eight-track cartridge and the left channel is handled by both left-hand speakers and the right-hand channel by the right-hand speakers. This can be a welcome audio enhancement at no extra charge. One minor drawback to four-channel players: Quad cartridges cost somewhat more than the standard stereo variety. A standard eight-track cartridge has four programs made up of two tracks each; a quad cartridge has two programs of four tracks each. To get the same

playing time from a quad cartridge as from a stereo eight-track involves doubling the length of the tape; this, plus the smaller number of copies made, contributes to the increase in cost.

Which brings us to the newest entry in the in-car entertainment field: cassette players. Unlike cartridges, cassettes do not consist of an endless loop of tape and when you come to the end of the miniature reel, the cassette will either stop or automatically eject. To hear the other side of the tape, you have to manually turn it over and reinsert it, a procedure that can be both an annoyance and a hazard in traffic. Some of the newer and more expensive models, however, have automatic reverse to circumvent this. Extras may include fast-forward and rewind switches and, like cartridge players, a number of models include built-in FM-stereo or AM/FM-stereo tuners. A few will even enable you to record your own cassettes—in stereo—from the built-in stereo FM tuner; others provide a microphone for dictation while driving. Home adapters and built-in head cleaners are also available and at least one enterprising manufacturer has included a built-in Dolby noise-reduction unit to reduce the hiss in your tapes and tuner.

The combinations and permutations available in the in-car cartridge and cassette field are almost endless, including units that will play both cartridges and cassettes via separate slots. Some of these will even record the cartridge you may be playing onto a blank cassette in the accompanying cassette slot. In addition to those cartridge models that we've mentioned as having built-in matrix circuitry for synthesizing a four-channel effect from stereo eight-track cartridges, other models will play both stereo and quad cartridges and, *in addition*, have a built-in matrix circuit.

If you have a cartridge model and would like to play cassettes in it, that's possible via an adapter. You can also purchase an FM tuner in adapter form and insert that in your cartridge slot. Finally, it's obvious that if you have a cartridge or cassette recorder at home, you can record your own cartridges or cassettes for play while driving.

Depending on the unit you purchase, it's possible to get some of the same features you may already have on your more elaborate home-entertainment system, including slide controls for tone, balance, volume and the like.

Installation of most units is relatively simple if you're handy with power drills and screwdrivers and know your way around the electrical system of your automobile. (Almost all models are designed for a 12-volt negative ground; if you own a pre-1967 Volkswagen, you may have problems.) If you're *not* very adept with tools, there are specialists in most cities who will install your unit for a nominal

(concluded on page 195)

humor
By ffolkes
ffractured
ffiction

a shelf of literary classics taken lightly



"It's old 'One for All and All for One.' "



"And stop calling me Moby Dick!"



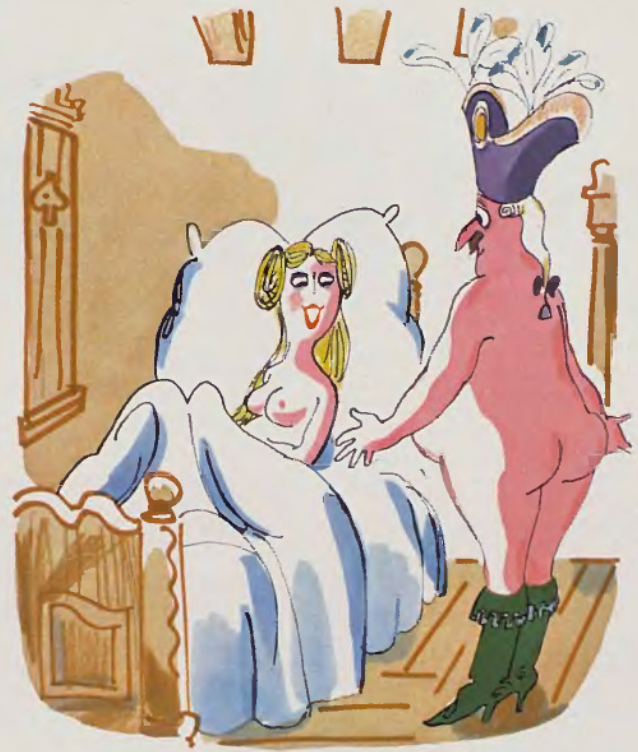
"The wild called."



"Excuse me, but I'm trying to lay a brick."



"Say, Karamazov, how many damned brothers have you got?"



"Why, Baron Munchausen, you weren't exaggerating even a tiny bit!"



"Write out 'Lolita is a bad girl' fifty times, then report to my study."



"No, the Great Gatsby's my brother. I'm Dagwood Gatsby."



"Sure's better than whittling, eh, Huck?"



"Please, Camille, that's been your dying request for over eleven months now."



"So, Mitty, this is your secret life!"



"Thank God, the last of the Mohicans."

BABY

(continued from page 76)

admit that science hardens the heart.

For instance, when Mickey, his best friend, died of emphysema last summer. They'd been in surfing camp at Seal Beach the year before. We tried to keep the news from Baby, because we were afraid he'd be too upset. But when we told him, he didn't seem sad at all.

No, not you, doctor. We're sure you're a regular torrent of sympathy. But then, we wouldn't call what you do exactly a science. Would you?

Oh. Well, that isn't what Dr. Greenwich says.

You really want us to ask him? What if he doesn't agree?

Do you know, doctor, that's the first time since we've been coming here that you've smiled. You ought to smile more often.

It's a deal. Why didn't you say so in the first place?

. . .

Saturday

Sharper than a serpent's tooth, and all that. You don't mind our being a little corny, do you, doctor? It's such a relief to talk about it.

We wanted him to have piano lessons.

No problem with hair.

Well, that depends what you mean by drugs, doesn't it?

No.

Only at school.

A little, small doses, but he swears that he's stopped.

Never, thank God! That just ruins your mind for good, doesn't it?

What makes things difficult is that Baby holds grudges.

Wait a minute. Has Baby tried to see you, behind our backs?

Why not? Listen, you don't seem to understand how clever he is.

Baby says he was born on Krypton and that we're not his real parents.

Well, what do you think of a kid only five years old who announces that he's going to win the Nobel Prize? And that we would be proud then to have known him. He said it to the maid.

In chemistry.

The first time he ran away? Yes.

With an air rifle.

No, not very far.

A *tempura* vendor in Ocean Park got Baby to show her his school-bus pass and telephoned us. She saw Baby going on the roller coaster for four hours straight.

The police was only the third time. We hated calling the police, but there didn't seem anything else to do.

Everyone has an unhappy childhood, don't they, doctor? At least, everyone seems to think so. You must have a lot of people trooping in here to tell you that. What did we do that was especially wrong? Of course, nobody has any respect for the family nowadays. We knew

the ideas Baby would pick up at school. But in the home we tried to provide some balance, to teach him—

No, he doesn't like any of his cousins. Of course, they're not as bright as he is. But even so. . .

His cousin Bert was accepted at Cal Tech.

He's always liked to be treated as a grownup, rather than a child. He beams when you give him little responsibilities and tasks. You know, Baby's more punctual than we are. That's pretty unusual in someone his age.

Whenever he feels we're treating him like a child, he has a tantrum.

The first time Baby had his adenoids out at ENT, we stayed by his bed in the hospital all night. But this time—don't you think?—he's old enough.

Not strict, no. We haven't the heart. But sometimes we have to be stern, for his own good.

Well, you do have to give him credit for that. We know it's necessary for him to rebel against us.

You don't agree. How surprising.

Do you have any children of your own, doctor?

That's not the same.

Anyway, a precocious child is different. You're not going to tell us that an eight-year-old who's reading Schopenhauer could possibly be easy to handle.

Maybe.

All right. We'll try to find out for tomorrow.

That's right! Hey, how are we going to manage for a whole day without you?

Of course, we'll do it without asking him directly. You really take us for idiots, don't you? Just like Baby.

. . .

Monday

We had a fight last night, after the group meeting. And bang in the middle, we caught Baby listening at the door in his sleep suit.

We couldn't.

In the morning, we found he'd wet his bed again.

Oh, we've tried. And we tried sleeping in twin beds, to dampen his curiosity. Baby has a habit of crawling into bed with us on Saturday and Sunday mornings.

Sometimes we have affairs. We don't feel we ought to take each other for granted. But we tell each other everything.

Listen, everybody's got to live their own lives.

Sure we've thought of having other children. But it never seemed to be the right moment. You have to plan these things.

Maybe it's too late now. And we haven't done so well with the one we've got. let's face it.

He never says. He prefers older children. His best friend is eight. Her name is Thelma DeLara, but he calls her Bloomers. She calls him Vanilla. They're so adorable together. He told us he's going to marry her. Those two can sit in the front-hall closet together giggling for hours.

Thelma baby-sits for us when we go down the street to the Turnells' to play bridge. Generally on Thursday nights. They have a boat just like ours.

The Turnells. They're friends, doctor.

No, they don't belong to the group. They're not the type.

What do you mean? Who the hell told you that?

Oh. Well, it's not true. We're not interested in that kind of thing. We don't object to it, of course. Other people can do what they want.

Why are you asking so many questions about us, doctor? All of a sudden. Nothing in our friendship with the Turnells will help you understand better the problem with Baby.

Baby doesn't even know the Turnells. They don't have children his age.

Sure it makes a difference. Raising children is an art, you know. When we see all the parents around us who don't take it seriously. Even you'd be shocked, doctor. For all your cynical ideas. You don't know the half of what goes on!

. . .

Tuesday

No, Baby doesn't know what we do on Sunday evenings. Why do you ask?

Are most of your patients members of some group, doctor?

Just curious.

We did once. We decided to get a divorce, but we couldn't go through with it. Baby would have been so unhappy. He's too small to understand.

First, to teach him how to take care of himself. Baby is so trusting. He's ready to go off with any smiling stranger who promises to drive him to Disneyland.

We take turns walking him to school. It's only six blocks away, but with the neighborhood what it is now, you can't be too careful.

What part of town do you live in, doctor? This isn't your apartment as well, is it?

Oh, it doesn't look like it. You're lucky. It's so hard these days to find a good house.

Baby got mugged in Griffith Park, where he went to fly his kite. Three Mexican boys.

He was carrying seven dollars.

Just a knife.

No, he wasn't hurt.

When he first got the chemistry set, it was really adorable. He said he was going to find a magic formula so that we could live forever.

No, that was the odd part. Just the two of us.

(continued on page 204)



PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ORGANIZED CRIME



Part VII: MURDER INC.

MAY 1939



GANG BUSTERS ON THE GO!
LEPKE GIVES UP TO HOOVER!
DEWEY AND O'DWYER HIT MOB MURDERERS!
KID TWIST RELES: CANARY SINGS BUT CAN'T FLY!
CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

article

By **RICHARD HAMMER**



Left: Abe "Kid Twist" Reles, the Brooklyn canary, was silenced by a mysterious plunge from his hotel-room window. Above: Harry "Big Greenie" Schacter, one of Lepke Buchalter's gunmen, foolishly threatened to talk. Below: A favorite weapon of Murder, Incorporated.



MARCH 22, 1940, was like most days at the Brooklyn district attorney's office on the fourth floor of the borough's Municipal Building. There were 100 or more cases in various stages; some attorneys were getting set for court appearances, others were just beginning the painstaking research that might lead to indictment. At 5:30, as much of the staff was preparing to go home, a call came for Burton Turkus, chief assistant district attorney.

A dark-haired, dark-eyed, obviously pregnant woman in a beige coat with a wolf-fur collar had walked into the outer office and was demanding an interview. Turkus went out to meet her and recognized her immediately. Her name was Rose Reles. She told Turkus, "I want to talk to the district attorney personally." William O'Dwyer, a former county-court judge, had just been elected chief prosecutor of Brooklyn. The assistant D.A. led Mrs. Reles directly into

O'Dwyer's office. "My husband," she nervously announced, "wants an interview with the law."

Her husband was Abe "Kid Twist" Reles, a small, squat, hard-eyed thug, and the law had been practically salivating to talk to him, without much expectation of doing so. Reles was not the kind of hoodlum who turned into a canary. In 1940, he was 32 and had been in trouble more than half of his life. His rap sheet ran over several pages and listed 42 ar-

rests in the previous 16 years—six for murder, seven for assault, six for robbery or burglary, and others for possession of guns, possession of narcotics, vagrancy, disorderly conduct—almost every crime in the book. And he had already served six prison terms without emitting so much as an implicating whisper.

So Reles was a tough guy who had never cracked before and who nobody thought would crack now, in the early months of 1940, despite a new



Brooklyn district attorney William O'Dwyer maps out his attack on Murder, Incorporated with assistant, Burton Turkus, in 1940. Preceding page: Albert Anastasia oversees dispatch of Morris Diamond, teamster official who defied the Mob in New York's Garment District.



At his murder trial in 1941, Louis "Lepke" Buchalter (seated, far left) was convicted of killing Garment District trucker Joseph Rosen five years earlier. With codefendants Mendy Weiss and Louis Capone, he was executed in the Sing Sing electric chair on March 4, 1944.



murder charge against him. The charge had come about through bizarre circumstances: A smalltime crook named Harry "The Mock" Rudolph was sitting on Rikers Island in the East River serving time for a minor crime that didn't even warrant the train trip up to Sing Sing or one of New York's other major prisons. While in his cell, Rudolph fretted, fumed and then, for reasons not even he could later explain, started talking of some crimes he knew about, particularly the 1933 murder in Brooklyn of an old friend, a no-account thief named Alex "Red" Alpert. That seven-year-old murder had so faded into obscurity that the detectives who went to interview Rudolph had first to check the files to make sure there had, indeed, been such a crime and then to check out the circumstances. What little the yellowed records showed was amplified by Rudolph, who then gave the police the names of the killers: Reles, Martin "Bugsy" Goldstein and Anthony "Dukey" Maffetore, all three of whom were known quite well to the cops—Goldstein had been arrested 34 times, Maffetore 15, their records rivaling Reles'. Without corroboration, the Rudolph story was not enough to convict, but it was enough to get indictments and the O'Dwyer office did just that, charging Reles, Goldstein and Maffetore with the murder of Alpert. Hoping that at least one of them would crack, confess and implicate the others, the three were lodged in separate jails in different parts of the city. Then, under the direction of Turkus, the Brooklyn prosecutor's staff began rigorous interrogations that covered practically every unsolved crime in the previous decade in Brooklyn.

It was Reles, the toughest of them all, who finally broke. The word from his wife sent Turkus scurrying to Manhattan, where Reles was sprung from his isolated cell at The Tombs. Like Rose, he refused at first to talk to anyone but O'Dwyer. In the privacy of the district attorney's office, he declared that he was completely unworried, that he could never be convicted of anything, because all O'Dwyer had was the testimony of Rudolph, and under New York law, the testimony of an accomplice must be corroborated "by such other evidence as tends to connect the defendant with the commission of a crime" and/or the testimony of a nonaccomplice. O'Dwyer had neither.

Why, then, had Reles demanded the interview? He was concerned that a lengthy investigation might well turn up corroborating evidence to support Rudolph's story and that at any trial his record would certainly turn both judge and jury against him. Some years earlier, when he had been convicted of a relatively minor crime, the judge had said, "Reles is one of the most vicious characters we have had in years. I am convinced he will eventually either be sentenced to

prison for life or be put out of the way by some good detective with a couple of bullets."

Reles knew, too, that many of the gangsters who had cooperated with crime buster Thomas E. Dewey, the famous special prosecutor who became Manhattan district attorney, had received immunity from prosecution and the chance to start a new life. Reles was certain that the new Brooklyn district attorney, competing for headlines with Dewey, would be just as receptive and no less generous to anyone who could advance him professionally. So he had come to O'Dwyer to strike a bargain. "I can make you the biggest man in the country," he declared.

Then he lapsed into silence. He would talk no more unless the room were cleared and he were strictly alone with the D.A. O'Dwyer agreed. In their private conference, Reles presented O'Dwyer with nonnegotiable demands. He wanted what Dewey had given his witnesses—immunity from prosecution, dismissal of all charges pending and the guarantee that once he had kept his promises he could walk out the door a free man. If O'Dwyer would do all that, he would tell everything he knew and would testify fully in court; otherwise, he'd silently go back to The Tombs and take his chances. O'Dwyer hedged for a moment, talked to Turkus nervously and then accepted.

Reles was immediately put under round-the-clock police guard in a suite at the Hotel Bossert in Brooklyn, near O'Dwyer's office, and later moved several times, ending up at the Half Moon Hotel at Coney Island. Each day, he was taken to the office, where he poured forth a torrent; the first gush, to be followed by many more, lasted 12 days and filled 25 stenographic notebooks.

"I can tell you about fifty guys that got hit," Reles boasted. "I was on the inside." (According to Turkus, by the time Reles finished, he had talked about more than 200 murders all around the country, murders of which he had personal knowledge. O'Dwyer was somewhat more modest in his recollections; he said that Reles cited only 83 murders.) Reles told his enthralled listeners he would provide witnesses, sometimes an accomplice and sometimes even a nonaccomplice, to corroborate his stories, and he promised also to show Turkus where to find corroborating evidence.

Then he began to give the details. "He had the most amazing memory I have ever encountered," Turkus said. "He could recount minutely what he ate at a particular meal years before, or where he was and with whom, and all without a single reference or reminder of any kind. And investigation proved him entirely accurate, down to the last pinpoint check, on every detail he mentioned. . . . The Kid rattled off names, places, facts, data on one manslaughter after the

other, days on end, without once missing up. He recalled not only the personnel involved but decent people who had an unwitting part in some angle of the crime." Reles also spewed out everything he knew about organized crime—how the Mob had taken over the Garment District, both the manufacturers and the unions, and how it maintained its control through extortion, threats, bribery and murder: the intimate workings of the underworld's juice-loan operations. He was a limitless font of knowledge and data about a score of rackets and a legion of hoodlums who specialized in intimidation, assault and murder—Harry "Happy" Maione, Harry "Pittsburgh Phil" Strauss, Frank "The Dasher" Abbandando, Seymour "Blue Jaw" Magoon, Vito Gurino, Albert "Allie" Tannenbaum, Charlie "The Bug" Workman, Louis Capone (no relation to Al), Emanuel "Mendy" Weiss, Maffetore and Goldstein.

But what made Reles so valuable was not this parade. He had been a man in the middle ranks, between the bosses and the troops; he had taken orders and transmitted them to others; he had been a trusted aide of Louis "Lepke" Buchalter; he was privy to the thoughts and decisions of such top men as Albert Anastasia, Benny "Bugsy" Siegel, Joe Adonis, Charlie "Lucky" Luciano, Vince Mangano and others. "We are like this with the Purple Mob," he told Turkus, holding his fingers together as he cited the terrors of Detroit. "We work with Bugsy Siegel in California and with Lepke and the troops he's got. We are with Charlie Lucky. With the Jersey troop, too, and Chicago and Cleveland."

If anyone at that time still had doubts that crime had been organized and that on the national scene there was an interlocking directorship, Reles dispelled them. He and his group of enforcers and killers were employed directly by the national Syndicate, but their services were also available, on a contract basis for a fee, to any member of the Syndicate anywhere in the country. They provided custom murders with any weapon—a gun, a knife, an ice pick, a bomb, a garrote—and they would even rob or hijack to order. Their work was so good and so efficient, Reles boasted, that "all the big shots were satisfied."

Reles opened a door and the authorities rushed in eagerly. Armed with his testimony, and with evidence he showed them where and how to get (including long-missing bodies buried in Sullivan County in the Catskills), O'Dwyer's office and the Brooklyn police swept up almost everyone Reles named and proposed for many a one-way ride in the electric chair. This inspired more singing, and the star of the new crooners was Allie Tannenbaum, whose own string of

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KIRAZ

"I wouldn't call it premature, Carla . . . I've been thinking about it all afternoon!"



GEORGE
MICKSON

PAINTING BY GEORGE HIRSCH

TERROR STALKS THE FAT FARM

those twenty pounds were gone, perhaps forever—but at what terrible cost?

article **By MALCOLM BRALY** NOTHING IN THE APPEARANCE of the manor alarmed me. A large former estate on the banks of the Hudson. But I had entered too many institutions not to experience a tremor of irrational dread. True, I was signing myself in. More, I was paying for the privilege. But I have known those who committed themselves to Bellevue and, having met some real crazies and reassessed their own sanity, were not allowed to leave.

The main lounge was Hogarthian—a half circle of enormous women, many in their night clothes, staring sullenly at a small television set where *As the World Turns* was cranking dismally. I had somehow stumbled into a herd of ruminating hippos temporarily mesmerized by the flickering gray light. Several looked up at me briefly, then turned away with apparent indifference. Later, I



understood their apathy, but at the time I was puzzled.

In the office, a bulletin board was posted with the schedule of every movie theater in a 20-mile radius and a hand-lettered sign advertising the Samadhi Boutique. Samadhi is the ecstasy finally achieved after years of yogic discipline, and the name seemed about as appropriate and tasteful as the Blessed Sacrament Discount Store. A girl with Fifties lacquered hair told me to settle into my room; the doctor would be by to see me presently.

I was assigned outside the main building in an addition obviously built from the plans for a small motel. My room didn't fail the comparison. Unit-construction furniture, two single beds and two small gray Utrillo reproductions. I later learned the same two paintings hung in every room. I put my clothes away and lay down to stare at the ceiling. Here I was. An essentially uxorious and home-loving man who had sentenced himself to two weeks in this plastic cell.

. . .

I had talked to the doctor on the phone—first to determine the exact regimen he practiced and then to make my reservation. I had him sketched as a cool and remote man and this rendering pleased me. I was drowning in my own fat and in sore need of discipline. I had once spent some time in San Quentin and I have always blamed this experience for my heightened sensitivity to food. I entered jail as a slender young mesomorph and I remained slender through those years because an important part of the corrective misery is the punitive dullness of the food. It will maintain life, but it's less than a joy to eat. Prisoners, like vegetarian Hindus, don't so much dine as refuel. And I refueled for many years.

Dick Gregory has remarked, in another context, that for those with size-eight feet who have been forced to wear size-seven shoes, there quickly comes a time when nothing but size nine will do. I left prison with the beginning of a writing career, some money I had already earned for my first novel and a clamoring size-nine appetite to support. I began to eat and drink and carry on like Babe Ruth trying to play Henry the Eighth. In a few years I larded on 70 pounds. My waist exploded from 28 to 42. I learned to answer to Fatso. The missionary position was out. If I wanted to check my dork, I had to stand *on* a mirror. In my heart I was still a slender young man, but the light step of youth had become—too soon!—the dull plodding of instant middle age.

So I entered the era of the Great Diet—if I wasn't on one, I was telling myself that I should be. I leaped at every fad and worshiped each new prophet who rose in the nutritional East. But nothing is duller than dieting, and in this time of permissive promise, it reeks of old-

fashioned self-denial. The so-called Mayo Clinic Diet (mostly grapefruit and spinach) would have warmed the chilly heart of John Calvin. Further, only the chronic dieter becomes fully aware of the concern most people lavish on food. Friends seldom meet without eating or drinking together, and business is frequently managed over lunch. The day is ordered and highlighted by meals. The way to bed is graced with a snack.

The dieter's day is as trackless and dull as the Sahara. And still your life revolves around food, if only the food you haven't eaten, and you go to bed wondering if you'll ever again be able to eat all you want. This is the critical time. Many a perfect diet day is murdered in the 11th hour when you wander, in an agony of boredom, through the kitchen and find yourself tearing apart the refrigerator. Or on the way home from the movies, where you have virtuously denied yourself popcorn, you find yourself helplessly lured off course by that treacherous beacon that floats above the Colonel Sanders' Kentucky Fried Chicken franchises or that painted fiend that bobs above the Jack-in-the-Box take-out stands.

An innocent walk on city streets leads past pizza parlors, hamburger stands and hot-dog carts. If you stop at your neighborhood bar to throw darts and talk with friends, a chaste glass of seltzer or a comparatively innocent white wine leads to a reckless double Scotch, which explodes in your empty and shrinking stomach and hours later, wavering on the edge of oblivion, you find yourself up to your elbows in a plate of barbecued ribs.

Dieters are bores and their failures are comic, even to me, but it remains amusing only as long as you can ignore the fat steadily building in your arteries, while your only brain cells, starved for blood, flicker out like stars going nova. Then a once-excellent memory begins to develop curious lapses, like you suddenly can't remember your dog's name, and new information pours through without leaving a trace. And your doctor tells you your blood pressure is creeping up while your life expectancy is edging down. Vanity and comfort become distinctly secondary considerations.

. . .

At this critical point, I began to remember those times in my life when I had *always* lost weight. Whenever I was thrown into a county jail. In weeks I would drop 20 or 30 pounds, because the food is so vile not even the most abject wino is able to eat it. Clearly, I couldn't break into a county jail, not even for the therapy, because they have a curious habit, once they've got you, of not letting go. So I began to cast around for some civilian equivalent and started considering a stretch at a fat farm. Here—delicious irony!—I would pay to be confined and deprived and only my conscience could

act as parole board. I sent away for brochures.

They arrived in a flood. They stressed luxury: glistening swimming pools. P.G.A. golf courses and horseback riding. They spoke of free massage, Jacuzzi whirlpools and sophisticated equipment that conditions you effortlessly while you hang on for the ride. There were dinner dancing, juice bars and before-bed snacks. There was no mention of regimen. Instead, they promised *haute cuisine* with between-meals "perk-me-ups."

In all the lavish illustrations, there wasn't a single fatty. Slender, tanned middle-aged men on the tennis courts, handsome couples on the dance floor, a trim blonde in a leotard astride a mechanical horse, young people hand in hand running into the surf. All, apparently, perfect cures.

The hidden offering was clear—a guilt-free vacation. One could go saying that it was to lose weight, trim up and preserve health. What could it matter if, in addition, one had a pleasant and pampered time? But I had the certain feeling that if I were to be paid a dollar for every pound lost in these spas, it would take me years to save the price of an extra-large sweat suit and a jump rope.

I needed iron discipline and grim purpose, a fat farm operated by former Nazis. High walls topped with barbed wire and broken glass and attendants who would take delight in watching me starve. Finally, I contacted a fat farm in Upstate New York. Its ad had seemed austere, if not outright grim.

A brusque and impatient man answered the phone. Yes, they helped people reduce and they guaranteed weight loss between ten and 20 pounds a week. "What diet do you use?" I asked. "Water."

"Oh, you mean you use the Stillman Water Diet?"

He snorted impatiently. "No, no, we use *water*. For two or three days, we put you on nothing but water, then we add a few vegetables."

"Oh. . ."

"There's no meat here. None at all."

"I see."

"And absolutely no smoking."

I considered. His tone seemed to imply contempt for those weak and self-indulgent enough to allow themselves to become fat, a testy and stern saint who had dedicated himself to ridding the world of lard. He wouldn't try to make his clinic seem attractive—if you wanted salvation, here it was, but the way was hard.

Finally, I asked, "Will I be locked in at night?"

There was the slightest pause, as if he were weighing the merits of such a policy, then he said, "No, of course not." But, of course, he wouldn't admit it right out, would he? And even if they weren't

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NEUROSES OF THE RICH

A SERIOUS LAG EXISTS between the avowed political concerns of our time and the kinds of studies that are being done in universities and other places of solemn thought. For many decades, beginning at least with the Thirties, the official concern of the country was with the poor. In consequence, they have been much studied. Their education, ethnic composition, marital and sexual tendencies, psychiatric afflictions, unemployment and shortage of income have all been subjects of exhaustive academic attention. They still are, and therein lies the lag.

For the official concern of the Government, we all know, has now changed. President Nixon has made it perfectly clear, to use his words, that those who have asked what they could do for themselves and have (continued on page 163)

opinion By JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

*what happens when
the kick goes
out of conspicuous
consumption?*





A TWO-MILE GONDOLA RIDE up Vail Mountain, then you suddenly see this irresistible girl, sipping spicy *Glühwein* at Mid-Vail Restaurant before taking that final run down Bear Tree. She's standing alone, leaning against a fireplace; her face, bronzed by sun and flushed by wind, radiates an inner smile. She's beat from racing down the slopes all day, but she's hardly ready to call it a night. Back East, at Mt. Snow in Vermont, you catch a glimpse of her again, partying with the *après-ski* crowd at Reuben Snow Tavern. Out on the sunny slopes of California's Mammoth Mountain, you find her once more—well on her way to perfecting her christie. She's your own idealized image, but she really exists—stretch-pants-clad and sun-goggled—among the hundreds of thousands who frequent America's rapidly expanding winter-sports resorts. She's often a blonde, usually in her early 20s. Her lifestyle is as free as her hair blowing in the breeze; and she comes in two basic models: the weekender or short-term vacationer and the (text continued on page 165)

the girls of **SKIING**

on the slopes or in a lodge, these are the lovelies who take the chill out of winter



Beauty-contest participant and cocktail waitress Sandy Taft (left) mirrors the care-free skiing life at Mt. Snow, Vermont's Snow Lake Lodge. Opting for a helicopter ride to a summit opposite Park City, Utah, Lynnda Wills (above) demonstrates one way to beat the lift lines—while taking advantage of a warm-for-winter day.



Left: Coors firmly in hand, Buttermilk's Marlon Ellis takes five at Little Nell's Après-Ski Bar. Above: Mammoth's Kerrie Gorman samples the outdoor Jacuzzi near the Sierrro Pork Villas. Below: Gail Richter can ski only two weeks a year. But she vacations in Colorado, where she parallels from dawn to dusk.





Readers will recognize that the young lady pictured above, combining sunbathing with skiing at the Park City ski area in Utah, is November 1972 Playmate Lenna Sjööblom. Top right: Twenty-five-year-old Carol Stewart pauses by a candy stand at Snowmass. Right: Texan Sharyn Scott relaxes in her Aspen digs.



Lloie Schwartz (top left), who works out of a ski-cap shop in Reno, takes her leisure-time breaks doing what comes most naturally: skiing. Left: Jacqueline Billings, a former Peace Corps volunteer, now models to support her Vail habit. Above: After a hard day's schuss, Ann Pennington relaxes in her condominium overlooking Aspen.



Hawaiian-born Hedy Chew (above) passes the Mt. Snow base lodge as she sets out for the slopes. Hollywood native Garrie Walls (right) caps a day at Aspen with a sauna. Chicago Bunny Eileen Byrne (below) spends her winter days off skiing at the Playboy Club-Hotel at Lake Geneva.





Patricia Louzan (above left), a first-grade teacher from a Boston suburb, revels in the powder on Mt. Snow. Not long ago, Playmate-Bunny Danielle de Vabre (above right) forsook Canada's Laurentians and her native Montreal to work as a ski instructor for several months at Colorado's Steamboat Springs. In contrast, 21-year-old Barbara Makris (below) doesn't have to travel so far from her Cherry Hill, New Jersey, home to reach the slopes of the Playboy Club-Hotel at nearby Great Gorge.





Above: Sally Andersen does modeling to finance a Colorado apartment. Right: Bebe Buell skis in Vermont. Vail's Debbie Chenaweth (below) also sky-dives.





"The only thing 'open' about our marriage is your big mouth."

AESOP, THE MATCHLESS TELLER of fables, spent much of his life as a slave. At the time of our story, he was serving in the house of Xanthus, a well-to-do man who was also a scholar and a philosopher. Reduced to this miserable state, Aesop had nothing but his wit to recommend him—although even that, when coupled with his sharp tongue, often added to his misfortunes.

He was unlucky in every way. His very appearance would have terrified Medusa—a huge head, half bald and the rest covered with ashy-white frizzled hair; no perceptible neck; a humpback and a sagging potbelly; spindly bowlegs ending in feet that might have belonged to an elephant. Fortune had blessed him in one part of his anatomy only, but we'll hear about that later. His master used Aesop as a target for eloquent sarcasm and his mistress enjoyed nothing better than to see him whipped. There seemed no end to his hardships.

He could hope for little improvement in his life, but one day, at least, something happened to give him a small victory. He had gone into one of the more secluded rooms of the house and, being alone for the moment, he hoisted up his tattered garment and began to scratch his private parts.

It so happened that Xanthus' wife, looking for something, came quietly into the room at that moment and stopped to stare. "Aesop!" she exclaimed. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing special," he said gravely as he continued. "My bed is cold at night and I'm just warming up some parts of me that are nearly frozen."

When the lady ran her eyes over the length and breadth of his fabulous member, she felt a sudden heat in her belly and all of Aesop's deformities faded away. She winked at him. "Aesop, it occurs to me that you can do a service that will make you a happier man than your master."

Thinking that over slowly, Aesop finally replied. "And when he hears about this service, I'll be at the wrong end of a whip again—do you call that happiness?"

"I swear that he'll never know," she said, giggling. "Here is my bargain, good Aesop: If you can fuck me ten times, I'll give you a new shirt."

Aesop looked at his rags. "Do you promise?" She swore to both promises again.

Now, Aesop had always hoped for a chance to get a little revenge on the cruel Xanthus, and so he laid his mistress gently on the floor and began to plumb. In the course of an hour, nine radiant smiles lit her face, one after the other. At last, Aesop groaned, "I'm exhausted. I can do no more."

"But we've just got started!" said the lady. "Ten times, at least, or no warm new shirt."

Being a true stoic, Aesop gritted his teeth and called on his last reserves. But



just at the crucial tenth moment, something went wrong. He slipped from the target and his bounty fell on her buttocks.

"In any case," he said as he stood up wearily, "you must give me the shirt or I'll confess everything to the master."

"Once more!" she demanded. "I hired you to plow my field and after nine good furrows, you jumped the fence and plowed the neighbor's. Once more for your reward!" But Aesop only shook his head and went away.

When Xanthus came home in the afternoon, Aesop approached him and said, "Master, I beg you to settle a certain dispute between your lady and me." The wife, who had come into the room, listened with horror.

"Tell me about it," said Xanthus sharply, always ready to enter into a debate.

"It happened thus, master," Aesop began. "This morning I attended my mistress while she took a little exercise—that is, we were out walking when we saw a tree loaded with ripe, juicy figs. A strange fancy came into my lady's head and she said to me, 'Pick up yonder stout stick and see if you can throw it hard enough to bring down ten figs from the branch; if you succeed, I'll give you a new shirt.'

Well, sir, I used all my strength and I managed to bring down ten figs. The only trouble was that, while nine of them came down in the right place, the tenth fell onto a pile of manure. Now she says that the tenth one doesn't count and I can't have the shirt."

Relieved and encouraged to hear the deceptive terms of the story, the lady spoke up. "I won't argue about the nine, but the tenth one isn't in the score. Let him throw again to give me one more fig and I'll be satisfied."

Xanthus contemplated the matter for some time, trying to reach a philosophical conclusion. At last, he decided that the most philosophical decision is in favor of one's wife. "Aesop, since you seem weary now, you may come to town with me. But when you wish to throw again, you must knock off another fig for my wife."

"And then I shall give him the shirt, according to your command," said the lady.

And thus it was demonstrated that Aesopian language of fable can do more than adorn a story—it can also be useful in some of the little situations of everyday life.

—Retold by E. Geraldic

STRUNG OUT ON BLAST

*making it on the down side
of urban progress*



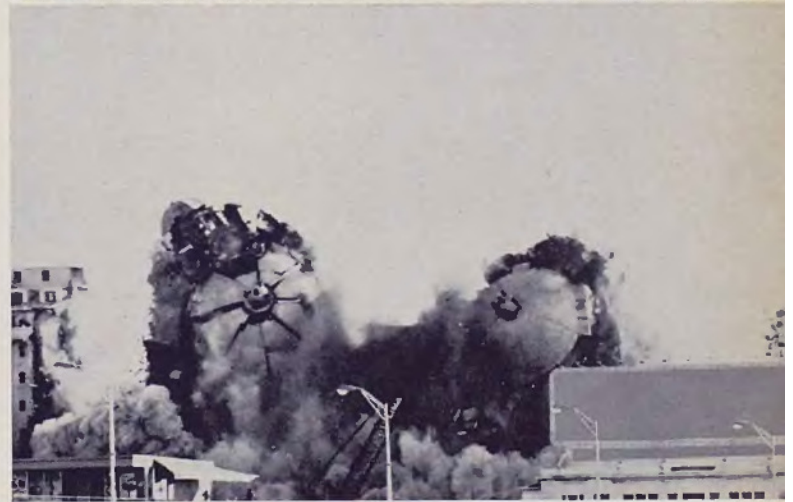
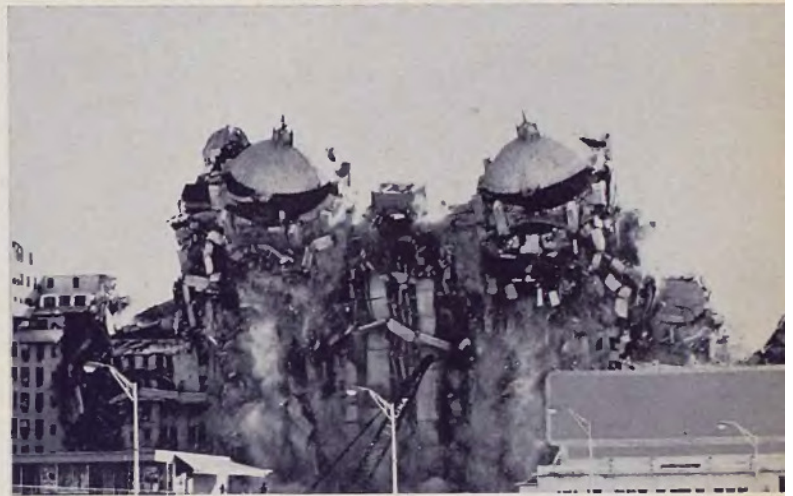
article By RICHARD RHODES

Dynamite: the big red-paper-wrapped sticks lying in their box ominous and yet exhilarating, fuel for fantasies of some ultimate Fourth of July, giant firecrackers packed with brown paste that looks like plastic wood—is plastic wood, but the binder that holds the sawdust is nitroglycerin. Wicked, lethal stuff, the weapon of choice of skyjackers and left-of-far-left radicals and terrorists and underworld hit men; but today two clean-cut, fresh-faced young guys in white hard hats, Mark and Doug Loizeaux, are handling it. They pull sticks out of the box and slash them with a razor blade and prime them with blasting caps, fine orange and yellow wires running out the end, and load them in holes drilled into concrete columns that support Kansas City's moribund State Hotel. And after they've loaded the dynamite, my God, they ram it into place with a sawed-off hoe handle, as if it were so much packing, and then ram some stemming turf on top to plug the hole and move on. The owners of the hotel put a contract out on it. Tomorrow morning, Sunday, Mark and Doug and their dad, Jack Loizeaux, are going to blow the place up.

They make a formidable team, though none of them looks the part of beefy demolition. Jack, 57, is slim and handsome, with trim gray hair and a small mustache; Mark, compact, poised, self-assured as someone must be who took over the business temporarily at the age of 19, when his dad broke his back in a car accident; Doug, tall and bearded, the younger son but already dropping buildings and bridges on his own. The Loizeauxs are a family outfit, and even Freddie Loizeaux, wife and mother, former head of the Maryland P. T. A., is a licensed blaster and travels with her husband to handle public relations with officials nervous at the thought of what will happen to them if the explosives break loose.

The box of dynamite sits in a pile of plaster rubble in what used to be the lobby of the hotel next to a battered blue Samsonite suitcase full of time-delay blasting caps and the Loizeaux boys move systematically from one column to the next, loading the holes spaced evenly around each column. Each hole gets the smallest possible charge of dynamite, a pound or a pound and a half; one of the qualities that have made the Loizeauxs the best demolition men in the world is their fanaticism about using the least possible amount of explosives to get the job done. They'd take down

Nashville's Andrew Jackson Hotel (opposite), the Traymare in Atlantic City (top) and Kansas City's Plaza star in *Edifice Wrecks*.



the Empire State Building with Black Cats and ladyfingers if they could figure out a way to do it, but as it is they've brought down 22-story buildings with no more than a couple of hundred pounds of dynamite—which is why, in 18 years of work, Controlled Demolition Inc., the family firm, has never had an accident or an injury. Occasionally, very occasionally, a building won't fall on the first shot, a consequence of the Loizeauxs' refusing to overload it with explosives, and then Jack has to go in and set more charges and try again. But such undercalculations have become increasingly rare as Controlled Demolition has refined its techniques. The days when it had to go to Lloyd's of London for insurance are now far behind it.

