

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 1974 • ONE DOLLAR

# \*\*\* \*\*\* \*\*\* PLAYBOY



"FOURPLAY"—  
ZERO MOSTEL AND  
PAT PAULSEN IN  
WILD SEX SCENES  
YOU WON'T  
BE SEEING ON  
THE SCREEN

LIFE AND  
DEATH IN ISRAEL  
AND EGYPT

JANE FONDA  
AND TOM HAYDEN  
INTERVIEWED



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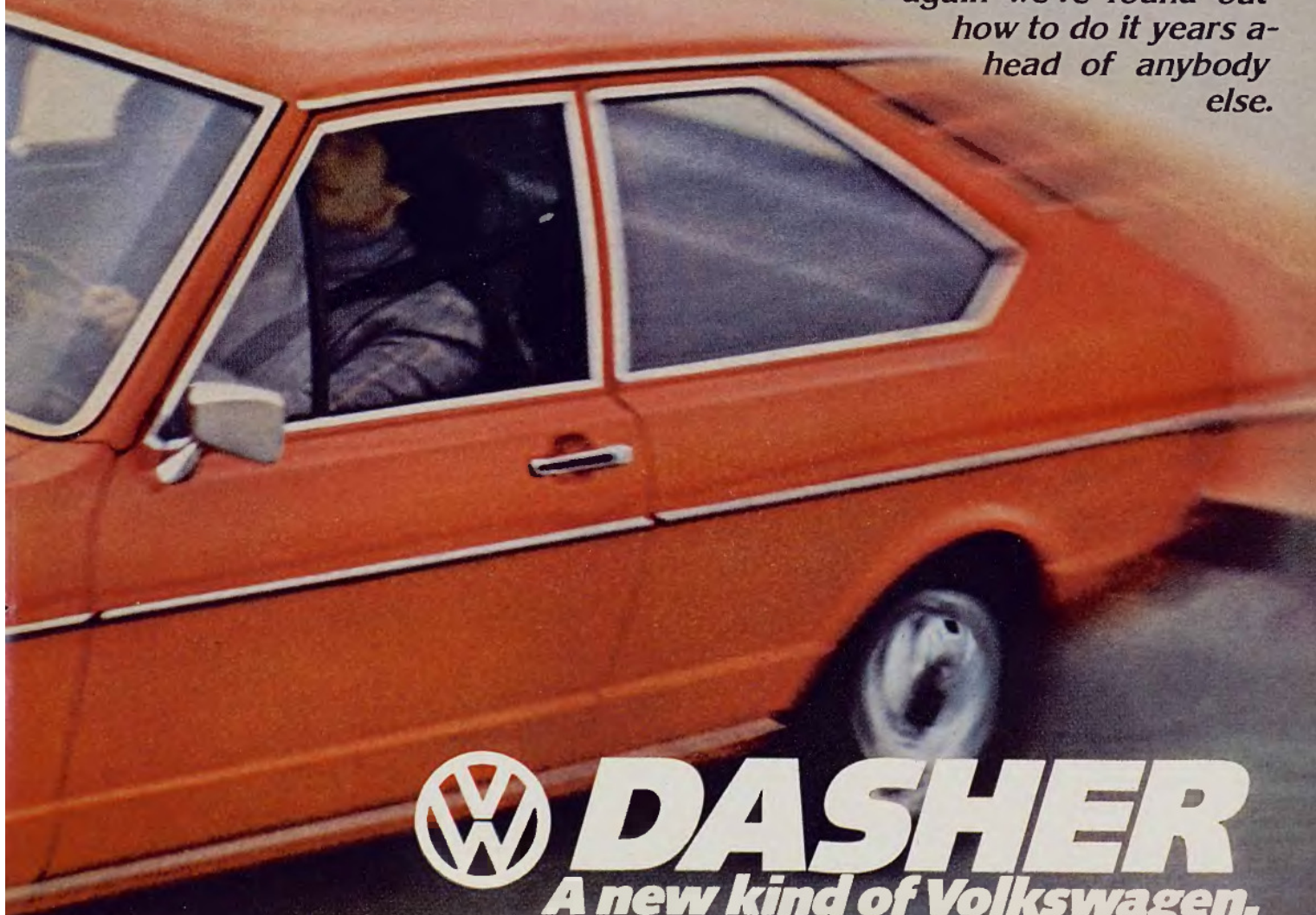
*side of the car is riding on ice or snow, a normally ticklish proposition.*

*Dasher is designed to be reliable (who knows how better than we?). It needs maintenance only at 10,000 mile intervals. It's made easy to repair. It takes computer analysis. And it's covered by the most advanced plan of them all, the VW Owner's Security Blanket. The*

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**PLAYBILL** WE LIKE TO THINK that every issue of this magazine is the result of careful planning, but once in a while, something just drops in our editorial lap. Take this month's two-part package on the recent warfare in the Middle East, which was the product not of a high-level staff conference but of a pair of phone calls made to our editors by writers who were eager, for their own individual reasons, to cover the story. The first was Herbert Gold, whose recent writings have tended to affirm, ever more strongly, his Jewish heritage; he said he was going to Israel in any case, and wondered if we'd be interested in picking up the tab. We were. The second call came from Marshall Frady, the versatile Southern journalist, who had been assigned to cover the war for another magazine, which he said had popped out at the last moment. He already had his visa and he wondered if we . . . etc. The results appear in *Resurrection*, Frady's account of his two weeks in Cairo during the battle, and *Blood Tax at Harvest Time*, in which Gold distills his experiences on the Israeli side. Both provide unforgettable portraits of people under stress.

Our *Playboy Interview* with Jane Fonda and her husband, political activist Tom Hayden, as it happens, is yet another example of serendipity. Ron Ridenour, PR director of the Southern California chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union, was interviewing Fonda for a California newspaper at the same time Leroy F. Aarons, West Coast bureau chief for *The Washington Post*, was interviewing Hayden. When they got together and compared notes, they realized they had something big and contacted us. The final interview is the culmination of five months of work by all concerned, including *PLAYBOY* Associate Editor Douglas Bauer, who carried the ball when Ridenour got clapped in the cooler for a six-month work-furlough sentence stemming from an eight-year-old conviction on a civil-disturbance charge. Actually, the thing that surprised us most about the entire project was that Jane would talk to *PLAYBOY* at all: she's been pissed at us for years. Read the interview to see why.

April, among other things, brings us the opening of the baseball season, and Michigan-based poet Donald Hall helps us mark the occasion with his *Fathers Playing Catch with Sons*—wherein he goes to spring training with the Pittsburgh Pirates and discovers a few things about himself, the game and the passage of time. The article will shortly be released by Little, Brown as part of a book called *Playing Around*. Another glance backward in time is taken by Brock Yates, whose *The Macho Machines*—rendered in a series of illustrations by Washington (state) artist John Amendola—is a tribute to the high-powered bombs of the Fifties and Sixties.

Even more sentimental for the past, perhaps, is Larry L. King, whose *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* tells how a do-gooding TV correspondent down in the Lone-Star State got the authorities to shut the place down. King is currently teaching at Princeton and writing a biography of Lyndon Johnson; his plans for the future are pragmatically down to earth: "survival and whiskey drinking." The painting that accompanies King's piece is by Brad Holland, who's won quite a following over the years with his illustrations for our Ribald Classics.

Repression, the subject of King's article, gets a few laughs in *Next Case!*, as Larry Tritten brings the nation's blue laws down to a *reductio ad absurdum*. Tritten lists his activities as "free-lance gynecology; marketing and merchandising water hammocks; reviewing Hawaiian sport shirts for *Artforum*; teaching a course in marine biology at Parris Island, South Carolina; taking a course in speed-acupuncture; voyeurism; working on an inexpensive chintz substitute."

A wife-swapping plot that goes awry is the subject of our lead fiction, *The Great Switcheroo*, by Roald Dahl, which will be included in a book, *Switch Bitch*, to be published later this year. The story is illustrated by the noted English artist Philip Castle. Our other fiction treats are *The Old Morality*, an ironic loss-of-innocence tale that's the first *PLAYBOY* by-line for Carlos Fuentes, a novelist, playwright, critic, educator and journalist who is one of the foremost men of letters in his native Mexico; and *The Reference*, a comically offbeat yarn by Donald Barthelme, who works for *The New Yorker* when he isn't writing comically offbeat tales for other magazines.

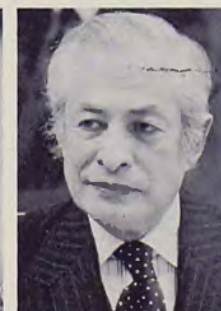
Additionally, Fashion Director Robert L. Green previews the coming seasons; Marilyn Chambers comes out from *Behind the Green Door*; and J. Barry O'Rourke shoots Zero Mostel. Pat Paulsen, Jerry Orbach & Co. in wild scenes that didn't make it to the screen for their movie *Fourplay*. You may now turn to any of the above.



HALL



O'ROURKE



GREEN



TRITTEN



# PLAYBOY®



Old Morality P. 144



"Fourplay" Frolics P. 108



Blood Tax P. 104



Donna Clicks P. 96



Fashion Preview P. 133

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PLAYBOY, APRIL, 1974, VOL. 21, NO. 4. 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 ADDL. MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U. S., \$10 FOR ONE YEAR. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3570 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLO. 80302.



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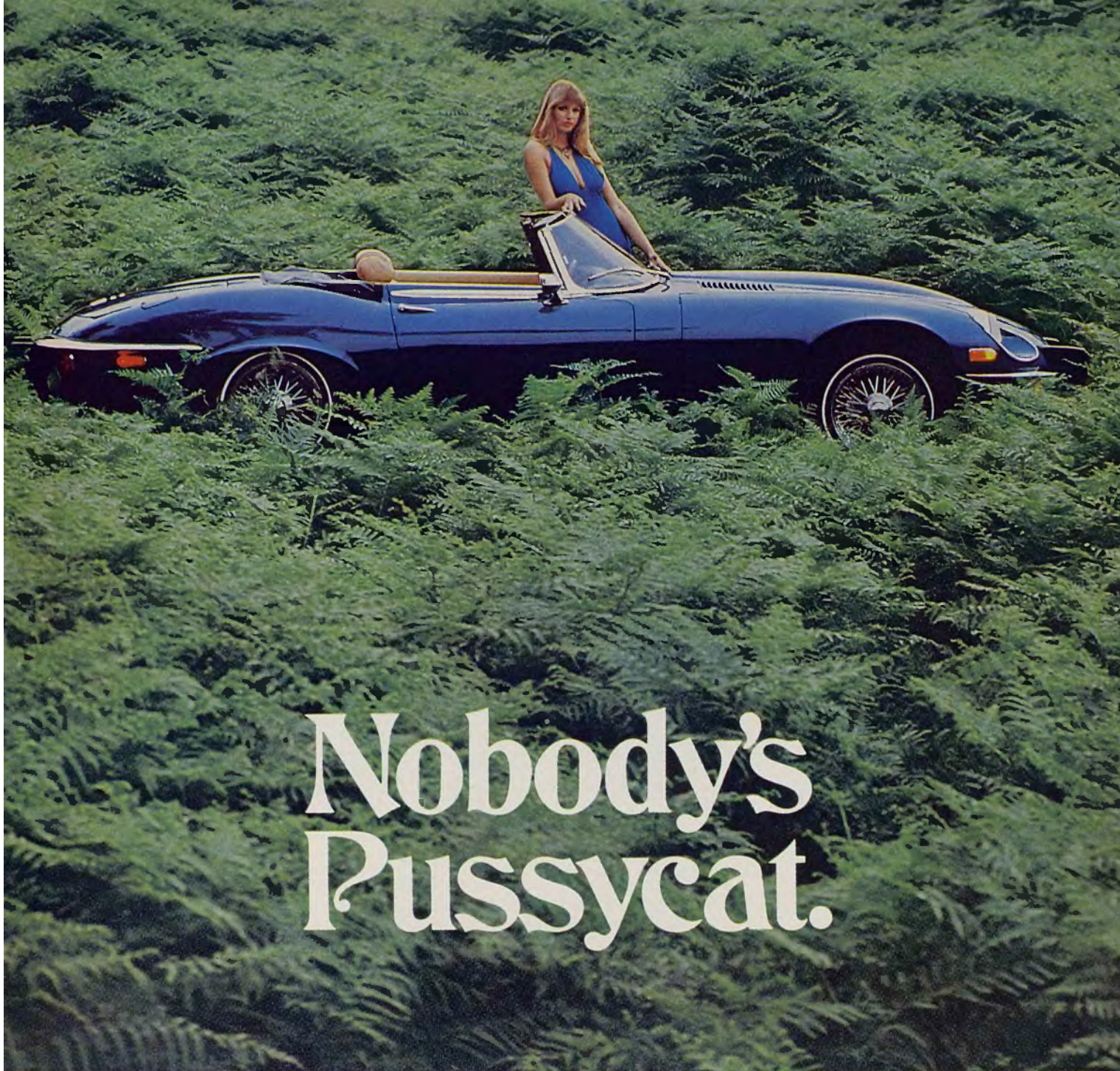
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Look through some magazines for ideas. Find a picture of what you want your hair to look like. Then when you get to the barber's, speak before he cuts. Show him the picture. Tell him what you want.

There is a new, shorter style that looks good on most guys. (Like the one you see here.) We recommend it if you have an average, oval shaped face. To get this new style, ask your barber to cut your hair the same length all over your head. Straight hair should be about 1-1/2" long, except on top where it should be slightly longer so it lies smoothly in place. Curly hair should be about 2" all over,

except on top where it should be slightly shorter so it forms a little bulk. He should keep your ear tops covered by about 1" of hair.

The same for your shirt collar. And your sideburns should stop about 1/2" above the bottom of your ear.

When he's finished cutting and shampooing, ask for a conditioning massage with a little Brylcreem Hairdressing. Its natural ingredients penetrate each hair shaft, conditioning your hair. And a healthy looking head of hair is the only way to begin a new hair style.

Then comb your hair. This is one of the most versatile hair styles you'll ever have. Comb it forward. Or part it on the side. The middle. You can even just toss it around. And you look great. But how do you keep your hair looking that way?

## UNTIL YOUR NEXT VISIT

First and foremost, shampoo frequently with Brylcreem Once-A-Day Shampoo. Its pH value is close to that of your scalp so gentle that it cleans without disturbing your natural chemistry.



# to talk to your barber.



Then towel dry your hair. If you must use a blow-dryer or hot-comb to straighten out waves or get your hair going in the right direction, condition often with Brylcreem Hairdressing. It helps restore the moisture that hot-air drying strips away from your hair and scalp. Conditioning with Brylcreem is extra important if you have curly hair—it's more porous and dries out even faster.

Last, use a brush to style fine or thinning hair. It'll give you a fuller, thicker look. Use a comb for coarse, thick hair. It will make it appear less bulky.

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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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

### HEF D'OEUVRE

I'm sitting in a 6' x 8' cell (called the hole) here at Danbury Prison for allegedly leading 250 men in a work stoppage and chanting "Fuck the warden." You *know*, after 16 months in jail, it's not the warden I want to fuck. In any case, I'm reading the January interview with Hugh Hefner and all about his Mansion with its Jacuzzi baths. Hef, I simply have to say: More power and pleasure to you. Maybe it's the disparity of our present (temporary) circumstances that brings forth this sudden rush of warmth on my part, or maybe it's that your magazine has enlivened an otherwise dreary day. Whatever. Carry on.

Clifford Irving  
Danbury, Connecticut

*Irving is currently on parole after serving more than 16 months of a two-and-a-half-year sentence on a conviction stemming from his attempt to perpetrate what some have called the literary hoax of the century.*

It is terrifying to me, and probably to millions of other guys of my generation, to realize that Hefner has been in business for 20 years. Terrifying, but kind of nice to realize that we've all weathered the storms of militant propriety, have swayed the opinions of wives and have arrived at an intellectual golden age where sex and weather enjoy conversational parity and asterisks are reserved for footnotes. Predictions are dumb, but I can't help thinking that one day soon Hefner may be ranked with Plato, Galileo, Buddha and Christ himself as one of the truly significant molders of society. No editor in history has had such an effect on so many people. None has been accorded such respect by so vast an audience, nor stirred up such opposition. In the 20 years of PLAYBOY, Hefner probably has been accused of every moral misdemeanor in the book and been attacked by every exponent of intolerance. During the same time, he has introduced, encouraged and honored more writers, artists and photographers than most publishers, and has established standards of journalism and graphics unmatched by any other publication. He has, in addition, effectively espoused as many worthy causes as has any other institution. Blacks, gays, fem libs, heads and other minority groups have

found him to be among their loudest and most unflinching supporters. He has opposed prejudice, stupidity, unreasoning authority and asinine law and replaced the still, small voice of conscience with a clear and confident one and used humor to achieve important goals. Yet, despite all he has done, it's unlikely he'll ever be called to the White House for public commendation and a Presidential handshake. (Then again, the absence of acclaim from this source is probably a good sign.) But there are millions of lesser personages and just plain folks who will be eternally grateful for all he has done to help make this world a better place. Keep up the good work.

Rick Banks  
Mississauga, Ontario

Your interview with Hefner is really a mind blower! I had always imagined him to be conceited, narrow-minded, self-serving, arrogant, sexist, insipidly hedonistic, vacuous, insecure and basically full of rodomontade. Now that I've read the interview, I realize all this is true.

Tom L. Clark  
Berkeley, California

I am in total agreement with Hefner's position on censorship as expressed in his interview. I wish I were financially endowed so that I, too, could join your cause. But, in my own small way, I guess I've been doing just that, by subscribing to your magazine each year.

Gene Ramsey  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

### ANNIVERSARY PARTIES

I find PLAYBOY to be the finest all-round entertainment magazine available, and your Twentieth Anniversary Issue is no exception. It is yet another maximum effort in the long line of superb monthly publications. Cover to cover, it is unsurpassed. Moreover, with the introduction of the first double-gatefold Playmate, your tradition of objectively looking at both sides of every subject finds new expression. Congratulations on 20 great years, and here's to 20 more.

William G. Gallaher  
Atwater, California

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fantasy in these days of such ugly realities. Your look back over the years brought forcefully to mind the consistent and enduring qualities of PLAYBOY's life: unique entertainment embracing thought-provoking interviews, quality fiction, provocative articles, beautiful people and that most elusive of all magic, humor. Those of us who have grown not just older but wiser because of PLAYBOY should pause to give thanks for the many enrichments that have become ours through your collective efforts to publish a quality magazine. In a more frivolous vein, your compendium *Twenty Years of Playmates* brought a pleasant, sentimental sense of the passage of time. The Playmate has been a criterion for the maintenance of my own physical well-being for these many years and I thank you for the encore you gave many of them. The very best good fortune to you during the next 20 years.

Midge Mason  
Lansdale, Pennsylvania

PLAYBOY's success usually speaks for itself. Unfortunately, in planning your Twentieth Anniversary Issue, you couldn't leave well enough alone. Simply stated, I don't think it's proper for a refined veteran publication such as yours to blow its own horn. Egotistical comparisons, outright bragging and general self-congratulation are beneath you.

Allan Frazier  
Phoenix, Oregon

Your Twentieth Anniversary Issue provided a suitably auspicious occasion to display your first double-gatefold Playmate. In keeping with your theme of nostalgia, however, I would like to place this photographic milestone in proper historical perspective by citing what I believe to be your first such endeavor along these lines. The outside and inside covers of your Ninth Anniversary Issue (PLAYBOY, December 1962) were highlighted by front and rear views of Playmate-Bunny Sheralee Connors. By the way, whatever happened to Miss Connors?

Matthew Rudorfer  
Brooklyn, New York

*She's married and still modeling, Matthew, and thanks for your memory.*

Bingo! Your January issue left your competition spitting dust.

Bruce MacDonald  
St. Laurent, Quebec

#### SEX AND THE SINGLE SPROUT

I have just finished Marshall Brickman's humorous quiz *Is It Nice to Have Sex with a Brussels Sprout?* (PLAYBOY, January) and was thrilled to make 100; and, with two strikes in my bonus frame, I wound up with a 121 total. Later, I went down to the airport and revealed the hair in my right palm to an elderly stewardess who said she was impressed but

preferred Brussels sprouts. Do I get any extra points for this?

Mitchell Smith  
Gadsden, Alabama

*Go to the head of your class.*

#### MONEY TALKS

In his January article, *A Layman's Guide to Monetary Crises*, John Kenneth Galbraith suggests we ameliorate our economic troubles by instituting strict Governmental wage controls, coupled with higher taxes and some slight restraints on corporations. Such measures, however, burden those least able to protect themselves; namely, the American worker and consumer. What, then, is the solution? Professor Galbraith suggests Government intervention in the form of higher taxes. It may come to this in the end, as the American consumer is notoriously unable to control his own spending. If, however, we can voluntarily decide to reduce demand, the problem of inflation can be brought under control.

Walter Freed  
Big Spring, Texas

I would rather follow John Connally down the road of hard knocks than follow Galbraith down the primrose path to his ivory tower.

Hugh Francis Brainard II  
Yukon, Florida

#### FORWARD-LOOKING

Congratulations to PLAYBOY and John Blumenthal for bringing to our attention the ridiculousness of daily astrological forecasts in his January satire, *Your Horoscope*. I think, however, Blumenthal would find it enlightening to talk to some of the young, well-educated astrologers who are determined to bring back to astrology the credibility it enjoyed in past centuries. One of the things he would discover is that many of us are very much against daily forecasts because of their ambiguity. No astrologer can accurately forecast, on a daily basis, what is going to happen, even though a good one can help people get more of what they want from life.

LeRoy T. Foss  
Seattle, Washington

#### COUNTRY COUSINS

Garry Wills's January essay, *The Country That Wasn't There*, is an excellent reassessment of the socially and politically volatile Sixties. As Wills recounts, the appeal to join the trip to America's spiritual and moral heartland was powerful, though it wasn't really clear sometimes where the journey was taking us or why we chose to go at all. Part of the problem was that the trip was so negative—against war, against racism and against other social injustices—that it lacked positive goals.

Curtis M. Miller  
Davis, California

I enjoyed reading *The Country That Wasn't There*, but wondered why Wills's kaleidoscopic litany of Sixties turmoil ignored Vatican Council II, media expansion and, especially, the Watergates replicated in practically every state, county and municipality. Those mini-Watergates might explain why so many Americans did leave—for a time.

A. C. Germann  
Mar del Plata, Argentina

#### BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

O'Connell Driscoll's January personality piece, *Jerry Lewis, Birthday Boy*, is very good. How nice it is to read something other than the usual smear job the press does on him. Driscoll's article shows Lewis for what he is—a brilliant entertainer who can be obnoxious as hell and extremely difficult to work with.

James Brachman  
Berkeley, California

Driscoll may be a newcomer, but *Jerry Lewis, Birthday Boy* is absolutely the finest personality piece I have ever read.

Lewis Seitz  
Nashville, Tennessee

What emerges from *Jerry Lewis, Birthday Boy* is the portrait of a Jewish anti-Semite. After all the misery that the Israelis have suffered in the past four wars, Lewis states in the article that he's "going to end up sending money to the Arabs." Then, when the subject turns to Jewish food, Lewis remarks, "This stuff killed more of my people than Hitler." It takes a sick mind to joke about something as horrible as the holocaust. If you ask me, it is Jewish self-haters such as Lewis who killed more Jews than Hitler, the pogroms and the Inquisition combined.

Richard Krivoshey  
Rosedale, New York

Driscoll's personality feature reveals Lewis, formerly notorious as the anti-pornography promoter of a family-movie chain, to be one of the most porno-mouthed personalities in showbiz.

Sydney Kaplis Kay  
St. Paul, Minnesota

Driscoll's article confirmed the disgust I have for Lewis. It seems all but the Germans are blind to his genius. When he bombs in Miami, his wife consoles him, "You were too subtle for them. Too quick." Subtle? When I last saw Lewis, he was guest-hosting *The Tonight Show*. I turned off the set as he started his "subtle" monolog, which consisted of crossing his eyes, sticking out his tongue and talking like Donald Duck. Maybe the problem with the Miami audience was that it was not that hard up for something to laugh at. As for Lewis' film talents, I cannot see what possessed



I'm a thinking guy...  
so I'm hard to sell.  
I don't buy records because some group's "in."  
I'll listen to them,  
and if I think they're O.K., I'll buy them.  
Everyone's talking about backgammon...  
and I'm willing to try it.  
But I'm really a poker player at heart.  
After shaves? Sure I've thought about them.  
That's why I use Roman Brio.  
I like what Brio lets me say about myself.  
It doesn't come on strong or showy...  
and neither do I.  
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And anyway, I agree with my girl,  
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the German festival to give him an award of any kind. Apropos of that, I remember what a Canadian film critic wrote about Lewis' *Which Way to the Front?*: "This is not one of the ten worst films of the year. It is one of the worst films in ten years."

John A. Paton  
London, Ontario

## LOVE HAITI

In *Haiti, Goodbye* (PLAYBOY, January), Bruce Jay Friedman describes his last visit to Haiti. Like Friedman, I, too, have just come back from that country. And I, too, have seen the poverty, the stoned jet set, the sex-thrill seekers, the drunken American ladies, the movie people and the wheeler-dealers. But, unlike Friedman, I stayed in a hotel for Haitians, where the food was good and the people dignified and courteous. There, I met a couple who teach children to draw, paint, sculpt and sing their dreams at Poto Mitan and a voodoo priest who told me about the spirits he serves and the paintings he paints. (They sell for thousands of dollars, and all of it goes to the people of his village.) Some young people heard I liked Haitian poetry and they showed me their manuscripts. And I walked everywhere, at night, alone, and was never afraid for my white skin. Friedman claims to know "what's there" in Haiti. Judging from his article, I don't think he does. Unlike him, I shall go back. Not to the Oloffson Hotel, nor to the casino, nor to Madam Evelyn's whorehouse, but to the people of Haiti, from whom I have much to learn.

Léon-François Hoffmann  
Professor of French  
Princeton University  
Princeton, New Jersey

## HE'S OK

I've just finished G. Barry Golson's parody *I'm OK—You're So-So* (PLAYBOY, January), and I thoroughly enjoyed it. The curious thing, however, about Golson's dig at the *I'm OK—You're OK* school of thought is that his admittedly tongue-in-cheek system contains a considerable measure of truth. So much so I've concluded that for about the past 12 years, I've been living according to its philosophy.

C. Dan Riegel  
Algona, Iowa

## CLASSIC COMPLIMENT

In all the many issues of PLAYBOY I've read, never once have I seen a word of praise concerning the *Ribald Classics*. I believe it is about time someone acknowledged the presence of these thoroughly humorous tales of romance.

David L. Stuart  
Jackson, Mississippi

## PLAYBOY INDEX

I take the trouble to save back copies of PLAYBOY because I feel the magazine is

extremely informative. But my collection is getting so large that I'm losing track of what articles are in which issue. I'm wondering if you'd consider publishing an index for readers like myself, so that we could have an easy reference source to your material.

Neil Bluth  
Brooklyn, New York

*Not only have we considered such a plan, we've gone ahead with it. A hard-bound index covering our editorial contents through December 1968 is available for \$52.95. A five-year supplement, covering 1969 through 1973, will be available for \$12 plus postage and handling. Write to The Playboy Index, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Keyholders may charge to their Playboy Club Keys.*

## TO ARMS

After reading William J. Helmer's short history of the famous Thompson "tommy gun" submachine gun in *Rat-a-Tat-Tat!* (PLAYBOY, January), I thought your readers might be interested to know what's happened to the gun. After the Korean War, Numrich Arms purchased the company and assets of Auto-Ordinance, the previous producer of the weapons. We continue to sell both Thompsons and parts and also service existing guns.

Ira Trast  
Numrich Arms Corporation  
West Hurley, New York

## JUST DESERTS

I am pleased to learn that soon you will be opening a Playboy Club in my home town of Manchester, England. I think you will be interested to learn that I was one of the first to introduce your magazine to Scotland, more than 15 years ago. At that time, I was a library convener in the Edinburgh University Students Union and read about PLAYBOY in an article by Ian Fleming. I promptly ordered it for the library. At that time, your publication had to be mailed directly from Chicago. To prevent the gatefold's disappearing, the page was stamped EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY UNION, and, to paraphrase Mort Sahl, a whole generation of Scottish students grew up thinking that American girls have this title stamped across their abdomens. I think my foresight in introducing your magazine to Scotland deserves at least honorary life membership in your Manchester Club. I wish your new venture every success.

Harvey Bertfield, Consultant  
Orthopedic Surgeon  
Withington Hospital  
Manchester, England


*We, too, think your efforts deserve such reward. Our Club is yours.*



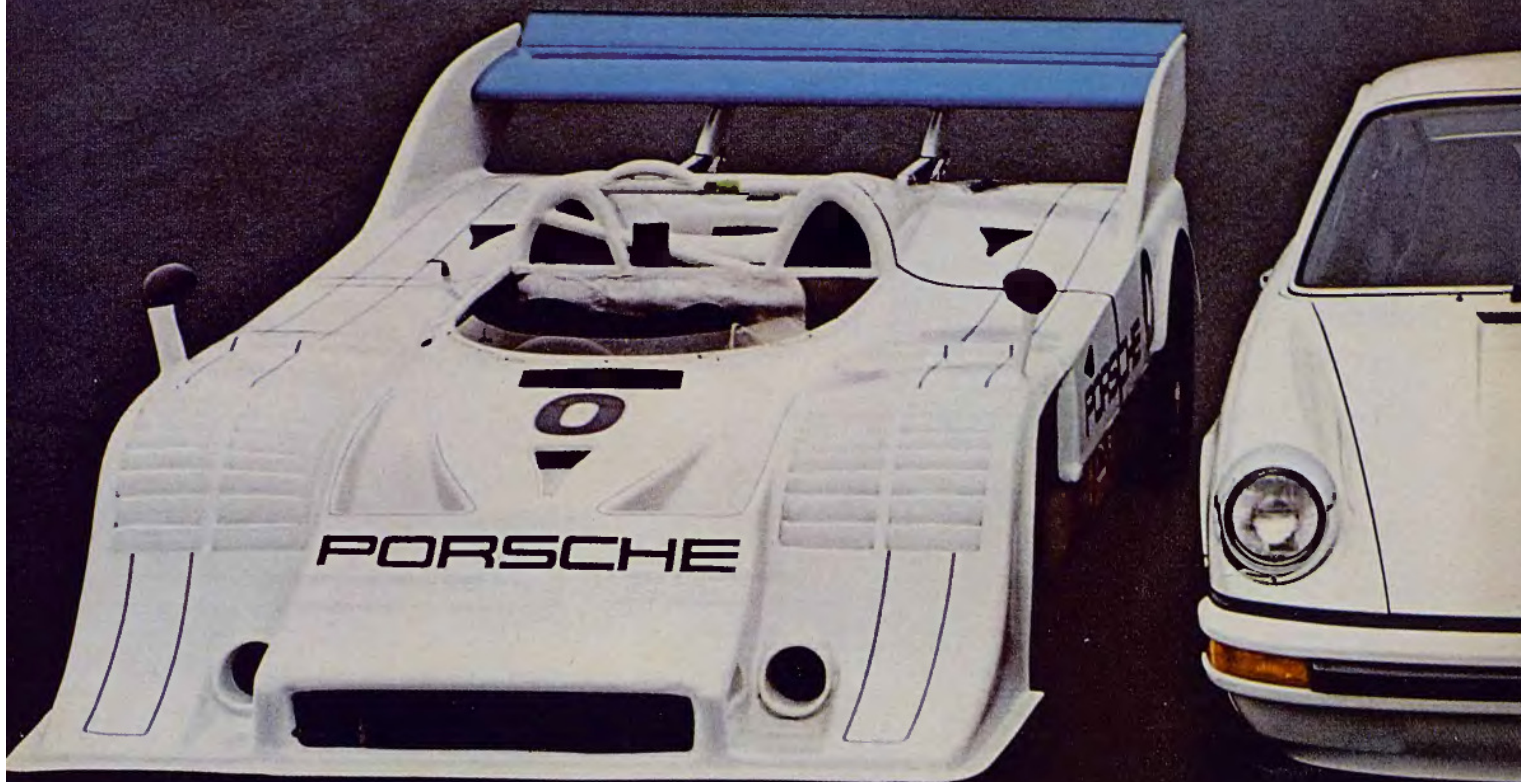




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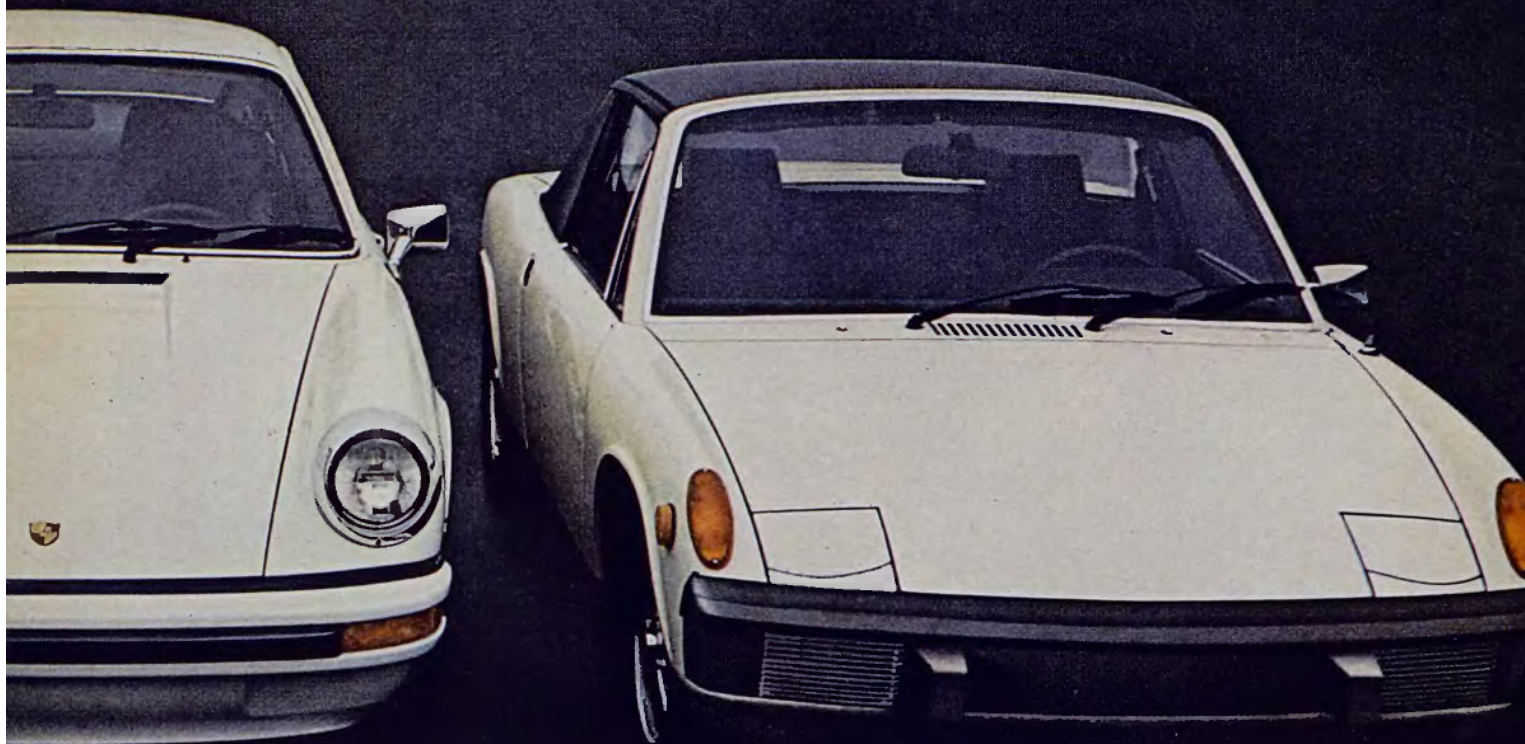
*the Series. It has a 5.4-liter, 12-cylinder turbocharged engine with a central power train between the front 6 and rear 6 cylinders. Develops 1190 horsepower. And a top speed of 240 mph. It does 0-60 in under 3 seconds. Won all 8 1973 Can-Am Series races.*

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**\$6,050\***

slightly higher.) Price subject to change without notice. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional.



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



# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Can journalists become *too* involved in their work? The New York Times News Service sent out a wire story on sex-change operations, by-lined James E. Brody. An urgent correction followed, requesting newspapers to change the by-line to Jane E. Brody.

A disgruntled but poetic constituent recently wrote the following to his Congressman: "It is said that President Nixon is thinking of changing the Republican Party emblem from an elephant to a condom, because it stands for inflation, halts production and gives a false sense of security while one is being screwed."

Our Some Days Are Better Than Others Award goes to four gentlemen who shoulda stayed in bed: Bruce Gialitti of Miami allegedly held up a store, ran to where his getaway car was supposed to be and leaped into a Miami Police squad car. . . . Frederick Lee of Portland, Maine, injured his ankle in a 30-foot fall from a scaffolding and, as he was being taken to the hospital, glanced out the ambulance window to see his house on fire. . . . A Pennsylvania garage mechanic was working beneath a car when a woman, who had mistaken him for her husband, reached underneath the car and gave him an intimate squeeze. Startled, the mechanic lurched forward and was knocked unconscious when his head slammed into the car. He awoke on a stretcher and began to explain to the ambulance attendants what had happened. The attendants began to laugh uncontrollably, dropped the stretcher and added a broken leg to the man's injuries. . . . A young San Diego thief broke into a house, dropped a stereo set when a dog began to bark, lost his sneakers as he started to run away, charged into a parked car and broke his nose and hurt his knee, got up to dust himself off, stumbled, hit his head, vaulted over a fence and landed in the midst of a pack of dogs who bit him on the buttocks and legs.

The Census Bureau, in an effort to eliminate sexism, has adopted "neutral" job titles for 52 selected occupations:

Clergymen will be plain clergy, salesmen will be salesworkers, airline stewardesses will be flight attendants, bus boys will be waiters' assistants, newsboys will be newspaper carriers, and so on. Appropriately, the two agencies that ordered the name changes were the Women's Bureau and the Manpower Administration.

Sign spotted by Bill Kennedy, columnist for the L.A. *Herald-Examiner*, on the door of an office containing a Xerox machine: NOTICE! NO ONE SHALL TAMPER WITH THE SECRETARY'S REPRODUCTION EQUIPMENT.



An A.P. dispatch reports that an Albuquerque business firm asked for police help when members of its staff were harassed by obscene telephone calls. The firm is the Miniview Adult Cinema, which happens to specialize in porn flicks.

Now we understand why the Lone Ranger wore a mask. The National Rifle Association recently presented its coveted silver-bullet award to two Northern California sportsmen, and the following paragraph from the *San Francisco Examiner* may explain why their fellow hunters hold them in such esteem:

"Lester C. Hearn, San Pablo, made it with a moose he dropped last year in British Columbia. Larry Dwonch, Oakland, did it with a nontypical male deer aggregating 258.6 points." Was it good for you, too, Silver?

A man seeking to wed, said a Reuter's story, found out he was dead. When Antonio Carlos Margo went to the civil-registry office in São Paulo, Brazil, to obtain a marriage permit, he learned he had been dead for 24 years. Police confirmed that a death certificate signed by his father and a local doctor had been filed when Antonio was two years old. He was officially pronounced alive and permitted to marry, but police were unable to solve the mystery, since Antonio's father and the doctor were both dead—according to their death certificates, that is.

A reader reports that a woman in a crowded Oregon grocery store asked the young male cashier, in a soft, embarrassed voice, for a box of Tampax. The cashier, certain he'd been asked for a box of thumbtacks, said loudly: "Do you want the kind you push in with your thumb or the kind you hammer in?"

Is there too much sex on television? We think so. Assorted entries in TV listings: "Channel 36: Late Movie, *The Invisible Terror*—Scientist discovers a sperm to make men invisible." . . . "Channel 12: *The Affair*—The story of a bounty hunter who helps a young sheriff clean up a 32-year-old woman." . . . "Channel 9: *Irma la Douche*." . . . "Channel 8: *Police Story*—Two police officers who have worked together for ten years as a team find their relationship in jeopardy when one of the men shoots off by himself without so much as giving the other a nod."

Our man on the burly circuit tells us there's a new stripper who bills herself as Bobo Rebeze.

During the recent UFO craze, *The Roanoke Times* of Virginia recalled that a man named Truman Bethurum claimed



an unusual encounter with extraterrestrials. He told frequent stories about rides in a flying saucer piloted by an all-girl crew from the planet Clarion. Bethurum's wife became fed up, filed for divorce and named the female captain of the saucer as corespondent.

Hollywood residents aren't easily shocked anymore, but the following sign hung in the window of a dry cleaner located beside a Piece of Pizza eatery has caused a double take or four: DROP YOUR PANTS: GET A PIECE NEXT DOOR.

Whatever Momma wants: A man entered Pedigo's Grocery in Dallas, selected a few items and laid them on the check-out counter. "Let me go and see what else Mother wants," he said. Moments later, the man returned with a gun and told the clerk, "Mother said to clean the register out." Both mother and son escaped with \$400 and are doing well.

Royal pain in the ass: The official magazine of the Divine Light Mission, *And It Is Divine*, lists 16-year-old Guru Maharaj Ji as "Supreme Editor-in-Chief."

A correspondent in England tells us that British males made sterile by vasectomy have begun wearing ties with a special V embroidered on them. This is to advertise to women that they will be safe. Officials from Britain's vasectomy societies are concerned that many young men who haven't had the operation are apparently ordering the ties by the dozen.

Every now and then, families receiving food stamps through county social services must be recertified to assure their continuing eligibility. North Carolina's

*Charlotte Observer* tells of a poor fellow wandering around the County Department of Social Services: He walked around as though he weren't sure what to do. One of the social workers asked if she could help. "Well, I reckon so, ma'am," the man said. "They told me I had to be recircumcised for food stamps."

Nice guys finish last: In a local election in Laramie, Wyoming, both Louis Moreno and his wife decided to be good sports and cast their votes for Moreno's opponent. Moreno lost, 3947 votes to 3946.

The owner of a German shepherd told a court in Benefleet, England, that he rushed to the street when he heard the sounds of a savage dogfight. Outside, he found his dog engaged in a frenzied barking contest with Cyril Williams, 34. When police arrived, Williams insisted, "If I want to bark, I will." He was fined five pounds for using insulting behavior.

In a recent episode of *Police Story*, the television crime drama, a rape victim was played by Joy Bang.

A prospective juror in Eureka, California, was asked if he had any preconceptions about the case. "Well, I don't know," he said, "but neither of the attorneys looks very trustworthy to me." The judge dismissed him.

It may be an apocryphal story, but Mayor Howard Lee of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, claims that a recent incident convinced him of the loyalty of UNC basketball fans. Most games are sold out, so when the mayor spotted an empty seat next to a woman, he stopped and asked her whose seat it was. "It's my late husband's seat," she said. "I'm

sorry your husband is dead," the mayor replied, "but I'm also surprised you didn't give the ticket to a friend." "I tried to," the woman said. "I tried all our friends. But they all wanted to attend the funeral."

DINING-DRINKING

Spend some time with Bob Roubian, the unorthodox proprietor of *The Crab Cooker*—a modest seafood house located at 2200 Newport Boulevard in Newport Beach, California—and

he'll tell you about a recent phone call from the Western White House. "We're on a very tight schedule and we'd like to have dinner at



your restaurant," said the efficient voice. "There will be several members of the President's staff and one of his daughters. We'll be traveling in limousines. Would you please make reservations?" "I'm sorry, but we don't take reservations," said Roubian, observing an ironclad rule that's been in force for 22 years. "Perhaps you don't understand," the voice purred. "This is the *Western White House* calling—from San Clemente—and we'd like to eat at your restaurant. Would you please make reservations?" "I'd like to serve you, but if you're in that much of a hurry, how about an order to go?" Roubian politely suggested. "You could eat in the limousines." The White House party presumably went elsewhere that evening. One can only wonder who directed them to an obscure Orange County fish market/restaurant without first finding out that even Roubian's 83-year-old mother would have to wait for a table. Could this funky hangout—with its scuffed linoleum floors, stuffed great white sharks hanging from the ceiling and piscatorial bas-reliefs hand-carved from old chair bottoms—possibly have been a secret meeting place for the Ellsberg break-in conspirators, sort of an Apalachin West? Without committing the *gaffe* of phoning ahead for a reservation, we recently approached this unpretentious café and joined a long line queuing up not far from refrigerated display cases stocked with whole crabs, live clams and oysters, Alaskan king crabs, just-cooked



A can of talcum powder to Dr. Thomas Smith of London, who, in setting out to disprove the myth that Adam and Eve wore fig leaves, wore one himself. Dr. Smith later reported that fig leaves are as rough as sandpaper and would have produced rashes or abrasions. . . . According to Robert H. Hedges, manager of a sewer-cleaning-equipment company, Venus, the goddess of love, was also the goddess of sewers. The theory is based on Hedges' discovery that Venus was named after Rome's ancient sewage channel built in 800 B.C.





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“After we landed, disaster struck. Thump . . . thump . . . thump! A blowout on a lonely, wilderness road. And ‘Captain’ Jon Simmonds of the good ship ‘Baloon’ was just another earth-bound driver . . . wrestling with a spare tire.

“Later, we celebrated our adventure with Canadian Club at The Railcar in Vancouver.” Wherever you go, C.C. welcomes you. More people appreciate its incomparable taste. A taste that never stops pleasing. It’s the whisky that’s perfect company all evening long. Canadian Club—“The Best In The House”® in 87 lands.

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Imported in bottle from Canada.





lobster tails and white sea bass. Eventually, the redoubtable Roubian—a mustachioed, long-haired ex-Seabee who wears a gold pirate earring in his left ear lobe—led us beneath a portal reading EAT LOTS A FISH, past a huge caldron of steaming chowder, to a Spartan wooden table painted in red enamel. Three *Casablanca* fans revolved lazily on the ceiling above. The walls around us were laden with such eclectic clutter as antique school clocks, thermometers and an impressionistic canvas depicting a "snow"-encrusted Crab Cooker (it has never snowed in Newport Beach). A waitress arrived bearing oversized Dixie Cups brimming with The Crab Cooker's highly touted clam chowder (35 cents) and we were pleased to discover that it was a thick mixture worth twice the price for its generous, chewy clam morsels alone. The entrees were served on paper plates, accompanied by plastic picnic utensils. (Roubian doesn't believe in dishwashers.) They're extraordinary entrees—at minuscule prices. Fillet of northern white sea bass: \$2.75. Eastern scallops charbroiled on a skewer laced with bacon: \$3.50. Charcoal-broiled shrimps on a skewer: \$3.40. Succulent Alaskan king crab: \$5.95. Lobster: \$6.10. Fillet of troll Chinook salmon: \$3.45. Every entree is accompanied by romano potatoes or rice pilaf, Eastern cole slaw and bread sticks. No wonder the place serves 12,000 meals a week. While we were still standing in the long line at the door, we had noticed an economy compact parked at the curb; the bumper sticker read: IMPEACH NIXON. Maybe the Western White House crowd should have sent some finger-lickin' flunky out to the Colonel's. The Crab Cooker is open Monday through Thursday from 11 A.M. to 9 P.M., on Friday and Saturday from 11 A.M. to 10 P.M. and on Sunday from 10 A.M. to 9 P.M. No credit cards. No reservations. No hard liquor—only a very limited wine list that includes Mateus and several California whites.

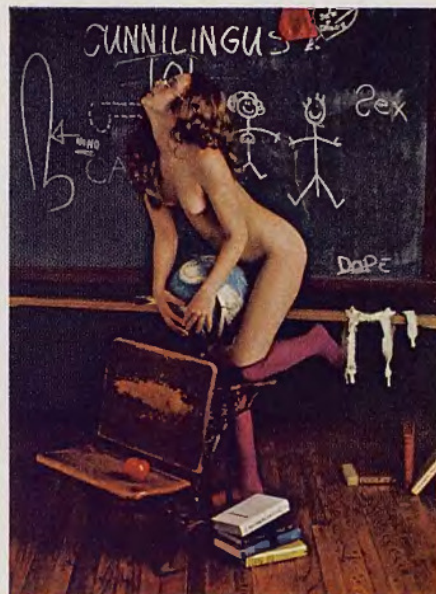
## EROTICA

A crucial rite de passage for any ambitious young American on his way to maturity, prosperity and a solid place in the business community is, of course, Getting into College. Last semester, pornography—that scapegrace poor relation of arts and letters—finally made it.

The class was listed in the catalog as Course No. 25—Pornography Uncovered, Eroticism Exposed, and it was one of the offerings of the New School for Social Research in Manhattan. The New School has prided itself on relevance and experimentalism since it was founded in 1919. It's no Yale or Harvard, but it's one of the most respected institutions of higher education and graduate instruction in the country. When the New School starts giving courses in pornography, it's

safe to say that, at least as far as the middlebrow intelligentsia of New York is concerned, porn is no longer beyond the pale.

Fellowships in fellatio and visiting lectureships in clitoral studies will, however, have to wait. The New School course, while it briefly elevated porn to university status simply by occurring at all, was not offered for credit, and there were no papers, no exams, no grades and no books—not even dirty ones. The "professor" wasn't even a scholar but a



New School publicity man named Michael C. Luckman. All the students had to do was pay their money (\$18 for the six one-hour-and-40-minute sessions, or \$3.50 for a one-shot admission) and scramble for seats in the packed auditorium.

At the first session, PORN IS FUN buttons were passed out, setting the tone for what followed—an entertainingly salacious version of a late-night television talk show. As the students—more than half of them women—filed into the room, slides of a nude young couple (John and Mimi Lobell, the authors of *A Free Marriage*) pleasuring each other flashed on a screen, and the Beatles' *Why Don't We Do It in the Road?* boomed from loudspeakers.

Luckman appeared onstage, proudly waving an antique chastity belt, which, like his own clothing, was made of leather and covered with metal studs. So much for history. Within a few minutes, he was chatting with his first guest, Marilyn Chambers, star of *Behind the Green Door*, *The Resurrection of Eve* and the Ivory Snow box. Chambers looked fetchingly demure in a green pants suit—she is the prettiest of the porn superstars (see *Sex, Soap and Success* elsewhere in this issue)—and she answered the audience's empty-headed questions in kind.

As the weeks went by, the course managed a fair survey of the state of Gotham porn. *Kumquats*, dubiously billed as the world's first erotic puppet show,

squeezed out a few papier-mâché laughs; a rock group called The Harlots of 42nd Street proved worthy of its name; Anton Perich's experimental video troupe, best known for having treated Manhattan cable-TV viewers to the tape of a man inserting a light bulb into his anus, cavorted meaninglessly onstage in sub-Warholian style; an "erotic fashion show" featured dresses with cutouts at the nipples; and Al Goldstein, the shambling gonif who edits *Screw*, discoursed on freedom of the press.

Porn film stars Tina Russell and Marc Stevens appeared at a later session, dealing heavily in *double-entendres*. To make porn flicks, "you have to have the head for it," Stevens explained with meaningful emphasis. "I decided to stick it out."

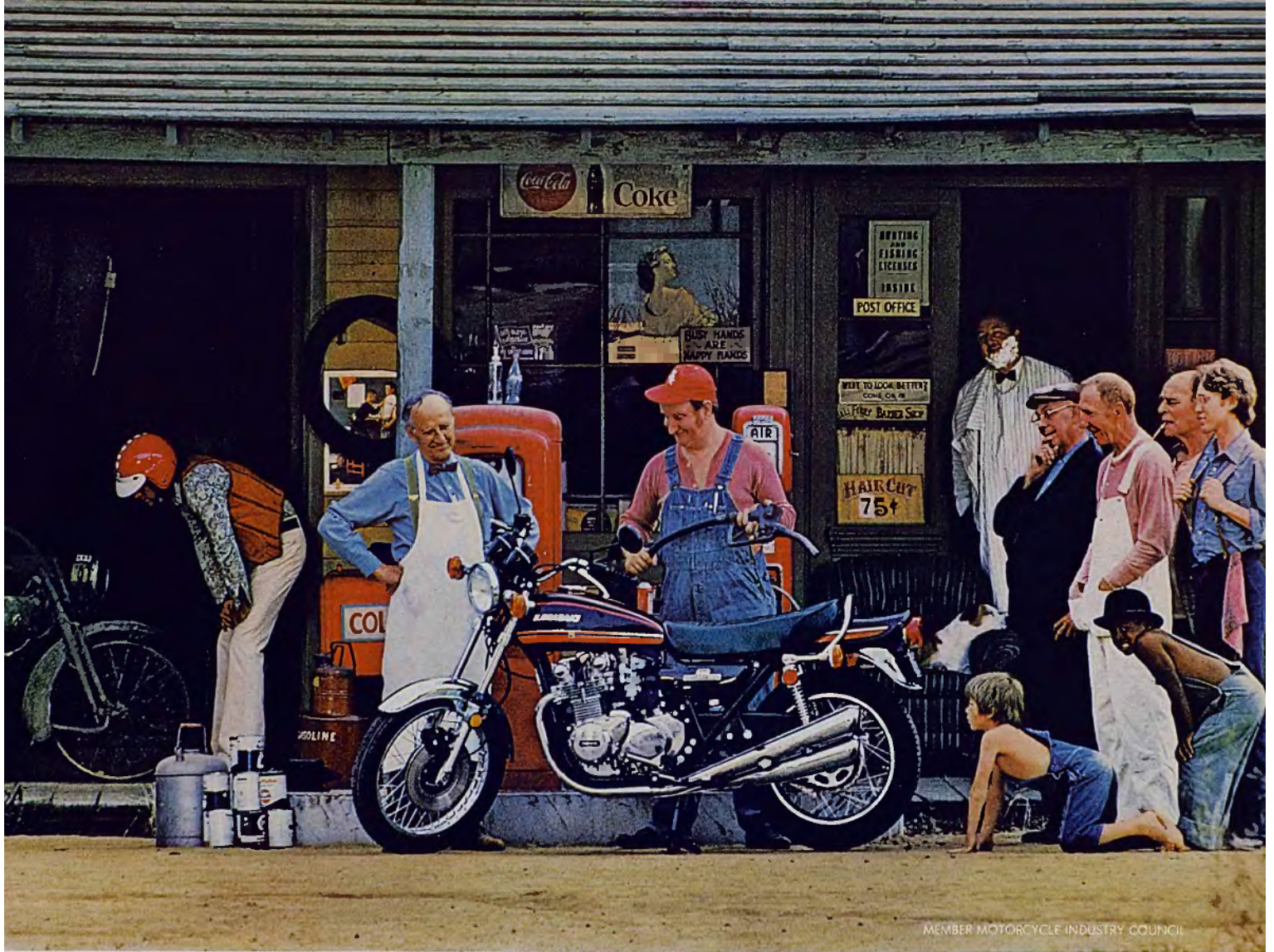
The course's single gesture toward seriousness was a panel discussion on "Pornography, Morality and the Law." The audience listened in puzzlement as Raymond Gauer, a Babbitty individual in the shiny brown suit and two-tone shoes of a small-town racing tout, pledged "to drive pornography back into the gutters of our society, where it belongs." Gauer runs an outfit called the Citizens Committee for Decent Literature. Herbert Kassner, a lawyer who represents most of the Times Square peep shows and bookstores, retorted: "I don't see why people should care if I take a book into the bathroom and do whatever it inclines me to do."

The course gave pornography a dollop of respectability, and the New School turned a profit on it. But the big winner was Luckman, who now appears to have a lucrative year or two ahead of him as a smalltime entrepreneur. A lecture bureau has contracted for his services; and he's putting together a "Porn Is Fun Homecoming Weekend" package to take on tour to college campuses. He's also negotiating for a large advance on a book he proposes to write (tentative title: *Dirt: the Story of Pornography in America*). A police bust would have helped his lecture bookings and paperback sales, but the fuzz was unwilling or unable to oblige. The four plainclothes members of the public-morals squad who attended did so, they said, strictly for educational purposes. It seems that as a menace to society, pornography just doesn't pack much of a punch anymore.

## ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

The supper club is an all-but-vanished New York institution, slowly going the way of double-decker buses and five-cent ferry rides. Against the trend, one welcome and well-appointed new perch for night owls is *Reno Sweeney* (126 West 13th Street), a Greenwich Village boîte named





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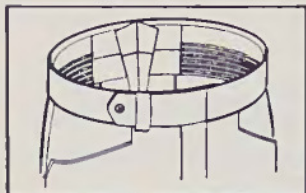
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by proprietor and pianist Lewis Friedman for the rowdy character Ethel Merman played in Cole Porter's vintage musical *Anything Goes*. The word is out that nearly everyone in the know has been going to Reno Sweeney ever since a bunch of "in" people hired the place to whoop up a 1972 New Year's Eve party for singer Bette Midler, thereby triggering the elusive chemistry of success. With dim lights, fresh flowers, brick walls and rich wood paneling blended in a style vaguely shipshape and discreetly chic, Sweeney earns its swelling reputation both as a first-class dining spot and as a showcase for some of the most upwardly mobile singing talent on the café scene. Melissa Manchester (an alumna of Miss Midler's Harlettes, and a fast-rising recording star since her breakthrough on these premises), Novella Nelson (of *Purlic*), Alaina Reid, Lee Horwin and Ellen Greene are a few of the gifted *chanteuses* whose "now" sensibility draws a youngish crowd. Sounds of the Seventies mingle subtly with the Forties ambience of Sweeney's Paradise Room, where entertainers pause for station identification under a twinkling neon sign inspired by art deco. Patrons with good memories should dig piano interludes by Friedman and singing guitarist Tiger Haynes—a veteran of the old Bon Soir, where he ignited his own group, The Three

## RENO SWEENEY

Flames—coolly performing *Too Darn Hot* and similar oldies favored by the smart set several decades ago. Before, during or after the show, a slew of spruce young waiters who seem to be on shore leave from the Good Ship Lollipop hustle the specialties of the house from an eclectic, medium-priced menu, all à la carte and above average to choice in quality. The minimum varies from night to night, with a high of \$8 per person on week-ends. Monday is audition night, when a dozen or more brave young things sing their hearts out in front of a live audience to see whether they merit a regular booking at Reno Sweeney. The experience is well worth the trip downtown. Phone: 212-242-1366.

### BOOKS

One of last year's most notable books was Lillian Hellman's "Pentimento." The book struck a kind of moral toughness and a sort of uneasy truce with life that would move any reader and make him curious about this woman. We asked Staff Writer Craig Vetter, who lives in California, if he would spend an afternoon with Hellman, who was touring the

state to promote her book. He jumped at the chance and sent us the following report:

Lillian Hellman had been in Hollywood before, off and on, writing for the movies during the years that the film industry moons over nowadays: Fitzgerald was here, Hemingway sometimes, Nathanael West; stars, easy money, front-page fistfights. She didn't like it much then and she doesn't now. On the afternoon we talked, in novelist Peter Feibleman's house above Sunset Strip, she said that most of the friends she had here are gone now. Then she made a gesture with her cigarette hand that turned them and those years to smoke. In some ways, it seems strange to her that she has outlived so many of her friends and writer contemporaries. "I never really thought of myself as a survivor," she told me. "I never thought I had much stamina. But I guess a survivor is someone who survives."

Survive hardly describes what Lillian Hellman has done with her 40 years as a writer. She has been one of America's most successful and most often produced playwrights and in the past several years, she has written two nonfiction reminiscences: *An Unfinished Woman* and now *Pentimento*. Both books become one when you've finished them: remembered friends, some literary, some not, things from her childhood, some enemies, some lovers and, especially, Dashiell Hammett, with whom she lived for years.

"Yes, I still think I'm lazy," she told me when I asked about the last line of *An Unfinished Woman*. "But I'm not sad about it anymore; it's my way of working. I always knew I had a greater passion for life than for writing. But everybody works in his own time and maybe I needed all that I've had. I swear every time I finish something that I'm going to keep going, write every day, but I never do." She is hard on herself in these books (and even while we talked) and she said people have been telling her that all her life. "I have other kinds of vanity than that," she said. "As severe as it sounds, I think we're responsible for the people we've lived with or loved or even slept with. You don't have to kill yourself about it, or punish yourself endlessly . . . but finally your life is a reflection of you and you have to admit it."

I told her that in the books she doesn't seem to think of being a woman as something that needs to be cured or undone. "I get angry telephone calls from angry women," she said. "I've always been rather pleased about being a woman and I've always gotten away with a great deal because of it. I don't mean to underestimate the bad time that women have in this world. But if men have been the exploiters, enemies, they have also been the exploited. No question that there are many men who want to put women down, but on the times I've been badly treated by

men, it seems to me I was just a fool for having walked into it, maybe courted it."

Hammett came into the conversation several times and she tells him the way she writes him: steely, impatient sometimes, patient others, and always, you feel, a man who knew more than he was



saying. The afternoon's best story had Hammett in it: She was telling me that she learned lessons slowly and late.

"Hammett once told me I was severely handicapped because I never believed anybody was stupid. I went all the way around the block: To me, people were villainous or they were kindly, but I simply could not understand stupidity. I used to ask him long questions about it because it puzzled me and he said it was true but he couldn't explain it to me.

"Then about ten or twelve years ago, I found myself in a car with a man I'd known not well but for years, and I said to myself, 'This man is stupid.' He was saying something quite mean and I thought, 'You stupid bastard, that's all you are.' I was so excited I called a friend and told her, 'He's stupid,' and she said, 'My God, Lillian, everybody's known that for forty years.' I don't think she understood quite, but that was one of the happiest nights of my life. I can't tell you how happy I was that night."

Every revolution has its disillusioned Orwells, for whom the loss of faith is accompanied by an overwhelming bitterness. It was long before the Rolling Stones' tour of the summer of 1972 that the myth of the Good and Kind triumphant was to explode; that happened even before the Stones' concert at Altamont in 1969. Yet the Stones never really were the good guys, never respectable in the same offbeat way that The Beatles were, and, for all its anger, *S.T.P. (A Journey Through America with the Rolling Stones)* (Saturday Review Press/Dutton) reads like a screenplay for a kinky *Hard Day's Night*. Assigned to the tour by *Rolling Stone* magazine until the better known Truman Capote replaced him, Robert Greenfield took the trip with the Stones and entourage, and continued to interview them



# THINK THINS

LESS "TAR" THAN MOST  
KINGS, 100'S, MENTHOLS,  
NON-FILTERS.\*

20 FILTER  
CIGARETTES

MENTHOL  
TOO.

*Silva*  
**THINS**

*Silva THINS 100'S*

# THINK SILVA THINS 100'S

\*According to the latest U.S. Government figures.  
Filter and Menthol: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept., '73.

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



after their Madison Square Garden triumphs. There are few heroes in *S. T. P.*—some of the behind-the-scenes staff, a couple of the hangers-on and/or -around. The villain is, of course, Mick Jagger. Greenfield's ability to tell the story is so vibrant that he almost gets away with conning the reader into believing that it's all right for a kid to rip off tickets to the concert but that for Jagger to understand high finance is all wrong.

There are books that are honestly aimed at a mass audience and genuinely supply something that the public wants—take *The Godfather*, for instance, or any of the Jackie Susann novels. Then there are clear-cut cases of cultural ambulance chasing, publishers' climbing on the band wagon after the movie, the comic books, the sweat shirts and the bubble gum have established the existence of a market.