The State Hotel isn't anything special to look at, ten stories of brick, the decayed repository of tens of thousands of Kansas City weekends and Kansas City weeks, but its physical roots go back to the 19th Century, hand-laid masonry columns down in the basement six feet square supporting a welter of columns upstairs, some of them structural steel, some of them poured concrete embedded with heavy reinforcing rods, some of them poured concrete wrapped with bands of steel like giant springs, an array right out of Rube Goldberg, every support different from the last one and every support requiring its own unique arrangement of explosives if it's to be turned, as the Loizeauxs intend turning it, into instant gravel. The concrete and masonry supports get dynamite charges. The structural-steel H beams running ten stories up the front of the hotel inside its brick facing get something special from the technology of the space age: linear shaped charges. When the stages of the Saturn 5 separated from one another in all those moon shots, linear shaped charges wrapped around the inside of the rocket's skin separated them. A linear shaped charge is an explosive device that looks like a segment of a copper picture frame, an extruded V-shaped copper tube filled with plastic explosive. When the explosive goes off, it turns to a gas and expands at 27,000 feet per second, which is fast enough to generate pressures of 3,000,000 pounds per square inch. The shape of the copper tube forms the expanding gas into a jet and the jet makes a cut as thin as a sheet of paper along the line where the charge is attached, an instantaneous cut cleaner than the work of an acetylene torch straight through three inches of structural steel.

But if the hotel is nothing much to look at, in another sense it's very special indeed, because its east side, ten stories high, rises only the width of an alley, 12 feet, away from a 22-story hotel next door, a hotel still in service and filled with weekend guests. The Loizeauxs have taken down larger buildings than the State, but they've never before taken

down one so tight. The least mistake and they're likely to tear up the neighboring hotel and destroy their perfect record and bring on monumental lawsuits and maybe kill somebody, and don't think they don't know it. Jack Loizeaux is a praying man who nevertheless believes the Lord helps those who help themselves, but this weekend he's praying whenever he can find the time. He's already handled three other jobs in Kansas City, a smokestack and an old packing house and a hotel, but a few months before the State job another outfit tried to take down a building a block away and botched it. They blew it up three times before the last of it fell and they broke half the windows in the central city. Jack has to sell the city fathers all over again on the virtues of explosive demolition, and the only way he knows how to do that is to put his own reputation on the line by taking on the worst job in town. The State is the worst job in the country, and if he's not actually sweating, he's certainly checking and rechecking the building and his plans, and so are his two sons, and the night before the blast he will find himself wide awake at three in the morning with diagrams and delay patterns dancing before his eyes.

Loizeaux first handled explosives back in 1938, when he was a junior at the University of Georgia in Athens. He owned a bicycle then, and an Airedale, and a cabin in the woods. He was a forestry student. The Oconee River was washing out the forestry-department nursery and the school decided to straighten the channel to bypass the nursery area. Jack worked the surveying transit and then helped the DuPont engineer load dynamite into the holes the students drilled. "When it came time to shoot," says Loizeaux, "he said, 'How would you like to shoot it?' Wow. I was just a kid. I pressed that plunger and we threw *hundreds of thousands* of tons of loam and mud and it just went skyward and when it was all over and the mud settled, the old lazy river came straight as an arrow for about 200 yards. It just fascinated me. The tremendous power that was at my finger tips. I couldn't sleep for a week." He remembers an earlier experience with explosives that may have impressed him even more: He remembers his father blasting holes in his orchard where fruit trees would be planted. Then the father had power; now the power was his.

But Loizeaux didn't go directly from college into demolition. World War Two intervened, and after the war, the memory of tremendous power perhaps quieted, he started a tree service out of Towson, Maryland, specializing in big contracts from cities, 20,000 trees at a time. Those were the years when the American elm died off in the East from Dutch elm disease. Loizeaux had all the work he could handle, and to get the job

done he innovated. "When we had dead elms and dead sycamores, we'd cut them off low and drill holes and blast and split them and then we'd take a Navy winch truck and pull out the pieces, so we had no disposal problem." Thus began his practical experience with explosives. And notice: Felling a tree means figuring out how to put it exactly where you want it, using ropes and gravity to lay it in the slot, a skill that Loizeaux would later turn to good account.

Builders, hearing about a tree specialist around Baltimore who used explosives, would come over and ask Loizeaux if he'd take on a stubborn rock or a recalcitrant footing and for 100 bucks or so he'd do it. He began to like the money he was earning from those extra jobs and he began to learn about blasting. He hung around DuPont, studied engineering at night school, read his way through the blasting library, took chemists and engineers to lunch. The specialists at DuPont came to think of him as an expert, and one day they had a problem that matched his talents. "DuPont called me and said a colonel at Aberdeen Proving Ground thought he'd be cute and there were three smokestacks to come down and he shot one and he's broken windows for many miles, so he's in hot water. So I went out there. He'd taken three cases—50-pound cases, 150 pounds of explosives—and he'd had his men scaffold the stack and his engineers had lowered the cases into the stack at different elevations. Well"—this from Loizeaux deadpan—"he blew it. So I went out there with six pounds of explosives for each stack and I dumped the other two."

Loizeaux has a film showing the most outstanding of his many shots over the years, and prominent among its scenes are the ballets he and his sons perform with smokestacks. Loizeaux knows where to drop them, like trees. He leans them east, west, north, south and points between. Or he telescopes them into themselves so that they disappear before your eyes, leaving behind as they fall, suspended in the air, a ghostly column of soot. The colonel at Aberdeen can only have been chagrined. But for Loizeaux, a chimney was just another kind of tree.

In the early Fifties, Loizeaux shot nothing but stacks. Then he was called to Chile to blast out a deepwater port, one of the few foreign assignments he has accepted, not wanting to spread himself too thin, and when that job was done he was in business. He's been blowing stacks, bridges and buildings ever since, until today he has as much business as he can handle, and he's brought in his two sons, both licensed blasters and competent demolition experts in their own right, to help him keep up with demand.

Like many other self-made men, Loizeaux has looked hard for something beyond himself that might explain his

(continued on page 196)

DUKE ELLINGTON
leader, songwriter/composer

BILLY ECKSTINE
male vocalist

STAN GETZ
tenor sax



*a look at the current
music scene—plus
the winners of the
18th annual playboy
poll and readers'
choices for the
playboy jazz &
pop hall of fame
and records of the year*

JAZZ & POP 74

THE
1974
PLAYBOY
ALL-STARS'
ALL-STARS



GEORGE BENSON
guitar

5TH DIMENSION
vocal group

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY
alto sax

JIMMY SMITH
organ



SARAH VAUGHAN
female vocalist



GERRY MULLIGAN
baritone sax



THE 1974 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

article By NAT HENTOFF

IN A YEAR when a Vice-President was forced to resign for being on the take, and when Watergate and its noisome ramifications brought down key Presidential advisors while the President himself was at bay, country music came on strong. Maybe it's because of that music's down-home verities and the reassuring straightforwardness of its performers; but, in any case, over 800 radio stations from New York to Los Angeles were all-country outlets by the end of the year (a steep rise from 81 such stations in 1961). And college campuses throughout the country also swelled the audience for true-grit sounds. As Buck Owens put it, "In the old days, the family that listened to me drove a broken truck and came from the fields. Now it has two cars and a TV



OSCAR PETERSON
piano



RETURN TO FOREVER
instrumental combo



FREDDIE HUBBARD
trumpet

BENNY GOODMAN
clarinet

BILLY COBHAM
drums

J. J. JOHNSON
trombone



set. The music hasn't changed much; the audience has. It's more hip, but it still wants music from the soil and the soul."

More cityfolk than ever before were picking up on Loretta Lynn, Tammy Wynette, Merle Haggard, Johnny Cash and his resplendent wife, June Carter Cash, Tom T. Hall and Charlie Rich. For the silver-haired Rich, it was the finest year of his performing life. After many, many nights of playing in nondescript lounges and saloons, he finally broke through to win Country Music Association awards as 1973's best male country singer and for the best album and single of the year (*Behind Closed Doors*).

Meanwhile, along with the continuing success of black country singer Charlie Pride, the year witnessed the arrival of the first purveyor of Jewish country music—Texas-raised Kinky Friedman and his Texas Jewboys. Their sound and rhythms are as authentic as the mesquite of the Southwest, but the mordantly witty lyrics are quite something else, as Friedman draws from both of his primary cultural roots. "Both Jewboys and cowboys," (text continued on page 149)



RON CARTER
bass

RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK
flute, manzello, strich

MILT JACKSON
vibes

PAUL McCARTNEY
bass

BUDDY RICH
drums

KEITH EMERSON
organ

LIONEL HAMPTON
vibes

MILES DAVIS
second trumpet

ERIC CLAPTON
guitar

IAN ANDERSON
flute

J. J. JOHNSON
first trombone

PETE FOUNTAIN
clarinet

CANNONBALL
ADDERLEY
first alto sax

EDGAR WINTER
second alto sax

ELTON JOHN
piano, songwriter/composer

BERNIE TAUPIN
songwriter/composer

NEIL DIAMOND
male vocalist

CARLY SIMON
female vocalist





CHICAGO
instrumental combo

AL HIRT
third trumpet

HERB ALPERT
fourth trumpet

SI ZENTNER
second trombone

SLIDE HAMPTON
third trombone

MAYNARD
FERGUSON
fourth trombone

STAN GETZ
first tenor sax

BOOTS
RANDOLPH
second tenor sax

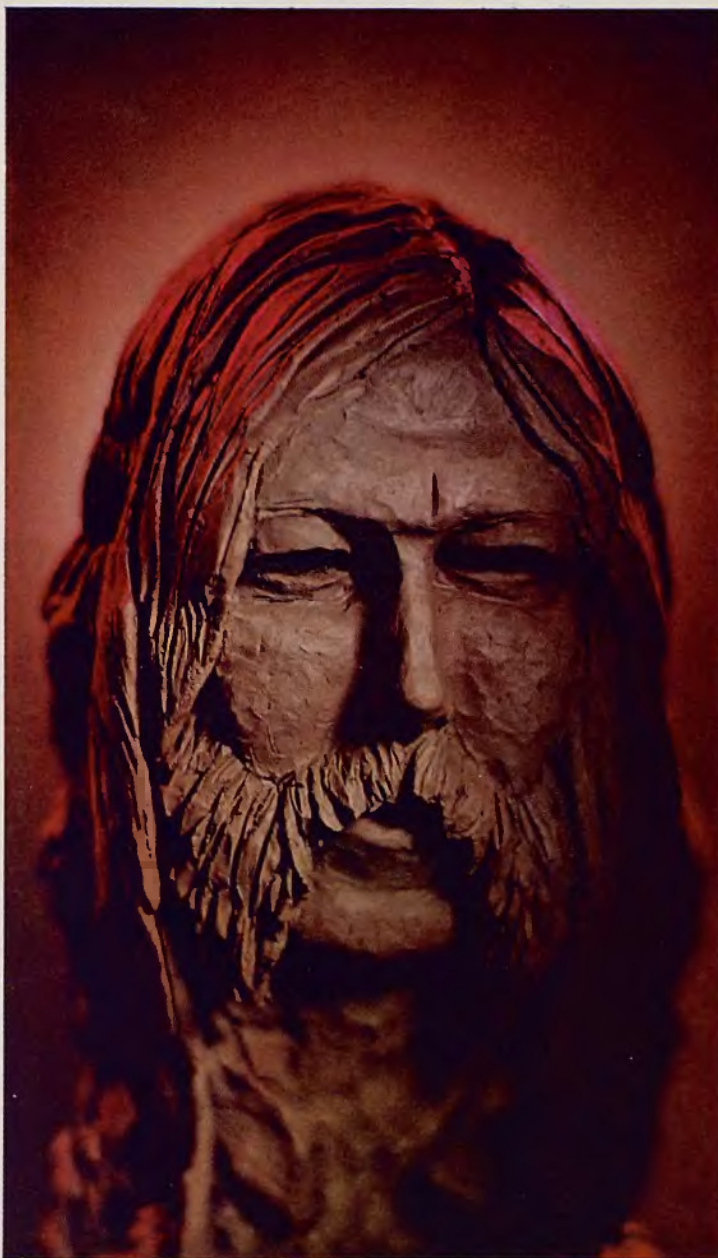
GERRY MULLIGAN
baritone sax

ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND
vocal group

DOC SEVERINSEN
leader, first trumpet

THE 1974 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR BAND

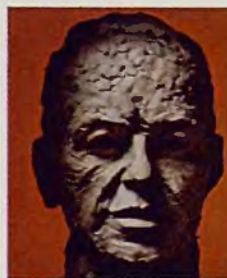
DUANE ALLMAN *The life of Duane Allman ended on the evening of October 29, 1971, when—after three hours of emergency surgery—he succumbed to massive injuries that he sustained when he swerved to avoid a truck and wound up getting pinned (and dragged) by his motorcycle. That wasn't the end of his story, however. His music continues to move lots of people, and the superb band that he put together—with brother Gregg as organist and lead vocalist—continues to overcome obstacles that would put almost any other out of business (such as the recent death of bassist Berry Oakley in an accident strikingly similar to Duane's). Duane and his brother grew up in Nashville and Daytona Beach, where they started to play rock music in their early teens, got a local hit, formed a band called the Hourglass and moved to L.A. There, the record company they signed with didn't know what to do with them (but that's where Duane started getting his inimitable slide-guitar style together). The group didn't last, but a demo it had cut at Rick Hall's studio in Muscle Shoals, Alabama, got Duane his break as a studio musician; and he made the most of it on sessions with King Curtis, Aretha Franklin, Wilson Pickett, Clarence Carter and others. Eventually, he got together Oakley, guitarist Dickie Betts, drummers Butch Trucks and Jai Johanny Johanson, lured Gregg back into action and, presto: The Allman Brothers Band was born. At first, the guys lived together in Macon, Georgia—the headquarters of Duane's manager, Phil Walden (who also managed Otis Redding), and Walden's company, Capricorn Records—but later on, "home" became the giant camper, a ten-seater, in which they toured the country incessantly, bringing that good ol' Southern rock 'n' roll to the people, who, of course, just ate up the long guitar lines played in harmony and the rhythm that cooked no matter what the tempo or time signature. Duane was still in demand as a studio cat, however, and found time to cut some great sides with Delaney and Bonnie, then with Eric Clapton. Delaney and Dr. John were among the musicians who sat in with the band at Duane's funeral, held in Macon. Today, everyone who ever worked with Duane will tell you something nice about him—about how hard he played, how loyal he was, how he wouldn't play unless the feeling was right, how he was just a good ol' boy who was busy putting the South back on the musical map when he got cut down. But nothing can tell you more about him than those great guitar licks that he managed to get on record.*



THE PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP HALL OF FAME



DAVE BRUBECK



FRANK SINATRA



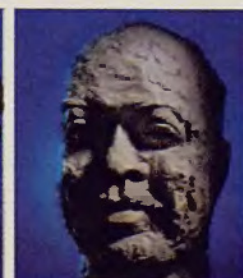
LOUIS ARMSTRONG



DUKE ELLINGTON



ELLA FITZGERALD



COUNT BASIE



RAY CHARLES



JOHN COLTRANE



BENNY GOODMAN



HERB ALPERT



WES MONTGOMERY



MILES DAVIS



BOB DYLAN



JOHN LENNON



PAUL MCCARTNEY



JIMI HENDRIX



JANIS JOPLIN



ELVIS PRESLEY



MICK JAGGER



JIM MORRISON



GEORGE HARRISON

A year ago, in this space, we pointed out that since the Hall of Fame expanded to embrace pop music as well as jazz, only pop stars—most of them guitar pickers, too—have been elected. This year's mandate for Duane Allman, following that for Eric Clapton in 1973, leaves no doubt that the electric guitar is the instrumental voice of our time, and its language is rock music—at least as far as our readership is concerned.



ERIC CLAPTON

he explains, "are wandering, soulful types. Both have their problems and know how to enjoy their suffering pretty well." As the year went on, Friedman was pleased to learn that his recordings were being played not only by city sophisticates but also on jukeboxes at Texas truck stops.

While increasing numbers of people turned to country sounds, the flow also went the other way. Merle Haggard, for instance, recorded a set in New Orleans that moved authoritatively and joyfully among Dixieland jazz, blues and country music. A particularly lively force in the outreach of country spirit was sizzling banjo picker Earl Scruggs, whose traveling Revue includes his two sons. In their early 20s, Gary and Randy Scruggs fuse the songs of Joni Mitchell, Bob Dylan and other inspirational sources of their generation with the driving bluegrass thrust of father Earl. The formula is working, for, as Scruggs says, "Last year was my most successful as long as I've been in the business."

It was also an encouraging year for jazz. There was a considerable increase in the number of jazz albums released as well as in the number of night clubs switching their policy to jazz. Especially important for the future was the youth of many new recruits to the music. On Sunday afternoons, for example, New York's Village Vanguard—which stayed with jazz during all the lean years—attracted listeners as young as 12 and 13. At another jazz club, Charles Mingus declared himself surprised at seeing in each night's audience "lots of those rock kids with long hair."

Among the explanations for this resurgence of jazz was pianist Marian McPartland's observation that "Rock groups like Mahavishnu and Weather Report have incorporated many jazz elements into their music and the kids have become sophisticated."

A second and particularly intriguing analysis of the greening of jazz came from drummer Chico Hamilton. "Jazz is a music of reconciliation," he says. "In some ways, rock was a rebellion against the tastes of parents. But now kids are listening to jazz and they find they have an area where they can relate to the older generation."

A growing number of kids, moreover, are also playing jazz. At the biggest and most diversified music communion of the year—the ten-day Newport Jazz Festival in New York from June 29 to July 8—one of the most rousing bands was a unit from housing projects on Staten Island with an eight-piece saxophone section whose members ranged in age from 10 to 18. At another concert, *Youth and Jazz*, there were three crackling bands of youngsters—the Jazz Interactions Workshop Orchestra (directed by trumpeter Joe Newman), the Jazzmobile Workshop Orchestra (guided by bassist Paul West) and the All-City High School Jazz Orchestra (coached by Marian McPartland and Clem DeRosa). Also participating in the festival were drummer Thelonious Monk, Jr. (son of the original, to say the least, Thelonious Monk), and 13-year-old singer Tom Littlefield, Jr. (grandson of Woody Herman).

Those ten days and nights of Newport Jazz in New York encompassed more than 1000 musicians of all conceivable styles in 56 concerts, some taking place simultaneously, throughout the city—from New Orleans-flavored boat rides on the Hudson to sessions at Carnegie Hall, the Apollo Theater, Central Park, Shea Stadium and a climactic final-night triumph in suburbia, *Jazz and Soul on the Island*, at Long Island's Nassau Coliseum. Total attendance for all the events was approximately 133,000—an increase of 31,000 from the year before. The revels cost more than \$1,000,000, with musicians' fees coming to half of that. Impresario George Wein just about broke even with the aid (continued on page 178)

CULTURAL WORKER (continued from page 88)

drab. I began to yearn for a drop of degeneracy. Our hotel, a nondescript, massive, modern thing, was "just finished yesterday," they said. They weren't kidding. The plaster was still wet and as yet there was no hot water. The walls absorbed Canton's high humidity like blotting paper and staying there was like life in a rain forest. Everything was soggy. The food, however, was ample compensation.

After unpacking, we met to elect our Delegation Leader. The meeting was a shambles, but pretty funny—with the party liners frantically trying to impose some sort of collective order and a splinter group countering by running someone on "the Revisionist Ticket." Two coleaders were elected, a man and a woman, in exemplary representative fashion, to serve as official spokes . . . um . . . *people* for the group, introducing us, presenting gifts, etc. It was explained that, as Cultural Workers, we may, in some places, be expected to give performances of some kind. A song would be perfectly acceptable, for instance. Someone suggested *We Shall Not Be Moved*, since the Chinese know that one, and the *Internationale*. "I have the words to the *Internationale* if everyone doesn't know them," the writer/factory worker said. Not only did I not know the words, I didn't even know the tune. Could it be I'm out of touch with the masses?

After dinner, we were taken to a People's Cultural Park, where thousands of people go, free of charge, to performances in two or three open theaters—children singing on one stage, a Mongolian puppet show delighting hundreds of people on another. There was also a ping-pong match, a roller-skating rink—you name it. It was a Maoist amusement park and everyone was laughing, clapping and enjoying himself. You could have knocked me over with a won ton. I knew the people had food and clothing here for the first time in their lives, but nothing I'd seen or read led me to believe they had a *good time*.

We were introduced there to the Chinese custom (albeit a recent one) of applauding foreigners. It was quite startling and moving. Everywhere we entered, the crowds applauded us—and we applauded back. It all began feeling faintly hallucinatory; I think by then I'd come down with a case of culture shock. At the first sign of rain, we were shown inside and our bus was brought around for us so we wouldn't have to walk. I'd expected more Red Guard treatment than Red Carpet, but this proved to be quite typical.

The next morning at six o'clock, I was blasted out of bed by a brace of loudspeakers outside my window giving forth at full volume with the communal wake-

up call, which begins with the *Internationale* in crashing crescendo and continues throughout the day with revolutionary operas and rabble-rousing speeches, though they never roused any while we were there. It's not easy to sleep late in China. After 15 minutes of the *Internationale* and political broadcasts I can't even understand, I am moved to unheard of heights of industry. Busy hands are happy hands. I am up and packing for Chairman Mao, straightening my room for Chairman Mao, making my bed—in a hotel—for Chairman Mao, and this was only the second day. The Chinese can mobilize anybody. By nine o'clock I felt my day was already half over. We left for the Ren Ho People's Commune, passing a sign along the way, PROLETARIAT OF THE WORLD UNITE!

When we arrived at the commune, we were shown into a meager meeting hall and sat down at a table set with steaming mugs of tea and plates piled with peanuts. The Revolutionary Committee members of the 60,000-person commune made various presentations to inform us of its history. Then one of our Delegation Leaders introduced us: "Responsible Persons, Revolutionary Committee Members and Comrades of the Ren Ho Commune: We are a varied group—blacks, whites, *chicano*—of different political and religious beliefs, from many different cities, but we have two things in common: We have actively opposed the Vietnam war and we have sincere respect for the great accomplishments of the Chinese people under their beloved Chairman Mao Tse-tung. We are here to learn and observe and develop better understanding and deeper friendship. You have a culture hundreds of years in age and the benefits of a new society. We are grateful for your generous hospitality. Thank you."

The tables in the dark meeting hall were then spread with oil cloths and set with chopsticks. Dish followed dish: egg roll, sweet-and-sour fish—each one better than the last. I couldn't believe it; lunch at the Ren Ho Commune was like eating at Trader Vic's. With a little carpeting and some tiki gods. . . .

Then a guided tour of the commune. By the end of the day, members of the group glided by—radiant radical countenances suffused with the splendor of socialism. While their smugness was annoying, I could see their point. We had learned that the cost of medical care—a major operation for \$15—is minute in China, and if they pay an annual fee of a few dollars, they receive all medical services free. The price of food, housing and clothing is equally minimal. Those gray suits they wear aren't uniforms, we were told; they dress alike because it's *cheaper*. For approximately six dollars, a person can buy two pairs of pants and two

jackets, which will be his wardrobe for the year.

For others in the group—the most idealistic, the most radical or the most cynical, I don't know which—China had already fallen short of their expectations. The repressiveness, the poverty (costs were low, but so were the wages), the apparent absence of individual choice or freedom—it wasn't the people's paradise they'd envisioned. The workers' homes we saw at the commune were primitive and spartan. Their hospitality was ample, but because they had very little, they had to serve us hot water in lieu of tea. "We are still a very poor country," our guide explained in a characteristic Chinese combination of honesty, humility and pride. Life was *better*, but life was hard. Yet it seemed to be hard for everybody. All over China, signs reminded the people of the LONG, HARD STRUGGLE and that the struggle was shared; but so were the rewards. Perhaps my political naïveté and my lack of expectations left me open to being impressed.

I began seeing the red-and-white signs not as insidious Communist Big Brother brainwashing but as a means, however regimental, to mobilize and motivate 800,000,000 people to help clothe and feed one another. If a country as vast and populous as China is to succeed in building a self-reliant society, it will only be through unity, not the chaotic Chinese legacy of thousands of years of factionalism. Two days in the country and I'm a Maoist maven. My Red-menace conditioning was crumbling before my very eyes. I began to regard those friendly billboards back home—exhorting us to buy overpriced, unsafe, obsolescence-oriented automobiles to carry us to our new reduced-rate, view-site grave—as far more pernicious than signs encouraging the unity of the people of the world.

After Canton came Changsha. The city had a distinctly Dickensian quality: soot-streaked, coal-blackened, bleak and skeletal. Visually stripped. The people lived poorly, but there seemed to be none of the desperate hopelessness that usually goes along with it. Wandering down winding side streets, I saw a cheerful community spirit of closeness. People would look up and their mouths would drop open as they saw—for the first time—an American running dog right on their block. The shock would then soften into smiles and laughter and eager waves.

In the smaller cities and towns, a Westerner becomes an instant Pied Piper, engulfed by sometimes hundreds of cautious, curious, friendly Chinese. The feelings they projected were so positive that it never occurred to me to be uneasy. I'm a devout paranoid, but in China I felt no fear. There was an incredible, quite valid sense of safety. I experimented by walking alone in cities at night. It was extraordinary. I knew I could go

(continued on page 155)

"BUTTERFLY" GIRL

ratna assan—not exactly a household name, but her performance opposite steve mc queen in "papillon" should make the face and figure familiar

SHE'S JUST turned 19, but she's been a family breadwinner for a dozen-odd years. She was brought up as a typical California teenager—high school cheerleader, drive-in-movie fan—but her dates in those teen years were showbiz figures (*My Three Sons*' Barry Livingston and *Maya*'s Sajid Khan). And she's just completed her first motion picture; but instead of a bit part, she landed the only major female role—opposite no less a personage than Steve McQueen. Her name is Ratna Assan and she comes from a long





line of entertainers—musicians, dancers, clowns—in both of her parents' families in their native Indonesia. Ratna herself was born in Torrance, California, December 16, 1954. Her mother, Devi Dja, had been under contract to MGM in the Forties and appeared in several of the Bing Crosby–Bob Hope classics, among them *Road to Bali*, *Road to Morocco* and *Road to Singapore*. She's also a choreographer and dance teacher, and it was she who set Ratna to studying dancing, singing and acting three hours per day from the age of three and a half. By the time she was seven, Ratna was performing professionally, doing intricate Javanese dances and singing native songs in clubs, theaters, even the Hollywood Bowl. That turned out to be (concluded on page 176)



"This scene is from the first evening Steve and I spend together. It's all done in pantomime."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI







Raymond

"That was magic?"

CULTURAL WORKER (continued from page 150)

anywhere at any time and return intact. And I did.

It was in Changsha that I saw my first fly. It must have sneaked in from Taiwan. Until the Revolution in 1949, thousands of people in China were dying of disease, and after seizing power, one of the things Mao mobilized the masses to do was kill flies. Every day the people were asked to turn in a quota of dead flies, and the consequence of 800,000,000 people's swatting is no flies in China.

One night we went to see a performance of plate spinning, human pyramids, unicycles, aerial acts. The aerialists wore wires, since the Chinese consider it decadent to risk a life or solicit thrill seeking. After all this, two men in battle-ship-gray Mao jackets walked out on stage and for fully ten minutes engaged in a birdcall dialog—screeching and hooting at each other, cawing and tweeting heatedly. Then they impersonated a barnyard, an auto race and, for their big finale, a locomotive. The audience went crazy and the guys got two encores. If only Ed Sullivan were still on.

Back in the bus, an argument raged about the acrobats' costumes. Some felt that they were too nice, that they were bourgeois, counterrevolutionary. Others disagreed. I thought they were pretty and who cares anyway? The hard-core Marxists complained that everybody wasn't interested enough in the movement. After seven days of Chinese food, Leigh replied loudly, "The only movement I'm interested in is the *bowel* movement."

The following day, we met with a group of our counterparts, Chinese Cultural Workers—a very somber, sweet group of composers, writers, actors, directors and the Responsible Person from the previous night's acrobatic troupe. Dressed alike in dark grays, greens and blues, they were a far cry from the Cultural Workers I've known in Hollywood, with unlisted phones in their custom convertibles. We met with them for three hours, exchanging questions and answers over tea.

A few days later, we went by bus from Changsha to Shaoshan to visit the farmhouse where Mao was born. It was a cross between Mount Vernon and the Wailing Wall. To the Chinese, Shaoshan is a pilgrimage, the house a shrine. Eyes shone with tears. The man who taught godlessness is a godhead. "I don't tell my *wife* I love her," protested a guide proudly, "but I do love Chairman Mao." While it took Mao to mobilize the people, it seems such a setup for mass trauma when he dies. What happens when 800,000,000 people lose their father? Naturally, they've taken steps. Several years ago, Mao himself came out against the philosophy of the personality cult; that, too, seems self-contradictory to me. But Maoism in the extreme is gradually being phased out. Fewer Mao

buttons are worn, fewer Mao posters are seen. One new poster *has* been issued, however, in what some consider subliminal preparation; it shows Mao up in the clouds over Tien An Min Square, with one of his quotations below. The man may be mortal, but the mind lives on. Mao's thoughts are the opiate of the people.

Near Mao's house is the Mao Tse-tung museum. There is a large silvered likeness of him in front of it, along with a famous pre-Nixonian quote captured in marble: "People of the world, unite and defeat the U. S. aggressors and all their running dogs! . . . Then the whole world will belong to the people. Monsters of all kinds shall be destroyed." I wish he'd just come right out and say what he really feels instead of beating around the bush. Later that night, I was idly doing a dance back at our hotel, tapping and shuffling, and our woman guide, Comrade Lin, asked what it was. "The Running Dog Stomp." I said. She laughed.

The hotel dining room was in a separate building and by dinnertime it was pouring rain. We all gathered in the tiny lobby, ready to make a run for it, when we saw 20 pairs of galoshes and several umbrellas lined up. Their thoughtfulness was always just that touching and genuine. And we never felt policed or prodded. We were free to take days off from the tour and wander on our own. With all due respect, the Chinese in China just aren't like the Chinese I've met in Hong Kong or Taiwan or America. They are warm and friendly, open and funny. They don't dump sweet-and-sour pork on your head; they aren't monosyllabic or surly—even if they can't speak English. And they were nice to me not because I was pretty or famous but almost *in spite* of it. It says a lot about China and a lot about the West. The Chinese have a decency and a humanity that, in the Western world, have become only words chiseled on Federal buildings. Perhaps that's why we were so susceptible to them, why we found them so moving. After all my apprehensions about armies of automatons, these revolutionary robots had me almost constantly close to tears.

After dinner, several of us adjourned to the sitting room to talk and play poker. (Item: Chinese cards have no kings, queens or jacks. The decks are egalitarian.) The poker game was under way at one end of the room, while at the other a jam session wailed with improvised instruments. There were East Indian chants and country-and-western hoots as the writer/factory worker persistently played *We Shall Not Be Moved* on her autoharp. In a corner, some of us were engrossed in a seminar on sex.

Our Chinese comrades looked on, eyes

wide with wonder, initially a bit uncertain. Our disheveled and eclectic group posed a serious challenge to party discipline. Gradually, they began to loosen up—unbutton their collars, roll up their sleeves and really enjoy themselves. The guides began to grow their hair; one bravely but briefly sprouted a highly heretical mustache; shirttails hung out; they all began to relax. "You are *different* from other groups," they said diplomatically over the noise of bongos, harmonicas and kazoes.

Meanwhile, our seminar proved edifying to both groups. We asked Comrade Lin if she would explain Revolutionary Morality to us and offered to answer any questions she might have about Revisionist Morality. Lin said our guides were surprised to find that two of the couples in the group were not married. We explained that it was quite acceptable in America to live together without being married and that people often did so rather casually with little or no commitment and were remarkably flexible and expedient in their choice of roommate. Lin said the Chinese would find shocking that kind of casualness and lack of commitment. I respected them for not being judgmental in the face of our full countercultural dose.

Still, it's fairly safe to say that China is a puritanical society. Premarital sex, we were told, does not exist in the People's Republic. Yeah, but. . . . There are no buts. Buts also do not exist. There *is*, however, some chaste courtship as couples walk hand in hand along the rivers at night. But still, I persist, "What if a boy and a girl want to. . ." "They don't," said Lin firmly. After three weeks in China, I believed her. There was an absolute absence of sexual energy. I felt like I had been neutered. The very *idea* of sex was redolent of bourgeois self-indulgence. Never again, I thought, would I know the joy, the anxiety—at least not till I got home. In China, Lin told us, marriage is called "class friendship." We asked what qualities people looked for in a "class friend." "Political ideology," she said. Political ideology? That gives things an intriguing twist. What happens if the husband goes off to work and the wife meets another guy with *better* ideology, *bigger* ideology?

The legal age for marriage is 18 for women, 20 for men, but they are discouraged from marrying before the age of 25 or 26 and the government is trying to raise the legal age to 30. It's felt that early marriage is distracting to studies and work, and sexual emphasis is distracting to fighting imperialism. Boys and girls no longer fall in love at 17 or 18, as they did before the Cultural Revolution; education in that area has been successful. "When you find a good man, you marry him," Lin said simply. But you find him after 25.

Divorce exists but is exceptional. Even 155

our guides didn't know that Mao, of all people, had been married four times. Couples contemplating untying the knot go before their neighborhood revolutionary committee for self-criticism sessions. They are usually urged to give it another go. "In China, we don't worry about divorce," Lin explained. "We think how to live together our whole life."

Several times we asked our guides to invite their wives or husbands to dinner, but they always politely declined. Other visitors to China have experienced the same refusals, but no one has understood why and it never occurred to me to ask. There seemed to be, however, on many levels, a policy of social segregation to keep visitors from getting too chummy with the Chinese; or maybe it's vice versa.

The next day, everyone was up early, eager to leave the sticks of Changsha for the bright lights of Peking. At breakfast an announcement was made that the plane had been delayed by fog and over-sold. There were only 13 seats available. Who would volunteer to stay in Changsha? Were they kidding? That's like doing time in Trenton. Even in so selfless and socialistic a group, there were no volunteers. We drew lots. There was no doubt in my mind I'd be having Peking duck for dinner. I drew my slip of paper. Suddenly I understood how the men on the Titanic felt as the women and children climbed into the lifeboats. Another night in Changsha.

Our day, however, turned out to be a

nice one, because no matter where you are, the Chinese are a pleasure to be around. Or be surrounded by. We went at a relaxed pace; a lovely People's Park that really *was* a people's park, then to the Changsha Restaurant. We had asked to eat at a people's restaurant—rather than get the VIP treatment—and we got our wish. Only we were led past the people having lunch and upstairs into a private room. The food was the same as downstairs, however—sumptuous, but made from the most inexpensive animal parts: spiced pickled pig's heart, goose gizzard, fried tendons, pig's stomach, fish-skin soup, fried pork fat and snake-bile wine. I would have given 1,000,000 yuan for a bowl of Grape Nuts and half-and-half. Then they brought in a plate of white fluffy stuff that looked like floating island. Dessert? It was pork with egg whites. I finished my rice in silence.

After lunch, we were taken to the movies. It was a film about a young boy who runs away to join the Red army and his adventures therein. It was surprisingly well shot, emotional, exciting, funny and even moving. Sort of revolutionary Walt Disney: *Tom Sawyer Fights the Imperialists*.

The next day, we awaken with one thought in mind: Peking. The plane allegedly leaves at one P.M. We are taken while we wait to see a kindergarten, where the student body put on a show for us. The children's make-up was theatrical and heavy, classical Chinese, and they gave the startling impression of

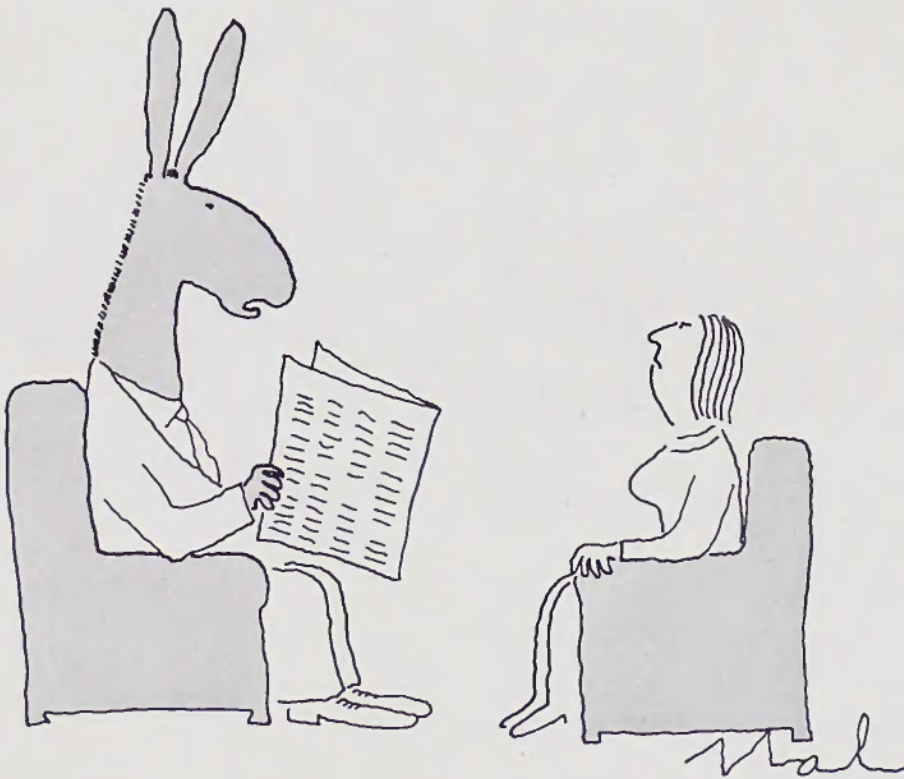
hardened, overly made-up dwarfs. The plays were all political, but not oppressively so. In one, *The Long March*, the kids came out in uniforms with red-starred caps and a big red banner. It wasn't very different from American kids' playing George Washington at Valley Forge. But it *was* very different from American kids. The performance was perfectly professional and smooth: there were no screw-ups, no giggling, no fidgeting—and no humor. They were the most disciplined and purposeful regiment of preschoolers ever bred. The children at this kindergarten, we were told, live at school from the age of three and visit home only on weekends; they looked it. The teachers seemed gentle and kind, not like some of the wardens I knew; they didn't terrorize. But these kids seemed beyond terror. I don't know. It was impressive and lovely—but somehow a little chilling.

By four P.M. we were finally fastening our seat belts as a stewardess in cotton jacket and baggy pants offered us candy, apples, tea and gum with the resilience of vinyl. It was a far cry from "Fly Me, I'm Sheila." The trip—a long one; China is vast—went without incident, and we hit Peking at midnight. Our hotel had all the warmth of a Y. Like all hotels where we stayed in China, however, the rooms were stocked with tins of tea, a Thermos of hot water, cigarettes, combs, pen and ink, writing paper and an occasional old radio. We also got private bathrooms, but when they made "The Great Leap Forward," they leaped right over the plumbing.

In the morning, we went to Peking U—lovely lakes and pagodas in disrepair; real Ivy League. The students here, too, were appallingly well behaved; all of them were the kind of model students teachers had always held up to me as the desired academic mold. Most were from worker-peasant homes and for them, college is a privilege, a supreme opportunity for self-improvement for which they are deeply grateful.

A discussion of arts and literature had been arranged between our group and members of the faculty. Group intensity was high, as usual, and we stayed an extra hour. The faculty told us about some of the changes in post-Cultural Revolution education. "The teachers go to the country to work and live with the peasants for two months a year to offset the distance from the people and to get in touch with the lives of the laborers, because labor creates the world. They try to integrate theory with practice. Most of the teaching staff has had one year of labor. Teachers and students have to work outside as well as attend classes.

"In teaching we have abolished 'the cramming method' and instead practice 'the method of elicitation.' It is a means of self-enlightenment as opposed to force



"Janet . . . you knew I was an ass when you married me!"



"So we were just going down to interrogate a few prisoners, were we?"

feeding. We still have tests, but with different aims than before, when teachers treated students as enemies and launched 'surprise attacks.' The aim now is for the students to review their own studies to master what they have learned."

Then we bombarded them with questions:

Q. "Has the educational level dropped since the enrollment of peasants and workers?" asked the Muslim pointedly.

A. "To think the educational level *must* decrease is a bourgeois bias. But there are requirements. All the students have graduated from middle school and some from senior school."

Q. "What is the role of dialectical materialism in art, and should art follow dialectical materialism?" (My eyelids are growing heavy.)

A. "Literature and art should reflect reality."

Q. "Do you consider socialist realism, with revolutionary romanticism and revolutionary realism, a dialectical method as now practiced?" (ZZZZL.)

A. "Socialist realism has defects. It puts too much stress on reality and truth and not enough on Marxism-Leninism. So we combine revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism. We discard anything harmful to the minds of

the people, avoid the bourgeois aspects of human nature and eliminate the stress on complexity. In life we have hardship, but art should also reflect the people's heroism and ability to overcome. Revolutionary heroism plays an important role in literature and art. The works should not have a negative impact but should encourage the militant will of the people, show a bright future and inspire them by revolutionary experience. The main idea is to sing the praise of the heroic revolutionary peasant figures."

Q. "What is the Chinese attitude toward the suppression of Soviet writers?"

A. "It is difficult to write proletarian works, because the Soviets are under the domination of revisionism. The writers who are suppressed are rightist—writers who want the so-called freedom to write in the Western sense of the word."

Q. "What role do the minorities play in the arts now?"

A. "The minority people are shown well in the arts to correct the majority attitudes. They now have the freedom to use their own language, to hold their own religious beliefs and to practice their own customs. Because of their small populations, they are encouraged to have more children than the Hans [the majority]. Before liberation, the minorities

never played a role. Minority folk dances, for example, are performed for the people after they have been refined."

Q. "'Refined?'"

A. "There is a Tibetan dance, for instance, with stooped, bent-over movements symbolizing years of hard labor, but this reflects oppression and suffering, not the Revolutionary Chinese spirit. So we refine it, we regulate it. We straighten and unbend the posture, portray a proud and free attitude—erect, strong, invincible—the opposite of an oppressed feeling. All art reflects this idealized revolutionary spirit. Since changes have happened in our national life, we reflect them in our art."

Q. "But we are seeing the spirit of the people, not the reality of the people."

A. "Reality changes."

Q. "But so does the spirit. It sounds elitist to tell the masses what is good for them. By taking expressions of suppression out of their dance, you are denying their history. If the spirit of the people is free, the dance becomes just a dance showing the history of the people."

The Chinese seem amused by our passion, laughing and saying, "We perform such art when we think it necessary. Some dances are created to show oppression. Even though you are in Communist

China, you see the Forbidden City," they summarize sagely.

"Tell us about your modern American fiction," the Chinese ask us. "Are Mark Twain, Jack London and Theodore Dreiser still your favorites?" It seems they are about the only American fiction writers allowed on the shelves as yet. Someone explains that they aren't really popular anymore and, furthermore, announces that there are no works being produced in America that aren't bourgeois. Several people take umbrage at that remark and Mailer, Vonnegut, Pynchon and Barth are grudgingly recognized. The girl guerrilla playwright volunteers a statement: "Since America is still under the dictatorship of the *bourgeoisie*, our art and theater reflect the *bourgeoisie*. We are happy to be here in China, where art serves the people."

The high lama of our group asks if Lao-tzu and Confucius are studied in China today. Several firebrands impatiently roll eyeballs heavenward and mutter contempt for his irrelevance. They glare at him, lasers shooting through wire-rimmed glasses, anxious to get back to ideological brass tacks. The degree of their intolerance seemed calibrated to the depth of their fervor. At times, the politics were almost incidental; their commitment often seemed to be to their rage, their alienation. For some it could just as easily have been scientology as

radical politics. I thought of Rennie Davis' recent devotion to the 15-year-old Maharaj Ji.

Someone in the group spoke up to denounce the impossibility of a fair trial in America, explaining that's why kids go to Russia. Of course. Another, virtually in the same breath, buried the *bourgeoisie* and lamented the lack of room service. One of the older, mellower members of the group, who's been through the fervor and the FBI investigation that comes with it, still gets the *Guardian* delivered to his door at his summer home in Connecticut. Having seen it all before, he cracked, "Someday we'll all meet at The Polo Lounge at The Beverly Hills Hotel and laugh about all this." Solidarity Forever.

We visited the Forbidden City: endless elegance, dripping with decadence: eunuchs' quarters, guards' quarters, concubines' quarters (adjacent to the Emperor's quarters), and the Empress' quarters a discreet distance away. The Imperial Palace swells with fairy-tale riches, a jade sculpture weighing tons, seven-foot solid-gold vessels, jeweled saddles, gold bowls and gold chopsticks. The mink-handled pair someone gave us for formal dinners in Peking looked underdressed.

Through all of this move old women hobbling on hooflike bound feet gently

supported by their grandchildren; farmers, workers, soldiers shooting snapshots. When one considers that all this magnificence was laid on a foundation of hunger, oppression, death and disease, it's great public relations for the new regime to keep it open as a tourist attraction. The dazzling relics also provide relief from China's post-Revolutionary architecture: ponderous, monolithic, elephant-hued conglomerations of the worst of Stalinist and Nazi gigantism.

While we were in Peking, we requested a tour of the underground tunnels some of us had read about in *The New York Times*. We were taken to a side street in a busy shopping district and shown into a small clothing store. There we were cheerfully helped into heavy jackets they took off the racks to keep us warm below. A man then stepped behind the counter, pushed a baby-blue button and the linoleum receded, revealing concrete steps, which we descended, blinking in amazement, arriving in a narrow 7'x5' tunnel 13 feet underground. Shades of *Flash Gordon*. We then descended to the second level, 26 feet underground—more recently completed, more sophisticated, higher and wider, well ventilated and well lit. There were a loud-speaker system, first-aid stations, storage for food and water, bathrooms for men and women. "We have built an underground Peking," our guide said with a pride that was at

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once touching and slightly ominous.

We were led down a side tunnel that ended in a set of massive metal doors. These were swung back and light spilled out of a huge meeting hall in the middle of which was a long table set with 21 mugs of steaming tea. The Responsible Persons in charge of the tunnels were there waiting for us. We sat down, 26 feet under Peking, while a woman pointed to a diagram of the tunnels, explaining where we were and how all of this came to be here.

The thousands of miles of tunnels were begun in 1969 "as a defense against U. S. and Soviet imperialism. The American people and the Soviet people love peace, but if the imperialists should impose war on China, we must be prepared. However, if the Americans or the Soviets wage war, we believe the U. S. and Soviet peoples will oppose it." The tunnels were built partly "by the masses working on a voluntary basis." There is also a rotating full-time professional crew. The network of tunnels extends underneath all Peking—as in other major cities—with a trained staff familiar with the location of hidden entrances and with procedures. Eighty percent of Peking's urban population of 4,000,000 could be safely underground within ten minutes of a warning signal, said the woman, and the capacity is increasing.

The tunnels were designed chiefly to

disperse the urban population in the event of an attack and to provide temporary defense against radiation long enough to escape through the tunnels to the open countryside. Since the possible by-products of such mass dispersal through narrow tunnels are congestion and panic, citizens are drilled and briefed on the nearest locations and on emergency procedures. The consensus of our tunnel tour was conclusive: "Don't mess with the Chinese."

The next day was full of sight-seeing—beginning with the Great Hall of the People, which lived up to its name in size, at least. Inside were vast reception rooms for representatives from each province, including one for Taiwan featuring seascapes of the island and aborigine artifacts. "This room is reserved for the representatives from Taiwan," announced our guide. "The representatives haven't come yet," someone observed dryly. "No, not yet," allowed the guide, "not yet."

We then drove to the Ming tombs. They were fine, but the surroundings were spectacular. You could see for miles in every direction. What a development site: The Ming Tombs Estates—a golf course here, a shopping center there. . . .

From there we went to the Great Wall, the archaic alter ego of the tunnels. (Item: The Great Wall is the only man-made object on earth visible from the

moon.) It was mind-boggling but slightly anticlimactic. The soft-drink stands below detract somewhat from its mystique. Nevertheless, the Wall itself is probably one of the richest repositories of graffiti in the world—most of it, for some reason, in Albanian.

'Twas the night before May Day and all through Peking, 4,000,000 were stirring, all doing their thing. China's cities really shimmer on holidays. They're very festive; all the hotels and government buildings are trimmed in white lights, draped with red bunting and hung with bulbous red lanterns lit like incandescent tomatoes. Throngs of people blanket squares and streets. Again, there is the astonishing sense of safety, the absence of tension. The young help the very old and the old help the very young.

While I was exploring the Early Grauman's lobby of the Peking Hotel, a small, trim man followed by six escorts entered briskly and disappeared into a hallway. It was Chou En-lai, 75, who, according to journalists, sleeps from nine in the morning till noon, takes occasional naps and operates at peak energy from midnight to three A.M.

I expected May Day to be a series of thundering squadrons and marching military hordes; instead, I saw gay garlands of flowers everywhere and laughing children dancing hand in hand. Chiang

100's



Ching's (Madam Mao's) hard-line ideological influence is evidently waning, while Chou's is becoming more pervasive. The problem is relaxing their rigid political policies without losing their ideological base. Ideology, however, was nowhere to be found this year. May Day was brimming with balloons, music, games and children. It was also brimming with Shirley MacLaine and her women's delegation, who were conducting their own concurrent tour, and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Paley. Bill Paley is the president of CBS. He is not a Marxist-Leninist.

I'm understanding people in the group better now. We're mellowing. Perhaps thawing is a better word. Despite the differences, the hostilities, the conflicts, I'm learning as much from them as I am from the Chinese. Before this trip, the closest I'd come to a Black Muslim was reading *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*. Now here was a black woman from Harlem with the habitlike head covering and ankle-length dresses worn by Muslim sisters, raising her two sons named, in Swahili, Warrior and Black

God, writing tough, terse poetry, teaching at a prestigious college and succeeding in her struggle to give dignity to her life, her children and her people.

The oppressively officious writer/factory worker sported something not unlike a tablecloth to camouflage her overweight and her Fulbright in literature. She is a women's movement writer who rejects her bourgeois background and acquires proletarian consciousness by working on assembly lines. At first I was put off, but then it all seemed so poignant; the intense, pale-faced girl gently hugging her autoharp and singing *We Shall Not Be Moved* in flat, persistent tones.

Finding myself humming the *Internationale* took some getting used to. Singing "Arise, ye prisoners of starvation, Arise, ye wretched of the earth" is tough to get away with when you live with the wretched of Beverly Hills.

We were waiting to board the train to Shanghai when a man from the hotel came running up to the platform with a washcloth someone had left behind. It was always like that—impossible to lose

anything anywhere and often difficult to throw something away. Someone kept trying to discard an old pair of socks that followed us for days.

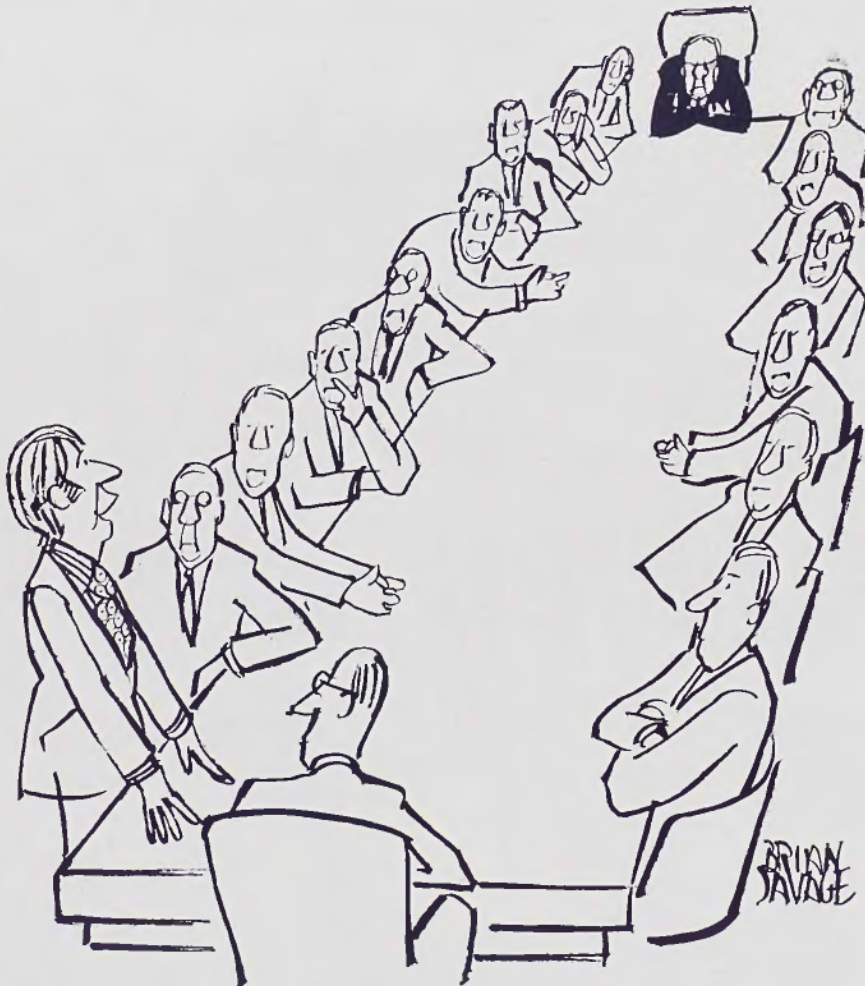
We arrived in Shanghai. The Big Apple. Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper, Rita Hayworth, Jimmie Cagney, Ruby Keeler. . . . It's all there. Or was. Even the train station exudes the cosmopolitan aroma: Mao's quotes on the signs are bilingual now—in Chinese and English: UNITE IN THE STRUGGLE AGAINST IMPERIALISM, LONG LIVE THE OPPRESSED PEOPLES OF THE WORLD.

Our hotel, a British relic, was a wonderfully decadent dinosaur with gilded bats and dragons swooping down from ceilings and cornices like eulogies for colonialist capital. It was refreshing by now to see decadence rear its ugly head, if only in memory. And seeing a Kent wrapper in an ashtray in the lobby was like finding a beer can in the Gobi. We had steak and French fries for dinner.

In the morning: the docks, where the dockworkers grin and applaud us. Many of them are women, sweet, soft-spoken and often very beautiful. An old dockworker explains what life was like before Liberation; all the unloading was done by hand, there were few jobs, no money, men starved and sometimes died from sickness and overwork. As we left, I heard a leering noise, a *macho* mating call, totally out of context in China. It was from some greaseball on a ship from Ceylon.

That night we went to see China's hit ballet, *The Red Detachment of Women*. The choreography was uninspired and heavy-handed, or should I say multihanded? I must have seen a million fists raised and clenched in defiance of the ruling classes. All the ballet movements had been "refined" into revolutionary gestures. There are no virtuoso solos, because solos are elitist. Nureyev is not exactly beating down their door. And I would have given a lot to see just one ratty tutu, one rusty tiara—instead of gray bermudas, knee socks and toe shoes. Still, despite the stiltedness and the creatively confining restrictions, there was enormous energy and contagious enthusiasm. The audience, who had seen it many times before, responded as totally and tearfully as if it were their first ballet.

The show culminates in the death of the hero, a commander in the Red army. Wounded, with his uniform looking as if it had been put through a shredder, he is consumed by flames in a hot finale while his troops stirringly sing the *Internationale*. It was enough to make Barry Goldwater enlist. Then, in a triumph for women's lib, the command is turned over to the heroine, who clutches this big red flag and, checks streaked with tears, sobs, "Red flag, O Red flag, I've found you at last." Hmmm. There's more sex and



"I waive we move the meeting of the minutes of the last reading. Right, Dad?"

romance here than meets the eye.

We'd been in China three weeks—two days to go—and I was tired and crabby. We were off to a kindergarten—just what I need, I thought. More kids. Then they all ran out—the most beguiling, breath-taking children, the kind of children that make you ache to have kids. Some sat on our laps while others danced. They made it tough not to cry. They were irresistible. They touched everyone. We had to be pulled away.

We said goodbye to Shanghai at a lavish banquet given for us by the China Travel Service. There was a goose with parsley hanging out of its beak, and much gaiety. We closed with *For He's a Jolly Good Comrade*. The next morning, we flew from Shanghai to Canton. It was May ninth. This was significant because it was my birthday. I felt much older.

May tenth—I'm very sad to have to say goodbye to our three main guides. They are really terribly special and I've come to care for them a lot. I feel like a morose camper leaving my counselors at the end of the summer. We deluge them with presents for their children. Everyone has bought them something and everyone is crying. Lin, glazed and engulfed in gifts, gasps between sobs. "You know, Chinese people are supposed to be very reserved." We hug her and she tries to regain her composure and shakes hands goodbye. We slide away on the train to the tune of *The East Is Red* on the loud-speakers.

I'm looking forward to getting back "home." As exhilarated, impressed and deeply moved as I've been in China, I don't want to live there. While my mind has been boggled and my circuits overloaded, my senses have scurvy. They're starving.

We pulled into Hong Kong. You could tell the border by the bottle caps, the beer cans, the gum wrappers, the brusqueness of the immigration officials, the lateness and loudness of the trains and the indifference of the people. Suddenly, I was being shoved again, clutching my cameras for dear life. How soon we forget. Home, sweet home.

I checked into the Peninsula Hotel. How I had dreamed of that moment! The marble bathrooms, the wall-to-wall, the room service, the TV console . . . it all fell flat. The Chinese "room boy"—who was 60 if he was a day—came to cater to my needs, and I wanted to cater to his. "Listen," I felt like saying, "there's this place across the border—you should see it." But I thought better of it, and the next day flew home—first-class, of course; the flesh is weak. And so I find myself tiptoeing back down the yellow-brick capitalist road—humming the *Internationale*.



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WATERGATE

(continued from page 100)

Madison Square Garden—All Nationalities for Nixon or something. I arrived just before it got under way. As I arrived, long-awaited boxes of Nixon buttons with slogans in every language imaginable were delivered. They were about to distribute them when Herb Klein spotted me. He went over to the boxes of buttons and studied them briefly. However, English was his only language. He ordered the buttons dumped. "Destroy them," he said. "We just can't take the chance."

After the stock market crashed, Roosevelt's first order of business was to get the country on its feet again. After the political crash of 1968, we got Nixon with his 43 percent mandate, who, as his first order of business, established the Committee to Re-elect the President, more aptly called CREEP.

Perhaps the 1972 Presidential campaign was the first in which one candidate participated in every activity right down to the choice of paper clips and the other participated in nothing, not even the reading of newspapers. But it was nice to know that Nixon and Haldeman had included me in their thoughts, if not in their campaign. Actually, McGovern hadn't understood what a help I could be to Nixon, either. Late in the campaign, it was evident that the amount and source of Nixon's money weren't being made public, so I conceived a plan to correct this oversight.

When Nixon went to John Connally's ranch in Texas to meet with his fat-cat friends, there would be a Brink's armored truck at the ranch to pick up the money—followed closely by a Mexican laundry truck. The idea was too exotic for the McGovern. Maybe if I'd been able to present the plan on \$7000 charts like

Gordon Liddy's, instead of on the back of a menu from Duke Zeibert's. . . .

Looking back over the last campaign, one might think that 1972 was the year of the innovator. The McGovern brought us New Politics; the Nixons, political chicanery. Not so! In both cases, it was really new dogs doing old tricks. Twenty years before, Estes Kefauver worked the primaries with his unwashed bunch, and more than 100 years ago, the Republicans (they called them Whigs then) were using skulduggery.

The Presidential campaign of 1844 wasn't the first to employ dirty tricks, but it may have been the first to contribute to our vocabulary. James Polk, the distinguished Democrat from Tennessee, was opposed by Whig Henry Clay of Virginia. The campaign was particularly bitter and on the eve of the election, all hell broke loose. *The Chronicle of Ithaca, New York*, a prominent Whig paper, had come across a journal written by a Baron von Roorback, titled *Roorback's Tour Through the Western and Southern States in 1836*. In it, the baron told quite vividly of witnessing "the purchase of 43 slaves by James K. Polk" and how "the mark of the branding iron and initials of his name was placed on their shoulders to distinguish them." Although the election was fast approaching, Whig papers throughout the country found time to reprint the story of Polk's inhumanity.

As it turned out, at that point in time, there were a few discrepancies in the story: There had been no slave sale; the branding scene never took place; and, finally, there was no Baron von Roorback. The whole thing was inoperative.

Polk won the election, but the smear did a lot to weaken his Presidency. And

the nonexistent Roorback became a common noun known and used by students and practitioners of politics for generations. It can still be found in the dictionary:

roor'back (roor'bäk), *n.* A defamatory falsehood published for political effect.

I bring this up because of the frequent references to Dick Tuck tricks during the Watergate hearings. Before some itinerant lexicographer comes along and drops me into a lower-case colloquialism, let me make a few things perfectly clear.

First, it should be noted that Dick Tuck activities were at least touched with humor. And it wasn't always easy. Second, they never contained malice, although some politicians consider a vote for someone else the most malicious act of all. Third, their purpose was to unmask the fraud or expose the fool. They were designed to open up, to ventilate the situation; they were not surreptitious or anonymous activities. (I not only claimed credit; I demanded it.) And, finally, they were not illegal!

Do I deserve some of the blame for Watergate? The Nixon people seem to think so. Some of them, anyway. In fact, a few weeks before Haldeman testified, I ran into him outside the Watergate committee offices. "You started all this, Tuck," he growled. A joke, I thought, so I smiled and said, "Yeah, Bob, but you guys ran it into the ground."

Well, if my tricks spawned their tricks, it was more than just a misunderstanding. If people are confusing the altering of fortune cookies so that the message pokes fun at an overserious candidate with the altering of State Department cables to make it appear that a martyred President committed murder, then it's time to make a distinction or two.

No doubt, Dick Tuck defining dick tuck is like setting a fox to guard the hen house; but if I were to print my own dictionary (in the past, I have found that printing your own paper is the best way to ensure a good press), my definition would be as follows:

dick tuck* (dik tuk), *n.* [after a political figure known for his use of lampooning tactics, active mid-20th Century] 1. A political activity, characterized by humor, devised to unmask, ventilate, bring to light, debunk, hold up to view, etc., the comical, ludicrous or ridiculous, etc., incongruities, follies, abuses and stupidities, etc., esp. of a candidate for office. 2. A political prank. 3. *Archaic.* A witty, kind, genial fellow.

Syn. Boston Tea Party

Ant. Watergate

*Americanism



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NEUROSES OF THE RICH

(continued from page 129)

found a profitable answer are now the proper object of public concern—along with those whose ancestors asked and answered for them and, additionally, it now appears, quite a few who simply helped themselves. Yet the academic preoccupation remains unchanged. The poor are still being studied. The Ford Foundation is financing practically no work on the rich. It is this situation that the present essay is designed, in some small part, to correct.

I've been studying the problems of the rich under exceptionally favorable circumstances in the village of Gstaad in Switzerland. Partly, this is the result of an accident; I started going there to write some 18 years ago, and the rich moved in on me. Of necessity, though, my observation has been somewhat at second hand. A scholar who is working on Watts, Bedford-Stuyvesant or the Appalachian Plateau can get out with his people. If you are a serious writer, that is impossible with the rich. It is the nature of the wealthy existence that it involves the most elaborate possible waste of time. (Wasting time is also commonplace in university circles and, indeed, some of my academic colleagues have raised it to the level of a scholarly rite.) However, hearing of my interest, a couple of exceedingly handsome women—one the wife of a motion-picture producer, the other of an Italian automobile magnate—volunteered to help. Both were in a position to waste a great deal of time.

The last great tract on the problems of the rich, *The Theory of the Leisure Class*, was written by Thorstein Veblen just before the turn of the century. (A new edition, for which I have written an introduction, has recently been brought out by Houghton Mifflin. It is a marvelous book, for which this parenthetical aside should be considered a commercial.) Much, we have discovered, has changed since then. In 1899, wealth, by itself, was a source of distinction. It was necessary only that people knew one had it. Accordingly, Veblen wrote of the ways by which the wealthy advertised their wealth—of the methodology of conspicuous consumption, conspicuous waste and conspicuous leisure. Mansions, carriages, clothes and social festivity were the most suitably conspicuous forms of consumption. If carried beyond a certain point of excess, all involved a satisfactory manifestation of waste. Leisure, in a world where nearly everyone had to work to survive, was sufficiently conspicuous in itself. But the point could be driven home by clothing—corsets, hoop skirts, high silk hats—that was palpably inconsistent with any form of toil.

The modern problem of the rich is simple: Wealth is no longer exceptional and therefore no longer a source of distinction. Yet the rich still yearn for distinction. The problem is exacerbated by their strong tribal tendencies. They flock and hunt together, and if everyone around is loaded, money and conspicuous expenditure do even less for an individual. (In addition to the usual inducements—the seasons, tradition and the tax authorities—whim appears to play a role in the migratory tendencies of the rich. My researchers told me that on a certain day last winter, Gstaad suddenly became unfashionable and the rich all went to Rio for the carnival. An aging fellow traveler of the rich, who was without funds but who could not afford to be separated from the mob, took himself, according to legend, to the neighboring town of Buhle and had a trusted ally mail

prearranged postcards home from Brazil.) In any case, last winter a man who lost \$100,000 at backgammon in one evening got almost no notoriety from his outlay and very few invitations as a result. In an even sadder case, a woman who combines great wealth with repellent appearance and advanced nymphomania paid \$300,000 for a lover—the technique is to deposit the money in the local bank and to ensure reliability and durability by limiting the amount that can be withdrawn in any month—and got no mileage from it at all, only the lover. One of my assistants, the wife of the motorcar man, says she was once propositioned by a 20-year-old Italian who wanted only an automobile. She offered to put him in touch with the wife of a good used-car dealer.

There is a further problem with the classical forms of conspicuous consumption: They are often positively inconsistent with the quest for distinction. Thus,



"But you were voted the year's most cooperative starlet, Miss LaFever!"



extra weight and a boozy appearance, once an index of rank, are now damaging for a woman and no longer do much even for an Englishman of noble birth. The average proletarian, after having dined with the rich, would stop on the way home for a hamburger. Similarly, houses without people to manage them reduce the owners to work, which is an undistinguished thing. Broadly speaking, no one in the United States or Europe ever serves anyone else except as a matter of stark necessity. Additionally, houses that are merely expensive are said to lack taste—because they usually do. Something can be done to neutralize the latter charge by hiring a decorator. A local aspirant gets some mileage from having the only house decorated by Valerian Rybar for a reputed hundred grand. But with most other decorators, there is the problem that one must live with the result. Sometimes, although not often, even the rich are sensitive.

Finally, although it is tough to work,

idleness no longer has any affirmative value. On the contrary, it has come to be believed that an idle man is unimportant. If a woman is sufficiently beautiful and has a good figure, she can survive idleness, for it is taken for granted that she has ways of occupying at least part of her time. But this role also now invites criticism.

So a person must be both rich and distinguished, and distinction is something that money will no longer buy. To be rich and commonplace is to live on the edge of despair. There are tribal dinners, cocktail parties, gay informal luncheons, receptions for visiting movie producers, stars or directors, and the undistinguished remain at home. They essay festivities on their own, but except for a few characters of deficient wit who are known to be getting by on their wits, no one shows up.

Meanwhile, an effort to cultivate an aspect of importance encounters grave natural handicaps. The local sample of

the rich includes a number of individuals whose families, former husbands or business firms consider it highly advantageous that they live at the greatest possible distance. That is to say that they lack intelligence, charm, emotional stability or any other known attainment, including the ability to read without undue movement of the lips. And quite generally, the merely rich lack the ability to command the favorable attention they crave, and the ability to do so disintegrates further with age. One of my researchers says firmly that the average rich man has only one chance to excel these days: "He's got to be a real clown." To fend off age, a fair number even resort to a local clinic where they are injected with cells, said to be superior to their own, that are supposed to keep them young and virile. However, my other researcher is bearish, or certainly not bullish, about this: "The most it's ever done for any man I've known is to give him a sore ass." In addition to the cells, the two drugstores in Gstaad cater to a major concentration of customers for fraudulent pills to prevent aging.

From the foregoing, it will seem that the affluent are now not nearly as happy as Veblen's conspicuous but uncomplicated rich. The past year, however, may have altered things a bit. Some of the rich, oddly enough, have had their neuroses subsumed by old-fashioned worry about money. In Gstaad, a distinction is made between the rich and "the only two-house rich." The latter, who may also be refugees from alimony or the IRS, spend pretty much all of the money they get. For many, income comes in dollars. The several devaluations, adding up to around 30 percent, although they seem not to have weakened anyone's faith in the Republicans as staunch defenders of the dollar, had a marked effect on people's personal economy. Quite a few of the afflicted stopped me in the village to ask my views on the monetary situation; and twice couples have crept into our apartment to inquire. One man, with a look of woe I haven't seen since our troops overran Dachau, said he might have to go to work. He had never tried it.

I endeavored to help by telling my patients, if they were Americans, that they should count on the dollar's going to zero or perhaps a trifle below. As I developed this thesis, I could see a different look—that of anxiety—spreading over the leisure-ravaged faces. I knew I had rescued fellow humans from the deeper anxieties of the rich and returned them to the simple, old-fashioned, manageable worries about money that everyone else has.

the girls of SKIING

(continued from page 131)

long-stay ski bum. The latter, a season-pass skier, is the purist, the devotee. She's often an expert who assaults life with all the verve she brings to every slalom. Twenty-four-year-old Hedy Chew, who finances her snowy pursuits by working as a model and sometime hula dancer in the Mt. Snow area, is typical. She revels in the outdoors with a consummate zest; for when she's not digging her edges into hard pack, she's flying on water skis, playing tennis, hiking or cooking (barbecue, of course). Blonde and blue-eyed Debbie Chenoweth candidly lists her occupation as ski bum. The daughter of a film producer, she says, "I came to Vail because I won a trip on *The Dating Game* TV show and got into the place so much that I decided to stay the winter."

The principal thing to remember about girls who spend the season in or near a winter-sports area is that they're fiercely independent creatures—high-spirited and outgoing, in the main. Their preferences run to all kinds of men, but there is one type that, it seems universally agreed, gets nowhere: the paternal sort. We asked Belgium-born Marlon Ellis, of Buttermilk, about her preference in men: "I'm most attracted to the down-to-earth type," she told us.

Mammoth's Kerrie Gorman—who admits, "I'm ready to go anywhere or try anything, as long as it's challenging and stimulating to my mind"—leans toward the "strong-minded man who's not hung up on routine."

Clearly, one needn't be a ski aficionado to strike up a friendship with a ski girl. Nevertheless, it's good to keep in mind that the miss who's limited to weekend wintering—though she, too, may be a schuss-booming expert—is seldom as dedicated to the sport as her zealous counterpart. Sheridan Tumler just recently caught the skiing bug; but her studies at San Fernando Valley State College in Northridge confine her participation to weekends. "Frankly, I haven't the time or the money," she says, "to devote myself full time to skiing." Sheridan, a former high school record-holding track athlete, also plays tennis on her college championship team. "Naturally," she declares, "because I'm involved with collegiate sports, I have to worry about getting hurt skiing. Who needs a broken leg on the tennis team?"

Yoga instructor and movie actress Judy Pfaff spent vacations in Aspen and seriously considered living there until she landed a part in Larry (Goodbye, Columbus) Peerce's film *The Sporting Club*. "I have to say," says Judy, "I miss the guys I used to meet in Aspen. They were both sensitive and adventurous—a great combination. But when Peerce offered me the chance to fly to the movie location in

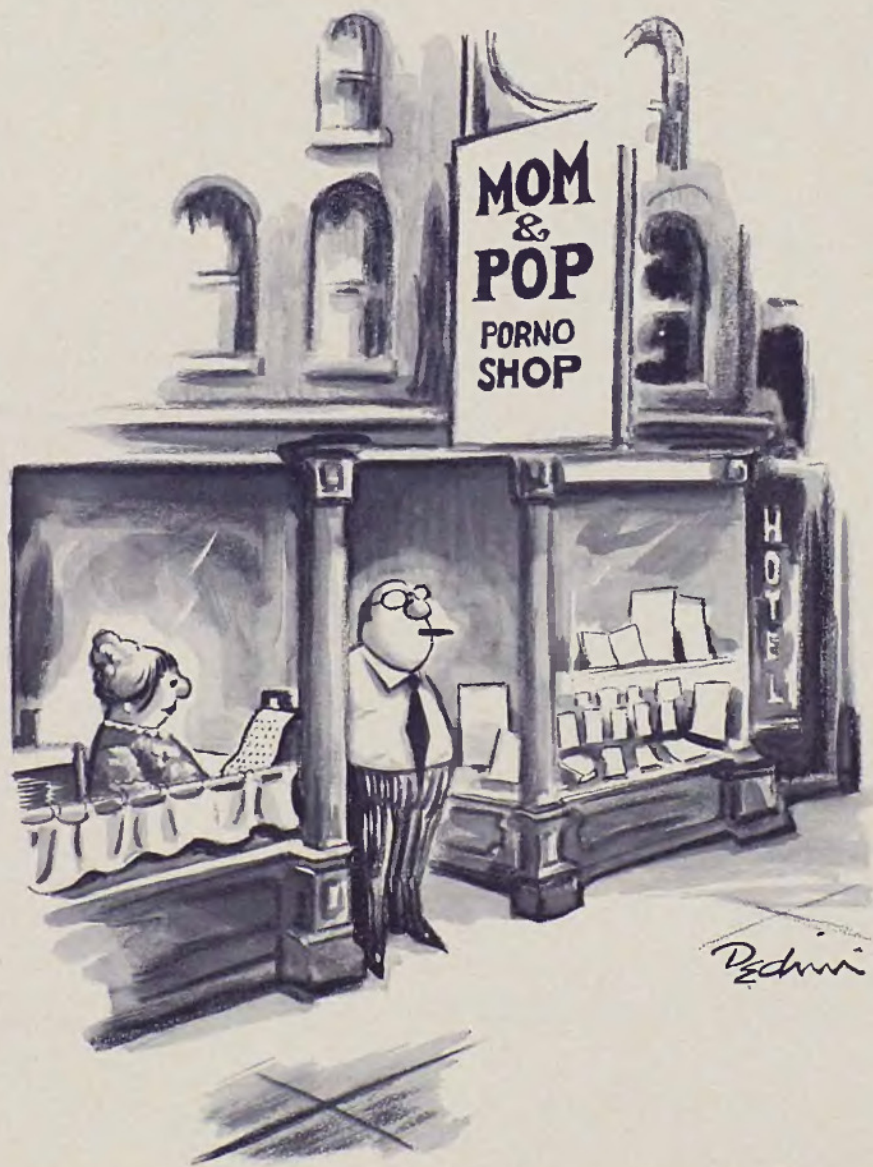
Arkansas for a screen test, I couldn't pack soon enough."

But what is it that lures these people to the slopes? When a publicist for Vermont's Sugarbush Mountain polled a representative group of skiers, more than half of those surveyed listed exercise as skiing's greatest benefit. About one out of five replied that for him—or her—romantic social experience (primarily *après-ski*) was the sport's greatest enticement. "Where else but at a ski resort," claimed one enthusiast, "can you find such a fantastic combination of great food, constant booze and beautiful chicks?" Those polled were also asked, "Why do you ski?" More than a third echoed the sentiments of one pretty coed, "I like the accomplishment, the sensation of winning my own personal battle with the elements." But nearly as many (mostly male) answered, "I don't care what

skiing is supposed to mean; I'm here for one reason—sex."

There definitely is something about the atmosphere of a ski resort—whether it's in the East or the West—that's conducive to developing casual friendly relationships with a wide variety of unusually attractive girls. Just a glance at our pictorial will confirm that no part of the country where skiing thrives is short on the supply of such delights. From the East, we have girls from New Jersey and Vermont; from the Rockies, from Colorado and Utah; and from the Far West, from California and Nevada. And though she may not be aware of it, each girl is subtly influenced by her region.

Easily identifiable, the girls of the West Coast are, in most cases, more freewheeling and informal than their sisters to the east, and their approach to life is disarmingly open. Sue Cary, a drama student and dirt-riding motorcyclist when she's not skiing at California's Mammoth



Mountain, claims she has "a thing for total honesty." Currently trying to break into disc jockeying, while enrolled at Los Angeles City College, Sue confesses, "I'm most partial to truthful guys who are generous and enthusiastic, and whenever I go skiing, I have no trouble finding them." Part-time ski instructor Renee Smith, 23, also of Mammoth, says she had little patience for the kind of life she was leading in L.A. "The city isn't any place for a recent divorcee like myself," she explains. "I had to get away from the old routine; and even though salaries aren't as good here, I make enough by giving lessons to support myself, pay for my skiing—and have a better time than I would at home."

In contrast, the girls from Rockies resorts seem a bit more cautious—but considerably more down to earth—than the Far Western breed. Generally from higher-income homes, principally in the Southwest and Midwest, they dig good times with an intensity equal to anyone's, but they're less likely to impart transcendental virtues to having fun. A salient example is Vail's Jacqueline Billings, an ex-English teacher and former Peace Corps volunteer who insists, "I couldn't go back to a city to marry a man who didn't want this kind of life. Most guys spend their whole lives working, looking forward to taking two-week vacations to do what I'm doing all year. I don't feel my lifestyle is escapist. This is the way people *should* live. People have just as many problems here, but whatever difficulties arise, they're not compounded by pollution, garbage strikes and traffic. In Vail, I have everything I need—except, maybe, a good Chinese restaurant."

America's first winter resorts grew up along the Eastern Seaboard, and here tradition exerts a powerful—some say charming, some say stifling—influence on the sport. In 1940, Stowe, in central Vermont, opened its lifts as the first bona fide ski area in the eastern United States; and within a few snowfalls, its combination of breath-taking beauty, challenging trails and Colonial American charm became the most desirable for any winter vacation. Because of their proximity to the Atlantic megapopolis, Eastern resorts today swell with humanity, especially on weekends. The girls who dot the hills of New York, Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire are more apt to be there for the weekend or a conventional two-week vacation than for the entire season. Here, that effusive miss you meet on a chair lift is more likely to be a student or a working girl and, on the average, she'll be a year or two younger than the mountain maids of the West.

Most New Yorkers are drawn to Vermont, while for Boston-area urbanites, New Hampshire resorts are the magnet. An exception to that rule, however, is

Boston's Sandy Taft, 26, who not only made lift money by serving cocktails at a Mt. Snow restaurant but entered the Miss Mt. Snow and Miss Vermont beauty contests, winning the latter three years ago. "Since graduating from college," says Sandy with a shrug, "I haven't found anything I really want to do—except ski." A weekend Snow bird is 26-year-old Patricia Louzan, a first-grade teacher living in a Boston suburb. Like many enterprising Eastern ski fans, Patricia and three other girls rent a chalet in Vermont for the winter. "Nearly every Friday," she says, "I leave right after work and drive from Boston to Mt. Snow. Most weekends, the roads are clear and the trip rarely takes more than three hours. By early that evening, we're dancing at a bar called Fat City and, by Saturday morning, we're skiing." Great Gorge, New Jersey's largest ski site, is less than two hours from Manhattan. Much of its popularity is due to such amenities as illuminated trails for night skiing, a 27-hole golf course, horseback riding and the 700-room Playboy Club-Hotel.

The Rockies, more distant from our principal population centers, draw fewer weekend skiers—and more exponents of the singular lifestyle crudely dubbed ski bumming. One practitioner of that style is Aspenite Garrie Walls, who tends bar in Beverly Hills during the off season. "I suppose," she admits, "that I *am* a ski bum, but I really don't like the term. The implication is that those of us who lead this kind of life don't work, and nothing could be further from the truth. A season pass," she explains, "costs about \$300; and whether I waitress, wash dishes or instruct, I earn every cent that pays for my skiing." It is, after all, the skiing that draws so many to the Rocky Mountains. Aspen, with its four major ski sites, 250 miles of trail, 70 lodges and never-ending night life, seems the embodiment of a winter-lover's paradise. As North America's most extensive ski resort, Aspen combines a monumental range of choice with a sense of tolerance that led to the candidacy of *Rolling Stone* editor Hunter Thompson for sheriff there.

Newer Breckenridge bills itself as "the family ski resort," but the pristine quality of its powder was enough to convince Norwegian-born ski instructor Inger Tragethon to apply for U. S. citizenship. Jackson Hole, in Wyoming's Big Sky country, is the U. S. choice for this year's Alpine Ski Championships, and with good reason. Situated in the broad expanses of Teton National Forest, Jackson boasts one bowl that can serve as the apotheosis of Western-style skiing. It's called the Rendezvous and its tree-free slope is a quarter of a mile wide. At Sun Valley, the ski drifter mingles with the movie star as well as the leisured classes, and head man Bill Janss warns the newcomer to "count on a week to ski all the runs." As a retreat for such luminaries as

Ernest Hemingway, this elegant resort in Idaho's Sawtooth Mountains gained fame and a jet-set crowd that demanded—and got—the best.