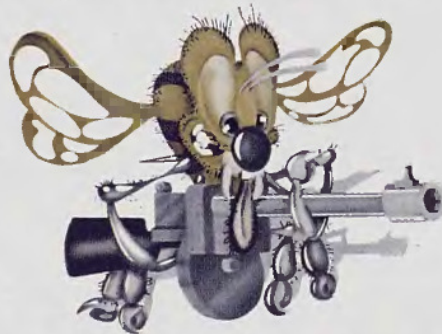
Take, for instance, *Pat Loud: One Woman's Story* (Coward, McCann). (One thing that is typical of this kind of book is deceit in the title; Pat Loud is as typical of women as Tom Dempsey, the deformed field-goal kicker, is of football players.) After all those *honest* television shows about the Louds, now, presumably, we are going to get the real story. Well, what then were those TV shows—shows that were so faithful to an aesthetic of naturalism that Emile Zola himself might not have been able to abide them—all about? And if the raw material of the shows didn't do the job, what about the magazine articles? Or the countless appearances of the countless Louds on countless talk shows? Enough. This is an awful book. The television series suffered from what is known in formal criticism as the imitative fallacy: It tried to portray tedium by giving us a tedious presentation. This book just compounds the error.

We can be thankful that Mrs. Loud has so far inflicted only one book on us. Given time, she may prove that she is capable of other cruelties—like David Reuben, the M.D. who just doesn't seem to know how to let go of a good thing. His first book was called *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex\* \*But Were Afraid to Ask*. Fair enough. But once you've told us everything about one thing, shouldn't you move on to something else? Like taxidermy or drowsing.

Not Reuben. He knows when he's got a good thing going and, by God, he's not letting go of it. Besides, as a number of authorities have pointed out, he doesn't know all *that* much about sex. What he does know is how to be insufferably cute and get on the Johnny Carson show. (The lesson to be learned from these two books: If the author has been on Johnny Carson's program before the book is written, it will be junk.) Capitalizing on these talents, Reuben wrote *Any Woman Can!*, which is distinguished by a leering pomposity that makes the first book seem like

a serious treatment of the subject. No small feat. Now Reuben has topped even himself with *How to Get More Out of Sex* (David McKay). The book is infuriatingly glib, packed with quotes from "patients" who all talk like that *Cosmopolitan Girl*, and entirely devoid of serious intent. Consider the following quote from the good doctor and save your money: "Every woman in this world has more sexual potential packed into her pelvis than a corral full of wild stallions. Females are designed, equipped and destined to have as many as 40 orgasms an hour, three times a night, seven nights a week, 52 weeks a year. Fortunately for the men of America, even though they have it [*sic*], most ladies don't flaunt it. And that's part of the problem."

Arthur Herzog's *The Swarm* (Simon & Schuster) stacks up as a combo of *The Birds* and the bees. It opens with a swarm of black-banded beauties zooming down on a picnicking family and stinging both parents to death. As the savage bees



multiply, people panic, the economy collapses and refugees flock to the cities. Herzog, a journalist by trade, lays all this—and more—on you in crisp prose, with footnotes, print-outs, bibliography and glossary, so that you even find yourself buying his far-out climax when the bees attack Manhattan. True, you learn more about apiculture than you really want to know. Also, you may find it pretty reminiscent of *The Andromeda Strain* and, in a different way, of the recent *Jaws*. But that isn't too bad, and it's still a hairy, scary read—the more so because Herzog cites proof that there really *are* such bees, that they *have* broken loose, in Brazil, and are steadily migrating toward your own back yard *right now*. Homicidal bees, for God's sake! Next thing we know, Jonathan Livingston Seagull will be out to get us!

When President Theodore Roosevelt called Lincoln Steffens a muckraker, he thought he was insulting the man. But Steffens, Upton Sinclair, Ida Tarbell and others picked up the term and wore it like a badge of honor through some of the most exciting years in American journalism. Muckraking faded away in the decades after World War One, only to experience a recent revival in the work

of investigative reporters such as Jack Newfield, Seymour Hersh and the Watergate Twins, Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward. So it's an auspicious season for the appearance of *Lincoln Steffens* (Simon & Schuster), by Justin Kaplan, whose last biography, *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain*, won a National Book Award.

Steffens did a little of everything before he settled on his brand of tough-minded, exhaustively researched reporting. He studied in Europe in the fashion of bohemian *émigrés*. He tried his hand at fiction and criticism. He edited a New York newspaper that reached for literary excellence. Finally, he drifted into journalism and wrote *The Shame of the Cities*, a series of articles for *McClure's* magazine that was later published as a book. Steffens became the grand old man of reform, generous with his time and his advice (his protégés included John Reed and Walter Lippmann). He visited Russia and was representative of a generation of American intellectuals in his infatuation with the Soviet experiment. Steffens' one immortal quote followed a visit to Russia and is unfortunate in its naïveté. "I have seen the future, and it works." (A better crack was his observation about U. S. conduct in its border war with Mexico: We Americans can't seem to get it, that you can't commit rape a little.)

Steffens' life is interesting for several reasons. He is important—crucial—to the history of American journalism (there are city editors who wish that young reporters had never heard of the man) and he was a pivotal figure in the country's intellectual experience in this century. But there is a distressing aspect to this book. Steffens and the other muckrakers took on some strikingly familiar targets: machine politics, the trusts, the oil companies, arms merchants. After reading this book, one has reason to be less than sanguine about what hard-nosed journalism can accomplish. (Chicago, near the head of the pack in the corrupt-cities sweepstakes, has more daily newspapers than any other American city.) After all, what was ever done about *The Shame of the Cities*?

*Great Tom* (Harper & Row), by T. S. Matthews, is another engrossing literary biography. In his will, T. S. Eliot insisted that his heirs refuse to cooperate with any biographers. (He didn't like the idea of a study of a poet himself getting mixed up with a study of the poet's work.) Matthews, as a result, has taken what there is in the public domain, examined the literary output and made a few educated guesses to tell the poet's story. He does it well, without going off the critical deep end and without playing Freud either. He manages to tell an entertaining story full of lively gossip and intelligent observations about the elusive modern master. Anybody who was baffled



# WHAT TO DO AFTER YOU'VE WASHED YOUR SOCKS,



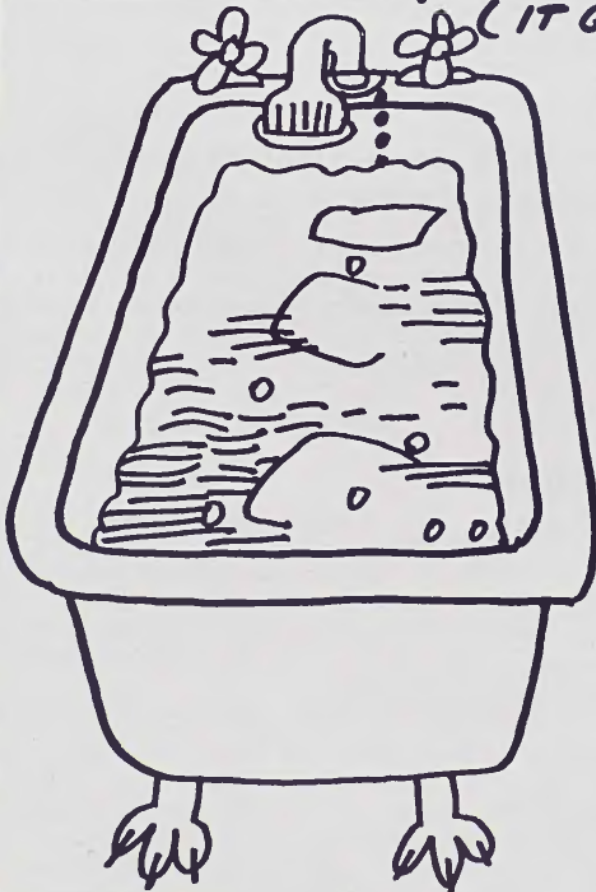
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you have  
problem  
perspiration?**

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or awed by *The Waste Land* and wanted to know something about its creator will enjoy *Great Tom*. And authorized biographers might learn how to keep an interesting life from being submerged under a mass of boring detail.

William Kotzwinkle's *The Fan Man* (Avon) is Horse Badorties, a jive-talking magician-visionary who stalks the East Village "in a fit of wild buying," collecting "an abominable sea of trash"; to him—"irreplaceable articles of valuable precious design." Horse adventures to Chinatown on the subway, through the city's dingy wilderness in a rickety school bus, past menacing "P.R.s" whose music terrorizes him as much as their switchblades. He looks for runaway "chicks" to perform his "Love chorus"—but also labors (lamely) to seduce them. He babbles elaborate money-losing schemes into portable tape recorders and cools his overworked brain with battery-powered fans. Horse's search for "the great roaring drone of the supreme fan . . . the primal voice" blends with a chaotic quest for *oneness* (samadhi) that requires the "spontaneous rapture of childhood recovered." This traps Kotzwinkle into some distracting stuff about reincarnation, evolutionary progress and a kind of universal musical Oversoul. But he focuses convincingly on his enduringly screwed-up antihero. The ultimate moment of unity goes off on schedule; Horse is out of sight. But he has had his "vision," and Kotzwinkle makes us see that it is, on its own absurdist terms, a victory.

Having been weaned on far too many *Mission: Impossible*s, five young people hire a retired and tired ex-soldier to help them free a friend from a foreign jail where he would otherwise rot. Except for a few false notes in this familiar suspense story, Michael Mewshaw has managed to create honest rather than cardboard characters, to evoke a chilling sense of place and to involve the reader. If the hypothetical distance between a formula caper novel and an uncommon one is as great as the actual distance between Morocco's Atlantic coast line and its border with Algeria, then in *The Toll* (Random House), Mewshaw gets almost to the Sahara.

### RADIO

There is as yet no historical proof that the Forties and the Fifties were deliberate. It has become accepted, therefore, among most well-meaning people to regard them as the kind of accidents that can happen to anybody. No permanent damage; they'll come out with a little ice water and some Glory spray foam.

This is not the attitude encouraged by the staff of the *National Lampoon* magazine, which takes the Forties and the



Fifties personally. For three years the *Lampoon* has been filling its pages with occasionally brilliant, consistently virulent parodies of how *crewcut* we all were in those dear dead days not yet beyond recall: moronically beaming moms and dads, Uncle Sam offing the Dutch Conspiracy, advice columnists warning that premarital petting could cause you to get run over by a bus.

It's all become somewhat gratuitous, and now there's a radio version of *Lampoon*. Syndicated in about 130 U.S. cities, *The National Lampoon Radio Hour* is billed as "the first new comedy program specifically created for radio in a quarter of a century" (they were maybe forgetting the syndicated series *Chicken Man* and the *Tooth Fairy*?); in fact, it takes up where the magazine refuses to let off: with a death grip on the aforementioned decades.

Michael O'Donoghue, a *Lampoon* editor and creative director of the radio effort, has admitted that the *Radio Hour* is "very much the magazine translated into sound." Actually, the sound is more of an echo. In the weeks following its mid-November debut, at least, the show was firmly focused on facile nostalgia. A spoof of a radio serial might begin: "And now it's time for *The Lost Glider*—the mystery ship of the air lanes. Let's listen!" Or there might be a parody of a self-improvement commercial: a Flatbush-accented voice nasally pitching the "Academy D'Indianapolis D'Accent Françoise." Or a public-service lampoon: "Hello, I'm the Lone Ranger. Each year, thousands of babies are born with masks. . . ." That sort of thing.

Some of the material is funny, especially that in the vein of the *Lampoon's* hit off-Broadway revue, *Lemmings*. Some is formula-acceptable, in the derivative manner of *Laugh-In* quickies: "And what about the Nazi Dr. Doolittle—he *made* the animals talk." Some of it is pure hostility. And some, unforgivably, isn't original at all—such as a cut lifted from an old Homer and Jethro album.

When O'Donoghue's marksmen do swivel their artillery away from the past and take aim on the present, the results are sublime: An end-of-1973 "Impeachment Day spectacular" wreaked merry havoc with Mrs. Nixon, the missing tapes, the Reverend Billy Graham and a Senator who demanded, "What did the President know, and when did he stop knowing?"

*The Radio Hour* should leave the kitschy past to the mercy of Bette Midler and tarry longer in the Seventies. Or at least combine the two, as in the more recent marriage of old-time radio and Watergate, a skit called "Fibber Magruder and Martha." After all, the energy crisis, Rose Mary Woods, Henry Aaron, airport terrorists, toilet-paper commercials have as much right as *The Lost Glider* to be treated viciously and in poor taste. The



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## MOVIES

There was no stinting by writer-producer William Peter Blatty nor director William Friedkin on *The Exorcist*. The film version of Blatty's best seller cost a reported \$10,000,000, most of it splashed upon the screen in a deluxe display of opulent settings, fine acting, unnerving special effects and grand camerawork (by Owen Roizman, with an assist from England's ace cinematographer Billy Williams, who shot the hypnotic, ominous



prolog in Iraq). Above all, the movie is a triumph of technology—a chillingly graphic (but rather hollow) rehash of the slick supernatural horror-cum-hokum that held 6,000,000 readers in thrall by depicting the forces of good and evil at war in a demon-possessed child, whose mother just happens to be a famous Hollywood actress making a film on location in Washington, D.C. As the child, Regan, young Linda Blair has a role that could clinch awards for the make-up department and sound men, who keep her looking hideous while she growls basso-profundo obscenities in several languages, masturbates with a crucifix, then invites her mother to perform what used to be thought an unnatural act. Nevertheless, *The Exorcist* carries an R rating, presumably avoiding an X because it's a classy production under the flag of director Friedkin, a perennial winner whose last box-office coup was *The French Connection*. Yet class counts for something, and you can size up *The Exorcist* by the company it keeps. There's Sweden's Max von Sydow, very grave in the title role; actor-writer Jason Miller in an auspicious film debut as Father Karras,

the doubting younger priest who makes a supreme sacrifice; Lee J. Cobb, marvelous as a star-struck local detective; and, by no means least, Ellen Burstyn, who turns her difficult one-dimensional role as the desperate mother into a major emotional outlet. The cast also includes a couple of bona fide Catholic priests in speaking roles, doubling as technical advisors with other reverend fathers and a few certified M.D.s. Short of a papal seal or an A.M.A. endorsement, who could ask for anything more?

An enormous godhead floats over the countryside, terrorizing the primitive survivors of some global cataclysm. In an oasis known as The Vortex, a privileged race of Eternals remains young forever—the protectors of all mankind's past knowledge, their existence frozen into a pinpoint of time beyond history, beyond even such obsolete human needs as sleep and sex. Into this antiseptic 23rd Century paradise comes a rough man named Zed, stowed away within the head of the great god, Zardoz. Zed has discovered books, knows the secret of Zardoz—and is revealed as a messiah who will inseminate the beautiful computer-programmed priestess Consuela and save the world for love, sex, family, self-determination and heart-warming human values. Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling (see our March pictorial), as Zed and his paramour, make a handsome pair of pioneers for founding a brave new world, though *Zardoz* is elementary science fiction if compared, for example, with the wonders of Stanley Kubrick's *2001*. In his triple-threat capacity as writer-producer-director, John Boorman (director of *Point Blank* and *Deliverance*) invites such comparisons but appears at a loss when he has to follow up his initial conception with the soaring flights of fantasy the movie demands. Boorman's best previous films have been full of direct, violent action: by waxing philosophic in *Zardoz*, he wrote himself into a corner with reams of pretentious deep-think dialog and is finally compelled to blast his way out as usual. Evidence suggests that *Zardoz* became too heavy to handle, though a great deal of work went into it, sometimes yielding awesome visual effects.

Infinitely more modest—and finally far more satisfying—*Fantastic Planet* (titled *La Planete Sauvage* in the original French) is a French-Czech animation film, a full-length science-fiction fantasy directed by René Laloux with stylistic finesse and giant steps of imagination. The tale concerns a gargantuan race of Draags, who keep tiny Oms—or humans—as house pets, the way people keep salamanders and tropical fish. Comes the revolution, there are close shaves and complications sufficient to tantalize adventure lovers of all ages. Adults should appreciate the muted visual style. As an

aid to younger fry, *Planete's* subtitled narration and dialog has been redone in English for the film's general release.

Twenty-nine-year-old writer-director Terrence Malick, whose cool, brilliant *Badlands* brought the 1973 New York Film Festival to a startling climax, described the killer hero of the piece (played by Martin Sheen) as a boy who considers his gun "a magic wand that settles any difficulty in a fairy-tale romance." Thus Malick pretty well summarized the theme, style and substance—if not the impact—of his dazzling debut as a feature-film maker. Clearly inspired by the real-life case of Charles Starkweather, a teenage terror



who went to the electric chair after taking his 14-year-old girlfriend on a cross-country spree of murder and robbery back in the Fifties, *Badlands* ignores both sociology and psychoanalysis as explanations for the behavior of its hero and heroine, Kit and Holly. They are simply a pair of witless contemporary kids who pool their ignorance along with the crazy myths of romance and adventure they've picked up from James Dean, pop music, pop movies and a thousand and one television epics in which violent death has begun to seem as commonplace as a head cold. Malick dramatizes the banality of evil with wry, diabolical detachment, following scenes of carnage with a recurrent narrative spoken by Holly (Sissy Spacek) in the flat accents of a dime-store ribbon clerk who has learned about passion from the pages of *Modern Screen*. After her sexual initiation with Kit, she declares she's glad it's over. Then her daddy finds out: "As punishment for deceiving him, he went and shot my dawg." Soon after, Daddy (a brief, vivid character sketch by Warren Oates) is shot and left in a burning house to kick off Kit's rampage of swift retribution. In a fair sampling of Malick's mordant humor, Holly watches her beau blast a hole in a friend's stomach and quietly asks, "Is he upset?" Their macabre odyssey—splendidly photographed and set to music for a ritual dance of death—ends on a high poetic plane that Bonnie and Clyde never quite reached, though they were aimed in the same general direction. Since the heroic



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qualities that Holly sees in her psychotic Prince Charming are never openly disavowed, nor even seriously questioned in a society that applauds any sort of celebrity. *Badlands* is a savage and possibly subversive fable of our time—honest, artful, ugly as sin, but charged with excitement by an important young director from the lightning-bolt school of cinema.

All card-carrying members of *Flipper* and *Lassie* fan clubs may plunge headlong into *The Day of the Dolphin*, which is scarcely deep enough to frighten off a child of ten. The enchantment of watching a dolphin couple named Alpha and Beta—who fall in love, splash around, learn plain English from George C. Scott and ultimately destroy a yachtful of deadly conspirators plotting a Presidential assassination—cannot be denied. "Sic 'em," says George, in effect, and Alpha darts through the briny to the spot where Beta is being held by fin-nappers. The moral of the story, gleaned by adapter Buck Henry from Robert Merle's novel, is that men are the most dangerous mammals on earth. Bear it in mind, along with your boy-scout oath and the pledge of allegiance. The adult moviegoer has trouble with *Day of the Dolphin* because he's been conditioned to expect more substantial fare from Henry, producer Joseph E. Levine and director Mike Nichols—*The Graduate* crowd joining the actor who turned down an Oscar for *Patton* to bring forth a rousing kiddie-matinee feature. OK, they're entitled. Yet even on those terms, the movie is a disappointment. While the photography is pretty, Nichols appears to be making a fetish of the formally framed cartoon style that served



him so well in *Carnal Knowledge*. Here his undernourished fiction hasn't enough compensating richness of scientific fact to support a half-hour TV documentary, and a supporting cast led by Trish Van Devere (the newlywed Mrs. Scott off-screen), Paul Sorvino, Fritz Weaver and



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Elizabeth Wilson squanders a load of talent. *Dolphin's* most wasted asset is Scott himself, a heavyweight miscast as the idealistic scientist—a little like Moby Dick thrashing in a minnow pond.

## RECORDINGS

*Ben Webster, the legendary tenor-sax man, died last fall in self-imposed exile in Europe. Shortly before his death, Denver free-lance writer Rachel Morris, while traveling in Denmark, tracked Webster down to his Copenhagen apartment and talked him into sitting still for an interview. Her report follows:*

Webster sat in his shiny blue pajamas on the edge of his unmade bed, counting off on his fingers the jazz giants who were gone. Johnny Hodges, Coleman Hawkins, Fletcher Henderson . . . he seemed near to tears. But suddenly he turned, flashing a sly glance at me, and a laugh rumbled up from his big belly. "I think I'm too evil to die," he said.

He was wrong about that. But before he went, he made a big deal out of being evil—if you believe half the stories told about him. In each, he was more outrageous, demanding, fierce, hot-tempered, hard-drinking and womanizing than in the last. One tale had it that an American college girl, traveling in Europe, called on him at his apartment one day; Webster liked what he saw, locked the door after



her and didn't unlock it for three weeks.

My experience was somewhat different. Webster wasn't eager for an interview when I called him, but after asking me if my rear was round or flat—and apparently being satisfied with my answer—he invited me over to rub his back. He greeted me—sober but with morning-after eyes—wearing only his pajama top. Shuffling on spindly legs that had been broken in a fall from a Danish bandstand, he ushered me into his hopelessly messy apartment and lugged his big-chested body over to the bed. He would put his pajama bottoms on, he said, "in case somebody else come in." Then—just so everything would be business, he informed me—he announced we would sit side by side, on the bed, and he'd look straight out the doorway instead of at me.

Gradually, he sank into memories. His most powerful were of Ellington, with whom he'd played during the greatest years of Duke's band. "I musta had a father," Webster observed. "But Duke's really my father. Shit, that's where I wanted to be—in his band—and God was good enough to let me get there. I learned so much from that man. Duke," he whispered, shutting his eyes. "I tried to dress like Duke. When I could walk, I tried to walk like Duke. But I always tried to play like Johnny Hodges. He had the feeling."

So great was his admiration for Hodges, in fact, that during his last year, Webster had bought an alto sax and secretly worked on it, listening to Hodges tapes by the hour. Webster worshiped Hodges the way eight Danish tenor players, invited to Ben's birthday celebration at a Danish club, worshiped Webster. One by one they appeared, imitating him note for note.

But admiration didn't pay the rent. When things became particularly tight, Webster would quietly borrow from friends in the States. It was a matter of honor for him, though, to pay back each loan.

"It's kinda hard to make a living playin' music," he acknowledged. "You got to be crazy to play that horn. You understand? I know how to do only two things—steal and play music. But shit—this is Denmark. You don't steal here."

What he could, and did, do in Denmark was drink. "I know I'm a hell of a drinker," he admitted as he began belting down shots of gin. "But you know why?" Slowly, he answered his own question. "It's because I have no family. Can you understand that?" He sat in silence for a moment, head hanging. Then a sly chuckle slipped out.

"You thought I wasn't lookin' at you, didn't you? You thought I was lookin' out the door. But see that mirror?"

I saw it. All the time, he had been watching my reflection in a mirror beside the door. Ben Webster roared at how he had conned me. I suppose that's how he died: conning, cussing, boozing—and, I hope, laughing.

Webster did manage to record during his exile. And some of the best of what he did is now available as a twin-LP package, *Ben Webster at Work in Europe* (Prestige), which combines a Dutch (he spent a number of years in Amsterdam) and a Danish session. The latter are the archetypal Webster sides—all Ellington numbers except *One for the Guv'nor* (Webster's nickname for the Duke), and that's a take-off on the Ellington jumper *Cotton Tail*. *I Got It Bad (and That Ain't Good)*, *Prelude to a Kiss* and *In a Sentimental Mood* are liquid gold; the notes seem to pour effortlessly out of Webster's horn. *Drop Me Off at Harlem* and *Rockin' in Rhythm*, on the other hand, done in an infectious

loping tempo, clearly indicate his indebtedness to Johnny Hodges. The Dutch sides are a mixed bag—Thelonious Monk's *Straight, No Chaser*, Nat Adderley's *Work Song*, Horace Silver's *The Preacher* and the traditional *John Brown's Body*—that's crammed with exciting sounds. The loss of Webster leaves a gaping void in the jazz world.

Insanity lives! It walks the earth in the guise of Mel Brooks, who, abetted by the world's leading abettor, Carl Reiner, has resuscitated his 2000-year-old man for *2000 and Thirteen* (Warner Bros.). The mad, *non sequitur* humor of Brooks continues unabated. A few samples: Brooks as the bimillennarian attributes his longevity to "will to live"—not "the will to live" but Dr. Will Tolive. A slow developer, he breast-fed for 200 years, which

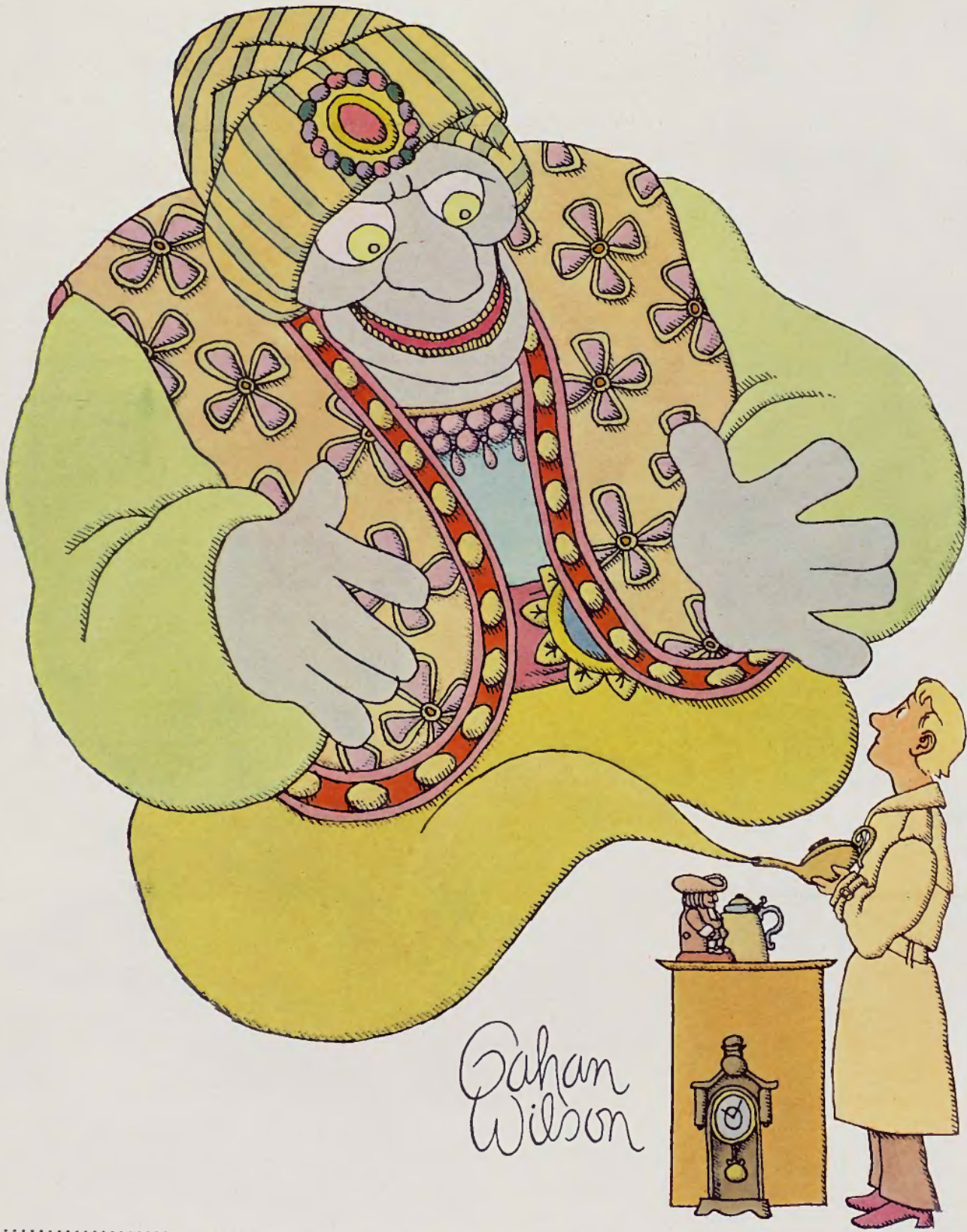


he describes as the happiest days of his life. A thrill. His diet: cool mountain water and a stuffed cabbage. Long ago, he ate only organic, natural things—clouds, stars. The first superior being he believed in: Phil. A great inventor: Onan—he discovered himself. The greatest invention: Liquid Prell. You put a heart-lung machine in your medicine cabinet, it falls out, it'll break. Not Liquid Prell. Mel Brooks—a reassuring island of craziness in a sea of sobriety.

When The Band is coasting, it's still better than all but a handful of current groups. We all know that, right? So it should be no surprise that *Moondog Matinee* (Capitol) is joyful and competent as hell, even while it wallows in trendy nostalgia. These are oldies but goodies, although a few baddies do manage to creep in: a totally blah version of *Third Man Theme* and some Fifties honk, *Ain't Got No Home*. Forget these and listen to Allen Toussaint's great mock lament (and arrangement) *Holy*



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Cow, with Rick Danko's vocal; Robbie Robertson's fancy guitar on *Mystery Train*; and Levon Helm's singing of Chuck Berry's *Promised Land* against wah-wah guitar and rinky-tink piano. Finally, there are two vigorous lessons in the history of rock 'n' roll: Fats Domino's *I'm Ready* and the Lieber-Stoller *Saved*. There may not be much coasting here, after all.

John Prine has done another fine album, this time with backings from a superior band composed of Reggie Young, Steve Goodman, Grady Martin, Steve Burgh and others of note. On *Sweet Revenge* (Atlantic), they work hand in glove with the nasal Mr. Prine in evoking a variety of country, rock and country-and-western sounds. Prine was never in better voice, if that's the word, whether mannered as in the crazy-quilt textures of *Often Is a Word I Seldom Use*, or Gospelized as in the title tune, or serious as in *Blue Umbrella*. A pure spirit in an impure world, John seems to revel in the contradictions and sentimental side shows he finds around him. Not to say that he's a skeptic; rather, he has more than a touch of the country philosopher in him, with the sharp ear and eye of a Dylan. Interesting combination—bringing it all down home, as it were.

Don't look now, but Miss Midler has become larger than life. Big triumph at the Palace, cover of *Newsweek* and, as the icing on the cake, *Bette Midler* (Atlantic), an LP that should stand for a long time as the model of how to catch the essence of a singer/personality in a little less than 35 minutes. From her opening variations on a theme by Hoagy Carmichael and Johnny Mercer (*Skylark*), through a tour-de-force takeout on the melancholy Weill-Brecht theater piece *Surabaya Johnny*, and on through a spectacularly rocking *Higher & Higher*, Bette gives every evidence of picking up where Barbra Streisand left off, with the addition of a certain human spontaneity that has always seemed lacking in La Streisand. No little credit for the over-all effect has to go to arranger-conductor Barry Manilow, a real talent.

*Don Sebesky / Giant Box* (CTI) is just that—a two-LP boxed album of music arranged and conducted by Sebesky that is filled with monster musicians (there must be at least two dozen "name" instrumentalists on hand) and exciting music. Among the items: Stravinsky's *Firebird*, Rachmaninoff's *Vocalise*, John McLaughlin's *Birds of Fire*, Joni Mitchell's *Song to a Seagull* and Jim Webb's *Psalms 150*. In addition, there are four Sebesky originals. The musicians? How about Freddie Hubbard, Paul Desmond, Hubert Laws, Milt Jackson, George Benson, Aírto Moreira and Jack De Johnette for

starters? That's only the beginning, folks. It's Sebesky's baby and he has every right to be handing out cigars.

THEATER

The Circle Repertory Theater, one of a number of off-off-Broadway theaters burgeoning in New York, is beginning to bolster the commercial theater. The Circle opens new plays in its experimental home, then moves them off-Broadway for long runs. Last season the company presented Lanford Wilson's *The Hot I Baltimore*, named best American play of the year by the New York Drama Critics Circle. This season the company offers *When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?* by Mark Medoff. *Red Ryder* is not in *Baltimore*'s class, but it is an intriguing play and Medoff is a very promising new writer with a keen, contemporary ear. The theme is the death of heroism. The author's protagonist, Teddy, breaks up a sleepy Western diner, stripping the patrons of their illusions and their complacency. His attack is physical as well as intellectual, and his main object is Red Ryder, a crewcut counterman whose dreams have been conditioned by comic books and Western movies. Under Red's surface swagger beats a heart of custard. Desperately wanting to give him courage (and love) is the countergirl, the chubby, sweet-tempered Angel. Malicious and terribly funny, Teddy forces them (and the patrons) to face themselves. As directed by Kenneth Frankel, the cast is authentically in character, with acting honors going to Kevin Conway as the uproarious Teddy. This is a



demonic rascal of a character—a bum, a clown and a savior—and Conway is a dynamo. At the Eastside Playhouse, 334 East 74th Street.

If *Long Day's Journey into Night* is Eugene O'Neill's symphony for the lost souls of his family—the stingy father, the addicted mother, roistering brother James and the consumptive author—then *A Moon for the Misbegotten* is like a coda. It is not as psychologically profound, but it is no less moving in its portrait of a burned-out case and the anchor that momentarily keeps him afloat. Years after the action of *Long Day's Journey*, the parents dead, James Tyrone has become an outward success, but he is inwardly despairing and destroying himself





*Photographed at the Firth of Forth, Scotland*

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college beau. Smokes *Cabbage Leaf* cigarettes—preferred by two out of three inchworms. **4.** No. He's Frank Apraisal. Just bought "Man Packing Suitcase" painting. Later cleaned it and found it's really "Alligator Having Snack." Smokes cigarette with so many air vents it's like smoking a harmonica. **5.** Right. He knows a genuine article when he sees it. Wants no gimmicks in his cigarette, either. Camel Filters. Good taste. Honest tobacco.

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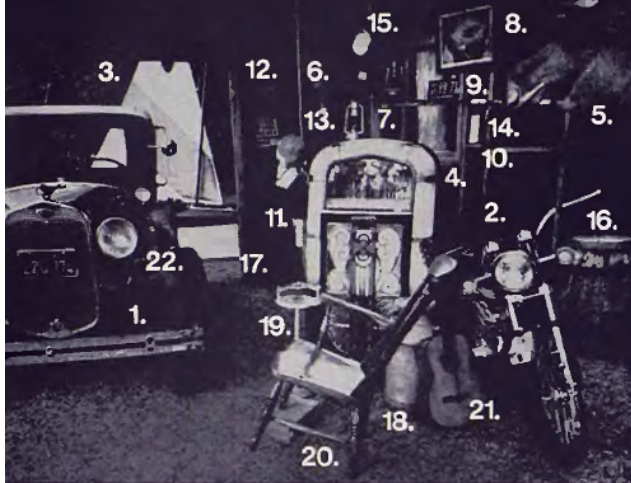
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54" water bed mattress, a 10-gallon milk can, an iron floor ashtray, an antique wooden chair (with arm broken), an Aria 6-string guitar and a live raccoon, or an alternate Grand Prize of \$10,000. Five first prizes are Yamaha TX 500A motorcycles. Ten second prizes are AMF Sunfish sailboats. One thousand (1,000) third prizes are cartons of CAMEL FILTER cigarettes.

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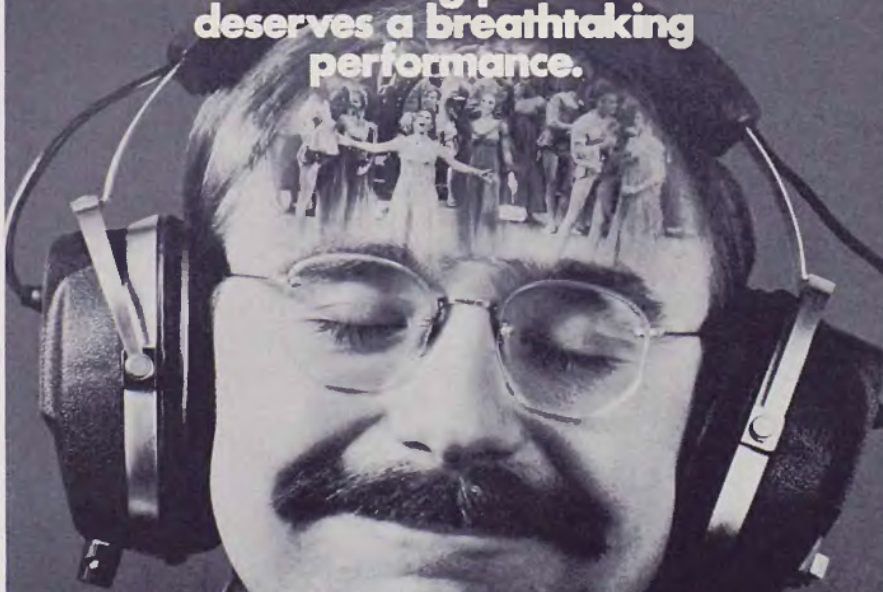
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with alcohol. Resuscitation comes in his bantering relationship with the large, awkward farm girl Josie and her blarney-tongued father, Phil. Several truths are evident: James and Josie love each other but will remain unconnected; despite her boasting, Josie is as virginal as James is experienced. Their brief communion and ultimate disunion take place in sight of the moon (and there is something fatalistic about their cross-purposes). The play is laden with Irish wit and compassion, but its place in the O'Neill pantheon was insecure—until José Quintero's definitive production. In it, Jason Robards and Colleen Dewhurst give a symbiotic performance (and there is an endearing one by Ed Flanders as the meddling father). Robards, who has already played the younger James in *Long Day's Journey*, is by now the character's inseparable alter ego. Miss Dewhurst conveys all the complexity of Josie (who is really the heart of the play)—adoring daughter, gawky flirt, Earth Mother and passionate woman. Quintero's production is not merely a revival but a restoration of a classic. At the Morosco, 215 West 45th Street.

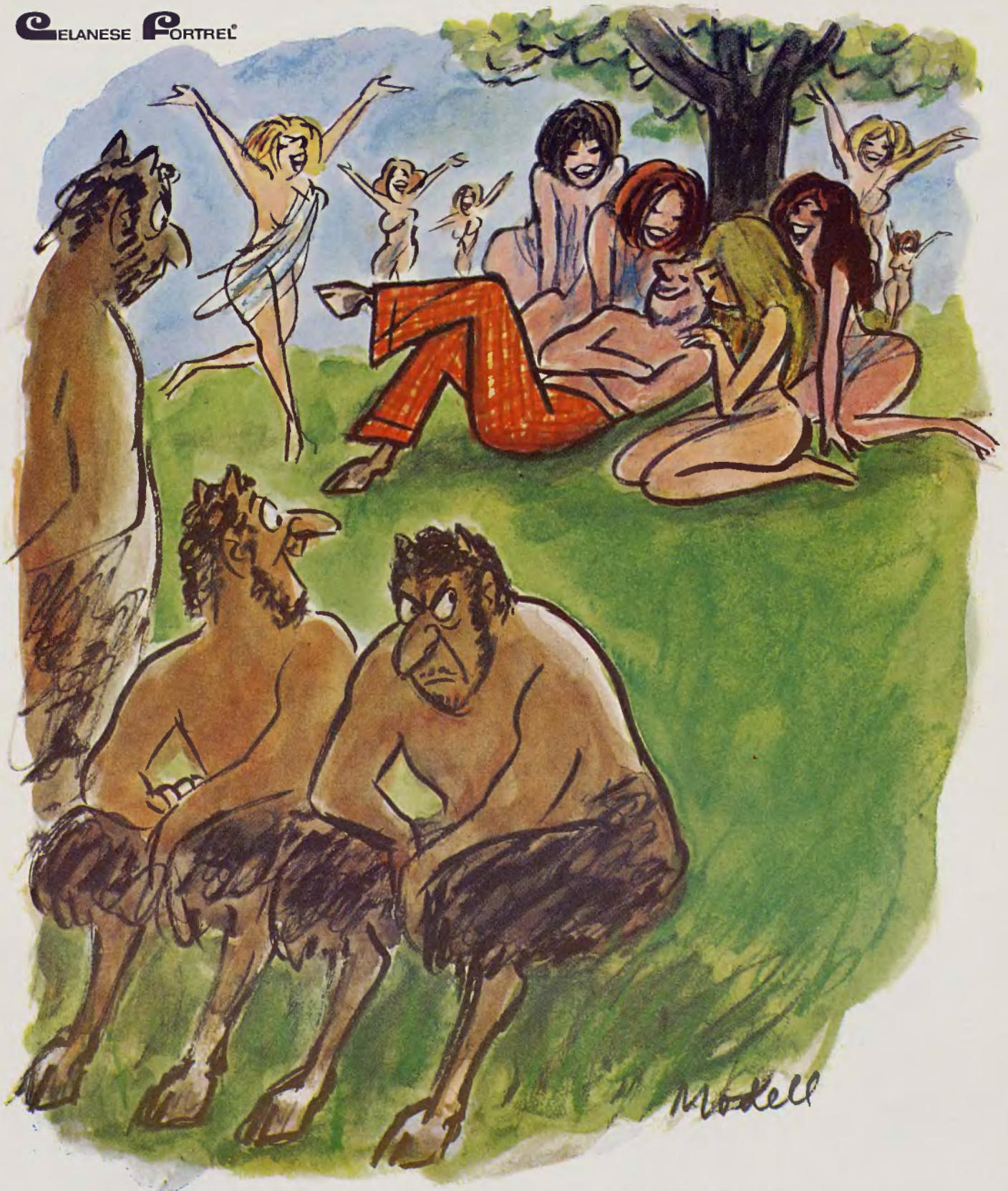
The put-ons and put-downs of a put-upon generation—collegians of the Sixties—are insightfully captured in Michael Weller's *Moonchildren*. "Stop fucking around and listen," shouts one student to another, while he—like every character in the play—is unable to stop fucking around. Trapped by their own role playing and clinging to cynicism like a cloak of invisibility, the moonchildren live together (in a coed apartment), fail to communicate and then sink to the prepackaged lives that society has prescribed for them. The play stops short of statement—no profundity or prophecy here—but it's all piercingly observed by the author. First staged in London (though Weller is a young American), *Moonchildren* was next seen at the Arena Stage in Washington, from which it moved directly to Broadway under the management of David Merrick. Despite excellent notices, the play precipitously closed. Now, in an all-new production by Steven Steinlauf, a smart 19-year-old ex-Merrick aide, it's firmly ensconced off-Broadway. In all but one respect, the current production is not superior to the original. The characters representing the world outside this hermetic environment, for example, have been broadened into caricatures. But the cast, almost all of them unknowns, is good enough, and the focal role—the emotionally short-circuited Bob—is played with self-effacing irony (as it was not in the original) by Richard Cox. Seen again, *Moonchildren* is a time capsule of a self-defeating generation. At the De Lys, 121 Christopher Street.





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## THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**M**y wife and I enjoy a loving relationship. She is charming and beautiful, with a sharp, inventive wit. My problem is this: When we find ourselves in bed and our sexual interest peaks, she becomes so absorbed in her fantasies that she leaves me out of the picture. Lately, she has asked that I act out certain scenes from late-night movies or that I pretend to be Paul Newman or Cary Grant. I have become preoccupied with these characterizations and I fear that my own identity has become lost in the crowd. She says that her sex life is terrific, but it's gotten to where she won't make love unless I comply with her wishes. How can I drop out of this drama school without losing my precious wife?—J. M., Allentown, Pennsylvania.

*Sex is a question not of what's right but of what's left. Fantasy is one way to introduce variety in your lovemaking. It is our opinion that a woman who expresses her fantasies to her husband is probably a very secure, open person. You should feel privileged rather than threatened when she invites you to share these intimate dreams and games. Because she wants you to be Paul Newman one night is no indication that she loves you any less or that she is discontent with the marriage. (Robert Redford is another matter.) But your wife should respect your desire for more opportunities to simply be yourself. Consult a TV guide and schedule your lovemaking to include both the "Movie of the Week" and "This Is Your Life."*

**D**ue to the recent wave of nostalgia and historic trivia, a friend and I have become interested in world records. *The Guinness Book of World Records* is a casebook in collective insanity. Imagine surpassing the guys who leapfrogged 50 miles or who smashed a piano and passed the entire wreckage through a ring nine inches in diameter within two minutes, 26 seconds. We would like to challenge these marks or, even better, to create a new event, but we don't know what is required. Can you help?—D. P., New Orleans, Louisiana.

*Everyone deserves to hold a world record; we've held a couple, but she asked us not to mention her name. "The Guinness Book of World Records" tends to publish only attempts that are significant and that improve on existing records. You must send the editors authentication of your attempt in the form of newspaper clippings, radio- or television-coverage records, or a signed authentication by an independent individual or organization of standing. You must also submit a signed log showing that the attempt was subject to*

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**U**ntil the age of 21, I waited for the right person to come along. I always expected that it would be a man, but last summer I found myself in love with another woman. I have never had such a great friend, at least not one to whom I wanted to be so close or to give so much of myself. I have slept with this woman and touched her intimately but never to the extent of performing cunnilingus or doing whatever else lesbians do. That may happen. I feel that I want all of her, but I have reservations about taking an active role. That's part of my confusion. It was enough of a shock to find that I could love another woman; I may be gay, but I'm not a dyke. I still prefer a man sexually. I cannot restrain myself from looking at a man's beautiful body nor repress the excitement I get from a man's touch. I do not look at my friend's body as a source of sexual pleasure; I see her as someone I can compare myself to. A few weeks ago, I talked to a counselor at school about the future of my sex life. He used phrases like "whichever way you decide to go" and "It's a decision you'll have to make," implying that I would become either straight or gay. Since my love for my friend did not result from a decision, I'm not sure that it's a matter of choice. Do the options have to be exclusive?—Miss M. S., Boulder, Colorado.

*Categories are the stock in trade of psychologists, but they are too often the stocks of a puritan culture. It used to be thought that if you were not exclusively heterosexual, you were exclusively homosexual. Stray once and you were gay. The anxiety was everywhere. We knew one counselor at an Ivy League college who could attract a year's worth of clients by leading his students through the following syllogism: A person who*

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responds to contact with a member of his own sex is homosexual. If you are a man who masturbates, you receive pleasure from contact with a member of your own sex; therefore, you are homosexual. The sexual revolution sidestepped the old categories, which may be why more people walk funny these days. It is a not uncommon experience for the right person to be the wrong gender. Individuals have become free to pursue identities that are not defined by anatomy or by rigid social roles. Bisexuals are double agents in the battle of the sexes; but there are no traitors. The model of a gay relationship in which one partner is aggressive and masculine, the other passive and feminine is a relic of the past. You don't have to become a dyke in order to consummate the bond with your friend. This single experience will not brand you for life, nor will it prevent a healthy involvement with a man at some point in the future. As long as you love the one you're with, you're doing well.

**S**ince I'm an occasional victim of acute membrane outrage, otherwise known as the hangover, I am curious about the relative damage caused by different beverages. Vodka seems to be less abusive than whiskey or wine, but I'm hardly an objective observer. Is there any truth to this suspicion?—J. M. R., Chicago, Illinois.

We've read several reports that the intensity of your morning-after misery may be related to the number of congeners in the alcohol you consumed the night before. Congeners are complex alcohol, acid and oil molecules that form during the fermentation, distillation and aging of wine and liquor. They are highly toxic; and, wouldn't you know it, they are also the chemical agents that give flavor, aroma and smoothness to your favorite brand of poison. Congeners come from the barrels in which alcohol is aged; stored beverages such as brandy, wine, rum and whiskey are most likely to summon the demons. Vodka and gin are relatively pure spirits that show some mercy. As a rule, distilled liquors contain fewer congeners than fermented beverages (all wines, beer, etc.). Bottoms up.

**M**y problem is shared by thousands all over the world. I'm a 32-year-old bachelor with a good body, my own business and a luxury car. One thing is wrong—I have no hair on my chest. I can't believe that God did this to me. I've got hair all over my body, except on my chest, which seems to be the second place girls expect to find it. Is there any reason a hairy chest turns girls on, and is there anything I can do to correct or





# MIXOLOGY



*Includes  
a new  
guide for  
Happy Hour  
astrology talk*

**43 famous  
mixed drinks**



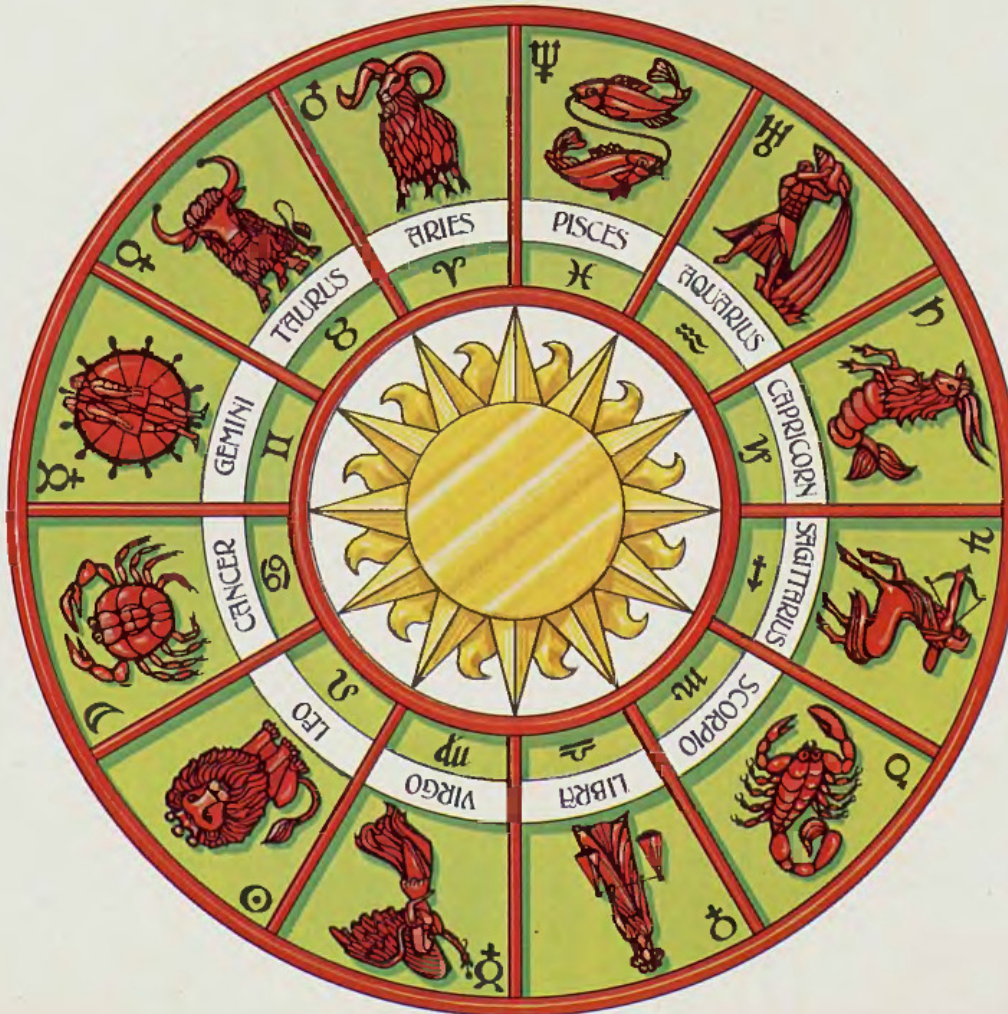
## The mystery of the stars: simplified Astrology for Happy Hour talk

Man has always looked for secrets the stars might hold for him. Astrologists have plotted the heavens for over 5,000 years; they believe that the position of the sun, moon, and planets at the time of your birth affects your entire life. Thus people born at different times of the year tend to have different potential characteristics.

Astrologists say every person is born under a "sign of the Zodiac." The Zodiac originated in earliest times as a kind of cosmic calendar — a giant imaginary circle encompassing what seemed to be the sun's yearly path around the earth. Its 12 parts are named for ancient star constellations; each has a characteristic symbol or "sign." The part in which the sun is located at the time of year you were born denotes *your* sign. Basic character traits are often "read" by this sun sign alone. The moon and planets, especially your "ruling" planet, also add their influence. Here the *hour* you were born is important; since these solar bodies move at different speeds, the related positions constantly change. An astrologist uses these positions, plotted on charts called "horoscopes," as the key to your character and abilities . . . thus formulating a guide to your path for the future.

The scope of astrology extends to such intriguing associations as birth gems, lucky days, colors, numbers, etc. It has many contradictory interpretations: we offer here merely a capsule of those most widely accepted.

*Intent of astrology data herein is simply to inform;  
any personal application is individual's responsibility.*







## The secret of great drinks: How to shine as a Happy Hour Host

A Happy Hour party enables you to host a houseful of guests—with minimum time, work and money. This guide will help you have your greatest Happy Hour ever. Its brief astrology notes will spark your party with intriguing talk of Zodiac signs, lucky days, etc. It even tells where to get your own Zodiac key rings, and suggests a special drink for each sign.

Most important, this guide shows you how to mix really great drinks, made with all the basic liquors: Bourbon, Scotch, rum, vodka, gin, Southern Comfort—plus mixing tips.

How to improve drinks: secret of the "pros"  
The experts' greatest tip is this: You can improve many mixed drinks simply

### What is Southern Comfort?

Although it's used like an ordinary whiskey, Southern Comfort tastes much different than any other basic liquor. It actually tastes *good*, right out of the bottle! And there's a reason. In the days of old New Orleans, one talented gentleman was disturbed by the taste of even the finest whiskeys of his day. So he combined rare and delicious ingredients to

by "switching" the basic liquor called for in the recipe—to one with a more satisfying taste. A perfect example is the use of Southern Comfort instead of an ordinary liquor as a smoother, tastier base for your Manhattans, Sours, Old-Fashioneds, Collinses, etc. The difference, of course, is in the unique taste of Southern Comfort itself. It adds a *deliciousness* no other basic liquor *can*. Mix one of these drinks in the usual way; then mix the same drink with Southern Comfort. (Both recipes are in the guide.) Compare them. The improvement is truly remarkable! But, to understand just *why* this is true . . . make the simple taste test on the following page.



create this unusually smooth, *special* kind of basic liquor. That's how Southern Comfort was born. Its formula is still a family secret . . . its delicious taste still unmatched by any other liquor! First try it on-the-rocks . . . then you'll understand *why* it improves most mixed drinks, too!







## Aries

March 21—April 19

Symbol: the Ram. Yours is the first sign of the astrological year! Enthusiastic, a pioneer, with originality, you are eager to try the new. Positive, often fiery, you are a leader. Your ruling planet is aggressive, energetic Mars. Your lucky day is Tuesday; numbers are 7 and 8. Lucky color is red; gem is diamond.



## Taurus

April 20—May 20

Symbol: the Bull. Artistic, musical, you are affectionate, loyal, serene—and extremely self-willed. You are practical, persistent, and adept at finance. Your ruling planet is Venus, who rules beauty, love, fine arts. Lucky day is Friday; numbers are 1 and 3. Lucky colors, yellow and green; gem is the emerald.



### learn how to improve most drinks:

**Make this simple test:** The flavor of any mixed drink is *controlled* by the taste of the liquor you use as a *base*. To realize the importance of this, pour a jigger of Bourbon or Scotch over cracked ice in a short glass. Sip it. Now do the same with Southern Comfort. Sip *it* . . . and you've found a completely *different* basic liquor . . . one that *tastes good* with *nothing* added! That's why switching to Southern Comfort as a base makes most drinks taste much better. Try *both* Manhattan recipes below; a sip will convince you.

#### ordinary MANHATTAN

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye  
½ oz. sweet vermouth  
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

*Stir with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add a cherry. Now learn the experts' secret . . . use the recipe at right. You'll see how a simple switch in basic liquor improves this famous drink tremendously.*

#### improved MANHATTAN

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort  
½ oz. *dry* vermouth  
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

*Mix like the ordinary recipe. But you'll enjoy it far more. Southern Comfort's delicious flavor makes a much better-tasting drink. Comfort® Manhattan, stellar drink at Paul Young's Restaurant, Washington, D.C.*

\*Southern Comfort®





## Gemini

May 21—June 21

Symbol: the Twins. You are versatile, restless, love people, witty conversation, travel. You are informed, have journalistic talent. Mercury, your ruling planet, rules communications and intelligence. Lucky day is Wednesday; numbers, 3 and 6. Colors are blue and gray; gem is the pearl.



## Cancer

June 22—July 22

Symbol: the Crab. Often called moon children, you are ruled by the Moon, pertaining to changing moods, emotions. You are highly responsive to others, home loving, patient, shrewd at business. Lucky day is Monday; numbers are 8 and 3. Lucky colors are silver and white; gems are ruby and moonstone.







## Leo

July 23—August 22

Symbol: Lion. Ruled by the Sun, born to be king, you are confident, generous, proud, single-purposed. Lucky day is Sunday; numbers, 5 and 1; colors, gold and orange; gems, sardonyx and ruby.

### **ordinary TOM COLLINS**

½ jigger fresh lemon juice  
1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin  
1 tspn. sugar • sparkling water  
Use tall glass. Dissolve sugar in juice; add ice cubes and gin. Fill with sparkling water. Stir.  
John Collins: Use Bourbon or rye instead of gin.



## Virgo

August 23—September 22

Symbol: Virgin. Industrious and thrifty, you are exacting, often a perfectionist. Ruling planet is Mercury. Lucky day is Wednesday; numbers, 8 and 5; color is sapphire blue; gem is the sapphire.

### **smoother COMFORT\* COLLINS**

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort  
Juice of ¼ lime • 7UP  
Mix Southern Comfort and lime juice in tall glass. Add ice cubes; fill with 7UP. The best tasting—and easiest to mix—Collins of all!  
**Happy Hour libation of Laos & sun-lovers at Hotel Fontainebleau, Miami Beach**







### COMFORT® ON-THE-ROCKS

*Destined for Happy Hour under any sign, as served at Anthony's Pier 4, Boston*

1 jigger (1½ oz.)

Southern Comfort

*Pour over cracked ice in short glass; add a twist of lemon peel. Southern Comfort has such a delicious natural flavor it's one of the most popular on-the-rocks drinks.*

*\*Southern Comfort®*



### HONOLULU COOLER

*Praised by Pisceans & partners at famous Hawaiian hotels*

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort  
Juice of ½ lime  
Hawaiian pineapple juice

*Pack a tall glass with crushed ice. Add lime juice, Southern Comfort. Fill with pineapple juice; stir.*



### RUM SWIZZLE

Juice ½ lime • 1 tspn. sugar  
2½ oz. light rum • 2 dashes bitters

*Stir vigorously in glass pitcher with lots of crushed ice till mixture foams. Serve in double Old-Fashioned glass. Super swizzle: Use Southern Comfort, ½ tspn. sugar.*

### COMFORT® WALLBANGER

*Brilliant drink starred at the Alta Mira Hotel, Sausalito, Calif.*

1 oz. Southern Comfort  
½ oz. Liqueur Galliano • orange juice

*Fill tall glass with ice cubes. Add liquors; fill with orange juice; stir. It's delicious. fabulously smooth.*

*HARVEY WALLBANGER. Use vodka instead of Southern Comfort. Add Galliano last, floating it on top.*



### GIN RICKEY

Juice and rind ½ lime  
1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin • sparkling water  
*Squeeze lime over ice cubes in 8-oz. glass and add rind. Pour in gin. Fill with sparkling water and stir.*

*To "rev up" a rickey, use S. C. instead of gin.*

### GIN 'N TONIC

*Cancer's cosmic cheer!*

Juice, rind ¼ lime • 1 jigger gin  
Schweppes Quinine Water (tonic)  
*Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass and add rind. Pour in gin; fill with tonic and stir.*

*Switch to a smoother, better tasting drink. Skip the gin and enjoy Southern Comfort's talent for tonic.*



### COMFORT®, BABY

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort  
2 jiggers cold milk • 1 tspn. sugar

*Dissolve sugar in milk in 8-oz. glass. Add Southern Comfort, ice cubes, and stir. (Optional: Dust lightly with nutmeg.)*



### COMFORT® JULEP

*Favorite at Churchill Downs, home of the Kentucky Derby*

4 sprigs fresh mint • dash of water  
2 ounces Southern Comfort

*Use tall glass; crush mint in water. Pack glass with cracked ice. Add Southern Comfort; stir till frosted.*

*Bourbon julep. Add 1 tspn. sugar to mint; replace Southern Comfort with Bourbon.*



### RUM 'N COLA

Juice and rind ¼ lime  
1 jigger (1½ oz.) light rum • cola  
*Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass. Add rind and pour in rum. Fill with cola and stir.*

*Instead of rum, see what a comfort S. C. is to cola.*





Clothes by Catalina.



## Libra

Sept. 23 — Oct. 22

Symbol: Scales. You are deliberate, well-balanced, intelligent, a gracious host. Ruling planet is Venus. Lucky day, Friday; numbers, 6 and 4; colors, blue and gold; gem, opal.

## Scorpio

Oct. 23 — Nov. 22

Symbol: Scorpion. Intuitive, explosive, ardent, you have strong likes and dislikes. Ruling planet is Mars. Lucky day is Tuesday; numbers, 5 and 4; color, deep red; gem, topaz.

### **HOT BUTTERED COMFORT\***

*Lucky omen at the Red Lion, Vail, Colo.*

Small stick cinnamon • slice lemon peel  
1 jigger Southern Comfort • pat butter

*Put cinnamon, lemon peel, S. C. in mug; fill with boiling water. Float butter; stir. (Leave spoon in glass when pouring hot water.)*

### **COMFORT\* OLD-FASHIONED**

*Happy Hour choice of Capricorns and mates, as mixed at the Gaslight Club, Chicago*

Dash of Angostura bitters  
½ tspn. sugar (optional) • ½ oz. sparkling water  
1 jigger (1 ½ oz.) Southern Comfort

*Stir bitters, sugar, and water in glass; add ice cubes. Southern Comfort. Add twist of lemon peel, orange slice, and cherry. It's superb!*

Ordinary Old-Fashioned: 1 tspn. sugar. Bourbon or rye instead of S.C.

\* Southern Comfort®





### ROB ROY

*Scores with Sagittarians!*  
 1 jigger (1½ oz.) Scotch  
 ½ jigger (¾ oz.) sweet vermouth  
 Dash Angostura bitters  
*Stir with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add twist of lemon peel.*



### DRY MARTINI

*The talk of Taureans!*  
 4 parts gin or vodka  
 1 part dry vermouth  
*Stir with cracked ice; strain into chilled glass. Add olive or twist of lemon peel.*  
 For a Gibson, use 5 parts gin to 1 part vermouth; serve with a pearl onion.

### GIMLET

*Gem of a drink for Gemini!*  
 4 parts gin or vodka  
 1 part Rose's sweetened lime juice  
*Shake with cracked ice and strain into a cocktail glass. (Optional: serve with small slice fresh lime.)*



### COMFORT\* 'N BOURBON

*Attracts star-gazers at Ambassador Hotel's Coconut Grove in Los Angeles*  
 ½ jigger (¾ oz.) Southern Comfort  
 ½ jigger Bourbon • ½ jigger water  
*Pour liquors over cracked ice in short glass; add water. Stir. Add twist of lemon peel. A delicious combination!*



### DAIQUIRI

Juice ½ lime or ¼ lemon  
 1 teaspoon sugar  
 1 jigger (1½ oz.) light rum  
*Shake with cracked ice until shaker frosts. Strain into cocktail glass.*  
 To give your Daiquiri a new accent, use Southern Comfort instead of rum, only ½ tspn. sugar.



### SCARLETT O'HARA

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort  
 Juice of ¼ fresh lime  
 1 jigger Ocean Spray cranberry juice cocktail  
*Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass. As intriguing as its namesake!*



## Sagittarius

Nov. 23 — Dec. 21

Symbol: Archer. Impulsive and candid, you drive straight to the point, love sports, nature. Ruling planet is Jupiter; lucky day is Thursday. Number is 9; color, purple; gem, turquoise.

## Capricorn

Dec. 22 — Jan. 19

Symbol: Goat. You are loyal, conservative, self-sufficient and persevering. Ruling planet is Saturn; lucky day is Saturday. Numbers are 7 and 8; colors, black and brown; gem, garnet.







### **SCREWDRIIVER**

1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka • orange juice  
*Put ice cubes into a 6-oz. glass. Add vodka; fill with orange juice and stir.*  
A new twist: Use Southern Comfort instead of vodka.