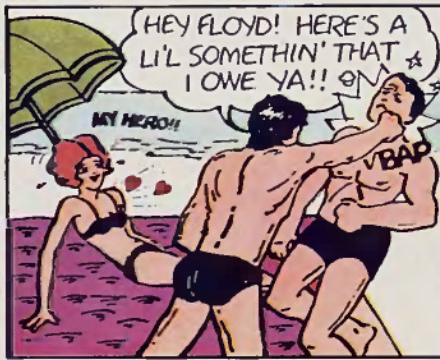
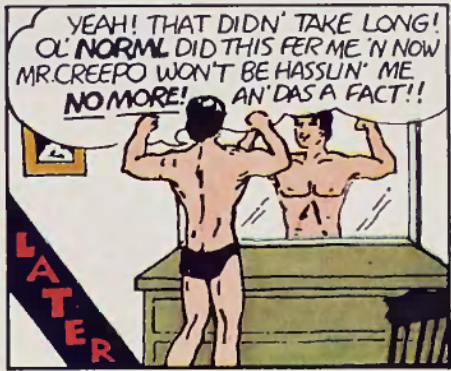
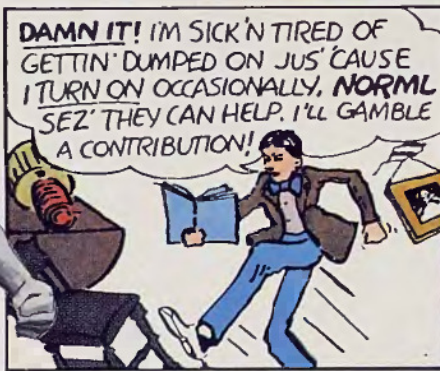
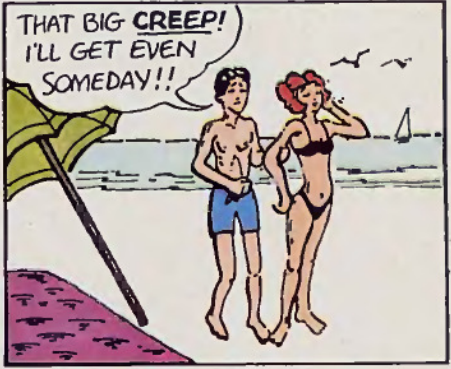
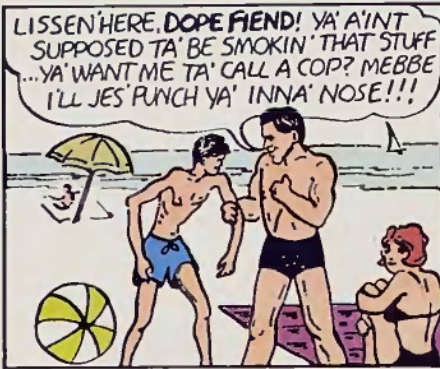
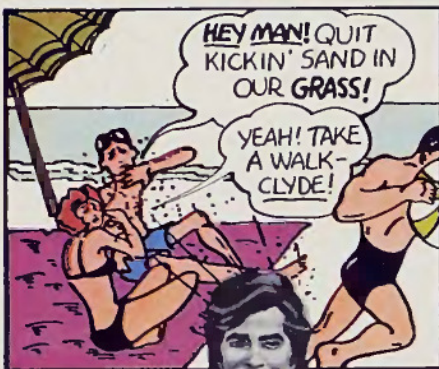
Vail, Colorado's Tyrolean fantasyland, has completed a sister resort, Vail/Lions-Head, that offers its typically cosmopolitan clientele even more fresh powder, unsurpassed accommodations, diverse *après-ski* pastimes and calculated Alpine charm. Indeed, it would be difficult to name a winter resort as meticulously planned as Vail, where everything from trail expansion to town landscaping to gas-station decor is defined by law. And though the girls of this resort are supposed to be more reserved than their cross-mountain rivals at Aspen, they claim—and vigorously—that their brand of Western hospitality is as openhanded as anyone's.

In California, miners in the Sierras were strapping Norwegian-type snowshoes to their boots as early as 1854. These snowshoes differed from the commonly seen Canadian (or webbed) variety in that they were boards usually hewn from spruce. By today's standards, these primitive skis were ludicrously long (some measured 20 feet), but the features of turned-up toes and narrow width make the Norwegian snowshoe quite recognizable to any latter-day powder lover. As legend has it, the miners not only used their spruces to cut across blizzard-battered mountain trails but held ski races and other winter events for fun.

Yet, despite California's early introduction to the sport, it was nearly three generations before the first site, Sugar-bowl, appeared there—in 1938. Today there is no paucity of superlative ski setups in the state, nor is there any shortage of Golden State girls enlivening them. The many Angelinos featured in our pictorial, for instance, are most often drawn to Mammoth Mountain, one of the state's biggest. On any given weekend from November to as late as July, tramloads of singles head for Mammoth's complex of condominiums and *gemütlich* lodges. One regular is vegetarian Becky Harlowe, who seems quite happy with her healthy, if ascetic, existence at Mammoth. When she's not immersing herself in Vedic mythology, Buddhist philosophy, the works of Indian mystic Krishnamurti or other methods of inner discovery, Becky spends her spare off-slope hours distributing organic soaps and food supplements to local head shops. "No nine-to-five life for me," she avers.

Becky and her confreres, whether they be at Vail, Stowe or Sun Valley, are the incarnation of your fantasy of that girl by the fireplace. Next time you see her, just walk over and say hello. That'll be the first step in turning your dream into reality.

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She's just what all you rec-room chauvinists need—a 32-inch-high, battery-powered blonde barmaid-with-cart who'll fetch your booze from distances up to 40 feet via a push-button remote-control box and not talk back. The pliable little lady costs \$150 and, if you'll excuse the expression, her parts are warranted against mechanical failure. Order from The Game Room, P. O. Box 1816, Washington, D.C. Geez, Lester, is your kid sister stacked!



BLACK COMEDY

Sure, Mickey Mouse and Bugs Bunny were just cute cartoon animals, but somehow you knew they also were Caucasian middle-class creatures. Now Ralph (*Fritz the Cat*, *Heavy Traffic*) Bakshi and Albert (*The Godfather*) Ruddy have combined their talents to produce a no-jive, feature-length, semianimated film called *Coon Skin*—a funny, violent history of blacks in America as seen through honkie eyes. Th-th-that's all, white folks!

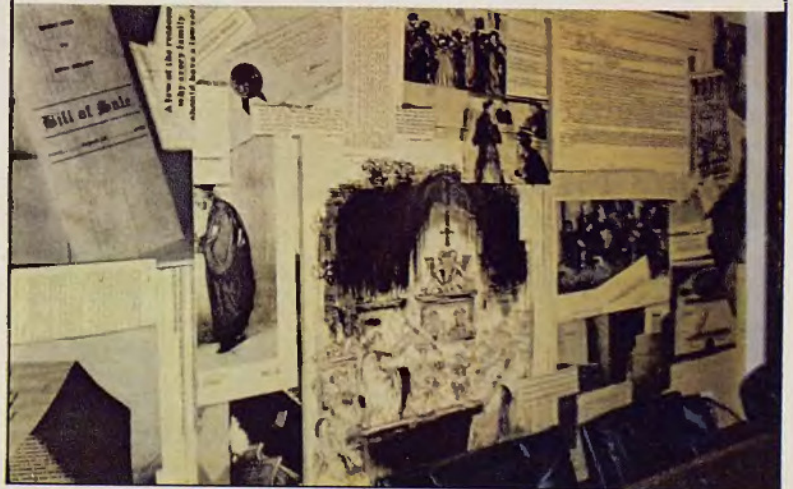
DOWNHILL ROCKER

In the movies, there's always some wild, James Bond-type music playing as our hero schusses down the mountain to save a blonde in distress. But in real life, even with all the snow bunnies around, it's often kind of lonely up there on top of Old Smoky. So, if you like to take some sound along, the Garcia Corporation (329 Alfred Avenue, Teaneck, New Jersey) is marketing, for \$95, a kit that includes a carrying pouch for your own radio or tape deck, goggles with earphone band and a conventional headband for soundless skiing. And when music isn't in the offing, you can always listen to the news. On second thought, scratch that.



WALL BALL

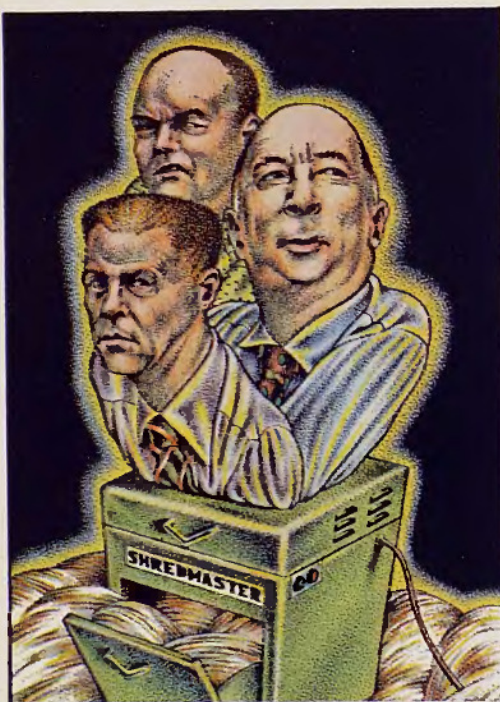
Open a wallpaper-sample book and in no time at all, you're goofy from looking at all those solids and stripes going every which way. So you just pay your money and take your chance, right? Well, a lady named Marsha DeAnne of Designs by DeAnne (222 North Washtenaw Street, Chicago) has a better idea. She creates personalized wallpaper by researching whatever you choose—from erotica to law (as seen below) to a history of yourself; she then designs a photo montage that tells the story and transfers it to paper, all for a fee commensurate with the finished product. Look! Up on the wall! It's a bird! It's a plane! No, it's you—all over!





NOEL CELEBRATION

In his prolific life, the late Sir Noel Coward was author of more than 50 plays and revues, and come this February 28, his final two plays will be showcased when *Coward in Two Keys* opens on Broadway. Starring in the production are Anne Baxter, Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn. *Hume Cronyn*? You mean that rat Captain Muncie didn't really catch his at the end of *Brute Force*?



LITTLE ONES OUT OF BIG ONES

A few years ago, G. Gordon Liddy types would have *swallowed* secret documents when the going got rough; but now, of course, they feed them into the maw of a machine with the Watergate Seal of Approval—the Shredmaster paper shredder. For smalltime operators, the \$280 desktop model will undoubtedly suffice, but if you're truly into something big, spend about \$3900 and get the Conveyor 400. It's the answer to a paranoid's prayers.

RACK PIPE

Everybody's smoking something weird these days. But for the ultimate in bizarre puffing, settle back in your easy chair and light up a deer's antler. It seems a guy named Bob Bane has formed a company called Creative Antler (P.O. Box 257, Hunter, New York) and is selling all manner of exotic horn pipes as well as ones made from the fossilized teeth of whales and walrus. Twenty dollars will get you a pleasant but unpretentious white-tailed deer's tip; \$500, on the other hand, brings a truly magnificent moose rack with a four-foot-long stem. Pass the black shag, Watson, this case calls for a three-point pipe.



AD VENTURE

If you think wine prices are sky-high, you will probably pass out upon learning there's an antique dealer who is asking \$3500 for an empty bottle of Coke. But the bottle is no ordinary one—and neither is the place of exhibition—The Great Mid-Atlantic Advertising Show, to be held this February 23 and 24 in the Gaithersburg, Maryland, fairgrounds. The wares of over 100 dealers specializing in advertising memorabilia will be on display and you can browse through thousands of items such as Piel Beer trays, Tareyton counter cards, Dutch Master Cigar tins, Frank Siddalls soap boxes and Dr. Sweet's root-beer mugs . . . all priced between 35 cents and \$3500. And now a word from our sponsor. . . .

TRAPPED BEAVER

You might want to get one as a joke. You might want one as a kinky item for your cocktail table—or as a flowerpot. Then again, in these permissive times, you really might want to put your mate under lock and key. A California blacksmith named Beau Hickory (337 Bellevue Avenue, Daly City) has resurrected the techniques of his medieval forebears and is forging chastity belts. Hickory, who also makes breastplates, swords, helmets and other armor, plus such contemporary items as cutlery and body jewelry (the nonlocking kind), charges about \$90 to \$125 for belts. After all, they're custom fitted.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 72)

few years ago, there was a period when movies couldn't show a husband and wife in bed together, even if they were just reading magazines. Now you can see that on any TV show. There's a much more honest approach. But what happens—and it's the same thing with politics—is that the pendulum swings too far, the scale tips over and falls back with a crash.

PLAYBOY: How would you characterize yourself politically?

EASTWOOD: I'm a political nothing. I mean, I hate to be categorized. I'm certainly not an extremist; the best thing you can say about extremists, either right or left, is that they're boring people. Not very flexible people. I suppose I'm a moderate, but I could be called a lot of things. On certain things I could be called very liberal; on others, very conservative.

PLAYBOY: Which things?

EASTWOOD: I'm liberal on civil rights, conservative on Government spending.

PLAYBOY: What areas of Government spending?

EASTWOOD: I think the attitude that Big Daddy's going to take over has become a kind of mental sickness. I don't think Government programs should be designed to encourage freeloading. The Government has to help people, to some degree, but it should be encouraging people to make something of themselves.

PLAYBOY: You're not against unemployment insurance, are you?

EASTWOOD: No, I've collected it often enough. Though when I see what it is today—something like \$85 a week—I wonder what the hell I'm doing working. But I don't know, I suppose with inflation it's not worth much more than the 20-something a week I used to get.

PLAYBOY: You say you're a liberal on civil rights; what about civil liberties? How do you feel about wire tapping, electronic surveillance?

EASTWOOD: Whatever the reasons are, whatever the hell the law finally states, I just don't think it's morally right. Same as I think the morality of President Nixon's making those tapes in the Oval Office was bad. Innocent people were in there talking to him—like the prime minister of some country—very frankly stating their points of view with no idea that their conversations were being taped. President Nixon knew. They didn't. If I knew I was bugging a room and I was going to keep the tapes for history, I sure as hell wouldn't say anything on tape that might convict me. If everything I said in Lew Wasserman's office here at M.C.A., or in the offices of whatever studio I'm dealing with, was taped, I certainly would talk a little more carefully than I usually do. But I don't want to find out all my conversations are going straight to the M.C.A. Tower.

PLAYBOY: Are they?

EASTWOOD: Probably. No, they aren't. I checked it out.

PLAYBOY: Really?

EASTWOOD: No, but that's the way things have gotten these days. Everybody bugging everybody.

PLAYBOY: Or investigating everybody. What's your opinion of the attitude John Ehrlichman expressed during the Watergate hearings—that more character investigations should be conducted to unearth such things as politicians' drinking habits? Would you run such a check on somebody who came to work for you?

EASTWOOD: Every company checks on a person's references. You call his former boss and ask why this guy left, if he was dismissed, and for what reason. If I found out a guy was an absolute lush, I wouldn't hire him. I'm sure that right now a lot of people are asking why President Nixon didn't check further into former Vice-President Agnew's background, or why there are so many people around him who seem to be of questionable honor. You'd have to say that he's a very poor judge of character. And, on the other side, a lot of people wondered why Senator McGovern didn't check out Senator Eagleton. But to go back to hiring somebody myself, well, I'm not going to scrutinize the type of women he goes out with and all that, because I don't care. And I wouldn't want him scrutinizing me the same way.

PLAYBOY: How would you react if somebody did run a check like that on you, complete with private detectives?

EASTWOOD: I wouldn't like it, but basically I wouldn't give a damn. I'm an actor, and actors are expected to be screwballs. People would say, you know, "What else?" But with politicians, people expect—or at least hope for—the best. They're concerned if their Senator is out getting five-o-twos or out boozing.

PLAYBOY: Five-o-twos?

EASTWOOD: Drunk-driving citations. That kind of thing would probably make me vote for the guy, though. When Senator McGovern told that jerk who was harassing him to "Kiss my ass," I started thinking, "This guy is all of a sudden sounding good to me." Not because he used profanity but because he had a human reaction; he was tired of being bugged. When Harry Truman told off that critic who said his daughter couldn't sing, called him a stupid son of a bitch—or whatever the hell he called him—it was the natural reaction of a father expressing resentment at somebody attacking his daughter. I think that appealed to a lot of people. Politics is a tough business and you have to be tough to stay in it. I mean, nobody came over more virtuous than Senator McGovern, but I'm sure that he's a tough guy. I'm sure he isn't quite as Percy Kilbride as his image was presented; to be where he is today, as

a Senator of the United States, he must have been in on some good infighting.

PLAYBOY: Whatever your opinion of McGovern, are you suspicious of most politicians?

EASTWOOD: No, I don't think I'm a total negativist on that, but I do think this Watergate thing is making people cynical. I hate to see the public get so callous about it, not care anymore, because they *should* care. So that things like Watergate won't happen again. Same as if maybe the Bobby Baker thing had been pursued as vigorously as the Watergate thing has, to find the connections between Baker and the hierarchy, it might have set an example. If nothing else, Watergate, right through the Ellsberg thing, was the dumbest-handled thing in the world. I'm glad it was exposed, for the sake of turning off what might have been a dangerous trend, but I'd hate to think that our intelligence forces around the world were operating as clumsily as that group. Leaving money in telephone booths. It was like a poor man's James Bond movie.

PLAYBOY: If you were going to do Watergate as an adventure movie—

EASTWOOD: I wouldn't do it. I think Peter Sellers would.

PLAYBOY: Another opinion expressed by Ehrlichman during the Watergate hearings was that virtually any action—such as burglarizing Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office—was justifiable if it was being done in the name of national security, for the President of the United States. How do you feel about that?

EASTWOOD: I don't think that's at all justifiable. I think he was just trying to rationalize his way out of a very difficult situation. Where does this kind of thing end? My latest picture, *Magnum Force*, is all about that: about what happens when the law decides it's *above* the law. Pretty soon *everybody's* burglarizing. If breaking and entering are considered legal under *any* circumstances, I think pretty soon we'll all just go breaking into a neighbor's house and lift whatever we happen to want or need. Maybe information, maybe his wallet.

PLAYBOY: What would you do if somebody broke into your house?

EASTWOOD: He'd risk getting shot.

PLAYBOY: Do you keep a loaded gun in your house?

EASTWOOD: Yes, I have guns; but with kids, one has to be very intelligent about where one places them. My kids play with toy guns, or my boy does, but I've taken him out to the range where I fire pistols and I've always instilled in his mind that one kind of gun is a plaything and another is the real thing. There's no use trying to tell him not to have anything to do with guns. You can be an idealist and not buy war toys, but a boy will still pick up a stick and play shoot-'em-up.

PLAYBOY: You had your children rather late in your marriage, in comparison with some couples. How did it feel to

become a father after 15 years?

EASTWOOD: I think it felt better for me at this age than it would have when I was 21, trying to start a career. I wasn't broke, like my father was when he had me. I suppose that's the reason we had them late in life. But I think I appreciate kids more now, much more.

PLAYBOY: Your work has required you to be gone from home a great deal, sometimes on long locations—

EASTWOOD: I wasn't even in this country when Kyle was born. I was in Europe on location for *Where Eagles Dare*. I hope that sort of thing won't have to happen again.

PLAYBOY: In any case, your wife has had to be both father and mother to the kids at times. How does she feel about that?

EASTWOOD: Well, she prefers it when I'm around. Naturally. At least I hope so. I think she does.

PLAYBOY: Of all the films you've acted in or directed, what was your favorite location?

EASTWOOD: Working in Carmel for *Misty* was great, being near home. I also liked the location for *High Plains Drifter* at June Lake, east of Yosemite. And *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot*—the new film I'm in with Jeff Bridges, George Kennedy and Geoffrey Lewis—was shot near Great Falls, Montana. Beautiful country. I've enjoyed all the locations. What I don't like is long locations. I hate long movies.

PLAYBOY: What do you consider a long movie?

EASTWOOD: One that takes more than three months. *Kelly's Heroes*, in Yugoslavia, was about five and a half or six months; *Paint Your Wagon* was five months, in Baker, Oregon. There wasn't anything very exciting there—especially for five months.

PLAYBOY: What did you do for kicks?

EASTWOOD: They had a nine-hole golf course, so I played golf. I rented a farm outside town, about 40 acres, had ducks in a pond. Stopped the hogs for the guy who owned the farm.

PLAYBOY: And in the evening you'd sit around the campfire, singing Lerner and Loewe songs?

EASTWOOD: Right. "Tenting on the old campground."

PLAYBOY: Where's your next location?

EASTWOOD: Our next project—we don't even have the title yet, but I'll be directing it, not acting in it—will be on location close by, near Los Angeles. It's a suspense film.

PLAYBOY: Do you plan to go on alternating between acting and directing?

EASTWOOD: Eventually, I would love to give up acting and just direct. I think every actor should direct at least once. It gives you a tolerance, an understanding of the problems involved in making a film. In fact, I also think every director should act.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you cast Don Siegel, your director from *Coogan's Bluff*, *Dirty*



"Oh, thank goodness! Poor Mr. Foutz has been struggling an hour to free us!"

Harry and other films, in a role in *Play Misty for Me*?

EASTWOOD: Yeah. On my first day as a director, on the set of *Misty*, the actor in the scene was Don. He kept saying, "You're making a big mistake; you shouldn't be doing this. You should get a good character actor." I said, "Don't worry about it. If I screw up as a director, I've got a good director on the set." And it worked out.

PLAYBOY: Can you distinguish between the qualities that make a good actor and those that make a good director?

EASTWOOD: It's an instinctive thing. Just as acting isn't an intellectual medium, I don't think directing is, either: the instinct to hire the right person—the right cameraman to go with the right director, and the right actors to go with the other actors, and so on, so that the ensemble fits.

PLAYBOY: If you were to win an Academy Award—

EASTWOOD: I don't really expect to. I'm not going to sit here and say I'd hate to win one. But I'm not terribly politically oriented. I don't know if I'd be able to campaign properly, even if I had the vehicle.

PLAYBOY: You mean it's not possible to win one without campaigning?

EASTWOOD: I guess it is, but there's definitely a public-relations aspect to it. You have to keep people aware of whatever it is you're doing.

PLAYBOY: If you did win one, would you

rather it be as best actor or as best director?

EASTWOOD: I suppose as director. I don't know. Directing, to me, is somewhat more satisfying.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you said you'd love to give up acting someday?

EASTWOOD: Did I say that? I really wouldn't.

PLAYBOY: You just said it.

EASTWOOD: Well, I was lying. What I meant, I'm sure, is that someday I may just get to the point where I feel I don't come across right on the screen anymore, that I ought to be playing character roles. Then maybe I'd better stick to directing.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever considered investing the money you've made from films in some sort of commercial enterprise?

EASTWOOD: Not really. I do have a few ventures, like the Hog's Breath Inn, a restaurant I own part of in Carmel. It has the atmosphere of an English countryside restaurant and serves some very good organic food.

PLAYBOY: Why that appetizing name?

EASTWOOD: I have to take credit for that. When I was drifting around Great Britain with *Fistful of Dollars*, I went to Wales and Scotland and stopped in all the small towns. Naturally, I stopped at an awful lot of pubs. They all had crazy names, and Hog's Breath Inn was the craziest one I could think up. Somebody raised the objection that that's a bad

name for a restaurant, but I said if a customer doesn't have a sense of humor, we don't want him anyway.

PLAYBOY: And why organic food?

EASTWOOD: I like it. Years ago, I walked into a health-food store with a friend; he was looking for some kind of bread. And there was a little old lady in there talking about pesticides and things, in the way that's fashionable today. And I thought, "Gee, what she says makes sense." Although I'm not against all pesticides. But most of the stuff from the health-food stores is quite good. It's also more expensive, but people who like to save money on marketing will turn around and buy four or five bottles of booze and take it home in the same armload. So I just buy two or three bottles of booze and spend the rest on organic food.

PLAYBOY: Do you suppose Olympia, your favorite beer, is made from organically grown hops?

EASTWOOD: I don't know how organically brewed Olympia or any other beer is, but there are certain things you just can't sacrifice.

PLAYBOY: Is the fact that you don't hunt attributable to the same sort of concern for the environment that drew you to natural foods?

EASTWOOD: I guess I have too much of a reverence for living creatures. There's so much beauty in them.

PLAYBOY: There's a story that you once refused to kill a rattlesnake on the set of *Two Mules for Sister Sara*. Is that true?

EASTWOOD: I didn't refuse. I ended up killing the rattlesnake, but I didn't want to. We were in Mexico, and the authorities didn't want a rattlesnake let loose after the filming.

PLAYBOY: How did you kill it?

EASTWOOD: Cut its head off with a knife. It wasn't the happiest thing I ever did. I cut the snake's head off and handed the body to Shirley MacLaine.

PLAYBOY: Of all the actresses you've worked with, who has been your favorite leading lady?

EASTWOOD: Shirley was fun, but in *Be-guiled*, I worked with eight leading actresses, and they were all fun, too. Inger Stevens—God rest her soul—was a great gal. In *Rawhide*, we had some sensational people—Julie Harris, Geraldine Page.

PLAYBOY: Who are your close friends? Are they in the movie colony, neighbors in Carmel, business associates?

EASTWOOD: Well, I work with Bob Daley, and we're close friends. We used to live next door to each other when I was a contract player and he was in cost analysis. Bob and Cissy Donner are friends; he's an actor, and I talked him into starting, going into a drama group. Fritz Manes, he's a friend of mine who works for channel two in Oakland. A kid I knew in school, Don Kincade, is still a friend; he's a dentist who lives in Davis. Those are guys I've known for many years. And I've known Don Siegel for

about seven years. And I have three or four close friends around Carmel.

PLAYBOY: Are any of them movie people?

EASTWOOD: Not really. But Merv Griffin owns a house there, and Merv I know quite well. He played in the celebrity tennis tournament with me.

PLAYBOY: The Clint Eastwood Invitational Celebrity Tennis Tournament has become quite a bash, hasn't it? How did you get involved?

EASTWOOD: Don Hamilton, who was the pro at the Pebble Beach Beach and Tennis Club, approached me about three years ago. They had had a celebrity tennis tournament, but it was a very small thing, mostly within the Del Monte company. And they wanted to have a big thing for charity. I told him they ought to get a better tennis player, but he talked me into sponsoring it. And it's gone over quite well.

PLAYBOY: How good a player are you?

EASTWOOD: *Così, così*. Mag is a good tennis player.

PLAYBOY: What are some of your other pastimes?

EASTWOOD: Well, I work out; have a little gym at home with racks of weights around the walls, a punching bag, sand-bag. You may not believe it, as I'm sitting here eating macadamia nuts and drinking my 27th beer, but I like to keep in shape. Let's see, what else? I go to an awful lot of movies. I like to see them at regular theaters, along with the general public, and get a feeling of the audience.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you recognized and besieged for autographs?

EASTWOOD: Well, I disguise myself when I go into a theater. I put on a mustache and glasses, and it makes me look quite different. I managed to go to a rodeo at Salinas the other day and not one person recognized me. By the time I get a hat on, and the mustache and glasses, it drops my I.Q. by about 50 points, which makes it about five.

PLAYBOY: Are you a rodeo fan?

EASTWOOD: I used to go to a lot of them. I did weekend stints when I was on *Rawhide*; all the TV guys do, I think. They'd pay you to come out and do an appearance, in Casper, Wyoming, or someplace like that.

PLAYBOY: Have you always done a lot of riding?

EASTWOOD: Most of my life. My cousins had horses, at my grandmother's place, so I rode a lot as a kid.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned wanting to study music when you were younger. Do you play any instruments?

EASTWOOD: No. I used to play the piano. When I was 17, I played in Oakland at the Omar club.

PLAYBOY: For money?

EASTWOOD: I got all the beer I could handle and all my meals. And I used to play the trumpet. I still have it.

PLAYBOY: But you don't play it?

EASTWOOD: No muscles.

PLAYBOY: That's what comes of making those early films in which you barely moved your lips. Recently, though, you've had more varied roles. In the past 12 months, you've acted in *Magnum Force* and *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot* and directed *Breezy*. Besides the new picture you're planning, what's next on the agenda?

EASTWOOD: I'd like to take it easy for about six months, slow down my pace a little, spend some time with my family. I still don't get to do as much of that as I'd like, but I don't think anybody does. It's the nature of the business—this business, anyway.

PLAYBOY: Was your own family closely knit when you were a child?

EASTWOOD: Yes, but not in the conventional sense. That was during the Depression, you know, and my dad traveled around a lot looking for work. Jobs were hard to come by in those days. So there were times when we had to be separated; when times weren't good, I had to live with my grandmother, on her farm up near Sunol, near Livermore. We moved around so much—I must have gone to eight different grammar schools—that the family was about all you had. I didn't have a lot of friends; our family—my parents and my younger sister and I—was a unit. I think my parents and my grandmother—she was quite a person, very self-sufficient, lived by herself on a mountain—probably had more to do with my turning out the way I have than any educational process I may have gone through. They were very young parents—quite the antithesis of my own situation with my children. They were great parents. I was lucky to have them. But I've been lucky with a lot of things: lucky with my acting career, lucky with my directing efforts.

PLAYBOY: You seem to ascribe a great deal to luck. Are you saying that your career has been something of a fluke?

EASTWOOD: Maybe, in the sense that I believe everything in life's kind of a fluke. Luck has played a great part in my whole existence, particularly my existence as an actor. I was lucky to be in the right place at the right time. And for the kind of guy I am, this is the right era to be in the motion-picture business.

PLAYBOY: Why?

EASTWOOD: Today the actor is much more in control of his own fate than he used to be. I'd find it very frustrating to be under one of those old contracts, at the mercy of one of those studio regimes. It's a funny thing; I was never the guy the press agents figured should be on the cover of this or that magazine, never the recipient of the big, glamorous studio push they used to give upcoming actors in the old days. I've never been the darling of any particular group, but somehow—somehow I got there, anyway.





HANDELSMAN

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"BUTTERFLY" GIRL

(continued from page 152)

a boon to her folks, because her mother had become ill and her father, who wasn't then fluent in English, was having trouble finding a job. So it was partly up to Ratna—dancing, playing kid roles in TV series from *Destry* to *Bonanza*, even mowing neighbors' lawns—to help support the family, which more often than not included several foster children.

Things are looking up now for the family and for Ratna, who in *Papillon*, the screen version of Henri Charrière's autobiographical best seller about his escapes from French penal colonies, plays the part of Zoraima, the chieftain's daughter who nurses Charrière (McQueen) back to health in a remote Colombian Indian village.

"I was really surprised to get the part," Ratna told us. "Up to then, the biggest role I'd ever played was as Yul Brynner's youngest wife in the TV series *Anna and the King*. I'd first interviewed for *Papillon* in September of 1972, and although they had asked me to go back several times, I hadn't heard anything definite until about the middle of May 1973, when I got a phone call: 'You're leaving tomorrow for Jamaica.' That's where the village sequences were shot, near Ocho Rios."

Ratna's role called for her to wear nothing much but a loincloth and a string of beads. "That's the way the tribe in Colombia really dresses; very primitively, with the men and women wearing identical clothing and hair styles. You couldn't tell the difference between them if they

weren't bare-chested." The first day, working with an all-male crew, she was a little embarrassed. "But," she says, "it was harder on the men, really. They'd been on location for three months doing the prison scenes, and there they worked with nothing but men. All of a sudden, here were a bunch of half-naked women running around the set. It was quite a contrast."

Zoraima and Papillon develop a romantic relationship in the book, but it's only intimated onscreen. "We don't even kiss," Ratna reports. Everything, in fact, is intimated: The entire sequence is played without dialog, to a musical accompaniment designed to create a special mood.

"That's where Steve was a particular help," Ratna says. "He helped me develop different techniques, showed me how to express myself through facial movements, eye contact. He was really great."

Since her return from Jamaica, Ratna has kept busy making promotional appearances. Her hobbies, which include karate and the care and feeding of her own personal menagerie, make her a popular interview subject. "I got out of practice with my karate while I was gone," reports this brown-belt holder, "so right now I'm pretty bruised up. Good thing I'm not wearing that *Papillon* costume." The animals? "Well, I have three hens, four roosters, seven cats, two dogs, and I've just bought a stud, Amber Surf. He's half Arabian and half quarter horse."

What next? Bookings for her new night-club song-and-dance act, more films, she hopes, and if they ever remake the *Road* movies, Ratna's ready.



"Come back tomorrow, Miss Smith. I'm sure I can find someone whose work I'm dissatisfied with by then."

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR

(continued from page 55)

more than a third of those in their early 20s masturbated, as compared with more than three fifths of the girls between 18 and 24 in our sample. Similar changes appear in the analysis of median frequency, as shown by this table:

MASTURBATION FREQUENCY PER YEAR (single white males and females)		
	Kinsey (ages 16-25)	Playboy (ages 18-24)
Males	49	52
Females	21	37

Sexual liberation has, curiously, produced a tendency for more single people to continue masturbating in adulthood than formerly, even though single adults engage in coitus more than their precursors did. In Kinsey's sample, nearly a quarter of all single men had stopped masturbating by the time they became 30; today, less than a tenth have done so. In Kinsey's sample, those who still masturbated at 30 had a median frequency of 30 times a year; today, the median is over 60. Nearly a half of Kinsey's single women in their late 20s and early 30s were still masturbating; over four fifths of ours are doing so. (Our sample of single women of 25 and over is too small for the computation of a statistically significant median.)

Most remarkable of all is the increase we find in masturbation by young married men and women. Kinsey reported that the incidence and frequency of masturbation dropped sharply after marriage but that far more married men and women continued to masturbate at least occasionally than had previously been realized. But today still more do so than in Kinsey's time, and for men the typical frequency is much higher than it used to be:

- Kinsey: More than two out of five husbands in their late 20s and early 30s masturbated and their median rate was about six times a year. Playboy: More than seven out of ten do so and their median rate is 24 times a year.

- Kinsey: About three out of ten wives in their late 20s and early 30s masturbated, their median rate being ten times a year. Playboy: Nearly seven out of ten wives in the same age bracket are active, although the median rate remains ten times a year.

These increases do not signify diminished sexual satisfaction among the married, nor do they indicate increased sexual frustration among the single; previous installments of this series have presented evidence to the contrary. The increases mean only that single or married, male or female, the people in our

sample, especially the younger ones, feel freer to masturbate when they feel the urge than their counterparts did a generation ago. Most of them no longer regard doing so as either sinful or perverted but merely as somewhat immature, and some do not have even this reservation about it. For many young adults (and, to some extent, older ones), the act is merely another acceptable, normal way to get sexual relief—inferior to heterosexual coitus but not in conflict with it.

Actually, it no longer is primarily a matter of sexual relief, as Kinsey seemed to think it was. Although four out of five men and more than two out of three women cite sexual relief as their motive for masturbating, substantial percentages of men and women also cite other motives, many of them nonsexual. One quarter to one third feel the urge to masturbate when they are suffering from loneliness, when they are tense about nonsexual problems, when they are sleepless or when they are feeling rejected.

Masturbation also offers vicarious variety: Nearly half of our males and more than a fifth of our females at least sometimes have fantasies about coitus with strangers while they are masturbating, and still larger numbers have fantasies about coitus with acquaintances. (The

percentages are lower among the married than among the single, but still substantial.) It is important to add, however, that the fantasy reported by the largest number is coitus with a loved partner; the cultural tradition that links sex with love remains largely intact even in masturbation, and this is true for the young as well as for older people in our sample.

The young feel somewhat freer than older people to use masturbation as vicarious fulfillment of deviant desire, but at all ages at least some people do so. Here are some figures from the Playboy survey on the use of such fantasies in masturbation:

- Sex with more than one partner at the same time: 33 percent of males, 18 percent of females.
- Doing things one would never do in reality (a catchall category): 19 percent of males, 28 percent of females.
- Being forced to have sex: ten percent of males, 19 percent of females.
- Forcing someone to have sex: 13 percent of males, three percent of females.
- Homosexual contact: seven percent of males, 11 percent of females.

Thus, masturbation partially gratifies nonmonogamous, daring and deviant desires that, if they were acted out, could be hurtful to the individual's primary love

relationship or emotionally or socially damaging.

Is there, then, no danger at all in masturbation? In the interview sample, we found that a few people use masturbation in highly neurotic ways—as gratification that prevents them from solving major personal problems and from achieving far deeper gratification. Some, for instance, use masturbation to avoid the challenge of adult sexual behavior and interpersonal relations, some as a weapon against mates and some as a form of hostility toward and protest against the opposite sex in general.

But for those who function normally in their sexual and emotional relationships—for the great majority, that is—the freeing of masturbation from its traditional burden of sin and/or perversity is undoubtedly a real boon. Even though sexual liberation still has some distance to travel where masturbation is concerned, its benefits even there are already numerous and unmistakable.

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



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Jazz & Pop '74

(continued from page 149)

of foundation and industry subsidies. As *The New York Times* reported, "Jazz critics and historians could think of no event to match it in scope since jazz was born."

In 1972, the Newport Festival's first in New York, there had been a rebellious counterfestival staged by the New York Musicians' Organization, 500, mostly black, "underground" players who felt that the festival was ignoring much of the more adventurous new jazz in the city. This past year, the rebels were an official part of the festival, while still producing their own series of sessions in all five boroughs of New York by scores of groups for whom no place had been provided in the Newport Festival's programs.

One of the more memorable performances at Newport in New York was that of Gerry Mulligan's 17-piece Age of Steam band, whose set included *A Weed in Disneyland*, which the bearded, long-haired leader dedicated "to the President of the United States." Among the avant-garde musicians, a festival standout was percussionist Milford Graves, a brilliantly inventive drummer who should finally attract larger audiences in the year ahead. Another powerful presence was Argentinian tenor saxophonist Gato Barbieri, a specialist in "Third World jazz," which, in his case, is deeply rooted in Latin-American traditions, including resiliently complex Indian rhythmic patterns. Barbieri was also responsible for the evocative score for the year's most controversial film, *Last Tango in Paris*.

Not only at the Newport Festival but also in other engagements throughout the year, the redoubtable Charles Mingus continued to demonstrate why his Jazz Workshop is, as one writer put it, "the Harvard University of jazz." Meanwhile, the permanent president and founder of the most prestigious of all traveling jazz universities, Duke Ellington, received an honorary doctorate in music from Columbia University. That makes 19 doctorates that have been collected by Dr. Ellington, in addition to his having been elected to the Royal Academy of Music in Sweden and to this country's National Institute of Arts and Letters. After the ceremonies at Columbia, Duke, never one to coast on his laurels, hastened to the airport to board a plane for Iowa City, where he was scheduled to play a college dance that very night.

During 1973, another veteran composer-arranger-leader, Gil Evans, after years of fairly hard times, was on the verge of attracting considerable popular interest in his blending of subtly shifting, multi-colored orchestral textures with pungent jazz solos and an insistent rhythmic pulse that reached both jazz and rock listeners. With an Atlantic recording contract and a national tour that started in October,

the former Claude Thornhill and Miles Davis arranger was further evidence of the year's jazz renaissance.

Still on the way up and a force to watch for in 1974 is Dee Dee Bridgewater. A stunning singer, visually as well as vocally, she moves from a base in jazz and blues into a distinctly individual style, which, as Dr. Ellington would say, is beyond category. Already established, the softly intense "soul singer" Roberta Flack branched out last year. Though still taking care of business in night clubs and on recordings, she also enrolled at the University of Massachusetts School of Education to begin work on a doctorate, with emphasis on studying ways to better teach disadvantaged children. Her schedule not being full enough, she also prepared for a three-week concert tour of Africa in February 1974 to raise money for Africare, an organization that trains local health workers in Africa in preventive medical techniques. She is making the trip, she noted, because "a resurgence of black pride has caused black people in this country to reclaim their long-suppressed African heritage."

Another affirmer of black pride was B. B. King, who in June figured prominently in *Mississippi Homecoming*, which commemorated the tenth anniversary of the death of civil rights leader Medgar Evers and the advances made in Mississippi since then through the vigorous persistence of Medgar's brother, Charles Evers. Joining the Staple Singers and Dick Gregory, among others, B. B. King helped mark what Mississippi governor Bill Waller had designated as Medgar Evers Memorial Festival Day. When it was over, King and Charles Evers started making plans for an annual Mississippi home-coming festival. Before that next journey home, King will take indigenous American blues to eight African countries under State Department auspices.

While blues and jazz continued to be exported, there was increased home-front support for America's true classical music. The National Endowment for the Arts awarded a total of \$225,000 in jazz grants to 165 individuals and organizations. The Ford Foundation also recognized the cultural importance of jazz by giving a three-year grant of \$140,000 to the New York Jazz Museum through its founding organization, the New York Hot Jazz Society. These funds, the Ford Foundation observed, are to enable the museum to "continue the expansion of its archives and publications; presentations of living musicians; a touring program for schools, colleges and universities; and other activities devoted to maintaining jazz as a living art form as well as a historical and cultural asset."

An equally important grant was one of \$21,300 from the National Endowment

of the Arts to New York's Jazz Interactions for a series of five-hour interviews with jazz musicians. These additions to the music's oral history will be kept in the archives of the Library of Congress.

One of the musicians interviewed in that series, the lustily swinging trombonist J. C. Higginbotham, died during the year. Also lost, at 86, was Kid Ory, who gave Louis Armstrong one of his first jobs and whose career spanned 75 years from New Orleans to Honolulu, where he died. At a New Orleans-style funeral, trombonist Trummy Young and a local jazz band played, as is the custom, a gentle hymn, followed by Ory's rollicking classic *Muskrat Ramble*.

Another name on the obituary list was that of Eddie Condon, a most dependable jazz guitarist and the sharpest of jazz wits. Years ago, reacting to the criticism of French jazz pundit Hugues Panassié, Condon observed: "He's a game guy, coming over here and telling us how to play jazz. We don't go over to France and tell them how to jump on a grape, do we?" It was with Condon that Gene Krupa made his first record date, in 1927. Toward the close of 1973, the flamboyant drummer, best known for his work with Benny Goodman, died.

Other casualties of time were Ben Webster, who set standards for quality of tone and breadth of expression for jazz tenor saxophonists, trombonist Wilbur De Paris and vintage Gospel singers Sister Rosetta Tharpe and Clara Ward. Also, lost in a plane crash was singer Jim Croce; and one of the favorites of rock aficionados, a founding member of the Grateful Dead, organist-singer Ron "Pigpen" McKernan, died at 27.

Life, including the Grateful Dead, moved on. The Dead was one of the cynosures at the year's biggest rock festival—and the largest music festival in the nation's history—at Watkins Glen, New York. More than 600,000 of the young came from all over the country to that town's Grand Prix auto race course. (By contrast, the seemingly epochal Woodstock Festival of 1969 drew between 300,000 and 400,000.) At Watkins Glen, the music was satisfying and the huge crowd, despite rain and mud, was content.

At Watkins Glen, as well as everywhere else during the rock year past, no new superstars rocketed into view. But among those on the rise during 1973 were: War; Earth, Wind & Fire; The Sylvers; Mandrill; Tower of Power; Bloodstone; Seals & Crofts; and humorist Martin Mull. In the rest of the field, popular taste by and large seemed to be moving, as Helen Reddy put it, "away from loud noise and back to melody and lyrics." Those artists who were already at that point—Carole King, Melanie, John Denver, Randy Newman, Harry Nilsson, Peter Dinklage, Art Garfunkel and Paul Simon (the last

three now performing as singles)—became even more popular in 1973. And the newcomers who seemed most likely to stay around were also intriguing storytellers rather than electrified casters of thunderbolts. Among them: Jimmy Buffett, Michael Franks and, most notably, Steve Goodman. Author of *City of New Orleans*, Goodman is a deft, witty chronicler of our life and times. So well thought of is Goodman by his contemporary bards that Kris Kristofferson co-produced his first album and the pianist on the title song of last year's *Somebody Else's Troubles* was Robert Milkwood Thomas (also known as Bob Dylan). That sphinx-like antihero of the Sixties showed signs of restlessness in 1973. Occasionally slipping out of seclusion, Dylan wrote the title song and appeared with Kristofferson in the movie *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid*; and also took part in Texan Doug Sahn's recording sessions that marked the former Sir Douglas' return to his mellow country-and-blues beginnings.

A lot of musicians and listeners were also looking back last year. One of the particularly pleasurable events at the Newport in New York Jazz Festival was *A Thirties Ball* at the Roseland ballroom with the bands of Woody Herman, Count Basie and Duke Ellington. For four and a half hours, some 3500 people crowded the sizable dance floor (10,000 square feet). As for country-music nostalgia, there was a steady rise in the number of authentic bluegrass festivals. "Hardly a weekend goes by from May to November," *The Wall Street Journal* noted, "without one or more gatherings of 'bluegrass people' somewhere across the country from Massachusetts to Texas, reviving a music that appeared to be dying a decade or so ago."

There was also a revivification of the rock past. One of the year's most critically acclaimed movies, George Lucas' *American Graffiti*, had as its sound track a cornucopia of "golden oldies" by such memory restorers as Bill Haley, Buddy Holly, Fats Domino, Frankie Lyman & the Teenagers, the Platters and the still-thriving Chuck Berry. And Richard Nader profitably continued his Fifties *Rock and Roll Revival* tours. Said the successful promoter: "I put the revival together primarily to appeal to the over-25 age group who remembered when."

Nader not only harvests the past but also claims to be able to predict the future. Nostalgia will pass, he says, to be succeeded by a visual cycle during which the look of a group will be more important than its music. Nader points to the garish start of this wave of "glitter rock" in the performances of Alice Cooper, David Bowie, T-Rex and Dr. John. There will be, he asserts, even more emphasis on "elaborate costumes, freaky outfits, costume changes, lights, smoke

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and fire onstage, skits instead of songs, or skits to songs. . . . It's not enough these days in rock to just have an artist play. He or they have to be presented."

Bearing out Nader's prophecy is Alice Cooper, who, during a three-month, 56-city tour of the country, took with him, *The New York Times* reported, "an eight-and-a-half-ton stage on five levels with Plexiglas staircases that light up; two rotating mirror balls; 146 chase lights; four silver mannequins; a nine-and-a-half-foot mummy with 430 (count 'em) glass jewels that also light up, and laser-beam eyes . . . a guillotine; an operating table; an outside dentist's drill; a toothbrush and tube of tooth paste; a four-and-a-half-foot tooth worn by a dancing girl; 25 mannequins, flesh-colored, to be thrown about; swords; switchblades; a boa constrictor . . . and an American flag." The rig costs \$150,000 and it "takes 22 men five hours to put it all up and three to take it down."

As more of rock is aimed at satisfying what Nader foretells will be the "extremely violent and extremely humorous" show-business demands of the young, composer-performer Paul Williams asks in wonderment: "What will they do next, turn a member of the band into a pizza and fling him to the audience at the end of the show?"

Quite another kind of visual surprise during the music year was the presence for the first time in Stan Kenton's many bands of a sidewoman—20-year-old tenor saxophonist Mary Fettig. But, Kenton insists, her position in the reed section has nothing to do with women's liberation. "I don't believe in tokenism," he emphasized. Nor does sidewoman Fettig identify with what she calls "right-on women's libbers." What turns her off, she says, is that "they start clapping the minute I walk up [to the microphone]. It doesn't matter what I play."

Female consciousness raising did, however, make inroads into the music scene. Both New Haven and Chicago were home bases for women's liberation rock bands; and in Berkeley, a five-woman hard-rock group called Eyes was determinedly trying to proselytize while it played. In its lyrics, it's the man who gets kicked out ("I asked you over a month ago, please to move out your things;/You say you'd really like to oblige me, but your arm is still in a sling").

The most successful performer committed to women's liberation is Helen Reddy, who, in March, when accepting her Grammy award for *I Am Woman*, thanked Capitol Records; her husband and manager, Jeff Wald; and God ("because She makes everything possible"). Ms. Reddy acts on, as well as sings about, her convictions. After drawing large crowds during her first Las Vegas engagement, she proclaimed that next time she is booked into that city without clocks, she wants a clause in her contract

requiring that a female bartender be hired at the hotel where she performs. Women's liberationist Reddy became a millionaire during the year. "I have to laugh when they say the American dream is dead," she says. "I am living proof of its reality." Adding to that proof was the summer-long *Flip Wilson Presents the Helen Reddy Show* on NBC-TV, where the exuberant Pointer Sisters, through guest shots, attracted national attention.

Along with Ms. Reddy's show, television last year gave more time to rock and pop music than ever before. NBC fielded *The Midnight Special*, while ABC countered with the regularly scheduled *In Concert*. A third entry is the widely syndicated *Don Kirshner's Rock Concert*. For his first program, music publisher and television producer Kirshner scooped the opposition by snaring The Rolling Stones. As for the coming year, indications are we'll be seeing more and more rock on the tube.

The year in television was also marked by Frank Sinatra's moving further out of retirement with a one-hour special on NBC in November. During the summer, he returned to the record studios and cut an album, *Ol' Blue Eyes Is Back*, for Reprise. Showing that he still pays attention to what's happening on the music scene, Sinatra included Kristofferson's *Nobody Wins*.

From Frank Sinatra to Alice Cooper, the record industry was prospering, with total record sales for the year likely to exceed the 1972 figures of more than a billion dollars in the United States and 3.3 billion world-wide. One musical import enlivening record sales during 1973 was *reggae* (pronounced ray-gay). Begun some 15 years ago in Jamaica, *reggae* is a haunting blend of West Indian and African rhythms, American soul and blues textures and absorbingly evocative lyrics, many of which reflect the rise of black political consciousness in the Caribbean. A number of artists explored *reggae* during the year—Johnny Nash, Johnny Rivers, Three Dog Night and Harry Nilsson among them—but the master of the form was Jimmy Cliff of Jamaica, who by year's end was spreading the *reggae* message and sensuous sound on Reprise.

Meanwhile, seemingly on top of the recording scene, Columbia Records' president Clive Davis, who in three years had doubled his company's share of the market, had a catastrophic year. In May, he was fired on charges of financial malfeasance—spending corporate funds on personal matters. His dismissal was followed by graver allegations against others in the recording and broadcast fields. The Internal Revenue Service began a nationwide investigation to determine whether or not record companies have hidden payola expenditures under the guise of legitimate promotion expenses. Simultaneously, the Justice Department was exploring allegations

concerning drug use, organized-crime involvement and payola in the broadcast and record industries.

During the summer, Senator James Buckley of New York, while conducting his own investigation, called for "the broadest possible inquiry" by the Federal Communications Commission. In the months that followed, a growing number of record companies and radio stations were served subpoenas requiring them to produce their files for the edification of Federal investigators. At year's end, it appeared that these governmental probes would continue into 1974.

Except for that anxiety-making obligation to the year's events, there were more pleasant auguries for the year ahead. Accelerating a trend going back to the late Sixties, music and musicians were coming together. For one thing, the internal jazz wars were coming to an end. An index of more broad-mindedness on both sides was the presence of such avant-garde jazz figures as Archie Shepp, together with traditional players, at the July fourth dedication of what is now the Louis Armstrong Memorial Stadium (formerly the Singer Bowl) in Queens, where Armstrong lived.

There was also greater contact between jazz and rock players. As jazz historian Nesuhi Ertegun, long in charge of Atlantic Records' jazz division, observed, "More and more I notice an increasing fusion between rock and jazz—these musicians want to play together, make recordings together." "Music today," tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins agreed, "is integrating." Also concurring was country composer-performer Charlie Daniels, who saw more than musical integration at work in what he prefers to call "Southern music." "The South is really changing," Daniels says. "People are becoming much more tolerant and the kids are growing up and becoming a majority that won't be pushed around. It's reflected in the music."

Not only has the South been changing. Throughout the country, the generation brought up on the barrier-breaking popular music of the recent past are generally less rigid and more open to whatever changes are to come in all aspects of their lives than preceding generations have been. And their common language continues to be the music they share across class and color lines. As Joseph Smith, a former disc jockey and now co-head of Warner Bros. Records, says, "Music is participatory now. You've got a generation buying it that has lived through ten years of craziness and crisis. Those kids need those albums. You can't separate it from their lives."

As has been strongly evident during the past decade, moreover, this multiracial, continually expanding music appears to be essential to many of the young elsewhere in the world. A member of the 5th Dimension, the first black

pop group to be sent on a State Department tour of eastern Europe, reported back: "There's a lot of soul in Czechoslovakia." And deep in Siberia, a local rock group clearly influenced by Jimi Hendrix listens carefully to foreign radio to keep in touch with new developments. Also in Russia, in the suburban village of Barvikha, graffiti on the walls of the hockey rink bear the names, in bold lettering, of the Beatles and The Rolling Stones. Can China be far behind?

ALL-STAR MUSICIANS' POLL

Last year, when we expanded the electoral base of our musicians' poll by sending ballots to all those who placed in the previous tally—rather than just the medal winners—six categories saw a change of leadership. This year, there were eight (in two cases, former champs managed to regain their thrones). The results are still dominated by jazzmen, partly because rock musicians seem to have a harder time agreeing on who's best.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR LEADER: Ellington again (what else is new?). Quincy Jones moved past Count Basie, as did Doc Severinsen and Thad Jones/Mel Lewis, who didn't place a year ago; Stan Kenton dropped out. **1. Duke Ellington;** 2. Quincy Jones; 3. Thad Jones/Mel Lewis, Doc Severinsen; 5. Count Basie.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TRUMPET: Freddie Hubbard, a close second last time, passed Miles Davis; Dizzy and Doc held firm. **1. Freddie Hubbard;** 2. Miles Davis; 3. Dizzy Gillespie; 4. Doc Severinsen; 5. Oscar Brashear, Jon Faddis, Clark Terry.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TROMBONE: Not surprisingly, there was some sliding around here. Perennial winner J. J. Johnson had no problems, but Urbie Green, George Bohanon and Al Grey failed to repeat; new contenders are Carl Fontana and Vic Dickenson. **1. J. J. Johnson;** 2. Carl Fontana, Curtis Fuller; 4. Vic Dickenson, Bill Watrous.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR ALTO SAX: Cannonball Adderley, upset a year ago by Phil Woods, won the rematch; Hank Crawford, Joe Farrell and Lee Konitz didn't make the winners' circle this time. **1. Cannonball Adderley;** 2. Phil Woods; 3. Paul Desmond; 4. Ornette Coleman, Sonny Stitt.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TENOR SAX: Getz gets the medal again, but Stanley Turrentine exchanged places with Joe Henderson; Johnny Griffin and Wayne Shorter failed to make it back. **1. Stan Getz;** 2. Stanley Turrentine; 3. Joe Henderson, Boots Randolph; 5. Sonny Rollins.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BARITONE SAX: We could just wrap this one up and let Gerry take it with him. **1. Gerry Mulligan;** 2. Pepper Adams; 3. Harry Carney, Charles Davis, Cecil Payne.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR CLARINET: It was Benny Goodman's year, and the voters



"This could still be a swinging-singles cruise, Miss Frohlich!"

hadn't missed it; longtime leader Buddy De Franco slipped two notches, and Rahsaan Roland Kirk and Eddie Daniels moved into the top five, replacing Tony Scott and Pete Fountain. **1. Benny Goodman;** 2. Jimmy Hamilton; 3. Buddy De Franco; 4. Eddie Daniels, Rahsaan Roland Kirk.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR PIANO: Oscar Peterson, who surrendered his title in 1971, took it back this time. Missing from last year's top five are Bill Evans, Hank Jones and Nicky Hopkins. Leon Russell must be lonely in this company. **1. Oscar Peterson;** 2. Herbie Hancock; 3. Chick Corea; 4. Keith Jarrett, Leon Russell.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR ORGAN: Jimmy Smith, who just celebrated his 20th year as a recording artist, won by a landslide, as he usually does. **1. Jimmy Smith;** 2. Billy Preston; 3. Wild Bill Davis, Johnny Hammond, Khalid Yasin (Larry Young).

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR VIBES: Like Mulligan and Smith, Milt Jackson continues to win with ease. **1. Milt Jackson;** 2. Gary Burton; 3. Lionel Hampton, Bobby Hutcherson; 5. Roy Ayers.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR GUITAR: George Benson, who vaulted to the top last year, consolidated his gains. The other names are the same; Joe Pass came up from fourth to take second place, as last year's runner-up, Jim Hall, slipped to fifth. **1. George Benson;** 2. Joe Pass; 3. John McLaughlin; 4. Kenny Burrell; 5. Jim Hall.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BASS: Ray Brown, who'd held the top spot for some seasons, slipped a bit as Ron Carter took over. The five names are the same. **1. Ron Carter;** 2. Ray Brown; 3. Chuck Rainey; 4. Stanley Clarke; 5. Richard Davis.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR DRUMS: The big

news here was Billy Cobham, who came from nowhere to tip Buddy Rich. Jack DeJohnette and Art Blakey also made the scene, at the expense of Bernard Purdie, Roy Haynes and Elvin Jones. **1. Billy Cobham;** 2. Buddy Rich; 3. Tony Williams; 4. Art Blakey, Jack DeJohnette.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT: Rahsaan Roland Kirk continues to be our most miscellaneous musician; nobody joined the top five, though Paul Horn and Charles Lloyd, who tied for the fifth spot a year ago, dropped out. **1. Rahsaan Roland Kirk, flute, manzello, stritch;** 2. Hubert Laws, flute; 3. Herbie Mann, flute; Airto Moreira, percussion; Jean Thielemans, harmonica.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MALE VOCALIST: Billy Eckstine retained his laurels, but the big story was the rhythm-'n'-blues revolution, led by Al Green, Stevie Wonder and Ray Charles—none of whom made the top five in 1973. **1. Billy Eckstine;** 2. Al Green; 3. Ray Charles, Stevie Wonder; 5. Tony Bennett, Joe Williams.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR FEMALE VOCALIST: The same ladies are all back again, but Sarah Vaughan and Roberta Flack have changed places. **1. Sarah Vaughan;** 2. Ella Fitzgerald; 3. Roberta Flack, Aretha Franklin; 5. Carmen McRae.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR VOCAL GROUP: The 5th Dimension and the Staple Singers duplicated their one-two punch of '73, but the other contenders are new; they replace Bread, Jackson 5, Poco and Sly & the Family Stone. **1. 5th Dimension;** 2. Staple Singers; 3. Stylistics; 4. Carpenters, Gladys Knight & the Pips, Temptations.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR SONGWRITER-COMPOSER: Stevie Wonder, who had a big—and creative—year, came from limbo to



"Do you remove vibrators?"

take second, as Ellington retained his honors in a very fragmented vote. 1. Duke Ellington; 2. Stevie Wonder; 3. Michel Legrand; 4. Carole King, Randy Newman, Harry Nilsson.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR INSTRUMENTAL COMBO: In another diffused vote, a relatively obscure quartet organized by pianist Chick Corea came in first. The Freddie Hubbard group and the Crusaders are also new to the top five; among the missing are Miles Davis and The World's Greatest Jazzband. 1. *Return to Forever*; 2. Cannonball Adderley, Freddie Hubbard; 4. Chicago, Crusaders, Mahavishnu Orchestra.

RECORDS OF THE YEAR

Readers were asked to pick the best LPs of 1973 in each of three categories—best record by a big band, best by a small combo (fewer than ten pieces) and best vocal LP. The results weren't too surprising.

BEST BIG-BAND LP: *Prelude / Deodato (CTI)*. That's Eumir Deodato, the young pianist/arranger from Brazil, who took a variety of themes—from *Also Sprach Zarathustra (2001)* to *Baubles, Bangles and Beads*—and found exactly the right men to make the backgrounds shimmer, the rhythms sparkle and the solos take off and go.

BEST SMALL-COMBO LP: *Chicago VI (Columbia)*. Talk about self-sufficiency: These guys write their music, arrange it and record it at their own ranch. This LP, with the usual middle-of-the-road approach and the usual Chicago blend of horns and vocal harmonies, includes the Peter Cetera / James Pankow hit *Feelin' Stronger Every Day* and several tunes by Robert Lamm (*Hollywood; Critics' Choice*).

BEST VOCAL LP: *Brothers and Sisters / The Allman Brothers Band (Capricorn)*. Actually, this group—like Chicago—sings and plays. Of course, most everyone knows that—and this LP, on which they did so much so well of both, certainly helped spread the word. The album includes some gritty blues (*Jelly, Jelly*) and some joyous country rock (*Ramblin' Man*).

BEST BIG-BAND LP

1. *Prelude / Eumir Deodato (CTI)*
2. *Tommy / London Symphony (Ode)*
3. *Deodato 2 / Eumir Deodato (CTI)*
4. *The Grand Wazoo / Frank Zappa (Bizarre / Reprise)*
5. *M. F. Horn II / Maynard Ferguson (Columbia)*
6. *Stick it / Buddy Rich (RCA)*
7. *M. F. Horn III / Maynard Ferguson (Columbia)*
8. *You've Got It Bad, Girl / Quincy Jones (A & M)*
9. *Soaring / Don Ellis (BASF / MPS)*
10. *Jesus Christ Superstar—Sound Track (MCA)*
11. *Procol Harum Live in Concert with the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra (A & M)*

12. *Brass on Ivory / Henry Mancini / Doc Severinsen (RCA)*
12. *Live and Let Die—Sound Track (United Artists)*
14. *Supersax Plays Bird / Supersax (Capitol)*
15. *Last Tango in Paris—Sound Track (United Artists)*
15. *Rich in London / Buddy Rich (RCA)*
17. *Rock of Ages / The Band (Capitol)*
18. *Isaac Hayes Live at the Sahara Tahoe (Enterprise)*
19. *Concert for Bangla Desh (Apple)*
19. *Will the Circle Be Unbroken / Nitty Gritty Dirt Band (United Artists)*
21. *Days of Future Past / Moody Blues with London Festival Orchestra (Deram)*
22. *Stan Kenton Today—Recorded Live in London (London)*
22. *Lost Horizon—Sound Track (Bell)*
24. *Giant Steps / Woody Herman (Fantasy)*
25. *Connection / Don Ellis (Columbia)*
25. *The Raven Speaks / Woody Herman (Fantasy)*

BEST SMALL-COMBO LP

1. *Chicago VI (Columbia)*
2. *Birds of Fire / Mahavishnu Orchestra (Columbia)*
3. *A Passion Play / Jethro Tull (Chrysalis)*
4. *The Dark Side of the Moon / Pink Floyd (Harvest)*
5. *Brothers & Sisters / Allman Brothers Band (Capricorn)*
6. *Six Wives of Henry VIII / Rick Wakeman (A & M)*
7. *Cavavanserai / Santana (Columbia)*
8. *Chicago V (Columbia)*
9. *Yessongs / Yes (Atlantic)*
10. *Houses of the Holy / Led Zeppelin (Atlantic)*
11. *Billion Dollar Babies / Alice Cooper (Warner Bros.)*
12. *Trilogy / Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Cotillion)*
13. *Seventh Sojourn / Moody Blues (Threshold)*
14. *Close to the Edge / Yes (Atlantic)*
15. *Love, Devotion, Surrender / Carlos Santana and Mahavishnu John McLaughlin (Columbia)*
16. *We're an American Band / Grand Funk Railroad (Capitol)*
17. *Sweetnighter / Weather Report (Columbia)*
18. *Living in the Past / Jethro Tull (Chrysalis)*
19. *Thick as a Brick / Jethro Tull (Chrysalis)*
20. *They Only Come Out at Night / Edgar Winter (Epic)*
21. *New Blood / Blood, Sweat & Tears (Columbia)*
22. *Eat a Peach / Allman Brothers Band (Capricorn)*
23. *The World Is a Ghetto / War (United Artists)*
24. *Living in the Material World / George Harrison (Apple)*

24. *Made in Japan / Deep Purple (Warner Bros.)*

BEST VOCAL LP

1. *Brothers & Sisters / Allman Brothers Band (Capricorn)*
2. *There Goes Rhymin' Simon / Paul Simon (Columbia)*
3. *Don't Shoot Me I'm Only the Piano Player / Elton John (MCA)*
4. *Dark Side of the Moon / Pink Floyd (Harvest)*
5. *Houses of the Holy / Led Zeppelin (Atlantic)*
6. *The Divine Miss M / Bette Midler (Atlantic)*
7. *Hot August Night / Neil Diamond (MCA)*
8. *No Secrets / Carly Simon (Elektra)*
9. *Living in the Material World / George Harrison (Apple)*
10. *Seventh Sojourn / Moody Blues (Threshold)*
11. *Diamond Girl / Seals & Crofts (Warner Bros.)*
12. *Yessongs / Yes (Atlantic)*
13. *Goats Head Soup / Rolling Stones (Rolling Stone)*
14. *Leon Live / Leon Russell (Shelter)*
15. *A Passion Play / Jethro Tull (Chrysalis)*
16. *Foreigner / Cat Stevens (A & M)*
17. *Close to the Edge / Yes (Atlantic)*
18. *For the Roses / Joni Mitchell (Asylum)*
19. *Talking Book / Stevie Wonder (Tamla)*
20. *Innervisions / Stevie Wonder (Tamla)*
21. *Billion Dollar Babies / Alice Cooper (Warner Bros.)*
21. *Fantasy / Carole King (Ode)*
23. *Killing Me Softly / Roberta Flack (Atlantic)*
24. *Red Rose Speedway / Wings (Apple)*
25. *Captain & Me / Doobie Brothers (Warner Bros.)*
25. *We're an American Band / Grand Funk Railroad (Capitol)*

JAZZ & POP HALL OF FAME

A year ago, we implied that sentiment following the death of Duane Allman might have helped his second-place finish in the voting for our Jazz & Pop Hall of Fame. This time, however, Duane got across the goal line—his brief but illustrious career is detailed on page 148—and there's no longer any question about sentiment. Upward progress was also registered by Ian Anderson, Elton John, Paul Simon, Ringo Starr and Buddy Rich, plus newcomers Cat Stevens, Stevie Wonder, B. B. King, John McLaughlin, Jimmy Page, Jerry Garcia, the late Jim Croce (we'll say nothing about sentiment) and a pair of jazz greats to bring up the rear: Charlie Parker, who's been dead since 1955, and Stan Kenton, who hovers over the music scene like the ghost of Hamlet's father. The most noticeable dropout from Hall of Fame contention was Burt Bacharach, 183

tenth a year ago; exiting along with him were last year's bottom seven: Rod Stewart, Keith Richard, Stephen Stills, John Mayall, Dizzy Gillespie, Isaac Hayes and James Taylor. Here are the top 25 vote getters:

1. Duane Allman
2. Ian Anderson
3. Neil Diamond
4. Elton John
5. Paul Simon
6. Ringo Starr
7. Doc Severinsen
8. Buddy Rich
9. Carole King
10. Chuck Berry
11. Leon Russell
12. Frank Zappa
13. Cat Stevens
14. Stevie Wonder
15. Neil Young
16. Peter Dinklage
17. B. B. King
18. John McLaughlin
19. Keith Emerson
20. Jim Croce
21. Jimmy Page
21. Barbra Streisand
23. Jerry Garcia
23. Charlie Parker
25. Stan Kenton

ALL-STAR READERS' POLL

Once again, there wasn't much that the readers and the musicians agreed on. For the second year in a row, singer Billy Eckstine and guitarist George Benson won their categories in the musicians' poll; and for the second year in a row, Benson had to settle for a low rating in the Readers' Poll, while Eckstine failed to place. Return to Forever, voted top instrumental combo by the musicians, also failed to place; and several other winners

in the musicians' poll—notably, Sarah Vaughan, Rahsaan Roland Kirk and (as a composer) Duke Ellington—did not fare too well in the Readers' Poll. On the other hand, most of the winners in the Readers' Poll did not get too much recognition from the musicians—whose voting tended to be much more divided. The only people who won in both polls were trombonist J. J. Johnson and the three saxophonists—Adderley, Getz and Mulligan.

If our readers don't agree with the musicians, they at least are consistent with themselves. Only four categories, out of 19, saw a change of leadership—and that's one more than a year ago. The changes were not without significance, however. Duane Allman's election to the Hall of Fame was complemented by the victory of his group, the Allman Brothers Band, in the vocal-group category. And complementing the fall of the group they displaced—The Rolling Stones—was the ousting of Mick Jagger as top male vocalist; he was knocked off by Neil Diamond, who finished in third place a year ago. The other changes were in the female-vocalist category, where Carly Simon came up from sixth to oust Carole King, and the songwriter-composer division, where Elton John and Bernie Taupin, third-place finishers in 1973, edged out last year's winning team of Burt Bacharach and Hal David.

The other pacesetters of '73 all stayed ahead. That means Doc Severinsen as leader and trumpeter; J. J. Johnson on trombone; Cannonball Adderley on alto sax; Stan Getz on tenor; Gerry Mulligan on baritone; Pete Fountain on clarinet; Elton John on piano; Keith Emerson on organ; Lionel Hampton on vibes; Eric

Clapton on guitar; Paul McCartney on bass; Buddy Rich on drums; flutist Ian Anderson in the other-instruments category; and Chicago as the top instrumental combo.

So entrenched is the leadership in the horn categories that Miles Davis, Al Hirt and Herb Alpert kept their second-, third- and fourth-trumpet chairs in our All-Star band; tenor saxophonist Boots Randolph retained second chair in his division, as did altoist Edgar Winter; and Si Zentner held onto his place as second trombonist, with Slide Hampton moving up a notch to third and a resurgent Maynard Ferguson easing Kai Winding out of the section.

It wasn't quite that static down in the ranks, however. Some rather stylish listings were secured by entries who didn't place a year ago. They included Bette Midler's third-place finish among the female vocalists; the third-place rating achieved by veteran soul man Junior Walker on tenor sax; Karen Carpenter's appearance in 11th place among the drummers (all the more surprising since she dropped out of the vocalist ratings); Rick Wakeman's number-three finish on organ; Eumir Deodato's number-seven spot in the leader category; and the top-ten showings by male vocalists Robert Plant (of Led Zeppelin) and Stevie Wonder (where were *they* a year ago?). Other newcomers to the list include singers Al Green, David Bowie, Marvin Gaye, Gladys Knight, Sarah Vaughan and Bonnie Raitt; violinists Papa John Creach and Doug Kershaw in the other-instruments category; Seals & Crofts, Stevie Wonder, Duke Ellington and Joni Mitchell among the composers; vocal groups Loggins & Messina, Pink Floyd, War, the Temptations, Seals & Crofts, and Sly & the Family Stone; and Hot Tuna, the Crusaders, Loggins & Messina, Pink Floyd and Charles Mingus (who gained a few notches on bass, too) under the instrumental-combo heading.

Of course, when somebody new climbs on board, another someone has to go—and among our dropouts are some illustrious names. Such as songwriters John Lennon, Harry Nilsson, Randy Newman and Gordon Lightfoot; singers Bob Dylan, Joe Cocker, Stephen Stills and Andy Williams; the Jefferson Airplane, Ike & Tina Turner, Sergio Mendes & Brasil '77, Poco, Guess Who, and Kenny Rogers & the First Edition among the vocal groups; and, instrumentally, the Ramsey Lewis Trio, the Ventures (who had held onto a low spot in the ratings for quite a few years) and the Miles Davis and Cannonball Adderley combos. All missing from this year's results.

Here, in any case, are the artists who turned out to be the most popular in each category. Those in boldface make up our All-Star band; they will receive silver medals, as will the artists whose records were voted best of the year.



"And let's not and say we did."

BIG-BAND LEADER

1. **Doc Severinsen**
2. Burt Bacharach
3. Quincy Jones
4. Henry Mancini
5. Buddy Rich
6. Duke Ellington
7. Eumir Deodato
8. Chuck Mangione
9. Ray Charles
10. Count Basie
11. Stan Kenton
12. Maynard Ferguson
13. Don Ellis
14. James Brown
15. J. J. Jackson
16. Charles Mingus
17. Woody Herman
18. Lionel Hampton
18. Thad Jones / Mel Lewis
20. Les Brown
21. Harry James
22. Frank Zappa
23. Bobby Rosengarden
24. Louis Bellson
25. Gil Evans

TRUMPET

1. **Doc Severinsen**
2. Miles Davis
3. Al Hirt
4. **Herb Alpert**
5. Dizzy Gillespie
6. Maynard Ferguson
7. Bill Chase
8. Hugh Masekela
9. Don Ellis
10. Freddie Hubbard
11. Harry James
12. Billy Butterfield
13. Clark Terry
14. Nat Adderley
15. Snooky Young
16. Blue Mitchell
17. Donald Byrd
18. Bobby Hackett
19. Cynthia Robinson
20. Cat Anderson
21. Pete Candoli
22. Chet Baker
23. Don Cherry
23. Thad Jones
25. Jonah Jones

TROMBONE

1. **J. J. Johnson**
2. **Si Zentner**
3. **Slide Hampton**
4. **Maynard Ferguson**
5. James Pankow
6. Kai Winding
7. Urbie Green
8. Bob Brookmeyer
9. Al Grey
10. Jimmy Cleveland
11. Dick Halligan
12. Carl Fontana
13. Benny Green
14. Chris Barber
15. Dickie Wells
16. **Turk Murphy**
17. Buster Cooper
18. Dave Bargeron
19. Quentin Jackson
20. Wayne Henderson
21. Curtis Fuller
22. Bill Harris
23. Frank Rosolino
24. Garnett Brown
25. Benny Powell

ALTO SAX

1. **Cannonball Adderley**
2. **Edgar Winter**
3. Paul Desmond
4. Yusef Lateef
5. Fred Lipsius
6. Chris Wood
7. Paul Horn
8. Grover Washington, Jr.
9. Ornette Coleman
10. Zoot Sims
11. Sonny Stitt
12. James Moody
13. Eric Kloss
14. Paul Winter
15. Bud Shank
16. Phil Woods
17. Art Pepper
18. Sonny Criss
19. Hank Crawford
20. Benny Carter
21. Bunky Green
22. Charles McPherson

22. Jimmy Woods
24. Gary Bartz
25. Lou Donaldson

TENOR SAX

1. **Stan Getz**
2. **Boots Randolph**
3. Junior Walker
4. Jim Horn
5. Rabsaan Roland Kirk
6. Eddie Harris
7. Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis
8. Pharoah Sanders
9. Yusef Lateef
10. Zoot Sims
11. Grover Washington, Jr.
12. Sonny Rollins
13. Charles Lloyd
14. Wayne Shorter
15. James Moody
16. Gene Ammons
17. Al Cohn
18. Gato Barbieri
19. Stanley Turrentine
20. Bob Cooper
21. Archie Shepp
22. Joe Henderson
23. Corky Corcoran
24. Joe Farrell
25. Jerry Fuller

BARITONE SAX

1. **Gerry Mulligan**
2. Jim Horn
3. Steve Kupka
4. Sahib Shihab
5. Bud Shank
6. Pepper Adams
7. Charles Davis
8. Eddie Daniels
9. Chuck Gentry
10. **Lonnie Shaw**
11. Leroy Cooper
12. Jimmy Giuffre
13. Cecil Payne
14. Benny Crawford
15. Harry Carney
16. Bill Hood
17. Jerome Richardson
18. Ronnie Ross
19. Romeo Penque
20. John Surman
21. Charlie Fowlkes
22. Clifford Scott
23. John Lowe
24. Jay Cameron
25. Frank Hittner

CLARINET

1. **Pete Fountain**
2. Benny Goodman
3. Woody Herman
4. Rabsaan Roland Kirk
5. Fred Lipsius
6. Acker Bilk
7. Buddy De Franco
8. Phil Woods
9. Peanuts Hucko
10. Jerry Fuller
11. Art Pepper
12. Pee Wee Spitelara
13. Bob Palmer
14. Jimmy Giuffre
14. Jimmy Hamilton
16. Eddie Daniels
17. William Green
18. Buddy Collette
19. John Payne
20. Alvin Batiste
20. John Carter
22. Bob Fritz
23. Phil Bodner
24. Ray Burke
24. Russell Procope

PIANO

1. **Elton John**
2. Leon Russell
3. Nicky Hopkins
4. Dave Brubeck
5. Robert Lamm
6. Peter Nero
7. Burt Bacharach
8. Billy Preston
9. Herbie Hancock
10. Neil Young
11. Ray Charles
12. Oscar Peterson
13. Ramsey Lewis
14. Chick Corea
14. Erroll Garner
14. Sergio Mendes
17. Duke Ellington
18. Lee Michaels

19. Les McCann
20. Bill Evans
21. André Previn
22. Randy Newman
23. Thelonious Monk
24. Earl "Fatha" Hines
24. Ahmad Jamal

ORGAN

1. **Keith Emerson**
2. Billy Preston
3. Rick Wakeman
4. Isaac Hayes
5. Booker T.
6. Stevie Winwood
7. Lee Michaels
8. Jimmy Smith
9. Al Kooper
10. Ray Charles
11. Brian Auger
12. Gregg Allman
13. Johnny Hammond
13. Dick Hyman
15. Dave Mason
16. Ray Manzarek
17. Garth Hudson
18. Keith Jarrett
19. Groove Holmes
20. Don Patterson
21. Walter Wanderley
21. Khalid Yasin
23. Wild Bill Davis
24. Bill Doggett
25. Sun Ra

VIBES

1. **Lionel Hampton**
2. Gary Burton
3. Cal Tjader
4. Milt Jackson
5. Stu Katz
6. Terry Gibbs
7. Don Elliott
8. Roy Ayers
9. Buddy Montgomery
10. Victor Feldman
11. Bobby Hutcherson
12. Mike Mainieri
13. Red Norvo
14. Larry Bunker
15. Dave Pike
16. Phil Kraus
17. Gaty Coleman
18. Tyree Glenn
19. Johnny Lytle
20. Clement Wells
21. Tommy Vig
22. Gordon Emmanuel
23. Gunter Hampel
24. Emil Richards
25. Garry Mallaber

GUITAR

1. **Eric Clapton**
2. Jimmy Page
3. John McLaughlin
4. George Harrison
5. José Feliciano
6. B. B. King
7. Carlos Santana
8. Chet Atkins
9. Cat Stevens
10. Jeff Beck
11. Jerry Garcia
12. Chuck Berry
13. Terry Kath
14. Johnny Winter
15. Alvin Lee
16. Peter Townshend
17. Richard Betts
18. Charlie Byrd
19. Stephen Stills
20. Keith Richard
21. Mason Williams
22. Glen Campbell
23. George Benson
24. Tony Mottola
25. Kenny Burrell

BASS

1. **Paul McCartney**
2. Jack Bruce
3. Charles Mingus
4. Peter Cetera
5. Jack Casady
6. John Entwistle
7. Bill Wyman
8. Ray Brown
9. Ron Carter
10. Carl Radle
11. Rick Grech
12. Jim Fielder
13. Chris Squire
14. Donald "Duck" Dunn

15. Stanley Clarke
16. Bob Haggart
17. Richard Davis
18. Bob Cranshaw
19. Mike Bruce
20. Art Davis
20. Monk Montgomery
20. Klaus Voorman
23. Phil Lesh
24. John Paul Jones
25. Eddie Gomez

DRUMS

1. **Buddy Rich**
2. Ginger Baker
3. Ringo Starr
4. Billy Cobham
5. Buddy Miles
6. Keith Moon
7. Daniel Seraphine
8. Carl Palmer
9. John Bonham
10. Charlie Watts
11. Karen Carpenter
12. Jim Keltner
13. Louis Bellson
14. Marshall Thompson
15. Elvin Jones
16. Bobby Rosengarden
17. Mitch Mitchell
18. Max Roach
19. Joe Morello
20. Bobby Colomby
21. Hal Blaine
22. Sandy Nelson
22. Grady Tate
24. Shelly Manne
25. Art Blakey

OTHER INSTRUMENTS

1. **Ian Anderson, flute**
2. Keith Emerson, *Moog*
3. Stevie Wonder, *harmonica, clavinet*
4. Herbie Mann, *flute*
5. Bob Dylan, *harmonica*
6. Ravi Shankar, *sitar*
7. Earl Scruggs, *banjo*
8. Papa John Creach, *violin*
9. George Harrison, *sitar*
10. John Mayall, *harmonica*
11. Paul Butterfield, *harmonica*
12. John Sebastian, *harmonica*
13. Hubert Laws, *flute*
14. Walter Parazaider, *flute*
15. Doug Kershaw, *violin*
16. Rusty Young, *steel guitar*
17. John Hartford, *banjo*
18. Chuck Mangione, *Flügelhorn*
19. Maynard Ferguson, *superbone*
20. Rabsaan Roland Kirk, *flute, manzello, stritch*
21. Russ Whitman, *bass sax*
22. Jean-Luc Ponty, *violin*
23. Yusef Lateef, *flute, oboe*
24. Charlie McCoy, *harmonica*
25. Aírto Moreira, *percussion*

MALE VOCALIST

1. **Neil Diamond**
2. Elton John
3. Cat Stevens
4. Mick Jagger
5. Robert Plant
6. Neil Young
7. Stevie Wonder
8. Rod Stewart
9. Paul McCartney
10. Leon Russell
11. Van Morrison
12. Alice Cooper
13. Elvis Presley
14. Al Green
14. Harry Nilsson
16. Sammy Davis Jr.
17. David Bowie
18. Gordon Lightfoot
19. Kris Kristofferson
20. James Taylor
21. George Harrison
22. David Clayton-Thomas
23. Stevie Winwood
24. Tony Bennett
25. Marvin Gaye

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. **Carly Simon**
2. Roberta Flack
3. Bette Midler
4. Carole King
5. Chér
6. Helen Reddy
7. Grace Slick

8. Joni Mitchell
9. Barbra Streisand
10. Diana Ross
11. Rita Coolidge
12. Melanie
13. Ella Fitzgerald
14. Liza Minnelli
15. Judy Collins
16. Vikki Carr
16. Aretha Franklin
18. Linda Ronstadt
19. Dionne Warwick
20. Bonnie Raitt
21. Joan Baez
22. Tina Turner
23. Gladys Knight
24. Laura Nyro
25. Sarah Vaughan

VOCAL GROUP

1. **Allman Brothers Band**
2. Moody Blues
3. Rolling Stones
4. Led Zeppelin
5. Yes
6. Seals & Crofts
7. 5th Dimension
8. Pink Floyd
9. Carpenters
10. Three Dog Night
11. Grateful Dead
12. War
13. Loggins & Messina
14. Sonny and Chér
15. Bread
16. The Who
17. Grand Funk Railroad
18. Bee Gees
19. Emerson, Lake & Palmer
20. Dan Hicks and the Hot Licks
20. Sly & the Family Stone
22. Temptations
23. The Band
24. Creedence Clearwater Revival
25. Four Freshmen

SONGWRITER-COMPOSER

1. **Elton John-Bernie Taupin**
2. Burt Bacharach-Hal David
3. Paul Simon
4. Ian Anderson
5. Mick Jagger-Keith Richard
6. Neil Diamond
7. Cat Stevens
8. Frank Zappa
9. Seals & Crofts
10. Bob Dylan
11. Carole King
12. Kris Kristofferson
13. Neil Young
14. Paul McCartney
15. Robert Lamm
16. George Harrison
17. Stevie Wonder
18. Henry Mancini
19. Leon Russell
20. Quincy Jones
21. Isaac Hayes
22. Peter Townshend
23. Duke Ellington
23. Stephen Stills
25. Joni Mitchell

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

1. **Chicago**
2. Jethro Tull
3. Mahavishnu Orchestra
4. Emerson, Lake & Palmer
5. Santana
6. Blood, Sweat & Tears
7. Alice Cooper
8. Mothers of Invention
9. Loggins & Messina
10. Grand Funk Railroad
11. Allman Brothers Band
11. Modern Jazz Quartet
13. Bee Gees
14. Bread
15. Weather Report
16. Hot Tuna
17. Dave Brubeck
18. Jefferson Airplane
19. B. B. King
20. Herbie Mann
21. Chase
22. Crusaders
23. Chuck Mangione Quartet
24. Charles Mingus
25. Pink Floyd



NOTHING BUT BAD NEWS

(continued from page 101)

could be happening. Greenland could have declared war on us. The world may be coming to an end. Anything!"