### **BLOODY MARY**

*Red and right for Aries!*  
2 jiggers tomato juice • 1 jigger vodka  
½ jigger fresh lemon juice  
Dash of Worcestershire sauce  
*Salt and pepper to taste. Shake with cracked ice; strain into 6-oz. glass.*



### **MARGARITA**

*Acclaimed by Aquarians!*  
1 jigger tequila • ½ oz. Triple Sec  
1 oz. fresh lime or lemon juice  
*Moisten glass rim with fruit rind; spin in salt. Shake ingredients with cracked ice; strain into glass. Sip over salted rim.*

### **WHISKEY SOUR**

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye  
½ jigger fresh lemon juice • 1 tspn. sugar  
*Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add orange slice on rim of glass, and cherry. Now see how recipe below improves this drink.*



*Improved sour, brightens the skyline at Hotel Merk Hopkins, San Francisco*

### **COMFORT® SOUR**

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort  
½ jigger fresh lemon juice • ½ tspn. sugar  
*Mix like usual recipe. Then sip it. The switch to Southern Comfort as a base gives your drink a superb flavor no other sour can match.*  
\*Southern Comfort®



*Photo locations: W & B Builders, Inc.*





## Aquarius

Jan. 20 — Feb. 18

Symbol: Water Bearer. Inventive, socially aware, you are often unconventional. Your ruling planet Uranus relates to sudden change: yours is the sign of a new age; you communicate with the world. Lucky day is Saturday; lucky numbers are 8 and 1. Your color is electric blue; gem, the amethyst.



## Pisces

Feb. 19 — March 20

Symbol: Fishes. Sensitive, creative, you are guided by emotion, love beauty. You have insight, sympathy; yours is the mystic, spiritual sign, ruled by planet Neptune, affecting ideals, intuition. Lucky day is Friday; numbers, 8 and 2; colors, lavender, green; gem, aquamarine.



### COMFORT\* EGGNOG

1 cup (8 oz.) Southern Comfort  
1 quart dairy eggnog

*Chill ingredients. Blend in punch bowl by beating; dust with nutmeg. Serves 10; pleases all.*

Single serving: Add 4 parts eggnog to 1 part S.C. in short glass. Stir; dust with nutmeg.

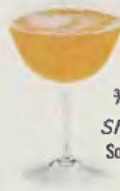


### ALEXANDER

*Wins Virgos' verdict!*

1 part fresh cream  
1 part creme de cacao  
1 part Southern Comfort  
or gin or brandy

*Shake with cracked ice; strain.*



### STINGER

*Specialty of Scorpius!*

1 jigger (1½ oz.) brandy  
¾ oz. white creme de menthe

*Shake with cracked ice; strain.*

Southern Comfort instead of brandy makes a stinger that's a humdinger.



### OPEN HOUSE PUNCH

One fifth Southern Comfort  
3 quarts 7UP • 6 oz. fresh lemon juice  
One 6-oz. can frozen orange juice  
One 6-oz. can frozen lemonade

*Chill ingredients. Mix in punch bowl, adding 7UP last. Add drops of red food coloring as desired (optional); stir. Float block of ice or add ice cubes; add orange and lemon slices. Serves 32.*

### GRASSHOPPER

*First love of Libras!*

¾ oz. fresh cream  
1 oz. white creme de cacao  
1 oz. green creme de menthe

*Shake with cracked ice or mix in electric blender; strain.*



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*(Coin slightly over half-dollar size.)*

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Print your name, address and the two Zodiac signs wanted. Send check or money order: Dept. 3F2, Cocktail Hour Enterprises, P. O. Box 12428, St. Louis, Mo. 63132. Price includes shipping cost. Offer void in Canada, Alabama, Georgia, Iowa, New Hampshire, Oklahoma, Oregon, Tennessee, Virginia and other states where prohibited.



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Packed with 50 color-mated napkins.

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Color-mated to glasses, napkins say "Smooth Sailing."  
Four packages of 25 each

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### G. TALL COOLER GLASS

New tall, slender shape for serving Collinses and coolers.  
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compensate for my deficiency?—D. B. Troy, Michigan.

Some women find body hair sexy, others dislike it; the rest take off their glasses before they make love and simply don't notice. Date girls in the second or third group and you won't have a problem—not that you have one now. You might consider a transplant. Doctors usually take hair from the chest to cover bald spots on the head, but a spokesman for the A. M. A. said that it is possible to reverse the process. However, you would have to trim your chest as often as you go to the barbershop. There are other solutions. You might purchase a vib-cage rug or false chest-hair piece from Hollywood Joe's, 135 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York. But what would you do if it slipped? You might consider something flashy that would distract viewers. A seven-color tattoo of an anti-choke would do nicely, or a neon sign announcing, THIS SPACE AVAILABLE FOR ADS. Finally, you might grin and bare it.

I've been married for three years and am in the midst of my first affair. My lover's penis is considerably larger than my husband's, and I am worried. Is there an operation that will restore my vagina to a smaller size when my affair is over? I have decided that if it is impossible to shrink my vagina, I will terminate the affair. I would rather be able to please my husband forever than to indulge myself for a year or two.—Mrs. K. D., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Intercourse does not permanently change the size or the shape of the vagina. The organ is a potential not an actual space, prompting one writer to remark that "Nothing is something turned inside out." The vagina dilates during sexual arousal and expands when penetrated to fit the particular penis. An extramarital affair may strain your marriage, but the strain is psychological, rather than physical.

Browsing through a guitar shop in New York, I was surprised to find old electric guitars selling for three to four times the retail price of new ones. There seemed to be a great demand for pre-1955 Fender Telecasters and 1953-1959 Gibson Les Pauls. Later that night, I saw two musicians at a concert examining a pair of old Humbuckin pickups. They treated them as though they were religious relics. An acoustic instrument improves as the wood ages, but does an electrical pickup improve with age?—C. M., Wendell, Massachusetts.

Sometimes, a pickup is essentially a magnet wrapped in a coil of wire. Age does have an effect, but the changes in sound are not consistent or predictable. If the magnet weakens or the coils start to separate, the instrument may sound

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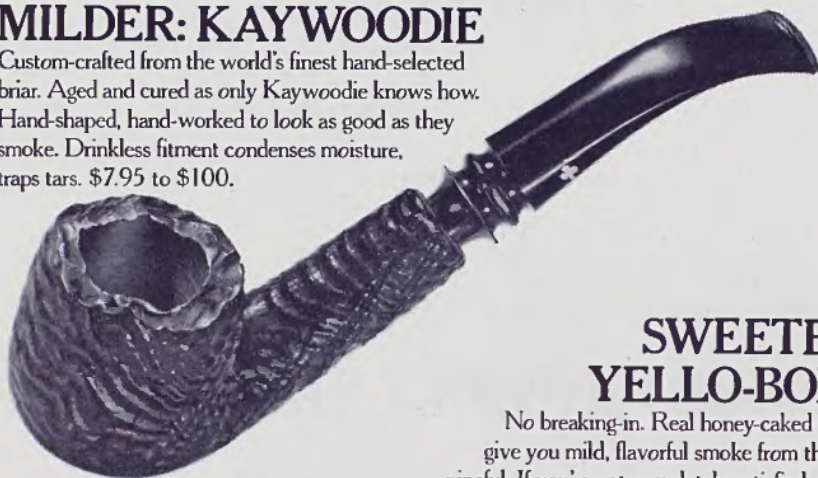


# What! Me smoke a pipe?

Don't knock it until you've tried it,  
with the world's leading brands.

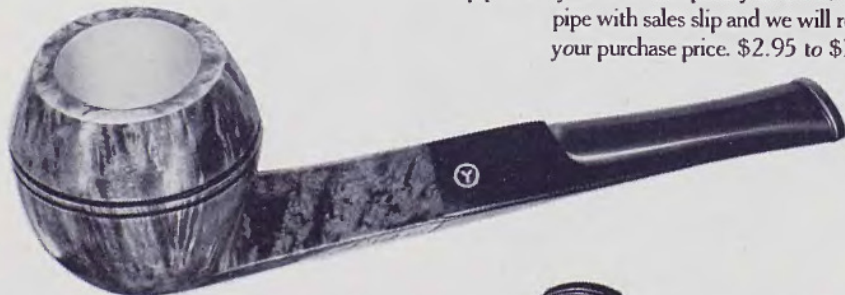
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mellow than a new model of the same guitar. If the wire deteriorates or becomes brittle, the guitar may produce the dirty sound favored by hard-rockers. Old pickups were hand-wound; occasionally the craftsmen would lose count and add several hundred turns of wire; the additional turns make the instrument more sensitive to higher frequencies and harmonics. Pickups are still hand-wound, but the counter is automatic and production is more standard. Factors such as the quality and weight of the wood also contribute to the tone of the instrument. There's a fairly easy way to tell the age of a guitar. Fender Telecasters made before 1957 have four-digit serial numbers at the base of the neck and under the pick guard; later models have five digits or five digits preceded by the letter L. Gibson used the last digit of the year as a prefix to the serial number, so that a 1955 Les Paul might have the number 5-1337. Buying a guitar is largely a metaphysical project; pickers have the same attitude toward old instruments that some drivers have toward classic cars. The miles that have been logged on a guitar contribute something to the sound and just because you can't name it or explain it doesn't mean it's not there.

One of my roommates claims to have discovered an effective method of birth control. An hour or so before engaging in intercourse, he exposes his testicles to extreme cold by applying an ice pack. He says that the sudden change in body temperature kills the sperm cells. Either he is right or he is incredibly lucky, because he is not a father. What is your opinion?—A. C., Knoxville, Tennessee.

A funny thing happens to people who employ unconventional birth-control methods—they become parents. This tactic has a few noticeable drawbacks; for example, we can't see carrying an ice pack around in our wallet on dates. Doctors believe that a decrease in temperature may slow down the movement of sperm cells, but it certainly won't kill them or prevent conception. Sperm banks keep their deposits in cold storage. If your friend wants to freeze his balls off, fine, but he should use more reliable contraceptive techniques when he thaws out.

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





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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

## THE REAL EVIL

I think I've finally found out why marijuana is illegal. It's not because it causes brain or chromosome damage, leads to a career of crime or makes users break out in acne. The real menace is explained in a *Longview* (Washington) *Daily News* story about a community antidrug group called the Cowlitz Drug Council:

Calling [marijuana] "the most insidious thing let loose on America," Dr. Dawson recommended the C.D.C. members try marijuana, as he had, so they could see how it worked. "It scared me to death because it was so pleasant," he said.

Ron Schauer  
Kelso, Washington

## OREGON POT DECRIMINALIZATION

The new Oregon law decriminalizing possession of small amounts of marijuana is working well throughout the state. Now, a person apprehended with an ounce or less of pot is given a citation, like a traffic ticket, instead of being jailed. The citation subjects the offender to a \$100 fine, but it does not create a criminal record. The results are fewer hassles for police and reduced paranoia for users.

The new law was passed at least partly because of support from Lane County district attorney Pat Horton. He had initiated a citation program on the local level under the old law; it worked well, and he became a vigorous advocate for passage of the bill to decriminalize the possession of small amounts of marijuana state-wide. Hopefully, we can now proceed to the national decriminalization of possession and use of small amounts of pot.

Alan R. Scott, Jr.  
Eugene, Oregon

*Oregon's new law hasn't led to any increase in public marijuana smoking, according to Portland deputy district attorney Mike Bailey. He said, "I was really afraid that we would have public flaunting of the law with widespread marijuana smoking. But it didn't occur." He did add that public marijuana smoking might become more noticeable "when it warms up next spring."*

## POT DANGERS

PLAYBOY says marijuana is not dangerous and does not lead to hard drugs, and

you publish many sarcastic, wisecracking letters to support this stand. Why don't you ask rehabilitated drug users why they will never touch a joint again? Perhaps you'd get a more realistic slant on drugs.

Nathan Kaufman  
San Francisco, California

PLAYBOY says that no scientific evidence now exists to prove that marijuana is harmful and that marijuana prohibition is supported by myths, distortions and outright falsehoods. No one who knows anything about drugs says that it can be proven once and for all that marijuana is harmless. But even if it were shown that using marijuana is injurious, we'd still be against jailing people for its private possession, just as we would oppose any effort to put people in jail for smoking cigarettes or engaging in dangerous sports.

*It's true that many hard-drug users have also had experience with marijuana—and alcohol—but only a small percentage of the people who have smoked marijuana have used narcotics. Many rehabilitated drug users swear off any kind of mind-altering substance out of simple prudence, just as reformed alcoholics refuse to take another drink.*

*It isn't a "realistic slant on drugs" to focus on the remote possibility that marijuana has bad effects and to ignore the fact that existing marijuana laws are demonstrably ruining thousands of people's lives.*

## THE CHICKEN RANCH

Reading about the shutting down of the oldest whorehouse in Texas, the Chicken Ranch in La Grange, in the December 1973 *Forum Newsfront*, brought back a lot of pleasant memories. Many years ago, after hearing stories about the pleasures available at the Chicken Ranch, two buddies and I drove there from our home town of Muleshoe in the Texas Panhandle. We arrived in La Grange on a Sunday morning and pulled into a service station, which was across the street from a church that was just disgorging worshippers. In a low, serious voice, I asked the attendant for directions to the Chicken Ranch. With a roar that shattered the tranquil Sunday-morning air, he shouted to a co-worker, "Hey, Jim, these guys want to know how to get out to the whorehouse!" After the laughter died down,

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the attendant gave us directions and three highly embarrassed teenagers took off for the Chicken Ranch.

The Fayette County sheriff and the La Grange city fathers have denounced the closure for civic reasons, but I am saddened for nostalgic reasons. One of the best pieces of ass I've ever had was at the Chicken Ranch. I wish I could remember her name.

Lanny R. Middings  
San Ramon, California

For more on the Chicken Ranch, see "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas," by Larry L. King, page 130.

#### PANIC IN THE PARLORS

Here in San Diego, as across the nation, the massage-parlor thing has gotten out of hand and is rubbing a lot of people the wrong way. But our city officials have finally cracked down with investigations and police raids, followed by a new ordinance imposing all manner of restrictive regulations, and the parlors are about ready to throw in the towel.

We owe a great debt not only to our fearless boys in blue who stormed these halls of hanky-panky but also to the intrepid undercover agents of both sexes who worked day and night to get to the bottom of the whole business. If someone had blown their cover, they might have been rubbed out.

I deplore those thoughtless individuals who say, "If I've got to choose among being robbed, raped, murdered or massaged, I'll take the massage every time." This is certainly an immoral point of view. As for me, I say:

*Killers may come and muggers may go,*

*You just can't catch 'em all.*

*But while one masseuse*

*Is on the loose—*

*Go get her, City Hall!*

Bill Murphy  
San Diego, California

#### NEWS FROM NORTH BEACH

Last year, California passed new liquor-license laws that allow the authorities to clamp down on topless-bottomless clubs. In San Francisco, club owners were forced to remove suggestive exterior advertising and the girls went back to wearing G strings. Since I lived in that city when the sexual revolution was alive and well in the North Beach area, I feared the loss of what had been a thriving art form. On a recent trip to San Francisco, I toured the clubs and I found that there is still more than enough to see.

The women are flawless and healthy: If you have a preference for a particular size or shape of body, you lose it by the time you've seen 20 to 30 in the course of an evening.

I was particularly interested in the artistic structure of the different acts, the

## FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

#### SHAMPOO WITH A VIEW

DOVER, DELAWARE—A Dover barber-shop owner was forced to fire his 22-year-old topless shampoo girl on orders from his landlord or face eviction. The landlord said there were too many



complaints from local citizens' groups. Said the barber, "I thought this area was ready for it, but apparently it wasn't." He added that the six customers who tried it, liked it.

#### GREAT DAY FOR THE IRISH

DUBLIN—Ireland's supreme court has invalidated that country's 40-year-old ban on the importation of contraceptives. The ruling permits Irish citizens, tourists or visitors to bring contraceptives into the country but upholds laws against their advertising or sale. The Irish senate is considering a bill that would lift these remaining restrictions.

#### DRIVING IN SIN

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY—The State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company and the Retail Credit Company have been sued by a Princeton woman whose car insurance was canceled apparently because she was living with a man "without benefit of wedlock." The suit, one of the first of its kind, is supported by the American Civil Liberties Union of New Jersey. It seeks damages for invasion of privacy and asks the deletion from credit records of irrelevant information concerning her private living arrangements.

The Retail Credit Company also has been accused by the Federal Trade Commission of using unfair and deceptive methods to collect and provide information on millions of citizens each year. The FTC's Bureau of Consumer Protection said the credit-investigating firm has files on the personal lives of 45,000,000 Americans and has the capability, by the company's own claims, to compile dos-

siers on 98 percent of the country's population. The FTC is seeking a consent order that not only would prohibit certain investigative practices but would require the company to furnish to any individual who requests it a copy of his file as well as the sources of its information.

#### LAND OF THE FREE

OTTAWA, ONTARIO—The supreme court of Canada has ruled that dancing nude in public is not necessarily an obscene act. The decision ended prosecution of a Calgary night-club owner and two entertainers charged with giving an obscene performance.

#### RETURN OF REEFER MADNESS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, once the platform of witch-hunting Joe McCarthy, has sounded the alarm against the national menace of marijuana; it estimates that Americans consumed 17,000,000 pounds of pot and 500,000 pounds of hashish in 1973—the "makings for more than five billion marijuana and hashish cigarettes." The subcommittee, which began an investigation of the world drug situation and its impact on internal security in 1972, has concluded that "the pandemic use of marijuana and hashish has been brought about, in part, by a militant pro-marijuana propaganda campaign conducted by New Left organizations and by the entire underground press." Despite a number of Government studies establishing otherwise, Senator James O. Eastland, subcommittee chairman, announced that such drugs "can do serious genetic damage to future generations. . . . It is almost like playing genetic Russian roulette."

#### TWO STEPS BACKWARD

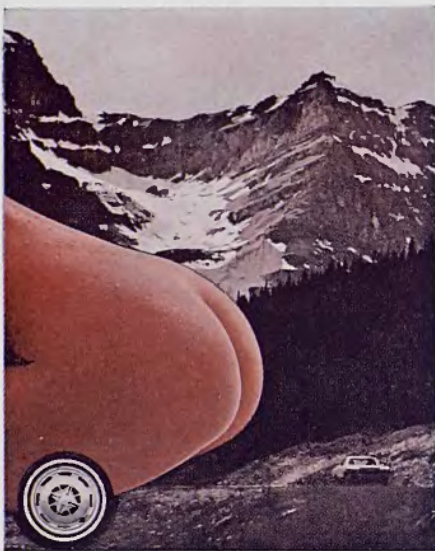
AUSTIN, TEXAS—The Texas court of criminal appeals has handed down a second decision further limiting the effects of the state's liberalized marijuana law. The court first ruled that, despite an explicit provision in the new statute, judges may not resentence prisoners to the much lighter terms many would have received under the present law. Now the court has held that the no-resentencing decision applies equally to persons convicted under the old law whose cases are still on appeal. Under the state constitution, the court said, prison sentences may be altered only by formal action of the governor and the state parole board. Steve Simon, head of the Texas branch of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, called the state



appeals court a prosecutor-oriented judicial body that "took the path of least resistance by basing its decision on a quirk in the antiquated Texas constitution." He added that, since the new law went into effect, there has been a "marked lessening of interest in making arrests for marijuana possession, particularly among young officers, and a demonstrable easing of pot penalties both in trials and plea-bargaining situations."

#### WHORES ON WHEELS

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA—A 28-year-old self-professed whorehouse madam applied for a \$33,729 Local Initiative Program grant to finance a "bordello-mobile" capable of servicing the lonely men in British Columbia mining and logging camps. Her plan calls for traveling through the wilderness with her crew



of girls, surprising the men in isolated camps and "taking them onto our bus for a therapeutic evening of drunken revelry and orgiastic sex." Province officials acknowledged that they had received the application but they did not seem to be taking it too seriously.

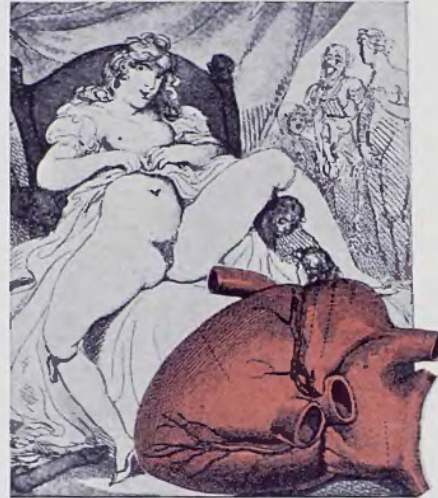
#### NOT FIT TO PRINT

WINCHESTER, INDIANA—The publisher of Winchester's only newspaper has at least temporarily stymied efforts of the city council to enact a strict and specific anti-obscenity ordinance. According to local law, city ordinances must be printed in a Winchester newspaper of general circulation in order to take effect, and the publisher of the Winchester News Gazette and Journal Herald has refused to publish the new measure on the ground that the definitions of obscenity are not fit to print. In a front-page editorial, the publisher explained, "We are not questioning the wisdom of the ordinance itself or the constitutional right of persons to buy or sell such material. Rather,

we are simply exercising our right to print only matter which we feel is reasonable or tasteful."

#### HIGH-PRESSURE PORN

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA—An assistant district attorney ended up in the hospital while working hard collecting evidence to close an adult-movie theater. After



watching 14 films, he was unable to participate in the subsequent raid. Doctors diagnosed his ailment as acute high blood pressure.

#### GOOD NEWS FOR GAYS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The American Psychiatric Association, reacting to a long campaign by gay activists and many psychiatrists, has decided that "homosexuality per se" should no longer be considered a mental disorder. The association's policy-making board of trustees voted to replace homosexuality in its official manual of mental illness with "sexual orientation disturbance." The new category, the board said, is for "individuals whose sexual interests are directed primarily toward people of the same sex and who are bothered by, in conflict with, or wish to change their sexual orientations. This category is distinguished from homosexuality, which by itself does not necessarily constitute a psychiatric disorder." According to A. P. A. president Dr. Alfred M. Freedman, equivalent psychiatric groups in foreign countries will probably follow the U. S. example and similarly revise their lexicons of mental disorders.

#### NO ATHEISTS IN CUB PACKS

HANOVER, MAINE—A ten-year-old boy has been disqualified for membership in a cub-scout pack because he crossed out the word God from the Scout Promise on an application form. Defending the action, scout officials in Portland issued a statement that "The Boy Scouts of America maintains that no boy can grow into the best kind of citizen without recognizing his obligation to God."

way each girl established contact with the audience. Usually, a girl comes out for three numbers. In one club, during the first record, she talked to each person in the audience, moving from table to table. She returned to the stage and slowly removed her dress during the second piece. A large pillow was placed onstage for the third number and the girl, reclining in the near nude, explored her body. She sculptured your attention, one hand tracing the line of her thigh, the curve of her stomach, the rise of her breast. Moving in tempo to the music, she stretched, twisted and arched her back in response to an imagined lover. Inevitably someone in the crowd shouted, "Do you need any help?" The answer was an obvious, and inventively expressed, "No." The girl rolled over, kissed the stage lightly and declined the offer.

The girls choose the records they perform to. Each piece lasts two and a half to three minutes, so the girls are onstage for almost ten minutes. Kinsey calculated that the average male reaches orgasm in two minutes, right? If you slow down the male fantasy you create a space for female self-expression. The sex may be simulated, but the performer's sweat is real. (Do you have any idea how erotic a rivulet of moisture can be?) It was a spectacular evening.

I am irritated by the semisophisticates who affect an air of jaded indifference when they claim that the topless-bottomless clubs have become lifeless. I am angered by the conservative officials who force club owners to clothe the lower half of their acts. Both groups are trying to rob sex of its natural vitality. These groups' charges that erotic entertainment is boring or obscene are perceptual parentheses that enclose a limited view of the world.

Nathaniel Bynner  
Chicago, Illinois

#### WINNERS AND SINNERS

As *Playboy Forum* readers know, defenders of the old puritan ethic are apt to come up with some mighty strange reasoning at times, but I have seldom seen anything as dim-witted as the following discussion of virginity by Count Marco, a columnist for the *San Francisco Chronicle*:

These girls should bear in mind that virginity can't be recaptured once lost. When certain individuals can't have something they would like to have, they knock it. Others, the smart ones, keep their mouths shut. . . .

Women in their 20s find it difficult to admit virginity because men will snort: "What are you saving it for?" Or female losers will hammer: "You don't know what you're missing." Forget it and them. . . . You have what they don't have, and knowing



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
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This logic seems to imply that lack of pleasurable experience is positive and makes one a winner, whereas having had such experience is negative and makes one a loser. By similar reasoning, one could argue that those who have never been to Europe or have never attended a Beethoven concert or have never earned \$10,000 a year are also the winners, while those who have been to Europe or to concerts or have earned good salaries are the losers. In short, to have is to lose and to have not is to win.

Louise Harrell  
New Orleans, Louisiana

#### THE RIGHT TO VIRGINITY

Wendy Robin, whose letter announcing the formation of the American Virgin Liberation Front was published in *The Playboy Forum* in July 1971, has not slackened her efforts in behalf of the intact hymen and its intangible male equivalent. According to *The Roanoke (Virginia) Times*, which interviewed the young professional actress who is spokesperson for the A. V. L. F.:

The pitch of the A. V. L. F. is freedom of choice from bedding down with every Tom, Dick and Harriet "in this age of promiscuity where movies, plays and magazines seem to be hawking sex like hot dogs."

Mostly, the A. V. L. F., which Wendy says has some 500 nondues-paying members, is trying to get young people in high school and college to realize there is another choice—that they don't have to go the sex route if they don't feel mature or secure enough for the experience. . . .

"If a person wants to maintain his virginity until he falls in love and makes the experience more meaningful than just a physical encounter, he should be able to do so without being considered kinky," said Wendy.

Well, I'll buy that. People should have the right to be virgins, lechers, monogamists, homosexuals, Catholics, potheads, flat-earthers or whatever suits them, as long as they don't try to enforce that preference on anybody else by means other than civilized persuasion. As far as I'm concerned, Wendy and her friends can maintain their chastity as long as Tinker Bell, if they'll let me remain the horny old rascal that I am.

M. Washington  
Brooklyn, New York

#### PRIMITIVE TABOOS

I've read two news stories about young women being victims of discrimination because they had children out of wedlock. In one case, a young lady from Darwin, Australia, was disqualified from the Miss Australia finals because she had an illegitimate child. She had raised \$4400 for a spastic children's center in the earlier rounds of the competition. "The only thing I wanted to do was help the spastic kiddies," she said. I would rate this woman's ethics as about 1000 years more advanced than those of the officials who ousted her.

In the other incident, the unwed mother was excluded from an election for homecoming queen by a high school principal, who (sounding like an Aztec priest) said, "Only virgins can run for homecoming queen." The 17-year-old senior and her parents are suing for \$30,000. I hope they win, thereby teaching this and every other petty, vindictive school official a lesson.

I assume the Christian taboo against sexual intercourse outside of marriage is responsible for both these acts of malice. If so, this is strange, for Jesus himself always showed a spirit of love, forgiveness and tolerance on this issue. It's often asserted that puritans don't understand Freud, or cultural relativism, or scientific method or some such modern notion. That may be true, but what's even worse is that they don't understand the founder of their own religion.

G. McFarland  
Kansas City, Missouri

#### BAN THE BUTTON

In October 1973 and January 1974, *The Playboy Forum* included letters from navel lovers. Please don't publish any more such letters! As soon as the decency freaks find out that there are people who delight in viewing an exposed navel, naked belly buttons will be banned. Our happy days of navel-watching will be gone.

The only reason tits and asses are covered is because folks enjoy seeing them. Don't let the same thing happen to navels.

James P. Leghorn  
Ellensburg, Washington

#### OPEN-MARRIAGE FALLOUT

After several years of marriage, I had an affair. My wife found out about it, accepted the woman and became quite good friends with her. My wife and I both had been persuaded by George and Nena O'Neill's message in *Open Marriage* that a couple should enjoy reciprocal freedom, so I told her that she had every right to get involved with another man, which she eventually did.

To my great surprise, I found myself experiencing symptoms of stress—insomnia, poor appetite, inability to concentrate and heightened irritability. It



struck me that if I could have an affair with the other man's wife it would resolve my problems, so I went to her and explained the situation. Instead of agreeing to go to bed with me, she became terribly upset. It turns out they did not have an open marriage.

My wife's lover broke off with her immediately, but she, far from being annoyed at me, thought the whole thing was hilarious. If my wife has another affair, I don't want to know anything about it, but all through this, I've been seeing the other woman and my wife still doesn't mind. All of which goes to show that lifestyles that look quite simple on paper become complicated in practice.

(Name withheld by request)  
San Francisco, California

*The way of the pioneer is strewn with pitfalls.*

#### SHARING THE CHORES

Samuel Newman says that "a successful seducer is more like a lap dog pleasing his mistress with clever tricks" (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1973). I'd like to know what he thinks is wrong with wanting to please one's partner, unless (as seems probable from his letter) he considers sex to be a chore. When sharing sex with my lover, I find that I get half my satisfaction from pleasing him. He provides the other half with what Newman dismisses as the clever tricks of a lap dog. (If I perform fellatio for him, does that make me a lap dog?)

As for Newman's contention that marriage is a mantrap that places all the heavy burdens on the husband, I consider raising kids and keeping the house the way hubby likes it at least as burdensome as being financially responsible for it all. I'm quite happily unmarried and glad to be a woman and delighted to have a terrific lover who doesn't think like Newman.

Cindy Bruckler  
El Cajon, California

#### OLD-TIME RELIGION

For more than two years, I've lived very happily with a woman. Only one thing tarnishes our life together: She is unable to have an orgasm. We've tried every sexual technique we can think of and she has visited a psychologist and has had a physical examination (there's no physical problem). She has had an adequate number of male partners, some bad lovers and some good. Though she experienced orgasm fairly often when she first started having intercourse, over the years this frequency has declined until now she never has one. We think her trouble is due to her fanatically anti-sexual religious upbringing. The outdated, supermoral views of her parents and her teachers were constantly drummed into her. She was told that God hates sexual sin so much he condemns those guilty of it to burn in hell for all eternity. One priest warned her high school class that

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indulging in premarital sex is the equivalent of drinking strychnine. She was told that God made girls purer than boys and that a girl who lets a boy do sexual things with her is responsible both for her own sin and the boy's. Avoidance of sex was constantly associated with cleanliness and purity; sex itself was always described in terms of dirt and filth.

To me, the most astonishing thing about all these teachings is that the men and women who drum them into impressionable minds are under the impression that they are doing *good*. If only they could be made to see that they're needlessly robbing people like my lover and me of years of happiness.

(Name withheld by request)  
Chicago, Illinois

#### UNLICENSED LOVEMAKING

Last fall, a New Jersey man was fined \$25 after he had pleaded guilty to "committing illicit sexual intercourse with a woman to whom he was not married." Not bad; for 25 bucks he got screwed twice.

Mike Johnson  
Newark, New Jersey

#### JOYS OF MASTURBATION

A letter in the January *Playboy Forum* criticizes the idea of masturbating before a date, arguing that a man should save his ejaculations for the ladies. This seems to me a narrow view. I believe masturbation is here to stay and should be practiced more. There's nothing wrong with intercourse, fellatio and cunnilingus; each offers its own unique type of pleasure. But it's silly to talk of saving an orgasm. One orgasm enjoyed in the afternoon does not mean one less orgasm in the evening. My aim is enjoyment of my total sexual capacity. Although married and 47 years old, I practice masturbation several times a week and have done so since I was 13. I am not trying to prove anything at my age; I just enjoy masturbating. I'm sure many men feel the same way, though fear of social disapproval stops most of us from admitting it.

(Name withheld by request)  
Tucson, Arizona

#### ONAN'S TRIBE

Last September, you published a letter extolling the practice of "including masturbation with shaving and showering as standard preparation for a date." We here at the University of the Forest of Oggersheim have reason to believe that that letter may be the first published literary output of a little-known tribe of nomadic masturbators who roam the woods in the Finger Lakes region of New York. (These nomads have long been thought to be illiterate; however, we at UFO believe that they may have learned to write at a hippie commune, though we

must admit the literacy of the letter bespeaks a higher level of intelligence than we had thought possible.) We base our assumption that this is a communication from this tribe on a phonetic misspelling in the statement that "later orgasms of the day are more intense than the first," which we think should have read "more in tents than the first."

Research is incomplete, but until we have proved the existence of this long-sought group there will be no rest at UFO, where we are doing our part to make the past a better place to remember.

R. Opper  
University of the Forest of Oggersheim  
Ludwigshafen-Oggersheim  
West Germany

#### TRUE FOR WHO?

J. Green claims that the U. S. Supreme Court endorsed philosophical relativism in its obscenity decisions when it said that lawmakers need not be guided by scientific evidence and may act on unprovable assumptions (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1973). If Nixon, Burger and their bluenose friends are relativists, he concludes, they should be willing to let each person decide for himself what is obscene and what is not. This is a misunderstanding of relativism. Relativism provides the advocate of any position whatever with a defense that is irrefutable (for the relativist): "It's true for me." Thus, if it's true for Nixon et al. that pornography should be censored, then the relativist can't argue with them. He just has to shut up and take it.

While it is surely desirable to support toleration, the attempt to establish it on relativist premises is doomed to self-contradiction.

John D. Hodson  
Tucson, Arizona

#### TORONTO TURNS ON

For more than a year, a Toronto independent U.H.F. television station has been showing what it calls *Baby Blue Movies* on Fridays at midnight. In November 1973, these movies were drawing 260,000 viewers, which was 56 percent of all those in Toronto with their TV sets turned on at that hour. The *Toronto Daily Star's* television reporter Jack Miller remarked, "This may be the first time that pornography has been shown to be the free choice of the majority of the public, or at least, a majority of that cross section of the public that's being surveyed—and the TV audience, which is being surveyed here, has always been considered a fair cross section of the public." Miller pointed out that the top-rated TV shows for Toronto, all of which were shown earlier in the evening to larger audiences, "never came near pulling half the total audience that was tuned in while they were running." What's more, the number of blue-movie viewers would

probably be much higher if more people had sets equipped to receive U.H.F. stations.

Are Canadians more broad-minded than Americans or are those who select TV fare for Americans misjudging the audience?

William Berg  
Mississauga, Ontario

#### THE UNQUIET GRAVE

Once the cradle of revolution, New England today sometimes seems more like an unquiet grave of dinosaur conservatism—a stalking ground for the psychological heirs of Cotton Mather.

A case in point occurred recently when the Gay Students Organization was formed at the University of New Hampshire. Publisher William Loeb, cited in the January *Playboy Forum* as advocating the shooting of both pornographers and Jane Fonda, promptly sprang, frothing and raving, from his lair. His *Manchester New Hampshire Union Leader* demanded that the university bar G.S.O.'s activities and expel "confessed homosexuals" and "any other secret ones subsequently discovered." (The level of rhetoric, if not reason, seems to be improving somewhat; in earlier *Union Leader* editorials, homosexuals were referred to as "pansies and fairies.") The university's trustees, however, voted to recognize G.S.O. As if that wouldn't add sufficient fuel to Loeb's anti-homosexual fires, G.S.O. then sponsored a play at which some fairly shocking homosexual literature was distributed. University president Thomas N. Bonner apologized to the community, said that his students disclaimed responsibility for the literature, promised an investigation and tried to put the whole homosexual controversy in some reasonable perspective by terming it a minor matter.

Publisher Loeb took shrill exception. "This is not a minor matter," he decreed in an editorial. "It is a question of whether or not the University of New Hampshire is going to turn into a moral cesspool." New Hampshire's governor Meldrim Thomson, Jr., seems to agree. Thomson called the trustees' recognition of G.S.O. a "stupid and cowardly action," and he asked his attorney general to investigate the controversial literature for possible violations of anti-pornography statutes. He also threatened to veto funds for university building unless the board of trustees reverses itself and kicks all homosexual activities off the campus. "Moral filth will no longer be allowed on our campuses," Thomson warned in a letter to the board.

A man with Thomson's wit and rhetorical skills is probably wasting his time in public office when he could be writing editorials for the *Union Leader*. His know-nothing, self-righteous approach to human problems would fit right in with Loeb's, whose closing bit of wisdom on



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this issue was "[For] the board of trustees to ignore this moral cancer at the university borders on the insane. We suggest to these gentlemen that they open their Bibles and take a look at what happened to Sodom and Gomorrah. It could happen here."

Please pass the salt.

Thomas Daley  
Boston, Massachusetts

*Thomson's threat prompted the university trustees to abandon their recognition of the gay organization and instead move to bar it from campus. But a Federal judge ruled against the ban, stating, "A state university may not be blackmailed into depriving its students of their constitutional rights."*

### THE SHOCKING DR. SHOCKLEY

Nobel Prize-winning physicist Dr. William B. Shockley has been the victim of many attempts to prevent him from speaking on college campuses. His views are offensive to many; he argues that intelligence is largely inherited and that the disadvantaged position of blacks in the U. S. today is due as much to genetic inferiority as it is to social injustice.

I am revolted by the racism inherent in this opinion. Nevertheless! The American principle of freedom of speech was not intended to protect only safe, inoffensive, noncontroversial expressions; such statements need no protection. The founding fathers put free speech at the head of the Bill of Rights specifically to protect persons and books that arouse anger, disgust, bitterness and loathing.

The most notorious instance of Shockley's being prevented from speaking occurred last November at Staten Island Community College in New York. The Black Students Union declared that Shockley had a right to speak under the First Amendment, but young white radicals of the Progressive Labor Party, which leans toward the Chinese version of communism, blew police whistles drowning Shockley out when he tried to speak and also silencing a black woman psychiatrist who was prepared to rebut him. When a reporter asked the Maoists if they had no respect for the First Amendment, they brandished their whistles and said, "We have the Second Amendment right here."

One person who wanted to stop Shockley from speaking cited the Burger Court's doctrine that community standards justify censorship and said she found Shockley's views "obscene and immoral." To me this demonstrates how the Court's puritanical thinking can lend itself to the promotion of totalitarian censorship.

Thomas Hankins  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

### CAMPUS COMEDY

Since 1961, professors in the California state-university system have been

required to submit to certain rituals of purification as a condition of employment—like primitive tribesmen seeking full-fledged membership in their community. With remarkable gutlessness, they have accepted this degradation without mutiny—until the feisty Jessica Mitford was hired to teach sociology at San Jose State University. Mitford, author of *The American Way of Death and Kind and Usual Punishment*, blew up when told she was required to sign a loyalty oath.

When informed that she would not be paid and that her students would not receive credit for her classes until she signed, Mitford agreed to do so—if the section claiming that she did it "freely, without any mental reservation" were replaced with the words "under duress." University officials refused, so she signed the oath, but called a press conference to announce that her action was the result of duress. This, she pointed out, made both herself and the officials who required her to sign the oath guilty of perjury. University president John H. Bunzel responded, with a straight face, "I refuse to think that she perjured herself. She signed it as it was, and I take her signature at face value." Where bold repression fails, tactful hypocrisy often works.

In act two of the purification rites, Mitford was required to be fingerprinted. She refused. "If that's a condition of employment, what about phone tapping?" she asked scornfully. The university then announced that Mitford was "dehired," a cute neologism that seems to mean the same thing as the old word fired. Like such White House terms as "incursion" (armed invasion), "no longer operative" (a flat lie) and "surreptitious entry" (burglary), this emulates the semantics of 1984.

Finally, Mitford let herself be fingerprinted by one of her students. She placed the fingerprints in a sealed envelope and handed them over to a judge. In return, the university has agreed that she will be paid for teaching and her students will receive credit. The judge will rule on who gets the fingerprints, the university or Mitford. Meanwhile, other faculty members, emboldened by her example, have begun to protest the whole practice of treating teachers as suspected criminals.

Robert Day  
Los Angeles, California

### THE COLOSSUS

From the first discovery of the Watergate bugging right through the 1972 Presidential election, Nixon's henchmen managed to keep the country in the dark about the significance of the case. Now, though, we know that the highest levels of the Administration were involved in illegal and unethical activities and in efforts to cover up such activities.

The investigation of this wrongdoing

has been extolled as a credit to our democratic system. Actually, although our system is indubitably better than out-and-out totalitarianism, it's not good enough. The Executive branch has too much power, both legally and influentially and is too easily able to cloak its activities in secrecy. If it weren't for a few lucky breaks—the discovery of the burglary in the first place, the character of Judge John J. Sirica who has refused to permit a cover-up, the decisions of some of those involved, such as James McCord, to start talking—we still wouldn't know what happened. Our system has been far from able to defend itself swiftly and vigorously against this sort of internal corruption and abuse of power. Judicial, Congressional and journalistic efforts to get at the truth about Watergate have been hampered repeatedly. The next time some gang tries to steal our Government, they may not be as incompetent or as unlucky as the Watergate crew.

Watergate offers Americans a valuable opportunity to rethink the direction in which our system has been going. To put it poetically, it's time to ask, "Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed that he is grown so great?" During the 20th Century, a series of dangers to the republic—wars and economic crises—led to enormous grants of power and prestige to the Presidency. Some observers asked what might happen if an unscrupulous man ever got his hands on the controls. The liberals, thoughtless and gleeful advocates of a strong Presidency, pooch-pooched that question. Now we know the answer. Now the greatest danger to the republic is the colossus we built to protect us from all the other dangers—the Presidency itself.

Ronald Jamieson  
Baltimore, Maryland

### WITH ENEMIES LIKE THIS . . .

I see that Hugh Hefner's name has turned up on one of the White House-enemies lists. Congratulations. You guys must be doing something right.

David Ross  
St. Louis, Missouri

*According to the Senate-House Committee on Internal Revenue, Hefner's name was on a list of 490 persons whom the Administration wanted harassed by the Internal Revenue Service before the 1972 election. The committee reported that the IRS took no action on the request.*

"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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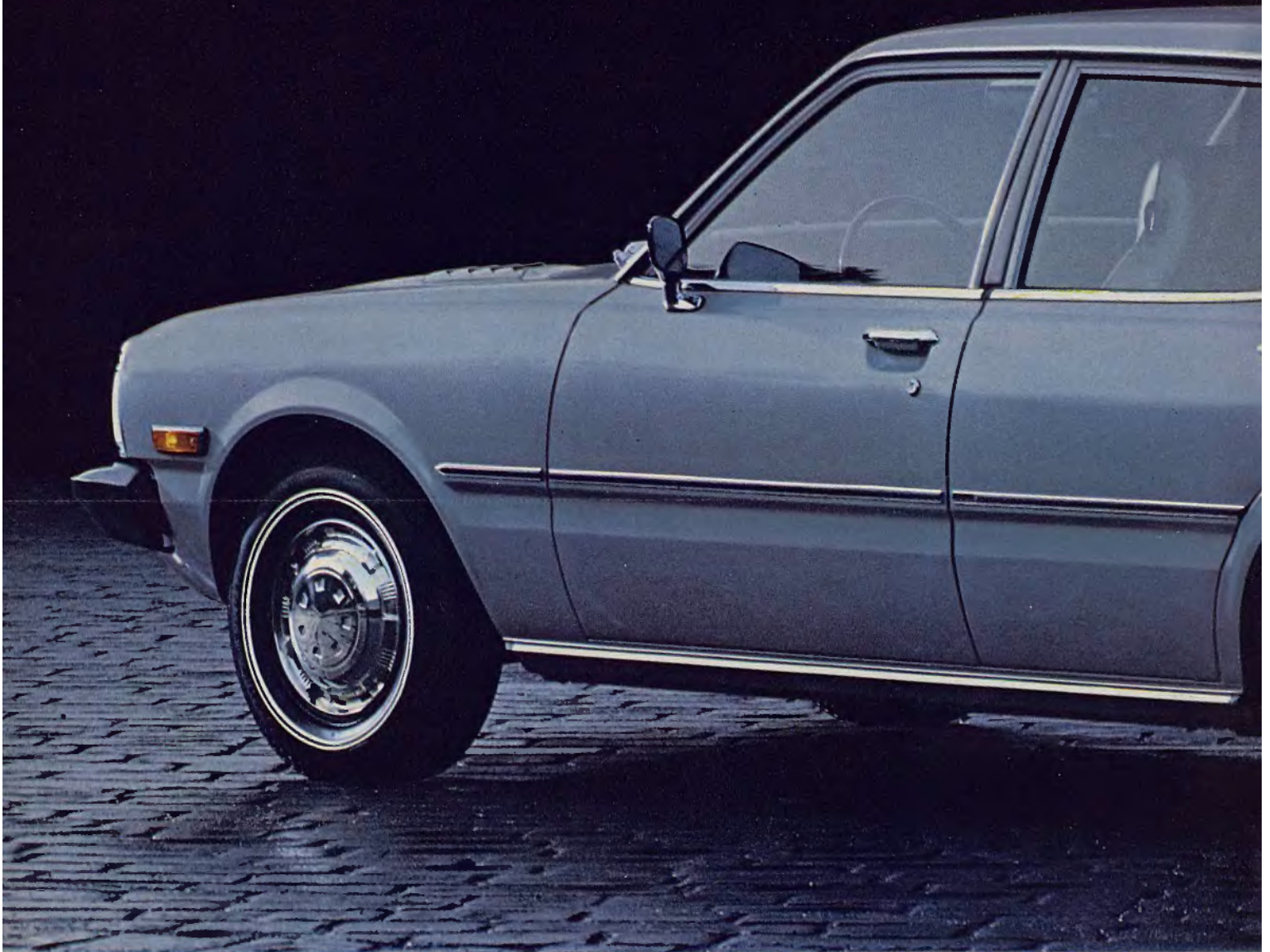
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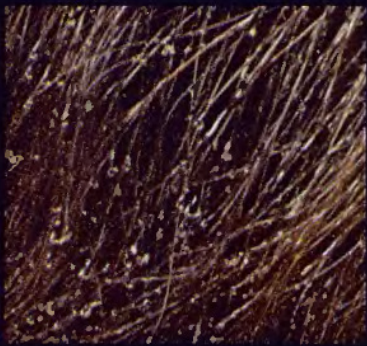
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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JANE FONDA AND TOM HAYDEN

*a candid conversation with the activist actress and her radical husband, who helped found SDS*

Late last year, Jane Fonda called reporters to the Los Angeles Press Club and told them she was suing the President. During the press conference, she held a bulging FBI file, a gift from columnist Jack Anderson, filled with memos discussing her personal finances, children, travels—all sorts of gossipy information she claimed was gathered illegally. Furthermore, said Fonda, there was a clear line of responsibility for the file that was traceable to the man on Pennsylvania Avenue with the faulty tape machine.

Nobody attending the press conference seemed too surprised by the announcement, a measure of how Jane Fonda—and the nation—has changed. Less than ten years ago, the news would have sounded like some improbable studio publicity stunt. She was living luxuriously in France at the time and gaining simultaneous reputations as an actress of genuine talent and a tough, bright lady who took life on unconventional terms. But there was not yet any politics in the fabric of her life, and her style then seemed at least understandable, considering her rare parentage and bittersweet beginning years. Born to one of America's most esteemed actors and his second wife, socialite Frances Seymour Brokaw, Jane spent a childhood (in New England and Beverly Hills) marked by the trauma of her mother's suicide and a fierce adoration for her father that she felt was indifferently returned.

After two listless years at Vassar, she

moved to Paris, where she studied painting and lived a free Left Bank life for a while. Back in the States at 21, she agreed, at a friend's persistent urging, to consider acting and went to one of Lee Strasberg's classes. He said she was good, and Fonda dove into a career, getting the starring role—with a little help from her father's good friend director Joshua Logan—in a fluffy romance called "Tall Story." Soon after, she showed the first real flashes of her emerging talent as a serious actress in "Walk on the Wild Side" and "Period of Adjustment," while continuing to do innocent romps such as "Sunday in New York" and "Barefoot in the Park." In between, she had returned to Europe, this time with a new sense of purpose. French cinema was moving in new directions, thanks to small budgets and the large visions of a bold, brilliant group of directors—among them, Truffaut, Chabrol and Vadim—and Jane, weary of Hollywood, wanted to participate. She did, becoming an international sex star and marrying Vadim. For more than six years, she sank roots, meticulously refurbishing her sprawling French farmhouse, giving birth to a daughter, Vanessa, and making films for her husband and others.

It began to turn around for her, she says, while watching newsclips on French television of American war planes dropping bombs on villages, schools and hospitals in Indochina, and her decision to return to the U. S. was further solid-

ified when she viewed films of that brutal night in 1968 when the Chicago police decided to pound the shit out of anything hairy that moved. "I felt a need to find out, to look for answers to what was happening to my own country," she has since explained. "I felt remote and very curious about the mood that could have produced what I was watching." So she returned to America, got in a car and started across the country looking for answers, stopping frequently to help local groups work against the war, poverty and many other problems she'd never faced personally before. Instead of finding answers, however, she saw only more to question and began to issue often shrill statements combining her own honest outrage with the rhetoric of others. "News people kept demanding comments from me, asking me what I thought about this or that: the condition of Indians, the black ghettos, what I had learned from the GIs in the coffeehouses, and I simply didn't know what I thought. After I realized what was happening, I decided to do some concentrated studying."

One of the leftist writers she read most avidly was Tom Hayden, a founder of Students for a Democratic Society, a leading radical of the Sixties and one of the foremost heads among those Fonda saw being pounded that night at the corner of Michigan and Balbo. It's hard to imagine two paths less likely to cross than Fonda's and Hayden's. Raised in a working-class section of Detroit and



CHARLES W. BUSH

"Jane is a significant political figure who commands enormous respect in the movement. That's why she's the target of the right—including the lunatic fringe that has weapons."

"When I met Tom, he said, 'Who're you living with?' and I said, 'God forbid, nobody.' I was very cynical about relationships and I never would have thought I'd be married again."

"Rule by the rich has created a country whose economy can't check inflation though thousands have malnutrition, a country unable even to provide enough energy to run itself."

"Why did Nixon make heroes of the P. O. W.s, not the 50,000 men who died there? Could it be that voices from the grave can't congratulate the President on peace with honor?"



educated in local Catholic schools, Hayden developed his radical sensibility at the University of Michigan and, in 1962, with a group of fellow students from across the country, drafted the Port Huron Statement, creating SDS and prophesying much of the decade's social and political upheaval.

After Port Huron, Hayden immersed himself in causes, working for civil rights in Mississippi, organizing for three years in the slums of Newark, writing several books and helping construct a plan for demonstrations at the 1968 Democratic Convention, which he and fellow radicals hoped would generate a protest so thunderous that the nation, no matter how deaf, could not help but hear. It certainly heard—and watched, recoiling from the grisly street theater—but the result of it all for Hayden was arrest and trial, the infamous Chicago Seven Conspiracy case, one of the most bizarre criminal proceedings ever played out in a courtroom, from which he was finally acquitted of all charges not long ago, more than three years after the circus had closed.

By the late Sixties, Hayden had become disillusioned with arguing radical factions and retreated from leadership to a Berkeley commune, where he continued to write prolifically—both books and articles—and to work against the war. He traveled several times to Hanoi, served as broker for the release of some P. O. W.'s and eventually—somewhere between her headline-making "drug" arrest in Cleveland (for carrying what turned out to be vitamin pills) and her equally well-reported trip to North Vietnam in 1972—met fellow radical Jane Fonda. They began to see a good deal of each other, worked together preparing anti-war graphic exhibitions and shows, and soon after Fonda returned from that controversial visit to Indochina, they decided to have a baby—and got married.

They now spend most of their time lecturing and participating in the organizational efforts of their Indochina Peace Campaign, an organization of movement activists with offices in 25 states. But Jane has never gotten too involved in politics to find time for the acting work she sees as a vehicle to advance the causes she believes in—and uses to finance them. At the top of her craft, she was called America's finest actress after her Oscar-winning performance in "Kluge" and most recently starred in Joseph Losey's brilliant adaptation of "A Doll's House." But Tom and Jane's primary profession is Indochina (Hayden has taught Indochinese history at two Los Angeles colleges) and they frequently leave their Santa Monica house for extended tours to remind the world that the war, like some indestructible Frankenstein monster, is still alive.

Since their personal travel calendar resembles the arrival-departure schedule at O'Hare, and because they often head out in opposite directions as their day-to-

day work demands, it seemed we would have to find an interviewer with super-human stamina. We decided, instead, to simply outnumber them, and assigned Leroy F. Aarons, West Coast bureau chief of The Washington Post, and Ron Ridenour, public-relations director of the Southern California A.C.L.U., who—with backup help from PLAYBOY Associate Editor Douglas Bauer—managed to keep them seated long enough for several taping sessions. Aarons had met Hayden while covering various stories in which the radical leader played some part, and Ridenour, as a longtime civil libertarian himself, was acquainted with Fonda and with her politics. They report:

"Wadsworth Avenue in Santa Monica, where Tom and Jane own an old two-story home, looks like a street from a neighborhood in Queens or Chicago's West Side that has been lifted intact and relocated next to the ocean. It's very narrow, lined with old cars and battered vans, and its frame houses feature enclosed porches and roofs sagging from age.

"Since the first floor of their house was noisy with people working and talking, we usually proceeded upstairs, where Jane and Tom occupy five rooms painted various pastel shades. A large mattress is sprawled across the floor of their bedroom-living room, the most dominant piece of furniture in the place. Any lingering suspicion that they live in secret luxury from Jane's wealth is quickly erased.

"One additional Hayden, their new son, Troy, was present at some time during most of the later sessions. While we talked, about some aspect of movement politics or a particular Indochina horror, Jane would breast-feed Troy, then hand him over to Tom for burping. Meanwhile, their phones were constantly ringing and various friends came upstairs for coffee or just to say hello or goodbye.

"Since they had recently returned from a cross-country tour—attempting to arouse fresh indignation over the continuing Indochina war and to assess the potential for rebirth in the shards of the New Left—we began by asking them if they'd found much support this time around."

**PLAYBOY:** With the war in Vietnam all but over—at least as a major issue in this country—many observers consider the protest movement moribund. In your travels around the nation, have you found it more difficult than you used to to arouse and recruit support?

**HAYDEN:** We've found that, just as the "generation of peace" in American foreign policy hasn't happened, neither has the "cooling of America." Just as the '72 election was very depressing, the Watergate hearings have been very invigorating. Partly because of Watergate, I find political curiosity and re-awakening, especially on the campuses.

People can still be moved—even around the question of the war. You could wish that kids didn't have to be concerned any longer with Vietnam, but it's the reality of Vietnam that they do.

We cannot conclude that peace with honor has been achieved, that the war is over, when the greatest bombing offensive in history has ended, only to be replaced by the biggest police state in the world, funded 90 percent by American tax dollars. American handcuffs made by Smith & Wesson chain General Thieu's political prisoners, confined in prisons often built by the American RMK-BRJ construction combine; his system of political surveillance and control has been developed or serviced by Computer Sciences Corporation of Los Angeles, which is teaching the Vietnamese to develop political dossiers on 11,500,000 South Vietnamese—the entire adult population. South Vietnam isn't even a country or a government: it's a war machine, and it's still an American responsibility.

**FONDA:** During our last trip around the country, the media frequently said to us, "Are you kidding? The American people don't care about Vietnam anymore. They care more about the price of meat." And yet our experience, time and time again, was that this is simply not true. People came to our presentations in as large numbers as they did last year. Granted that, frequently, they would come to see a celebrity. But most everyone sat through a very long program and a majority stayed to ask questions afterward. And the percentage of people who would then write their name down on a piece of paper indicating that they wanted to work for peace was one out of five.

**PLAYBOY:** Surely the peace agreement has had some deterrent effect on the anti-war movement.

**HAYDEN:** I think the peace agreement was the fruit of the antiwar movement.

**PLAYBOY:** Yes, but what about the situation since the peace agreement?

**HAYDEN:** Well, on the negative side, people in the middle who depend solely on the media for their information are more or less convinced that the war is over. And a lot of radicals took the peace agreement as their opportunity to go on to other things.

But the fact is that the peace agreement is not being honored. The U. S. Government and its client Thieu are opposed to the agreement's political provisions, which call for democratic liberties and a free election in the south. How can we say there's no war in Vietnam when more than 50,000 South Vietnamese died in combat in 1973—and the number is increasing? Our organization, the Indochina Peace Campaign, is demanding that the peace agreement be honored. America has a history of broken treaties, beginning with the ones we signed with





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the Indians. This one ought to be different.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think your efforts will succeed?

**HAYDEN:** Yes. The decade of confrontation we've gone through has opened so many minds that were closed before that we are now able to work with a majority of Americans, at the grass-roots level. We've tried to overcome the sectarianism, that "holier-than-thou" attitude that turns people off. So that the peace movement now has the power to end U. S. involvement by pressuring Congress to cut aid to Saigon and Phnom Penh. That's what we plan to do this year, and that's an area in which the signing of the peace agreement has helped.

Just look at the Senate. Middle-of-the-road Democrats and conservative Republicans are much more willing to cut off funds now, because they can't be hit with the charge that they're risking American lives or that they're letting down American P. O. W.'s. And most recently, we saw Congress override Nixon's veto of the bill to restrict his warmaking powers. That's where the peace agreement has been very positive. For a while, though, there was an enormous lull. It's a paradox that the organized radical movement, which created the issues that have now become so widely understood, thanks to Watergate, has succeeded in its aims—but it's been so hard hit by repression and division that it's almost incapable of going forward to resolve those issues.

**FONDA:** But I think the present climate in this country is such that popular change can come from places that would have never been dreamed of in the Sixties. I'm thinking specifically of the very real possibility that Nixon will be impeached by the Congress of the United States.

**PLAYBOY:** That may be true, but do you think the radical left will be successful in getting itself back together?

**HAYDEN:** I'm not sure how, but organizational attempts will be made. Maybe even quite major attempts—like a political party or an electoral coalition. It's interesting to think about new campus movements in comparison with the way it was in the early Sixties, when we began. Certainly there were disadvantages to starting with a pretty blank political environment in 1960—not having a sense of history, not knowing how to do even the simplest things, like running an office. But there were also advantages. There was no political jungle; there weren't a lot of factions as there are today.

Another advantage of the New Left of the Sixties was, I think, that it took the Administration and the CIA by surprise. I don't think there was any basis to anticipate that a radical movement would arise from the privileged campuses, and when it did, it wasn't immediately seen as subversive to the established order. It

would be now. If a group of people said they were going to form a successor to the Students for a Democratic Society today and hold a convention in Port Huron, things would be made extremely difficult for them. But it's inevitable that new forms will arise.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you see any of these new groups as militant, with a philosophy that would advocate forced overthrow of the Government?

**HAYDEN:** Ninety percent of the struggle is political and cultural, not military. It's not a question of our forcibly overthrowing the established order; it's a question of people getting organized to work *within* the system to a point where the majority of people are at least sympathetic to fundamental change. If at that point violent repression starts, as it often does, I would rather deal with it politically than resort to counterviolence. If a policeman shoots someone, instead of shooting back, you might put out 40,000 leaflets about the victim who was shot, and that would have a more devastating effect.

**PLAYBOY:** But can you conceive of ever picking up a gun to participate in a revolution?

**HAYDEN:** The question seems prosecutorial. It's so hypothetical. There are certain circumstances where there's a need for armed security. But that's in self-defense against police or vigilante attacks, and that's different from picking up a gun as part of a revolution. I think under conditions of severe repression, as has been the case with the Black Panther Party, for example, blacks would be justified in defending themselves. If the Watergate conspiracy had succeeded and a police state had been established, there would be a need for self-defense for us, too.

But the general answer to your question is no, I can't conceive of picking up a gun except in extreme cases of self-defense, because I visualize *political* success. I visualize the actual election of a progressive Government in this country in the next generation. I can imagine two Kennedy terms followed by two Julian Bond terms. That evolution would politicize the American people in the direction of peace, justice and economic reform. It would foster a legitimate left opposition, no matter how hypocritical the Presidents themselves were. *Then* the test would be whether or not the kind of people involved in Watergate would accept the legitimacy of such a Government or whether they'd try to overthrow it from the right. That would be the time to consider the question of weapons.

**FONDA:** I agree with Tom. I don't think I'll have to face such a choice in my lifetime, either. But I'm not a pacifist. I understand why the Vietnamese are fighting. I understand why people in Chile took up arms in the streets to oppose the junta, and if I can support that



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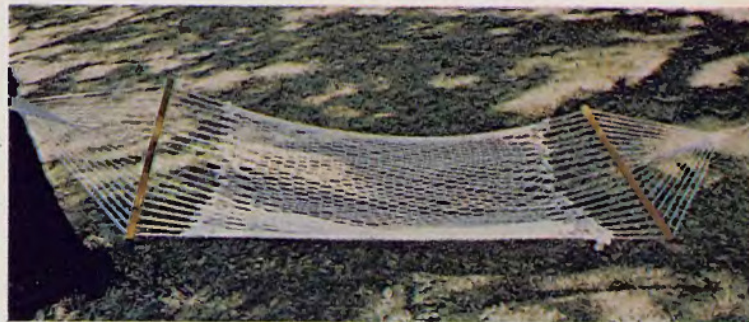
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kind of struggle for other people in other parts of the world, obviously I would support it for us, if the same situation existed here.

**PLAYBOY:** Tom, how much of the blueprint for radical change that you laid out in the early Sixties has come to fruition?

**HAYDEN:** A lot of issues that we raised then—one man, one vote, poverty and unemployment, opposition to the war, rule by a power elite—have become mass issues, popular issues, and the concepts of organizing have become widespread.

**PLAYBOY:** In other words, much of what was formerly radical thought has been absorbed by the system. But doesn't piecemeal change, while keeping the system intact, blunt the main thrust of radicalism, which is to replace the system?

**HAYDEN:** The New Left was born politically suspicious of reforms, because the earlier left seemed to run into the problem of being co-opted into the New Deal; but the reforms of the Sixties—the 18-year-old vote, the poverty program, voter rights and equal-rights amendments—haven't co-opted people. You can't have your faith in the system restored by the right to vote when Watergate shows you what kind of political system we really have. Watergate was no surprise to us. We've been talking about things like that since 1962, since the Bay of Pigs and the Kennedy assassination, and people have always said, "You're paranoid." A lot of people who thought we were talking hysterically will now have to reconsider. People will also have to ask: Who were the real traitors to the Constitution and who were the truly democratic forces? Weren't the young people in the streets, standing for freedom, far more democratic than the men behind the White House curtains with American-flag pins in their lapels and thugs on call? I think the answer's obvious.

**PLAYBOY:** The fact that most people abhor Watergate doesn't mean they've changed their minds about the movement.

**HAYDEN:** I don't agree with your assessment. After traveling around the country and talking not just with college audiences but with newspaper editors, and so forth, I find a sympathy and an acknowledgment that we weren't so wrong after all. The roots of Watergate lie in the roots of the early Cold War, when people like Hunt and McCord—and Nixon—rose either in the clandestine services of the CIA or in the political anti-Communist crusade. Most of the Administration officials involved in Watergate—Magruder, Chapin, Mitchell—are ideologically committed conservatives who were involved in trying to stop protests throughout the Sixties.

Look at the characters. Tom Charles Huston, the aide who proposed the super-intelligence group to go over the head of J. Edgar Hoover, was an early leader of Young Americans for Freedom, the

conservative counterpart to SDS. So was Douglas Caddy, the lawyer who brought bail money for the Watergate conspirators the night they were caught. Liddy had been an active prosecutor against the drug culture and the youth culture and is an extreme anti-Communist. Hunt, Barker and the Cuban exiles were violent CIA adventurers. Barker and Hunt were involved in attempting to overthrow the Cuban government in 1961. Robert Mardian administered 6000 draft-resistance cases and was an ardent wire-tap advocate. Magruder and Dean were in charge of dealing with antiwar demonstrators. These were the bureaucrats who carried out the policies preferred by the big defense corporations that gave Maurice Stans most of the \$60,000,000 for Nixon's 1972 campaign.