"If it happens, we'll hear about it," Arnold said.

"How? How? You never watch the news. You never read a paper. You care so little about the world, what difference would it make if it *did* come to an end?"

"This beer is warm," Arnold said. "You've been putting the beer in the refrigerator door again. How many times do I have to tell you to put the beer inside?" The screen divided itself into the shape of a heart and Arnold forgot his pique. The prospect of Lucy in the 20th year of her pregnancy erased all rancor.

"You're a vegetable," Pauline said. "Do you know that, Arnold? You're an office machine in the daytime and a vegetable at night. A head of lettuce sticking out of a shirt collar."

At least he had the decency to get angry.

"All right! All right! You want to know why I don't watch the news? Why I don't read the paper? Because it's all *bad* news. Nothing but *bad* news. That's the reason so many people turn mean and rotten, they get to hear nothing but *bad* news from morning till night. There's not one nice, decent, cheerful thing you ever hear about, not one thing you can feel *good* about. That's why!"

"It's not true," Pauline said. "Maybe it seems that way, but it isn't."

"Yeah? Yeah? You want to bet? You want to bet, like, that new fur coat you

want so bad? You want to bet that, Pauline, huh?"

"What do you mean, bet?"

"You heard me. Put your money where your big mouth is. You turn on the news, go ahead. And you hear one real *good* piece of news, you can quit saving for that fur coat, I'll buy it for you. Tomorrow. You won't have to wait another year, I'll put it on your back right now!"

The coat was an ebony mink. Pauline's Holy Grail.

"And if there *isn't* any good news?"

Arnold grinned.

"You give me that money you been saving and we take the fishing trip."

Pauline hated fishing trips. So she hesitated.

Arnold chuckled, both at her and at Lucy. Lucy thought the baby was coming. Desi was panicked. Pauline was simultaneously sickened at the thought of dead fish and exhilarated at the thought of mink.

"All right," she said. "OK, Arnold. Turn on the news."

Arnold gave Lucy a regretful smile and wrenched the dial.

Jensen looked so grim that Pauline's heart wrenched, too.

"The prospect for a major conflict in the Middle East intensified tonight, after an Israeli commando raid into Lebanon followed a series of bombings in Tel Aviv that claimed ten lives. . . ."

Arnold sucked loudly on his beer bottle.

"A new threat to the Vietnam truce

was posed tonight as reports of a build-up. . . ."

Arnold burped and chuckled and chortled.

"And now, here's a film report on the fire that destroyed the ocean liner *Marianna* and cost the lives of thirty passengers and crewmen. . . ."

Arnold enjoyed the account of the disaster almost as much as *I Love Lucy*.

"The strike of longshoremen, now in its third week, may cripple the economy of the entire Eastern Seaboard, according to a new study. . . ."

Arnold basked in the blue light of the set.

"Another charge of corruption in Government came today from a high-placed official in the Justice Department. . . ."

"After a week-long search, the mutilated body of seven-year-old Sharon Snyder was discovered in an abandoned tenement. . . ."

"A tax rise forecast by both Federal and state economists brutally slain in apartment-house elevator the highest increase in food prices in ten years accident total now five hundred but expected to rise as floods sweep tornadoes struck hurricane winds rising to thirteen children dead twenty injured as train strikes school bus and protesters arrested on steps of mugging victim dies as new strain of flu virus thousands homeless as assassin forecasts rain for holiday weekend. . . ."

Arnold was having a very good time.

"Well, how about it, how about it?" he said. "How's about the news, Mrs. Current Events, you enjoying the show? And how's about that fishing trip, you going to throw up again, like you did the last time, when I bring home the catch?"

"It's still on," Pauline said gratingly. "The news is still on, Arnold; will you at least let the man finish?"

"Sure," said Arnold, smiling.

"And now," said Jensen, not smiling, "repeating our first item, the state health authorities have issued an urgent warning concerning the danger of botulism in the canned mixed vegetables packed by Happy Lad Foods. Any can of Happy Lad mixed vegetables marked five-L-three is known to contain these deadly bacteria and should be destroyed immediately or returned to the place of purchase. . . ."

The credits were beginning to roll and Pauline couldn't bear Arnold's chuckling noises a moment longer. Tears blurred her path between living room and kitchen. In the center of the tiled floor, she fought a wave of nausea (smell of dead fish, nonsmell of mink), and then she went to the cupboard and looked through her canned-food inventory, searching the labels for a can of Happy Lad mixed vegetables, series 5L3. Suddenly, she realized that all the news wasn't bad that night. She had one.



"Do you have the same thing in red?"

MURDER, Inc. (continued from page 124)

murders was as long as Reles', maybe even longer. In exchange for his evidence and testimony, he, too, was promised immunity and eventual freedom. (After his performance, Tannenbaum faded from view, abandoned his occupation as hired killer and later turned up as a respectable salesman in Atlanta.)

And so the murder prosecutions began and, as Reles had predicted, quickly transformed O'Dwyer from a little-known D.A. into a famous crime buster, a man to equal Dewey. All of which caused concern, but also amusement, in the higher ranks of the underworld Syndicate, particularly among Frank Costello and his friends; they had supplied thousands of dollars and crews of hard-nosed workers for O'Dwyer's campaign and, for reasons of their own, would continue to support his political interests in the future.

With Reles the star witness, Maione and Abbandando both went to the electric chair for the brutal murder of a loan shark named George "Whitey" Rudnick—they had stabbed him 63 times with an ice pick and knives, shattered his skull and then, for good measure, strangled him. But, as Reles explained it, Rudnick had earned his fate: he had been a stool pigeon and Lepke had ordered his end.

Reles was the lead canary, too. When Pittsburgh Phil Strauss and Buggy Goldstein got the chair for garroting and cremating a smalltime gambler named Irving "Puggy" Feinstein. Just why Feinstein was killed Reles wasn't too sure. The murder, he said, had been done on orders from Anastasia, who had been given the contract by Mangano, co-boss with his brother Phil of the Brooklyn family in which Anastasia was chief lieutenant. All Reles knew was that "This guy crossed Vince in something." Inexplicably, nobody bothered to follow up this enticing bit of testimony. Neither O'Dwyer nor anyone else ever asked either Anastasia or Mangano what they knew about Feinstein.

It was Reles, backed up by Tannenbaum, who pinned the murder of Dutch Schultz on Charlie Workman. When Workman heard all the testimony, he changed his plea to guilty and got off with a life sentence instead of the chair.

But these were all small-timers, as far as the prosecutors were concerned. They made headlines and reaped some good publicity. But Dewey had gotten Luciano, and if O'Dwyer were to match him, he had to nail somebody of like stature in the underworld. The man he was racing Dewey for now was Louis Lepke.

His mother had called him "Lepkeleh," an affectionate Yiddish diminutive meaning Little Louis. But when people talked about Lepke, they did so not with affection but with fear. By late in the

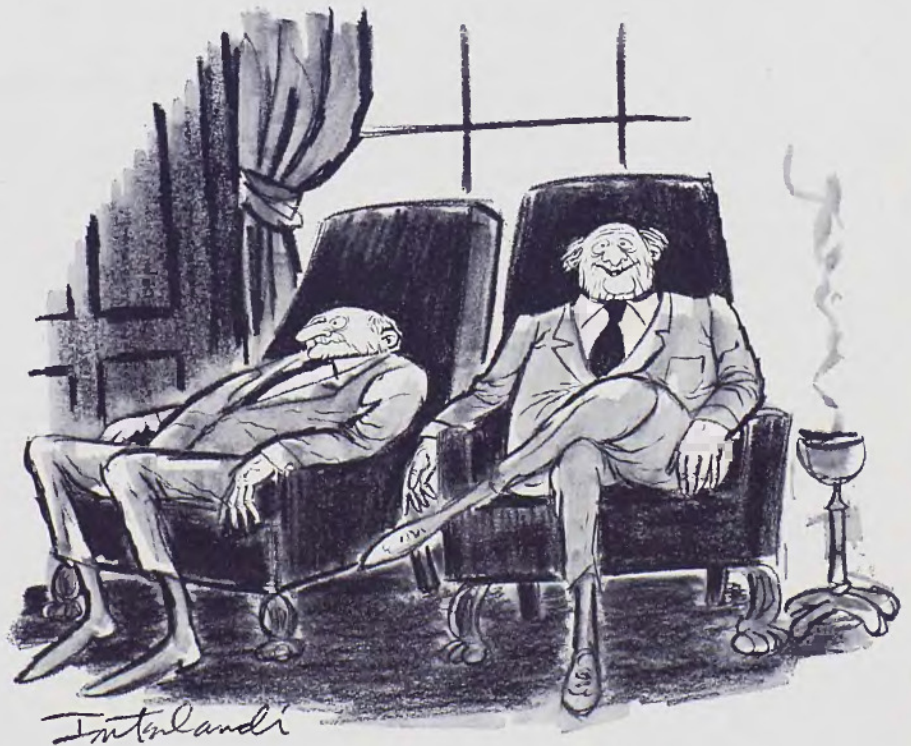
Thirties, with Al Capone and Luciano in prison and Schultz buried, Lepke was perhaps the most notorious criminal in the United States, the object of a massive manhunt spurred by offers of rewards for his capture dead or alive.

Buchalter had been born in 1897 on New York's Lower East Side, one of several children of poor Jewish immigrants who were barely scratching a subsistence out of a small hardware business. As a child, he earned himself a reputation as a proficient sneak thief who pilfered from every neighborhood candy store. He was still a child when his father died and most of the family moved West, to Denver. Lepke stayed behind, living with one relative and then another, and finally quitting school and going out on his own. On his own meant following a career in crime; by the time he was 18, he had been arrested three times for burglary and had served a two-month sentence at the Cheshire Reformatory in Connecticut. Within the next four years, operating in and around New York City, he was arrested several more times and served two sentences in Sing Sing. But after that, it would be 20 years before he would see the inside of a cell again. Despite 11 subsequent arrests for crimes ranging up to and including murder, between 1919 and 1939 his record was not stained by a single lasting conviction.

The fortune to be made in booze had attracted most of the young hoodlums his age at the beginning of Prohibition. But not Lepke. He and another young thug, Jacob "Gurrah" Shapiro, took a different route to wealth and power. Both relished the use of strong-arm methods—the blackjack, the gun, the bottle of acid, the knife, anything that would lead to a flow of blood. As one associate of the time commented, "Lep loves to hurt people."

In the early Twenties, they linked up with a third young advocate of violence, Jacob "Little Augie" Orgen (who was shot down in 1927), and set up shop as strikebreakers for hire to Manhattan garment manufacturers fighting the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. They were so good at their work that soon they were serving both sides, hiring out also as union organizers and then taking control of union locals.

Racketeering in one industry quickly leads to racketeering in others, as Lepke and Shapiro were quick to perceive. Bread was a common necessity, but bread made stale by long delays in deliveries was not good for much more than stuffing turkeys. So Lepke moved in on the bakery-drivers' union and then put the pressure on the bakers to pay up, a penny or more a loaf, to get their products delivered fresh to market. The bakers paid. Lepke moved on. Working with Willie Bioff and the Chicago mob to



"Looking back, all I can say is the worst I ever had was marvelous!"

gain control of the movie-projectionists' union, he extorted millions from motion-picture moguls. By the mid-Thirties, his industrial racketeering had spread clear across the New York economic scene. He was extorting, threatening, controlling to one degree or another, on his own and in combination with others, the leather business, the handbag makers, the shoemakers, the milliners, taxis, poultry, cleaning and dyeing, restaurants and more. There were official estimates that legitimate businessmen were paying Lepke between \$5,000,000 and \$10,000,000 a year for the right to operate without interference.

This much had been known or suspected for several years. But not until Reles started singing did the authorities begin to appreciate Lepke's position in the Syndicate and his role as chief enforcer of discipline and internal policy. It was to Lepke that his peers turned when the need arose to enforce underworld rules, and his efficiency in doing so won him the title *The Judge*.

Yet there were indications that Lepke would not retain his power and stature for long. Unlike Meyer Lansky and Costello, or even his oftime Garment District partner Tommy Lucchese, Lepke was not content with a life in the shadows. He relished the spotlight, loved reading about himself in the newspapers. He lived lavishly and conspicuously, almost courting attention. Thus, when Luciano went off to Dannemora, it was only natural that Lepke would be the next target for the ambitious Manhattan prosecutor Tom Dewey.

Lepke's troubles stemmed not merely from Dewey. There were others who wanted him just as badly, including the Federal Government. So tight was Lepke's noose around several industries that the Justice Department had succeeded in indicting him and Shapiro for restraint of trade in violation of the antitrust laws. In 1936, both were convicted, sentenced to two years and fined \$10,000. Shapiro took the rap and went to prison, and then picked up an additional term when later convicted of extorting bakers. But Lepke appealed, went free on \$3000 bond and then disappeared while the courts listened to his lawyers. A Federal appeals court overturned his conviction in 1937.

But the heat on Lepke was still intense. A grand jury, directed by the Manhattan district attorney, indicted Lepke and Shapiro for bakery extortion; the Justice Department announced that it was rewriting the antitrust indictments with the intention of bringing him to trial on new racketeering charges; and the Federal Bureau of Narcotics entered the picture as well. It had uncovered evidence that Lepke was the man behind a massive narcotics-smuggling enterprise that involved extensive bribery of United

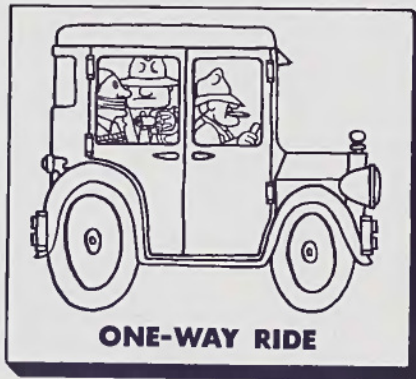
HOW TO DISPOSE OF A BODY

some gangland killers litter the streets with corpses; others are careful to pick up after themselves

During the early days of organized criminal activity, neither the police nor the public much cared when gangsters killed one another. In the Twenties, Chicagoans followed the local beer wars like a kind of underworld series, wondering if the aggressive North Siders could take the pennant away from the Capone mob; and in the early Thirties, New Yorkers bemusedly read the morning papers for latest scores in the feud between Dutch Schultz and Mad Dog Coll. Murder was the primary instrument of gangland policy and corpses were simply another

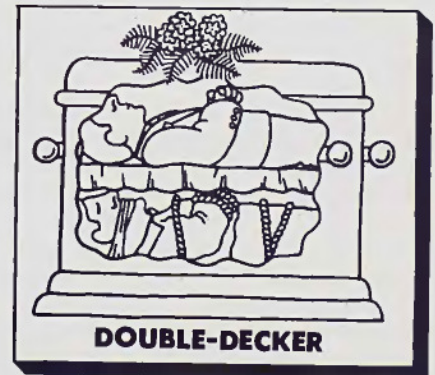
molesting Weiss's beer trucks. His body was found dumped beside a deserted country road and the underworld soon was complimenting the imaginative Weiss for bringing the craft of murder into the automobile age. Eventually, the ride became a preferred technique for dispatching rivals with little muss or fuss, using the victim's own car when possible or a stolen car that could be safely abandoned in a deserted area. When circumstances dictated disposal of the body, prior arrangements could be made for cremation or burial (sometimes through a cooperating funeral parlor, which would stuff an extra stiff into a legitimate grave), and all that remained as a scene of the crime was an abandoned "mystery car" with some bloodstains and bullet holes.

History does not record the inventor of the concrete overcoat, but the practice of putting a corpse in concrete and dumping it into a lake or river apparently came into fashion in New York in the late Twenties or early Thirties. By the usual exaggerated estimates, New York's Hudson and East rivers contain 100 or more bodies, but since these are rarely recovered, such guesses are usually based on the same kind of underworld gossip that consigned Bo Weinberg to the drink in 1935. Weinberg was the financial brains of the



feature of the urban landscape. Discreet killing and disposal of the body did not become a common underworld practice until the Thirties, when the gangster-businessmen of the national crime Syndicate, beset by reform movements and politically ambitious prosecutors, decided that bodies were bad for business.

Prior to that, only a few gangland eccentrics had ever bothered to conceal the evidence, partly because such killings were virtually impossible to solve and partly because the purposes of most murders—example and intimidation—were served by publicity. Ignazio Saietta, one of New York's Mafia pioneers, known also as *Lupo the Wolf*, reportedly impaled his enemies on meathooks and then fed them to a furnace, but no doubt more for dramatic effect than to conceal the crime. In Chicago, about the closest thing to a discreet murder was the one-way ride, supposedly invented by Hymie Weiss in 1921. The first recorded victim was a troublemaker named Steve Wisniewski, who had been

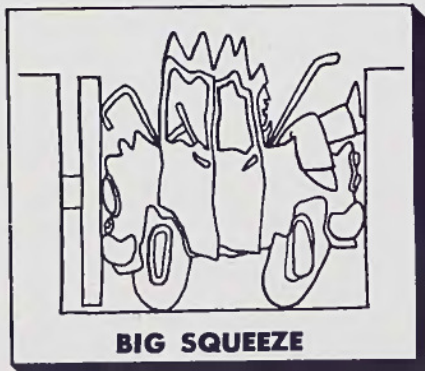


Dutch Schultz mob who reputedly sold out to rivals while his boss was indisposed because of legal problems. By some accounts, Schultz personally took Weinberg on the traditional ride, shot him and supervised the pouring of the concrete. All that's known for a fact

is that Weinberg vanished one night without a trace and is assumed to be at the bottom of the East River, or maybe the Hudson, depending on who tells the story.

Cement overshoes are a variation on the overcoat theme, acknowledging the logistical problems of transporting several hundred pounds of concrete as compared with a cement-filled washtub encasing only the victim's feet. The problem with overshoes and other simple weights is that a body has numerous cavities and some 40 feet of intestinal tract, and in water it becomes as buoyant as a balloon from the gases generated during decomposition. In 1937, the New York Syndicate rubbed out Walter Sage, its Sullivan County slot-machine representative, who had been robbing the till, and in a spirit of poetic justice wired his body to a heavy piece of gambling equipment and scuttled him in a lake in the Catskills. Out of sight, out of mind—until ten days later, when Sage popped to the surface, machinery and all. Similarly, the body of one Harvey Deussenberg was found

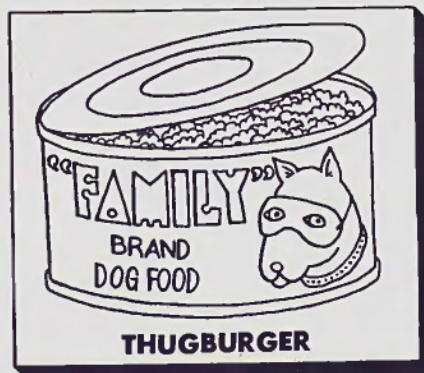
one night in 1962 and whose corpse, according to rumors, was fed to a Dempsey Dumpster, compacted with the garbage and incinerated. Others met an even more crushing fate. New York papers reported that a Mob-controlled junk yard in New Jersey had the equipment to compress automobiles into tidy



cubes of metal and that some of the cars had bodies in the trunks. The cubes were steam-hosed, dunked in a preservative and shipped off to a smelter—to become next year's shiny new model on some auto-showroom floor. The joke at the time was that a gangster who disappeared had a Ford in his future.

One of the more interesting events of the Gallo-Profaci conflict was the death of Gallo gang member Joe Jelly. Apparently, the Profacis decided to hit Jelly in a discreet manner and dispose of his body but wanted also to leave no doubt among the Gallos as to the fate that befell him. He disappeared one summer day in 1961 while supposedly on a deep-sea-fishing trip. Later, Jelly's favorite hangout in Brooklyn received a bundle of his clothes wrapped around a large dead fish.

This poetic touch charmed New York crime reporters and gangster buffs as



much as the story, which was circulating during the same period, that a Mob-controlled canning factory on the East Coast was grinding up some of the casualties of the underworld war and selling them to the public in cans of dog food.

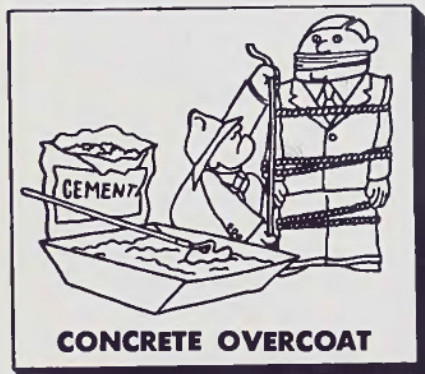
—WILLIAM J. HELMER

States Customs agents and had managed to smuggle at least \$10,000,000 worth of heroin into the country from the Far East.

Surrounded by so much trouble all at once, Lepke decided to extend his vacation—not a vacation from business or even from New York but merely from public view. In 1937, he sought help from his close friend Anastasia, who sheltered him in several places in Brooklyn during a two-year nationwide manhunt. More than 1,000,000 WANTED posters were distributed all over the country. Dewey, calling Lepke "the worst industrial racketeer in America," announced that he would pay \$25,000 to anyone who brought the gangster in, dead or alive. And J. Edgar Hoover, apparently alarmed that so many others—Dewey, Narcotics Bureau director Harry Anslinger, New York City police commissioner Lewis Valentine—were stealing the headlines from him, chimed in with a \$5000 reward for "the most dangerous criminal in the United States," although the only claim the FBI had to him was as a fugitive from justice suspected of crossing state lines. There were rumors that Lepke was hiding out in Florida, Arkansas, California, Chicago, that he had left the United States and was in Cuba, Poland, the Far East.

But nobody could flush him, and as the search intensified during 1938 and into 1939, investigators took the extraordinary step of questioning his friends in the underworld. An agent went to Havana to see Lansky, then in the process of developing his Caribbean gambling empire with the aid and partnership of Cuban president Fulgencio Batista. Lansky dismissed the Federal man with a smile; it had been years since he had seen Lepke, he said, and all he knew about the wanted man was that he wasn't in Havana. When Costello was interviewed, he, too, professed complete ignorance. Longy Zwillman was called before a special grand jury in Newark. "I know Lepke for a long time," Zwillman said, "but I haven't seen him in three, four years. So far as I know, he was a pleasant fellow and clean morally." The investigators even went up to Dannemora to talk to Luciano. He laughed at them.

But a good many people knew exactly where Lepke was and what he was doing, and that his continuing underground existence was beginning to make him paranoid. He saw signs in every word and action that others were trying to encroach on his domain, and he was taking steps not merely to repel the invaders, real or imagined, but to strengthen his own position at others' expense. At times during these years, Reles served as Lepke's chauffeur and bodyguard, and he told of the night in 1938 when he drove Lepke from his hide-out to a Brooklyn



bobbing in the Hudson River like a fishing cork, sinkered by a slab of rock connected to his neck by a chain; and in 1964, Jamaica Bay cast up the corpse of Ernest "The Hawk" Rupolo, who years earlier had testified against Vito Genovese. Rupolo, with an underworld price on his head, had disappeared but eventually surfaced despite the concrete blocks chained to his body. "This proves," remarked one New York humorist, "that you can't keep a good man down."

The most effective use of concrete has been made by gangs involved in the construction business. At least according to legend, the traditional one-way ride sometimes ends at a construction site, where the victim becomes immortalized in the foundation of a skyscraper or the supports for a new bridge.

Probably the greatest technological advances in body disposal occurred during New York's Gallo-Profaci war. One of the combatants was Tony Bender (nee Anthony Strollo), who vanished

meeting attended by Anastasia, Lucchese, Willie Moretti, Jerry Catena, Zwillman and several others. Lucchese had demanded the session and he wanted to know what Lepke was doing in the Garment District. When Luciano had been around, Lepke had always been cooperative. But now Luciano was in Dannemora and Lepke was tightening his personal control of the garment industry, even from his hide-out, and trying to squeeze out Lucchese and others who had worked so closely with him through the years. And he was doing the same thing in his other rackets. Lucchese demanded that Lepke start respecting the old agreements, especially since these were backed by the national Combination, but Lepke refused to listen. He took the position that everyone was trying to cut *him* out. "Nobody moved in on me while I was on the outside," Reles quoted him as saying, "and nobody's gonna do it just because I'm on the lam. There's no argument. The clothing thing is mine." And with those words, Lepke rose from his chair, stalked out of the room and ordered Reles to drive him back to his sanctuary.

There, surrounded by his and Anastasia's guns, Lepke continued to rule his empire and muscle in on friends he believed were trying to take it for themselves. And he was trying to cover his tracks. It was his theory, voiced often and loudly, that while Dewey and the Federal Government could both build up strong cases against him, those cases would collapse without the testimony of certain vital witnesses. So, Reles explained to Turkus, "Lep gave us eleven contracts for witnesses when he was on the lam. We knocked off seven of them."

It became a race between Lepke's killers and the forces of the law. Could Lepke be tracked down and captured while there were still live witnesses to testify against him? Hoover sprang FBI agents from other jobs to pursue Lepke; agents of the Narcotics Bureau intensified their hunt; Dewey's men and special squads of Valentine's New York City police devoted full time to the search.

Then another tactic was tried—heavy pressure on Lepke's underworld colleagues. Bookies who had been operating comfortably, paying off police and politicians, were suddenly being raided and jailed; well-protected betting banks and numbers operators now found cops camped on their doorsteps. Underworld figures of any note were rousted, brought in for questioning, harassed continuously. The authorities deliberately fostered the rumor that the heat would continue, would be stepped up even more, that the gangsters would no longer have room or time to breathe, let alone operate, unless the Lepke problem were brought to a satisfactory conclusion. When some civil liberties groups protested to Mayor Fiorello La Guardia

about the unconstitutional harassment by police, he summoned Commissioner Valentine to the meeting, turned to him and said, "Lewie, these people claim you violate the Constitution."

Valentine replied, "So do the gangsters." With that, La Guardia sent the civil libertarians packing.

And when another group came to complain that mobster Ciro Terranova was being prevented from even entering the city, La Guardia told Valentine, in the group's presence, "Terranova has a perfect right to come into New York City. Let him come in, by all means. Wait until he gets to 125th Street—and then go to work on him." Whether La Guardia's actions were part of the pressure to bring about the surrender of Lepke or just the mayor's well-known style of law enforcement is impossible to say. But such harassment had its effect, especially when the word spread that the heat would dissipate once Lepke was in the hands of authorities.

For Lansky and Costello, and for others as well, this was an opportunity to solve a number of problems with a single stroke. Both had worked with Lepke since the early Twenties and had grown to despise his violence, braggadocio and contrariness. Moreover, if he were put away, the heat presumably would be turned off; not only would business return to normal but Lepke's empire would be thrown into the hopper to be parceled out among the other leaders.

So, in secret council with Lucchese, Zwillman, Moretti, Adonis and other leaders, Lansky and Costello argued that Lepke must be persuaded to come out of hiding and surrender. If he could not be so persuaded, they said, then the problem would have to be solved in the classic Lepke fashion—kill him. The only voice to defend Lepke, to argue that he had served the Combination too long and too well, was that of Anastasia, who would soon win the public title Lord High Executioner of Murder, Inc. Not only were Anastasia and Lepke old friends and partners in the enforcement/murder business but Anastasia hated Lansky. He could not abide the man's display of knowledge, his polished manners, his superiority, his preachments against force, his condescension toward Anastasia in particular and Italians in general.

Despite Lepke's liabilities and the power of Lansky, nobody wanted to go to war with Anastasia; but somehow he had to be persuaded. The one man he might listen to was Luciano, who had been the boss when he was free and who still wielded power from his isolated cell in Dannemora. Costello took the problem directly to Charlie Lucky in the Dannemora visiting room, where the two hammered out a plan. What Lepke most feared was falling into the hands of Dewey. On the basis of Dewey's prose-

cution of Luciano and his general demeanor, Lepke was convinced that the racket buster would send him away forever and, indeed, Dewey was proclaiming that he had enough on Lepke to put him in prison for 500 years. Lepke was less concerned over the Federal indictments. He knew he was certain to be convicted in Federal court, but he was sure that even on a narcotics charge, he would get off with only a couple of years. So the plan was to persuade Lepke that a deal had been struck with the Government: if he turned himself in to Federal agents and stood trial for narcotics, the Feds had promised they would not turn him over to Dewey.

Now a go-between had to be found who could convince Lepke that such an arrangement had been made, and Lansky had just the man. His name was Moe "Dimples" Wolensky, a shady character who had worked in gambling enterprises at various times for both Lepke and Lansky, who was trusted by everyone who knew him and who was known to have contacts with the law. Wolensky was sent to Lepke's hide-out with the message that the national Syndicate had worked out a fix with J. Edgar Hoover. If Lepke would surrender personally to Hoover (thereby embellishing the G man's reputation, which was suffering from competition and continuing failure to track Lepke down), Dewey would never get his hands on him.

Lepke bought this idea. But Anastasia didn't. He continued urging Lepke to hold out; as long as he was free, he was safe; in the hands of the authorities, anything could happen. Once more, Luciano intervened. Through Adonis, he sent word to Anastasia that the deal was set, that business demanded Lepke accede to it and that Anastasia, despite his misgivings, go along. At last, Anastasia agreed and even took a hand in the melodramatics that followed. Contact was made with Walter Winchell, the gossip columnist of the *New York Daily Mirror* and a close friend of Hoover's. Winchell was advised that he could share in the glory if he would get in touch with the FBI director and help work out the details of the surrender.

Just before ten o'clock on August 24, 1939, a sweltering Manhattan summer night more than two years after Lepke had disappeared, a car driven by Anastasia stopped at 101 Third Street in Brooklyn, picked up a passenger wearing his coat collar upturned and large sunglasses to hide his face. Anastasia drove rapidly across the Brooklyn Bridge into Manhattan. At Fifth Avenue and 28th Street, he slowed, spotted a parked car and pulled to the curb a short distance beyond. The rear door of his car opened, the passenger stepped out, paused for a last word with Anastasia and then walked rapidly to the waiting parked car. When he

reached it, Winchell, behind the steering wheel, leaned across and stared at him intently. Then he turned to his stocky companion in the back and said, "Mr. Hoover, this is Lepke."

Hoover nodded, reached across and opened the rear door, motioning Lepke to enter. "How do you do," he said brusquely.

"Glad to meet you, I'm sure," Lepke said as he slid into the car next to Hoover. Any pleasure he might have felt at the meeting immediately vanished. With Hoover's first words, Lepke discovered that there was no fix, no deal, at least where he was concerned—or that Hoover either wasn't admitting to a deal or didn't know about one. Lepke was informed that he would be tried promptly by Federal authorities on the narcotics charge. Lepke expected that. Then, to Lepke's horror, Hoover said that after the trial, he would be turned over to Dewey for prosecution on bakery-racket charges. "I wanted to get out of that car again as soon as I heard," Lepke later said. But that was impossible. For, as Winchell turned on the car lights and started the engine, a fleet of cars, filled with FBI agents, pulled out of every side street and nearby parking space, surrounded Winchell's car and escorted it to the FBI offices.

(If Lepke had been taken, so, too, had Dimples Wolensky. As soon as they learned that the deal was a phony, Lepke's friends began to search for him. The search took time, but in 1943, on orders of Anastasia, Wolensky was shot down on a Manhattan street corner.)

Within a month of his dramatic surrender, Lepke was convicted of narcotics conspiracy and sentenced to 14 years in Federal prison at Leavenworth. Hardly had sentence been pronounced when the shaken gangster was turned over to Dewey, who saw him as another stepping-stone on the road to Albany and, ultimately, the White House. Using all the legal legerdemain at his command, Dewey tore the stunned Lepke to shreds in the courtroom and obtained a sentence that matched Luciano's—30 years to life. Then Lepke was returned to Leavenworth to serve out the time he owed the Federal Government before paying his even greater debt to the state of New York.

But there was more to come for Lepke, and for Anastasia and Siegel. By now, Reles was singing his song in Brooklyn to ambitious O'Dwyer, whose political objective was the city-hall chair occupied by La Guardia.

On the basis of evidence supplied by Reles and Tannenbaum, O'Dwyer in May of 1940 demanded that the Federal authorities turn Lepke over to him to stand trial, along with Mendy Weiss and Louis Capone, for murder. The murder was that of a Brooklyn candy-store owner named Joseph Rosen in 1936. Rosen



"Damn it, Boswell—there are moments in a man's life that can do without immortalizing!"

had once been an uncooperative trucker in the Garment District and Lepke had put him out of business. Instead of accepting this gracefully, Rosen started telling friends he was going to take his grievances to Dewey, and word of this soon got back to Lepke. According to Reles, Tannenbaum and a couple of other canaries, Lepke gave the Rosen contract to Weiss, Capone and Strauss, and the three fulfilled it in Brooklyn one morning in September 1936 by filling Rosen's body with 17 bullets.

Turkus prosecuted Lepke, Weiss and Capone in the fall of 1941, with Tannenbaum as the key witness. Reles had been scheduled to testify but was to die mysteriously before his opportunity came. He didn't die soon enough to save Lepke, however, especially with Tannenbaum still warbling. Lepke, Weiss and Capone were all convicted and on March 4, 1944, the three died in the Sing Sing electric chair.

Reles' death did save Siegel and

Anastasia, however. His testimony was the key to putting both in the death house.

In the course of their narratives, Reles and Tannenbaum had talked often about the demise of a onetime Lepke enforcer named Harry Greenberg and variously known as Harry Schacter and Harry Schober but more familiarly called Big Greenie. When the heat was on Lepke early in 1939, Greenberg took off for the cooler climes of Canada. Unfortunately, he soon ran short of funds and hinted to the boys in New York that if he didn't get some money, he might decide to return for a little talk with Dewey.

That was a mistake, and Tannenbaum was given the contract to correct it. By the time he reached Canada, however, Big Greenie had disappeared. He surfaced a little later in California, where Siegel had taken up residence in 1937 as the local overlord for the national Combination. In those days, the West Coast was still considered virgin territory, and who better to deflower it than the great

underworld lover, Siegel? He had traveled West several times, had liked the climate, the women, the easy money of the movie colony. He had talked constantly about its potential and had found open ears among his Syndicate associates in the East, particularly Zwillman, who was in love with Hollywood and with one of its biggest stars, Jean Harlow. So Siegel went West, where he was an immediate success and an immediate celebrity, becoming close friends with scores of Hollywood personalities, including George Raft, Wendy Barrie, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, Cary Grant and many more (some of whom would later put their money into Siegel enterprises).

Celebrity that he was, Siegel was first and foremost a member of the Syndicate, privy to its lore and responsive to its bidding. When he learned of the fugitive Greenberg's presence in California, he hurried East to confer with Adonis, Zwillman and company. Siegel offered to take on the contract himself. But Tannenbaum had been awarded it, so he was dispatched West, with Siegel's help and logistical support. In Tannenbaum's possession were two guns stolen from a New Jersey warehouse and delivered to him personally by Zwillman as he boarded his plane. Once in Los Angeles, Tannenbaum made a couple of tries at Greenberg but failed. So Siegel brought in another gunman, one Frankie Carbo (who later would come to prominence as the manager of several boxing champions and contenders). On November 22, 1939, Tannenbaum drove Carbo and Siegel to 1804 Vista Del Mar in Los Angeles shortly after dark. A second car, driven by a friend of Siegel's, no gangster himself but a thrill seeker who relished the company of the notorious, a man named Champ Segal, parked a short distance down the block. Each night, adhering to a fixed schedule, Greenberg made his only trip out of doors, a short drive to pick up the newspapers. He had already left when Siegel, Carbo, Tannenbaum and Segal arrived. As they waited, Big Greenie's old Ford turned the corner and pulled up in front of the house. As Greenberg stepped out, a door of the waiting car flew open, Siegel and Carbo stepped out, pulled out the two guns Zwillman had sent West with Tannenbaum and emptied them into Greenberg.

Why Carbo and Tannenbaum participated is easily explained; they were, after all, hired killers doing their job. Not so easily explained, though, is why Siegel decided to participate and dirty his executive hands with the actual commission of a violent crime. A couple of years later, Los Angeles County deputy district attorney Arthur Veitch offered his own theory to a grand jury seeking to indict Siegel. "In gangster parlance," he declared, "Siegel is what is known as a 'cow-boy.' This is the way the boys have of describing a man who is not satisfied to

frame a murder but actually has to be in on the kill in person."

It was more than a year later that Tannenbaum told the story of the murder of Big Greenie to Turkus. It was good and convincing, but not convicting, for Tannenbaum had been an accomplice. But then, as usual, there was Reles, a nonparticipant, to come through with corroboration. He said he knew all the details from the very beginning. Turkus turned the evidence over to California authorities and then, with O'Dwyer's approval, flew Reles and Tannenbaum to Los Angeles to testify before the grand jury. Five murder indictments were returned, against Siegel, Carbo and Segal as participants and against Lepke and Weiss as the men who had given out the contract.