**PLAYBOY:** What made them resort to acts of repression in the pursuit of their convictions?

**HAYDEN:** They were frustrated by the protest movements that have grown to great magnitude in this decade, and they were even more frustrated by Vietnam. According to the public statements of Daniel Ellsberg—and, as far as I know, also according to Senate subcommittee hearings—after the 1968 election of Nixon, there was a secret decision made to escalate the military pressure on North Vietnam by secretly invading Laos, bombing Cambodia and sending Navy frogmen into Haiphong harbor so the North Vietnamese could see that the harbor was threatened. Having made that decision for escalation, there was one problem remaining: the American people, who had been sold the idea that the Vietnam engagement was about to end. That's what made a policy of repression necessary and, specifically, that's what led to the super-safeguards that evolved into "the plumbers," because we know now that in May 1969, when *The New York Times* broke the story that Cambodia was being bombed, the Nixon Administration became obsessed with leaks.

**FONDA:** Now that we know the facts of Watergate, we can see that Nixon's victory in 1972 was the product of his deceptions. He should be impeached—not simply because of these criminal activities but also because his first Administration was responsible for 6,000,000 people being killed, wounded or made refugees in Indochina, according to the Senate Subcommittee on Refugees. If we are to implement the democracy we speak of, the elections should be held over again. One of the lessons Watergate has taught us is that free elections aren't necessarily a reflection of reality if the public hasn't been given all the facts.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you picked up any information that hasn't surfaced in the national press about Watergate-related activities directed against the left?

**HAYDEN:** There's one very complicated

area still not completely uncovered that I think can be traced back to the '72 G.O.P. Convention, which was originally scheduled for San Diego. It appears that there was some confusion, perhaps even within Republican ranks, about whether the movement demonstrations that were being planned for the convention should be contained or whether there should be provoked violence of some kind that might lead to a heavy law-and-order counterreaction, especially if the demonstrations could be linked to McGovern. So quite serious violence was possible in San Diego. Then the convention was moved, for reasons that have always seemed suspect to me, since we now know that the Republicans were obviously not hurting for money and their stated reason for moving was that San Diego was too expensive. Their move could have had something to do with the prospect of a prolonged I. T. T. scandal, since I. T. T. had paid \$400,000 through the Sheraton Hotel chain as a contribution to the convention. It could also have had to do with the fear that demonstrations in San Diego would get really out of hand.

You remember that McCord and Liddy discussed the San Diego situation and, according to *The New York Times*, they were talking about the possibility of over 100,000 demonstrators' gathering in San Diego. That would be too many for a right-wing provocation to work against and too many to reduce to insignificance by giving them permits for an unimpressive rally. At any rate, in the spring, the decision was made to move the convention to Miami, but Liddy's partner Howard Hunt and their coconspirators of the ultraright moved with the convention and started actively recruiting from the Cuban-exile community in Miami—people who are professional in the art of violence.

These new recruits were used first to try to beat up Daniel Ellsberg in May 1972 at a rally in Washington. The same Cubans who a month later participated in the Watergate break-in were first told to beat up Ellsberg because he was "a traitor." This is not disputed; it's all in the Ervin committee testimony. At the same time, they tried to infiltrate and sell weapons to the Vietnam vets who were to lead the various demonstrations. In June, during their second break-in, they were caught at the Watergate. I believe their capture disrupted whatever plans there were to provoke demonstrators at Miami. The Vietnam Veterans Against the War was soon afterward indicted in Tallahassee, I believe, to provide "proof" of a security threat at the convention. McCord used the alleged "V. V. A. W. conspiracy" to justify the Watergate break-in in his testimony, hinting that the vets and the Democrats might be linked. The Watergate arrests of June 1972 took



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out of action the principal people who had tried to beat up Ellsberg and who, I assume, were going to play some provocative role in Miami. But generally, we really don't know any more about Watergate than you do. We were just less surprised by it than you were, because we've felt Governmental and right-wing militant extremism for a long time.

**PLAYBOY:** What kind of things, specifically, have you felt?

**HAYDEN:** I'll give you just one of many examples. It was revealed toward the end of 1972 in the *Door*, an alternative newspaper in San Diego, that a man named Howard Berry Godfrey, who's an admitted FBI informer, had infiltrated a right-wing paramilitary organization called the Secret Army Organization. He told one of its leaders, Jerry Lynn Davis, and others in S.A.O. that certain leftists would be kidnaped. I was one of those named. Davis told this to the *Door* in retaliation, after Godfrey testified in trials against several S.A.O. members.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you know about the activities of the S.A.O.?

**HAYDEN:** The S.A.O. was responsible for much physical violence against groups, newspapers and persons on the left. I know that a leftist worker named Paula Tharp, for example, was wounded by S.A.O. member George M. Hoover. Hoover shot Tharp with a nine-millimeter pistol as she sat in the home of Peter Bohmer, a radical professor who had been under attack by the right wing. Bohmer and Tharp were principal planners of demonstrations that were going to take place at the G.O.P. Convention, when it was still scheduled to be held in San Diego. Sometime after that incident, S.A.O. members were arrested and finally convicted of various acts of violence.

**PLAYBOY:** Was that S.A.O. kidnap list the one that Liddy devised as part of convention security and that was discussed at the Watergate hearings?

**HAYDEN:** No, this was a list that was constantly being revised, and I don't know if Liddy had a direct role in it.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you generally pleased with the hearings and the conduct of the inquiry?

**HAYDEN:** Senator Ervin, in particular, and his staff were very courageous. I think the hearings have given the American people a lesson about our rights against arbitrary authority and have revealed the White House power structure in a way unlike anything in American history. On the other hand, the areas of inquiry were very carefully circumscribed. There were many questions the Senators avoided. You heard Jeb Stuart Magruder say that he worked for three years on the antiwar movement, but not one Senator asked what he did. You heard that Liddy presented plans to mug and even kidnap demonstrators, but you didn't hear whether or not any part of



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his plans was implemented by secret police.

**FONDA:** The thing that disturbs me most about the hearings was what wasn't explored in terms of a grand conspiracy that might have been responsible for the assassinations of the Sixties and that may be traceable to people working for the Committee to Re-Elect the President. There is evidence that should be taken seriously by more people that John Kennedy wasn't shot by just some maverick. Who killed him? Who killed Martin Luther King? Who killed Bobby Kennedy? Who killed Malcolm X? Who tried to kill Wallace? We already know that the Committee to Re-Elect the President was trying to stop Wallace. We also know how Nixon benefited from Wallace's being shot. And what about Mrs. Hunt carrying all that money on the plane that crashed? These are things that aren't being investigated at all. All those events were used by the right to foster an atmosphere to turn the people against the left.

**HAYDEN:** John Kennedy was shot right out of office. Bobby Kennedy might have defeated Nixon in 1968. Malcolm X might have unified the black community. Wallace might have drawn enough votes from Nixon to defeat him in a race against Muskie.

**FONDA:** King was beginning to talk about the relationship between the black movement and the war. He was starting to make links—between racism in this country and racism as acted out by our white leaders sending blacks to kill yellow people—that hadn't been made before.

**HAYDEN:** I've always doubted the notion that the assassinations of King and Malcolm and the Kennedys were the work of lone assassins, and I've always thought that groups of conspirators were involved, in some cases with official knowledge. But I think it's important for people like myself not to make assertions beyond what can be factually proved. So all I can say is that the Watergate investigation should have led to a reinvestigation of the assassinations of the Sixties.

What Jane's talking about are underlying questions such as: What did Hunt and McCord do in the CIA for 20 years before they shifted to the Nixon campaign? I mean, how many governments did Hunt conspire to overthrow? How many times was he successful? How many were Bay of Pigs fiascoes? This is what the public was right on the precipice of discovering.

**PLAYBOY:** Wasn't the Ervin committee charged only with getting to the bottom of 1972 campaign improprieties?

**HAYDEN:** Well, a few of the Senators made grand speeches to the contrary. Senator Baker, for instance, and Senator Ervin spoke of the committee's mandate not only to get at the immediate specifics but also to deal with the general and philosophical. And all they seemed to be asking was how these boys with neatly

combed hair could have consciously committed crimes. But at the edges of what they were pursuing were the most amazing questions. Did any of the witnesses have personal knowledge of or informed opinions about any of the major assassinations in the Sixties?

Doesn't every average person believe that the answer to that question is yes? Not that these men participated in any particular assassination, but that they may have some direct knowledge of who did. Why was Colson involved in the creation of falsified cables about the assassination of Diem in 1963? Does that shed any new doubts on the validity of the Pentagon papers? Who were the protest leaders who were going to be kidnapped and taken outside the United States? What would have happened if Watergate hadn't been uncovered in June of 1972? What would have happened if that night watchman hadn't walked by? What were their next plans?

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think the witnesses weren't asked these questions?

**HAYDEN:** Because I don't think the Watergate committee cares that much about repression of the New Left. Their focus was on a safer subject, such as the White House "enemies" list, which was mainly the Democratic opposition.

**PLAYBOY:** So you believe Senator Ervin was trying to hide the real cause of Watergate just as much as the Administration was?

**HAYDEN:** No, I think Senator Ervin is one of those individuals who defy simple categorization.

**PLAYBOY:** But he didn't raise those questions.

**HAYDEN:** He came closer to asking them than anybody else did. He said, "When I came up to the Senate back in the Fifties, it was Joe McCarthyism and witch-hunting against Communists, and now, since early 1968 under the Democrats, when the Pentagon started spying on civilians, up through today and Watergate, I find a paranoid fear in the Federal Government against people who are simply demanding a redress of their grievances and a right to assembly and petition." But he was the only Senator who even began to put Watergate in that context.

**PLAYBOY:** Still, do you see the fact that the system was able to "flush out" Watergate as an indication that it might, in some way, work?

**HAYDEN:** It needs a little more Drano. What has really amused me for a long time is how every time a scandal, a bribery, an assassination is exposed and dealt with publicly, even if it's a genocidal barbarism like My Lai, the system congratulates itself for having had the capacity to reveal it, as if it should be a matter of pride to learn that we're afflicted with corruption, exploitation and genocide.

If you think the way I do—that Watergate was not a temporary fit of extrem-

ism by some overzealous campaign aides in the 1972 election; if you see it as a part of developments that began in the Sixties, starting with the Bay of Pigs—then it's definitely the development of an antidemocratic force that has suffered failures before, suffered humiliation before, suffered the loss of personnel before. The Bay of Pigs was as big a catastrophe as Watergate, but the antidemocratic forces rebuilt very swiftly.

**PLAYBOY:** When you talk about anti-democratic forces, do you mean organized right-wing groups such as the John Birch Society?

**HAYDEN:** Yes. And the Young Americans for Freedom, the Secret Army Organization and other paramilitary groups.

**PLAYBOY:** Are these groups Nixon supporters?

**HAYDEN:** People in these groups have been divided over the last ten years about whether to work within the system or not. Many of them worked for Nixon from 1965 on, and when he was planning his 1968 campaign. Now that his Administration has led to this Watergate debacle, I think the conclusion they can fairly draw is that it's quite difficult to establish an unconstitutional system under the cloak of the Constitution.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you regard men such as Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Ziegler and Chapin as ideologues or as personally ambitious guys who were tied to the Nixon rise and to that alone?

**HAYDEN:** Haldeman and Ehrlichman are obviously motivated by managerial power drives, but I don't think you could enlist them in a McGovern campaign in a million years. They are certainly to the right of center, far enough to the right to try to tilt the country in the direction of a police state. They've also been loyal to Nixon for more than a decade, so they're not people who have just moved from one bureaucracy to another looking for power.

**PLAYBOY:** Jane, you recently sued many of these people—including the President—for what you've described as police-state tactics. What's the basis of your suit?

**FONDA:** About a year and a half ago, I read in Jack Anderson's column that he had a partial copy of my FBI dossier. He expressed shock that this kind of surveillance had been carried out against someone who was obviously not charged with a crime, and never violated the law, did not even have a misdemeanor on record. So when other things began to happen, when the enemies list was made public and it became clear that certain things that had happened over a period of time were in fact part of an organized effort to—in the words of John Dean—"screw" me, I decided that we should look into it further and that we should sue. So at that point, my attorney, Leonard Weinglass, asked Anderson for the dossier.

**PLAYBOY:** According to the file, what



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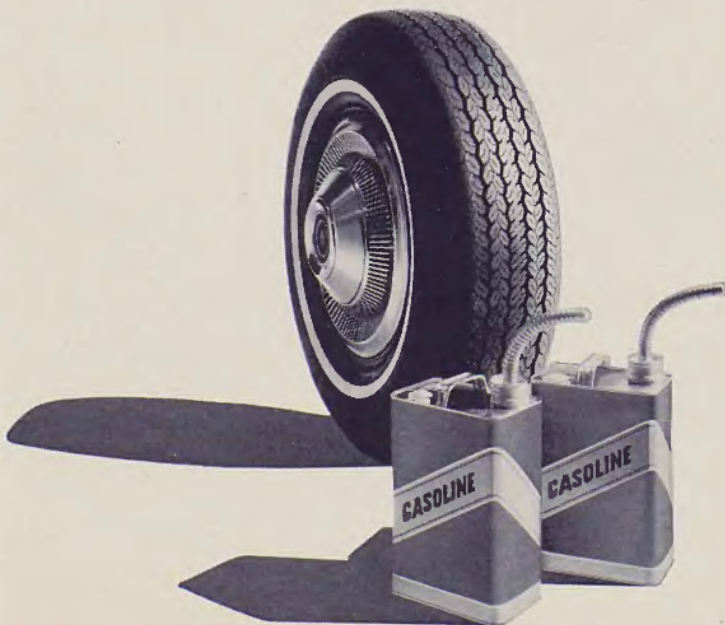
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**FONDA:** They copied my entire address book, which was taken from me at the Cleveland airport when I was arrested in 1970 for allegedly smuggling drugs, which were later proved to be vitamin pills. They Xeroxed it and it appears as part of the FBI dossier. Also, two banks, the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company of New York and the City National Bank of Los Angeles, turned over—without subpoena—my bank accounts. So my financial statements are part of the FBI file.

Other appalling things appear. There's a whole section of the file, for example, devoted to my daughter, Vanessa, who went to a nursery school in Berkeley a few years ago that was run by people active in the movement. The file says things like, "The fifth informant said that he once saw children marching across the street carrying antiwar posters." So, according to this file, the FBI has people spying on a kindergarten! It goes from that kind of thing to transcripts of speeches I've made and the itinerary of the *Free the Army* troupe. There's another portion that relates to a time I talked to some soldiers in a coffeehouse on an Army base. After I left, the FBI went in and interviewed some of the soldiers I talked with; they also talked to a chaplain's assistant—who turned out to be an informant for the FBI. The file indicates very clearly that I haven't committed any violation of the law whatsoever. I think most Americans would be very upset to know that their tax money is being used for this sort of domestic spying.

**PLAYBOY:** Does the file contain anything having to do with your Hanoi radio broadcasts?

**FONDA:** No. Every entry I have preceded my trip to Hanoi.

**PLAYBOY:** There have been subsequent charges that you made those broadcasts to undermine troop morale. What were your intentions?

**FONDA:** The GIs didn't need *me* to undermine their morale. I was simply giving an eyewitness account of what I, as an American woman, was seeing. Now, I assumed that most people in the Air Force—pilots who dropped bombs and didn't see their destruction close up—weren't going to desert or mutiny. But there were some who said, "I just can't do it anymore"—especially during the last months of the bombing. So I at least *hoped*, if a pilot had access to new information about the war, that as a human being he would eventually say, "I can't bomb anymore."

**PLAYBOY:** How about the accusation that your broadcasts prolonged the killing and, together with other protest activities, made negotiations more difficult?

**FONDA:** The only thing that forced the negotiations to take place, and forced

an end to the killing, besides the Vietnamese resistance, was pressure by the antiwar movement, which got out information that the Government wanted suppressed and mobilized public opinion that affected Congress and made it impossible for Nixon to continue, just as earlier it had forced Johnson to retire.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you explain your statements in Hanoi that many Vietnamese were victims of American antipersonnel weapons?

**FONDA:** The U. S. has an arsenal of weapons that are illegal under international law. Fragmentation grenades, spider mines, dragontooth mines and gravel mines. They are described by the corporations that made them—Honeywell, for example—so you know what they do to the body. When you see a woman whose body has maybe 500 small holes in it, you know that probably comes from a guava or a pineapple bomb. If you see hundreds of children with their feet and hands blown off, chances are it was caused by a gravel mine, because that's what gravel mines are designed to do. They have no effect against anything except flesh. A gravel mine can't even blow a hole in the tire of an army truck. It can blow a child's foot off, and that's about all it can do. Toward that end, they are often designed to look like toys. The Pentagon describes them as "psychological-impact weapons."

**PLAYBOY:** You also charged that we were bombing cities in the North. Did you see the bombing?

**FONDA:** The cities I saw—Nam Dinh, south of Hanoi, for example—were 80 percent rubble. I saw bomb damage that had occurred the night before I arrived in a place. You see, there are certain areas where the dikes are strategic—where, for example, a lot of rivers converge and the dike wall holds back the water. If that particular portion of dike were destroyed, the waters would flood huge sections of the Red River delta, bringing the threat of death to millions of people. The bombs invariably hit the most strategic points of the dike and were dropped during times when the waters were highest. As it happened, the rains weren't so heavy in 1972. If the flooding had been what it was in 1971, we would have been responsible for one of the worst massacres in the history of the world, and this would have happened while Nixon was telling us the war was winding down. People are told the bombing of dikes was accidental, yet the Pentagon papers tell us that this was being considered as an option during Johnson's Administration.

I didn't go to Vietnam with any intention of talking on the radio, but after I was there about two days, I had seen more destruction to the hospitals, churches, villages, schools and cities than I care to think about. I asked the Viet-

namese, my hosts and hostesses, if I could make tape recordings for the radio. I said I would like to do it every morning to describe what I was seeing.

**PLAYBOY:** How did the taping sessions proceed?

**FONDA:** Every morning a man would come to the hotel with a Sony tape recorder. I would sit down in a room alone with him and talk extemporaneously. I said, "Yesterday I saw children with their hands and feet blown off, and this is the kind of weapon that did it. Perhaps you're not aware of what's in the bombs you're dropping." I would talk about what it felt like to be an American seeing what our Government was doing to these people. I read some excerpts from the Pentagon papers over the radio. I talked about how the United States had prevented the reunification of Vietnam in 1956 and how we had installed a series of dictatorships in South Vietnam. In fact, I said essentially what I say when I speak in the United States. I said that we'd been lied to, and that I didn't think it was possible to continue, either as civilians having the war waged in our names or as pilots pushing buttons and pulling levers, without its destroying us as human beings. I said we really had to think about what we were doing, that we couldn't allow ourselves to be turned into robots.

**PLAYBOY:** Weren't you implicitly encouraging soldiers to desert?

**FONDA:** I never asked soldiers to desert or defect. I have very strong feelings about that. I don't feel that any civilian has any right to ask someone in the military to do something that could get him in trouble. I'm not the one who would have to stand court-martial or get sent to a stockade.

**PLAYBOY:** You say you would never ask anyone in the military to do something that could get him in trouble, but if soldiers had refused to fight, as you hoped they would after listening to your broadcasts, they *could* have been court-martialed.

**FONDA:** I hoped that, as human beings and as Americans who apparently cherish the concepts of democracy and independence, they wouldn't want to continue fighting if they knew facts about the war that the Pentagon has tried to keep from us. Making facts available, however, is different from advising someone to break a law.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think your broadcasts accomplished?

**FONDA:** What speaking out always accomplishes. It may instill an idea, a new thought in the minds of even a few people. As far as I was concerned, if there was one pilot who was already having second thoughts about what he was doing and I could help him clarify his thoughts about it, it would be useful.

The controversy that was created about my trip—my charges that the U. S.



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## CHARLES A. WELLS

HOME: Washington, D.C.

AGE: 31

PROFESSION: Molecular Biologist

HOBBIES: Tennis, bicycling, bowling.

LAST BOOK READ: "The Black Seventies"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Ph.D.

Dissertation: "The Biochemistry and Physiology of Hormones during the Menstrual Cycle and Early Pregnancy in the Rhesus Monkey."

QUOTE: "Basic scientific research today will control tomorrow's technology. Therefore, scientists in basic research should petition America to avoid critical cutbacks in these areas."

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was bombing dikes, the films I had showing the damage—became very important to the Administration. Don't forget that Nixon was trying to get elected as a man who was winding down the war. He didn't want Vietnam to be an issue in the elections. My trip, Ramsey Clark's trip, everything that helped call attention to what was, in fact, an escalating air war, was very crucial. That's why there were all the shouts of treason. It was a Nixon tactic he's used since the Fifties to discredit his critics.

**PLAYBOY:** William Loeb editorialized in the Manchester *Union Leader* that "Miss Fonda should either be refused readmittance to the United States or, immediately following her return, be tried for treason. She should be shot if a verdict of guilty comes in." Why do you think you arouse such hatred?

**FONDA:** My impression is that most of the venom is from organized right-wing groups like the Veterans of Foreign Wars, Young Americans for Freedom and others connected with the Committee to Re-Elect the President.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that just an informed guess on your part or do you have evidence to substantiate it?

**FONDA:** We've seen it firsthand. I remember a time in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, for example, when a man disrupted a press conference we were having about the war. He conducted a long, loud harangue against me, then admitted later that he worked for CREEP. Young Americans for Freedom has been the organizer of several widely publicized attacks against me in L.A. It's made to look like spontaneous Americana, but its roots are in Watergate.

**PLAYBOY:** Whoever incited it, the hostility against you is very strong. Why?

**FONDA:** A P. O. W. I know, a guy who was a prisoner for five years, explained it to me this way: "A lot of guys in prison were big fans of yours. They had seen a lot of your movies and they will never forgive you for betraying their dreams." I think that's the basis for a lot of it. I'm an actress, I'm famous, I come from a position in society that, given our culture, is enviable. I suppose some people also think I'm not acting "feminine." I'm saying that there are things wrong with our society and I'm going to speak out about them. I'm no longer going to accept the image of a mindless Barbarella floating through space. I'm no longer afraid to indicate that I have a mind, and I'm going to speak out.

But times have changed. We've toured the country to tell people about the U.S.—created police state in South Vietnam; we went to all parts of the country, including Texas and Arizona, and I encountered almost none of the venom you've mentioned. Hardly anyone even raised the issue of my statement about the North Vietnamese not torturing their

P. O. W. s. I think Watergate has played a large role in changing people's heads.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you seen any signs of a boycott of your work from those within the film industry?

**FONDA:** No. I occasionally get letters from a few chapters of Veterans of Foreign Wars telling me they've organized a boycott, and some of Agnew's cronies in the Maryland legislature say they don't want my films shown; but, frankly, as long as Hollywood can make a buck off me, I'll get work.

**HAYDEN:** There's one case of repression we can't prove, but maybe that's because we haven't investigated it enough, and that's the way the film of the *F. T. A.* show was handled. *F. T. A.*, which includes taped conversations with GIs as well as skits from our Vietnam tour, was put out by a very conservative mainstream film company, American International Pictures. The audience was good in some places and not so good in others, but the movie disappeared quickly on the grounds that it wasn't a hit. Then, in Japan and Australia, it started to disappear *before* it opened.

**FONDA:** The day before the contract was to be signed for the distribution in Japan, the deal was canceled. The film was supposed to come out in Los Angeles in August and one of the top people at A.I.P. was quoted in the *Hollywood Reporter* as saying that it was going to be pulled nationally, as well as locally in Los Angeles, because they were getting pressure. The words he used were, "We got a lot of heat here." He attributed it to feedback from my visit to North Vietnam. The company that bought it in England, E.M.I., has never released it. When Joe Losey, who directed me in *A Doll's House*, asked to see it, the distributors said to him, "Why do you want to see that movie? It's terrible." But, in fact, in certain places where the film opened, including the Avco Theater in Westwood, there were enthusiastic responses.

It's been as though A.I.P. has tried to keep people away. But we've shown 16mm copies to enough audiences to know the potential popularity of this film. It has a powerful effect on many people: students, young working people, guys who have served in the military, as well as others. It has moved people who aren't particularly progressive.

**HAYDEN:** The reason, I think, is that it offers a view of the Army that's a little different from the Pentagon's. It's the view of poor black and white soldiers, soldiers who say things critical of the Army that have never been said in a commercial film before.

**FONDA:** Given what's been happening to the film, given the importance of the film politically, given what it would have meant to Nixon, given the importance of the GI movement, it's very possible that it could be one of the victims of the Watergate group.

**PLAYBOY:** But you're only speculating?

**FONDA:** Well, I stand on what I just said.

**HAYDEN:** All this kind of activity simply points up one fact: Jane is a significant political figure who commands enormous respect in the movement. That's why she is the target of the American right, including the lunatic fringe, which has weapons and legal bases of power. In their view of the world, it's the outside agitator, the inspirational figure, who's the cause of the problem, not the product of the problem. They believe that if you cut off a movement at its head, then it's weakened. How else do you explain the assassinations of the Sixties?

**PLAYBOY:** Jane, do you feel you could be a target for assassination?

**FONDA:** I just assume that anybody who is critical, and is part of an organized movement, is a target for repression and possibly death. Look what we're dealing with. Look who the people are.

**PLAYBOY:** What precautions are you taking?

**HAYDEN:** Well, we're taking the problem seriously. In the Maryland legislature, one elected official actually got some publicity by advocating that Jane's tongue be cut out. Another said she should be executed. But the most serious threat, I think, comes from the right-wing groups that are so hysterical about mass leaders and outside agitators, and what we've tried to do is neutralize their ability to continue their political attacks. In the California legislature, for example, we found it relatively easy, through the lobbying efforts of our Indochina Peace Campaign, to overturn a proposed resolution of censure.

**PLAYBOY:** But how does all this pressure make you feel?

**HAYDEN:** Unless such actions are stopped—whether they be assassinations or just underhanded attempts to discredit leaders of the movement—there's no possibility for peaceful, democratic politics in this country. We have a very good letter from a Congressman whose name I can't mention; he clipped an article from the paper saying how Scott Nearing, the elderly Socialist who's a columnist for *Monthly Review* and who was once pilloried and hounded and discredited for his politics, had just been given an honorary degree at some university on something like his 92nd birthday. This Congressman sincerely sent this to Jane as a sign of how she'll someday be remembered. But of what value is it to be destroyed until you're 92 and then be remembered? That's what people typically do with reform leaders. If they're not dead, they get discredited; then, in later years, people say, "Well, she wasn't so bad."

**PLAYBOY:** How do you live with your fear for Jane's safety?

**HAYDEN:** I'm well prepared by what I've been through. She isn't the first person





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I've known who's in this situation. I've felt close to several who died, and been to enough funerals.

**PLAYBOY:** Jane, are you afraid?

**FONDA:** I think fear and hatred are both immobilizing emotions. I find the weight of people's hostility very depressing. But I've seen too many people change to get depressed or cynical for long.

**HAYDEN:** I've seen the same very strong feelings—love and hate and excitement—generated toward Jane that have been generated toward only a few other mass figures in my lifetime. And those figures were Martin Luther King, the Kennedys and Malcolm X.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you believe Jane is as influential a figure as they were?

**HAYDEN:** No, I didn't mean to compare influence. It's just that there is a very special role that's played by those who have mass followings. And in the Sixties, most of these figures were cut down by bullets.

**PLAYBOY:** It's been said—even by those who basically agree with you, Jane—that you've used whatever influence you have to distort and oversimplify many of the issues you've raised, particularly in connection with the war in Vietnam. Wouldn't your message be more effective if, for example, while denouncing the iniquity of the Saigon regime, you acknowledged that the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese haven't been entirely innocent of cruelty and repression?

**FONDA:** I'm very weary of the thinking that says there are two sides to every question. There aren't. Hitler, for example, was wrong. The question shouldn't be whether or not the North Vietnamese or the Provisional Revolutionary Government commits atrocities in the course of the war. The *real* question is: Who is ultimately responsible for the war? For those who don't already know the answer, I suggest they read the Pentagon papers, which reveal that the United States has always been the aggressor in Vietnam. The idea that we were defending the south from a Communist invasion from North Vietnam was and continues to be a lie, designed to justify *our* invasion. The papers reveal that the forces we have been told are the enemy are the *popular* forces in Vietnam, analogous to the American revolutionaries here 200 years ago. The Vietnamese are fighting a guerrilla war, and guerrilla warfare can be waged only if there is popular support. The Vietnamese have been successfully waging a guerrilla war against foreigners for 30 years.

I don't want to cater to our need to feel better about our Government by saying that the other guy is bad, too. It doesn't help. As far as Saigon is concerned, I have no good words for the government we're supporting. I can't believe that Americans, if they really knew what the Saigon government was doing, would have anything good to say about it. It

is a total betrayal of everything we cherish in this country. Democratic rights are being denied to the people, people are being murdered, there's no freedom of the press, there are hundreds of thousands of people in prisons in the most terrible conditions. And we are responsible. We pay for it with our taxes. Taxes for torture.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you want to give the impression that none of the conditions you just mentioned apply to North Vietnam?

**FONDA:** I think that's irrelevant. We aren't *responsible* for what happens there. We don't front the North Vietnamese government. We front Saigon. But I am not an apologist for North Vietnam. No way.

**PLAYBOY:** Wouldn't you concede, then, that North Vietnam as well as South Vietnam has suppressed dissent and imprisoned its political enemies?

**FONDA:** I don't know. I don't think so. But I was there only two weeks. I didn't see everything. I didn't see prisons. I don't pretend to know everything about the situation in North Vietnam. I can only tell you what I felt. The reason I say I don't believe they have political prisoners is because of the atmosphere. I've been in a Communist country where the atmosphere is such that it could *well* be that there are people who are being persecuted. It didn't feel the same in North Vietnam.

**PLAYBOY:** Where was that?

**FONDA:** Russia. I felt great unhappiness, frustration; I sensed that the people were unfulfilled. Much the same as what I feel in this country. In North Vietnam, I didn't feel those things. I felt an incredible unity between the people and their government.

**PLAYBOY:** Give us an example.

**FONDA:** I walked the streets with the foreign minister of the North Vietnamese government. Now, in the streets of Hanoi, a number of people had guns, automatic weapons, because virtually everyone—men, women and children—was prepared to try to shoot down planes that were bombing their cities. And I walked down the street with this high government official, yet he had no bodyguards, no weapon, he wasn't in a bullet-proof limousine and his house wasn't surrounded by electronic surveillance. When I expressed surprise at all this, my guide said to me, "Our government and our people are one." He said, "We don't have political assassinations here."

Now, those could be just words, but there was also an atmosphere I felt and there were things I saw that gave that feeling of unity. What I saw in the streets were not unhappy people. I saw people helping each other, caring for each other, touching each other. People who really seemed to be living to the utmost. Truly fulfilled people, which is remarkable, because they're so poor.

**HAYDEN:** I agree with the point Jane made earlier that our moral concern should be focused on our *own* country, but I think it's also necessary to know something about the Vietnamese. America killed 600,000 or 700,000 people there, wounded twice as many and made refugees of ten times as many. If you know nothing about them, what's the difference between you and a mad killer who knows not what he does? When history is truthfully written, we'll realize that we lost a half-million guys there for nothing. When I say lost, I don't mean just dead, but also badly wounded—physically or psychologically maimed. We invested, according to Senator Fulbright, somewhere over 200 billion dollars in that war. And the consequences are going to be as severe as the cost. They're going to be with us for a long time. So to not know Vietnam is to not know America.

**FONDA:** It would help, in order to understand what we can learn from the killing, to talk about the attitudes found in the Armed Forces, the people who began—within the military—to say, "We don't want this anymore. We don't believe the Vietnamese are our enemies." Of course, official military propaganda consistently denied it, but there was a virtual collapse of morale within the American Armed Forces.

**PLAYBOY:** You challenged another official statement when you said that the Army lied in asserting that it was North Vietnamese policy to torture P. O. W. s. How do you know it wasn't?

**FONDA:** The Pentagon carefully chose a small group of Army lifers, the most biased and conservative officers in the military, to participate in a public-relations campaign that would create the impression that torture was the routine experience of our 566 P. O. W. s. I think many P. O. W. s said they were tortured in order to excuse their circumstances of capture or their statements and actions opposing the war.

**HAYDEN:** Sergeant Daniel Pitzer, a Green Beret released in '67, told me, when I was escorting him home, that it was standard operating procedure to collaborate with the Vietnamese as much as necessary and then repudiate the action by claiming torture when you got home.

**FONDA:** With only one exception, as far as we've been able to find through the research of the Indochina Peace Campaign, no one claims to have been tortured after '69. So right there you have the men themselves refuting the story the Pentagon was encouraging—that 95 percent of the men were tortured. The one exception is of special interest to me. David Hoffman claims that the North Vietnamese pulled his already-broken arm out of its socket to coerce him into seeing Ramsey Clark and me. Yet his copilot and prison roommate, Norris Charles, said he never heard of nor saw any torture in the



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camp. Neither did P. O. W. s Walter Wilber and Mark Gartley, who were in the same compound. Wilber was even quoted in his hometown newspaper as saying, about my visit, "She could see that we were all healthy and hadn't been tortured."

I think we should ask ourselves why Nixon made heroes of the P. O. W. s. Why not the vets, the ground troops who've come back legless and jobless? Why not the 50,000 who died there? Could it be that paraplegics don't make good spokesmen for Nixon, that voices from the grave can't congratulate the President on achieving peace with honor?

**HAYDEN:** We have just visited about 35 cities around the country, and a P. O. W. named Bob Chenoweth, who spent five and a half years in North Vietnam, traveled with us. He lived, at different times, with a total of 108 P. O. W. s. That's about one fifth, almost 20 percent of all of them, and he never heard anyone say that they were tortured. More and more P. O. W. s are coming to terms with their feelings about the war; but when many of them were first released, they came home to families who were still hawkish. So a good number of the P. O. W. s found themselves in limbo, not knowing where to turn. It's taken time.

**PLAYBOY:** That's somewhat the same lack of direction you expressed privately a decade ago, Jane—long before people began calling you radical—when you left the United States to live in Europe. Tell us why you went.

**FONDA:** I went because in the early Sixties, Europe seemed to be the place where things were happening. There was the New Wave in the cinema. I was trying to get back to what I had felt in the beginning, when I began acting. I missed the excitement of working in the theater in New York and the real contact I felt I had lost when I went to California. I didn't know how to deal with the values I found here in Hollywood.

**PLAYBOY:** You hadn't always wanted to be an actress, had you?

**FONDA:** No, at first I resisted the idea of acting very much. But I was out of school and I had no idea what to do with my life. I didn't want to get married. I remember as a freshman in college I had seen my girlfriends fall—engagement, bridal magazine, wedding ring, marriage. I said to myself, if I can get past my sophomore year without feeling that I should have a ring on my finger or there's something wrong with me, if I can get by that, then I'm saved. And I got by it. But I didn't know what I *did* want to do, and it's a terrifying feeling. I mean, I understand so well what kids feel now. They just don't know what they want their future to be.

Anyway, when I was 21 I began studying at Lee Strasberg's Actors Studio in

New York and from then on, that was it. I mean, I ate and dreamed and lived acting 24 hours a day. And I think the reason I loved it so much was that it offered me a way of getting behind a mask and revealing things that I, as an uptight middle-class woman, had always been told I should not show.

**PLAYBOY:** So you found yourself in love with acting but disenchanted with Hollywood. Did you discover what you were looking for in Europe?

**FONDA:** What I was very impressed with there was the existence of film making as an art, as opposed to film making as big business. When you make a movie with a major studio in Hollywood, you deal with a vast bureaucracy. The content of the film, right down to what the actress may wear, can often be controlled by the heads of the studios or the bankers in New York. There's also usually a great deal of alienation between the workers and the final product. I'm talking about the grips, the technicians, the rank and file of the studios, who are mostly quite old—because young people can't get into the unions here—and jaded.

**PLAYBOY:** And you found things different in Europe?

**FONDA:** In Europe, films can be made more cheaply, more risks can be taken. Many, many more independent productions were being made while I was there. I would say generally that the workers were much more liberal and involved in the creation of a film. The man I was later to marry, Roger Vadim, was the first very young, absolutely unknown film maker to have made what was called a New Wave film on a very low budget. It was a huge success and, as a result, it opened the doors to all of the young directors who came later: Godard, Truffaut and all the rest. It was the beginning of the New Wave.

**PLAYBOY:** You're talking about Vadim's *And God Created Woman*?

**FONDA:** That's right.

**PLAYBOY:** Interestingly enough, the movie was predicated on the idea of the female as a sex object.

**FONDA:** One thing that was true of his films, however, was that the women were always strong. They were always the central characters, always the winners. She may have been portrayed as a beautiful object, but Brigitte Bardot ruled the roost. She kicked out any man she was tired of and invited in any man she wanted. She lived *like* a man in Vadim's films. I think the reason *And God Created Woman* was such a success was that it was the first time you saw a beautiful female creature behave exactly like a man, and it was a very liberating experience for a lot of women to watch her on the screen. Of course, there's the other side of the coin: Sex was the determining factor: woman objectified as sex object. But I think it's facile to dismiss that film as

simply a sexy exploitation film. I think it was much more.

**PLAYBOY:** What about *Barbarella*? It would certainly be surprising to hear you refer to it as anything other than sexist.

**FONDA:** The trouble with *Barbarella* was that she wasn't Superwoman. Instead of being a great female, she was a sexy girl. Again, sex was the determining factor in who had the power. Besides that, I don't like making the kind of movies where you have to wait four hours because the dry ice isn't steaming or the birds that are supposed to be eating you are dying.

**PLAYBOY:** Which of your more serious films has given you some satisfaction?

**FONDA:** I'll always like *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* I guess because it's one of the few movies I've done that say something truthful, that aren't just silly or prototyped. I don't feel very close to my character in the movie, who is cynical and fatalistic, but I think the metaphor of the marathon dance fits our society: people being manipulated by a few who reap the benefits.

**PLAYBOY:** For your performance in that film and several others, some critics have called you America's finest actress. How do you feel about that?

**FONDA:** I don't like any sort of rating or comparison, because it just exacerbates a tendency—which is exaggerated enough in my profession—for everyone to compete with one another.

**PLAYBOY:** You accepted an Oscar, which is certainly a competitive award, for your performance in *Klute*.

**FONDA:** I thought about that a whole lot, and there was one period when I had decided I wouldn't accept the Oscar if I won. Then I began to think I *should* accept it, because it does come from the people in my industry and is a vote of confidence from the people I work with and whose opinion I respect. I also feel that the Oscar means something to the American people.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you disagree, then, with the way Marlon Brando handled *his* award?

**FONDA:** I respect very much what he did. I think his gesture of having an Indian woman raise the issue of racism in Hollywood was fine and I applaud him for it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you still have your own Oscar?

**FONDA:** It's holding up books on the bookcase downstairs—and the gold is flaking.

**PLAYBOY:** You've been quoted as saying you fought a lot with Vadim about his films, which you didn't particularly like.

**FONDA:** I don't want to talk about Vadim. He is a kind and gentle but very, very complex human being. And attempts that people make to categorize him and write him off as a male-chauvinist pig are inaccurate and do him injustice. Yes, he *does* put too much emphasis on the way women look. That's absolutely true. And I think that attitude took its toll on



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me; I don't mean to pretend that it didn't. But I don't regret the time I spent in France.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you still friends?

**FONDA:** Yes. We're still friends and he's the father of my daughter. He's a wonderful father and I'm very glad he is her father. There is just one more thing I'd like to say about my film-making experiences with Vadim, and then I don't want to talk about it any further. There was something that happened during the time I was working with Vadim that made it very hard for me to agree to be interviewed by **PLAYBOY**.

I was doing a movie with him called *La Curée*, which was based on a novel by Emile Zola, and there was a scene in it where I'm swimming with the man who is my lover in a sort of hothouse swimming pool, and we're naked. In fact, in the film you didn't see that we were; you only *sense* that we were naked. But you don't really see our bodies. I requested, when the time came to shoot the scene, that all the crew leave the set. The only people there, I thought, were the actor, my husband and the cameraman, who was a very close friend of ours.

OK, several months go by and **PLAYBOY** comes out and I see a whole layout of photographs of myself getting in and out of the pool naked. The shots were obviously taken by someone who was up on the studio catwalk, on the scaffolding, with a telephoto lens. Well, we checked and discovered that there was a French or Italian photographer who had sneaked illegally onto the closed set and had taken those pictures without my permission and sold them to **PLAYBOY**. **PLAYBOY** didn't ask permission to publish them, and I was outraged. It seemed that **PLAYBOY** couldn't see the difference between something that I had decided to do as an actress, when I knew exactly what was going to appear on the screen and could say, "That will have to be cut out," and the violation of an unknown cameraman who sneaked in, took pictures of me naked and sold them.

I tried to sue. Unfortunately, when you're famous, you have absolutely no right to privacy. Someone can do practically anything to you and there is no way that you can win an invasion-of-privacy suit. So it was dropped and **PLAYBOY** wrote me a private letter of apology that said they felt they had been taken advantage of by the photographer, too, and it ended there. Except that it didn't end in terms of the embarrassment I felt. So it was—and still is—with some difficulty that I agreed to do this interview. I just want to set the record straight.

**PLAYBOY:** What made you decide to do it?

**FONDA:** Well, I thought a lot about it, and at first I refused. You know, there are two things going on in **PLAYBOY**. On the one hand, it has some of the most important interviews that are being published today, since most of the other mag-

azines that used to do them have closed down. They also run some very important articles, and I recognize them as such. On the other hand, I think the magazine is bought, essentially, for the centerfold. It's the purchase of naked women. I don't like the way **PLAYBOY** exploits women's bodies. I think it only titillates men's sexual fantasies.

**PLAYBOY:** It's a debatable premise that publishing nude pictures of the human body is exploitive; but if **PLAYBOY**'s appeal is based primarily on its sexual content, why don't the girlie magazines, which publish many more—and nuder—pictures, outsell **PLAYBOY**? Our circulation began rising most rapidly when we began to publish not nuder pictures but articles and interviews such as the ones you mention.

**FONDA:** That may be true, but the fact is that because of those naked women, **PLAYBOY** has become the symbol of what is the enemy for women.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't believe it really is, do you?

**FONDA:** You're going to tell me how **PLAYBOY** has supported the women's movement by joining the fight for abortion reform. Well, that's fine, but it doesn't change certain basic things about the magazine. Before I agreed to be interviewed, I talked to a number of women I work with and am close to and I asked them what they felt I should do. Generally the feeling was that it's not often one is given room to speak, and with the climate as it is today, I felt it was important to be able to have space to say some things I felt were important. So that consideration overrode my reluctance.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your opinion of magazines such as *Viva* and *Playgirl*, which publish photos of nude men? Do you think they exploit men's bodies?

**FONDA:** Yes, I do, and I don't read them.

**PLAYBOY:** Fair enough. Let's change the subject. You were still in France when your own exploitation as a sex star was at its height. What occurred during that time to politicize you?

**FONDA:** What happened was that I was living there when people in this country were beginning to change. Essentially, I was away during the civil rights movement. I was away during the beginning of the antiwar movement and felt the turmoil of that time only indirectly. When a Frenchman said to me that the United States Air Force had bombed a village, razed it "in order to save it." I told him he was lying, that it wasn't true. I said Americans don't do things like that. The first specific thing I can remember was watching television when there was a march of half a million people on the Pentagon and seeing people getting bludgeoned to the ground. I watched women leading marches. I watched women walking up to the bayonets that were surrounding the Pentagon, and they were not afraid. The soldiers were the

ones who were afraid. I'll never forget that experience. It completely changed me, not overnight, but it started a process in me as I began searching for what was behind it all.

**PLAYBOY:** When and how did you begin that search?

**FONDA:** It was 1968. There were soldiers in Paris at the time, deserters from Vietnam, young men who had enlisted in the Service and had gone to Vietnam and then left because they couldn't deal with what was happening there anymore. I met some of them in Paris and I talked with them. Then I began to read. I read Bertrand Russell's *War Crimes in Vietnam* transcripts, a book by Jonathan Schell called *The Village of Ben Suc: I got subscriptions to *Ramparts* and *The Village Voice*. Paris was in a state of siege. Most everyone I knew was in the streets, but my eyes were on my own country: the occupation of Columbia University, the '68 convention riots in Chicago.*

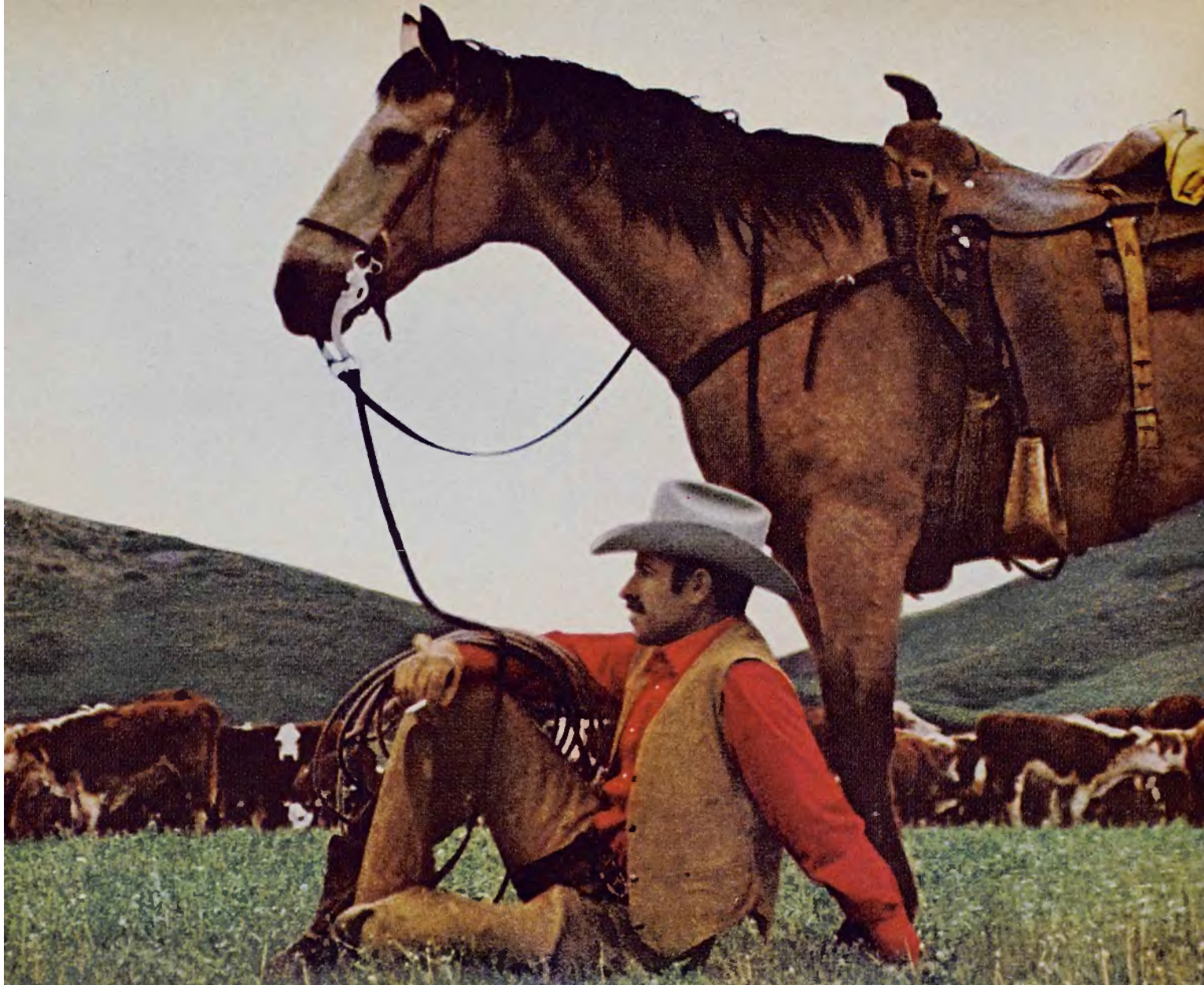
Gradually I realized that my place was not as a married woman on a farm in France any longer, that I wanted to come back here. I had a purpose in coming back. I wanted to find some way that I could be part of what was going on. For the first time in my life, I realized that people were finding a way to create change. I didn't know what it was; all I knew was that people were beginning to feel powerful again, and I wanted to be part of it.

**PLAYBOY:** When you returned to the U.S. late in '69, you immediately embarked on a cross-country tour that created a lot of publicity because of the things you said. Why did you make that trip?

**FONDA:** I realized when I came back to the United States from France that I didn't know this country at all. I knew New York and California, and vaguely Omaha, because that's where my father comes from, but I didn't know the rest of the country and I decided that one way to start finding out about it was to drive through it. Because I'd spent time with soldiers in Paris, I became very interested as I traveled in what was called the GI movement. I didn't really understand what that was in the beginning. I remember telling someone I was going to be driving across the country and he said, "Oh, you should go to the coffeehouses." I didn't even know what the coffeehouses were, but I learned that there were soldiers organizing, putting out newspapers and opening coffeehouses where other guys from the base could go and talk about conditions in the military and about the war. I visited these places all across the country and talked with guys who had just come back from Vietnam. They knew more about the war than anybody else, in the sense that they felt the weight and horror of it in their guts.

I saw guys who will probably never be the same. You've read about the post-Vietnam syndrome. I've seen men





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suffering from it who can't even speak. They talk in whispers. They would whisper in my ear that they were incapable of doing anything except kill. I don't know whether everything they said was true or not, but I *do* know what a powerful effect it had on me to hear GIs talking about the atrocities they had committed against Vietnamese, the falsifying of reports and body counts. I participated with Vietnam Veterans Against the War in organizing the Winter Soldier Investigation in 1971. Over a hundred officers and enlisted men testified at the hearing about war crimes. Some testified to having participated in Nixon's secret invasion of Laos and in the 1969 raids against Cambodia. Yet the TV networks dismissed them as "alleged veterans."

I guess one of the most important experiences I can remember was arriving at a coffeehouse called the Oleo Strut in Killeen, Texas, where I found a group of men and women activists, GIs who were treating each other differently than I had ever seen people treat each other before. The men were fighting their male chauvinism. Women had assumed new positions of leadership. Responsibilities were shared. What I realized during the week I spent with these people was that all the words I had been hearing really meant something, that there really *was* an alternative way of living.

**PLAYBOY:** If you'd had doubts until then that all the words you'd been hearing really meant something, why had you already committed yourself to the movement?

**FONDA:** Well, prior to that experience, I had this feeling that I wanted things to *stop*. But I really didn't know what I wanted to replace them with. What I saw acted out in the lives of the people in the coffeehouses showed me the kinds of things I wanted to *start*. I began to see positive alternatives to work *for*, not just negative things to work *against*.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you say to the accusation that during this period when you underwent such a radical transformation, you were being used for promotional purposes, being manipulated by the movements that attracted you?

**FONDA:** It's true to a degree. But I kept coming upon people who were living life-and-death experiences: Their land was being taken away, or they were starving, or they were about to be shot or *had* been shot. These people weren't getting their stories out; they weren't being given access to the media; and groups of people would come and ask me to try to get some attention drawn to what was happening and I found it difficult to say no. On the other hand, I didn't trust the words I had to use. They were incoherent; they were unsophisticated; so I borrowed words from people who knew a lot of big political words, and they didn't sound good in my mouth.

What I was seeing was real; I should have just relied on that realness and talked about it that way.

I was just trying to find a way to express what I was feeling—rage; the rage people feel when they've been lied to and suddenly realize it. The rage of someone who was, despite the cynicism and everything else, very idealistic about her country. I was very angry about the deception. My feelings came from inexperience, from being famous and, therefore, being asked to take an instant public position. They came from being a woman, unfamiliar with the need to be assertive. My outrage was also influenced by the fact that I was alone during this period. What you gain with experience and political maturity is the ability to be calm, the ability to understand that you have to have a great deal of patience, that you have your limitations and that you can't do everything. You learn that without an organization, little can be accomplished.

**PLAYBOY:** It was also at this time that you began to speak out for women's rights. Tell us a little about the internal changes that turned you from a sex star into a feminist leader.

**FONDA:** I don't think of myself as a leader. I'm a woman who's changing. I think the problem women face is that we don't define our own lives, what it is we strive for, and consequently the means we use to get there are pretty well dictated by men. Recently, when I was having our new baby, all the workers in the hospital who did the shit work—who washed up and cleaned the floors and stuck a thermometer up your ass—were female and black, *chicano* or Asian. All the inter-nists—anyone who had a dignified role—were white and male. It was just another reminder of the way women have been treated in terms of job opportunities.

**PLAYBOY:** But you've always been able to work and feel economically equal to men. What made you feel oppressed?

**FONDA:** For a long time, I *didn't* see how the women's movement related to me. I didn't even comprehend the concept of women's oppression. We get so used to certain things' being the way they are that we consider them normal, inevitable. Three or four years ago, I would be asked periodically by groups of women to discuss my exploitation as a movie actress; I never knew what to say. It seemed to me that if you were an actress, you were a property that was packaged and sold and I saw that as normal. Looking back on it, I remember the first day I went to Warner Bros., when I was doing my first film there and a bunch of make-up artists were examining my face—checking it out to tell how they were going to make me up. I remember their looking me over, and I wasn't what they wanted.

When they got finished with me, I didn't really know *who* I was. My eyebrows were like eagle's wings and my

mouth was all over my face. My hair wasn't the right color and had to be changed, too. Then Jack Warner, the head of the studio, sent a message down to the set that I had to wear falsies, because you couldn't become a movie star unless you were full-breasted. It seems silly today, given the consciousness that exists now, that I would accept that, but I just assumed these men were experts: They know, they've been doing it to women for years. So I allowed myself to be changed.

**PLAYBOY:** What made you begin to see things differently?

**FONDA:** I met women who had a new consciousness and they helped me understand the joy of not competing with each other, of being able to be open with and rely on other women. I also met a few men who had another attitude toward women, who weren't chauvinists. That made me think a lot and I was able to see the degree to which growth was literally stunted by concerns having to do with how we looked and what we had to do to be liked by men. The concern among women was always how they should relate to men.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**FONDA:** Because who wanted to relate to women? Women were losers. Looking back over my life and the women I had known, I realized the extent to which thwarted energy turns inward and eats you up like a cancer. How many vital, vibrant, brilliant women have broken like dried wood because they were denied an outlet? And I became angry. The way I saw things a couple of years ago, men—most men, anyway—were the enemy. It became very difficult for me to deal with men at that time. I felt anger for me, for my mother and for all my sisters. I also felt a new compassion for women and a pride to be part of all these females who are holding their heads up, saying, "We are strong and our strength has been denied, we are beautiful and our beauty has been painted over."

**PLAYBOY:** Tom, did you know Jane during the time she was feeling hostile toward men?

**HAYDEN:** No. That was before I knew her.

**PLAYBOY:** In view of your new compassion for women, and your period of hostility toward men, Jane, how do you feel about the upsurge of lesbianism in the feminist movement?

**FONDA:** I don't want to get into that. I just think people shouldn't be persecuted for their sexual desires.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about men now?

**FONDA:** I no longer think men are the enemy. They've been able to reap more benefits than women have, but most men are also victims of their own institutional role. They have the burden of being the provider, of being told that to be a man

(continued on page 180)






## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

At the backgammon table, as in life, our man plays to win. He considers all the odds, weighs all the moves and makes his decisions accordingly. Naturally, when it comes to reading pleasure, PLAYBOY is his choice. PLAYBOY is read by half of all men aged 18 to 34 who have individual incomes of \$15,000-plus. That's more than any other magazine. If you want to reach young men with money, stop playing games. Put your chips where they'll do the most good: PLAYBOY. (Source: 1973 Simmons.)

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*vic and jerry try a new twist to  
the wife-swapping game—and  
come up with a big surprise*

# THE GREAT SWITCHEROO

*fiction* By ROALD DAHL

THERE WERE ABOUT 40 people at Jerry and Samantha's cocktail party that evening. It was the usual crowd, the usual discomfort, the usual appalling noise. People had to stand very close to one another and shout to make themselves heard. Many were grinning, showing capped white teeth. Most of them had a cigarette in the left hand, a drink in the right.

I moved away from my wife, Mary, and her group. I headed for the small bar in the far corner, and when I got there, I sat down on a bar stool and faced the room. I did this so that I could look at the women. I settled back with my shoulders against the bar rail, sipping my Scotch and examining the women one by one over the rim of my glass.

I was studying not their figures but their faces, and what interested me there was not so much the face itself but the big red mouth in the middle of it all. And even then, it wasn't the



whole mouth but only the lower lip. The lower lip, I had recently decided, was the great revealer. It gave away more than the eyes. The eyes hid their secrets. The lower lip hid very little. Take, for example, the lower lip of Jacinth Winkleman, who was standing nearest to me. Notice the wrinkles on that lip, how some were parallel and some radiated outward. No two people had the same pattern of lip wrinkles and, come to think of it, you could catch a criminal that way if you had his lip print on file and he had taken a drink at the scene of the crime. The lower lip is what you suck and nibble when you're ruffled, and Martha Sullivan was doing that right now as she watched from a distance her fatuous husband slobbering over Judy Martinson. You lick it when lecherous. I could see Ginny Lomax licking hers with the tip of her tongue as she stood beside Ted Dorling and gazed up into his face. It was a deliberate lick, the tongue coming out slowly and making a slow wet wipe along the entire length of the lower lip. I saw Ted Dorling looking at Ginny's tongue, which was what she wanted him to do.

It really does seem to be a fact, I told myself, as my eyes wandered from lower lip to lower lip across the room, that all the less attractive traits of the human animal—arrogance, rapacity, gluttony, lasciviousness and the rest of them—are clearly signaled in that little outcrop of scarlet skin. But you have to know the code. The protuberant or bulging lower lip is supposed to signify sensuality. But this is only half true in men and wholly untrue in women. In women, it is the thin line you should look for, the narrow blade with the sharply delineated bottom edge. And in the nymphomaniac, there is a tiny just visible crest of skin at the





top center of the lower lip.

Samantha, my hostess, had that.

Where was she now, Samantha?

Ah, there she was, taking an empty glass out of a guest's hand. Now she was heading this way to refill it.

"Hello, Vic," she said. "You all alone?"

She's a nympho bird all right, I told myself. But a very rare example of the species, because she is entirely and utterly monogamous. She is a married monogamous nympho bird who stays forever in her own nest.

She is also the fruitiest female I have ever set eyes upon in my whole life.

"Let me help you," I said, standing up and taking the glass from her hand. "What's wanted in here?"

"Vodka on the rocks," she said.

"Thanks, Vic." She laid an arm like a long white snake upon the top of the bar and she leaned forward so that her bosom rested on the bar rail, squashing upward.

"Oops," I said, pouring vodka outside the glass.

Samantha looked at me with huge brown eyes but said nothing.

"I'll wipe it up," I said.

She took the refilled glass from me and walked away. I watched her go. She was wearing black pants. They were so tight around the buttocks that the smallest mole or pimple would have shown through the cloth. But Samantha Rainbow had not a blemish on her bottom. I caught myself licking my own lower lip. That's right, I thought. I want her. I lust after that woman. But it's too risky to try. It would be suicide to make a pass at a girl like that. First of all, she lives next door, which is too close. Secondly, as I have already said, she is monogamous. Thirdly, she is thick as a thief with Mary, my own wife. They exchange dark female secrets. Fourthly, her husband, Jerry, is my very old and good friend, and not even I, Victor Hammond, though I am churning with lust, would dream of trying to seduce the wife of a man who is my very old and trusty friend.

Unless. . . .

It was at this point, as I sat on the bar stool leching over Samantha Rainbow, that an interesting idea began to filter quietly into the center of my brain. I remained still, allowing the idea to expand. I watched Samantha across the room and began fitting her into the framework of the idea. Oh, Samantha, my gorgeous and juicy little jewel, I shall have you yet.

But could anybody seriously hope to get away with a crazy lark like that?

No, not in a million nights.

One couldn't even try it unless Jerry agreed. So why think about it?

Samantha was standing about six yards away, talking to Gilbert Mackesy. The fingers of her right hand were curled around a tall glass. The fingers were long

and almost certainly dexterous.

Assuming, just for the fun of it, that Jerry did agree, then, even so, there would still be gigantic snags along the way. There was, for example, the little matter of physical characteristics. I had seen Jerry many times at the club having a shower after tennis, but right now I couldn't for the life of me recall the necessary details. It wasn't the sort of thing one noticed very much. Usually, one didn't even look.

Anyway, it would be madness to put the suggestion to Jerry point-blank. I didn't know him *that* well. He might be horrified. He might even turn nasty. There could be an ugly scene. I must test him out, therefore, in some subtle fashion.

"You know something?" I said to Jerry about an hour later, when we were sitting together on the sofa having a last drink. The guests were drifting away and Samantha was by the door saying good-bye to them. My own wife, Mary, was out on the terrace talking to Bob Swain. I could see her through the open French windows. "You know something funny?" I said to Jerry as we sat together on the sofa.

"What's funny?" Jerry asked me.

"A fellow I had lunch with today told me a fantastic story. Quite unbelievable."

"What story?" Jerry said. The whiskey had begun to make him sleepy.

"This man, the one I had lunch with, had a terrific lech after the wife of his friend who lived nearby. And his friend had an equally big lech after the wife of the man I had lunch with. Do you see what I mean?"

"You mean two fellers who lived close to each other both fancied each other's wives."

"Precisely," I said.

"Then there was no problem," Jerry said.

"There was a very big problem," I said. "The wives were both very faithful and honorable women."

"Samantha's the same," Jerry said. "She wouldn't look at another man."

"Nor would Mary," I said. "She's a fine girl."

Jerry emptied his glass and set it down carefully on the sofa table. "So what happened in your story?" he said. "It sounds dirty."

"What happened," I said, "was that these two randy sods cooked up a plan that made it possible for each of them to ravish the other's wife without the wives' ever knowing it. If you can believe such a thing."

"With chloroform?" Jerry said.

"Not at all. They were fully conscious."

"Impossible," Jerry said. "Someone's been pulling your leg."

"I don't think so," I said. "From the way this man told it to me, with all the little details and everything, I don't think

he was making it up. In fact, I'm sure he wasn't. And listen, they didn't do it just once, either. They've been doing it every two or three weeks for months!"

"And the wives don't know?"

"They haven't a clue."

"I've got to hear this," Jerry said. "Let's get another drink first."

We crossed to the bar and refilled our glasses, then returned to the sofa.

"You must remember," I said, "that there had to be a tremendous lot of preparation and rehearsal beforehand. And many intimate details had to be exchanged to give the plan a chance of working. But the essential part of the scheme was this:

"They fixed a night, call it Saturday. On that night, the husbands and wives were to go up to bed as usual, at, say, eleven or eleven-thirty.

"From then on, normal routine would be preserved. A little reading, perhaps, a little talking, then out with the lights.

"After lights out, the husbands would at once roll over and pretend to go to sleep. This was to discourage their wives from getting fresh, which at this stage must on no account be permitted. So the wives went to sleep. But the husbands stayed awake. So far so good.

"Then at precisely one A.M., by which time the wives would be in a good deep sleep, each husband would slide quietly out of bed, put on a pair of bedroom slippers and creep downstairs in his pajamas. He would open the front door and go out into the night, taking care not to lock the door behind him.

"They lived," I went on, "more or less across the street from one another. It was a quiet suburban neighborhood and there was seldom anyone about at that hour. So these two furtive pajama-clad figures would pass each other as they crossed the street, each one heading for another house, another bed, another woman."

Jerry was listening to me carefully. His eyes were a little glazed from drink, but he was listening to every word.

"The next part," I said, "had been prepared very thoroughly by both men. Each knew the inside of his friend's house almost as well as he knew his own. He knew how to find his way in the dark both downstairs and up without knocking over the furniture. He knew his way to the stairs and exactly how many steps there were to the top and which of them creaked and which didn't. He knew on which side of the bed the woman upstairs was sleeping.

"Each took off his slippers and left them in the hall, then up the stairs he crept in his bare feet and pajamas. This part of it, according to my friend, was rather exciting. He was in a dark silent house that wasn't his own, and on his way to the main bedroom he had to pass no fewer than three children's bedrooms

(continued on page 102)





*"Voluptuaries get heartburn too, you know."*





SHE MADE AN IMPRESSIVE ENTRANCE, back in December 1963: sort of a PLAYBOY triple play, showing up on the special double cover, in the centerfold and in an editorial compilation of top Playmates for the magazine's first decade. Donna Michelle went on to become Playmate of the Year, a model, an actress (in TV, American and French films) and one of the readers' all-time favorite gatefold girls. It's been a little over ten years since her Playmate appearance, yet she still gets fan mail. Now living on a ranch in Northern California, Donna's carving out a new career on the other side of the shutter. "I got interested in cameras when I posed for PLAYBOY," Donna told us. "I asked Pompeo Posar [the staffer who shot her Playmate pictures and the photo above] a lot of questions, and I started collecting lenses. Finally, photography got to be too expensive to maintain just as a hobby, and I began shooting professionally." Lately, she's been focusing on women: we took a look at some, and thought you'd like to see them—and her—too.





# DONNA GLICKS

*an all-time favorite playmate, miss michelle is back—as a photographer*

"My next project," says Donna, "will be to compile a book of girl pictures, like the ones I'm taking of Diane Kozlow, above. I have the title picked out. I'd like to call it *A Taste for Beauty*." Surprisingly enough, Donna has only recently begun to photograph nudes; her early professional assignments were of the bread-and-butter variety (pictures of china, cookware, garden tools and hi-fi components, portraits for actors' portfolios, camping-equipment brochures, stills for television documentaries—"o little bit of everything. The one thing I haven't done, I guess, is cover o bor mitzvoh.").





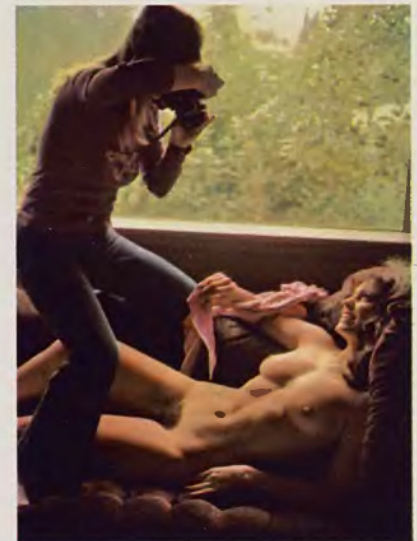




"I shot Diane again at the Playboy Mansion West [opposite] and Lois Mitchell [left and above] near Santo Barbara. Lugging that stuffed leopard over the rocks was something! That's Linda Harding below, holding a feather from an owl that lives on my ranch."







"Here's Linda framed by a burned-out redwood trunk at the ranch. Country living is new to me, but I love it. Of course, I've made some city-girl mistakes, like planting a whole acre in vegetables last summer. I had cherry tomatoes running out my ears—wasted all kinds of gasoline driving around trying to give them away to friends." Above center and opposite, Donna photographs Marisa Del Rio: "When you're enthusiastic about a subject, and tell her so, she begins to reflect that feeling. It's a nice gift to offer someone—the realization that she's beautiful."







## GREAT SWITCHEROO

*(continued from page 94)*

where the doors were always left slightly open."

"Children!" Jerry cried. "My God, what if one of them had waked up and said, 'Daddy, is that you?'"

"That was all taken care of," I said. "Emergency procedure would then go into effect immediately. Also, if the wife, just as he was creeping into her room, woke up and said, 'Darling, what's wrong? Why are you wandering about?,' then again, emergency procedure."

"What emergency procedure?" Jerry said.

"Simple," I answered. "The man would immediately dash downstairs and out the front door and across to his own house and ring the bell. This was the signal for the other character, no matter what he was doing at the time, also to rush downstairs at full speed and open the door and let the other fellow in while he went out. This would get them both back quickly to their proper houses."

"With egg all over their faces," Jerry said.

"Not at all," I said.

"That doorbell would have waked the whole house," Jerry said.

"Of course," I said. "And the husband, returning upstairs in his pajamas, would simply say, 'I went to see who the hell was ringing the bell at this ungodly hour. Couldn't find anyone. It must have been a drunk.'"

"What about the other guy?" Jerry asked. "How does he explain why he rushed downstairs when his wife or child spoke to him?"

"He would say, 'I heard someone prowling about outside, so I rushed down to get him, but he escaped.' 'Did you actually see him?' his wife would ask anxiously. 'Of course I saw him,' the husband would answer. 'He ran off down the street. He was too damn fast for me.' Whereupon the husband would be warmly congratulated for his bravery."

"OK," Jerry said. "That's the easy part. Everything so far is just a matter of good planning and good timing. But what happens when these two horny characters actually climb into bed with each other's wives?"

"They go right to it," I said.

"The wives are sleeping," Jerry said.

"I know," I said. "So they proceed immediately with some very gentle but very skillful loveplay, and by the time these dames are fully awake, they're as randy as rattlesnakes."

"No talking, I presume," Jerry said.

"Not a word."

"OK, so the wives are awake," Jerry said. "And their hands get to work. So just for a start, what about the simple question of body size? What about the difference between the new man and the

husband? What about tallness and shortness and fatness and thinness? You're not telling me these men were physically identical?"

"Not identical, obviously," I said. "But they were more or less similar in build and height. That was essential. They were both clean-shaven and had roughly the same amount of hair on their heads. That sort of similarity is commonplace. Look at you and me, for instance. We're roughly the same height and build, aren't we?"

"Are we?" Jerry said.

"How tall are you?" I said.

"Six feet exactly."

"I'm five, eleven," I said. "One inch difference. What do you weigh?"

"One hundred and eighty-seven."

"I'm a hundred and eighty-four," I said. "What's three pounds between friends?"

There was a pause. Jerry was looking out through the French windows onto the terrace, where my wife, Mary, was standing. Mary was still talking to Bob Swain and the evening sun was shining in her hair. She was a dark pretty girl with a bosom. I watched Jerry. I saw his tongue come out and go sliding along the surface of his lower lip.

"I guess you're right," Jerry said, still looking at Mary. "I guess we are about the same size, you and me." When he turned back and faced me again, there was a little red rose high up on each cheek. "Go on about these two men," he said. "What about some of the other differences?"

"You mean faces?" I said. "No one's going to see faces in the dark."

"I'm not talking about faces," Jerry said.

"What are you talking about, then?"

"I'm talking about their cocks," Jerry said. "That's what it's all about, isn't it? And you're not going to tell me—"

"Oh, yes, I am," I said. "Just so long as both men were either circumcised or un-circumcised, then there was really no problem."

"Are you seriously suggesting that all men have the same size cocks?" Jerry said. "Because they don't."

"I know they don't," I said.

"Some are enormous," Jerry said. "And some are titchy."

"There are always exceptions," I told him. "But you'd be surprised at the number of men whose measurements are virtually the same, give or take a few centimeters. According to my friend, ninety percent are normal. Only ten percent are notably large or small."

"I don't believe that," Jerry said.

"Check on it sometime," I said. "Ask some well-traveled girl."

Jerry took a long, slow sip of his whiskey, and his eyes over the top of his glass

were looking again at Mary on the terrace. "What about the rest of it?" he said.

"No problem," I said.

"No problem, my arse," he said. "Shall I tell you why this is a phony story?"

"Go ahead."

"Everybody knows that a wife and husband who have been married for some years develop a kind of routine. It's inevitable. My God, a new operator would be spotted instantly. You know damn well he would. You couldn't suddenly wade in with a totally different style and expect the woman not to notice it, and I don't care how randy she was. She'd smell a rat in the first minute!"

"A routine can be duplicated," I said.

"Just so long as every detail of that routine is described beforehand."

"A bit personal, that," Jerry said.

"The whole thing's personal," I said.

"So each man tells his story. He tells precisely what he usually does. He tells everything. The lot. The works. The whole routine from beginning to end."

"Jesus," Jerry said.

"Each of these men," I said, "had to learn a new part. He had, in effect, to become an actor. He was impersonating another character."

"Not so easy, that," Jerry said.

"No problem at all, according to my friend. The only thing one had to watch out for was not to get carried away and start improvising. One had to follow the stage directions very carefully and stick to them."

Jerry took another pull at his drink. He also took another look at Mary on the terrace. Then he leaned back against the sofa, glass in hand.

"These two characters," he said. "You mean they actually pulled it off?"

"I'm damn sure they did," I said. "They're still doing it. About once every three weeks."

"Fantastic story," Jerry said. "And a damn crazy dangerous thing to do. Just imagine the sort of hell that would break loose if you were caught. Instant divorce. Two divorces, in fact. One on each side of the street. Not worth it."

"Takes a lot of guts," I said.

"The party's breaking up," Jerry said. "They're all going home with their goddamn wives."

I didn't say any more after that. We sat there for a couple of minutes sipping our drinks while the guests began drifting toward the hall.

"Did he say it was fun, this friend of yours?" Jerry asked suddenly.

"He said it was a gas," I answered. "He said all the normal pleasures got intensified one hundred percent because of the risk. He swore it was the greatest way of doing it in the world, impersonating the husband and the wife's not knowing it."

At that point, Mary came in through the French windows with Bob Swain. She

*(continued on page 196)*



**B**LUE LAWS, as readers of *The Playboy Forum* know, are repressive laws designed to regulate private sexual conduct. Such laws are the ultimate expression and embodiment of American puritanism and they are depressingly common today, despite the sexual revolution. Every state has more than its share of blue laws, some of which have been on the books for a century or more. The following is a list of unverified examples from several states, and it is hoped that by exposing these oppressive statutes, license and abandon may flourish—as God obviously intended.

# NEXT CASE!

*humor*  
By LARRY TRITTEN

*everyone knows about those archaic "blue laws"—but here are some we guarantee you've never heard of*

In Maine, it is against the law for an unmarried woman to have a checking account at a sperm bank.

In Louisiana, a woman who arouses herself sexually with a hymnal can be hanged.

In Texas, a hairdresser with a Marine Corps globe-and-anchor tattoo is legally considered a mutant.

In Pennsylvania, any veteran who dies in the rubber-novelties section of an adult bookstore cannot be buried in a military cemetery.



A Kentucky law defines perversion as "any sexual act that requires enough energy to regenerate a self-winding wrist watch."

A North Dakota law prescribes a fine of up to \$500 for anyone who tosses confetti while reaching a sexual climax.

In South Dakota, a gynecologist's hands are considered deadly weapons and must be registered, like firearms, with the police department.

A Massachusetts statute provides up to five years' imprisonment for anyone engaged in the manufacture, sale, distribution or use of aphrodisiacal sacramental wafers.

In New York, it is unlawful to wear a blue suit with brown shoes while seducing a haberdasher's daughter.

In Colorado, any orgasm that registers on a seismograph is considered a crime against nature and is punishable by not more than six months of solitary confinement.



A Missouri law prescribes the death penalty for anyone who inflates a condom at a children's birthday party.

In Montana, any individual who has been convicted of bestiality is required by law to wear a flea collar while mixing socially.

Couples who use a bookmark to "save their place" during a pause in sexual activity can have their library cards permanently revoked in the state of South Carolina.

In Connecticut, it is a felony to exhibit a vasectomy scar while jaywalking with a nun.

In Utah, any sexual act that "singes one's eyebrows or pubic hair, leaves the tip of one's nose bruised or results in chain-hickeys" is a criminal offense.

A Vermont law provides a minimum of four years' imprisonment for any man convicted of weighing his genitals in mixed company.



In California, an unmarried man who is found guilty of performing cunnilingus in a shopping cart automatically becomes ineligible for food stamps.

In North Carolina, "excessive puberty" is punishable by exile to Los Angeles or separation from one's favorite pet for a period of no less than six months.

In Tennessee, any intercourse that does not result in a rash is unlawful.

In New Jersey, anyone who has been convicted of having sexual relations with the dead is not legally permitted to celebrate Halloween.

The removal of a sales tag from a mattress is a misdemeanor in 44 states. In Wisconsin, the act automatically becomes a felony if one happens to be copulating on the mattress at the time.

In Indiana, voyeurs who live in neighborhoods where the birth rate exceeds the national norm need a permit to buy Windex or Visine.



# BLOOD TAX AT HARVEST TIME

article **By HERBERT GOLD**

*living on the wrong end of the yom kippur blitzkrieg*





*The love of the Jews for the Holy Land . . . is incredible. Many of them come from Europe to find a little comfort, though the yoke is heavy.*

—FATHER MICHAEL NAUD OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS, WRITING IN 1674, *Voyage Nouveau de la Terre-Sainte*

*Truly, how marvelous to live in the good country*

*Truly, how wonderful to love our country*

*Even in her ruin there is none to compare with her,*

*Even in her desolation she is unequaled,*

*In her silence there is none like her. Good are her ashes and her stones.*

—DISCIPLES OF THE VILNA GOAN, 1810

*We call on our young men to pay the blood tax.*

—ANWAR SADAT, OCTOBER 1973

WHAT MORTAL CLAIM does Israel have on the hearts of Jews? What kind of a Jew

am I, anyway, to find my center in Jerusalem? I was not *bar mitzvah'd*, I speak no Hebrew, my wife is not Jewish, I observe the Sabbath and the holidays with puzzled awareness that they are happening. I am merely an American writer, husband, father.

And yet Israel gives a sweet center of meaning for me, as for many other Jews; it validates love, family, work; and thus I am a Jew for reasons other than that someone here and there says I am. To use that strange word redolent of fund raising: I'm a Zionist, which means, so history informs us, a willingness to live and die for Israel. I discovered Jerusalem as I discovered myself. I belong to this people as this people belongs to the land of Israel, and in a tradition and history in which I continually rediscover myself, I also discover the possibilities of love, trust, confidence, dread and sacrifice.

I've traveled to Israel three times in the past year. The first time was to inquire about the ingathering of Soviet Jews, a people cut off by 50 years of Soviet life from active participation in the

Jewish tradition, and yet they dwell in the hope of Zion. They risk their lives and sacrifice their past to join their people in the Place. I lived with a group of them, and stood before the Western Wall in Jerusalem with a young mathematician who folded his hands and said the only prayer he knew: "Now I understand."

The second time, in August of 1973, I attended an international meeting of artists and writers in Jerusalem, in the dry warm days of summer, in a country boiling with hope, energy and fun. What looked dangerous from abroad looked merely challenging here. There was health in the risks, it seemed. We drank, toured and talked too much and, like children, swore we would be friends forever.

And then, soon after, in October I went to the war. In a few weeks' time the flesh had melted from the face of my friend Moshe Dor, poet and teacher. The writers and artists were away killing in the Golan or in Sinai. The grim black-out in which (continued on page 164)





THREE SUMMERS AGO—a geological ice age ago, it now seems—I was carried in an Israeli jeep, late one afternoon, to the northern canal town of El Qantara. Ahead of us, a vague lemony sun glowered low over a measurelessly yawning sandscape singed and blasted to that brute simplicity of a terrain fit for the performance of human slaughter, still idly littered here and there with rusted scraps of machinery left from 1967, with distant tanks bluffly surging through fuming wallows of dust. The jeep was driven by a young Israeli lieutenant who had the improbably chaste and frail and bespectacled face, under his bulky helmet, of a lost acolyte. Reaching El Qantara—now a mute, battered, pocked ghost town—he banged with a sudden headlong viciousness through its empty wrecked streets as if pursued, sluing to a stop at last at the sunken fortifications along the canal. This was the Bar-Lev Line—a labyrinth of sandbagged slopes of gray grassless dust, resembling deep gulches of ashes,

strung with a white ribbonry that fluttered in an oddly thin and dingy sunshine, a light that seemed tarnished with some dark glister of lethality and menace. We made our way clumsily down a steep blind passageway, in a barging clatter of boots and helmets—abruptly blundering into a bunker, and the stricken stare of an officer, obviously just wrenched out of sleep by the clamor of our descent, sitting with a rigid erect immobility on the edge of a cot in the feeble glare of a light bulb. He was a plumpish man, nearing middle age, his thinning hair blowsily ruffled. Taped to the corrugated-tin sheeting at his back was a child's crayon drawing, on notebook paper, of flowers and clouds and birds. To the dim humming of an electric generator, he continued to stare at us, murmuring only a few halting phrases with an expression of helpless terror—not quite able yet to gather himself back out of the cold, dreadful nothingness into which he had awakened at the sudden

clumping of boots and clanking of helmets down the tunnel toward him.

. . .

Some three years later, then, what had been in that officer's astonished eyes at last happened—it came like a thunderclap in the early-morning hours of October 6, 1973. Reports afterward cited radio messages from Israeli sentries, the brief hectic static of their tiny crackling voices shortly vanishing into an empty hush. "Thousands of them are swimming toward us. . . . My God! It's like the Chinese coming across. . . ."

A few weeks later, as part of a small company of journalists, I am once again carried to the Bar-Lev Line, this time in an Egyptian jeep, lurching over the clattering planks of a makeshift bridge across the canal, through a ceaseless dusty churn of trucks and soldiers and tanks. We stop for a few minutes where the scorched hulks of several Israeli tanks lie capsized and atilt against sandbanks, and an (continued on page 116)





# RESURRECTION

article **By MARSHALL FRADY**

*the bridges across the suez carried the egyptians  
right into the 20th century; now they're stuck with it*





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# "FOURPLAY"

(A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS)

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**BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON** A bunch of the boys are whooping it up at Elaine's one sodden evening in early 1973, their imaginations inflamed by *Deep Throat*, *The Devil in Miss Jones* and, to be sure, Marlon Brando's big first in *Last Tango*. The conversation gets around to the possibility of making what one of the conspirators now describes as "a hard-core, sophisticated, big-name, *auteur*-style sex movie." The big names at hand include *Candy* co-author Terry Southern, novelist Bruce Jay Friedman and perennial *PLAYBOY* contributor Dan Greenburg, along with lesser-known Carl Gurevich, a former insurance man and semipro hedonist (also a talent scout for the Baltimore Colts, but never mind that) who was about to become executive producer of *Fourplay*. It may be time to mention that all are more or less charter members of Elaine's—an "in" place on Manhattan's Upper East Side, frequented by artists, writers and expatriates from the Stage Delicatessen and Sardi's.

Jump-cut a few frames. *Fourplay* becomes a fact, or at least a patently offensive blueprint with assured financial backing. After a few inevitable complications because that's showbiz, the nuclear task force—sworn in blood to devise a four-part sex movie—starts running into serious problems. One being simple arithmetic, since there are as yet only three parts. Then Friedman gets involved with Tony Curtis and a brand-new play called *Turtlenecks*, bound for Broadway but succumbing to shell shock out of town. So *his* movie turns into playwright Jack Richardson's adaptation of a Friedman short story, *The Vortex*. Greenburg's scenario shows signs of life, except that Buck Henry declines to star in *Norman and the Doll*, since he isn't sure it can be brought off to satisfy his own highly whimsical standards of good taste.

Southern is working and reworking a couple of scripts as if he has a demon on his tail, when someone has a flash that this lickerish quartet might be rounded out by director John Avildsen. As the man behind an irreverent sex spoof called *Guess What We Learned in School Today?*, followed by *Joe, Cry Uncle* and *Save the Tiger*, Avildsen is at loose ends after annulling a deal to direct *Serpico*, and happens to be in possession of a wild idea that gives even his closest chums the jitters. "It came to me when Johnson was President, though it's like Nixon taping a

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## NORMAN AND THE DOLL

starring **PAT PAULSEN**  
with **DEBORAH LOOMIS**

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*herewith what might have been if those five black-robed gentlemen hadn't cast a pall over the proceedings. we rest our case*

wet dream," says Avildsen today, with *Inaugural Ball* finally in the can, written by David Odel, starring Zero Mostel and Estelle Parsons as a U. S. President and First Lady who are challenged by their daughter's kidnapers, in lieu of ransom, to perform a lewd act on national television.

As *Fourplay* grows lewder, Gurevich acquires a partner in Danish-born Benni Korzen, born to the purple and able to prove it with a made-in-Denmark documentary called *Private Party*. According to Korzen, they are an ideal team: "I had a background in films, and Gurevich had a background in sex."

Gurevich's impressive credentials include the fact that he had been host of an orgy attended by Greenburg as basic research for Dan's first-person epic *My First Orgy*, published in *PLAYBOY*'s December 1972 issue. Quoth Gurevich: "Before I became a film producer, sex was the most important thing in my life, though I felt others took it too seriously, and believed I had an insight into sensuality that most people lack. So we started out with feverish conviction as a little \$15,000 porno movie and wound up spending over \$700,000 on a family sex picture."

What Korzen and Gurevich initially forget to remember is Washington, D.C., where nine distinguished members of the U. S. Supreme Court are pondering the nation's apparent passion for obscenity and pornography. The world learns, late in June, that at least five of them are pretty angry about it. Soon afterward, *Carnal Knowledge* is declared too raunchy for Albany, Georgia. The rest is history, but the creators of *Fourplay* feel history closing in on them like a hastily zipped fly.

After Buck Henry says no to *Norman and the Doll*, deadpan comic and 1968-1972 Presidential hopeful Pat Paulsen inherits the lead role, while comedian Rodney Dangerfield and Sylvia Miles—the first performers considered as White House occupants for *Inaugural Ball*—take the Fifth rather than run the risk of offending. "We were still talking about some explicit sex in the President's sequence," says Gurevich. "My hope was that we'd find talented people from Hollywood to take the next major step toward liberation. I wanted to think big—you know, Burt Reynolds balling Jane Fonda."

"We failed upward," adds Avildsen in regard to the ultimate casting coup that brought him Mostel

Pat Paulsen, as Norman, finds what he thinks will solve some personal problems in an unusual Manhattan toy store. Alone at last with his life-sized doll—a Polish import described as "a pretty sophisticated piece of hardware"—Norman checks her out for maneuverability, finds her movable limbs a puzzle. Reduced to reading aloud, he later turns her an—by tugging an ear lobe—only to hear she craves a bath and a "meaningful relationship."



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## THE VORTEX

starring

## JERRY ORBACH

with KATHLEEN JOYCE,  
LOUISA MORITZ, CIA LOZELL

---

and Parsons, as well as Laurie Heine-  
man (Jack Lemmon's hippie pickup  
from *Save the Tiger*) to play the Presi-  
dent's daughter.

The way things turn out, graphic  
sex and nudity become irrelevant if  
not flagrantly beyond the law as far as  
*Inaugural Ball* is concerned. In Avild-  
sen's words: "I'm not sure the world is  
ready to confront Zero totally naked."

Korzen, Gurevich & Co. nevertheless  
leap at the chance to let PLAYBOY  
photograph key sequences of *Four-  
play* as they might have been if the  
Supreme Court had allowed a little  
more natural lubrication. Paulsen and  
co-star Deborah Loomis—cast as the  
life-sized Polish doll who is taken  
home from a toy store to be consumer-  
tested by a horny schlemiel—accord-  
ingly agree to replay portions of  
Greenburg's scenario that director  
Robert McCarty has shot several ways,  
with a clothed, semiclothed and un-  
clothed doll.

"There's not much of human ex-  
perience I'd like to censor, except eat-  
ing people alive," says Paulsen, who  
believes he is fully qualified as a sex  
symbol, having taken 69 diverse posi-  
tions in the 1972 Presidential race.  
Still running as a dark horse, Paulsen  
campaigns on the college circuit,  
where he has been booked to deliver  
hundreds of lectures on astrology,  
sex, drugs and current affairs.

As a matter of fact, Paulsen's stand-  
ard spiel for students utilizes a  
matched pair of Barbie and Ken dolls,  
which he considers important visual  
aids for his brand of sex education. "I  
undress them, removing their tiny  
clothes. It gets embarrassing when I  
put them back in their box and they  
start fooling around. D'you suppose  
this is why I was invited to do *Norman  
and the Doll*?"

If he had it to do over, Pat insists  
he might throw caution to the wind.  
"Now that I think of it, I probably  
should have been completely nude  
while humping the doll. Nobody asked  
me. They may have felt I'm not excit-  
ing to look at naked. Nudity doesn't  
bother me, and I find my own *very*  
exciting. That's why I stand in front



In anticipation of trouble brought on by the Supreme Court decisions, *Fourplay's* onscreen sex fantasies are confined to mere flashes of female nudity, but Jerry Orbach and photographer J. Barry O'Rourke had no such restrictions in imagining the hero of *The Vortex* as a sporting seducer embarked upon a kind of sexual Olympics. To help Orbach score, three lovely co-stars gamely agreed to dress down for their stints as the girls whom he never made—but who still hound him.





Kathleen Joyce, in starting position, comes on strong as a freaky Circe who challenges male opponents to strip her naked in 60 seconds flat—winner take all. Orbach, beating the clock with seconds to spare, looks forward to the big payoff.





"Ravish me," coaxes Louisa Moritz, cast as Lieutenant Arliss—a do-or-die WAC with weak lungs, heart trouble and a yen for championship balling over at the gym. Certain she won't live long, the lieutenant aims to live high, and clambers up an exercise rope, w-a-a-a-y up. "Wouldn't you find it just as exciting if we ravished each other in the weight-lifting room?" asks her plucky seducer, hanging right in there as animal passion slowly gives way to vertigo.

of mirrors a lot, usually wearing a few frills. Much more provocative.

"Still, the producers of *Fourplay* showed some courage in going as far as they did. We were a little squeamish about the language, after the Court thing. I think we went down from three fucks to one. I left in my "Throw her a fuck" line because I thought it was funny. I've always found sex pretty funny. I especially like that weird noise you get in your chest. Women make some pretty amusing noises, too. No one can deny that sex is a subject of growing interest, and I learned about it the American way—in the streets and gutters, where we're told it belongs."

Director Bruce Malmuth, a hip, bushy-bearded film maker who casually admits he's been to a few orgies in his time, was swept up in *The Vortex* after earning heavy bread from TV commercials, and expected to make a movie quite different from the one that will open this spring. "We were talking about a *fuck film*, with insertions and penetration shots. I wanted to be able to go all the way, if necessary, to satisfy the producers. Before the obscenity rulings, Avildsen and I went up to a live sex show on Seventh Avenue to see a girl who could blow out candles with her cunt. Afterward, I talked to her for an hour. I ended up making a triple-threat TV movie with a safe R and an X-rated version.

"Eventually, I discovered that strange things happen when you collect a bunch of people and begin to learn where everyone really is about sex. When we finally got to it, each day of shooting became like an encounter session, yet in the end you don't sacrifice acting ability for a peek at somebody's cock. Jerry Orbach had the lead, and he turned out to be pretty reserved in certain areas. I was constantly disappointed and challenged by actresses who wanted to know why *they* should take off their clothes if Jerry didn't. It came to be a moral problem, and I learned that my own sexuality had to be questioned in terms of being open in my contacts with women."

Orbach, star of such Broadway musical comedies as *Promises, Promises*, made a breakthrough in the use of four-letter words onstage when he played in Friedman's *Scuba Duba*. He describes himself without reservation as a maverick but is not eager to follow Lemmon, John Lennon, Burt Reynolds and Brando in the male-nudity boom. "I'll stand up and match any guy if I have to prove something, but sex is funnier if you don't see it



all. The only thing in *Deep Throat* that made me laugh was a character who asked, 'Mind if I smoke while you're eating?' When you get into full frontal nudity, though, most guys look like prisoners of war."

In *The Vortex*, Orbach plays a hung-up hack writer whose indulgent muse (a genie in a red bikini, drolly performed by George S. Irving of Broadway's *Irene*) gives him a chance to revisit the past and straighten out several bungled seductions of his youth. As elaborations on the wordiest episode of *Fourplay*, photographer J. Barry O'Rourke's pictures speak for themselves.

Zero Mostel, pound for pound one of the world's great funny men, showed up for his PLAYBOY shooting full of sight gags, double takes and liberated one-liners in defense of artistic freedom. "Censorship is insane," he declared. "When in the intercourse of human events . . . isn't that what the Declaration of Independence says? Where are the broads, for Chrissake?"

The broads were an idea dreamed up by Zero in collusion with Avildsen, when both tried to imagine how *Inaugural Ball* might have bounced if there had been absolutely no limits to their portrait of a U. S. President as an impotent square. "Before the Court's decisions came down, we intended to have a scene in a phallus room full of model cocks," said Avildsen. "The notion of Presidential tissue stimulation, to get the Chief ready for his TV performance, had to be dropped. Actually, the way the picture is now, there's hardly a boob showing. If the Court decides what you can see, the next step is to decide what you do see, then what you must see . . . it's scary."

What you see here was never a part of *Fourplay* but projects the Mostel-Avildsen vision of how world leaders might rally to support a Head of State whose potency, or lack of it, becomes a grave international issue. Special emissaries arrive, trained for the ticklish task of helping America's President turn on. "I wish we could have afforded such lovelies on our budget," Avildsen said wistfully.

Goggle-eyed, irrepressible as a burning tank, Mostel's quasi-official greetings to his international warm-up squad ran the gamut from "Who's larger, me or Mao?" and "I had hoped Nureyev would be with us" to "No cockee—no fuckee" or "I'm only doing this to establish Executive privilege."

For a sequence in which the President's daughter lies abed with one of her kidnapers (Joseph Palmieri), waiting to see what happens on live TV



In karate costume, Orbach enters the ring for a rematch with Cia Lozell, playing a teenaged tease he knew back in the Fifties—a bobby-soxer with a breath-taking bustline. Hostility is her game, look but don't touch. She promises a swift kick in the chops to any lout who would expect more than eye contact with "these two bits of perfection." Our hero remembers too late that such chicks are dangerous and might give one a pain in places other than the neck.



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## INAUGURAL BALL

starring

### ZERO MOSTEL

with ESTELLE PARSONS,  
ROBIN LESLIE,  
JOSEPH PALMIERI  
and a line-up of lovelies

---

from the White House, Avildsen would have preferred to put his kidnap victim and amiable *mafioso* into a bathtub full of spaghetti. Since Laurie Heineman was unavailable during *PLAYBOY*'s shooting, an enthusiastic stand-by, actress-model Robin Leslie, joins Palmieri for an orgy of pasta, vino and violated innocence that outdoes the director's wildest dreams.

Hardest hit by the Court-ordered knockout punch to freedom of expression was Southern's segment *Twice on Top*, which instantly became the unfilmable film and made *Fourplay* a minus-one feature ironically subtitled "A Comedy in Three Parts." Unlike his writing colleagues, who tended, as a spokesman for the producers said, to become nonspecific about sex—"and then they make love" was the key cop-out phrase from the authors—Southern took hard-core to heart. *Twice on Top* graphically described the downfall of a sweet young thing who assumes the dominant position while balling her uncle, an Army general. Tried by a judge, she is refused absolution by a priest—though all three men imagine themselves having her in explicit sex fantasies—and is finally tied to a crucifix, gassed and beaten to death by the trio of male chauvinists wielding huge phallic balloons.

There was some residual bitterness about the cancellation of *Twice on Top*, particularly on the part of Rip Torn, scheduled for a triple stellar role as general, judge and priest. "Terry and I were expendable and thrown to the wolves of the U. S. Supreme Court," complained Rip. "These are essentially the same people, in positions of power, who wanted to set up a floating whorehouse for political purposes. Right-wing porno, I guess, is all right."

Be that as it may, it's obvious that the screen's loss is our readers' gain.





Opposite page: Called in from Germany, England, China, Russia and France, an international assembly of sex symbols meets in emergency session at U. S. President Zero Mostel's bedside prior to his command performance on TV (his daughter's been kidnaped and for ransom he has to ball the First Lady on network video). Freely confessing that the sight of pubic hair makes him bilious, the Commander in Chief hits the sack for the sake of national security, begging his handmaidens to be gentle: "Remember . . . President Buchanan slept in this bed." Meanwhile, apprehensive First Lady Estelle Parsons (right), about to make television history, awaits her cue, unaware that her daughter (Robin Leslie, below, substituting for *Fourplay's* Laurie Heineman) and a burly mafioso (Joseph Palmieri) are busy discovering common interests—vino and pasta, for instance—as they dispart in a tubful of spaghetti, oblivious of the crisis at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.





# RESURRECTION (continued from page 106)

Egyptian major clambers up onto one of them, pointing into the flung-open turret and announcing, "See—their bread is now toast inside here." At the line itself, finally, we wander over high bluffs of rubble, a vast crater with the agape entrances of collapsed bunkers under long massive landslides of wire-bound boulders—a strangely inexplicable chaos of absolute ruin beyond the work, it seems, of any known war engines, as if that intricately and cunningly constructed complex of passageways and bunkers and air vents had been plowed through effortlessly by some titanic egg beater; more, as if the very earth here were in a state of enormous arrested upheaval. After a few moments, I realize, with a light brief float of dizziness, that this is the same site I had visited back in 1970.

Returning to the jeep, we drive through El Qantara and out into the desert: a vast pale moonscape emptiness in which one senses only gradually, glimpsing tiny innumerable momentary stirrings of some dense infestation like prairie dogs or trap-door spiders under that mute blankness, that one is moving through an army. Smacking windily down the rippled thin road, we approach a toppled mileage sign, left lying across the pavement. The driver slows, then begins to head around it when he notices, in the far distance, the idle approach of another vehicle. Peering at it for an instant, he suddenly, savagely wheels the jeep around in a plume of dust, shrilly flurrying Arabic blasphemies to the soldier beside him, who turns to explain, "That is Israelis—Israeli lorry." That casual and haphazard, it turns out, is the line between the two armies.

We pull off the road here and trudge up a long slope of sand to where an Egyptian detachment nests in foxholes and tents on a ridge. There, an Egyptian soldier effuses, "What it was like, I tell you. Two-third in the morning—and the sun come up."

"Unbelievable," I remember someone muttering back in the States at the first news reports of the Arab offensive. "They have gone mad again. They have flat invited destruction now." To be sure, it did seem a reeling suicidal gambit, providing Israel exquisite occasion for effacing once more all the fretful prospects of peril and harassment from Egypt and Syria that had slowly begun accumulating from the wastes of 1967. But then, as the actual pitch and heave of the fighting began to emerge in further reports through the following days, it prompted successive vertigoes of incredulity, bemusement. One kept thinking, for some reason, of Cornwallis' band, when the British found themselves surrendering at Yorktown, loudly bleating forth

But it began to turn out to have been, whether accidentally or not, an act of genius—in the sense that few could have speculated how that single feat of arms, however stunning in itself, would subsequently ramify beyond all its military consequences, to completely overhaul the scenario of the implacable impasse there since, really, 1948.

When I arrived in Cairo three years ago, transported by a toylike taxi from the airport into the city, it was—as I realized later when writing about it—like entering some uproarious implosion of time. It was a civilization, a people living still in the lingering silts of the imperial presences here through their 4000 years' experience—the Pharaohs, Alexander's Greeks, the Caesars, the Turks and the Mamelukes, Napoleon, the Europeans. But they were absorbed, finally, in an even older communion with the immemorial sensuous murmurs of their ancient earth with an endless succession of dirt side streets like tunnels, each filled with weltering commerce in fruit, fly-buzzed slabs of bread, tallowy animal carcasses, tin trinketry, aphrodisiacs, hot tea, seething tumultuously into infinity. At the same time, they seemed still, dazed with God—his name, after Ra and Amen and Zeus and Dionysius and Christ, now happening to be Allah. With a moan of desperate mortal earth-bound loneliness in the sunset cries of the muezzins from the mosque towers, their celebrations of Allah were like brokenhearted and lingering howls of longing, abject and perishing and full of some primordial and inconsolable woe: prostrate, patient, imploring.

Egypt was finally one immense turn of time older than any memory, any past in the Western Hemisphere—old beyond one's ken. There was a look of worn casual slovenliness in its streets, a vague indelible grime and stain of dinginess simply from the passage of so much time, that tends always to affront, at first, American sensibilities. Only in a desultory, half-attentive way, actually, did they seem to be laboring to haul themselves—with a hectic clashing of truck gears, in a haze of gas fumes and plaster dust, streetcars clanging with a dry vicious snapping of sparks under a ganglia of power lines—out of the ponderous inertia of those accumulated centuries into the brave new technological age.

It was during the season of the kham-sin wind when I was there then—a hot gale that, every spring, gathers unaccountably out of the measureless wastes of desert around Cairo and, for 50 days, blows unabating in fitful, demonic gusts, bumping against the glass doors of the hotel rooms in the early mornings with high thin dry grieving whistles, whisking wide flurries of grit and dust down the streets, guttering the robes of the fella-

hin and tattering the hair of women, fanning down the surface of the Nile in successive shiverings like glitterings of tin foil in the bright sunlight, before it ceases, with a last small, hushed sigh, just as abruptly and unaccountably. It was as if, in that fierce barging of wind then, some dull, flat, hot coma were abiding over all of Egypt—a torpor of weariness and inadequacy and enervation. It owed, I realized eventually, not just to the defeat in 1967. As I was later to write, since 1948 Egypt had found itself, through a curious accident of history, suddenly next to a society, Israel, invented whole right out of the 20th Century: a robust Western technological democracy installed abruptly in the immediate neighborhood of an alien, older people—and thus necessarily, unbearably unsettling Egypt's own intimate, comfortable sense of itself. The conflict between Israel and Egypt was really one between two centuries, a war between the present and the past, between 20th Century man and pretechnological man—nothing less, in fact, than a blind and violent collision between two alien dialectics of life and experience, thrown by a random convulsion of history into sudden rude adjacency.

As a result, Israel's mere existence among them constituted a deep intimidation for Egypt and the Arabs. It was a trauma something like culture shock and had produced, at least in Egypt, the most phantasmagorical array of dreads and paranoidias, a general malaise of spirit impossible to exaggerate.

After pitching down a number of raw Scotches late one evening, a sturdily prosperous Egyptian businessman blurted, "Well, we are aware of what Israel and the West think of us. They want to do with us precisely what you Americans did with the Indians—their cavalry comes in and takes our lands, and then they move their settlers in. Because we are all half savages, yes, we are half civilized, and the only way to deal with us is with force. That's how we're looked on. But all these new buildings here—they're pretty impressive, aren't they, to have been built by monkeys? But to hell with it. Why should I have to *explain*, to be *defending* all the time?"

In a bar another evening, an Egyptian commercial pilot—a blandly pleasant and cheerful soul—was asked, "Just why is it that the Israelis seem to keep shooting down your planes all the time? You and I know that your MIGs aren't all that inferior to their Phantoms."

Mulling for a moment over the rim of his glass with a muzzy, abstracted, amiable little smile, he offered, "I guess it's just the difference between their pilots and ours. It takes our pilots about four years to reach anything like the level of skill that an Israeli reaches in only a year. It just seems we lack the mental acumen they have, that's all."

At the same time, the Egyptians





DINK  
SIEGEL

*"You're supposed to be laying cable."*



betrayed a peculiarly poignant, almost mystical reverence for the glamors of Western technology. In fact, it was as if the explanation for all their confoundments with Israel reduced finally to a simple matter of machinery, mechanical devices, hardware. Particularly did they hold in awe American technology, which only compounded their phobias about Israel, which had come into possession of all its witchcraft: It was as if American technology had become the supernatural rod of Moses—again and again, it had brought the Red Sea closing over them. (And, indeed, as it turned out, it was through their grim and sedulous application to the arcane sophistications of technology—Russian technology, as it had to be—that they did prevail. Failed and impotent against Israel in all else, it was hardware that finally spirited them across the canal.)

Yet they cultivated the most thorough and strenuous resentment of Israel's Western personality—its bluff pragmatism, brisk impatience with nice ceremonious amenities, its curt efficiency and assertiveness—all of which, as they put it, impossibly outrage Arab sensibilities and values. But the true psychic crisis for Egypt, one sensed, consisted of the fact that—out of its deep compulsive infatuation with the West—it knew, in its heart of hearts, it had not been able to contend with Israel precisely because Israel was more Western than it was: that by some mischievous prank of history, to defeat Israel or even to cope with her, Egypt would in an essential sense have to cease being Egypt.

• • •

I remember that, even in 1970, one sensed, however obscurely, that all the old equations of the Near East conflict since 1948 had already been fundamentally altered with Israel's spectacular triumph in the Six Day War.

It was as if Israel's almost effortless rout of the Arab armies in 1967 began, over the following months, to gradually and treacherously turn inside for her. That victory, for one thing, brought into definition at last that whole ragged and dislodged people who, since 1948, had been existing as a small replica of the Jews' own long condition of exile and dispersal—the Palestinians, bereft and abject and savagely unreconciled, no matter how their dispossession had actually come about. For the first time since 1948, there began to be speculations beyond the Arab world that perhaps the expiation and atonement for one monstrous 2000-year crime may have been purchased, quietly, at the price of another. Whatever, Israel's extended custody of the Arab territories taken in 1967—however unpremeditated, whatever genuine perils had precipitated it—had, in itself, elementally changed the terms of the whole struggle for Egypt. It has al-

ways been rather the Egyptian disposition to live in episodes, furiously and totally. That was why, after 1967, they were able to instantly conjure a Battle of Britain vision of their circumstances, which held for them an immediate passionate authenticity that encompassed all that had gone before, including the provocations that had landed them in that distress. An Egyptian professor would explain on my return to Cairo, "You see, we have for so long been a people of the land, a farming people, that the farmer considers the land a part of himself. It's even considered a great shame to have to sell land to a neighbor—you are selling a part of yourself. This is very important in the Egyptian mind. So, after 1967, it was different. When it came the moment to fight again, this time the Egyptian soldiers were fighting to regain a part of themselves."

At the least, having been in possession of Egypt's territory for six years, there was inevitably a certain emptiness to Israel's outraged invocations of Pearl Harbor when Egypt moved to take it back. As one Egyptian official would later argue, "They say we committed an attack of aggression. Well, I wish you would tell me, sir, how can you commit an attack of aggression against your own land?" Over the days of this second visit to Cairo, I would learn that, in a massive hushed ceremony up and down the length of the canal in the last dark hours before the crossing began, Egyptian troops one after another took the Koran briefly into their hands to vow they would relinquish their life before their weapons or their earth again.

"Those were really not our wars in '48 or '56 or even '67," an Egyptian woman was to explain with her lavish eyes glittering brilliantly. "Those were always somebody else's wars—Nasser's, the Palestinians', the Syrians'. But this time, this was our war. And in working with the wounded in the hospital, I have noticed one thing in particular about them—this time, they were all hit from the front."

• • •

Three years later now, high over the Mediterranean, the plane is booming dully into the flaring sunrise, and presently the edge of Africa, calm and prodigious, begins to ease forward from under the wings—a blank shore line, stenciled with a bitten exactness along the shimmering blue sea. Then the Nile Valley appears, again with that exactness of a map print on paper, ink-green against the blond wastes of the desert. As the plane is finally skimming in over the scrub flats at the Cairo airport, the cabin fills with clapping and whoops. "Touch the land! Touch the land!" With the short screeching scrub of the tires on the runway, as the plane rolls toward the terminal, an Egyptian youth—lithe and blackly bearded, with the haughty vain darkling glamour of a Persian princeling, a medallion

slung on a gold chain over his turtleneck sweater—begins to dance in the aisle, his maned head lashing, fingers snapping, hips lasciviously coiling in some celebration of life primordially Egyptian.

"I was teaching my students *The Waste Land* right before the crossing, and having a great deal of difficulty in getting it across to them." She is an American, an English professor at a Cairo university, and she sits now, one morning a few days later, in her campus office, a bare bright room. "It was very peculiar, but I couldn't seem to find any terms in which they could address themselves to it. Its basic theme, you know, is resurrection through death—being sterile and unable to enter life because you are unable to face death. Then I realized the problem was that my students themselves and everyone else in Cairo were in a condition exactly like that—neither dead nor alive. But when the fighting broke out and the Egyptians crossed the canal, it was like the same sort of resurrection took place here. Suddenly, by having faced death, they all came fully into life. And I told my students, 'Now, I think I can teach you this, you know all that *The Waste Land* means.'"

A little later, in the courtyard outside, where students are gathered between classes around wicker tables under acacia blossoms, an Egyptian girl enthuses, "It has changed everything around me. Even the trees, they look different, as they've never looked to me before. Instead of leaves, they are all bearing flowers and fruit. Because when we crossed those bridges—just the fact it was done—we were transformed from cowards to heroes, from things to people again, all of us."

On the day I am taken to the front, to that solitary encampment huddled on a high ridge—where, on another ridge only a few hundred yards away, the tiny mute figures of Israelis are discernible moving about leisurely, pausing now and then to stand regarding us—an Egyptian soldier stalks through the sand, bareheaded and weaponless, to shout, "Hey, see there"—flinging his arm toward the other ridge—"the terrible Israeli. What he is doing way far out here, not in his bunkers at the canal? Hey?" He looses a short bray of laughter. "Yes, so far from his bunkers. Yes, I call to them sometime, Come, Israelis, like at the canal last time—come to see me." His legs from here you can see tremble. He call back, "No, no, I have now fear! You can come, we let you bring your gun." I say, "No, I not kill you today, I kill you maybe tomorrow." The soldier clamors on slightly out of breath, a bright grin on his darkly varnished face, deliriously, almost berserkly innocent of fear.

I begin to sense that some discreet but fundamental permutation has occurred in the streets of Cairo itself. In 1970, the

(continued on page 234)





March 1, 1973

But I don't *want* to go. Work feels good. I am writing poems again. I don't *want* to leave Michigan in March, go to Florida and run around bases all day in a baseball uniform making an ass of myself.

Three months ago, Gerry McCauley, my agent, asked me to spend a week of spring training with the Pittsburgh Pirates. I accepted, knowing that things like this never happen. Gerry daydreams a lot. This time his plan is to have me, a poet, himself, and other authors and one doctor join the Pirates in Florida.

I make reservations. I cancel appointments. I do back exercises.

But, all the same, *baseball* . . .

It began with listening to the Brooklyn

*baseball is a poet's game*

# fathers playing catch with sons

article

By DONALD HALL

Dodgers, about 1939, when I was ten years old. The gentle and vivacious voice of Red Barber floated from the Studebaker radio, during the Sunday-afternoon drives along the shore of Long Island Sound. My mother and my father and I, close in the front seat, heard the sound of baseball—and I was tied to that sound for the rest of my life.

We drove from Connecticut to Ebbets Field, to the Polo Grounds, to Yankee Stadium. When I was at college, I went to Fenway Park and to Braves Field. Then, in 1957, I left the East and moved to Michigan. At first, I was cautious about committing myself to the Tigers. The Brooklyn Dodgers had gone to Los Angeles, of all things, and whom could you trust? Al Kaline? Rocky Colavito? Jim Bunning? (continued on page 140)





*Coca-Cola*

DELICIOUS  
REFRESHING



*the sun never sets  
on london's marlene morrow,  
and the moon doesn't know  
what it's missing*

## THIS YEAR'S MODEL



Marlene, about to embark on another hectic workday (above), asks a bobby for directions. "I'm a Pisces," she says, "which means I'm a terribly disorganized person."

**M**OST OF OUR PLAYMATES have never modeled professionally before our photographers shoot them, so the expertise is usually on the other side of the camera. But getting our April Playmate, Marlene (as in Dietrich) Morrow, to sit still in relaxed poses was a picnic, since Marlene has been a professional model for the past two years in London. "Posing is almost instinctive to me at this point," she says. "If someone tells me to look sexy with a string of pearls, I know exactly how to do it." And how! Although most of Marlene's modeling has been done clothed, you don't have to be an Einstein to tell she's equally at home unclothed. Especially with a string







of pearls. But we don't have to tell you that—you can see. What we *do* have to tell you is that Marlene is also a very interesting person. Born in Billings, Montana, she moved to Osaka, Japan, where her father was a baseball player on a Japanese team. From there, the family moved to L.A., where Marlene grew up. "Believe it or not," she says, "up until the time I was 13 I wanted to be a missionary." She gave up that idea and settled on the notion of being a housewife with a load of kids. But that's been postponed indefinitely, now that her career is spiraling upward. She loves modeling, and especially the travel involved,



but in the back of her mind is the idea that one day she might like to try her hand at acting. "In a way," she says, "to be a good model you have to be a good actress. Sometimes you'll get a horrible suit to model and you have to make like it's divine. That requires acting." But for now, Marlene is satisfied with her life in London—visiting pubs and going out with Englishmen, whom she finds vastly different from American men. But does she plan to make London her home? "Someday," she says, "I'd like to buy a trailer and just travel around the world for a whole year. Is that crazy?" Is Sadat Jewish?





Marlene and a colleague (left) look over a compasite at her model agency. After a busy morning, she lunches at Dranes, one of London's most popular watering holes (owned and operated by David Niven's son), where she chats with Jeremy Lloyd, a TV/screen writer.



"I try not to make any plans for the future," she says. "I like to play things by ear." Setting up interviews for modeling jobs, however, requires some planning, and here, while busily preparing herself for another night on the town, Marlene discusses tomorrow's schedule with her agent.





MISS APRIL  
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Having learned how to play backgammon on her last visit to the Playboy Mansion in Los Angeles, Marlene makes all the right moves in London's elegant Clermont Club. "My philosophy," she says, "is to enjoy life as much as I can. I also like to dance, go to pubs and take in the London theater. But I make a point never to do the same thing twice in a row—well, almost never."





# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

An exhaustive research effort is being made," said the speaker at the medical convention, "to develop a replacement for the somewhat inconvenient daily contraceptive pill. We already have a morning-after one, and perhaps some laboratory will soon come up with a pill to be taken only once a month."

"With my wife," sighed a man in the first row, "a monthly pill would be overmedication."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *ménage à trois* as one plus one making one.

It's fantastic!" exclaimed the beautiful young car enthusiast. "My date tonight had this 1932 Duesenberg dual-cowl phaeton with an eight-cylinder supercharged engine and a body by Le Baron—"

"Groovy!" giggled her roommate.

"But there's one hitch."

"What's that?"

"He's the original owner."

Two fitness buffs were discussing their respective activities. "Different things happen," said one of the men. "For example, while I was jogging through the park very early yesterday morning, I suddenly lost both my sweat pants and my shorts."

"Were they exceptionally loose?" asked his friend.

"No—but the girl I was jogging with turned out to be."

In Flanders, a porn queen of note  
Announced to the press (and we quote):

"Going down is my bag,

So—excuse me the gag—

I'll soon have some Flems in my throat."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *groupie* as a bandbox.

Doctor," said the pretty blonde, "I have this compulsion to go to bed with every man I meet. Is there a name for whatever it is I've got?"

"Yes, Miss Jones, there is," replied the medical man as he picked her up and carried her over to the couch. "It's called good news!"

Maybe you've heard about the new breakfast cereal called Queerios. You simply add milk and they eat each other.

A little girl went into a candy store to buy a chocolate Easter bunny. Just before it was wrapped, she asked to examine it and then told the clerk firmly that she wanted a boy chocolate bunny. "Look, little girl," the clerk told her, "there's no real difference."

"But there is," insisted the youngster, "there's that much more candy."

I'm accustomed," said aging Miss Tudor  
To the burglar who'd finally screwed her,  
"To carrots and candles  
And john-plunger handles—  
So you, sir, are just an intruder!"

The minister, who had just joined the golf club, turned up at the first tee looking like any other Saturday-morning player in his sport shirt and slacks. He had difficulty in finding a partner, though, until he was finally approached by a man who suggested that they play a round together for two dollars a hole. The clergyman agreed but soon regretted his decision as he began to lose every hole. Upon seeing the minister change back into clerical garb at the end of the game, the man muttered apologetically, "I'm sorry, Reverend, but I wouldn't have taken your money if I had known you were a preacher. You see, I'm the club pro."

"That's quite all right," said the minister benignly. "To prove there are no hard feelings, you bring your parents around sometime and I'll be glad to marry them."



During the spring get-together at Fort Lauderdale, a college student was arrested for indecent exposure in a field near the beach. "I plead not guilty, your Honor," he told the court. "I went there only to get relieved."

"I'm inclined to accept your explanation," rejoined the judge, "since there must be some allowances made for emergencies."

"That's all well and good, your Honor," interjected the arresting officer, "but what about the young lady who relieved him?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.





Sokol

*"Harry! I was just thinking about you!"*



article

BY LARRY L. KING

# THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS

*when a true son of texas discovers they've closed down "the chicken farm," he takes his business to the free-lancers. man's got to do what a man's got to do*

IT WAS AS NICE a little whorehouse as you ever saw. It sat in a green Texas glade, white-shuttered and tidy, surrounded by leafy oak trees and a few slim renegade pines and the kind of pure clean air the menthol-cigarette people advertise.

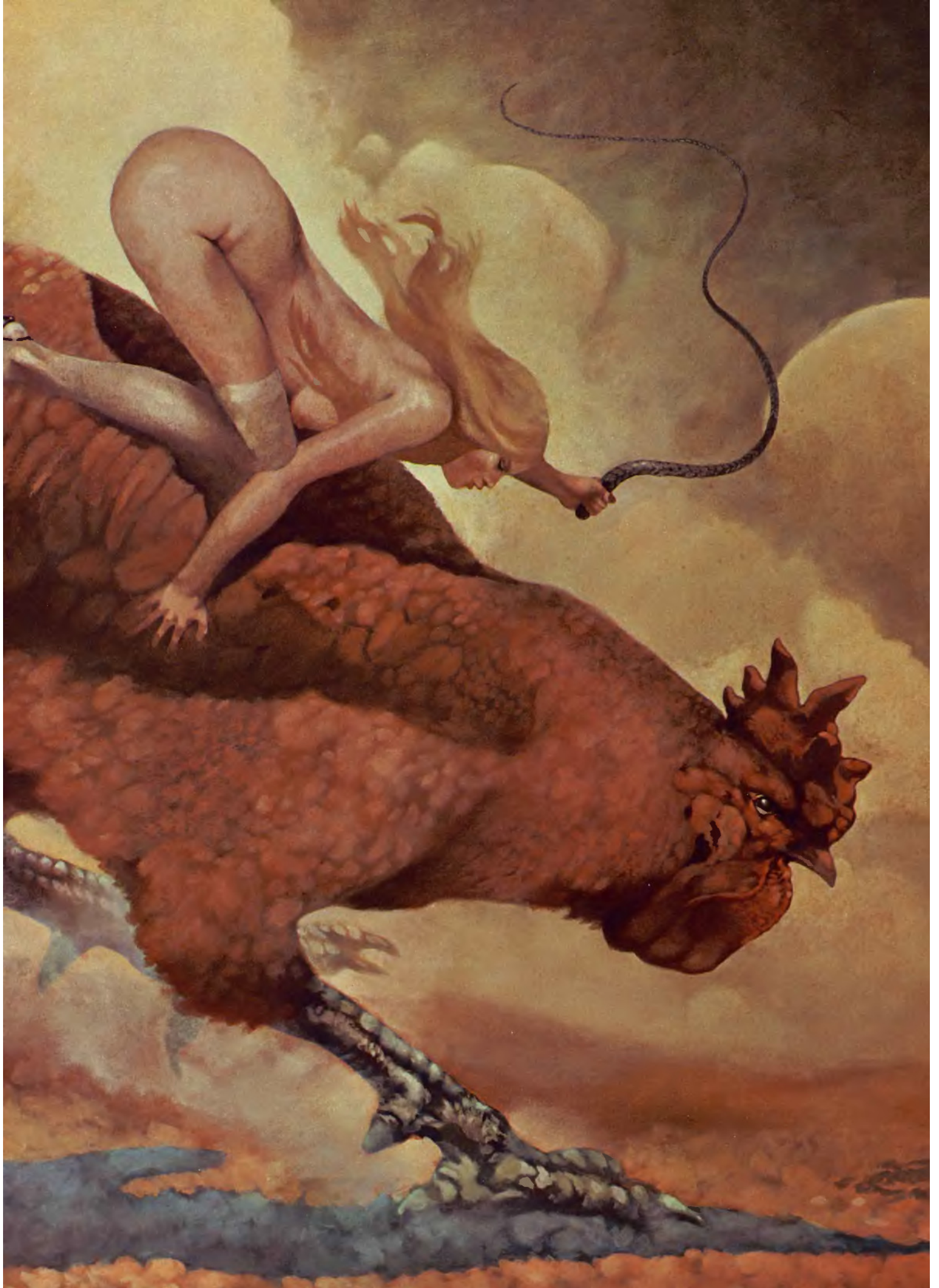
If you had country values in you, and happened to stumble upon it, likely you would nod approval and think, *Yes, yes, these folks keep their barn painted and their fences up and probably they'd do to ride the river with.* There was a small vegetable garden and a watermelon patch, neither lacking care. A good stand of corn, mottled now by bruise-colored blotches and dried to parchment by hot husky-whispering summer winds, had no one to hear its rustling secrets.

Way back yonder, during the Hoover Depression, they raised chickens out there. Money was hard to come by; every jack rabbit had three families chasing it with the stewpot in mind. Back then, in rural Texas, people said things like, "You can hear everthang in these woods but meat afryin' and coins aclankin'." No matter where a boy itched and no matter how high his fevers, it wasn't easy to come up with three dollars, even in exchange for a girl's sweetest gift. And so the girls began accepting poultry in trade. That's how the place got its name, and if you grew up most anywhere in Texas, you knew at an early age what the Chicken Farm sold other than pullets. (Generations since mine have called it the Chicken Ranch. I won't argue the point.)

You might have originally thought it a honeymoon cottage. Except that as you came closer on the winding dirt road that skittered into the woods off the Austin-to-Houston highway on the southeastern outskirts of









La Grange, near the BAD CURVE sign, you would have noticed that it was too sprawling and too jerry-built: running off on odd tangents, owning more sides and nooks and crannies than the Pentagon. It had been built piecemeal, a room added here and there as needed, as with a sod farmer watching his family grow. Then there were all those casement-window air conditioners—15 or 20 of 'em, Miss Edna wanting her girls to work in comfort.

Since the 1890s, at least, the Chicken Farm had been one of the better pleasure palaces in all Texas. You didn't have to worry about clap, as when free-lancing on Postoffice Street in Galveston, or risk your hide in *machismo*-crazed whore bars on Fort Worth's Jacksboro Highway, where mean-eyed, juiced-up, brilliant-tined, honky-tonk cowboys presumed themselves a nightly quota of asses to whip. Miss Edna, like Miss Jessie before her, didn't cotton to hard-drinking rowdies. Should you come in bawling profanities or grabbing tits, Miss Edna would employ the telephone. And before you could say double-dip-blankety-blank obscenity, old Sheriff T. J. Flournoy would materialize to suggest a choice between overnight lodgings in Fayette County's crossbar hotel and your rapid cooperative leave-taking. The wise or the prudent didn't pause to inquire whether the latter opportunity included a road map. You just did a quick Hank Snow. Yes, neighbors, it was as cozy and comfortable as a family reunion, though many times more profitable. Then, one sad day last summer, the professional meddlers and candy-assed politicians closed 'er down.

God and Moses, what a shock to the 3092 residents of La Grange, Texas, to say nothing of Chicken Farm alumni around the world! Imagine corned beef without cabbage, Newcastle without coal, Nixon without crises. The Chicken Farm was an old and revered Texas institution, second only to the Alamo and maybe Darrell Royal. History lurked there. Some claimed that La Grange had offered love for sale since 1844, back when Texas was a republic, which would put the lie to *The Dallas Morning News's* claim of being Texas' "oldest business institution." For sure, the Chicken Farm traced, by document, back about 60 years. In a more primitive time, when there were fewer squirming concerns with god-damned imagery, the winning squad of the Texas-Texas A&M football game got invited by joyous alumni to the Chicken Farm on Thanksgiving night. Businessmen and state legislators were comforted during their carnal wanderings; the wise telephoned ahead for reservations. Indigenous hill-country Teutronics, Slavics and red-necks of many faiths brought their sons in celebration of maturities that an older culture more gently signified by *bar mitzvahs*.

Man, listen: The Chicken Farm was gooder than grass and better than rain. Registered with the county clerk as Edna's Ranch Boarding House, it paid double its weight in taxes and led the community in charitable gifts. It plowed a goodly percentage of its earnings back into local shops to the glee of hairdressers, car dealers and notions-counter attendants. It was a good citizen, protected and appreciated, its indiscretions winked at. They say that some years ago a young district attorney, who had made his own sporting calls to the Chicken Farm, sheepishly appeared at the front door as the head of a reluctant raiding party mobilized by crusading churchwomen. On spotting the young D.A., Miss Edna is supposed to have sung out, "Not now, George, the law has me surrounded!" And during Prohibition, an old sheriff called on Miss Jessie to sternly say, "I don't like to say nothin', but this *drank-in*, now, has just plain got to stop"; when Miss Jessie died, her obituary identified her as "a local businesswoman." Yeah, they had 'em a real bird's nest on the ground out there. Then along came Marvin Zindler.

Marvin Zindler was a deputy sheriff in Houston, enforcing consumer-protection laws, until they fired him. Not for inefficiency or malfeasance—Lord, no! Marvin wore more guns, handcuffs, buckles and badges than a troop of Texas Rangers; he brought more folks to court than did bankruptcy proceedings. Some folks said Marvin would jug you for jaywalking; it's of record that he once nabbed a drugstore merchant for failure to stock the kind and size of candy bar at the price the merchant had advertised.

Marvin got fired for being "controversial"—which meant that he couldn't, or wouldn't, make those fine distinctions required of successful politicians. After all, Marvin's boss was dependent on public favor. Nosir, the law was *the law* to Marvin. Soon Houston merchants were screaming of how they received fewer considerations than did common pick-pockets or footpads. They howled when Marvin tipped off television stations where he would next put the collar on a chamber-of-commerce member accused of selling fewer soap flakes in a container than its label claimed, and they were outraged when—a time or two—Marvin lurked around the magazine rack while television cameras were established and *then* made his collar. A lot of good people, long goosed and flummoxed by many avid practitioners of free enterprise, dearly loved and cheered Marvin. But fellow deputies judged him insufficiently bashful when it came to personal publicity, and his superiors grew tired of bitching merchants. Perhaps, too, the more sensitive wearied of daily contact with Marvin's ego, which may be approximately two full sizes larger than Howard Cosell's. Marvin

keeps scrapbooks. He dresses like a certified dandy in his 200 tailored suits and has bought himself two nose bobs; he does not permit his own family to view him without one of his silver hairpieces and he has a house rule that kinsmen must never enter the bathroom without knocking. Anyhow, they fired Marvin. Who landed on his feet as a television newsman for Houston's channel 13.

Marvin approached news gathering with the same zeal he'd brought to badge toting. Not for him Watergate values: *The law was the law*. So Marvin began telling folks out in TV land how a whorehouse was running wide open down the road at La Grange, which was news to Yankee tourists and to all Texans taking their suppers in high chairs. Even though people yawned, Marvin stayed on the case; you might have thought murder was involved. Soon he repeatedly hinted at "organized-crime" influences at the Chicken Farm.

One day in late July, Marvin Zindler drove to La Grange and accosted Sheriff Flournoy with cameras, microphones and embarrassing questions. The old sheriff made it perfectly clear he was not real proud to see Marvin. Later, the sheriff—a very lean and mean 70-year-old, indeed—would say he hadn't realized the microphone was live when he chewed on Marvin for meddling in Fayette County affairs; perhaps that explains why the old man peppered his lecture with so many hells and goddamns and shits. Marvin Zindler drove home and displayed the cussing sheriff on television.