When the police went to arrest Siegel and Carbo, they were nowhere to be found. When they finally picked Siegel up at his Beverly Hills mansion some months later, he professed no concern. His scores of Hollywood friends visited him regularly in jail, where he was permitted almost complete freedom, and on several occasions he even walked out of the jail to spend a night on the town. Then in December 1940, the newly elected Los Angeles County district attorney, John Dockweiler, moved for dismissal of all the indictments. He announced that he had learned that a prime witness had lied, so he didn't have a solid case. What others learned was that Siegel had contributed \$30,000 to Dockweiler's campaign. (It was later rumored that Siegel became so impatient at Dockweiler's delay in dismissing the indictments that he demanded a refund—and got it.)

If Dockweiler had no desire to prosecute, others wanted to very badly. Requests were made to O'Dwyer to ship Tannenbaum and Reles back to the Coast for a new grand-jury appearance and new indictments. At first, O'Dwyer refused. There were too many other calls for their services in his own jurisdiction, he explained, and he didn't want them 3000 miles from Brooklyn, where they might get lost. The California authorities persisted, and finally in September 1941, O'Dwyer relented to the extent of letting Tannenbaum but not Reles make another trip West. New indictments were obtained, this time naming only Siegel and Carbo, and once more Siegel went underground. But not for long. Suddenly, in October, he turned himself in. Then even more suddenly, in November, Reles—and the case against Siegel—went out a sixth-floor window. Once more, Dockweiler asked for dismissal of the indictments and Bugsy went free again to build the Syndicate's empire on the West Coast. (Carbo was later tried for the Greenberg murder, but the jury, after deliberating for 53 hours, could not reach a verdict.)

The death of Reles also sprang Anastasia. Throughout his marathon ram-

blings, he had frequently described Anastasia as the man who not only ordered killings but participated in some of them. Tannenbaum, too, talked constantly about Anastasia. Unfortunately, much of what they said was only rumor that they could not substantiate. Anastasia had been good at covering his tracks. He had, it seemed, slipped up only one time, but what Reles knew about that incident could have sent him to the electric chair.

For a number of years, Morris "Moishe" Diamond, the business agent for a teamster local, had been resisting the encroachment of the racketeers into his Garment District bailiwick. By early 1939, he was so distressed by the gangster take-overs that he started threatening to talk to Dewey. Anastasia wasted no time. He not only ordered Diamond's extermination but personally gave the order to shoot when Diamond was cornered on a Brooklyn street in May 1939. One of those present had been Tannenbaum.

Reles had not been there, but he could corroborate: He knew the participants and had heard their accounts of the killing; he had been present when the murder was planned and, most important, he had heard Anastasia give the orders.

It seemed to be O'Dwyer's big moment. Not only was he ready to convict Lepke but he was about to get Anastasia as well—and make Dewey look like a small-timer by comparison. His office, O'Dwyer announced, had the "perfect murder case" against Anastasia, and he ordered the arrest of the underworld's Lord High Executioner. Only Anastasia, predictably, couldn't be found. Embarrassed, O'Dwyer issued his assurances that as soon as Anastasia was arrested, he would be tried, convicted and sent to the electric chair.

But before anyone could arrest the fugitive, Reles took his mystery flight and the case collapsed. On Wednesday morning, November 12, 1941, Reles was comfortably ensconced in his bed in room 623 at the Half Moon Hotel at Coney Island, waiting for his summons to appear at the Lepke trial. As usual, his door was open. He had his regular guard—18 men, divided into three shifts, had been assigned to protect him. Sometime before seven in the morning, the hotel's assistant manager thought he heard a thud on the extension roof beneath Reles' room but paid no attention to it. Sometime close to seven, a detective looked into Reles' room and the Kid was in bed, asleep. At ten after seven, Detective Victor Robbins checked. This time, the bed was empty, the window was open and Reles was gone. He rushed to the window and looked down. What he saw, 42 feet below on the extension roof, was the twisted body of Reles, fully dressed, two knotted bed sheets nearby.

Expressing shock and dismay, O'Dwyer



"We'll have to find some other way of meeting, Leroy; my husband is getting suspicious."

ordered Police Captain Frank Bals, head of the O'Dwyer investigating staff and the man responsible for the safety of Kid Twist, to determine what had happened. This took Bals only a couple of hours. There was nothing unusual in the fact that Reles was alone in his room, Bals said, just as long as he was checked regularly by his guards, according to the normal routine. (Not so, Tannenbaum would later assert; he and Reles had never been alone while in custody; guards were always present, even when they were asleep.)

Reles' death, Bals concluded, was regrettable, but it was just an accident. Bals theorized that it could have come about in one of two ways. Reles had been attempting to escape, ergo the knotted bed sheets, and had fallen to his death when the sheets had given way. Considering that freedom was the last thing Reles needed, Bals's second possibility was equally plausible: Reles, a notorious practical joker, may have been trying to pull a good one on his protectors by sliding down the sheets to the fifth floor and then sneaking up the stairs and shouting "Peekaboo, I see you" at the cops. A third theory, which did not consider the knotted bed sheets, was advanced by other police officers in Brooklyn: Reles, stricken by his conscience and fearful of his future, had simply committed suicide.

Those, at least, were the official theories. Few believed them, not even members of the police department. There were plenty of rumors that made a lot more sense. The one that has lasted longest and the one that New York City

police officials even today seem to unofficially believe is that the Organization paid handsomely for the murder of a dangerous informer. The Mob had plenty of friends, tightly held through the payment of regular stipends, both on the police force and in O'Dwyer's office—enough friends that it could arrange to have Reles and some knotted bed sheets thrown out just about any window in town.

The cops who had been assigned to guard Reles were put back in uniform and sent out to walk a beat. That was their punishment. And when O'Dwyer became mayor of New York in 1945, Captain Bals was appointed a deputy police commissioner. One of his jobs, high underworld sources maintain, and many high police officials believe today, was disbursing the regular payoffs from the Mob.

In any case, Reles was dead and so was the "perfect murder case" against Anastasia. But even worse were the indications that the old alliance between the politicians and the underworld was as strong as ever, maybe even stronger. It seems that during the 19 months O'Dwyer had been bragging about his case against Anastasia and supposedly looking for him, the district attorney had never bothered to obtain an indictment against him for the Diamond murder and had actually forbidden anyone on his staff to do so. O'Dwyer's explanation was that since Anastasia was a fugitive from justice at the time, there was no sense in seeking an indictment until he had been apprehended.

A few months after Reles' fall,

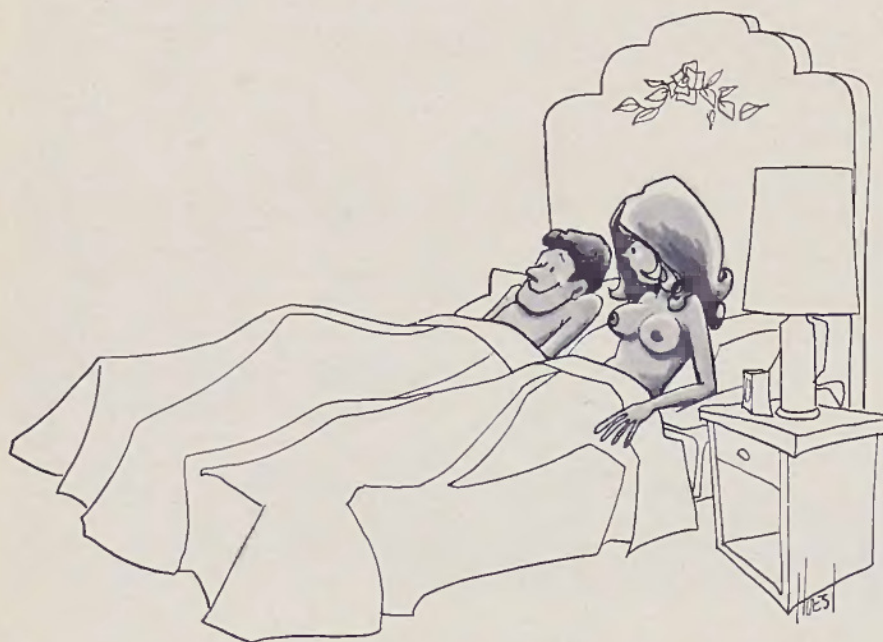
O'Dwyer took a leave of absence from the D.A.'s job to enter the Army (from which he would emerge in 1945 as a brigadier general, something of a hero, a political power and Tammany's candidate for New York City mayor). He left behind the final disposition of the Anastasia affair, a disposition based on a memo from Captain Bals: "In the case of Anastasio [Anastasia's real name], legal corroboration is missing. . . . On November 12, 1941, Abe Reles, who was under police guard in the Half Moon Hotel, Brooklyn, attempted to escape, and fell five stories, being instantly killed. This not only seriously hampered the investigation but deprived the state of his testimony and information. At the present time, the only testimony admissible against Anastasio is that of accomplices."

(In 1945, a Brooklyn grand jury had what may have been the final legal word on the Reles affair, though its impact was negligible. It charged that there had been "negligence, incompetence and flagrant irresponsibility" in the way the Anastasia case had been handled by O'Dwyer. "The undisputed proof is that William O'Dwyer [was] in possession of competent legal evidence that Anastasia was guilty of first-degree murder and other vicious crimes. This proof admittedly was sufficient to warrant Anastasia's indictment and conviction, but Anastasia was neither prosecuted, indicted nor convicted. . . . The consistent and complete failure to prosecute the overlord of organized crime . . . is so revolting that we cannot permit these disclosures to be filed away in the same manner the evidence against Anastasia [was] heretofore 'put in the files.'")

So Anastasia surfaced, returned to Brooklyn and was soon strutting about his waterfront domain with renewed confidence, aggressiveness and invincibility. He did not, however, remain there long. He was drafted into the Army and, as a technical sergeant, trained GI longshoremen at a camp in Pennsylvania from 1942 to 1944. In return for his services, the United States Government granted him American citizenship.

Within a month after Reles was buried, the United States was in the war, and while much of the nation deprived itself in the drive for victory, the underworld fattened itself at the old games and at new ones. There were opportunities to gain a measure of respectability with a show of patriotism. There were opportunities to try to spring the boss, Luciano, from his prison cell to serve the war effort. And beckoning, too, in the years ahead, were the sun-washed shores of the Caribbean and the sandy cities of Nevada.

This is the seventh in a series of articles on organized crime in the United States.



"Listen, Harold. I'm supposed to be part of the foreplay, too."


CAR-FI (continued from page 114)

fee. Models usually include installation instructions and suggestions regarding placement of speakers, whether in kick panels, under the dash, in the doors, under the rear deck or simply sitting on top of the rear deck if they come in their own enclosures.

A number of cartridge and cassette models come with quick-release mount-

ings, which allow you to easily remove the unit from its bracket and lock it in the trunk or (if small enough) in the glove compartment—or simply take it with you indoors. Other units have theft-deterrent bolts, which make it difficult for a thief to jimmy the set out of your car. Others will sound the car's horn if any of its mounting bolts are loosened.

Some words of caution before you

go zipping off to the strains of Eugene Ormandy or Sly & the Family Stone: Quick-release mounts will be of no help if you forget to take the unit out and lock it in the trunk; for the safety of other cars on the highway, the passenger headphone jack was designed for the *passenger*; and almost any combination of features you would like in an in-car entertainment system already exists in one of the many units available. Seek and thou shalt find. 

PLAYBOY'S CAPSULE GUIDE TO CAR-FI

CARTRIDGE UNITS

Model	Radio	Fast Forward	Manual Program Selector	Program Repeat Switch	Fine Tuning	Burglar Protection	Extras	Price
Toshiba CT-814			✓					\$59.95
RCA 12R301			✓			Theft-control mounting bolts included		69.95
Automatic Rover 101		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Push-button ejector	79.50
Car Tapes Inc. 8999A		✓	✓	✓	✓	Burglar alarm	Headphone jack; head cleaner	99.95
Car Tapes Inc. 3882	FM stereo		✓		✓		Head cleaner	129.50
Lear Jet A-275	AM/FM stereo		✓	✓			Headphone jack; program selector lets you set up your own sequence	129.95
Peerless CSR-244	AM/FM stereo		✓				Speakers included	139.95
Automatic Grand Boss 104	FM stereo	✓	✓	✓	✓	Slip-out bracket	Headphone jack	142.95
Motorola TF852AX	AM/FM stereo		✓			In-dash unit	FM section has local distance switch	199.95

QUAD UNITS

Tenna RR-68T			✓	✓	✓	✓	Does not play quad cartridges; matrix circuit synthesizes 4-channel effect from standard 8-track cartridges if unit is connected to 4 speakers	\$79.95
Car Tapes Inc. 8877			✓		✓		Head cleaner	99.95
Motorola TM912S			✓					99.95
RCA 12R800			✓			Quick-release mounting		119.95
Lear Jet A255			✓	✓	✓			129.95
Automatic QME 2445			✓	✓	✓			134.95
Muntz 434			✓	✓		Built-in antitheft lock bracket		139.95
Sony TC-84			✓					169.95
Craig 3133	FM stereo		✓			Quick-release mounting	When playing 8-track cartridges, matrix circuit can synthesize 4-channel effect; will do same from FM stereo radio; home adapter available for unit	219.95

CASSETTE UNITS

Model	Radio	Fast Forward	Fast Rewind	Automatic Reverse	Recording Facilities	Burglar Protection	Extras	Price
Alaron B-700		✓						\$39.95
Craig 3508		✓		✓		Quick-release mounting	Home adapter available	89.95
Sony TC-10		✓	✓					99.95
Automatic CSA 9950		✓	✓	✓				127.95
Sony TC-30		✓	✓	✓				149.95
Sanyo FT 433M	AM/FM stereo	✓	✓		Will record in stereo from FM radio; has microphone for dictation			160.00
Craig 3507	FM stereo	✓	✓	✓		Quick-release mounting	Dolby noise reducer for tape and tuner included	219.95
Blaupunkt CR4072	AM/FM stereo	✓	✓		Will record in stereo from FM radio; has microphone for dictation			239.70

STRUNG OUT ON BLAST

(continued from page 142)

success, and the search has made him an amateur mystic, in his case a Christian who usually manages to testify to his faith whenever he speaks in public, testimony that can have remarkable results at college graduations and in chamber-of-commerce halls, coming as it does from a man whose power over inert matter fascinates and awes most people who meet him. Loizeaux, whose chosen work is reducing the American past to pieces of rubble conveniently sized for loading into dump trucks, has made more than one audience weep for its lost innocence. Ask him how he does what he does and he will say that "one who knows the Lord has an advantage over others, or should have. I just say Lord, take care, take charge." He also does his homework, however.

The Loizeauxs serve as explosives consultants to wreckers. When the Vince Bahm Wrecking Company of Topeka got the contract for the State Hotel, Bahm called in Controlled Demolition, and Jack went to Kansas City and figured out what Bahm would have to do to get the building ready. Following Loizeaux's plan, Bahm weakened the masonry columns with a jackhammer, knocked out part of a load-bearing brick wall in the back of the hotel with a wrecking ball, cleared out the partitions in the basement and on the first floor and partly cut some of the structural-steel beams. He would do as much for any demolition, but then he went on to add the special Loizeaux touch. He ran seven-eighth-inch steel cable from the columns in the front of the building to the columns in the back and then pulled them as tight as their 50,000 or 60,000 pounds of tensile strength would allow. Several floors above the first were cabled together, ready to pull the walls inward when their supports were cut. Rest beams, their points of rest severed, thus became cantilever beams, pulled over like trees. Bahm also drilled the holes that would hold the dynamite that the Loizeaux boys would later load.

Eighty-five percent of a building, Loizeaux says, is empty space, air. The rest, the shell, is steel and cement and brick and plaster and wood. Those materials were raised into the air against the pull of gravity, and sitting there now, they retain as potential all the energy that went into their raising. Loizeaux puts small, selectively placed charges in the basement of a building, and having cabled the building together upstairs, times them to go off in a pattern and lets gravity do the work. The energy of the building's raising, released when the supports are kicked out, also brings it down, an elegant economy. Having tremendous power at his finger tips, Loizeaux uses as little of it as he possibly can. Seismographs

placed in nearby buildings show less disturbance than when a bus goes by.

Knowing dynamites—densities, velocities, dynamites that shatter, dynamites that gently heave—is part of Loizeaux's secret, but his delay patterns are the key to his extraordinary ability to put a building wherever the wrecker wants it. Knock out the supports on one side before you knock out the supports on the other and you tip the building over in the direction of the earlier explosions. Cable a building together, knock out first the middle and then one end and then the other and the building will fold up like the flaps on an ice-cream carton. It sounds easy. It isn't. Loizeaux also has to consider how fast each part of the building will fall. End A has to fall a certain distance before end B can fall on top of it. Falling objects, unhindered, travel at 32 feet per second, but falling sections of multistory buildings are hindered by walls and floors and lag behind. Loizeaux must also take that delay into account. He learned by doing. There's no book on the subject, though someday he may write one. In the meantime, he's passed his arcane skills on to his sons. They grew up in the business. Every big job the Loizeauxs have done in the past 18 years has been filmed; they study the films as carefully as the coaches of the N.F.L. study the films of their past games, and they've saved the diagrams of delay patterns as well, cataloged them by type, and with every job they take them out for review.

Mark, who is 25, put the Loizeaux skills to good use in 1972 on a project heavy with unintentional ironies. Back in the mid-Fifties, at the height of its efforts to solve the problem of housing the nation's poor, the Federal Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) built a \$36,000,000 high-rise housing project in St. Louis called Pruitt-Igoe. Architect Minoru Yamasaki, who later designed the World Trade Center in New York, designed Pruitt-Igoe, 33 11-story high-rises that at one time housed 12,000 people—not in comfort and security, as HUD intended, but in violence and squalor. Fighting costs, Yamasaki designed elevators that stopped only at every third floor; residents then walked down galleries and stairs to their apartments. Yamasaki envisioned the galleries as places where children could play, but they became, instead, places where muggers and junkies and drunks could skulk, no man's lands. Population densities in Pruitt-Igoe were far too high for either comfort or safety. And because most of the residents were on welfare and could pay little or no rent, the project went so deeply into debt that it began draining funds from the entire St. Louis public-housing program, blocking any

development of alternatives. Finally, in desperation, the housing authority decided Pruitt-Igoe needed surgery and proposed to demolish some of the high-rises and scale the others down to manageable size. That was where Controlled Demolition came in. Mark's job was to peel off one wing of a building and leave an adjoining wing intact. It was a demonstration project to prove what the Loizeauxs have been proving for nearly two decades, that explosives do the job faster and safer than jackhammers and wrecking balls. But there was symbolism, too, in the assignment: Radicals had been blowing up Government buildings in the name of a new and better world; at Pruitt-Igoe, a member of a conservative family from Maryland was blowing up a Government building that had become an embarrassment to the liberals of America. The building came down without a hitch, and rumor has it that the residents of Pruitt-Igoe cheered. So did Mark Loizeaux: with relief that it had fallen where it was supposed to.

Sunday morning in Kansas City, unseasonably cool, the air crisp, the sky blue, a west wind having blown the smog away. Across the street from the State Hotel at the Muehlebach, downtown Kansas City's finest, the manager greeted guests at an Implosion Party he was sponsoring. The Defenders of Bataan and Corregidor, meeting that weekend in reunion, were just waking up. Notices in the elevators had warned them of the demolition so that none would be jolted out of bed imagining the Japs had descended again from the western sky.

I went early, my two young children in tow, a lifelong pyromaniac eager to see the benevolent destruction. Whatever our recent pacifism in the United States of America, who among us doesn't like explosives? At the boys' home where I grew up, on the Fourth of July we would finish our chores and eat supper and wait impatiently for near darkness to troop up to the superintendent's house on the hill. There, milling in the back yard, we would gleefully fire off a crateful of fireworks, taking out our hostilities on the thickening blue air. Once someone accidentally or deliberately dropped a Roman candle and all 40 of us danced the Independence jig while flashing colored balls of fire rocketed through the grass. If my children are any measure, the next generation of Americans will be just as gone on fireworks as we; last summer they took out a stump behind the house with nothing more than Black Cats and persistence, little Loizeauxs at practice. Like a giant piece of punk it smoldered for two weeks, turning slowly to fine gray ash and leaving a hole where its root system had been, deep into the ground.

The first floor of the State Hotel was



*"This kind of stuff will get you in trouble, Gutenberg.
Why don't you print a book or something?"*



Buck Brown

"My wife and I have an understanding: If I don't make out with you, then she gets to try."

boarded up when we arrived, halves of old steam boilers wired around the columns to contain any debris from the shaped charges attached there. Tons of sand hauled in from the Kansas River bottom covered the sidewalks, protecting gas mains and electrical vaults beneath. The glass windows of the Muehlebach's first-floor offices were protected by two semis parked in the street. Wires from the dozens of charges loaded inside the hotel snaked out to a cable and the cable ran southwest across the intersection of 12th and Baltimore to a green park where a crowd had gathered to watch. Jim Redyke, one of Controlled Demolition's new men and soon to become its Western representative, connected the cable to a box the size of a storage battery that contained six flashlight cells and a condenser and two buttons, one red, one green. Both buttons would have to be pushed at once to trigger the charges. Doug Loizeaux was up on a nearby building with a Canon Scoopic 16 set to record the blast and it was ten to eight in the morning and the entire project was waiting for enough light. Vince Bahm had piled bales of straw against the wall of the

hotel across the alley from the State and now sat on a high-loader ready to clean up the streets. Jack Loizeaux roamed near the building, worrying.

Police cars blocked off the streets around the hotel and a traffic-control officer parked alongside the green ordered the crowd back. The light came up and Doug called in to Redyke that he was ready. The last few stragglers moved off the street into the crowd and the police pulled back their cars and then only one man stood next to the building. Jack Loizeaux, with his radio in his hand. The siren on the traffic-control car whooped once and stopped and then a minute passed and it whooped twice and stopped and then in the silence Loizeaux's voice crackled over Redyke's radio. *Thirty seconds and counting, and silence and then, Fifteen, fourteen, thirteen, into the countdown now just like a moon shot and the police loud-speaker picked it up and boomed it out to the crowd. nine, eight, seven, six, five—Loizeaux running away from the building now toward the detonator, still counting—four, three, two, one, fire!*, and Redyke mashed the two buttons with the heels of his hands

and instantly the shaped charges went off, muffled sharp raps of sonic boom as the jets cut the H beams at 27,000 feet per second—boom, boom, boom—and then the dynamite delays went off in sequence—four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—and the sound merged into one rolling roar and the building began to come apart as if every brick had been pried loose from its neighbor, light and space showing between bricks and stone window frames and keystones and facings, the center of the wall falling first and then the west end and then, as a cloud of dust rolled up from the foundation like a tsunami surf, the east end fell away from the alley and the rubble disappeared in the dust.

The dust rolled toward the green and enveloped the cheering crowd and Loizeaux disappeared in the direction of the rubble and it was five minutes before the dust cleared to reveal a pile of bricks and twisted beams and shattered blocks of concrete less than one story high where before a ten-story hotel had been, and when it saw that pile, the crowd was awed again into silence, the latent image of the solid hotel, built in 1923 and a fixture of the corner for 50 years, a memory out of childhood, still imprinted on everyone's eyes.

One steel beam had broken free of the building and fallen the wrong way; leaning across the street, it had nicked a cement-block screen in front of the Muehlebach and whomped one of the semis, folding it up like a bent beer can. But the State Hotel had fallen into its own foundation and the hotel across the alley was untouched, only its lowest fire escape slightly twisted. Loizeaux was already kicking himself about the beam that fell across the street, vowing to cable higher up next time. Vince Bahm was wheeling the high-loader through the streets around the rubble, pushing it into the foundation, and the sweeping machines were hosing down the streets to wash away the thick layer of dust that now covered streets and crowd alike. And then the crowd rushed off to hotels and coffee shops to put the world back together with drink and food.

The Loizeauxs went, too, and Doug and Mark talked about their work. Their father is obsessive about safety and so are they, but for once they mentioned the other side of demolition, the side that draws the unwanted crowds, the secret kick of concentrating all your skill and hope and reputation, too, on one shot of juice traveling through a wire. Mark: "It's all worth it, because when that thing's down you look up there and you say, oh, man, we did that. It's like winning the Grand Prix or bagging your elephant."

Doug: "The feeling of success. It's definitely a rush. Strung out on blast."

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TERROR STALKS THE FAT FARM

(continued from page 128)

going to lock me in, I could still hope they might turn me out several times a night and whip me with wet towels.

• • •

Dr. Moss came by just as I was beginning to grow impatient. He knocked and threw the door open before I could answer, and stood smiling, looking me over with mild interest. My image of a stern Torquemada faded. He was in his middle years, but nothing clued his precise age. Trim, as he would have to be (who could invest confidence in a fat diet doctor?), with light-brown eyes that, while not precisely tired, seemed to convey some quality of fundamental disinterest. Like all doctors and jailers, he was used to examining human wreckage. I was only one more abused and neglected machine in search of a miracle.

He carried a book—a recently issued biography written by a former patient who had described his experience at the manor. "He was going to fast for forty days," Moss told me solemnly. "Christ fasted for forty days and he saw no reason why he couldn't, but we took him off after thirty-seven days."

I tested the incredible weight of 37 days without eating and wanted to ask why the fast had been terminated so short of the goal. But Dr. Moss pushed the book at me, inviting me to look at the photo of the author. I thought I recognized a certain type of desperate middle-aged man who has starved and exercised himself into near emaciation. Was this my own future?

At this moment, Dr. Moss caught sight of a woman walking by my front window. A pleasant-looking girl, dressed for town. Moss stepped quickly to the door and I heard him ask her where she was going. I couldn't hear her reply. "Remember," he warned earnestly. "This is your twenty-first day!"

He sat down on the corner of my bed and looked at me directly for the first time. "You can't trust these women," he said, still holding my eyes, as if certain we could agree on this most fundamental truth. "They're always sneaking around. They're always trying to use people. Even one another. Some of them"—he gestured toward the main house and I immediately saw the fat, unhappy women dozing through *The Dating Game*—"some of them have been all over the world to different clinics. Nothing helps for long. It becomes a way of life." His eyes shifted away. "Now, you, you've got a chance to effect a permanent change—"

He went into a canned number on fasting and the danger of obesity, and I pictured the globs of fat floating in my blood stream. He skipped with practiced adroitness from one booming generality to another. He didn't offer to examine

me. He didn't even weigh me. Twice he asked me if I smoked. Twice I lied and said no. I had fought that battle a year before, but I could hardly say it was won.

Impatiently, I asked, "How long do you expect me to fast?"

He seemed to grow attentive. "How long can you stay?"

"Two weeks."

He sighed. "That's not very long."

"It's all the time I can spare."

"Well, you should fast for five days, eat lightly for two and then fast for at least five more."

I nodded glumly. Moss smiled briefly and stood up. "The girls will see that you have fresh water and make up your room. Take it easy, Malcolm. Spend as much time as you can in bed. You'll lose faster that way."

He opened the door, then turned back. "You don't smoke, do you?"

I affirmed my purity for the third time and thought about how often he must have been deceived by hard-core smokers with several cartons hidden in their luggage. "Don't smoke," he said mournfully and closed the door behind him.

My impression of Moss, formed on the phone, had undergone major revision. Instead of the icy monster I had hopefully imagined, I'd found a bland and distracted man who seemed to run his health manor with the same unsuccessful pretense of authority and competence I had learned to associate with third-rate automobile mechanics. I sighed, as I did with the mechanics, and hoped for the best.

A young girl in a white uniform brought me a pitcher of ice water. I later learned that both of her older sisters had worked here before her and both of them had married patients. I drank a glass of water. Already hungry. I had eaten a light breakfast before leaving home, thinking to steel myself, but a few miles short of the manor I had broken down at a roadside stand and wolfed two garbage-burgers. These would now be my stomach's last evidence that my throat had not been cut.

I paced my room, telling myself how much more comfortable it was than a cell. I stopped in front of the mirror, threw a joke flex and tried to remember how it had been to weigh 160 pounds. I couldn't recapture my own former self with any clarity. Dismayed, I stretched out and fell asleep and dreamed my wife and friends were with me in the room. They were frying potato pancakes.

• • •

Another girl, older and also reassuringly disguised as a nurse, woke me in the morning with a fresh pitcher of water. She wanted to make the bed, but I was naked and unwilling to get up. I said I'd make my own bed, and she stared at me with confusion until I told her I didn't like to be waited on. I don't. Prisoners

are too close to servants, and I imagined everyone must hate doing another's humble chores as much as I had.

I felt major hunger, not far from the point where boiling and eating my belt would begin to seem reasonable. Searching for a distraction, I took a shower. Tacked to the back of the bathroom door was a list of rules. The first rule stipulated: *No loud talking*. Loud noises were intensely irritating to those who were fasting. My confidence waned as I imagined myself gritting my teeth over the ticking of my alarm clock or goaded into a mounting frenzy by the rush of the toilet flushing in the next unit.

The rules were signed *Dr. Moss*. This was interesting. A small itch was growing in my head. The literature I had received through the mail (and so subject to Federal displeasure with fraud) didn't indicate that Moss was a doctor or, indeed, possessed any higher degree. A paragraph in small print shyly confided that he had attended universities both here and in Europe. Surely a weasel phrase. Perhaps he had taken a few courses in civil engineering or business ad, and perhaps he had only stood briefly in the lobby or stolen a book from the library.

I dressed and looked outside. It was raining. I tried to read. If a character were described as wearing an orange dress, I would flash the fruit, vivid and succulent, and if the weather were described as roasting, my head filled with the smell of beef.

Moss came by and began to tell me about the biography again. I sat through it, nodding, wondering if I should ask him if he were a medical doctor. He went on to drop a few more names. Lady Jean Campbell, Mailer's third wife, had fasted here. Right in the next unit. Pointing out the exact spot on the road to Damascus where Paul had been standing when God zapped him. Pete Hamill, José Torres, Dick Gregory. They had all been here.

As he talked, he took my pulse. He seemed to have difficulty finding it. He asked if I had been under a strain lately. I shook my head, wondering in an immediate chill of dread what disaster was building inside my chest. He grunted and nodded and I knew he was going to play the old doctor game: Keep silent and let me stew. "What's the matter?" I asked automatically.

"Nothing; your pulse isn't strong." He regarded a spot a few inches beside my head. "We go only by the pulse here. I'm sure yours will grow stronger as your fast progresses. Take it easy. Try to stay in bed."

As soon as Moss was gone, I checked my own pulse. It felt like something kicking inside my wrist.

Minutes later, the morning girl brought me a slender paper-bound book titled *Therapeutic Fasting*. Fasting would cure anything from clap to cancer.

This manual was obviously the manor's *raison d'être*. I checked the bibliography: two pages dense with sober scientific titles, but most of the source works were published before 1925 and a substantial number were issued before the turn of the century. The section on how to break the fast held a note of low comedy—one subject had ended a 40-day fast by eating six boiled potatoes. The potatoes had to be removed surgically.

I knew that fasting was one of the current fads, but few were using it simply for weight control, they were clearing and cleaning the body to free the mind. Some people had told me I would get in touch. I might even get high. I might begin to glow in the dark and float six inches above the ground. But so far I wasn't high. Only very hungry.

When the rain slowed, I went out for a walk. The other units were quiet, drapes drawn, and I imagined the subjects, deep into their fasts and now too weak to get out of bed. The grounds were not cared for, leaves unraked, an empty gazebo in need of paint. I walked up and down the gravel driveway just as I had once walked the exercise yard. I hadn't been alone in a long time and was surprised to discover it made me just as sad and uncertain as it had years before in San Quentin. Something whispered to me that I wouldn't be allowed to leave here until my sentence was over. I kept walking. It's less boring to wander aimlessly than it is to sit still.

The girl Moss had spoken to came out of the room next to mine. Now I could see she was still fat, but she had a nice face. I wanted to ask her what it was like not to eat for 22 days, but when I waved, she smiled perfunctorily and went on. I watched wistfully as she entered the main house. Then I went into my own room to treat myself to a glass of water.

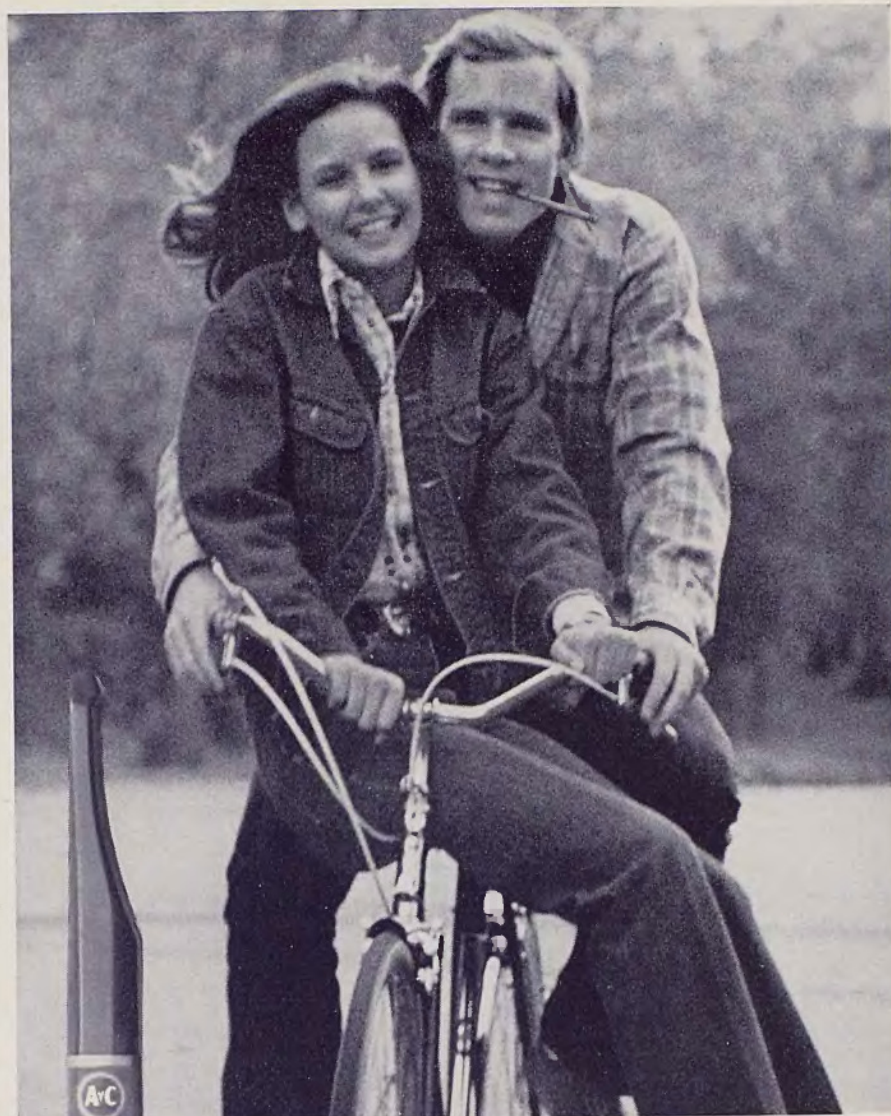
That night I rented a small television set and spent the evening playing viewer's roulette.

I went to bed and, thinking of the girl next door a few feet away, I jerked off, which pulled my head out of my stomach for a few minutes. Sometime that night, I woke up with my mouth so full of saliva it ran down my chin.

. . .

The next day the girl remained elusive, but I made friends with the fellow in the next cell. If I were the man without shoes, he was the man without feet. No more than 5'6" and well over 300 pounds, he was a rubbery ball who—another delicious irony!—was a deputy sheriff assigned as a guard in the county jail. He had grown too fat to buckle on his gun without acute discomfort and the sheriff had told him to either lose weight or lose his job.

Johnny and I walked together, buddied up as everyone always buddies up in jail, and he described entire meals he had eaten. He could have written copy for Del Monte. He was in the second leg of a



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Antonio Y Cleopatra.

15-day fast and suffering. He sounded like a little boy sent to bed without supper who is hoping his mom will slip into his darkened room with a peanut-butter sandwich and a large glass of cold milk.

Johnny wanted us to watch television together, but I didn't want to talk about food. I once did 60 days on bread and water and my partner in crime and I described every meal we had ever eaten. This can lead to madness. I hadn't eaten now for three days and I didn't seem to be quite as hungry as I had been. *Therapeutic Fasting*, among the other promised miracles, said the victim would begin to lose appetite after the second or third day. It seemed to be true.

Another symptom put an effective end to any adventure I had hoped to stir up with the girl next door. I was going into ketosis. I couldn't grasp the chemistry, but the metabolism of stored fat apparently produces acetone, which is eliminated in the breath. My tongue tasted like unclean fur and my breath smelled of cat piss. No amount of brushing and gargling helped. I was grounded, but, then, so was she.

The morning of the fourth day, Moss came in and took my pulse again. He nodded reassuringly and told me, "It's beginning to come through stronger." Something in Moss's smile persistently reminded me of a man who had tried to sell me an expensive watch in the Greyhound bus depot.

But I wasn't hungry. I felt weak, clear-headed and strangely resigned. It was almost as if I had never eaten. I felt about food as I imagine Dean Swift must have felt about sex—except occasionally a brief but intense wave of hunger swept me, much as desire must have sometimes rocked and disturbed Swift.

The girl next door checked out and Irving moved in. Irving was close to 70 and a second-timer here. He wanted to lose 20 pounds so he could gain it back eating his way across Europe. A recidivist, Irving knew enough to bring his own car, and he, Johnny and I went for a ride. It seemed strange to be riding again. Irving talked constantly and in an hour we had most of his story. He had gone through two wives and was now a lonely old man watching television night after night with a stewed chicken for comfort.

Every second business along the road seemed to be a restaurant. Irving pointed out a steakhouse and began to describe the standing rib they served. I was immune, but Johnny groaned and asked, "How do you know that?"

Irving said, "You think no one ever slipped out of that place to sneak a meal?"

"I knew it," Johnny said. "I see those old broads drive out and I know they're eating somewhere."

"Everyone around here knows the fat

people come from the manor. They don't say anything."

Johnny said, "Let's stop somewhere for a cup of tea." Irving shook his head. He was just starting. He was strong. "Just a cup of tea," Johnny pleaded. "What could that hurt?"

"No," Irving said. "We can't go in somewhere and just order tea."

"Then maybe we could have a couple of poached eggs."

"They're full of cholesterol," I said.

Johnny looked as if I'd just told him the drinking water was poisoned. "Do you know," I continued, "that gallstones are almost pure cholesterol?" It wasn't something he wanted to know.

We decided to go to a movie that evening and Irving walked with me to the main house to look at the schedules. The fat women apparently hadn't moved in the four days I'd been here. "Do you know what it is with these women?" Irving whispered.

I shook my head.

"Their husbands send them here to get rid of them."

I spent the afternoon reading magazines. One ad for Foster Parents showed a miserable little boy posed under the lead: JUAN LIVES ON 14 CENTS A DAY. It was surely one more symptom of our insane world that I was paying over \$30 a day to lay around here and drink water.

My wife and several of our friends came to visit. We sat around uncertain of what to say. It wasn't quite like a visit in a hospital or a visit in jail, but it had some of the qualities of both. When we kissed, my wife frowned and said my breath was awful. I tried to explain ketosis. Someone asked me if I was high yet, and I said no, but if I stood up suddenly, it was a big rush. My liver was sending out emergency directives. I had been thinking about fasting and it is a normal part of any animal's life cycle. Drought and famine are ancient conditions and the mechanism to survive and wait for better times must be well oiled in wild animals and at least residual in ourselves. Grazing horses grow fat and sleek in the summer and gaunt in the winter and it's all just part of hanging in there.

My wife and friends nodded wisely and, doubtless, went home and ate dinner.

Irving, Johnny and I went to a tiny art theater in the nearest town and sat on folding chairs to watch an old Humphrey Bogart flick. Not one of the good ones, but it did open with a sequence of Bogart escaping from San Quentin. He's one of the few who ever has. It was eerie how my past was signaling. I stared at the familiar walls and gun towers, thinking that all institutions are essentially the same.

Leaving the theater, we had to pass the back door of a restaurant. They were charcoal-broiling steak. The aroma was

intense and my hunger blazed. And we stood, three gray-haired and portly men, grouped around the door like a pack of hard-luck hyenas watching a pride of lions enjoying its kill.

The sixth day, Moss woke me with a glass of Tang and warned me to drink it slowly. I let it sit, savoring my power over my instinctive greed. But when I did drink, I became angry. I had paid handsomely to sit in a third-rate motel room and drink water. A health manor that served fake orange juice was about as reassuring as an armed priest.