Then Marvin called on State Attorney General John Hill and Governor Dolph Briscoe: "How come yawl have failed to close the La Grange sin shop down?" Those good politicians harrumphed and declared their official astonishment that Texas had a whorehouse in it. Marvin told them they'd have to do better than that. Governor Briscoe issued a solemn statement saying that organized crime was a terrible thing, against the American grain, and since it might possibly be sprouting out at the Chicken Farm, he would call on local authorities to shutter that sinful place. If they didn't comply, the governor said severely, then he personally would employ the might and majesty of the state to close it. *Me, too*, said Attorney General Hill. Veteran legislators, many of whom could have driven to the Chicken Farm without headlights even in a midnight rainstorm, expressed concern that Texans might be openly permitted loveless fucks outside the home.

Old Sheriff Flournoy was incensed: "If the governor wants Miss Edna closed, all he's gotta do is make one phone call and I'll do it." The sheriff may be old and country, but his shit detector tells him when grander men are pissing on his feet and telling him it's rain. The governor

(continued on page 219)





# Playboy's Spring & Summer Fashion Forecast

*attire*  
By Robert L. Green

*the definitive statement  
on coming trends in warm-  
weather wearwithal*

Our man's already opened his cobraskin belt with a cutout brass buckle, by Waisted, \$20; now he's unzipping his pleated trousers of polyester/cotton, with straight legs, by Country Britches, \$22. The next item on his agenda will be a shirt of pure India silk, with curved pockets and three-button cuffs, by Gentleman John, \$30.



Below: That single-breasted, two-button suit of cotton and hemp (which doesn't mean the fabric is smokable), \$200, blends nicely with a four-button, cotton knit pullover, \$50, both by Bill Kaiserran for Rafael. Right: Love is blind (so is the Venetian) but the lady is not—at least not to her guy's cotton-polyester wrap suit, with notched lapels, scoop pockets and flared ponts legs, by Jupiter of Paris, \$85.



**S**PRING IS JUST ABOUT HERE, summer is a few calendar leaves away and long, warm days are in the offing. Energy, which is normally associated with heat and light, has been in short supply—but now who needs it? It's time to take it slow, and get the feel of whatever you come up against. Languor and sensuality are the order of the day. And when you apply that to fashion, it means several things. First of all, that you'll be digging the touch of natural fabric, be it silk, linen, cotton or leather. Also, that you'll be savoring the body-clinging ease of wrap jackets, fitted shirts, short tops and knits. The
















Left: This gent can't help but make an impression with his zip-front jacket of napa leather, by Europa Sport, \$135. Nor does he hurt his case with those rayon-gabardine slacks complete with tunnel belt loops, by PG's, \$15. Below: Cotton really comes on strong, in the form of madras slacks, by Corbin Ltd., \$25, and a cotton-linen wrap sweater, with patch pockets and a sash, by Egon von Furstenberg, \$55.



aesthetic of '74 recalls the architectural dictum that "Less is more"; and in this case, less busyness and boldness means that more skin will be showing (precisely how much is a matter of orgones, time zones and individual preference, of course). Colors, in keeping with these hazy, lazy days, are going to be soft, earthy and generally muted, with occasional bright accents. Careless flamboyance is out: it's no longer cool to be uncool. We're not, however, moving backward to some rigid classicism out of the frozen past but toward a new emphasis on subtlety—with a silent "b."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



A man in a white windowpane three-piece suit stands in a bedroom. In the foreground, a woman is lying in bed, partially covered by white sheets. The room has light-colored walls and a window with a grid pattern on the right side.

Does a four-way deal have to be square? No, says the chap in the windowpane three-piecer, by Dimitri, \$325, the polyester knit shirt, by Hitch Hiker, \$15, and the silk pocket square, by Hondcraft, \$5. No, says the lad in the pencil-stripe suit, by Arthur Richards, \$150, the broadcloth shirt, by Pierre Cardin, \$22.50, and the cotton tie, by Courage from Eagle Shirtmakers, \$12.50. Obviously, the girls have made it unanimous.







## fathers playing catch *(continued from page 119)*

Norman Cash? I went to Tiger Stadium three or four times a year, and I watched Big Ten baseball frequently, especially in 1961, when a sophomore football player named Bill Freehan caught for Michigan and, as I remember, hit .500. The Tigers signed him that summer.

All summer the radio kept going. I wrote letters while I listened to baseball. I might not know what the score was, but the sound comforted me, a background of distant voices. If rain interrupted the game, I didn't want to hear music; it was the sound of baseball radio voices that I wanted year after year.

Baseball is a game of years and of decades. Al Kaline's children grew up. Rocky Colavito was traded and left baseball and became a mushroom farmer and went back to baseball as a coach. Jim Bunning turned into a great National League pitcher and retired. Norm Cash had a better year at 35 than he had had in nearly a decade. And Kaline kept on hitting line drives.

And Jane and I met, and married, and in 1972 the sound of baseball grew louder: Jane loves baseball, too. The soft Southern sounds of announcers—always from the South, from Red Barber on—filled the house like plants in the windows, new chairs and pictures. At night after supper, and on weekend afternoons, we heard the long season unwind itself, inning by inning, as vague and precise as ever. The patter of the announcer and behind him always, like an artist's calligraphy populating a background more important than the foreground, the baseball sounds of vendors hawking hot dogs, Coke and programs; and the sudden rush of noise from the crowd when a score was posted; the flat slap of a bat and again the swelling crowd yells; the Dixieland between innings; even the beer jingles.

We listened on the dark screen porch, an island in the leaves and bushes, in the faint distant light from the street, while the baseball cricket droned against the real crickets of the yard. We listened while writing letters or reading newspapers or washing up after dinner. We listened in bed, when the Tigers were on the West Coast, just hearing the first innings, then sleeping into the game to wake with the dead gauze sound of the abandoned air straining and crackling beside the bed. Or we went to bed and turned out the lights late in the game and started to doze as the final pitches gathered in the dark, and when the game ended with a final out and the organ playing again, a hand reached out in the dark, over a sleeping shape, to turn off the sound.

And we drove the 40 miles to Tiger Stadium, parked on a dingy street in late

twilight and walked to the old green-and-concrete fort. It is one of the few old stadiums left, part of the present structure erected in 1912 and the most recent portion in 1938. It is like an old grocer who wears a straw hat and a blue necktie and is frail but don't you ever mention it. It's the old world, Tiger Stadium, as baseball is. Hygrade Ball-Park Franks, the smell of fat and mustard, popcorn and spilled beer.

As we approach at night, the sky lights up like a cool dawn. We enter the awkward, homemade-looking, cubist structure, wind through the heavy weaving of its nest and swing up a dark corridor to the splendid green summer of the field. Balls arch softly from the fungoes and the fly shaggers arch them back toward home plate. Batting practice. Infield practice. Pepper. The pitchers loosening up between the dugout and the bull pen. We always get there early. We settle in, breathe quietly the air of baseball and let the night begin the old rituals again. Managers exchange line-ups, Tigers take the field, we stand for "our national anthem" and the batter approaches the plate. . . .

My son, Andrew, is 18 years old. Today he telephones from college and I tell him what I am about to get into. He snickers. I am always doing things that he half wants to deny and half wants to boast about.

He recalls for me the time at Tiger Stadium when, in front of everybody, I dropped a home run that miraculously hurtled into my hand. We were sitting in right field, an upper-deck box, and a Kansas City left-hander swung hard and the ball sailed toward me as fat and spinless as a knuckle ball. I felt as if I were setting Explorer down on the moon—four, three, two, one—and then it hit. For some reason, I tried to catch the ball one-handed, and it bounced off my left hand with a fleshy crash, a noise like a belly flop from the high tower, and careened out, over the rail, to the grandstand below. Some 54,000 fans mixed ironic cheers with ironic boos. "Sign him up," I heard around me, and my palm blushed and puffed up.

"Have a good time," said Andrew on the telephone. "You're crazy."

Then my daughter, Philippa, who is 13, comes in for supper. I tell her where I am going. She asks if I can send her a crate of oranges. She is irritated that I am going away from a Michigan March to the sun of Florida, and to swimming. Suddenly at supper she looks panicked. "But Daddy," she says, "suppose you make the team?"

She has played the flute for a year and a half. "I have as much chance of making the team as you have of playing

the flute with the Boston Symphony right now."

"Oh," she says. Then she laughs, but I can see that I have hurt her feelings. She has daydreams also.

*Sunday, March 4*

Practice begins at noon on Sunday, leaving time for church.

We arrive at Pirate City a little late. In the parking lot, we walk past a dense cluster of Mustangs and sportier objects. Then we see supercar, a huge Cadillac with a Lincoln grille, cream and red, only the red is rich and pebbly leather. Leather on the outside? No, it has to be vinyl. This is a car that doesn't take any shit. On the license plate we read the owner's name: DOCK.

We find the public-relations man, Bill Guilfoile, who will look after us. He takes us to the clubhouse. Nervously, he separates Jane from the rest of us, asking a little old man to take her to the stands. Women are not allowed even near the clubhouse.

It's a damp morning, even at noon. The sun starts to burn through. I feel helpless and foolish as I see the little groups of players, young and lean, walking lazily, gathering in the outfield. I wish I were somewhere else. Or possibly someone else.

Guilfoile introduces us to Tony Bartirrome, who is the trainer, to the man who runs the clubhouse and to the equipment manager, who seems incredulous of measurements. I think a 42 might be best. He shakes his head. A 40? The head keeps shaking. I start to shake. A 38? He can find a 38.

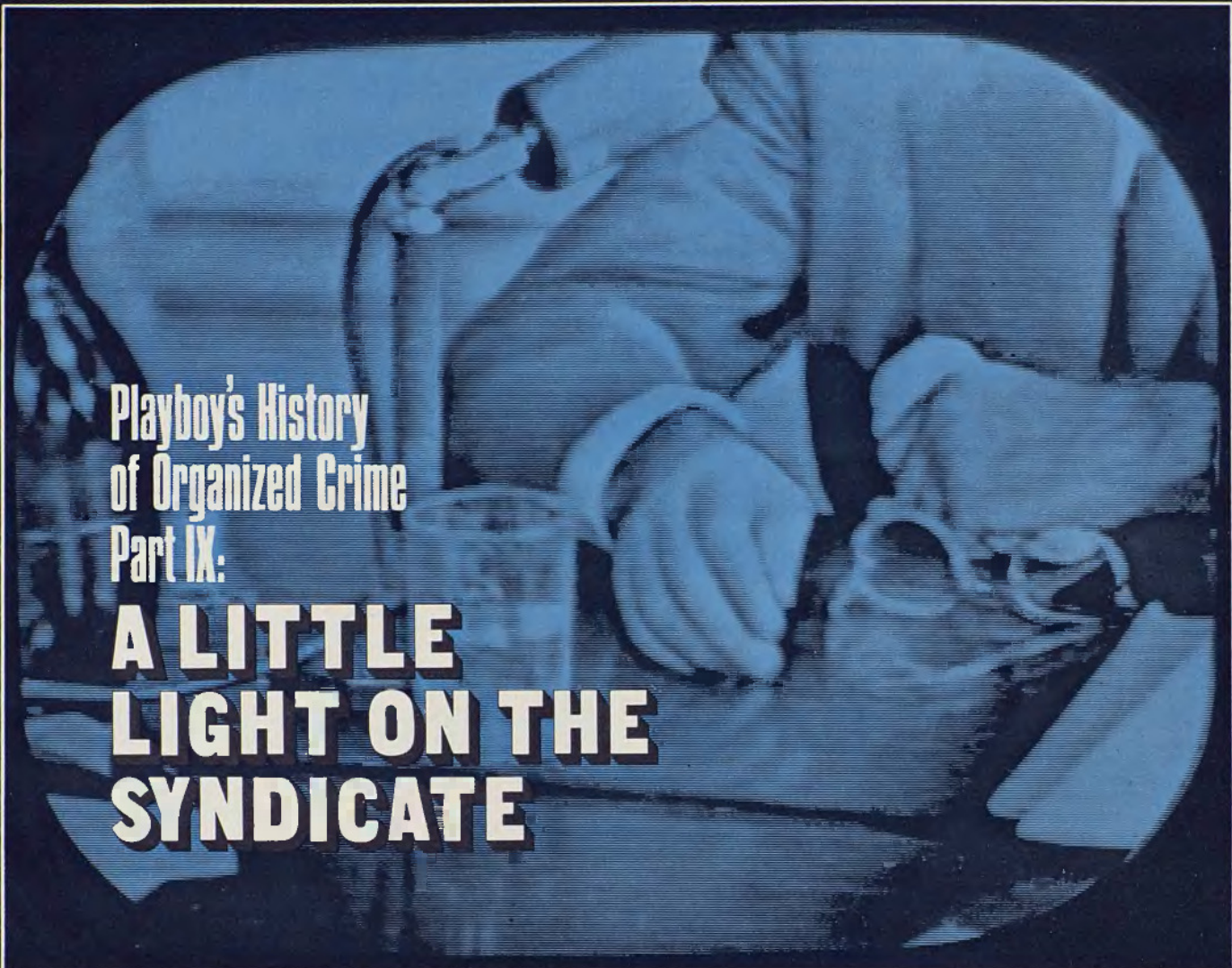
Yet once again. I lament obesity. I weigh 226 pounds. Within the past year, I have weighed 238 pounds and 204 pounds. Why can't I keep away from Taco Boy, Arbie's, McDonald's, Burger King, Scottie's, Jack-in-the-Box, Red Barn and H. Salt? Why can't I stay at a nice, comfortable 187? I feel so melancholy about my bad eating habits that I am suddenly overwhelmed with hunger. I look around in panic. There is not a soggy bag of French fries in sight.

My reverie is interrupted by a suggestion. It will take him a moment to find a uniform; why don't I go out among the players and look around, while he gets the uniforms? So I do. Gerry stays behind in the clubhouse, finding reason to talk longer with club officials. I am frightened.

Out the clubhouse door, I see the players gathered in center field. I walk toward them over the damp healthy outfield grass, aware of my tourist costume: striped Bermudas from J. C. Penney, leather sandals with a peace sign over the instep and a short-sleeved shirt. The only other people out here are wearing baseball uniforms.

I stay on the outskirts of the group in  
*(continued on page 243)*





Playboy's History  
of Organized Crime  
Part IX:

**A LITTLE  
LIGHT ON THE  
SYNDICATE**

*article*  
**By RICHARD HAMMER**  
*thanks to a u. s. senator  
and the glare of  
television, millions of  
americans got their first  
close look at the  
country's top mobsters*

MIDDLE AGE is the time when men who have reached the pinnacles of their chosen professions begin to receive the public recognition, esteem and other rewards that accompany wealth and power. So it was in the late Forties and early Fifties for a small group of very wealthy businessmen, mainly Italian and Jewish, who, along with the 20th Cen-

tury, had reached their middle years. They were the men who had helped create and who ruled a shadowy organization that had no formal title but was called, depending on who was doing the calling, the Syndicate, the Combination, the Mafia or any one of a dozen other names and whose influence on the entire nation was profound and malevolent. But

that part of their lives was concealed as much as possible and rarely discussed, especially by those who had come to them often for help and had repaid past favors with public tributes. On the surface, at least, these were men who wielded great power in half a hundred industries and whose careers had been marked by unselfish labors for scores of



Estes Kefauver led the Senate investigation of organized crime.



Frank Costello had a bad case of nerves an millions of TV screens.



Virginia Hill provided top gangsters with sex and other services.



Tony Anastasia epitomized the tough New York labor racketeer.





Flanked by staff and members of the investigative committee he headed, Senator Estes Kefauver (center) presides over one of the hearings on organized crime in the Senate caucus room in Washington, D.C.

charities and community betterment projects.

Thus, in 1949, a group of prominent Italian-American Catholics petitioned Pope Pius XII to award the title Knight of St. Gregory to a Brooklyn businessman who had done much to earn his community's gratitude. His name was Joseph Profaci. He had arrived in America as a poor boy from Sicily and had become the nation's leading importer of olive oil and tomato paste, majority owner of no fewer than 20 legitimate

businesses, generous donor to every Catholic charity that approached him, benevolent employer of hundreds of fellow Italian-Americans. But Profaci was also—as an angry Brooklyn district attorney, Miles McDonald, insisted in a successful effort to block the papal knighthood—one of the nation's top racketeers, head of one of the major crime families in New York and longtime practitioner of the crafts of extortion and murder.

Thomas Lucchese, a quiet, conservative dress manufac-



Senate hearings linked gangsters to a number of famous night clubs.

turer who owned half a dozen factories in New York and Pennsylvania, was a tireless worker for charity in his spare time. When he called on his friends to buy tickets to dinners for favorite causes, a sell-out was assured. At one such dinner, 22 New York State judges, presiding over courts at every level of the judicial system, sat at tables he sponsored. Some were so fond of Lucchese that they even tried to return the favors. His hotel bills in New York and on several trips to Washington were picked up by Armand Chamkalian, assistant to U. S. Attorney Myles Lane. But then, Lane himself and New York City police commissioner (and later a Federal judge) Thomas F. Murphy were close personal friends of the manufacturer, dropping by his home now and then for lunch or for cocktails. And another close friend, the late Congressman Vito Marcantonio,

helped Lucchese realize a long-held dream: the appointment of his son to West Point, even though Lucchese was a political conservative and Marcantonio a radical, winning elections as the candidate of the American Labor Party. To these people, Lucchese was merely a very rich businessman who, as he often said, had held office in only one organization—the Knights of Columbus. What was ignored was Lucchese's real position—as the boss of another of New York's major crime families, as partner in the Garment District rackets from the early Thirties with Louis "Lepke" Buchalter, and as a close friend of the exiled Syndicate ruler, Charles "Lucky" Luciano.

When the B'nai B'rith, the Zionist Organization of America and other Jewish organizations held fund-raising campaigns, among their most successful money raisers were two eminent Jewish businessmen—the liquor-automotive-steel magnate from New Jersey, Abner Zwillman, and the liquor-real estate-television tycoon from Miami and New York, Meyer Lansky. Both, it was said, had done more than just raise money. In 1948, when the newborn state of Israel was battling for its life, they had used their influence to purchase stocks of weapons and to make sure that those arms were expeditiously loaded aboard ship in New York harbor, even though such activities were illegal. But then, Zwillman and Lansky had plenty of muscle along the waterfront. They were perhaps the most powerful Jewish racketeers in the country and Lansky, particularly, had emerged as the financial wizard of the organized underworld.

Perhaps the leading fund raiser for the Salvation Army in New York was the vice-chairman of its men's division, a quiet, retiring real-estate and investment specialist named Frank Costello. When the charity held its annual dinner at the Copacabana night club (owned, as it happened, by Costello and

*(continued on page 202)*

Top mobster Frank Costello was targeted by Senate investigators.



Willie Moretti fell victim to gangland euthanasia when the Mob decided he was dangerously crazy.




Confronted with prison or deportation, mobster Joe Adonis opted for a one-way cruise to Italy.





BOX BY DON BAUM AFTER JOSEPH CORNELL CIRCA 1951





**G**LOOMY BUZZARDS! Darned devouring crows! Get out of here! You want to dry up my plants? Take the other road, around *Doña Casilda's* house; let that old Christer kneel to you as you go by! Show a little respect for the house of a Juárez republican! Have you ever seen me in your temple of darkness, you vultures? I've never asked you to visit my house! Get out, get out of here!"

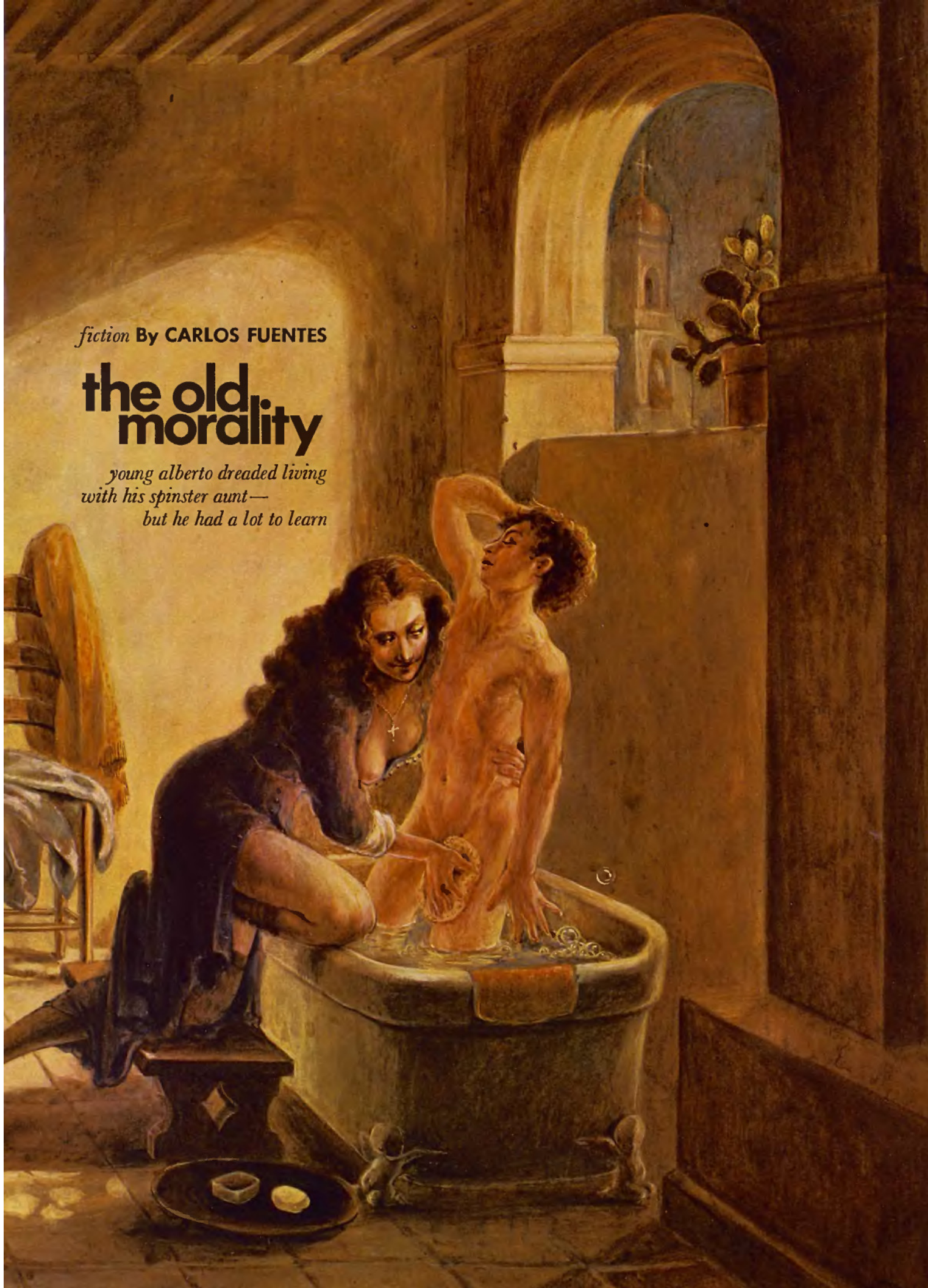
Leaning against the garden fence, my grandfather shakes



*fiction* By CARLOS FUENTES

# the old morality

*young alberto dreaded living  
with his spinster aunt—  
but he had a lot to learn*





his cane. He must have been born with that cane. I think he even takes it to bed with him so as not to lose it. The head of the cane looks just like Grandfather, except it's a lion with a big mane and wide-stretched eyes that look as if they could see many things at the same time, and Grandfather, well, yes, he has a lion's mane, too, and yellow eyes that stretch toward his ears when he sees the row of priests and seminary students that has to file alongside our garden in order to go the shortest way to the church. The seminary is a little outside Morelia and my grandfather swears they built it on the road to our ranch just to annoy him. That isn't the word he uses. My aunts say the words my grandfather uses are very immoral and that I shouldn't repeat them. It's strange that the priests always have to come by here, as if they *liked* hearing what he shouts, instead of taking the way round *Doña Casilda's* ranch. They went that way once and she knelt down for their blessing and then invited them in for a cup of chocolate. I don't know why they'd rather come by here.

"One of these days, I'm not going to take any more, you bastards. Someday I'm going to sic the dogs on you!"

The truth is that my grandfather's dogs bark a lot when they're closed in, but as soon as they get past the fence, they're as tame as anything. When the row of priests comes down the hill and they start to cross themselves, the three German shepherds bark and howl as if the Devil himself were coming. They must think it's strange to see so many clean-shaven men wearing skirts, they're so used to Grandfather's wild beard. He never combs it and sometimes I even think he roughs it up more, especially when my aunts come to visit. What happens is the dogs become very tame once they get out in the road and they lick the priests' shoes and hands, and then the priests get a funny little smile and look out the corners of their eyes at Grandfather, who beats on the fence with his cane, mad as hops, so mad he gets his words tangled up. Although the truth is, I'm not sure but what it's something else the priests are looking at. Because Grandfather always waits for the men in skirts to go by with his arm tight around Micaela's waist, and Micaela, who is a lot younger than he is, squeezes up against Grandfather and unbuttons her blouse and laughs while she eats a big plump banana and then another and still another and her eyes shine as bright as her teeth when the priests go by.

"Doesn't it make you sick when you see my woman, you bloodsuckers?" Grandfather shouts, and he squeezes Micaela tighter. "Do you want me to tell you where the heavenly kingdom is?"

He gives a big belly laugh and lifts up Micaela's skirts and the priests begin to trot like scared rabbits, like the kind that sometimes come down from the

woods close to the garden and wait for me to throw them some carrots. Grandfather and Micaela laugh and laugh, and I laugh just like them and take the hand of my grandfather, who is laughing so hard he's crying, and say, "Look, look, they're hopping like rabbits. You really scared them this time. Maybe they won't come back again."

My grandfather squeezes my hand in his, which is covered with bluish nerve lines and calluses as hard and yellow as the logs stored in the cave at the back of the garden. The dogs come back to the house and start barking again. And Micaela buttons her blouse and strokes Grandfather's beard.

But almost always things are calmer. Here we all like our work; my aunts say it is a sin that a 13-year-old boy should be working instead of going to school, but I don't know what they mean. I like to get up early and run to the big bedroom, where Micaela is looking at herself in the mirror, braiding her hair, mouth filled with hairpins, and Grandfather is still groaning in bed; what else could you expect, if you go to bed when the owls do and sleep only four hours after playing cards with your friends till two o'clock in the morning? . . . That's why at six o'clock, when I come into the bedroom all cluttered with furniture, rocking chairs with little cushions for your head, great big clothespresses with mirrors so big you can see yourself all at once, I crawl into the bed laughing. Grandfather pretends to be asleep for a while, but he thinks I don't know. I go along with the game and all of a sudden he growls like a lion, so loud it shakes the crystal on the candlestick, and then I pretend to be afraid and hide under those sheets that smell like nothing else smells. Yes, sometimes Micaela says, "You're not a boy, you're like one of those dogs, they don't look at anything, they just go where their noses lead them." She must be serious when she says that, because it's true that I go into the kitchen with my eyes closed and head straight for the pudding, for the honeypots and the squash-blossom *quesadillas*, for the bowl of *natas*—I love that thick skin from the milk—and the mangoes in syrup that Micaela is preparing. And without opening my eyes, I stick my finger in the stewpot and press my lips against the flat wicker tray where she is stacking the warm *tortillas*.

"Grandfather," I said to him one day, "if I wanted to, I could go anywhere I wanted just by smelling and never get lost, I swear I could." Outside it's easy. As soon as the sun's up and the men are at the sawmill, it's the odor of fresh pitch that leads me to the shed where the workers stack the tree trunks and logs and then saw the planks the width and thickness they want.

All of them say hello and then, "Hey, Alberto, give us a hand," because they know that makes me proud and they

know that I know that they know. There are mountains of sawdust everywhere and it smells as if the real forest were here, because the wood never smells the same before or after, not when it's a tree or when it's a piece of furniture or a door or a beam in a house.

One time there were bad things about Grandfather in the newspaper in Morelia; they called him a "land raper," and Grandfather went down to Morelia armed with his cane and broke the newspaperman's head and later he had to pay costs and damages: That's what the newspaper said. My grandfather is a really funny character, no doubt about it. You'd never believe the way he's so horsy with the priests and the newspapermen, and then so quiet and calm in the hot-house behind the house. No, he doesn't have plants there, but birds. Yes, he's a great bird collector and I think the reason he loves me so much is that I inherited his taste for birds and I spend the whole afternoon looking at them and carrying them seed and water and finally putting on their cage covers when they go to sleep after the sun goes down.

Birds are a serious business and Grandfather says you have to study a lot to look after them right. And he's right. These aren't just any old pigeons. I've spent hours reading the cards on each cage that explain where they're from and why they're so rare. There are two pheasants: The male has all the plumage and he's the vainest, too, while the female is dull and drab. And the cockatoo, very white with pale-blue circles under its eyes, as if it had been up all night. And an Australian bird, red, green, purple and yellow. And the bird like flame, black and orange. And the whidah bird with a four-pointed tail that comes out once a year when it's looking for a mate and then drops out. And the silver pheasant from China, the color of a mirror, with a red face. And especially the magpies, which swoop down on anything shiny and then hide it so well you can't find it. I already know that I'd like to spend every afternoon looking at the prettiest birds, but then Grandfather comes and says to me:

"All the birds know who all the others are, who their friends are and how to entertain themselves playing. That's all they need to know."

Then later the three of us have dinner at the long worn table that came from a convent, the only thing churchy, according to the old man, he'll allow in the house.

"And it's no skin off my nose," he says as Micaela serves us some peppers stuffed with beans and melted cheese, "that a refectory table should end up in a liberal's house. *Señor Juárez* converted the churches into libraries and the best proof that this poor country is going from bad to worse is that now they've taken out the books to install the holy-water fonts

(continued on page 228)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



*marilyn chambers, who  
found fame through porno  
films and ivory snow, wants  
to dance her way into  
america's heart. honest!*

**SEX,  
SOAP  
AND  
SUCCESS**





MARILYN CHAMBERS had just previewed part of her new stage show (left) at a New Jersey theater, and visions of topflight bookings were dancing in the head of her manager, Chuck Traynor. "She's only twenty-one," he told us in breathless *non sequitur*, "and she really explodes onstage." They were due back in Hollywood a few days later to see about some proposed movie roles. Which was the kind of action Miss Chambers had in mind when she left her staid New England home town and gravitated to New York. But while she modeled, studied acting and even played bit parts in a film or two, her career was going nowhere. Then she moved to San Francisco, where she answered a newspaper ad placed by the Mitchell brothers, stalwarts of the porno-movie industry. Marilyn wanted a nonballing role but settled for





a nonspeaking one; the movie, *Behind the Green Door*, cast her as a beautiful abductee, submitting—and responding—to all kinds of bizarre sexual stimuli. But while it made the rounds, her past came back to haunt her: It was revealed that Marilyn Chambers, porno star, was the sweet young mother on the Ivory Snow box in your supermarket. Procter & Gamble, which makes Ivory Snow, was mad; but in the long run, the incident sold a lot of soap—and gave Marilyn a boost, too. She followed *Green Door* with another porno hit, *The Resurrection of Eve*. And then Traynor—a sort of Svengali to female porno stars—entered her life. Now it looks like Marilyn, thanks to her sex-movie detour, may actually become the aboveground star she always wanted to be. Some may well regret that; but you can bet *she* isn't looking back.





Since her pompon-shaking days as a high school cheerleader, Marilyn has come a long way—obviously. And now a stage career? Bad news, porn lovers.







"First time I made love in front of the camera, I was pretty nervous. But I got off on the fantasy."






"Ever since I was a kid," Marilyn observes, "I've been a bit of a show-off." Lucky us.





Marilyn still seems more like Ivory Snow's young mom than the porn star who did such naughty things in "Green Door"; but it's her duality that's the turn-on.





"I can sing, I can dance, I can act," Marilyn points out. "My new show gives me a chance to expose my talents." Seems only fair, since she's already exposed everything else.







THE VARGAS GIRL



*"Lord Crumley  
says he has an excellent  
position for me."*

*Vargas*



## the little rag mouse

from *Recueil Général et Complet des Fabliaux des XIII<sup>e</sup> et XIV<sup>e</sup> siècles*

Ribald Classic

NEXT I'LL TELL YOU about a poor peasant who married before he knew any ways to pleasure a woman in bed (as he hadn't tried it before); but his wife knew all about what men can do, because, to tell the truth, the priest had done it very well when he wished, and when *she* wished, and so forth, till the day she was to wed her lord and master.

On that day, the priest said, "Sweet girl, if you please, I would like, if I might, to have you once more before the poor peasant does."

And she: "Of course, sir. Though I dare not hide you, come as soon as it's time, when you see that my husband hasn't made it yet. I don't want an end to your blessings."

And so the plan was laid.

Before long the peasant came to bed, but nothing he did—not fussings nor fondlings—made his wife happy. He put his arms around her and embraced her in a very rude way (since he knew no other) and kept her all flattened out beneath him. She did her best to fend him off, saying:

"What are you trying to do?"

"I'm trying to get my zikk up and noop you," said he, "that is, if I find your fonn somewhere."

"You shall not find my fonn," said she.

"Well, where is it? Don't hide it!"

"Sir, I'll tell you where it is if you really want to know: I swear it's at the foot of my mother's bed, where I left it this very morning."

"Then, by Saint Martin," he said, "I am going to get it!"

He didn't wait long, no, indeed, but hurried off to find the fonn that belonged with the rest of the body. But the town and the street where his wife had lived were more than a league away. While the peasant was out looking for the fonn, the chaplain returned and, with joy and delight, did what he pleased in the bed.

• • •

But you haven't heard the whole story of how the peasant was fooled: When he got to his mother-in-law's home, he said:

"Madam, your daughter has sent me for her fonn; she says she hid it at the foot of your bed."

The woman thought awhile and gathered that her daughter must be deceiving him for one evil purpose or another. So she went to the bedroom and found a basket full of cloth. She cut it all to rags. ("Yes, sir, I can give him this basket.") The peasant took it. But the truth is that a mouse had fallen in and was all twisted up in the rags. He shoved the basket under his coat and headed for home as fast as he could. When he was way out in the fields, he said a marvelous thing:

"I wonder, by Saint Polly, if the fonn is asleep or awake; I wish, by Saint Tolly, I could noop it now, before I get home; but I fear it would run away out here,



where I could never find it. Oh, well, I'll do it, just to see if it's true what they say: that a fonn is a sweet, smooth beastie."

Now the tip of his zikk rose up, straight as a lance, and thrust itself into the rags. He began to root around, so to speak, and the mouse jumped out of the basket, into the tall grass. The poor peasant took off in long strides, lickety-split, supposing it was making fun of him. He said, "Lord, what a pretty little beast! I'd say, from looking at her face, that she's never been tickled or touched—she almost looks newborn. I commend her to the Three-Personed God. I think she must be afraid of my zikk; yes, by God, she's afraid of this red-and-black thing with its muzzle up. Alas! Woe! I'll get hell if she dies. Holy Mary! She will be lost for sure and drowned if she falls into the ditch. The dew is getting her belly and backside wet. Get her out, good Lord, get her out! What'll I do if she dies?"

The peasant wrung his hands while the mouse ran along, pipping and squeaking. If you could have seen it curl its lip and grin at the peasant, you would have thought it was a monkey laughing. The poor fool called after it, loud as he could:

*"Pretty fonn, sweet fonn, come back to me!*

*I'll be as faithful as faithful can be;  
I'll never endeavor to couple or wed  
Before we are home in a warm wedding bed.*

*After I've fastened you back on my wife,*

*You won't be so muddy the rest of your life.*

*If people find out how you're running away,*

*Alas, I'm afraid of what people will say.*

*Don't drown in the ditch, little fonn,  
little love,*

*Come here and I'll carry you home  
in my glove."*

He went on and on that way, all for nothing: He could never have called long enough for the mouse to come back. It just ran off in the weeds.

When he saw that he had lost it, he was

very depressed and upset. But he went on his way, not stopping till he was home again. Without a word or a thought, the peasant sat down on a bench, taking off his boots. You may be sure he was not a bit happy; and his wife said:

"Sir, what's the matter? You're not saying a word. Why aren't you hale and hearty?"

"Not me, madam," said the peasant, as he took off his boots and his clothes.

Then she raised up the covers and he jumped into bed, stretched out and lay there, saying no more than a monk who had taken the vow of silence. She looked at him all silent and then remarked:

"So you haven't got my fonn, my lord?"

"Not I, woman, not I, not I; I rue the day I went to look for it; it fell onto the ground, and by now it will be drowned in the fields."

"Ha!" said she. "You must be teasing me!"

"No, indeed, woman," said he, "I'm not."

She put her arms around him. "Lord," said she, "don't bother yourself; it must have been afraid of you, because it didn't know you; and, in my opinion, you were doing something that was not to its liking. Now, tell me, if you were holding it now, what would you do?"

"I'd noop it, by my faith, and, indeed, I'd knock it in the eye; in fact, I'd throttle it for the grief it has given me."

And right away, she said, "Sir, it is here between my legs, but not for the world would I want it so ill-treated now it has come back to you so swift and sleek."

So the peasant reached out and exclaimed, "Why, I'm holding it in my hands!"

"Now, hang on so it doesn't get away from you, at least; and don't be afraid it will bite; it had better not escape."

"No, indeed," he said, "on account of the cat. Lord preserve me from having it eaten, by God!"

He began to stroke it, and thus he could very easily feel how damp it was.

"Woe is me! It's still wet from falling in the dew," the peasant said. "How you have vexed me today! But I won't scold you for getting it splashed. Just go to sleep; I won't bother you again. I'm tired of running and commotion."

Now. . . .

*Have I taught you by this fable  
Women are the very Devil?  
That's the best I can advise—  
You may strike out both my eyes  
If this is anything but truth:  
When she wants to be uncouth,  
She will fool most anyone  
With her wit or with her tongue.*

*So every man must watch his spouse  
Or chase (and lose) his own rag  
mouse.*

—Adapted by Sarah M. White



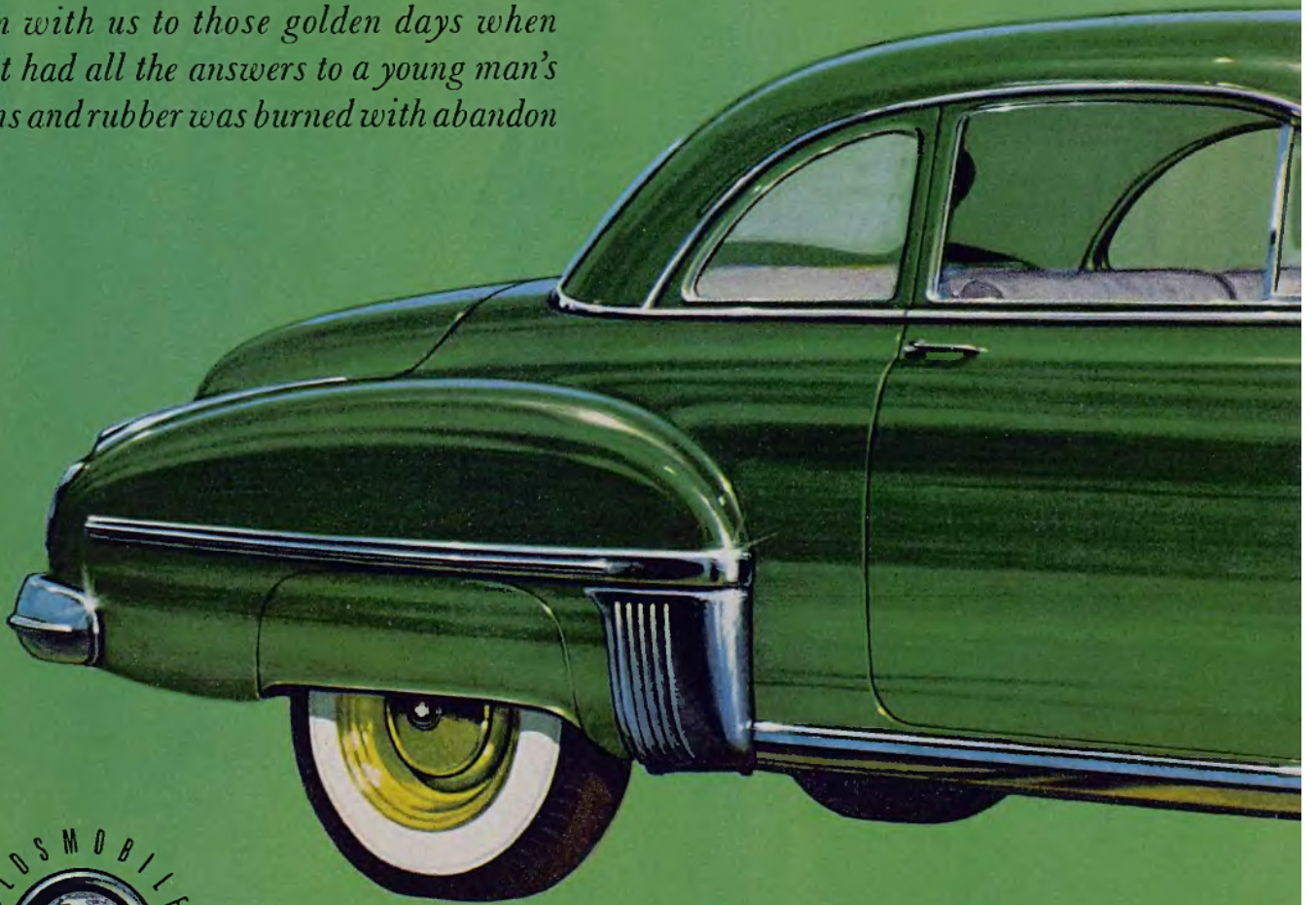


# The Marching Machines

I am convinced that my old man was clairvoyant. I mean, why else would he, in the drab year of 1949, go down to his local Oldsmobile dealer and come home with the first hell-fire, running-sumbitch, hot-damn V8, Rocket 88 in the entire blasted county? You've got to admit that it was a trendy thing to do, what with all his neighbors lumping around in porthole Buick

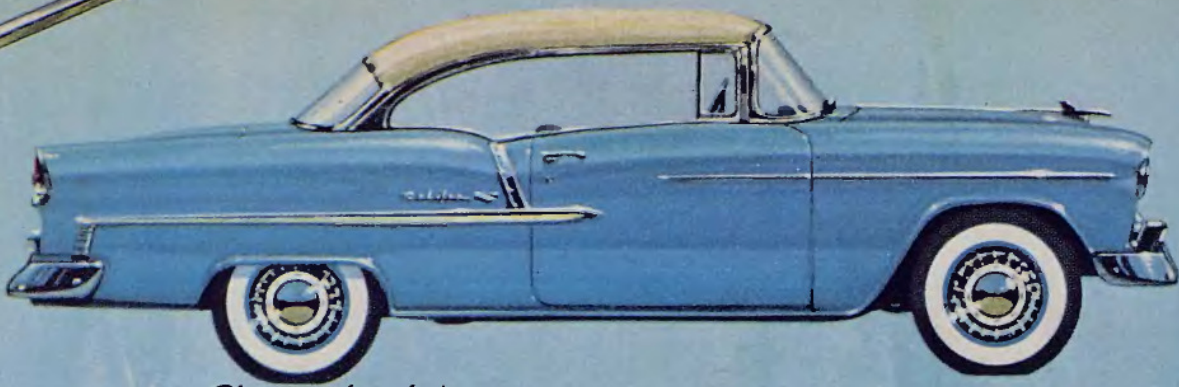
Road-masters and ultra-dumbo sedans like that. After all, the Oldsmobile Rocket 88 was what you used to call your "hot" car and, in a day when the guys in zooty pants and duck's-ass haircuts—automotive visigoths known among the decent folk as "hot rodders"—were cruisin' in '40 Ford flatheads, having a set of "wheels" like that could boost you to stardom overnight. There it was, in four-door, almond-green splendor, appearing one day in my own driveway: a chance to become a living legend on a learner's permit. The 88's appearance was deceiving. It looked like all the other bulging, Jell-O-mold American cars of the day. Tall and rather narrow, it featured tumorous fenders that gave it a strongly pneumatic quality, as if it had been doubled in size by an injection of compressed air. The Oldsmobile stylists had fitted a grille composed of two massive chromed bars that presented a countenance resembling a despondent black bass. Inside sprawled a pair of bench seats coated with two-tone gray (text continued on page 162)

*return with us to those golden days when detroit had all the answers to a young man's dreams and rubber was burned with abandon*



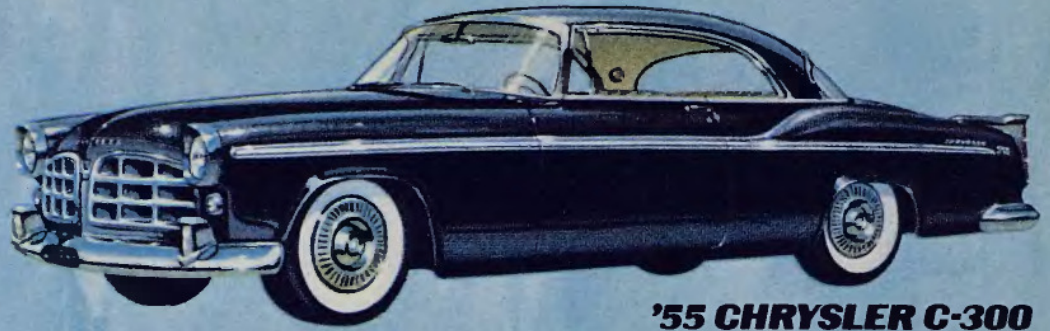
'49 OLDSMOBILE ROCKET 88





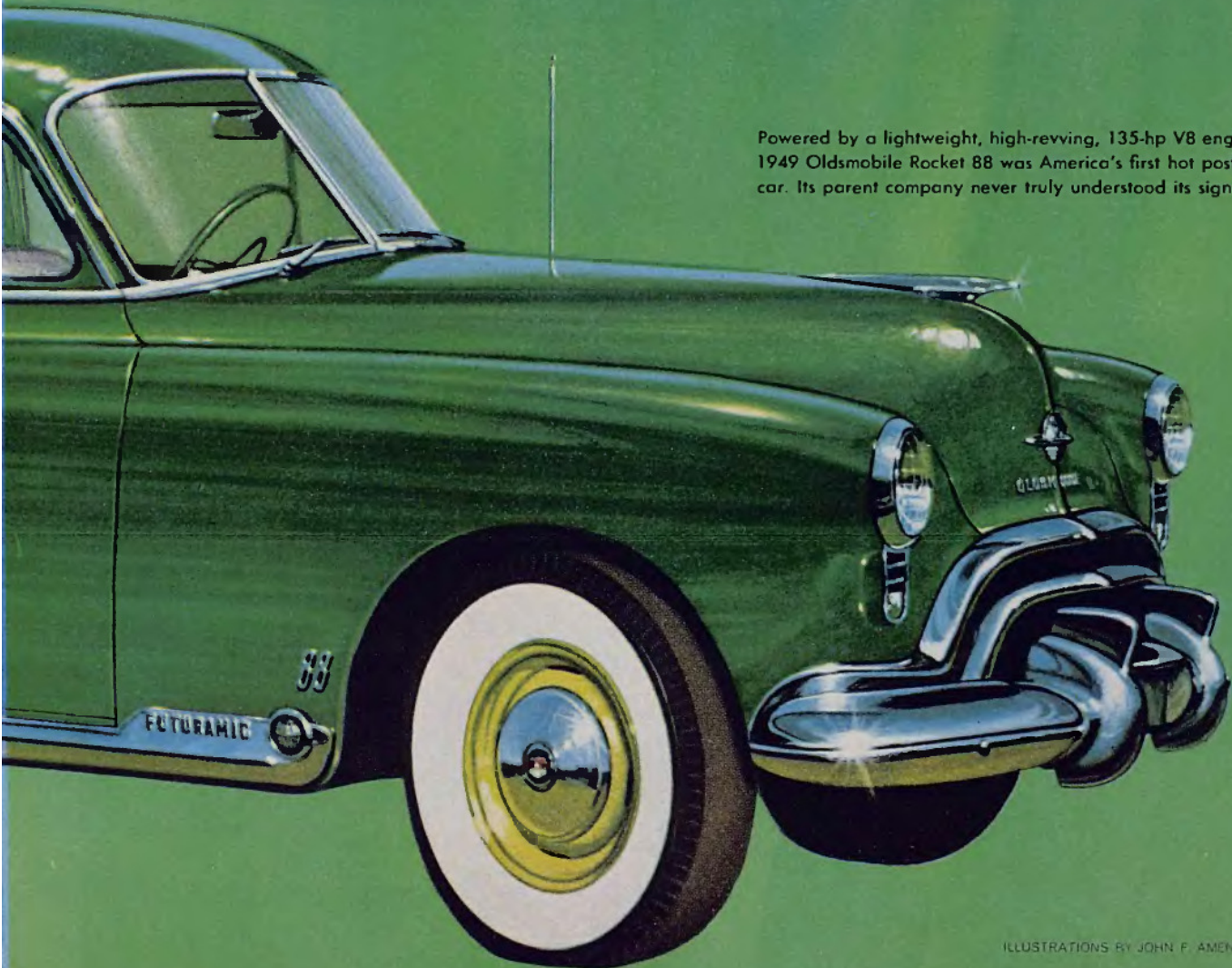
### '55 Chevrolet V8

This compact coupe, with its 162-hp engine, was the first Chevy to outdo Ford in the realm of raw acceleration and top speed.



A modified New Yorker hardtop with Imperial trim, the first 300 appeared in 1955 as an effort to counter the Corvette and T-bird.

### '55 CHRYSLER C-300



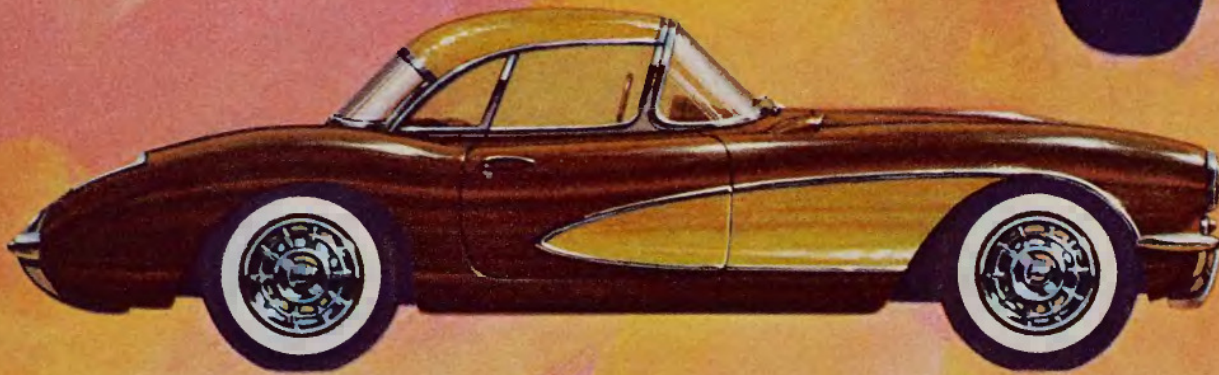
Powered by a lightweight, high-revving, 135-hp V8 engine, the 1949 Oldsmobile Rocket 88 was America's first hot postwar car. Its parent company never truly understood its significance.



# The MACHO machines

## '57 CORVETTE

It took Chevrolet three years to make a legitimate sports car out of the Corvette. By 1957, its four-speed transmission, taut suspension and fuel-injected engine gave it awesome performance.



As Pontiac was forced to housebreak the GTO, Plymouth assaulted the so-called youth market of the Sixties with the Road Runner, a cheap, stripped business coupe with a husky 383-cu.-in. engine.



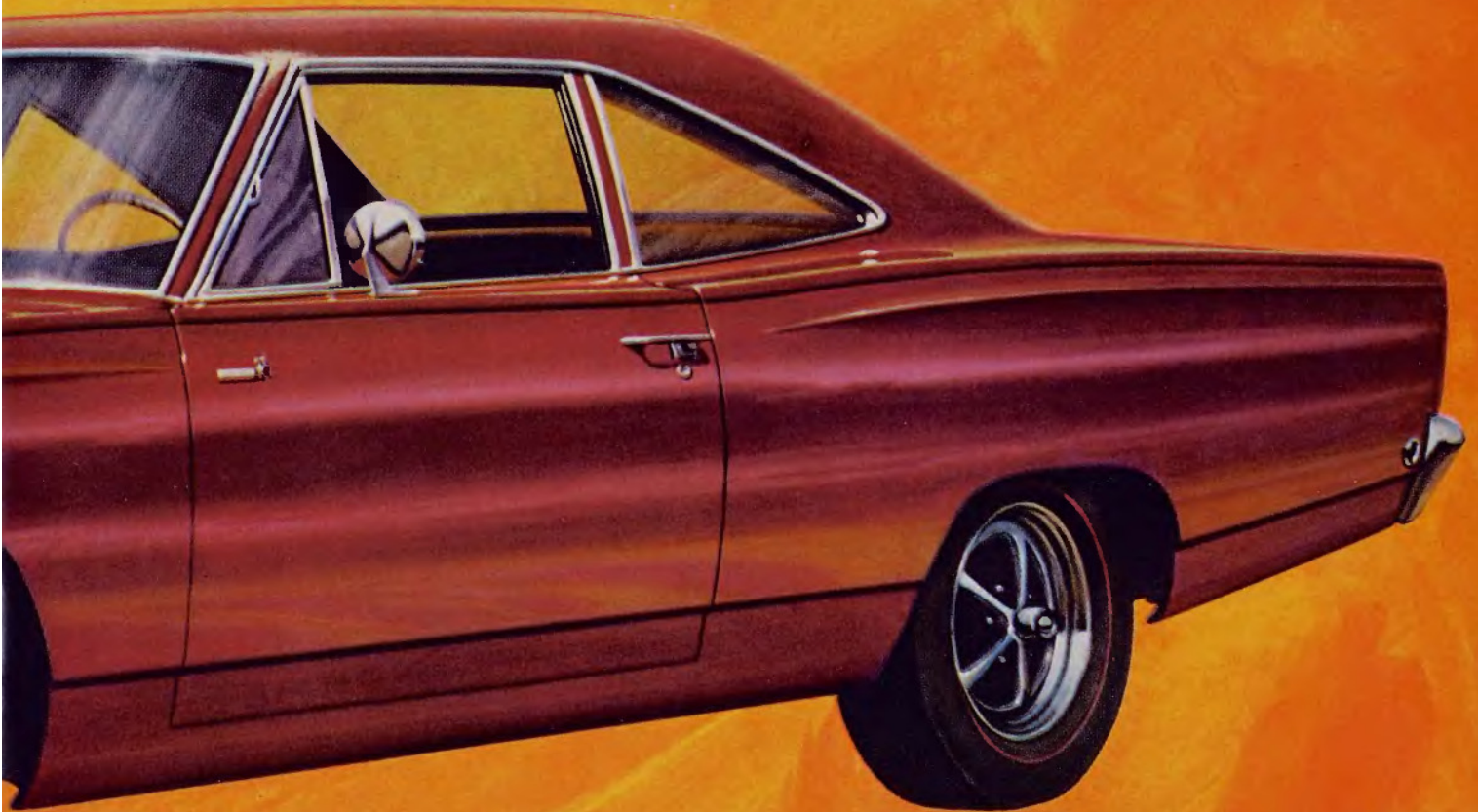
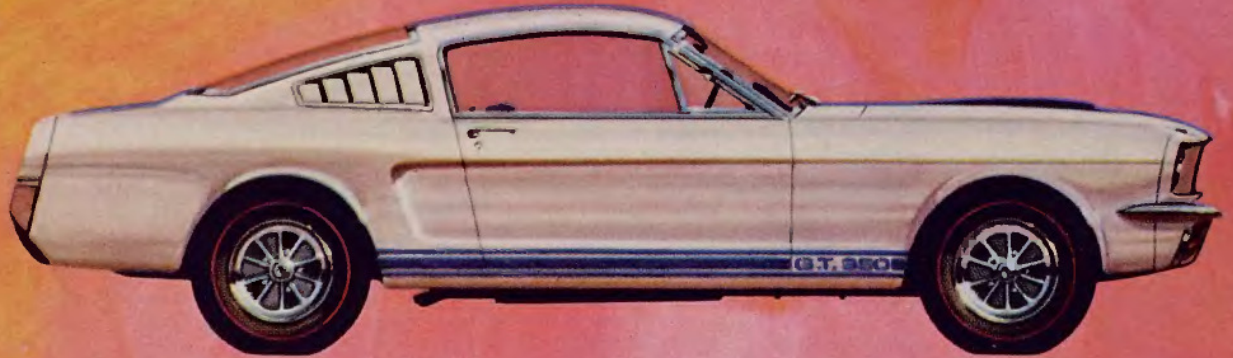


## '64 Pontiac GTO

The premise for the GTO was simple enough: a large, hot engine stuffed into a light, compact chassis. Its phenomenal success was based on great acceleration and even greater sales techniques.

Ford tried for a share of the *macho-car* business with the Shelby GT-350—a modified, much-improved Mustang coupe. It was built in too meager quantities to have a great impact on the market.

## '65 Shelby Mustang GT-350



## '68 PLYMOUTH ROAD RUNNER





broadcloth. The collective visual components of an Oldsmobile 88 made it appear about as rakish and sporting as a suburban bus, but that lumpy exterior concealed 135 stampeding horses—more power than had ever been stuffed into a middlebrow, medium-priced American sedan.

Now, 135 horsepower may seem rather tepid by today's standards, but in 1949 it seemed like enough to vault the Empire State Building and still have enough in reserve to burn rubber in front of a local ice-cream joint. Seated behind the immense steering wheel and peering across a hood so large that it looked as if someone had lashed a rowboat between the front fenders, I seemed headed for asphalt immortality. Puffing and straining their old Fords and Mercurys to the limit, the local hot shoes simply couldn't keep pace with my fleet Olds. Unfortunately, those moments of glory with the 88 were counted in sparse minutes. It was, after all, the family car and my opportunities to drive it were composed of rare, intemperate, bombastic, show-off bursts of speed around my home town. Then, two speeding tickets and a minor crash convinced my father that tamer machinery was needed in the household and he traded the Olds in on a sluglike six-cylinder DeSoto. Instant ignominy. Having been plunged from the top to the bottom of the local pecking order with one swift gesture, I was left to witness the beginning of that weirdo phenomenon of the so-called performance cars that Detroit poured onto the market for 20 years, steadily escalating until the entire episode crumbled from its own foolish excess.

It began with the Oldsmobile Rocket 88, make no mistake about that. In 1949, fast automobiles were about as much a factor in the American consciousness as porn flicks; decent Americans simply didn't have any awareness of them. A tiny, noisy clique of sports-car enthusiasts was growling around in spindly European roadsters, and a few hot rodders driving cut-down, hopped-up Thirties coupes and roadsters prowled Main Street after dark, but these enthusiasts operated outside the central scheme of things and had no meaning either to the general public or to the Detroit moguls who had built a majority of the automobiles. The fact that the Oldsmobile 88 was the first modern, quick American production car was accidental. General Motors had been working on a series of high-compression, short-stroke, overhead-valve, V8-engine designs since World War Two had ended, and top Oldsmobile engineer Gilbert Burrell had started work on a 303-cu.-in. Olds version in April 1947. The Cadillac division was creating a similar engine, but it was Burrell's design that would shake the automobile world as the famed Rocket Olds.

You must remember that in the late Forties, American cars were being towed around by some hopelessly dead-ass engines. Only Ford was producing a V8, and it was an antiquated, flathead model dating from the Thirties. Most manufacturers offered a series of immense, slow-revving, long-stroke straight sixes and eights that were archaic in the extreme. Burrell's engine (later to be known as the Kettering engine because it was produced in a new production facility named after the great G.M. designer Charles F. Kettering) arrived on this scene as a compact, high-winding powerhouse with incontestable advantages over its competition. It was light, it produced effortless torque and horsepower, it was smooth, thanks to its short stroke, and silent, due to its new hydraulic-valve-lifting mechanism. This Rocket engine, hooked up to Whirlaway Hydra-Matic and installed in a collection of coupe, sedan and convertible bodies with Futuramic styling, was such a sensation that it even surprised the Oldsmobile management. Before the model year was completed, 192,000 Rocket engines had been built in the more luxurious 98 models and in the shorter, lighter (300-500 pounds) 88s.

The fledgling National Association of Stock Car Auto Racing (NASCAR) instantly discovered the Rocket engine and Red Byron won the 1949 Grand National Championship at the wheel of a stubby 88 sedan. Olds would repeat as Grand National champ again in 1950. This Rocket 88 would top 90 mph off the showroom floor and accelerate from 0 to 60 in about 12 seconds—truly astounding achievements for a machine that anybody could own for approximately \$2000. This level of performance had heretofore been reserved for a few high-priced luxury machines or a select number of carefully modified hot rods. Now speed became an egalitarian commodity, available to any welder or shoe salesman who chose to spend the money. This was of small import to the Oldsmobile management. Raw horsepower was a bonus by-product of the Rocket engine and played a minor role in the sales promotion of their automobiles. They chose instead to exploit the power plant's smoothness and torque (which in turn enhanced the effectiveness of their automatic transmission) and paid little attention to the fact that they were marketing the fastest medium-priced automobile ever to appear on the highway. As their advertising agency cranked out jingles urging America to "Make a date with a Rocket 88," the fact that their car was raising the nation's consciousness about automotive performance was ignored. After all, Oldsmobile produced cars for solid citizens and not thrill-hungry speed demons, and the news that people were out ripping up the highways of America in their new 88s caused hardly a ripple

around the home office in Lansing. In fact, the NASCAR stock-car-racing program was allowed to fade away and by 1955 Oldsmobile had ended its brief flirtation with high performance and had dutifully returned to supplying dull, overweight, fat-daddy (but still sneakily fast) sedans to the solid burghers of middle America. In the meantime, other manufacturers, jolted in part by the incredible Oldsmobile Rocket, rushed to the drawing board to create the kind of equipment that would fit the nation's growing appetite for speed.

One might assume that this new generation of fast cars was aimed at the kids of the country. After all, the Fifties were the halcyon days of such quaint pastimes as drag racing and customizing cars, and it would stand to reason that Detroit would direct its marketing efforts at this age group. But this predated the so-called youth market by nearly a decade. The young drivers of the Fifties were nickel-and-dimers compared with the spoiled, overindulged teeny-tycoons of the Sixties. Fifties kids, if they could afford an automobile in the first place, were content with ragged used cars. Those who wanted to drive fast had to save their pennies for the purchase of such exotica as dual exhausts and high-compression heads and three-quarter cams that would in turn be bolted into their '39-'40 Fords and Mercurys. Considerably more money was expended for hardware-store junk like hood ornaments, necker's knobs, hubcap spinners, twin radio antennas, fake fender portholes, mud flaps, etc., which serve as a better bench mark of the general automotive taste of the period. (Nostalgia buffs will quite accurately describe the 1949-1951 Mercury convertibles as the youth-cult cars of the day. However, those machines, decked out in Continental spare-tire kits, fender skirts, Mell-O-Tone dual mufflers, etc., were intended purely for drive-in hopping and making out. They were smooth, sleek and slow—and, in the eyes of the true hot-car apostles, had a kind of sleazy decadence. While they played a major role in the automotive sociology of the period, they are a distinct subspecies of the American car genus.) Only a tiny segment of the young drivers in America got near new cars in the Fifties. Therefore, Detroit remained confident that high-powered automobiles were rich men's toys; that within the puritan ethic, speed was a hedonistic excess to be offered only to daffy gentlemen of means. Ergo, the first post-war generation of American supercars were exclusive, high-priced models, as they had been since the days when Duesenbergs, Marmons, Stuzes and Cords pounded the roads. It was within the natural order of things that big, expensive cars should be faster than their smaller, cheaper counterparts. A superiority in

(continued on page 188)



# the reference

*mcpartland had done  
things to the detroit  
sewer system that made  
a grown man weep*

*fiction*

By DONALD BARTHELME

"Warp."

"In the character?"

"He warp *ever* which way."

"You don't think we should consider him, then."

"My friend Shel McPartland, whom I have known deeply and intimately and too well for more than twenty years, is, sir, a brilliant OK engineer—master builder—*cum*—city and state planner. He'll plan your whole cotton-pickin' state for you, if you don't watch him. Right down to the flowers on the sideboard in the governor's mansion. He'll choose marginalia."

"I, sir, am not familiar, sir, with that particular bloom, sir."

"Didn't think you would be, you bein' from Arkansas and therefore likely less than literate. You *are* the Arkansas

State Planning Commission, are you not?"

"I am one of it. Mr. McPartland gave you a reference."

"Well, sir, let me tell you, sir, that my friend Shel McPartland, who has incautiously put me down as a reference, has a wide-ranging knowledge of all modern techniques, theories, dodges, orthodoxies, heresies, new and old innovations and scams of all kinds. The only thing about him is, he warp."

"Sir, it is not necessary to use dialect when being telephone-called from the state of Arkansas."

"Different folk I talk to in different ways. I got to keep myself interested."

"I understand that. Leaving aside the question of warp for  
(continued on page 186)





# BLOOD TAX (continued from page 105)

people stumbled seemed quite literally an extinguishing of the light of life. The young women, tanned and chic in August, were now haggard and abstracted. And a few days after the war began, with only the first casualties announced, everyone was already in mourning and in suspense for new griefs. I met nobody who hadn't already suffered a personal loss. It is a very small country—the population of the Bay Area of San Francisco in a battle for its life against the millions of Arabs from countries whose leaders declare a "blood tax" and say they can afford to kill their youth so long as they also kill Israelis.

I kept two journals of this Indian-summer trip to Israel in the autumn of 1973, one a report of what I saw, the other a notebook of grief. Here are both of them together. No doubt history and obsession fade into each other and make them twins.

October 6-12

"Jews, and especially Israelis, cannot afford the luxury of despair"—Golda Meir.

"It's strange, Dad. . . . Everybody's gone." My daughter Ann, telephoning to San Francisco from Kibbutz Gan Shmuel ("The Garden of Samuel") in the middle of the night on the second day.

The connection with Israel is not an allegiance that can be broken off without the loss of self. The American Irish can understand this; American blacks know the price they have paid by being severed. Many American Jews, weary of turmoil, weary of history, weary in fact of themselves, choose to say Israel doesn't matter to them, or they feel the Arabs have a marvelous case, or why should they get involved. It's far away, it's trouble. They seek some of the relief of joining the powerful oppressor, of giving up. Baptized and name-altered Jews through history have striven for this murky pleasure that is the lack of pain. At what cost the secret shame of abandoning something so close? "Mere ethnic allegiance" is the argument of Cain, who says, He's only my brother, why should I care? It is also the argument of Euthyphro in Plato's dialog, the son who betrayed his father and demanded to know why his father should be any different to him than anyone else. It's only his father. Jewish history is only what generated me.

A man can betray his feeling for his brother or his father only at a terrible price. And when I look at my Jewish friends who say, "What business is it of mine?" I'd rather pay my price in nightmares and dread than their price in evasion of their dreams.

"I'm in a safe place, don't worry, Dad.

But I miss my friends. There's nobody left here." Ann, the sixth day.

I'm going. What else can I do?

October 13

I imagine a nation keeping busy while mourning, fending off its terrors by mobilizing. My wife and young daughter take me to the airport in San Francisco. Stomach twisting; yawns; a persistent incredulousness that this can happen. My friend Bruno happens to be at the airport to meet his girlfriend—sexy Spanish chatter and a little rain of hello kisses.

My resistance is low. I am also irritated by all the plastic stretch-fabric girls and double-knit men, and irritated with myself for caring what my fellow passengers to New York wear. Foolishness. The comic parade of our times has given me the blessing of an unbored life, and so I've no right to judge it with this new sourness, this dread arising only from my preoccupation.

What is happening is forbidden to happen. And it is happening. The world offers this clank and explosion of horror. Nonsense: It is mankind that offers the world its history. And triviality continues to nag me, too: the buttocks overflowing in the aisles and seats of this TWA 707 nonstop San Francisco-New York. Disgust with humankind. Myself doesn't please me, either. I didn't expect so much retraction into vanity.

I love my wife and children, I wish Israel to be saved, that's all.

Why I am going: I can't bear the event without taking part somehow. I am swamped by abstractions, death and destruction and political analysis ("oil," "détente," blahblahdeath), and need to make the unreal pain real.

So I feel better as I get closer. If I erase myself in hysteria, then what good am I? No more choking and tears.

The rear end perched on the armrest of my seat is trying to make it with the off-duty stew across the aisle. Stretch-fabric buttocks, brushing my elbow, rotate with anxiety as he works his spell, such as: "I'll buy you a drink in the lounge."

She needlepoints a cable car. "No, I'm doing this."

He has been talking steadily, describing how important he is; he usually travels first-class; he knows many dynamite stewardesses; he always awaits his flight in the VIP lounge.

"No."

He is a singles-bar veteran. "Man," he says to her, "if you don't drink, I'll buy you a Coke. Come on, now."

"No." Her tight little smile. "You don't have to buy the Cokes around here."

"So come on."

"No."

He is still talking—"if you change

your mind"—as he slopes off to his own seat. She doesn't look up. Chews her gum. Needle in and out. A very small smile for a very small victory.

*El Al Flight #212, New York-Paris-Lod Airport, Israel, October 13-14*

For those lucky enough to get a place on the passenger list, the mood is mostly elated. The Israelis, young people, some with babes in arms, are triumphant. "We're going home!" one shouts at the gate at Kennedy Airport. He has been waiting for five days, and now his turn has come.

In line, a father spins his daughter in the air. They are laughing, in an excursion mood. Chaim, an El Al mechanic, is giving the keys to his car to a pretty SAS ground stewardess and saying, "Use it, otherwise the battery goes dead."

An SAS colleague, also saying goodbye to him, uses a line I hear many times in the departure lounge: "Finish it up and come back Monday."

There are exceptions to the mood. A woman is weeping steadily, quietly, uninterruptedly, as she has been for several hours, and she is helped onto the plane by a stewardess. The first casualty figures were announced this morning.

I ask an old man in a long coat, black hat, beard, if he is an Israeli. "No, New York," he says.

"Why are you going now?"

"I'm an old-age person. Soon I will be too sick. I planned to go. So there's a war. So I'm going."

Most of the passengers, young Israeli students, workers or tourists, are going home to join their units. Many carry guitars, flutes, books, souvenirs. There are also some American doctors and journalists.

Gary Bannerman—the name is Scottish—a big reddish Vancouver broadcaster: "I haven't seen Israel yet, but my wife has been there twice, so I thought this war would be a chance to get some good tapes. But I got to be back in two weeks for a Smothers Brothers taping."

The woman who was weeping is still weeping and I try to talk with her, but she says, "I am very sorry, I can't translate so good English, Hebrew, when I am like this." Her 18-year-old son was on the line at the Suez Canal on Yom Kippur. She is going home to bury him.

I ask a New York grandmother, "You're a tourist?"

"Yes," she says, "can't you tell?" Later she adds: "My daughter in Jerusalem has three children, four years down to two and a half months. I just saw them in August—beautiful. Her husband is a banker, but now he's in Syria. I asked her: 'You want me to come?' And she said, 'Ma, I'm OK.' But then I said I was coming anyway and she said OK."

A group of El Al security guards—  
young, tough, burly, happy finally to be



Crickson



*"There, now, aren't you glad you called a repair person?"*



released to go home—hang out together near the tail of the Boeing 707. One gum-chewing, baby-faced kid says, "You want to use bathroom? You must give me ten cents." All laugh at his joke. A doctor, carrying a medical text written in Spanish, waiting to use the john, doesn't like the joking. He scowls rather primly.

"For you," says the kid, opening the door, bowing, "only five cents, a special bargain."

The guards seem to favor the low-rise jeans that were popular a few years ago. I get the impression of a bank of curly hair, bulging muscles, innocently hoodish looks.

"And for you"—as I use the bathroom—"a free Wash'n Dri. Everything is surprise."

Roger Abraham, his wife, Roza, and their 14-month-old daughter, Diane, are in the seats across from me. They are going home, but by one of those happy accidents familiar to travelers, they have been living in San Francisco, like me. "I was there for '67, I don't want to miss this one," says Roger, a flight engineer. "So if they don't need me on transports? So I'll drive a truck. Later I'll come back to San Francisco. What a beautiful city. How lucky we are to live there."

He asks me a riddle: "My father was born in Russia. Where was I born?"

I guess New York, Paris—he is shaking his head—Shanghai?

"It's too easy for me to win. I won't bother you to guess. Egypt." Broad happy smiles. His wife is playing with Diane in her carry bed. "Wonderful!" he says. "A Russian Jewish Israeli from Egypt who lives in San Francisco! And my wife is Greek! But Diane is a typical California girl—so cute."

He hands the child over to me and I play with this native daughter of the Golden West.

A stewardess has found Oroweat cookies for the babies. She has been doing extra duty. Fair, slim, pretty, exhausted, she tells me, "One brother is in the Golan, one is in Sinai. I have best friend who lost her first husband in 1967 war. Now her second husband is my brother in Sinai. . . . You, American, you are happy to visit Israel?"

"Relieved to be on my way."

From the galley where we are standing, she looks toward the woman who is still weeping with tears that seem endless, too bountiful. "In today's announcement, you know, three El Al pilots are dead, too."

It's the middle of the night over the ocean. Time to drink tea. My stewardess gets busy passing sandwiches and cookies I notice that, besides the Star of David, she has a locket hanging from a gold chain. There is a miniature photograph of a young man in it. The locket is open, as if to give him room to breathe.

In order to save time, we do not

deplane during refueling at Orly. The 707 is ringed with French police and Israeli security people—walkie-talkies, automatic weapons. A bus pulls up. Two pretty Israeli teenagers are bumped. "They will stay perhaps a little while and see Paree," says their father.

Two Israelis board in their place—sleepy Frenchmen, they would have seemed, but they've been waiting to go home.

I ask the exhausted stewardess, deathly pale now, who is the young man in her locket picture.

She brightens with flirtatious pride. "A secret."

Geraldo Rivera, an ABC television personality, is in a seat near me. Thirty years old, well-tended long hair, lean performer's body, hip Latin good looks. He is reading a science-fiction paperback, Isaac Asimov's *The Gods Themselves*, to prepare for the curious reality ahead. He is married to Kurt Vonnegut's daughter. "My mother was Jewish," he says. "I was *bar mitzvah'd*. Everybody knows my history. Of course, personally, I'm not Jewish, but my cameraman is an Israeli—a wild man. He's already there. He'll make sure we see some good combat."

A stewardess is talking with the lady who lost her son. Her face is swollen. I don't look at it; I look at her feet as she stands near the galley, whispering to the stewardess, who doesn't touch her but talks, listens, talks. Finally the woman returns to her seat.

The stew says to me, "Some lose one son in one war, the next in the next, and so on." But then, to change the mood, she tells with pride about the flier who shot down a Katyusha rocket headed for Tel Aviv. "He was one of ours, an El Al pilot, in normal times."

An announcement over the speaker: "And now we will serve a hot meal, a breakfast. Please enjoy."

Gary Bannerman, the broadcaster from Vancouver, asks, "You don't know Art Finley in San Francisco? I'm coming down to see him soon. We'll all have dinner. His, uh, civilian name is Finger, you know. Wonderful chap."

We eat again. There is the usual constant meal service of international air travel, as if each time zone deserves its food tribute; the usual intimacies, gossip, boredom, fatigue, yawns. Only a slight distortion of temperament, manifested by less litter in the aisles, more courtesy and smiles and care, makes this flight different from other flights.

Those who talk about their feelings say mostly that it feels much better to be on their way. It gives hope to be doing something, or to be getting ready to do something.

The pilot announces that he'll try to get the news on Kol Israel, the Voice of Israel. The returning soldier across the aisle listens intently to the steady unemo-

tional BBC-style Hebrew. He doesn't look pleased. I ask him to translate. He shrugs and smiles. "The speaker says they are waiting for you." We talk about the recent statements that the Arabs simply want to return to their homes. He says: "If your neighbor turns his house into a missile site for firing at you, isn't the word home a peculiar word to use for that place?"

Roger Abraham, the flight engineer from San Francisco, has a suggestion. "Let them say they have won the war—a few miles of Suez. Let them open the canal, we always said they could. Let them sit down with us now and talk. We could also win—but more blood, more wars. I think so. Instead, let there be peace."

In the meantime, he and his wife and their 14-month-old daughter go back to fight.

We are making a swift banking approach to landing. No delays, since only El Al flies passengers here now. The pilot comes on: "Shalom. Welcome to Lod Airport in Israel. Thank you for flying El Al and have a good day."

There is no *Hatikvah* or *Fiddler on the Roof* music this time. But a conveyor belt is carrying crates of Jaffa oranges into a transport plane for export. That's normal. Less normal are the special car and officer driving to the runway for the woman returning for a funeral.

The rest of us separate quickly, heading for our separate tasks. My cabdriver, an old man who looks like a waiter from Second Avenue, asks, "Where are you staying?"

"I'm not sure."

"If you don't know," he says, "then how should I know? Ask me a different riddle."

. . .

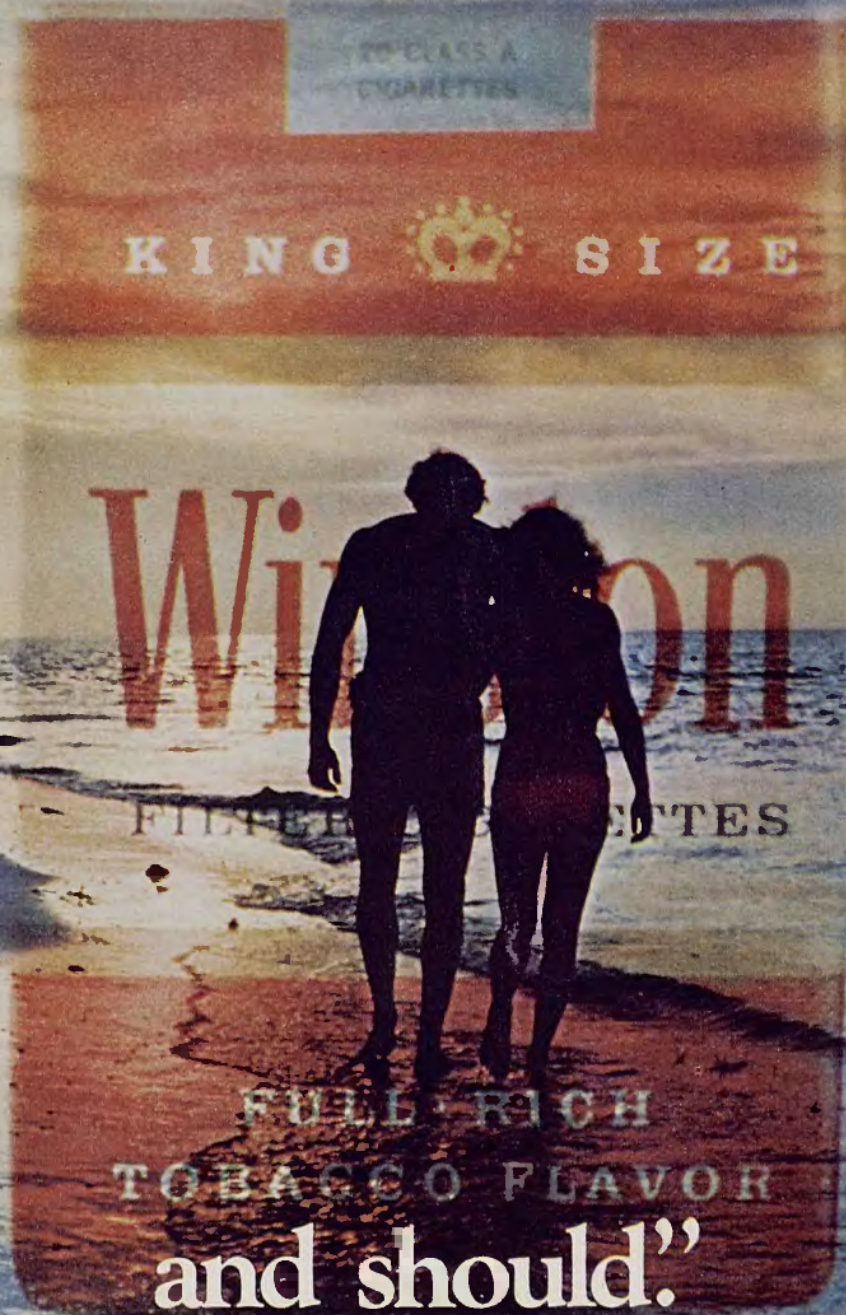
*Kibbutz Gan Shmuel, Near Hedera, October 15*

There are few young men on this large modern farm at harvest time 1973 except the wounded from recent wars. Yet the harvest is taking place with the help of high school kids, volunteers from the town and a few from abroad, women, children. Of course, many of the young women have gone to war also, and last night I met "the princess of the kibbutz"—reputedly the most beautiful girl of Gan Shmuel, a blonde and blue-eyed Jewish Cybill Shepherd, if you can grasp that concept—home for the first time since Yom Kippur on a six-hour furlough. She is working someplace else now as a radar spotter.

The kibbutz grows apples, pears, oranges, grapefruit, cotton, grains. There is a factory to can juices and a packing plant for olives. Normally about 1500 people live and work here or nearby. A high school teacher—wounded in 1948—showed me a group of high school boys



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tinkering in the tractor yard. "Some they can fix, I don't know how," he said. "Some, of course, they have difficulties."

Normally, of course, the work of these boys is studying.

Ann Gold (B.A., Stanford University, in art history, 1972) has been a trial member of this kibbutz for a year. Since learning Hebrew, she was sent in September to study in Haifa, with the idea of returning to teach art in the kibbutz high school. She was here for the holiday when the war broke out and was one of the first to know. She heard the ringing of the pilot's telephone next door in the middle of the night. Now she works in the dining hall and helps take care of children. She is in charge of the kitchen one day a week.

She is my eldest daughter and I am writing this at her table beneath a calendar photograph of men praying at the Western Wall in Jerusalem. She has circled the date Saturday, October 6, Yom Kippur. That day they heard bombing and artillery here in this agricultural community, but now the sounds of war have receded, although frequently we hear jets streaking across the sky, or the

rumble of transport Dakotas, and there are occasional air-raid warnings, when everyone tumbles into the underground bunkers. My own wounds consist of bumped shins from moving around under total blackout conditions in an unfamiliar place.

Just now all is quiet except for the twittering of birds and the cooing of the doves in a dovecote nearby.

Yesterday a group of soldiers visited Gan Shmuel for lunch, on their way from the Golan to someplace else. They were covered with dust, unshaven, and one was wounded. Although there is plenty of food, a kind of voluntary rationing has begun because of such extra mouths to feed and because of interruptions of production and transport. Hedera, the town nearby, looks normal—stores open, women on the streets with babies—until you look again and see that there are no young men except Israeli Arabs. Most of the local Arabs are working, normally and more than normally, replacing other hands. At intersections in town and on the road network, children have set up tents and tables to offer fruit, sandwiches and cold drinks to passing soldiers. Like

children everywhere, they enjoy the break in homework routines, although they attend school as usual.

A tank on a truck went by, from the direction of the Golan, perhaps being carried back for repair or, healthy, for redeployment. The truckers stopped a moment for lemonade and one gently socked the Lolita serving lemonade. She rolled with the punch and giggled, "Oh, you're so dirty."

Last night I watched the day's tank battles on television in a large kibbutz meeting hall. Before the news, there was a cartoon, with the Beatles singing *Eleanor Rigby*. "All the lonely people, where do they come from?"

And then Arab prisoners, a second or two for each, Mohammed, Abdul, Achmed, so that they can identify themselves to their families, one by one. "Love to my dear wife and five children"—and then turn left off camera to make way for the next. And the next. And the next. This is a totally matter-of-fact service to grieving families. Israelis pray their enemies will do the same. In this rather constricted part of the world, the enemies can watch the same TV shows.

And then the trackless desert, now marred by tank tracks, and the wreckage in the Golan, and the oily spume of explosions, and some astonishing footage from an Israeli patrol boat suddenly sighting an Egyptian commando boat, and rapid firing from both sides—the camera rather shaky—and the Egyptian boat sinking and the Israeli sailors applauding their gunners and singing.

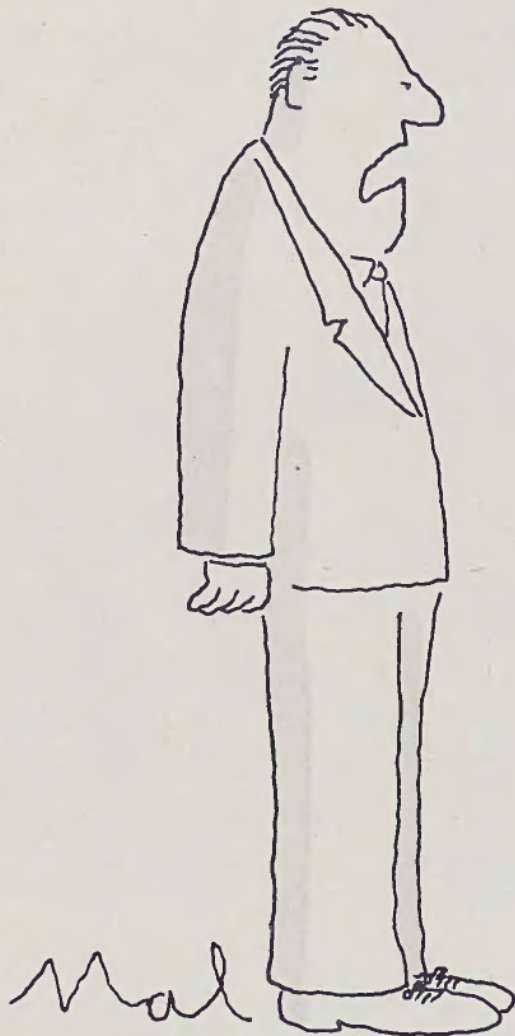
The viewers don't applaud or sing, but they do laugh heartily later, during footage from the United Nations in New York, when Ambassador Malik of the U. S. S. R. insists the Israelis were the aggressors in this war. The laughter grows still when clownish Ambassador Baroody of Saudi Arabia praises the good name of Adolf Hitler.

My daughter introduces me to Dudi, who works in a hospital for old people. He is handsome, tall, mustachioed, a former paratrooper, and looks powerful but has a bad chest wound from 1967. One of his jobs now is to carry the infirm into the shelter during air-raid warnings.

Dudi introduces me to Jacob, well over 80, with the little beard of a Russian intellectual, who toasted the New Year a few weeks ago with these words: "By my right as the oldest member of Kibbutz Gan Shmuel, and by my right also as a member of the last century, let me wish that if the new year brings not peace, it at least brings not war."

His wish was not granted. He has trouble keeping awake during the news. It is long past his bedtime, but here he is, watching the war a few miles away in a room that is somewhat hot and stuffy, blackout curtains interfering with the normal ventilation.

Ann leads me back to her cottage. A



"No, stupid! . . . Fish gotta swim, birds gotta fly!"





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marvelous full harvest moon has come up. "Look at my garden," she says, and I can make out the patch of freshly turned earth. "Look, I did a normal garden during the war. It's good to keep busy."

Ann, like everyone here, has near ones who are away, and they haven't heard recently from all of them.

*Kibbutz Nir David, Valley of Jezreel, October 16*

The early-morning bus from Gan Shmuel to Afula was filled with women, soldiers, police, Arabs going to work, and with the sounds of the Beatles on the radio. Israel seems to be listening to the golden age of rock music during this war. I met a young American woman who happened to be returning to the country from a vacation in Italy to rejoin her husband at Kibbutz Nir David, where I was headed, and we shared a taxi from Afula to the kibbutz, which is at the Jordan border.

She is Kate Hunter Wittenberg, originally from McLean, Virginia, "an Air Force brat," she described herself—her father a colonel. She is a graduate of Mary Washington College, majoring in math and art history, but now she is a farmer, married to a Jew, who wishes she knew Hebrew better. "It's good to be home," she said. "It was scary to hear the news in Italy."

I am staying with my old friends Shimon and Sara Tal, whom I first met when he headed a United Nations mission in Haiti, teaching Haitians to plant and raise fish. Internationally known as a fish expert, here he has developed an extensive network of scientific fishponds. Like all kibbutzniks, he also takes his turn in the kitchen.

He was off at work when I arrived, and so I jumped into the stream that curves past his cottage—hearing sonic booms overhead, thinking about the trenches and towers that had appeared since my last visit, happy to have met Shaul, a young man I remembered from other visits, here for a few hours after duty in the Golan. Normally he drives a tractor; there he drives a tank.

One of the pilots from Nir David is in Egyptian hands. The boyfriend of a girl I know here is dead. Shaul saw three Skyhawks hit in the first days, by Soviet radar-guided missiles, and from two of them the pilots parachuted out but fell in Syria. Six times he saw rockets pass narrowly and the Israeli planes continued. But his eyes reddened as he said, "They saved us in Golan. More tanks attacked than Hitler used to attack Russia. We knocked out 800—I don't know how many they used. Maybe we had 200 in the first days."

Here at Nir David they continue to raise fish and fruit and, as elsewhere, old people, women, children replace the men. Many Arabs from the West Bank

also come to work. Days after King Hussein declared war, Jordanians are still passing freely into Israel to work or to visit relatives. This seemed even odder than my taking a pleasant swim on a warm day with the sounds of war resonating in the sky.

Tal has a problem. He needs a truck to ship some fish, and since the army has his trucks, we drive to Beit Shean, in a corner of Israel surrounded by Jordan, to request our transport. Soldiers lounge under trees; buses everywhere; soldiers eat at noontime in the shade. They are in the business of dissuading King Hussein from trying to cross this border. At the same time, the local activities—cotton, olives, harvesting and packing—continue. The religious soldiers lunch outdoors in booths decorated with leaves and fruit. It's the last day of Sukkoth, the feast of booths. There is time for religion, too.

The religious chief of the truck pool refuses Tal's request. "To drive on the Sabbath—no!" Tal claims the war gives dispensation. "No," he repeats. Tal gives up for a few minutes and they separate.

Tal explains to me. "I can't push him. We must live together. Normally we have our own trucks—" Tal is a fish farmer with that peculiar kibbutz combination of body accustomed to work, head to disputation. His eyes are red-rimmed today, there is dust in his hair, his humor is patient.

He returns to the fray. The chief of the truck pool takes off his *yarmulke* and scratches his head. He has been thinking. "It is for the war, not for economical reasons?" he asks.

"What else?"

"You will use your own driver, not ours?"

"If you please."

"Then take. The sin will be on his head."

We are feeding the swans and geese on the Asi River as evening falls. Nearby, young boys are learning to use the Uzi submachine gun on a field ringed by newly dug trenches. A girl runs off to talk with Shaul, and they stand together on the little bridge. Sara Tal smiles and says, "She's crazy about him."

The fish will be shipped. Girls fall in love. In a kibbutz a few miles from here, a Syrian shell demolished the children's houses, but of course the children were sleeping in their shelters and fairly safe, as they are here. Children learn to use weapons and everybody treats his fear for all the missing men with good cheer. After all, it is nothing special. On whose head is the sin?

*Jerusalem, October 17*

A man heard a knock at his door in Jerusalem early one morning, and the words: "Express letter! Special delivery!"

But then, from below his line of sight, a child caught his attention and handed him the envelope. He also saluted, saying, "It's only temporary, sir. When I grow up, I'm going to be a doctor."

If your letter from Israel comes with sticky fingerprints on it, you should be informed that most of the mail is being sorted by teenagers and younger temporary help. There is a record amount of bubble gum in the post office.

Mobilization has taken all the able-bodied young men, many of the women, many of the middle-aged. At Kibbutz Gan Shmuel and Kibbutz Nir David, all the usual work is going forward, but young volunteers—including Scandinavians, Germans, Americans, in addition to children from the cities—are taking unusual adult responsibilities. The chief noticeable effect is a greater volume of Beatle and Bob Dylan music in kitchens and offices.

There have been some special visitors and volunteers from abroad, aside from musicians such as conductor Zubin Mehta and violinist Isaac Stern, who have given concerts and played for the wounded in hospitals; a group of Dutch anti-Nazi underground fighters; Christian missionaries from England who have come to work through the war with crippled and injured children in orphanages and hospitals.

An Israeli reserve lieutenant returned from abroad and was immediately arrested at the airport. He had fled on a criminal charge a year ago but hoped to sneak back into the country to join his unit. He was brought to court. The judge decided to release him without bail until the end of the war, and the reserve lieutenant left to take care of the first problem first.

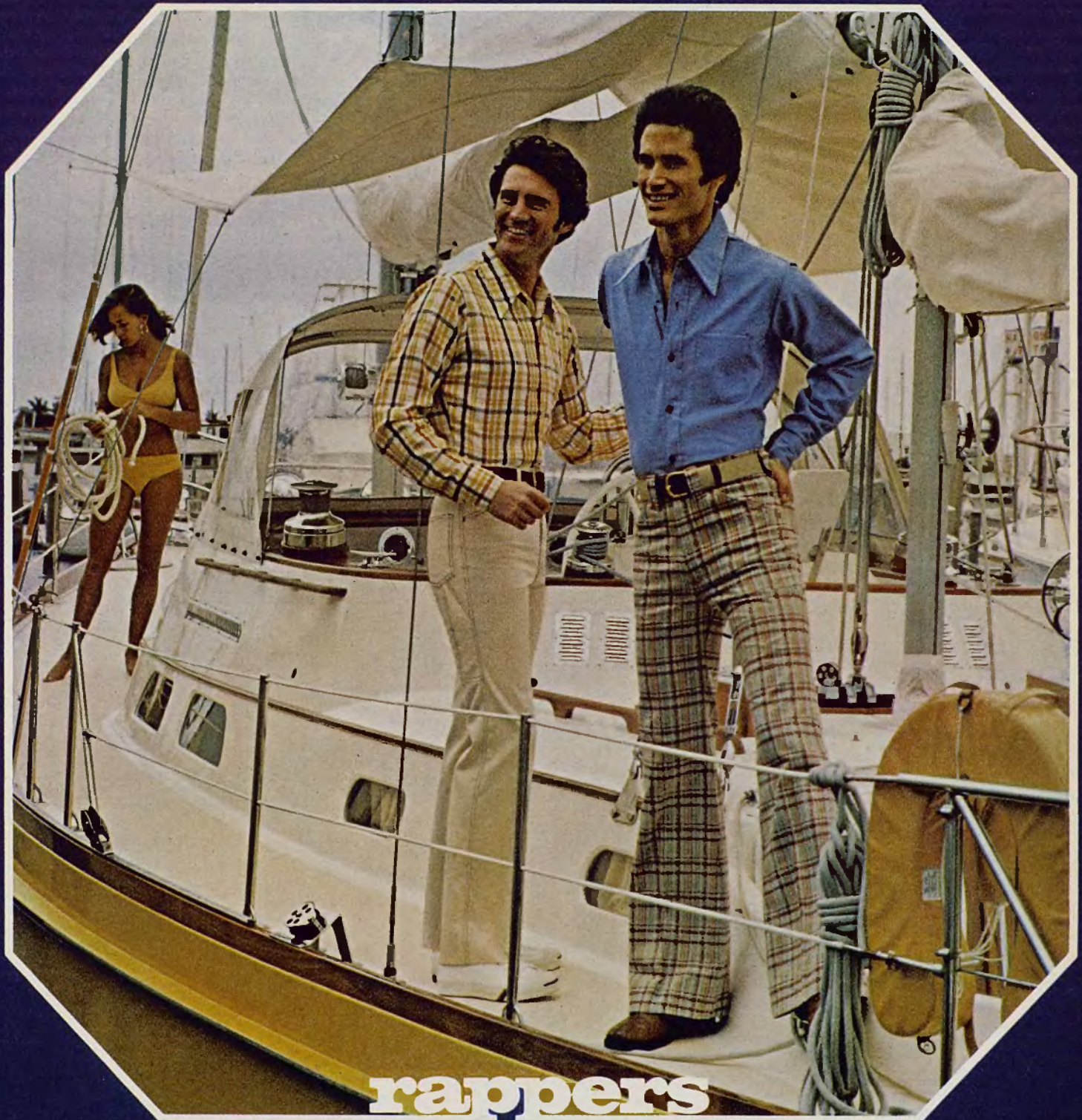
Israeli blind have been visiting injured soldiers whose sight is lost or impaired, explaining that they are not alone, that life goes on. "This is not my regular work, I am a philologist, specializing in Arab languages," a man blinded in the War of Liberation, 1948, explained to me. "But since I have a vacation from the university, I can spend it this way."

Perhaps the oddest contribution to Israeli life comes from the Jewish immigrants from the U. S. S. R., who continue to flow into Lod Airport despite Soviet hostility, despite the war. After the grueling journey from Russia to Vienna by train, and the stresses of the flight to Lod Airport, doctors and nurses have gone directly from the airport to work in hospitals. The tensions of adjustment to a strange new world seem to be relieved by the sense of immediate usefulness in an emergency. Other Russians go directly to work in industry or on farms. Many give blood. "That's what I came for," said one young man, rolling up his sleeve.

An official French declaration reaffirmed today its policy of selling arms



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*"I'll say one thing for Angela—she's a woman of many parts."*



and Mirage jets only to nonbelligerents, such as Libya. French foreign minister Jobert, in response to repeated Israeli assertions that these Mirage jets are fighting with the Egyptians, has said that it is not proven. The Israelis have now shown photographs and pieces of Mirage fighters shot down. "Our policy of sale to Libya would be re-evaluated if it could be proven," said Monsieur Jobert. By *proof*, some Israelis believe, the French official means hand delivery of an entire Mirage containing an Arab pilot with his finger on a trigger.

While France sells arms only to the Arabs, its policy is officially neutral. The Paris daily *Le Figaro* gives a page each to news from the Israeli and the Arab sides. The *Figaro* correspondent in Jerusalem says: "Of course, if you happen to find yourself in Israel, it is rather difficult to hold to feelings of neutrality."

"Ah, if we could only find some oil in the Negev," says a French-speaking Israeli. "Then we could have some neutrality on our side, too."

*Beit Shean, October 18*

Lilik and Amnon have a problem.

Beit Shean is what Israelis call "a development town." This usually means hardship—inadequate housing, few amenities, many poor Jews and Arabs scratching out their living together—and that's what Beit Shean has meant. The history of the town goes back to Biblical days, when they didn't need air-raid shelters, but there is a Roman amphitheater nearby, and the area has a tradition of fortification and struggle. Portions of the film *Jesus Christ Superstar* were made in the amphitheater. The people of Beit Shean, who thought to bring culture to their dusty corner of Israel, are uncomfortable today because of that movie and, also, because of the war being fought around them.

They are on the Jordan border. Terrorists like to cross this border. They are very near Syria. The Syrians thought to cross on Yom Kippur but didn't do more than knock at the door. The town is filled with soldiers. And the population—most of them North African Jews who fled from Arab countries—very much desires not to be under Arab rule, even overnight.

Two men run Beit Shean today. Lilik, dark, small, uneducated, but quick and bright, came from Morocco. Now he is learning how to be an administrator of a town in wartime by administering it. He is working with Amnon, member of a nearby kibbutz, who commutes to an office in Beit Shean every day, carrying his lunch in a bag. They have something in common—they are both too old for the army—but little else. One is a North African, Sephardic, from a people depressed for centuries; the other is a

socialist idealist, European, his pale-blue eyes surrounded by fine lines from 40 years of squinting into the sun of the Beit Shean valley.

Together they decide how to use Jewish Agency funds for such amenities as hospitals, parks, scholarships. They are proud of the new libraries and children's game areas in the bomb shelters. And here is their problem—a serious disagreement because of the matter of the wedding of Joseph, who works on earth-moving equipment, and Achsa, who works at being 19 years old. The marriage was supposed to take place the week of Sukkoth. But suddenly they were at war, despite the fact that the parents had put away the money for an apartment and a wedding party. Joseph was now in a tank-repair unit, directly behind the first line of fire. His commander thought he should get married on schedule. "We'll wait for you," he said. The Syrians, who had called for surrender during the first days of the surprise attack, now seemed willing for Joseph to marry. They were rapidly returning toward Damascus. "Marry," said Joseph's commanding officer.

Joseph didn't want to leave his buddies, but an order is an order. Besides, Achsa was waiting with the usual impatience of a 19-year-old.

But when Joseph arrived in Beit Shean, Achsa decided: "I'm not getting married, I'm not moving into our beautiful new flat."

"You don't love me?"

"I love you, but I won't do it."

The war scrapes something raw in Achsa. It seems that her seven-year-old sister had been in second grade in 1969, and her school was adjacent to Achsa's high school. When the primary school sustained a direct hit from a terrorist shell—this was called the War of Attrition—the children ran out in terror as the building burst into flames. Achsa saw her sister split in several parts by a second shell that landed in the playground near a sandbagged trench that served as a temporary shelter. Now, with her iron logic, and with the passion that Joseph loves in her, she repeated tirelessly: "I won't get married if my house doesn't have an attached bombproof room. When I get married, I make children. When I make children, I don't want my sister to be joined by her nieces and nephews. My apologies to you, Joseph, and to your unit commander, and thanks for that exceptional leave. But I can't marry you today."

Joseph returned to his unit a bachelor.

The two men who run Beit Shean disagree about what to do. Lilik thinks the bombproof room should be built "for humanitarian and feminine reasons." Amnon thinks the money should go into an emergency therapeutic center and that Achsa requires long-range psychiatric help when peace breaks out again.

"You know a lot about psychiatry," Lilik says to Amnon. "But you don't understand the feelings of these people. You weren't born here."

Amnon pulls deeply on his pipe, the very model of a stoical kibbutz bureaucrat. They are standing amid the dust of a building in the development town that will be finished when the workmen come back from war.

"We were all born in Beit Shean," he says.

*Jerusalem, October 19*

At teatime, or in the evening, or whenever and wherever I meet children in this country thrust into war, they play with me in that special wistful or flirtatious way of children who miss their father.

Surely the Syrian and Egyptian children miss their fathers, too. There is no way to connect notions of blame with the injustice of children deprived of their fathers.

I ask everywhere about the arrangements made for the children. The air-raid shelters at Kibbutz Gan Shmuel and Kibbutz Nir David are furnished neatly with blankets, toys, books. When the doors clang shut and the children are snug underground, it becomes a wonderful game. The mounds of earth, the concrete and the steel doors keep them exempt from history for a time, barring a direct hit. I didn't like it down there, but the children seemed happy.

For those who know their fathers are at the front, their own comfort is not the problem. Today I visited friends in Jerusalem. "I don't want my daddy to get dead," Debra says. Her mother tries to put her to bed before the evening news, when Israeli TV teams come back with astonishing footage of tank battles, air battles, sea battles, but Debra manages to squirm away and watch along with the adults. Israel is such a small country that someone in the room usually recognizes one of the faces on the screen. They are careful never to show the faces of the fallen, just a stretcher, an arm, a medic holding the plasma, the stretcher-bearers rushing toward the helicopter or an ambulance.

One evening Debra's mother went to her room and found that she had cut off the heads of all her dolls, she had torn out eyes, there were doll legs and arms scattered about. Debra was crying in a corner. She took the child in her arms and said, "I want to talk with you about this."

"I want to talk with my daddy about it," Debra said.

*Natanya, October 20*

David Chaplik has very large, soft eyes that open very wide, as if he is permanently startled by what he has seen. You



may remember this young Russian Jew. He wanted to leave the Soviet Union, and finally managed to get on a train. And then in Austria he was taken by Arab terrorists—his wife and three-year-old son slipped away—and held hostage while the world watched the spectacle of Austria bargaining for the lives of David Chaplik, an old Jewish couple and a customs official.

The terrorists struck a bargain with the chancellor of Austria. David Chaplik, alive, arrived in Israel a few days before the Yom Kippur attack. A couple of weeks later, while the war continued, I visited him in the Absorption Center for Russian Jews at Natanya, a resort suburb of Tel Aviv, where, as Israel is convulsed by sudden total war, David Chaplik is doing his part by . . . what? By learning Hebrew. His task is to study. "My son is in nursery school. He knows more than I do. I'll learn from him," he said.

We met in an unused room to recall a few of the recent times of David Chaplik, construction foreman, hostage, husband and father, Hebrew student. He wanted no pictures taken. He would prefer, in fact, that the whole thing hadn't happened. But it had, and so he talks about it once more. "They took me. . . . They shouted. . . . I didn't understand. . . . They waved weapons and said they would kill me. . . . I went along with them. . . ."

"Did you then regret the whole venture, going out of the Soviet Union, trying to come to Israel?"

"No."

"Why did you decide to leave Russia?"

"I'm not sure I understand that question. There was nothing to think about. I'm a young man. I wanted to go to Israel."

And so the young man from Chernovtsy arrived a few days before the Egyptian and Syrian attack. As usual, new immigrants are sent to learn Hebrew, to study, to begin to become Israelis. Maybe things are a little different because of the war. "I can give blood—my Russian-speaking blood. We can work a little on the farms, sometimes in the hospital. But mostly. . . ."

"Mostly what?"

"Well, mostly I have to learn Hebrew. I don't want my son to be a better Israeli than I am."

. . .

*Qiryat Shemona, October 21*

A 70-year-old classical scholar and youth hosteler just happened to take me to see the battle of Mount Hermon, in which Israeli forces reacquired a promontory that was the last bit of Israeli space captured by the Syrians at the surprise beginning of this war.

We were driving early this morning to Kfar Yuval and Misgav Am to see how the farmers on the Lebanese border are bearing up under sporadic bombing and

terrorist attack. How are the children? How is life in bomb shelters? How is work being done at harvest season with all the men gone?

Mordecai Schweid, a tall, slightly stooped hiker who seems to know the history of every hillock and valley, was pointing to Mount Hermon and saying, "Too bad. That's where we skied. Many Israelis bought ski equipment and will be rather disturbed to leave it in Syrian hands."

An oily smoke began to rise from the peak. Perhaps they are burning fields? No, Israeli climbers have followed unmarked paths up the sheer slopes. Hollow thuds of explosions reverberate, the deep bass notes of artillery. A battle is taking place. Jets scream across the sky. One is hit and it crashes—another plume of oily smoke—not sure if it's Syrian or Israeli, and then, astonishingly, high in the sky over Lebanon, we see a parachute floating endlessly down.

We hope the pilot is alive. If he's Syrian, he'll be taken by the Lebanese. If he's Israeli, he'll probably be safe, too, unless he fell into the hands of the Fatah. But often the pilots are ejected automatically after they have been too badly hurt to survive.

After a while the explosions cease. We see helicopters buzzing up to the peak, hurrying back to the hospital at Safad, that Biblical city where Jews have lived forever, which they never left. It is an artists' colony now, a little reminiscent of Carmel in California, and there is also a modern hospital filled with the wounded from the Golan.

On the radio we hear a news bulletin. It confirms what we have just seen. On this day when Syria refused to answer the call for a cease-fire, the skier's mountain has been retaken. It also commands the Golan and Fatahland in Lebanon.

The road from the Golan is a crawling trash yard of Russian equipment. Soviet trucks captured in 1967 are hauling away Soviet tanks captured in 1973. Beetle hulks of insectal booty bear specks of men, dusty, grim, bearded soldiers, blank-faced watchers, exhausted warriors. They are leaving the Golan, close enough to Damascus to satisfy them; there are slow clanking noises, but a sense of hurry—now to the Sinai for the climactic battle with the Egyptians.

In "my" war, 1943–1946, if we actually did anything difficult, it was then off to R & R for us, U.S.O., nurses and milk shakes. Israel's soldiers have no furloughs except those constant six-hour leaves to give greetings to their families, take a shower and a few kisses.

A soldier on a tank, gray with dust, saw my notebook, reached into his turret, took out his own notebook and made a note right back at me. He grinned suddenly through the grime. Fair is fair.

A convoy slows down. There is a dull clanging of metal doors in different tuneless vibrations—artillery, cannons, bombs. And the strict percussion of automatic fire. Despite all the infrared, heat-attracted, wire-led, radar-controlled, push-button weapons, we are still in a battle with grimy men striving to murder grimy men. And it's hot. It's dirty. It's murderous. MIGs chased by Israeli Phantoms snarl and shriek across the sky like cats in a sack—a MIG this time, I'm sure of it, exploding in that smear of oily smoke that I already know as well as I know the shape of an oak leaf. The blood tax is taken and taken and taken. Like cats, the planes are gone. Silence. The ejected Syrian pilot floats down under his white parachute and an Israeli helicopter has taken off to retrieve him. He, too, will go to the gleaming-white new hospital in Safad, that ancient city in which Hebrew mysticism kept its roots even during Crusader times. Plasma for one who pays the blood tax.

We drove on to Kfar Yuval, a *moshav*—cooperative farming enterprise—run by Jews from Cochin in India. They have elegant dark Indian faces, and the old men, working in the fields, look like Indian sages with their thick straight white hair. They are thin and wiry, however, not like your average plump guru.

The children all stood up and said shalom when we visited the nursery school. Most had that dark Indian look; a few Kurds, a few Europeans. They were sorting a heap of books that had come as a gift from America. They looked refreshed after their night in the shelter.

At Misgav Am, a kibbutz flat on the Lebanese border facing Fatahland—an area controlled by terrorists—our host went on talking about chicken production, egg production, fruit trees as the pounding of outposts near Mount Hermon continued. An air-raid siren wailed. We went to lunch underground.

At Metulla, too, the fighting continued.

Soldiers were hitchhiking south for a few hours' leave. We talked about the possibility of peace today. Kissinger is in Tel Aviv, maybe Kosygin in Damascus.

A column of jeeps roared northward. Each one carried four or five young soldiers, with fresh equipment, in sunglasses, unsmiling. They were going toward the Golan. We just heard the Iraqis say they won't accept a cease-fire. And Qaddafi of Libya has just declared that it is never a question of land or rules of war. The only aim of jihad—holy war—against Israel is to kill Jews. Neither Iraq nor Libya has a border with Israel; no matter.

Mordecai Schweid points to forests, ruins, monuments, places marked on the maps of the Bible as we drive through the blacked-out country, four hours



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home to Jerusalem. We pick up hitchhikers. I ask a soldier who came on the famous "magic-carpet" rescue of Yemenite Jews a generation ago: "What are you fighting for?"

He is cradling his Uzi submachine gun in his lap and answers sleepily, "Peace."

*Tel Aviv, Night, No Sleep, October 22*

I spent an hour, ate a sandwich, had an espresso at the press building on Kaplan Street in Tel Aviv. A khamsin, that blistering wind from the southeast, was sweeping the country; everyone looked a little haggard, even the new war correspondents, freshly arrived in Abercrombie foreign-correspondent shirts with the beige epaulets of the active-verb man. Israeli officers and couriers dashed in and out of the building with its snakes of television cables in front; the canteen was crowded with hands reaching for food and drink; a crowd of Olivettis

outside on the temporary tables set up in the shade, tape recorders, transistors—the world press rewriting many of its dispatches from "our man in Israel" straight off BBC London or Radio Amman.

Two Israeli combat correspondents were sleeping exhausted on the grass; one was on his bedroll, staring straight up into the sky like a dead man. Nearby, a plump blond-bearded German, modified middle-aged hippie, was curled on his side near his typewriter, his transistor and an Israeli girl in uniform. Every wiggle expressed delight, the dream come true: a war, a warm day, a sandwich with beer, a pretty Israeli. She was nodding agreeably as he told his story, and when she smiled, she really did have perfect small white buds of teeth. War always makes it for some.

"Briefing, gentlemen, in five minutes!" a colonel announced through cupped hands. A few stirred. One, who

had his ear to the BBC, followed the colonel into the map-festooned briefing room. I talked with an English reporter about our friend Nicholas Tomalin, killed a few days ago by a stray Syrian shell in the Golan. The last time I saw Nick Tomalin, he talked in that puzzled English way about the oddness of Jews. They didn't really seem so odd to him. His death is like many of their deaths now.

Moshe Dor, poet. He looked like an exhausted owl behind his glasses. "Tragical situation it is," he said. "Yes, we won this time the battle again—at all the cost. But they intended to destroy us. Now either we remain strong and fight these wars every six or seven years until they bleed us to death or ruin our Jewish spirit. Or we give up to international pressure, squeezed and chewed up and spit out—and bleed to death just now. It is tragical situation for three million people who only wish to live on this sandy bar of land, yet here we are."

Geshon Shaked, professor of drama and literature at Hebrew University: "Seventy thousand men and tanks overwhelmed four hundred boys at the Suez Canal—a great victory! They should be proud! And we held them, and three days later we were beating them again! But now, if they say they have a great demonstration of pride, will they talk to us and make a peace? Oh, a pleasure. Let them declare a victory. Only let them now talk and make a peace."

Night and solitude. The babies must miss their daddies. Battles are the busiest human activity, just as the garrison waiting I recall from my Army days is the most glacially slow. Howling jets overhead, heading to the Sinai and back. Death's isolation, its solitude, here a few miles from the battle. Pumping explosions, dull kettles pounded together. Men who feel lonely are bombing bridges, missile sites, the canal; men who feel lonely are sending Russian SAM-6s up to knock down these young men.

Sleepless. Tanks cranking by. Jets. Trucks. Julie Munshin used to tell me, "The important thing is to lose desire." He's dead now; he's lost it.

What he meant was deeper, more terrible: to lose caring, to stop caring. It's the way out, all the way out.

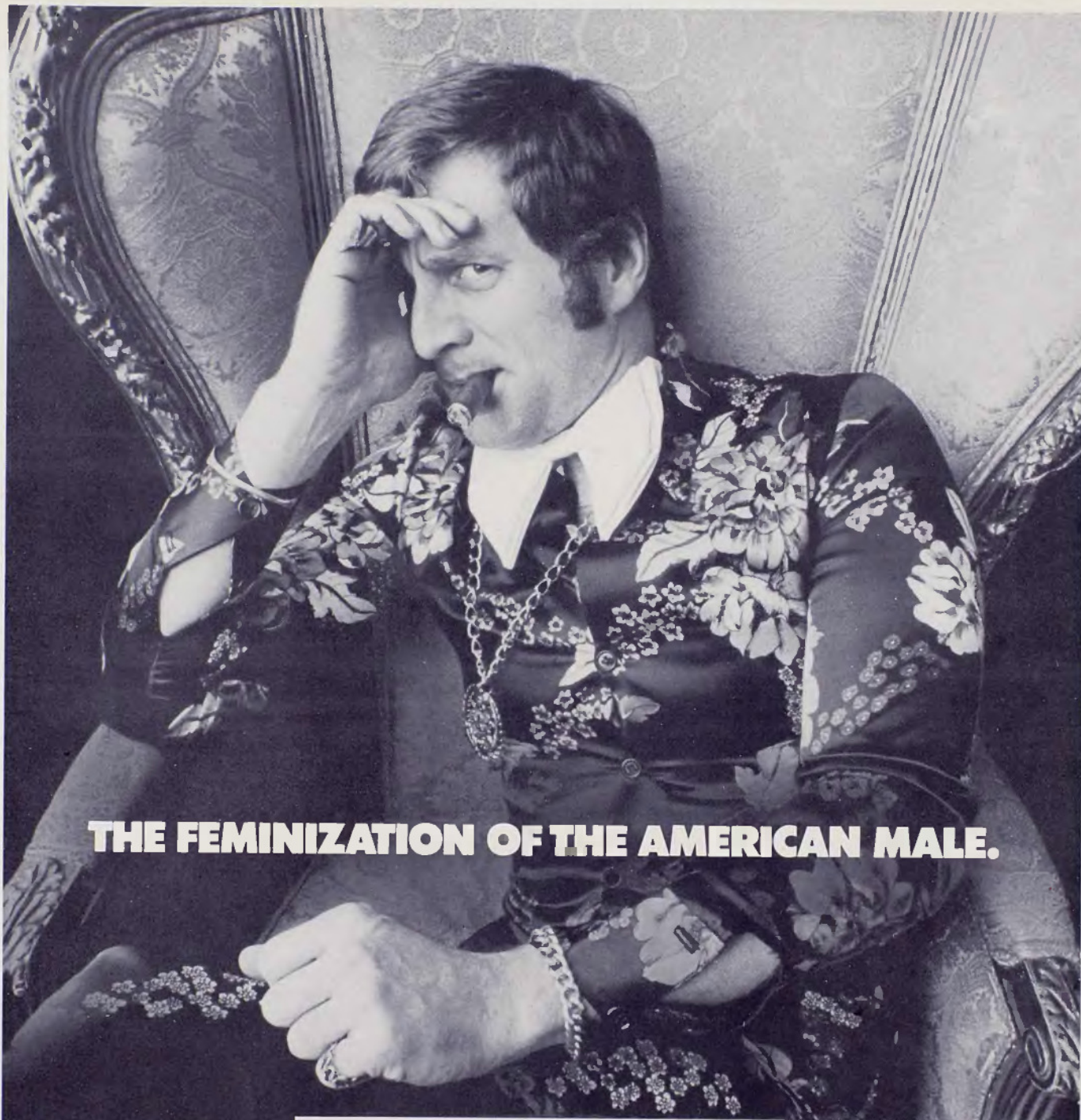
Millicent, a fat, heavy-featured, lumbering girl of 23, worked in a hospital with a ward of skin-seared tankers. A hit tank explodes, the gas burning, blackening, shriveling. They sent her away when they saw what was happening to her. She tried to tell me about it, but her eyes filled with tears.

"It's rather difficult to explain," she said, her voice very British and controlled as the face flushed and darkened.

Again last night I watched the war on







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TV. Sport: our boats exploding their boats, our tanks knocking over their tanks, our guns poking their planes out of the sky. But at breakfast I saw the kibbutz wives and mothers. No sport in it at all. The Syrians and Egyptians have their TV version, too, and their wives and mothers for whom it is not sport.

When the surprise invasion of 70,000 Egyptians crashed through the line held by 400 men at the Suez Canal, there was a certain satisfaction among the New Leftists of San Francisco. You see, the Arabs can fight. You see, it's their land. Why don't the Israelis just give up and live in an Arab world as part of an Arab state?

It's wonderful how the left and the oil companies can agree, how men who call themselves socialists can march along with the sheiks and feudal oppressors, how people who talk about the right of national self-determination can deny the small nation whose enemies continually threaten extermination. After 1967, the Israelis asked to negotiate and offered a withdrawal from Suez. The victor begged for conversations; the loser demanded total surrender. And the world, right and left, said: You see, the Jews are intransigent. "Jews, like women, always complicate things."

A Jewish friend said after the second day: "The Arabs are fighting with *elan* because they know they're right. The Israelis have retreated because it isn't really their land."

After the third day, when the Israelis began to push the Arabs back, the world stirred uneasily, the United Nations mumbled. And when it was becoming a clear defeat for the Egyptian and Syrian armies and their Soviet suppliers, the world demanded: OK, cease fire. Golda Meir asked for a cease-fire at the very beginning and the Arabs and the Soviet ambassadors mocked her.

Why should I not let myself be eased by the pleasures of my own short life on earth and forget the suffering of my people? Who cares about Biafra now? Who will care about Israel when the oil is divided up among those who want it?

I've seen the children bombed nightly by the rockets supplied by the Soviet Union. My friend Tal, once a Marxist, said as we walked near his fishponds on the Jordan border: "I was never fooled by Stalin, I always knew what he was. But I thought Russia was different and would eventually find socialism. Now I know what Russia is. It seeks oil and power and doesn't care if Arabs and Jews bleed until it gets what it wants." I remember with shame my own sentimentality about our gallant Soviet allies. I trained as a Russian interpreter and was an 18-year-old "progressive." Since Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Biafra and Israel—and well before, of course—Russian proletarian socialism means czarist brutality



plus the new element of modern technology. With all the old ingredients, including anti-Semitism, "the socialism of fools."

Ambassador Malik of the U. S. S. R. screamed hoarsely when he was accused by Ambassador Tekoah of Israel of sending weapons and experts to help bomb Israel's border farms and towns; Mr. Tekoah said he was not being helpful. Watching a session of the United Nations Security Council on television at Kibbutz Gan Shmuel, along with the women and the old people, while their husbands and sons were fighting to repel the thousands of Soviet tanks at the Syrian and Egyptian borders, I didn't realize how many of these grizzled farmers understood Russian. A roar of hilarity swept the room in the recreation hall of the blacked-out farm as Mr. Malik answered Mr. Tekoah: "Some of my best friends are Jews."

It was put more honestly by a cab-driver in Moscow a few years ago when I persisted in trying to find the synagogue. "Nyet *sinagoga*," he said. I insisted. I gave him the address. He shook his head. Finally I told him to take me to the intersection nearby. "Zhid," he said, which means kike.

• • •

Jerusalem, October 23-24

"The first few days of the war, it was rather cold around here," an Israeli said

about the narrow market streets of old Jerusalem. "The Arabs were listening to Cairo and Damascus. The transistors were busy. But they were careful this time."

"And then?"

"And then the situation is almost normal."

One of the astonishing things about this war has been the unforced calm of the Arab quarters of Israeli cities and of the West Bank. Israeli Arabs have given money and blood for the Israeli war effort; they have kept vital services going. For them it has been business more than usual.

Fewer tourists in the ancient streets leading to the holy places, however. From the little shops, and sometimes from atop the donkeys that transport goods into the *soukh*, the transistors blare out the news. The salesmen of leather goods, Bedouin shirts and souvenirs still want to strike a bargain if you're willing to do business.

A solemn trio of English girls in tennis dresses and Adidas sneakers was following their guidebook from church to church. "Is this a holy place?" one asked me politely.

"I think it's a Y. M. C. A. office," I said. "Depends on your point of view."

She smiled politely. She knew I was being funny. Normally I'm capable of a



whole laugh, not merely a polite smile, from bored English girls on holiday.

I walked alone in the *soukh*. The young men of Jerusalem's Arab quarter are selling their leather and handcrafts; they are inviting the visitors into their restaurants; they stand in the streets with their transistors tuned to Jordan. But there are few Israeli police and no incidents. These Arabs have almost as much to lose from an Israeli defeat as the Jewish Israelis. They have lived and prospered with Israel. Their cousins would not forgive it.

I had thought to shop for souvenirs for my wife and children, but there is no haste; no itch for purchases during this third week of war. A few old Jewish tourists are picking among the trinkets piled at one door. A soldier, his arm in a sling, is looking at genuine imitation San Francisco Levis handmade in East Jerusalem while the Arab merchant urges him in Hebrew: "Yes, your size. Yes, of course, your size. Please, your size, your price."

Suddenly I recall my travel agent in San Francisco, who remarked, "I love Cairo, I had such fun. The Jews will just have to compromise. The reason the Egyptians don't want to sit down to talk with them is the Jews, I mean the Israelis, are such good talkers."

I need a new travel agent.

I'd rather be here than in garrulous San Francisco, which I love, although the world is still very close and nothing escapes anything. As the war rages on, and the jets scream overhead, and a few walking wounded appear with distracted eyes in the *soukh*, I find some international hippies at a café near the Jaffa Gate. These pilgrims are wearing love beads, embroidered Arab shirts; they have jeans and girls; they are digging the scene. A boy with long straggly blond hair tells me he is Dutch, "the first bopper of Amsterdam"—not sure what his version of American jive means. I think he intends to play an instrument, though right now it looks as if the only instrument played in Jerusalem is the transistor radio.

"Hey, where's it happening, man?" the first bopper of Amsterdam asks me.

A soldier with a pack is trudging through a narrow alleyway. I follow him.

It is a direction I have followed before. We find the Wall together. There is a cease-fire, but the transistors tell us that both sides are still shooting. Maybe a second cease-fire will take hold, or a third one. Facing these ancient stones, now no longer called the Wailing Wall, stands a rank of Israeli flags, a blue-and-white flutter in the wind. A few old men, called to duty, guard the central place. Arab cabdrivers, children, curious watchers are lounging in the clearing. Old men in black, with beards, with the ritual wrappings about their arms, are bobbing and praying. There are also young men, soldiers, including one boy in full battle

dress, with a pack on his back. A donkey browses at a few blades of grass growing between the paving stones. Many old Jews are standing in the sun in their shiny black coats, praying. The soldier with the pack is just leaning his forehead against the Western Wall.

. . .

Israel—Rome—New York—San Francisco, October 25–26

As the second cease-fire seems to be taking effect, I am leaving Israel. Tel Aviv is hot and humid; the khamsin still blows. Suddenly the blackout is lifted and I have no more use for the little flashlight I bought. I'll give it to my children as a souvenir.

The thought that hangs over all others is the one of death, the immediate pain for which there is no explanation or cure but forgetfulness. That remedy takes time, and now there doesn't seem to be any. "Did you know Jossi? He was the son of my cousin." "Yes. Did you know Uri? Our next-door neighbor's boy." "Did you know . . . ?"

The faces of my friends have grown skeletal since I last saw them in August. The easy flesh of comfortable people melts away. Haunted eyes, strained and distant expressions; a crisis politeness in the streets and restaurants. Many businesses are closed—AWAY ON VACATION FOR A FEW DAYS. VISITING AFRICA—and people hurry by, glancing at the scrawled joke with grim faces.

The rule in Israel is to notify the families of the dead at once, in order to eliminate doubts and rumors and anxious brooding if a man hasn't communicated with his parents or wife. The radio also keeps busy all day long, broadcasting messages: "Shalom, I send love to my dear—"

Here is the routine: An officer and a nurse or doctor come to the family. They knock at the door. Mothers scream. Wives scream. They seem to know from the knock. Some refuse to answer. The officer will tell all he knows of the circumstances. The nurse or doctor will try to help. The visitors stay with the bereaved, they talk, they tell, they explain, there is nothing they can explain, they listen, they make arrangements for a friend or neighbor to sit with the mother, father, wife, children. They say they are sorry, they must go on to the next call. Everyone says sorry. Some sit stonily. They go on.

And they are beginning to lose count of these wars.

Meir Zorea, a retired officer and kibbutz farmer, had two sons. He lost his first in June 1967. His second son married the young widow. This son also became a tank commander. He was killed in the Golan. The young wife is now twice a widow in the same family. There are children.

Meir Zorea somehow got permission to enter the battle zone while the fight still raged to bring his son's body home for burial. He went from one burned-out tank to another until he found his boy. He brought him back to the kibbutz, dug the grave himself, and the boy was buried.

Meir Zorea bought a bottle of whiskey and went about the farm, stopping his sons' old friends and demanding that they drink from the bottle. To the health of his sons and of Israel.

I've said goodbye to my friends, to my daughter. There is no joy in this fragile peace. I am relieved to be going before the public announcement of all the names, the day of mourning, when the names will be printed in the newspapers and read one by one on the radio.

. . .

A young man limped onto my flight to Rome. He is bound for Vienna, where he is a medical student. He had hurried back to Israel to join his unit as a medic, was wounded not too badly, and now, two weeks later, is returning to his wife and his studies. "I'm from Ramallah, you know, it's just a dusty little town near Jerusalem, dusty, but I like it."

"Don't apologize. It's a beautiful old town."

We talked with the idle intimacy of travelers. "I am four months away from my medical degree. So I ran behind a tank to help the wounded. So much blood, so many Israelis and—I don't wish it—so many Arabs dead. Oh, so horrible. I am soon a doctor, but I am not used. Some maybe will live but better they don't. I am shame for thinking such thoughts. Oh, the burning."

"You were in the hospital?"

"A piece of shrapnel. One here, one here. Not so bad. In the hospital, such wonderful treatment. You want your left toe scratch, a lady to scratch. Your left toe, your right toe, all toes, ten-fifteen ladies to scratch. They want to help. It must be horrible for them sometimes."