Later, one of the girls brought a grapefruit. Just that. I had pictured it cut, neatly sectioned, with a cherry set in the hub of each half, all bedded in shaved ice. But they had tossed me a grapefruit as zookeepers pitch whole cabbages into the stumpy maws of hippopotamuses. I was on top of my appetite, so I split the grapefruit with Johnny, who was still suffering.

For dinner I had a small cup of cottage cheese and a salad that seemed to have been made from balsa wood. I'm confident my goat wouldn't have touched it. I managed to eat almost half of it. Irving was sick on the third day of his own fast and unable to get out of bed. I offered him the rest of my salad, but he didn't want it.

"That's it," he said, indicating the salad. "All he has in that kitchen is grapefruit, salad, cottage cheese and, once in a while, a baked potato. He doesn't overstock."

During the second five days, I was rarely troubled by hunger. But I was weak, lonely and oddly restless and I began to spend too much time on the phone calling everyone I knew. No, I told them, I wasn't high. I was very tired and I spent a lot of time sleeping like a hibernating bear. But the big news was that my pants no longer fit.

A strange indentation in the middle of my body that I had once called my waist began to reappear, and I took to standing in front of the mirror to strike early Steve McQueen poses—hip shot, with my thumbs hooked into my belt where my thumbs wouldn't have squeezed in a week before. I looked younger, more vital and I was sorry I was too weak to go out and run a mile or two.

On the tenth day of my visit, Johnny disappeared. He left with four days to go. He didn't say goodbye, so I have to assume he was ashamed. Irving and I figured he walked out to the road and caught a bus home. I asked Moss about it and he looked at the floor while he told me a lot of us didn't make it. I remembered Irving's saying, What did he care? Johnny had paid in advance.

Irving continued sick and spent most



"Poor Bradford, I hear he has a hundred-dollar-a-night habit."

of his time in bed. I wondered how wise it was for a man his age to push his system around. But he hung on grimly. If he had asked me to go out and buy him a hamburger, I wouldn't have hesitated. But he stuck it out. So did I. I borrowed Irving's car several nights to go to the movies. I was able to walk by the snack bar without a quiver. I was prepared, at that point, to live the rest of my life on lettuce and green tea.

On the 12th day, Moss told me I had done so well I owed it to myself to stay another two weeks. I said I thought fasting a reckless way to lose weight and that one shouldn't attempt it without the supervision of a doctor. That hung in the air. Then Moss sighed and said, "People take their own chances in this life." That was surely as true as anything he had said to me yet.

I didn't see him the last two days, except once driving by in his car. The Chevy. My final day I decided to weigh myself. There was a medical scale standing in the laundry room, but I had carefully avoided it. Whenever I have weighed myself during a diet, the loss has never been as dramatic as I had hoped, and I had finally persuaded myself that I wasn't dealing with numbers on a dial but with how I looked and felt. Now, however, I decided I'd earned a peek at the statistics. My first rush came when I found I no longer needed to start with the 200-pound balance. I had lost exactly 20 pounds, and it was a while before I stopped to consider I had 40 more to go.

My wife picked me up and was delighted with the partial transformation. I said

goodbye to Irving. He wanted me to take his number and call him when I was in the city. I did, but I knew I wouldn't call, just as I had never called any of the friends I had left behind in jail. Once you were out, it was all different.

We drove home into a gathering snowstorm. We stopped to pick up a hitchhiker—a young man carrying an Army-surplus bag, wearing a striped railroad engineer's cap. He settled into the back seat. I was still full of my incredible feat and retailing my slender store of fasting lore.

"I just finished a fast," came a pleasant voice from the back seat.

"Oh," I said. "How long?"

"Only twenty-five days. I know a girl who fasted for fifty days. At the end, she just seemed to glow, she was transparently beautiful. It's a heavy spiritual trip if you're ready for it."

Maybe somewhere out there, after 30 or 40 days it becomes spiritual, and maybe I simply wasn't the spiritual type. But I was grateful to have broken a lifelong obsession with eating. It was good to know. Maybe we're heading into another major depression and I'll be one of the most cheerful people in the soup line.

A week at home and I was eating like a bandit. I started with a few spoons of low-fat cottage cheese and in six days I was socking away two helpings of spaghetti. So I'm into another fast, and Irving was right—it is cheaper to drink water at home.



BABY

(continued from page 120)

We worry occasionally that we can't be as close to him as other parents because we weren't all that young when he was born. Not that the generation gap is all it used to be. But still. . . .

Of course, youth is a state of mind. Don't you think, doctor? And we do keep fit. We jog. And we don't smoke.

Us walk around naked in front of Baby? Certainly not! Not that we have anything against it. But Baby is so beautiful.

We're saving Baby's first lock of hair. Yesterday we took him to an Italian barber in Westwood. Baby hardly cried at all.

Sometimes we have a sinking feeling of time passing by so quickly. There's no stopping it, is there, doctor? He's changed so much already.

You can see it in the snapshots we take each month to record his growth. That album is probably worth more than all the words we're spilling out here, put together.

That's a strange thing to say, doctor. You know perfectly well what we want.

. . . .

Wednesday

Reason with him? That's all we do. But he's so withdrawn.

Last year he refused to eat breakfast anymore. And now he's stopped drinking milk. We've warned him it's bound to stunt his growth. Actually, it hasn't. But it still doesn't seem healthy.

Are you interested in nutrition, doctor? You're probably aware that Dr. Greenwicz has rather firm views on the subject.

Have you read his latest pamphlet?

We can get it for you if you want.

CheeZ Doodles, Banana Chips, Squirt, Fritos, pizzas, *tacos*, you know the kind of junk kids stuff themselves with.

Mostly he stays in his room. We have to ask him ten times before he'll help with the dishes.

Baby says he disapproves of hobbies. Imagine! But, of course, he has them—just like every youngster.

Model airplanes. But Baby refuses to buy the plastic ones you get now. He made his own parts out of balsa wood and worked out a really ingenious propeller and tail strut with files and rubber bands. The damn thing looks as if it could really fly.

Of course, we know about glue sniffing. Doctor, please! We weren't born yesterday.

Listen, Baby cares too much about his child-prodigy brain ever to get involved with drugs. Also, he's too unsociable. We wonder if he ever even talks to the other kids at school.

Well, maybe it's just as well. You should see that school. It's a mess.

No supervision. The kids can do



ffolkes

"There's one in every barrel."

anything they want. The teachers are simply afraid of them.

It's a dog-eat-dog world, doctor.

You don't agree. Well, maybe it's a cliché. But it's true.

Maybe the Chinese have the right idea. Not that we'd want to live over there. But at least people are honest, they have a real sense of community, there are neighbors, marriages stay together, children respect their parents. Of course, people don't have any material comforts and they aren't allowed to think. But we reckon we could do without the three cars and the pool and all that. A lot of good it's done us, when you come to think of it. And as for heavy thinking, look where that's gotten Baby.

You don't believe that, do you, doctor? That's a mighty smug look you've got on your face. You think you've got us pegged, don't you? Well, maybe you'll realize now we're not as typical as you think. We're really radicals, though we don't show it.

Baby thinks we're radicals.

He's going through a conservative period, like a lot of kids nowadays. We don't criticize him. We just hope he'll outgrow it.

Baby has a Confederate flag over his bed.

Last Christmas, we gave him a record of Pete Seeger singing antiwar songs. His first phonograph, you know, very sturdy. He couldn't break it. He could just manage to hook the record on the spindle with his pudgy fingers.

He used to play those songs for hours. And sing them in the bathroom, while he played with his rubber ducks.

Now he just wants cash for Christmas and his birthday. We don't know what he spends it on.

Oh, we don't stint. Listen, the kid has to have a normal life. But that doesn't mean that we don't feel excluded. And sometimes, when we see him doing something stupid, we really have to bite our tongues.

But he doesn't seem to like fun, like other kids. Always studying. Worrying. He's so stern.

Baby got a crewcut, doctor. And what's even worse, you know what he says?

He says he knows it's the least flattering hair style in history. And that's why he likes it. He says it's meant to deflect attention from the surface to the inner man.

Strange to think of Baby being such a puritan.

We begged him to grow his hair long, like the other kids.

Your hair is sort of short, isn't it, doctor?

. . .

Thursday

He did it again! Played hooky yesterday. You see what we're up against.



"My son says your sex-education course is great. You know, I could use a little refresher course myself."

Probably went to the movies. At least, we hope so.

Baby has seen *The Great Escape* with Steve McQueen 13 times. Would you say that the film represents—

Oh, you haven't seen it.

Do you go much to the movies, doctor?

Never. Even when he brought girls to his room, we closed our eyes to it. After all, we hardly have the money to set him up in an apartment of his own. Not at this stage of the game. But we thought he shouldn't be penalized for that. Our problem.

Then one day we caught him stealing.

Oh, no. He doesn't know we caught him.

No, you couldn't exactly say he was accident-prone.

He did get a nail in his foot in camp last summer. The counselor said he was quite brave.

All his shots.

But he never tells us when something is wrong. That's why we have to worry so much.

After Baby had his wisdom teeth out all at once, we took him down the Colorado. We were in a little boat with the other tourists, all wearing heavy black-rubber slickers. He started to bleed on the rapids. A lot of water came into the boat. Baby's face was wet and the blood ran out of both sides of his mouth. But he didn't say a word.

No, that was his decision. He's got to learn to make decisions on his own. And not come to us for everything.

Baby wants a motor bike. But we told him it's too dangerous, what with city traffic. Not like the Valley in the old days.

His cousin Bert had a terrible accident and was laid up for eight months in St. John's. Both ankles shattered, three operations. He still limps a little. Probably will for the rest of his life. And Bert was



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lucky! We've heard of some really gruesome accidents.

You know kids. They never stop wanting things.

He's always wanted a dog, but we don't think he has enough sense of responsibility. He's too young to walk the dog each night. And, he's already late every other morning for school. So you can imagine if he had a dog to walk first.

In a few years, maybe.

Getting him to accept responsibility has always been the hard part. He thinks we're here just to pick up after him.

That's normal, sure.

But you should see Baby's room. He never throws out anything. Stacks of torn, old issues of *National Lampoon* and *Penthouse* and *Rolling Stone*. Jars of pennies and God knows what else, movie stubs, Dodger score cards, dirty Kleenexes, cigarette butts, old candy wrappers, empty matchbooks, Coke cans, his clothes all over the floor. Not to mention what's hidden.

Baby has a swastika in his top bureau drawer, beneath his underwear.

Baby draws obscene comic strips.

We used to go in and pick up after him, as soon as he left for school. But he would be furious when he found something missing. Now we don't touch anything.

If he wants to live like a pig, he'll have to find out how unpleasant it is.

Some of them, we admit. They turned out to be collector's items. Of course, Baby won't sell them. But you're not going to tell us that Baby's keeping six years' worth of *TV Guides* is ever going to amount to anything.

People have to choose, don't they, doctor?

...

Friday

Do you think a gradual gain of weight is a sign of anything wrong, doctor?

The past six months.

Not more than usual.

No, he doesn't smoke. Thank God for that. As a matter of fact, Baby's always kidding us about smoking. He's rather hypochondriacal. Since he was small.

Baby is afraid of germs. He's started wearing a white-cloth mask over his mouth, like the Japanese.

Of course we've tried to give up smoking. Hasn't everybody?

You don't smoke, do you, doctor?

Does this smoke bother you? Come to think of it, we just assumed, because you have all these ashtrays around—

Good.

Maybe he's afraid we'll die before he grows up.

Pretty long-lived, on both sides. But we can't talk about longevity to Baby. Just mention the idea and he goes wild. It only seems to remind him about death.

Sure he knows. Every date. Baby made a genealogical chart and hung it over his bed, beside the Confederate flag. You wouldn't believe the questions he asked.

Imagine, he wanted to know if we were first cousins.

Enough is enough, we said to him. Trying to make a joke out of the whole thing. And he actually seemed disappointed.

The best part about Baby is just holding him. We feel inadequate sometimes, answering his questions. But when he shows his need for us more directly, then it's all pleasure.

If only he'd laugh more often. He has such a wonderful laugh.

Baby loves spinach. And lamb chops. Those are his two favorite dishes. He won't let us set him in his high chair unless we call him Baby Lamb Chop.

Baby's teeth are coming in crooked. He was born with an abnormally high palate, as we were told the morning after he was born.

No, but that's what's causing the trouble with the adenoids. It was predicted right then.

And a blueish mark in the small of his back, called a Mongolian spot. Funny. We certainly don't have any Oriental blood, that's for sure. The obstetrician said it was very rare in Caucasian babies.

We don't know. Have you ever heard of the Mongolian spot?

At least up to then, yes. Until puberty, he used to run all around the house naked. We dropped some hints, but when he kept on doing it, we stopped. We certainly didn't want him to feel that we—

Perfectly normal.

Fifteen. No, that's wrong. Fourteen and a half.

Well, we assume so. Naturally, we haven't seen him naked since.

He does like clothes, yes. You could say he's rather vain. He can take an hour to make up his mind whether he's going to wear the Mr. Natural or the Conan the Barbarian T-shirt to school in the morning.

Sometimes he stays in the sauna for hours. It isn't as if we don't give him his privacy.

We always feel that Baby is hiding something from us. That he's ashamed. Particularly the crush he had on his journalism teacher, Mr. Berg.

Baby is editor of his high school paper. He was junior high school paper editor, too.

Of course, it's normal, in a way. You don't need to tell us that. But you can understand we were a little apprehensive.

We just didn't want Baby to be hurt. We saw what happened when Berg didn't show him any special attentions or flatter his editorials. Baby would be in a tearful sulk for days.

No, we wouldn't object if he turned out to be. One thing we've learned. Any

way you can be happy, doctor, you're already ahead of the game.

That doesn't mean that when Baby got married, we weren't relieved. We'll be honest with you.

We don't believe in early marriages, either. Young people have to find themselves first.

Her father is a systems engineer at Lockheed. We should tell you about her. It's too late to start this time.

. . .

Saturday

Leaving something behind means we didn't want to go at the end of the last session, right?

It looks broken.

No, here. Look.

Never mind, it doesn't matter. We have another one at home.

Perhaps we could double the sessions. We could both come on the same day. One in the morning, one in the afternoon.

Naturally. But starting Monday?

Well, it doesn't seem to be getting any better.

No, not worse.

No. Why should we be pessimistic, doctor?

We're not pessimists by nature. We're just trying to be realistic.

Going to group gives one a certain confidence, you know. Perhaps we were too confident.

Laurie died.

The duck, remember. We told you.

In the back yard, all by himself. By candlelight.

Not very. Surprisingly enough. If Baby could cry when he learned that George Washington is no longer alive, the least we thought was that he would cry about Laurie.

We offered to get him another duck, but he said he'd rather have a snake. There's some snake store out in Culver City, near MGM, where he went after school last Thursday with a friend. He wants us to come with him, but we put it off. Spoiling him, giving him everything he wants, won't help, will it, doctor?

Fish, turtles, a macaw. No, first the macaw and then the turtles. They died. Baby forgot to feed them. Then the chickens and the two ducks.

It's funny that Baby likes snakes now. He used to be so terrified of being bitten by a rattlesnake when we had the house on Doheny Hill.

He's afraid of policemen, too. It started when he was three.

We pretend we don't notice the pot smell in his room. And he pretends he doesn't know we're pretending not to smell it.

Of course, the windows were open.

He buys an awful lot of pornographic books and sex manuals, it seems to us. You'd think he'd learn enough about all that in school.

Baby wears earphones when he plays his cassettes. We don't take it personally, mind you. But it is another way in which he shuts us out. And the look on his face when he's listening to music is almost indecent.

Are you recording what we say? Funny, we never thought to ask you that. There's no tape recorder on your desk. But, of course, that doesn't mean anything.

Lots of doctors do. Dr. Greenwich does. We don't mind. It's probably a very good system, especially if you don't have an excellent memory. Go right ahead.

Are you sure?

In fact, it might even be helpful for us to listen to ourselves. You could play back parts of the sessions and we could comment on them.

Really, you ought to think about it, doctor.

. . .

Monday

What pressure?

When he dropped out of Occidental,

after one year, we didn't insist that he get a job. We told him that his room was always there, waiting.

He hung around.

That was later, after he did try something.

Right. Then we forked out for flying school in Long Beach. It's supposed to be the best in the country. But he flunked out because of his nose.

Three adenoid operations. But there's still something wrong with his nose.

Have we? Every specialist known to God and man.

Sure, we're going to try again. We can't let the kid go around breathing through his mouth for the rest of his life.

You should see what happens when we go to the movies together. People near us change their seats, his breathing is so loud. They can't at a play, because the seats are reserved.

Oh, one thing. Before we forget. At the meeting last night, they asked us to report on our work with you, doctor. You



"Perhaps you'd care for a home medical encyclopedia that is a little less specific, sir."

don't mind, do you? Perhaps we should have asked you first.

Dissatisfied? Certainly not.

Sometimes, though, to tell the truth, we have the impression that it's you who are dissatisfied. With us.

Well, impatient, then. Isn't that true, doctor?

Listen, if you think we have any interest in prolonging this, you're sadly mistaken. Not to mention the money that's going down the drain.

OK, but imagine how impatient *we* are. We have to live with the problem every day, round the clock. You get to sit there, listen to us, and then you can forget about us after we leave.

Grim? It relieves the tensions, we've found.

Of course, we have moments of joy. Have we ever denied that?

Baby got a new tooth today. Don't think that doesn't give us pleasure. But it doesn't cancel everything else out.

How? We don't just live from moment to moment, like the lilies in the field, doctor. Much as we might like to. We have memories and hopes. And fears.

Afraid of you? Why should we be afraid of you, doctor?

Feelings are one thing. But sound advice is another. Dr. Greenwich vouches for you. We're sure the group is going to give you a clean bill of health.

We're afraid of Baby.

. . .

Monday

Why shouldn't we look grim? He's started drinking again. Mescal. Southern Comfort. And some vile stuff called Georgia Moon.

Since he's of age, how can we?

Moral force? That's easy to say, doctor. Easier said than done.

Baby has a will of his own, doctor. That's what you don't grasp. A terrible will. Trying to stop him only makes him do it more. He'll do anything to defy us.

Even cause himself pain.

We had to put bars in front of the portable grill after Baby inched all the way across the dining-room floor in his playpen, rocking it back and forth, and laid his palms on it. He knew what he was doing. He knew it was hot.

A terrible burn. He's got both little f u hands bandaged up over the wrists, like gloves. But the pediatrician says it won't leave any scars.

One day, he's really going to hurt himself. That's what worries us.

We're not sure he even knows anymore what causes him pain. Or e'se—and this is worse—Baby has made himself into someone who just feels less and less.

When Thelma DeLara moved away, Baby was inconsolable. He cried for weeks. You remember our telling you about Thelma. His best friend in first grade.

Now he's gotten cold and hard.

Whatever we want to do, he's against. What we cherish, he spits on.

Last night he hung a big black flag from the television aerial on the roof. We almost broke our necks getting it down.

Patient! What do you think we've been all these years? You've heard of the limits of patience, haven't you, doctor?

We've been shopping around for a special school. Not an institution, of course. He wouldn't feel locked up or anything like that. Just someplace where people would know how to handle him.

It's only reasonable, don't you think, doctor? To admit defeat when your back is against the wall.

Sure.

You're right. But it wouldn't do any good to go around beating our breasts about it. What would that accomplish? What's done is done, isn't that right?

Maybe.

But *we* are still trying. Why the hell do you think we came to see you in the first place? Isn't it evidence enough of good faith that we've—

Already?

All right. You're calling the shots.

. . .

Tuesday

Do you have a cold, doctor?

Sounds like a cold. You'd better take care of yourself.

There's a lot of that going around these days.

It's off the subject, of course, but we're curious to know your opinion. Do you believe in massive doses of vitamin C?

Oh. We don't happen to. But Baby does. He's a regular health nut these days.

Anyway, it's better than becoming a Krishna freak, like his cousin Jane. Painted all blue and everything.

Not Bert's sister. Bert's cousin. Baby takes 50 vitamin-C pills a day. But he still gets colds.

Squeamish about some things, yes. Baby threw up eating a soft-boiled egg because the white was runny. And he refuses to kiss his Aunt Rae—Bert's mother—because he said she had a black mole on her cheek.

No, he wasn't imagining it. She does have one. The kid's not a basket case, for God's sake.

But we don't think that was the real reason.

Rae's a goodhearted gal, but you have to know how to handle Baby. You have to win his confidence first. He's not delicate but he's high-strung. Like all precocious kids.

You can't just charge at him and grab him. You have to kneel down, get down to his level and talk to him first. Before you can touch him.

Baby's never been the sort of kid who likes to be hugged and kissed just like that, or jumps in your lap, the way Bert

is. Every kid is different. And they understand a lot more than you think, even before they can talk. We learned that.

You know, doctor. What you've just said is a little surprising to us. If there's some misunderstanding, we better clear it up right now. Baby isn't crazy.

We don't have your clinical experience. But we know the difference between crazy and not crazy.

Sure, we can give you an example. Baby told us recently that for the past two years, every time he is about to board the bus that takes him to school, he hears a voice. The voice says, "Sit on the left side. Or you will die." Or, "Sit on the right side. Or you will die." And he never knows, each morning, which command the voice is going to give.

Right. But wait till you hear the rest. We were naturally very upset, of course. The morning Baby told us this, quite casually, as he was eating breakfast before he went off to school, our hearts sank. Once you start hearing voices, and voices that say you're going to die if you don't obey them, it's pretty serious.

But then we thought to ask Baby a question. Has it ever happened, we asked, that when you got on the bus, the side that the voice told you to sit on was completely full? So you were forced to sit on the other side?

"Sure," Baby answered. "Lots of times." And then what happens? we asked. Wondering if Baby had noticed that, despite having disobeyed the voice's command, he hadn't died.

"Oh, then," Baby said, cheerfully, "then the voice says: 'Today it doesn't matter.'"

What are you thinking, doctor?

Well, it's obvious. Isn't it? You couldn't come up with a neater example of the difference between psychosis and neurosis, we'll bet, if you practiced your dubious profession for a hundred years. You know what we mean? A psychotic is someone who doesn't hear a voice at the last minute saying, "Today it doesn't matter."

Don't you agree, doctor?

It's not that we're asking you to give us much hope. But he's not crazy. That's not what's wrong.

Maybe it's worse.

. . .

Tuesday

Baby's become a vegetarian. We're hounding him. He'll outgrow that, don't you think?

Cottage cheese and fresh pineapple. And lots of raw peas. He always has some in his pockets.

And his pockets always have holes. If you want to sum it up, there it is.

He never takes care of his things. Clothes are to wreck, as far as Baby is concerned.

He's stopped wearing underwear. Is



"If you jurors don't reach a decision pretty soon, you're going to get locked up for the night!"



"In the coming year—autumn, perhaps early winter—I see an erection. . . ."

that a fashion these days among junior high school kids, doctor?

Baby likes to hold his breath under the water in the bathtub. He's got a stop watch.

Baby hasn't washed in two months.

One-Y. He was all ready to go to Canada, he said. We were beside ourselves. But it turned out the adenoids were good enough. Of course, we'd feel safer with a 4-F. But Baby says they're really the same now and that we shouldn't worry.

He doesn't respect any of the conventions anymore. At his high school graduation, when they played *Land of Hope and Glory*, we cried. Baby didn't even go.

Don't think we're feeling sorry for ourselves. We're probably better off than most parents. Two of Baby's friends have O.D.'d. One suicide. And his best friend in high school is doing one to five in San Quentin for holding up gas stations. So we're well aware that the problem could be worse.

He's certainly holding his own.

Maybe we expected too much of him. The way you do with an only—

All we hope is that some of the damage can be undone. That's not too much to ask, is it?

If he would only confide in us, tell us some of his problems. Then we could help him better. He knows we know it's not easy to belong to his generation.

We both had hard lives. Nobody gave

us a head start, and we've had to work to get where we are now. But at least we could take certain things for granted.

The family.

Poor Baby! You've got to help us help him. We'll never forgive ourselves if we don't.

His life is just beginning, ours is at least half over. It isn't fair, doctor!

We'll do anything.

But what more can we do?

. . . .

Wednesday

Baby has asked more than once how babies are made. We tell him, but he always forgets and asks again in a few weeks.

It must be that he can't connect it with anything in his experience. We feel awfully silly explaining it over and over.

But if we don't answer his questions, he's liable to think there's something shameful about the whole business.

He's quite dexterous. He learned to tie his shoelaces on a wooden shoe in one morning flat.

A friend of ours gave Baby a Marine flak jacket for his birthday. Of course, it's much too large now. He swims in it. He'll have to grow into it.

Ronnie Yates. We haven't mentioned him. He runs the heliport in Venice West. He got stuck on helicopters during the war. Baby loves to hear Ronnie's war stories.

Baby wants a set of bar bells and an

exercise machine. It seems to us he gets enough exercise already. Sheer narcissism, that's what it looks like to us.

He's always chinning himself.

Baby wants to get a tattoo. A black sun between his shoulder blades, larger than a silver dollar.

Yes, but if he ever gets tired of it, he won't be able to have it taken off. They say it's awfully painful to do that.

He may be stoical, but he's not that stoical.

Everybody has their limit of pain, isn't that so, doctor?

Of course, he's healthy. That isn't the point. No matter how many times the pediatrician gives him a clean bill of health, we can see with our own eyes.

Baby has found a guru. Doctor, he looks so awful with his hair long. Sickly. The guru lives in a dune buggy parked by the marina at San Pedro. Baby is planning to go with them on an expedition to Guatemala, gathering medicinal herbs.

Threatened and threatened him. We told him right away we'd cut off his allowance. But he's been told that penalty is part of his initiation.

But we hate to think that our authority over Baby finally rests on the simple fact that we're still supporting him.

His wife apparently doesn't want to go. That's our only hope. She's scheduled to give some noon and midnight poetry readings at Farmers Market in April, and she doesn't want to pass up the opportunity.

Yes, but it all depends on whether Baby really loves her.

Frankly, we don't think Baby knows what love is. That's his problem.

. . . .

Wednesday

What we're afraid of, doctor—it's an awful thing to have to say—is that Baby is poisoning us. We discovered him trying to synthesize parathion in his lab in the garage the other night. When we asked him what he was doing, he looked scared and didn't answer at first.

You're right. We should have told you before. But there are some things that are just too painful to face. Even the bravest of us become ostriches from time to time, isn't that so?

Really? Well, we've been told that three drops is enough.

Did we mention that he won the city-wide Bausch & Lomb Science Award in high school? And it was he who founded the chemistry club in his high school.

Astronomy, too. Baby asked for a telescope for Christmas.

Of course, we wish he'd read more. Literature, that is. He must take after one of us that way. You can't get him near a book that isn't some manual all full of charts and formulas. Still, it's more practical to be interested in science.

Did you ever want to be anything other than a doctor when you were a child?

What a strange ambition.

Baby is so single-minded. Once he decides something, you can't budge him. You wouldn't believe how stubborn he is.

Sure, everybody hates to be wrong. But Baby takes it much harder than most people.

Changed the subject? How?

But what can we do? We don't have any proof. We can't call the police.

Oh, we threw it out. When he wasn't looking. He hasn't said anything about it yet.

Well, we certainly aren't sleeping as well as we used to.

With the lights on.

Of course, we're keeping our date with the Turnells tonight. If we don't, Baby is sure to get suspicious. We can't let on that we know.

That's the only advantage we have right now. He thinks we're dumb. That we haven't noticed a thing.

No, how could Dr. Greenwich help? He's never even met Baby.

Well, if we don't show up for tomorrow's sessions, at least you'll know, doctor.

You hate wisecracks, don't you, doctor? Listen, if we were serious about this all the time, we'd go crazy.

Look, don't worry. You want us to give you a call around midnight, just so as you'll know we haven't received our forty and forty-one whacks, respectively?

No. Baby's supposed to go to a yo-yo tournament with Bert at the Wilshire Ebell Theater.

Of course, he may not go.

Baby has fantasies of omnipotence.

No. Much more specific. What it is is that he thinks that everyone he sees is blessed, something like that, just because he looks at that person. If only just for one second, in a crowd. So he has to travel around as much as possible, so his glance will catch the greatest number of people.

He says it's his responsibility.

Well, not exactly blessed. But their lives become different, once he has looked at them. All the people he's seen will get what they deserve. The good will be rewarded. And the bad people will be punished, eventually.

We think so, too, doctor.

No. He says he hasn't decided whether the look works for people he only sees in photographs or on TV.

That would give his powers a much wider scope, wouldn't it? Perhaps we should be encouraged that he's at least hesitating about that.

Justice! What's justice got to do with it? That's the last thing in the world that interests Baby.

He wants to make us feel bad. He wants to make us feel unwanted in our own home.

Thursday

What are you being so aggressive for, doctor? If you don't think you can

help us, we can see someone else.

Defensive, then, if you like.

Well, of course, everything is relative. Isn't it, doctor?

We want Baby to be more independent.

He's devious. That's the word. He never tells us anything.

A water bed. Round. We have to keep Baby off or he'd wreck it.

He wants to make us feel like outcasts.

We're bleeding. Can't you see, doctor? Help us.

Are you a medical doctor?

Yes. Much better.

Where were we? Oh. Did we tell you that Baby has a gun in the closet? He's an N.R.A. junior marksman.

Then you do think it's possible to make poisons with a Chemcraft set. A big, expensive one.

He has everything set up in the garage. That limits the damage, at least. Like when he burned himself with his Bunsen burner.

Baby got gassed at an antiwar demonstration at the Long Beach Naval Base.

He was always a natural pacifist. When he was four, we read him a child's version of the *Iliad* and he wept at the death of Patroclus.

We're hiding the book from him until he's older.

Baby carries a picture of Steve McQueen in his wallet. That's the sort of person he admires now.

He's trying to grow a mustache.

Maybe he got tired of being a sensitive child. But don't you think he's gone a bit far in the opposite direction? We never asked him to be a genius and we never asked him to be a slob.

Baby's teacher came over this morning and told us he beat up a little kid in his class and took away his lunch money.

We wouldn't be surprised if he joined the Hell's Angels. Or worse.

If they'll have him. Baby's not as tough as he thinks.

Oh, doctor, it's terrible to want something from a child. Baby is right. We should be treating him like a visitor from another planet. We shouldn't care what the hell he does. We should be taking care of ourselves, for a change, instead of throwing good money after bad.

Not you, doctor.

Thursday

We had to cut Baby's right hand off. It was the only way. He kept playing with himself.

We made a little wheelchair for Baby. And a bed with sides, so he doesn't fall out.

We had to cut his left foot off, because he tried to run away again.

All we wanted for him was to be

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Do you believe everything we tell you, doctor?

That's not really an answer. Maybe it's part of your profession to be evasive, but for once we're asking you a direct question. Why don't you answer?

Of course, we're telling you the truth.

About the foot?

That's right.

And the hand.

But we *told* you it was a terrible situation, doctor.

Maybe you see too many people who have to exaggerate in order to get your attention.

If you want to know the truth, our problem is that we often tend to minimize things. We like to face life with a cheerful point of view. There's enough horror in the world without inventing more, don't you think, doctor?

Sure. Of course, you probably have an overly sad view of life. Since you spend most of your time listening to people complaining. We've always felt that the more positively you confront a situation, the more likely it is to turn out well. At least to your advantage.

Because even disasters can be a blessing, can't they? They teach you something. You become wiser.

What doesn't kill you makes you stronger.

Exactly. That's how we try to approach the situation with Baby.

Baby says what doesn't kill you leaves scars. He's right, too.

Sure, it's horrible. That's what we've been trying to tell you all along.

Didn't you believe us?

For God's sake, doctor. Now's a fine time to tell us that—after all these weeks. And then calmly look at your watch and say it's the end of the session. Put yourself in our place.

All right. Maybe we've accomplished something today, after all.

. . .

Friday

It was Dr. Greenwich who saved our marriage. Before joining the group, we were so caught up in the rat-race, we'd completely lost touch with each other. Just going to their meetings once a week—

Sometimes.

Yes.

You're right.

It's a relief to talk about ourselves for a change. We envy your other patients, doctor.

Well, back to work.

Of course, we do. Isn't that natural?

He could get work part time in the post office or drive a truck. Jim Turnell offered him a job as a data shipping clerk in his Van Nuys warehouse. But he says he doesn't want to do anything.

We've offered Baby the summer in

Japan, Mexico, if he promises to take a job in the fall, when he comes back. But he says he doesn't like to travel. Isn't that awful, at his age?

Not blasé, exactly. All the kids of his generation are a little blasé, maybe. But it's not that.

He seems angry.

Sometimes it just doesn't seem worth it. Neither of us ever had much chance to travel when we were young. But he just doesn't seem to appreciate that.

Have you traveled much, doctor? Apart from being born abroad, that is.

On a charter flight?

Oh.

When?

That soon?

You're probably hoping you can finish the work with us by then, aren't you?

Doesn't matter.

Listen, we've been thinking. The financial burden of the two sessions daily is a bit more than we can bear. We're going to have to cut back to one a day.

No, not with Dr. Greenwich. By ourselves. You didn't expect that, did you?

Tomorrow?

. . .

Saturday

About travel and enjoying life while you can—

Don't you remember? What we were saying yesterday. Some things are just wasted on some people.

Not you, doctor. Baby.

Baby thinks he's going to live forever. We don't want to disillusion him. It's great to be young and not know what the world is about.

Maybe somebody should tell him he's not going to live forever.

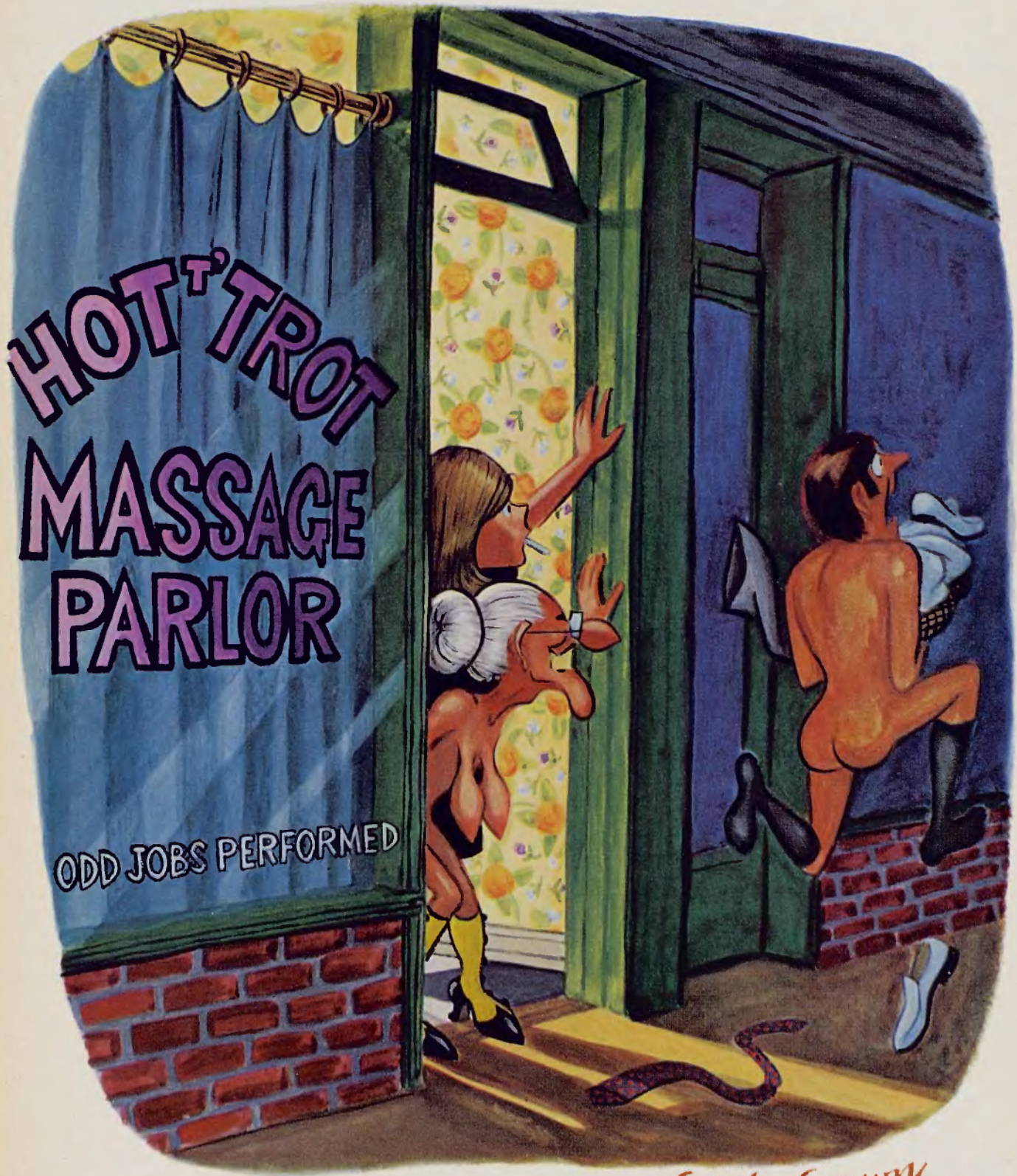
No. He wouldn't believe it coming from us. It should be some older, wise person. If he knew someone like you, doctor, you could tell him.

Tell him he's not going to live forever. Tell him that we aren't, either. Tell him that one of us has to die first and that we've made a new will. Tell him not to hate us. Tell him what we've done was meant for the best. Tell him we couldn't help it. Tell him we're not monsters. Tell him how monstrous he's been to us. Tell him he has no right to judge us. Tell him we don't have to all live together, if he doesn't want to. Tell him he's free. Tell him he can't leave us alone. Tell him he's killing us. Tell him he can't get away with it. Tell him he's not our Baby, that he was born on Krypton. Tell him we hate him. Tell him we never loved each other but only him. Tell him we didn't know any better. Tell him we've gone away forever and the house and the station wagon are his and the spare set of keys is under the door mat, and that we've remade the will entirely in his favor and disinherited Bert. Tell him he'll never find us. Tell him we'll

be waiting on the patio by the fountain in the cute little house in San Miguel de Allende. Tell him we'll get him an arithmetic tutor so he won't flunk fourth grade again. Tell him he can have a dog—Marmute, collie, old English sheep dog, Samoyed, Saint Bernard, whatever, as big and stupid as he wants. Tell him we did try to get an abortion, but the doctor was in Acapulco. Tell him we met Steve McQueen last year and didn't ask for his autograph. Tell him we poisoned Laurie: Billy, too, but it didn't work, that's why only Laurie died. Tell him we threw out his collection of old issues of *Rolling Stone* and *National Lampoon* behind his back, not the maid. Tell him to wear underwear, because it's disgusting not to wear underwear. Tell him to take his vitamin pills, and the yeast and the rose hips. Tell him Thelma DeLara's mother is a dyke. Tell him he's not any better than we are. Tell him we should never have had children, but we thought we ought to. Tell him we never wanted him to be like us. Tell him it's too hard to bring up a child, especially an only child, and he'll see that one day when he grows up. Tell him he's got to drink milk. Tell him he looks ridiculous with a mustache. Tell him not to take out his braces at night or his teeth will never get straight. Tell him to blow his nose. Tell him the dog can shit all over the living-room rug for all we care. Tell him he got ripped off and the stuff he's hoarding in the Skippy jar is birdseed and oregano. Tell him he'll understand us one day when he has children of his own. Tell him we were born on Krypton and were just pretending to be his parents, but we've gotten tired of concealing our superpowers beneath this meek, mild-mannered exterior and have flown away. Tell him he'll miss us when he has to manage on his own. Tell him to feel guilty. Tell him to come off it and burn his Superman suit. Tell him he's not going to win the Nobel Prize; or if, by any chance, he ever does, by then he'll be so old he won't care anymore. Tell him how proud of him we always were, and are. Tell him how he intimidated us. Tell him we know he stole the money. Tell him to clean up his room. Tell him to write Aunt Rae the thank-you note for the roller skates. Tell him he has to renew his registration and that he can't drive the Toyota around in that state. Tell him how we lied. Tell him how sorry we are. Tell him we're victims, too. Tell him our childhoods weren't any better than his. Tell him how we wept with joy when he was born. Tell him when he was born we started to die. Tell him that we tried to kill him. Tell him that we knew what we were doing. Tell him that we love him.

Oh, God, doctor, why did our Baby have to die?





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"I guess maybe I rubbed him the wrong way!"

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