"You'll be OK?"

"Very slight. No worry. Only my wife doesn't know I was wounded. I hope she is not disappointed."

He was ready to apologize to his wife for being wounded as he had apologized to me for being born in the ancient dusty town of Ramallah.

We had a cappuccino together at the airport in Rome at three A.M. and then separated, he to finish his medical studies in Vienna, I to rejoin my family in San Francisco. He saw I wanted to say something to him besides that his wife will be happy to see him despite his limp, and that Ramallah is dusty but beautiful, and that nearby Jerusalem will always be the world's golden city. But I was too tired to say what I wanted to say.

"It's all right," he said. "No worry. Goodbye. Shalom."





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## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 90)

means being the stronger, the real getter. What a drag. Well, the only way we're going to make things fundamentally better is to do things *together*.

**PLAYBOY:** Tom, as a male leader of the left, did you have any trouble adjusting to the feminist awakening?

**HAYDEN:** I had tremendous problems. For anyone to discover a blind side isn't easy. My adjustment isn't over yet. I'm still working on it. It's a very tough problem involving almost a restructuring of your senses. You have to begin to truly listen to women and understand where they're coming from. You try to overcome all the subtle male things that make them feel trivialized, like talking to women in a certain way, giving them a kind of charming banter that you wouldn't carry on with a man. Maybe you should have conversations like that with men *and* women, but not *just* with women. It's a process that takes a long time, because the problem's so deep. Men have been treating women insensitively for generations. It was as difficult for me to begin changing those attitudes as it was for a lot of men who were first confronted with their chauvinism in the late Sixties.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you two meet?

**FONDA:** I had heard about Tom and some of his articles had affected me a lot. I like the way he writes; he's neither pedantic nor rhetorical. At a moment when there was a lot of confusion on the left about priorities, Tom's articles saying Vietnam was the strategic conflict were wonderful to read. They came at a crucial time: spring of 1972. The Vietnamese had launched their counter-offensive to destroy Vietnamization and Nixon was about to run as a peace candidate. Tom and I were both in Los Angeles, both speaking a lot and working with graphics and slides to help focus the issues, so we began to work together.

**PLAYBOY:** Tom, what first attracted you to Jane?

**HAYDEN:** It was a mutual recognition of the importance of Vietnam. I think, Jane, that immediately after your trip, you were in the same place I was, believing that we should dedicate ourselves to the war as *the* issue. I don't know entirely why, but going to Vietnam when you did, as the war reached a climactic point, made you come back feeling a lot more solidly about me, and I felt the same way about you, and it will probably take us years to understand that.

**PLAYBOY:** It sounds as if your relationship is based on the dedication you share about Vietnam.

**HAYDEN:** It isn't that our relationship is based entirely on Vietnam, but I think that just as Vietnam brings out genocidal characteristics in some people, it brings out the better qualities in other people

as well. And it magnifies feelings. That's what happened to us.

**FONDA:** We fell in love. It's a phenomenon that's not unique. Many people fall in love and don't describe the process in **PLAYBOY**. I could sit down and explain exactly why I'm in love with Tom, and why I'm very happy living with him, but I don't think it's appropriate here.

**HAYDEN:** Everybody should be concerned about what love is and how to make it work, but it isn't our specialty and we've been in love before and it hasn't worked, so we're not experts on the subject.

**PLAYBOY:** It seems surprisingly conventional and middle class for you to formalize your relationship by getting married.

**FONDA:** When I first met Tom, he said, "Who're you living with?" and I said, "God forbid, nobody." I was very cynical about relationships and I certainly never would have thought I'd be married again and have another child. But being in Vietnam had a very important effect on me. Here you are, an American in a country that's undergoing 24-hour-a-day bombardment. Yet I have never been in a place where the life force was so strong, where people were looking forward so much to the future. As I met more and more people, I kept having this feeling that they were living *beyond* themselves. That manifested itself in many ways. Women were not only fighting with their hands, they were fighting with their bellies, having babies; it was a symbol of what this struggle in Vietnam represents. There was a poem that was written just before I got there, describing the 1972 spring offensive; it was a long poem written by a famous Vietnamese poet, and the last line was, "Nixon, we will fight you with all the joys of a woman in childbirth." That says so much about their struggle. They are giving birth to new hope for the people of the world.

**PLAYBOY:** What has all this got to do with deciding to marry Tom?

**FONDA:** Well, seeing it all made me want to have a baby. So I came back to the States and I just said to him, "Tom, I want to have a baby." Before I went to Vietnam, I had begun to spend a lot of time with Tom, and I fell in love with him. The stability and clarity that I had sensed in his writings come through also in his relationships with people, and he's as secure and gentle a person as I've ever met. It was this security that helped me past the cynicism I was feeling about all relationships. But after I came back from Vietnam, I felt much stronger, not only about Tom but about *life*.

It was due partly to the fact that Vietnam rekindled an enormous amount of hope in me. Hope in terms of people's individual capacity for change, recognition of the degree to which I had changed and an enormous sense of confidence in the possibility of people chang-

ing history. So why shouldn't two people who are involved in a struggle together and who are both confident of people's ability to change—why shouldn't they have a child together to participate in that atmosphere of new hope?

**PLAYBOY:** But why, as radical critics of the establishment, did you decide to make your relationship contractual?

**HAYDEN:** It was a step-by-step decision. I think when we both felt that we wanted to have a baby, many questions had to be answered—questions of responsibility to ourselves before a society. If we weren't married and this child were coming, what do you think the newspapers would print about Jane?

**PLAYBOY:** That Jane Fonda is going to have an illegitimate child. So what?

**HAYDEN:** Well, it's difficult enough to deal with the hostility directed toward radicals in general, but particularly toward her. And I think that while it's valid to have relationships without marriage, and children without marriage, you have to decide what the priority problems are in your life and in what order you're going to solve them. We certainly aren't trying to promote marriage as an institution for people for whom it doesn't work. On the other hand, to frivolously reject marriage and all other institutions simultaneously means you're coming from a very isolated position. So when we decided to get married, we reached our conclusion in a kind of backward process. We said, "Well, we're going to have this kid. If we're not married, it'll cause all kinds of unreasonable criticism and divert attention from what we're trying to say. So maybe we better get married."

**PLAYBOY:** Would you still have gotten married if you hadn't been concerned about public opinion?

**HAYDEN:** I don't think I would have thought about it as carefully. I would have been able to duck it. But I'm glad it came up. I think it makes me feel more responsible, not for having gotten married, as such, but for having had to think it through more carefully. You know, a by-product of the alternative culture is that you don't have to think about relationships as permanent. If you start from the assumption that all relationships are temporary, then you can go ahead and have a series of them. And the end of each one will seem inevitable. It may or may not be so, but once you start from that assumption, you don't have to think too much and it becomes self-fulfilling.

**PLAYBOY:** Jane, how compatible do you find marriage with your feminist principles?

**FONDA:** Well, in past relationships with men, it never occurred to me to ask the man to share certain responsibilities with me or to allow me space to grow. Women have always been made to feel that if





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you're married and you want to stay married, it's usually up to you to hold it together. So what you have to do is be "the best possible wife," and what that means is you have to be a great cook, be sexy, look good all the time and be a wonderful mother your husband can brag about.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that the way it was for you in the past?

**FONDA:** Yes, but I'm not saying that in my previous marriage my husband demanded these things from me. He didn't need to. Our culture demands it. Nor would he have refused to do certain things. It simply never occurred to me to ask him. With Tom's consciousness, because of his years working with and being criticized by women in the movement, we just automatically share responsibilities on every level—taking care of children, shopping, cleaning house, whatever.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you do all the work yourselves, with no hired help?

**FONDA:** The work gets done. We do it.

**PLAYBOY:** Since you were raised in a world of luxury, and left that life only a few years ago, it would be interesting to know what kinds of possessions you now have.

**FONDA:** Well, possessions used to be very important to me. They were like a fortress; it was a kind of security to have a lot of things. But I've given away or sold most everything I had, out of a need to be unburdened, and what we have now is stuff we need, that's all.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you own your house?

**FONDA:** Yes.

**PLAYBOY:** What kind of car do you drive?

**FONDA:** I have a Volvo and Tom drives a borrowed Volkswagen.

**PLAYBOY:** Tom, your background is much less familiar to the public than Jane's. Tell us something about it, about the experiences that led you to become a founder of SDS.

**HAYDEN:** I was born in a working-class family and raised in Detroit, although I

lived in San Diego when I was four, while my dad was stationed there in the Marines. I lived basically in a suburban neighborhood outside Detroit. I grew up and went to Catholic grade schools there. I was involved in sports and the high school paper and wanted to be either an athlete or a foreign correspondent, so I could travel. There was no radical activity in my home town, to say the least. And I think in that environment, most people who rebelled didn't do so in political terms, because there *were* no political terms. McCarthyism had wiped out any semblance of a labor movement, or a left, in the late Fifties. We were attracted much more to figures like James Dean in *Rebel Without a Cause*, who were described by the establishment as being troubled malcontents with no apparent outlet or program. It was the same generation that was drawn to the work of J. D. Salinger, then went on to *Mad* magazine and, especially on the two coasts, into following the development of the Beats. Then, when the sit-ins began in the South, we found a way to rebel *with* a cause.

**PLAYBOY:** What made you decide to form SDS?

**HAYDEN:** It was formed in response, I think more than anything else, to the world-wide idea that students were making history. There were students demonstrating in Seoul, in Turkey, young intellectuals leading the Cuban revolution, black students sitting in a Woolworth's in the South. Students hadn't been taken seriously in American history or in past progressive movements; even in traditional Marxism, the student class has a very secondary role. We were attracted to the idea of students as agents of social change. SDS came out of ethnic social groups that hadn't been involved in American radicalism: WASPs, Catholics, the white middle class, Midwestern young people. America had reached such a limit of what it could offer to people that, suddenly, protest reached even those in the mainstream. Really, Nixon stole the idea of middle America from us, because the original SDS *was* middle America.

**PLAYBOY:** Jane, do you remember being aware of the forming of SDS back in 1962?

**FONDA:** No, I was in Europe and I was very apolitical during this time. As I remember, I became aware of SDS in 1968, and I first heard Tom's name while watching the Chicago convention riots on television.

**PLAYBOY:** What did SDS' first proclamation, the Port Huron Statement, say?

**HAYDEN:** It said, in general terms, that a society should be organized to ensure that every individual participates in decision



"How we gonna find out if swinging with other couples will strengthen our marriage if nobody answers our ads?"



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making, in choosing the form of government and representation he wants, and that he play a role in the vital issues that affect him—in the neighborhood, at work, and so on. It spoke the language of the whole political generation that followed.

**PLAYBOY:** If you were writing a Port Huron Statement for *this* decade, what would you talk about?

**HAYDEN:** Well, for one thing, we need to make clear the deceptive and unworkable nature of our economy, since true democracy is incompatible with capitalism. You need only look at the headlines to see how true that is. Rule by the rich has created a country whose economy can't check inflation even though thousands of its citizens are suffering from malnutrition, a country that's unable even to provide sufficient energy to run itself.

**PLAYBOY:** Under what economic system would the nation flourish?

**HAYDEN:** You need creative jobs, a redistribution of income, workers' control and democratic public planning in combination. Our economic system is a global one, so the solutions to our economic problems have to be global. If we're using our technology and building factories in so many countries, then the peoples of the world are going to have something to say about decisions affecting our economy. I see the need for an economic system where private property is no longer legalized or tolerated, at least with respect to the massive and vital industries. But it's not a case for socialism, as it would have been 50 years ago, when the people of this country alone would have controlled our economy. It's a case for international change. This, I think, will come about through a revolutionary process that results in either a much-reformed United Nations or some other international system of planning and cooperation in which the *people* of the United States, not just the corporations, are represented.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you describe the kind of Government you'd like to see in America?

**FONDA:** Well, participatory democracy would be revolutionary here. A society that didn't depend on racism would be, too. But I don't have any blueprint for what it's going to look like. One of the things we would hope for is that people had what they needed to live happily and healthily.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you mean by participatory democracy?

**FONDA:** A society and a Government in which people have a true voice and can really determine the decisions that are made, thus forcing change that's really in their own interests. Rather than the situation that exists today, in which we go by the name of democracy but, in fact, the people aren't making the decisions and the decisions that are made *aren't* in the interests of the majority.

**PLAYBOY:** Would participatory democ-

racy mean a decentralized Federal Government?

**FONDA:** No, not necessarily. As long as the Federal Government paid attention to the needs of all its people, rather than just to those of that minute percentage of the population that has most of the money.

**HAYDEN:** The question really is: Can a country as large as the United States be run any longer by a centralized elite? And the answer is, clearly, *no*. The system is falling apart. So we must ask what new institutions would re-establish order. The present system is literally suicidal. The oceans may dry up, the sources of oxygen may dry up, the remaining resources may disappear. I don't think there's a cubic foot of clean air over America at the present time. Private control of the economy is even leading to the ruination of the people who are making money from it.

**PLAYBOY:** Considering these urgent new priorities, aren't you tempted to turn your energies away from the diminishing issue of peace in Indochina?

**HAYDEN:** We think that the Indochina conflict has already been a decisive turning point in American history. Economically, it has precipitated the erosion of the dollar and proved that the United States cannot afford to fight long wars in other countries. Culturally, it has awakened millions of people. Politically, it has shown that as long as we support corrupt dictatorships in other countries, we will not be able to have an honest or democratic Government here. We will have to have a Government of secrecy. That's one of the lessons of Vietnam that must be learned. The long-term objective of our new organization, the Indochina Peace Campaign, is to make vivid these lessons of the war—through films, for instance. We're working on a full-length commercial film about veterans, their lives and families and that sort of thing—having people go to different base towns, military installations and hospitals around the country, researching the reality and involving lots of people in the film.

We've also put together an Indochina peace pledge that we hope will be adopted by political-office seekers and incumbents. This pledge has three basic points: one, to prohibit direct American re-intervention in Indochina; two, to abide by the political provisions of the peace agreement; and, three, to stop all nonhumanitarian financial aid to Thieu and Lon Nol. By that, I'm talking about things such as their using U.S. dollars to build prisons and strengthen police departments. We want to encourage all kinds of citizens' groups and clubs to take this pledge and work to get politicians to endorse it. And Jane and I, among many others, are going to be

spending a lot of time this year lobbying in Washington, at budget hearings and political caucuses, and in Congressional districts around the country, in the hope that the peace pledge will become a plank in the platforms of candidates running for office in 1974. You see, this is the first war that the United States isn't going to win, and the American people have a lot to learn from it. We can't afford to let them forget about it.

**PLAYBOY:** Still, don't you find a tremendous desire among people to do just that?

**HAYDEN:** Yes. But if you succumb to that feeling yourself, then you're only postponing a problem that's going to stare you in the face the next time you try to arouse anybody about anything. If we don't deal with painful questions, we can't make progress on any front. But I think a lot of people *don't* want to forget the war and are looking for therapeutic ways to make sense of it. Guys in V. A. hospitals, 3,000,000 veterans and their families, intellectuals and artists. Have the German people forgotten the Forties? They can't forget those years. Neither should we forget *these* years.

**PLAYBOY:** Obviously you won't, and if you have your way, neither will the American public. But in the face of its mood of indifference toward the war, its continuing resistance to the basic reforms you demand and its personal hostility toward you as personalities, what keeps you going?

**HAYDEN:** I don't think it's a matter of choice; I didn't choose to be a radical. In fact, I don't even like the *word* radical, because when we select words to define ourselves, we must be up front and honestly explain the fundamental changes we want, but we shouldn't have to use words that isolate us. Radical is such a word. It connotes an extreme edge of society. It suggests an extreme alternative, one that causes the inevitable disruption of people's lives. I believe that if you want change, you have to be part of the mainstream, part of a kind of normalcy, if you will. Radical doesn't imply your goals; it identifies you with a means rather than an end. The word is entrenched, though, and you live with it. But it doesn't make me believe that what I want for myself and others is radical. I've felt from the beginning of my political activity that I was really just reacting to things in this society that were interfering with my life and the lives of millions of others. And as long as I have my life, I have to keep on fighting against that which interferes with it.

**FONDA:** I feel a very deep certainty about the possibility of people changing, and I have full faith in my feelings because of my own experience and because of what I see going on around me all the time. People can change, and as long as I believe that, *everything* is possible.





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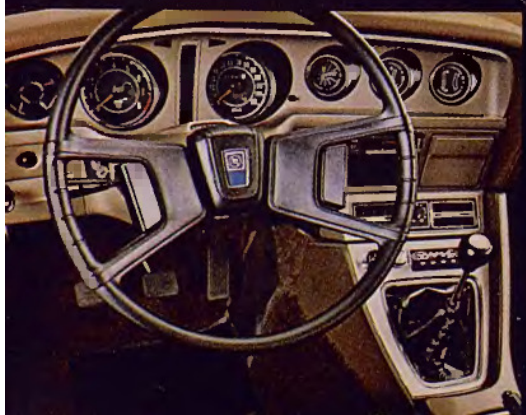
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## the reference

(continued from page 163)

a minute, let me ask you this: Is Mr. McPartland what you would call a hard worker?"

"Hard, but warp. He sort of goes off in his own direction."

"Not a team player."

"Very much a team player. You get you your team out there and he'll play it, and beat it, all by his own self."

"Does he fiddle with women?"

"No. He has too much love and respect for women. He has so much love and respect for women that he has nothing to do with them."

"You said earlier that you wouldn't trust him to salt a mine shaft with silver dollars."

"Well, sir, that was before I fully understood the nature of your interest. I thought maybe you were thinking of going into *business* with him. Or some other damn-fool thing of that sort. Now that I understand that it's a government gig. . . . You folk don't go around salting mine shafts with silver dollars, do you?"

"No, sir, that work comes under the competence of the Arkansas Board of Earth Resources."

"So, not to worry."

"But it doesn't sound very likely, if I

may say so, Mr. Cockburn, sir, that Mr. McPartland would neatly infit with our outfit. Which must of necessity, as I'm sure you're hip to, sir, concern itself mostly with the mundanities."

"McPartland is sublime with the mundanities."

"Truly?"

"You should see him tying his shoes. Tying other people's shoes. He's good at inking in. *Excellent* at erasing. One of the great erasers of our time. Plotting graphs. Figuring use densities. Diddling flow charts. Inflating statistics. Issuing modestly deceptive reports. Chairing and charming. Dowsing for foundation funds. Only a fool and a simpleton, sir, would let a McPartland slip through his fingers."

"But before you twigged to the fact, sir, that your role was that of a referencer, you signaled grave and serious doubts."

"I have them still. I told you he was warp and he is warp. I am attempting, dear friend, to give you McPartland in the round. The whole man. The gravamen and the true gin. When we reference it up, here in the shop, we don't stint.

Your interrobang meets our galgenspiel. We do good work."

"But is he reliable?"

"Reliability, sir, is much overrated. He is inspired. What does this lick pay, by the way?"

"In the low forties, with perks."

"The perks include?"

"Arkansas air. Chauffeured VW to and from place of employment. Crab gumbo in the cafeteria every Tuesday. Ruffles and flourishes played on the Muzak upon entry and exit from building. Crab gumbo in the cafeteria every Thursday. Sabbaticals every second, third and fifth year. Ox stopptions."

"The latter term is not known to me."

"Holder of the post is entitled to stop a run-mad ox in the main street of Little Rock every Saturday at high noon, preventing thereby the mashing to strawberry yoghurt of one small child furnished by management. Photograph of said act to appear in the local blats the following Sunday, along with awarding of medal by the mayor. On TV."

"Does the population never tire of this heroicidal behavior?"

"It's bread and circuitry in the modern world, sir, and no place in that world is more modern than Arkansas."

"Wherefrom do you get your crabs?"

"From our great sister state of Lose-anna, wheratt the best world-class eating crabs hang out."

"The McPartland is a gumbohead from way back, this must be known to you from your other investigations."

"The organization is not to be tweedled with. Shel-baby's partialities will be catered to, if and when. Now, I got a bunch more questions here. Like, is he good?"

"Good don't come close. One need only point to his accomplishments *in re* the sewer system of Detroit, Mich. By the sewage of Detroit I sat down and wept, from pure stunned admiration."

"Is he fake?"

"Not more than anybody else. He has façades, but who does not?"

"Does he know the blue lines?"

"*Excellent* with the blue lines."

"Does he know the old songs?"

"He'll crack your heart with the old songs."

"Does he have the right moves?"

"People all over America are sitting in darkened projection rooms right this minute, studying the McPartland moves."

"What's this dude *look* like?"

"Handsome as the dawn. If you can imagine a bald dawn."

"You mean he's old?"

"Naw, man, he's young. A boy of forty-five, just like the rest of us. The thing is, he thinks so hard he done burned all the hair off his head. His head overheats."

"Is that a danger to standers-by?"

"Not if they exercise due caution. Don't stand too close."

"Maybe he's too fine for us."

"I don't think so. He's got a certain



"I want some arrests, Sergeant. There has been a wave of premarital intercourse in this precinct, apparently without any motive."



common-as-dirt quality. That's right under his laser-sharp MIT quality."

"He sounds maybe a shade too rich for our blood. For us folk here in the down-home heartland."

"Lemme see, Arkansas, that's one of them newer states, right? Down there at the bottom edge? Right along with New Mexico and Florida and such as that?"

"Mr. Cockburn, sir, are you jiving me?"

"Would I jive you?"

"Just for the record, how would you describe your personal relation to Mr. McPartland?"

"Oh, I think 'blood enemy' might do it. Might come close. At the same time, I am forced to acknowledge merit. In whatever obscene forms it chooses to take. McPartland worked on the kiss of death, did you know that? When he was young. Never did get it perfected, but the theoretical studies were elegant, elegant. He's what you might call an engineer's engineer. He designed the artichoke that is all heart. You pay a bit of a premium for it, but you don't have to do all that peeling."

"Some people like the peeling. The leaf-by-leaf unveiling."

"Well, some people like to bang their heads against stone walls, don't they? Some people like to sleep with their sisters. Some people like to put on suits and ties and go sit in a concert hall and listen

to the New York Philharmonic *Orchestra*, for God's sake. Some people——"

"Is this part of his warp?"

"It's related to his warp. The warp to power."

"Any other glaring defects or lesions of the usual that you'd like to touch upon——"

"No, I don't think so. He's working on his book now, I believe."

"What denomination of book is that?"

"Well, he was in that plane crash, you know? In the Himalayas? Where all those folk were huddled without food or water for thirty-eight days on the side of a mountain? Where in the last desperate hours they commenced to eat one another? Well, McPartland was one of the survivors, of course, and he signed a contract to write a book about it."

"A first-person account?"

"A cookbook."

"Warp city!"

"Yes. I always wondered why he carried that little bottle of thyme around with him. Now you, I perceive, have got this bad situation down there in the great state of Arkansas. Your population is exploding. It's mobile. You got people moving freely about, colliding and colliding, pairing off just as they please and exploding the population some more, lollygagging and sailboating and making leather moccasins from kits and God knows what all. And enjoying free speech

and voting their heads off and vetoing bond issues carefully thought up and packaged and rigged by the Arkansas State Planning Commission. And generally helter-skeltering around under the gross equity of the democratic system. Is that the position, sir?"

"Worse. Arkansas is, at present, pure planarchy."

"I intuited as much. And you need someone who can get the troops back on the track or tracks. Give them multifamily dwellings, green belts, dayrooms, grog rations and pleasure stamps. Return the great state of Arkansas to its originary tidiness. Exert a planipotentiary beneficence while remaining a masked marvel. Whose very existence is known only to the choice few."

"Exactly right. Can McPartland do it?"

"Sitting on his hands. Will you go to fifty?"

"Fervently and with pleasure, sir. It's little enough for such a treasure."

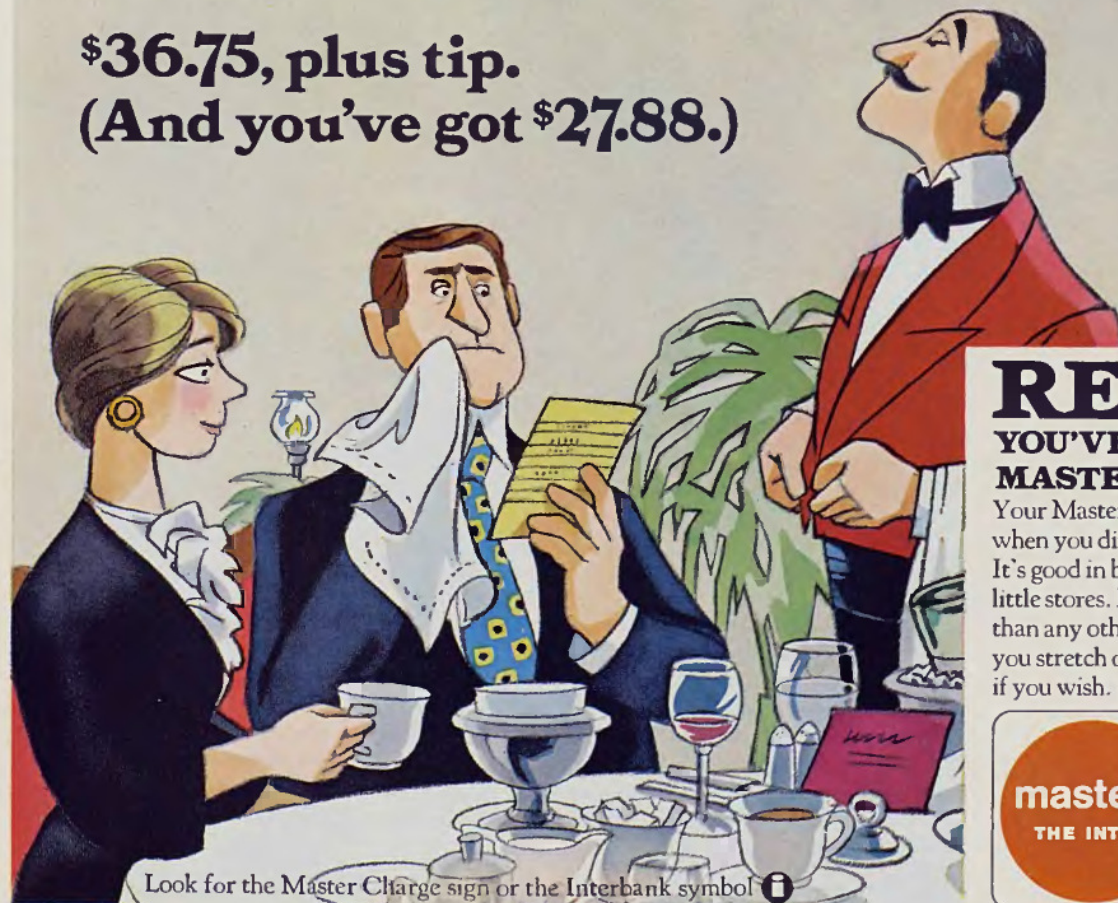
"I take ten percent off the top, sir."

"And can I send you as well, sir, a crate of armadillo steaks, sugar-cured, courtesy of the A.S.P.C.? It's a dream of beauty, sir, this picture that you've limned."

"Not a dream, sir, not a dream. Engineers, sir, never sleep, and dream only in the daytime."

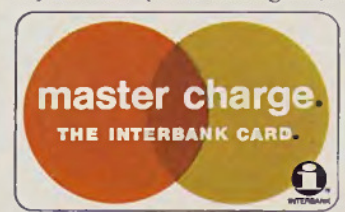


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# MACHO machines *(continued from page 162)*

speed was a built-in component of luxury cars. One of the most memorable ruptures of that tradition came with the introduction of the Rocket 88, although several years would pass before the heresy would be repeated.

While Oldsmobile chose to ignore the potential of the 88, Chrysler responded in an oblique fashion in 1951 by introducing the expensive New Yorker series with 331-cu.-in., 180-hp V8 engines. They were boxy, towering, slab-sided machines with nearly equidistant hoods and trunk lids that conformed perfectly to the then-contemporary Chrysler "three-box" styling idiom; i.e., all corporation cars of that period resembled a trio of packing crates—two on the bottom, one on the top—fused together to form a crude auto body. Yet inside its clumsy form, the New Yorker carried a marvelous engine, complete with a short-stroke, double-rocker-shaft, overhead-valve, high-compression layout and, most important, hemispherical combustion chambers—the famed "hemi" that would become synonymous with Chrysler performance in years to come. The "hemi"—although it had been used in aircraft power plants for years—was a major breakthrough. It was so efficient that the new Chrysler V8, labeled the Firepower, produced 16 percent more power than the rival Cadillac engine with exactly the same displacement. It would propel the leviathan New Yorkers down the road at nearly 125 mph and in modified form it powered the famous Cunningham sports cars at LeMans and elsewhere, and ran in a variety of racing cars from Indianapolis to Bonneville to the Mexican Road Race.

But automotive tastes were changing radically by the time the hot Chrysler New Yorkers established their reputation. The European sports-car movement was spreading across the land and nimble roadsters such as the MG and the Jaguar were triggering new awareness for such qualities as handling, braking and steering, in addition to raw speed. Suddenly, Detroit discovered "sport" and tried to ladle a dollop into its product mix, much as a chef might add wine to a pallid sauce. The first serious efforts came in 1954, when the Thunderbird and the Corvette appeared as the first domestic sports cars. They were, in fact, little more than softly sprung, slow-running, sluggish-handling, two-seat modifications of existing Ford and Chevrolet rolling stock and they made little serious impact on the enthusiast market. However, they did indicate a recognition of the new trend toward sportier cars and some men at Chrysler division—notably the late Bob Rodger, the brilliant, taciturn chief engineer who had been responsible for much of the company's racing successes—realized that both Ford and Chevrolet

were capable of transforming these new machines into first-class performance cars. (As it turned out, Chevrolet transformed the Corvette into America's only mass-produced sports car, while Ford chose to sell the Thunderbird as a tamer, more luxurious "personal" car.)

Rodger was convinced that Chrysler had to counter the G.M. and Ford overtures toward the enthusiast market. None of the cars being readied for the 1955 lineup had the necessary pizzazz to fill the bill, although there was neither the time nor the funds to develop an entirely new model. He found the solution through a brilliant improvisation. Taking the basic New Yorker hardtop, which for 1955 had a rather softly curved yet lean body shape designed by the late Virgil Exner (who would be remembered for his later finned excesses known as the Forward Look), he installed a modified version of his 331-cu.-in. monster hemi V8 and added heavier front suspension pieces and a large, bold, egg-crate grille scavenged from the Imperial luxury car plus the rear-quarter molding from the low-priced Windsor.

Wire wheels, of which a three-year supply was lying around after failing as an option on the Imperial, were available at extra cost. By adding a hot cam and a new manifold accommodating a pair of four-barrel carburetors, the engine's power was boosted from 235 hp to 300 hp. Hence the new car, which had been rushed into production in less than a year and arrived on the market in January 1955, was called the C-300. It was a sensational machine, one of the milestone automobiles built in the United States.

A 1955 Chrysler C-300 (later to be known simply as the 300) would touch 140 mph right off the showroom floor. Thanks to its special tires, wide-rim wheels and carefully tuned suspension, it was amazingly stable in corners, considering its 125-inch wheelbase and its bulk of two tons. A pair of the first 300s off the production line—red coupes—were taken to the corporation's proving grounds at Chelsea, Michigan, where they toured the high-speed test track at nearly 140 mph for 24 consecutive hours. Shortly after the 300 was introduced, Carl Kiekhaefer, the crusty, outspoken engineering genius who had developed the Mercury outboard motors, entered NASCAR Grand National stock-car racing with a team of noisy, refrigerator-white coupes. Employing the best stock-car drivers available and using tactics and organizational methods befitting the top European Grand Prix teams, Kiekhaefer's 300s dominated stock-car racing in the mid-Fifties, blowing the previously unbeatable Hudson Hornets and Olds 88s off the tracks.

Hence, the C-300 made its appearance in 1955 with the justifiable billing as "America's greatest performing motor-car." Ironically, many of the 1692 domestic customers (33 cars were exported) were unhappy with their new car. They had expected a smooth, silent luxury machine, not a hard-riding, rough-idling semiracer, and numerous complaints flowed into the corporate headquarters. Nevertheless, the 300—low volume, high price, hard ride and all—was a success. It managed to veer Chrysler toward a sportier, gusier public image and provided a reservoir of technology that led to much of the corporate stock-car and drag-racing successes of the Sixties. The car was built until 1965, when the 300L disappeared from the market. By then it had become clumsy and overweight, an ostentatious replica of the lithe originals that still stand among the quickest road cars ever built in America.

As late as 1955, with enthusiasm for all types of motor sport blossoming across the nation, most of Detroit persisted in the notion that speed was a frivolous commodity to be doled out to the upper classes at premium prices. Some men at Chevrolet, including chief engineer Edward N. Cole and his staff, believed otherwise. Their 1955 Chevy blew the entire American automobile market wide open. It was a compact little machine, with a low roof, smooth, organic fender lines and a bold, Ferrarilike grille treatment. It looked tough and racy, although it was a Chevy—cheap, reliable and available at the local dealership. In this sense, it was the first postwar American automobile to exploit the egalitarian appeal of high performance. It was the first working-man's racer.

The '55 Chevy would later become the most desirable teenage hot rod of them all, the first Chevrolet to dislodge Fords of all vintages from their traditional eminence within this age group, but it was not marketed with kids in mind. Discovery of the youth market still lay ahead and Chevrolet merely proceeded to sell its new product in conventional fashion with a special emphasis on its acceleration and smoothness. The key to the 1955 Chevrolet's amazing performance was its sensational power plant, perhaps the most significant engine ever to appear in a mass-produced car. Its 265-cu.-in., 162-hp (180-hp optional) V8 was the lightest, hottest, highest-revving power plant available outside the exotic mechanisms being stuffed into Ferraris and Maseratis. After 25 years of offering sedate, stone-solid, slow-turning sixes, Chevrolet shed its dowdy reputation with a cheap, everyman's automobile that would scoot from a standstill to 60 mph in under ten seconds and exceed 100 mph on the top end—thereby meeting a pair of impressive 1955 performance parameters. Cole, who was to father the



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Heineken tastes tremendous—no wonder it's number one.



Corvair and the Chevy II before rising to the presidency of General Motors, wrought a masterpiece in his little V8. Thanks to advanced casting techniques, which cut the over-all weight of the engine block and an exquisitely simple rocker-arm mechanism that permitted high rpms without damage, people instantly discovered that the compact, short-stroke unit could be hot-rodged to produce astronomical amounts of horsepower. Almost overnight, the engine was being bolted into racing cars and boats of all descriptions and America's awareness of performance increased to incredible levels. This so-called small-block Chevy would in later 283-cu.-in. and 327-cu.-in. forms become the most widely used and respected high-performance engine in the world and would compete successfully in practically every form of motor racing. It would spawn a multimillion-dollar aftermarket of speed accessories and, most important, would give Chevy an unassailable lead over its arch-rival Ford in the growing market for high-performance automobiles.

Chevrolet led the way in the boom year of 1955 that saw total U. S. automobile sales reach an all-time high of 7,920,186. It sold 1,722,745 cars, an increase of 350,000 over 1954. Significantly, 778,076 of that total were the sensational V8 models. This marked the moment when horsepower, performance, "hot cars"—call it what you like—became a serious factor in the American mentality. Suddenly, car buyers burst out of their rather pinched, conservative stance dating from the austerity and crisis mentality of the Depression and World War Two. The prosperity of the Eisenhower years was beginning to flower and a contagious sense of freedom and mobility seemed to center on automobiles, where fins, triple-tone pastel paint jobs, nutball accessories and hot engines became big business. It may have been an outlet for the frustrations of the Cold War, the McCarthy Redbaiting and the mounting paranoia about nuclear destruction, but the lust for speed and power in the family car of the Fifties probably related to the subtle pressures bearing down on Americans of that decade. Perhaps for the first time men were realizing that their ability to cope with events on an individual basis was slipping away; that committees of men in gray-flannel suits were increasingly governing their destinies, and they somehow viewed the potency of their automobile as a substitute for the loss of influence over their own lives. The message of hot cars was not lost on Semon "Bunky" Knudsen, the hard-driving son of former G.M. president W. S. "Bill" Knudsen. "Performance sells cars," Bunky was heard to say repeatedly as he embarked on ramrodding the lackluster, maiden-aunt Pontiac division out of the mire of sixth place in domestic-car sales in

1955. (Pontiac was so weak that only its foundry was turning a profit and G.M. was considering dropping the line entirely.) Within a few years, Knudsen had introduced a series of high-performance V8s installed in a racy collection of cars called Grand Prix, Bonneville, etc., all marketed with the same hokey, muscle-flexing, squint-eyed, he-man advertising that had transformed Marlboro from a ladies' light-inhaler into the favorite cigarette of tattooed cowboys. This image change was so successful for Pontiac that its new "Wide-Track Cats" surged into third place in sales by 1961 and boosted Knudsen toward the top of General Motors' management.

By 1956, almost everybody in the auto business had recognized that "hot cars" did wonders for sales. The Big Three all supported the booming sport of stock-car racing and increasing effort was devoted to building and designing fast road machines. The Corvette, which had begun life with one of Chevy's traditional iron-clad sixes under its hood, had by 1957 been transformed into a legitimate, two-place sports car. A four-speed Borg-Warner T-10 transmission was made available, plus an optional Rochester fuel-injection system providing one horsepower for each of its 283 cubic inches (a significant achievement for a passenger car) and the "fuelie 'Vettes" of that era would whistle along at 140 mph in stock form. Ford hesitated slightly in 1956 and trimmed its performance campaign in behalf of a major crusade to sell America safety with seat belts, padded dashes, etc. That undertaking ended in failure and Ford turned with new resolve to boosting horsepower and top speed, leaving American Motors—at that time the fusty standard-bearer for the Grange Hall motorists of America—to grouse, via national advertisements: "Glamorizing raw horsepower and high speed to promote the sale of cars is not in the public interest, and Rambler will have no part of it."

In point of fact, a number of automobile executives were becoming alarmed about the horsepower race and finally, in 1957, they agreed to support an American Automobile Manufacturer's Association ban on the advertising and promotion of horsepower and speed. Nobody seriously observed the pact. By the Sixties, Chevrolet was selling a bored-out Turbo-Fire 409-cu.-in. engine that had been converted from an existing 348-cu.-in. power plant salvaged from its truck line. Those cumbersome, finned coupes and convertibles were fast enough to cause the Beach Boys—the true bards of the car freaks—to rhapsodize "She's real fine, my four-toh-nine."

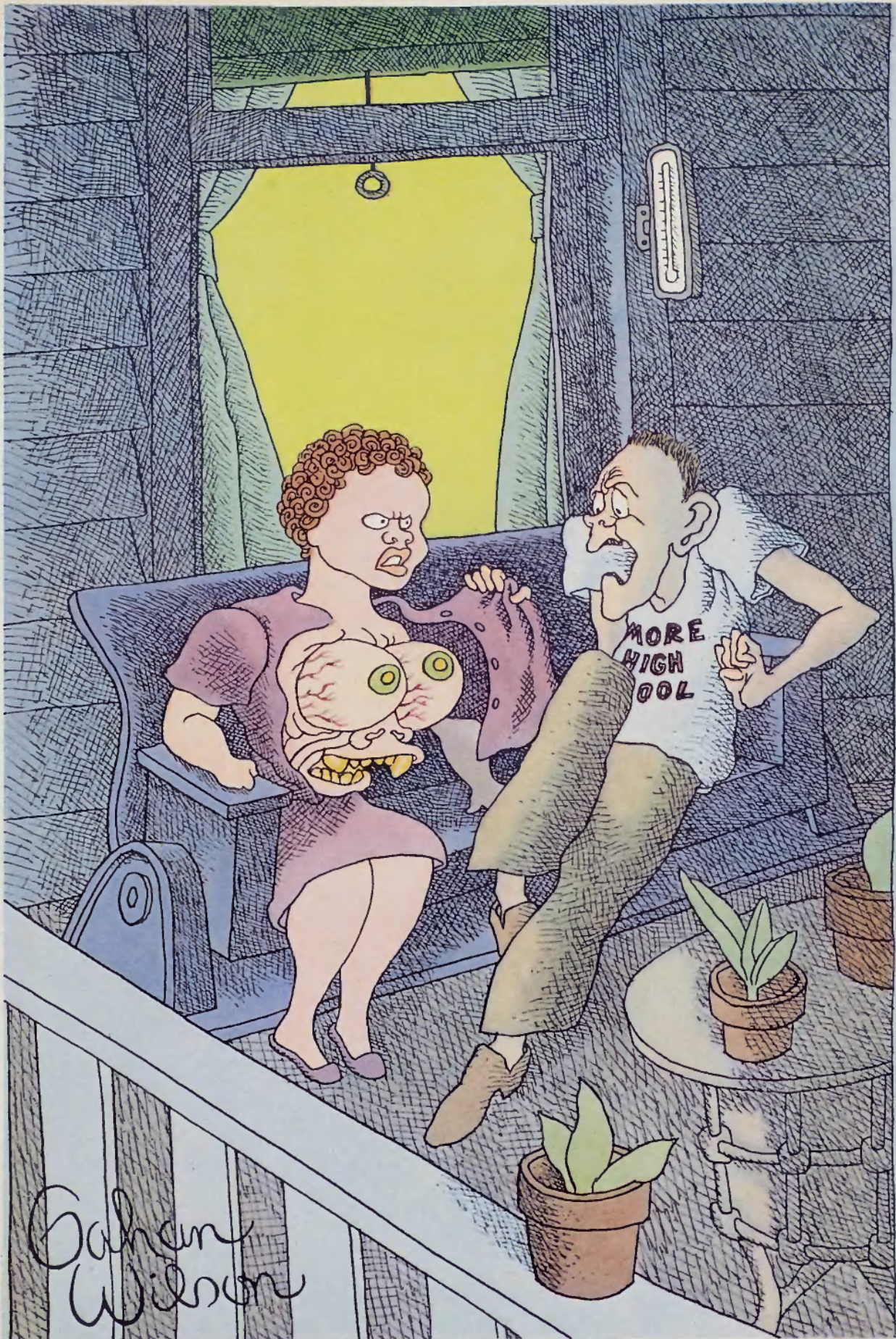
At the same time, Ford was on the market with a potent 406-cu.-in. engine. Pontiac was dominating big-time stock-car races with its 421 "Super Duty" power plants and Dodge and Plymouth were on

the scene with vibrating, ram-manifold 413s. America simply refused to slake its thirst for gutsy automobiles and everywhere, from wide city streets to the most remote rural roads, great, black smears of rubber began to scar the pavement surface in testimony to the cultish worship of acceleration. "Street racing"—impromptu drag duels on public thoroughfares—became the standard competitive venue for the monster machines and the still nights of the American summer began to rumble with the far-off thunder of straining, unmuffled engines and the angry yowl of spinning, frying rubber.

The car craze was out of control. In 1963, Ford announced it was canceling its adherence to the 1957 AMA ban and was going motor racing on a full scale—a multimillion-dollar effort that would all bring the company victories at Indianapolis, Daytona, LeMans and at countless other major race tracks within the next five years. Chrysler plunged into stock-car and drag competition with a vengeance. General Motors refused to break the bonds of the AMA ban, although two of its divisions, Chevrolet and Pontiac, were racing with elaborate, *sub-rosa* engineering support for such established racing stars as Texan Jim Hall and his Chaparrals, California hot rodder Mickey Thompson and Florida stock-car wizard Smokey Yunick. The Ford re-entry into racing was made public prior to its winning a massive victory in the 1963 Daytona 500 stock-car race—the event where much of the Detroit competition activities had been taking place. Several months later, Frederic Donner and James Gordon, the president and chairman of General Motors, dropped the lid on all racing efforts within their corporation. They publicly reaffirmed their corporation's allegiance to the 1957 AMA performance ban and privately ordered the management at Chevrolet and Pontiac to dispose of their entire inventory of racing cars and equipment and to cancel all outside contracts—including those with pro racing drivers—within 90 days.

This left Pontiac in a nasty position. Knudsen, who had made the division a power in stock-car and drag competition, had gone on to the top post at Chevrolet, leaving his former chief engineer, E. M. "Pete" Estes, in charge. Sales had been surging, thanks to Pontiac's sensational performance image, but more pizzazz, not less, was needed in the face of the disaster surrounding its Tempest compact. Pontiac had participated in Detroit's brief flirtation with small cars in the early Sixties by introducing a revolutionary but underdeveloped small sedan named the Tempest. It employed, among other new components, a curved drive shaft and a transaxle (a transmission mounted at the rear of the car in company with the differential) coupled to a





*"I told you not to do that!"*



swing-axle suspension. While unique, these devices broke, splintered, cracked and ruptured with such regularity that the Tempest became a warranty nightmare for Pontiac. Steps had been taken to correct this in the 1964 model year by transforming the car into a solid, quite conventional intermediate that shared the same chassis with the new Chevelle and the Buick Skylark, but serious advertising and marketing efforts were necessary to cleanse the residual bad taste of the original machine. What's more, the so-called youth-market hype was operating at full force. Every huckster in the country had discovered kids and all of them were out trying to hawk their wares to this new body of miniconsumers. Kids were indeed the fastest growing segment of the population in the early Sixties and when someone calculated that 20 percent of all cars were owned by teenagers and that they spent 1.5 billion dollars a year on entertainment, Detroit was on the trail like a hungry wolf. Ford leaped in with the shamelessly cornball "Ford Caravan Folk Jazz Wing Ding" show tours of college campuses, teen fairs, rod-and-custom-show exhibits, and an advertising campaign featuring "The Lively Ones." Perhaps most important, Ford indicated that it would appear in 1964 with a small, smartly styled coupe, named the Mustang, aimed at the heart and soul of the Pepsi generation.

Pontiac was badly handicapped. Like

most of the car builders, it had built its performance reputation around thinly disguised racing cars that ran at tracks. Potent street machines accounted for a small percentage of actual sales simply because Pontiac buyers were still seeking image rather than outright speed. But with all track competition now canceled, Pontiac was forced to seek new avenues to exploit the growing youth market and to maintain its racy reputation. Chevrolet had the Corvette and the Corvair Monza, but Pontiac had only its big, expensive Grand Prix, Catalina and Bonneville models—hardly the ideal vehicles to attract teenagers. The men who broached this problem were Estes and his chief engineer, an ambitious, darkly handsome Detroit native named John Z. DeLorean (whose later exploits as the long-haired, modishly dressed general manager of Chevrolet made him the industry's most controversial and visible executive), plus Jim Wangers, a bright, rather pudgy performance expert who had won national drag-racing championships driving Pontiacs in 1960, 1962 and 1963 while working for the division's advertising agency, MacManus, John & Adams. It was during a meeting in early 1963, described by Wangers, who now represents a magazine-publishing company in Detroit, as a "what if?" session, that the magic answer appeared. What if, suggested a young assistant engineer named Bill Collins, the company took

the muscular 389 V8 used in its full-sized models and dropped it into the new, intermediate Tempest? Pontiac would then have a ballsy, tough, low-priced performance car for the youth market that might blur the memories of the tarnished Tempest. It was immediately agreed that the car had enormous potential, although Estes had reservations about getting such a hairy model approved by the G.M. moguls.

Work proceeded on the creation through the summer of 1963. Wangers and DeLorean searched for a name that would produce the kind of competition-oriented aura they wanted and finally chose GTO—a direct rip-off from a lightweight, V12 Ferrari grand-touring coupe being produced in minuscule quantities in Italy. It stood for Grand Turismo Omologato (roughly translated as a car "homologated" or registered for international grand-touring competition). The sports-car purists moaned about the Pontiac theft of the Ferrari name and not one Pontiac dealer in a hundred understood what it meant, but it embodied the identity Wangers sought in a name plate and he proceeded with a full-blown ad campaign.

Two GTO versions were planned as options for the Tempest LeMans coupe: a 325-hp, single four-barrel-carburetor base model to be introduced first and a balls-to-the-wall 348-hp hardtop with three two-barrel carbs (Tri-Power) to be announced in mid-1964. Both types were in clear violation of the Donner/Gordon antiracing and performance edict and Estes pluckily set out to bypass the corporate hierarchy to get the GTO on the market. He took the car into the field and announced it to his dealers before submitting it to the G.M. brass for final approval. Even Frank Bridge, the tough, conservative sales manager of Pontiac, was against the car and Wangers recalls an angry session where fisticuffs nearly broke out between Bridge and DeLorean in an argument over the wisdom of trying to market such a radical machine.

Born amid internal G.M. acrimony and intrigue, the GTO arrived on the market in 1964 in spectacular fashion. The skeptical Bridge could be dragooned into accepting only 5000 models of the car for production, while G.M. management sulkily permitted the car to reach the showrooms simply because the dealer response had been so positive about its sales potential. The salesmen recognized that the regular Tempest was another variation on the basic G.M. body structure that formed the Buick Skylark, Chevrolet Chevelle and Oldsmobile Cutlass. All were crisply styled, rather long-tailed, plain-jane intermediates that would appeal to essentially the same segment of the public. But the Pontiac dealers instantly saw the GTO, with its simple, functional grille



"They're real, but the rest of her is phony."



treatment, its wider tires, lower stance and sporty accessories, as an opportunity to penetrate a new portion of the market—a portion that was unreachable to their competition. At that point, few of them had driven the machine and therefore had no inkling of the GTO's greatest appeal, its stupendous acceleration. It was a runnin' son of a bitch. The basic 325-hp version was spectacular, but the Tri-Power, 348-hp hardtop that reached the public in the winter of 1964 was beyond the wildest fantasies of the most avid horsepower freak. Possessed of incredible low-end torque, the GTO had initial acceleration that would blow the doors off anything on the road, including the vaunted 327 fuel-injected Corvette. The car was built for short-haul blasts of power. While any number of cars would outrun it in flat-out speed, its 0-60 time of approximately six seconds was astounding for a machine that could be purchased for under \$3000.

The visceral excitement of driving a Tri-Power GTO (or Goat, as it was almost instantly nicknamed, much to the distress of Pontiac and its ad agency) was unparalleled for the time. The sounds—the harsh rumble of the exhaust, the howling of the U. S. Royal Tiger Paw Red-line tires on the pavement and the unearthly sucking noise of the air being gulped through the carburetors, coupled with the raw sensation of being bashed into the seat back by the forward thrust of the car—were enough to make every kid in America think he was the fastest, toughest driver in the world. The car was pure *macho*, filled to the brim with hokey gadgets like bucket seats, tachometer, hood scoops, wood-rimmed steering wheel, etc., to enhance the Mittyesque urgings of the grocery boys behind the wheel. It was not a particularly sophisticated machine; it would not corner or brake with much alacrity. The GTO would do one thing—accelerate to 60-70 mph in blistering fashion—and that was all that was necessary. "Let's face it," said one industry observer of the day, "buying a GTO is like getting two inches added to your cock."

Estes and company touched a nerve with their car—the first unabashed, Main Street Hero Car in history. Despite chronic clutch and rear-end failures (which Pontiac bravely backed with full warranty), 31,000 GTOs were sold and it is estimated that number could have been doubled if production capability had been available. Heady with success, the GTO creators added further styling sex and 12 hp to the car in 1965, while making it a full model line rather than a spin-off of the Tempest. It could be purchased as a coupe, hardtop or convertible and sales were so brisk that Wangers could see a chance for total domination of the kid market. So could others. Chevrolet leaped in with its SS 396



"Who's been chewing on my centerfold?"

Chevelle and Oldsmobile arrived with the 4-4-2. Ford tried for a piece of the street-racer action with a gussied-up Fairlane GT, a Comet Cyclone, plus the hairy, limited-production Shelby GT 350, a modified Mustang coupe that was so elemental one journalist commented that driving it reminded him of handling a "brand-new, clapped-out racing car." But Pontiac was far in the lead with the GTO. Not only was it the first on the market but it provided the biggest bang for the buck and, thanks to Wangers, it was the best promoted. He tried to engage the Beach Boys to do a song about the car and when he found that their price was too high, he got an obscure Florida group called Ronnie and the Daytonas to record, on the equally obscure Amy-Mala-Bell label, *GTO*, whose immortal lyrics rhapsodized:

*Little GTO*

*You're really looking fine*

*Three deuces and a four-speed*

*And a 389*

*Listen to her taching up now*

*Listen to her whine*

*Come and turn it on, wind it up,*

*blow it out, GTO.*

Wangers and his agency people then set about marketing the tune, which soared on the Top 40 charts. (A group named Jan and Dean also recorded a similar effort called *Lil' GTO*.) It was later estimated that these songs were played over 7,000,000 times on commercial radio, the promotional benefits of which are inestimable, except that the 1965 model sold 68,000 units. This was accomplished without any attempt by Pontiac to compete in organized racing competition.

The GTO was a pure, unabashed street racer and while Ford and Chrysler were winning all the drag and stock-car races in sight, Pontiac was selling all the so-called performance cars.

In 1966, Chrysler introduced the 426-cu.-in. Street Hemi, a detuned version of its famous racing engine that belted out 425 hp and remains the high-water mark in sheer neck-snapping overkill among American production cars. The Hemis, packaged in middleweight Dodge Coronets and Chargers and Plymouth Belvederes, would easily outaccelerate the GTO while running an honest 150-mph top speed. They were monster cars,



bulging with more power than even the zaniest road drivers dared use for more than a few seconds at a time, and in the end they had little effect on the over-all market. While the Hemis were sold in small quantities until 1971, their crankiness, which caused them to foul plugs and misbehave in city traffic, plus their substantial cost, limited their appeal. They were, in fact, placed on the open market to meet minimum production requirements set down by NASCAR to qualify them for racing competition and Chrysler never intended them to displace the GTO as the favorite of the acne set. But they stand as a bench mark in outright power that may never be surpassed by an American passenger automobile.

Sales for the GTO leaped to 83,000 units in 1966 and Wangers was furiously cranking out promotion gimmicks that ranged from Thom McAn GTO shoes to cereal premiums. At that point, everybody in Detroit, including American Motors, was in the muscle-car market with overbored, hotted-up cars decked out in hood scoops, wacky racing stripes, decals, fancy wheels and enough styling hokum to embarrass even the most ostentatious car nut. But Pontiac, thanks to Wangers and DeLorean, who was now the division's general manager, had an uncanny sense of young America's relationship with cars and was exploiting that understanding to its fullest. Wangers was driving hard at the Tiger image (that having found its genesis in the original Tiger Paw tires in 1964) in advertising, giveaways, magazine stories and another song, *Gee-To Tiger*, sung by a California group formed by the agency called, you guessed it, The Tigers.

"Let's face it," recalled Wangers recently, "there is no real excuse for a medium-priced G.M. car like the Pontiac, Olds or Buick. A buyer can find any conceivable kind of car he needs in either a Chevrolet or a Cadillac showroom. The Pontiac must be built on a strong image to obscure the fact that it is not what it really is: either a fancy Chevrolet or a low-line Caddy. We used the GTO image of youth to infuse the entire Pontiac line with a feeling of excitement. In that sense, the GTO was the key to the total Pontiac marketing scheme for half a decade."

The first inklings of change came in 1967. Ed Cole, by then a G.M. corporate power, recognized that rising Government and consumerist pressure would not tolerate the use of such blatant horsepower adjuncts as triple carburetors and ordered them removed from the GTO (and from the Olds 44-2, which also offered them as an option). In an attempt to compensate for their loss, the GTO's engine was increased to 400 cubic inches and a large Quadra-Jet four-barrel carburetor was substituted. A production

problem caused the initial batch of the new 400 engines to reach the public with flawed valve guides and Pontiac experienced 2000 total engine failures in the first 90 days of the model year. To make matters worse, the four-barrel version lacked the brutal low-speed torque of the old 389 Tri-Power and the news passed quickly among the young customers. Sales of the GTO, which was still being built on a restyled variation of the 1964 body, slipped to 60,000 units.

DeLorean and company bounced back in 1968 with a brand-new GTO, completely redesigned with an all-plastic Enduro nose and a graceful, rakish shape. But the old blood-and-guts machine was gone forever. Many of the record 103,000 GTOs sold that year went out the door with such fripperies as automatic transmission and air conditioning. The supercar had gone middle American, removing itself from the hard-core audience that had generated its original appeal. At this point, the so-called Pony cars or sporty cars such as Camaro and Pontiac's own Firebird were on the scene and attracting widespread attention from the youth market; but it was Plymouth that elbowed into the low-price niche vacated by the GTO. In 1968, the Road Runner honked onto the scene, complete with a horn that duplicated the "beep-beep" call of its Warner Bros. cartoon namesake. The car was a variation of the low-line, stripped Belvedere business coupe that had been suggested by an automotive journalist to then-Plymouth vice-president and general manager Bob Anderson, a close friend of DeLorean's. The journalist had argued that the present line-up of performance cars was too elaborate and expensive for the young buyer to afford. He had suggested a bare-bones street racer, with ultracheap taxicab seats, no chrome trim and a minimum of accessories. It would offer high performance at a bargain price in the neighborhood of \$2500. Anderson, who is now president of Rockwell International, immediately sensed the potential of such a bizarre automobile. Moving decisively, he rushed the Road Runner, complete with a husky 383-cu.-in. engine, into the showrooms in a matter of months, although many of his management teammates thought the car would be a dud. A mere 9500 were planned for 1968. Before the year was out, 45,000 Road Runners had been sold. Ironically, success was its downfall. As demand increased, the car was gussied up, first with more comfortable seats, then with a burgeoning list of trim and accessory options. After a couple of model cycles, the simple, stark machine that had caused such a flurry had been puffed and padded into just another overdecorated,

overpriced, overpowered car from the Detroit gadgetland.

Wangers realized that the muscle car, as embodied in the Road Runner, was beginning to parody itself and produced a spin-off of the 1969 GTO (perhaps the most sophisticated, best-performing version of them all) called The Judge. This was an unabashed spoof of the entire concept and carried all kinds of silly props, including giant *art-nouveau* decals and a useless trunk spoiler. Despite his efforts (done without further references to the Tiger after the G.M. management had ordered a cancellation of that sort of feline imagery the previous year), 1969 GTO sales slumped to 65,000, then collapsed to 38,000 in 1970.

By then, substantial social forces had been marshaled to repel what had become a bizarre brand of overkill in automotive marketing. Chrysler's Six-Packs and Super Birds, Buick's Gran Sport, Ford's Cobra Jets, American Motors' Machines, etc., of that era were grotesque in the extreme and the few decent performance cars that were available, including the superb Camaro Z-28 and the Pontiac Firebird Trans-Am, weren't selling for a variety of reasons. The insurance for such a car could cost a young single man over \$1000 a year, and the increasingly complicated antipollution plumbing was removing much of the power and response from the engines, no matter how large their displacement. Moreover, the new generation of drivers was evidencing a concern for the environment and a fresh spirit of antimaterialism that ran counter to the excesses of speed and potency that the muscle cars represented. To many of them, a ten-speed racing bike was a more valid symbol of status than a smoking, 400-hp hot rod.

DeLorean and Wangers and the others who pushed the *macho*-car concept to its ultimate are gone from Pontiac, having been replaced with more detached, less flamboyant men. Their 1973 GTO model came full circle and was offered as a performance option for the Tempest LeMans—by now a much tamer pussycat than the old 1964 coupe. They will try again this year with a resurrection of the GTO in the form of a hot variation of the Ventura, itself a Pontiac offspring of the aging Chevrolet Nova that has been around since 1968. Few people think it will work. The time of the *macho* cars is gone. Those heady days when the young studs of America speed-shifted their way to manhood packed inside two tons of bucking steel are as passé as the cuckoo rock-around-the-clock drag-strip honeymoon that spawned them. In a way, it's too bad. Grocery boys will never find that extra two inches more easily.



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## GREAT SWITCHEROO

(continued from page 102)

had an empty glass in one hand and a flame-colored azalea in the other. She had picked the azalea on the terrace.

"I've been watching you," she said, pointing the flower at me like a pistol. "You've hardly stopped talking for the last ten minutes. What's he been telling you, Jerry?"

"A dirty story," Jerry said, grinning.

"He does that when he drinks," Mary said.

"Good story," Jerry said. "But totally impossible. Get him to tell it to you sometime."

"I don't like dirty stories," Mary said. "Come along, Vic. It's time we went."

"Don't go yet," Jerry said, fixing his eyes upon her splendid bosom. "Have another drink."

"No, thanks," she said. "The children'll be screaming for their supper. I've had a lovely time."

"Aren't you going to kiss me good-night?" Jerry said, getting up from the sofa. He went for her mouth, but she turned her head quickly and he caught only the edge of her cheek.

"Go away, Jerry," she said. "You're drunk."

"Not drunk," Jerry said. "Just lecherous."

"Don't you get lecherous with me, my boy," Mary said sharply. "I hate that sort of talk." She marched away across the room, carrying her bosom before her like a battering-ram.

"So long, Jerry," I said. "Fine party."

Mary, full of dark looks, was waiting for me in the hall. Samantha was there, too, saying goodbye to the last guests—Samantha with her dexterous fingers and her smooth skin and her smooth dangerous thighs. "Cheer up, Vic," she said to me, her white teeth showing. She looked like the creation, the beginning of the world, the first morning. "Good night, Vic, darling," she said, stirring her fingers in my vitals.

I followed Mary out of the house. "You feeling all right?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "Why not?"

"The amount you drink is enough to make anyone feel ill," she said.

There was a scrubby old hedge dividing our place from Jerry's and there was a gap in it we always used. Mary and I walked through the gap in silence. We went into the house and she cooked up a big pile of scrambled eggs and bacon, and we ate it with the children.

After the meal, I wandered outside. The summer evening was clear and cool and because I had nothing else to do, I decided to mow the grass in the front garden. I got the mower out of the shed and started it up. Then I began the old routine of marching back and forth behind it. I like mowing grass. It is a soothing operation, and on our front lawn I could

always look at Samantha's house when going one way and think about her when going the other.

I had been at it for about ten minutes when Jerry came strolling through the gap in the hedge. He was smoking a pipe and had his hands in his pockets and he stood on the edge of the grass, watching me. I pulled up in front of him but left the motor ticking over.

"Hi, sport," he said. "How's everything?"

"I'm in the doghouse," I said. "So are you."

"Your little wife," he said, "is just too goddamn prim and prissy to be true."

"Oh, I know that."

"She rebuked me in my own house," Jerry said.

"Not very much."

"It was enough," he said, smiling slightly.

"Enough for what?"

"Enough to make me want to get a little bit of my own back on her. So what would you think if I suggested that you and I had a go at that thing your friend told you about at lunch?"

When he said this, I felt such a surge of excitement my stomach nearly jumped out of my mouth. I gripped the handles of the mower and started revving the engine.

"Have I said the wrong thing?" Jerry asked.

I didn't answer.

"Listen," he said. "If you think it's a lousy idea, let's just forget I ever mentioned it. You're not mad at me, are you?"

"I'm not mad at you, Jerry," I said. "It's just that it never entered my head that *we* should do it."

"It entered mine," he said. "The setup is perfect. We wouldn't even have to cross the street." His face had gone suddenly bright and his eyes were shining like two stars. "So what do you say, Vic?"

"I'm thinking," I said.

"Maybe you don't fancy Samantha."

"I don't honestly know," I said.

"She's lots of fun," Jerry said. "I guarantee that."

At this point, I saw Mary come out onto the front porch. "There's Mary," I said. "She's looking for the children. We'll talk some more tomorrow."

"Then it's a deal?"

"It could be, Jerry. But only on condition we don't rush it. I want to be dead-sure everything is right before we start. Damn it all, this is a whole brand-new can of beans!"

"No, it's not!" he said. "Your friend said it was a gas. He said it was easy."

"Ah, yes," I said. "My friend. Of course. But each case is different." I opened the throttle on the mower and went whirring away across the lawn.

When I got to the far side and turned around, Jerry was already through the gap in the hedge and walking up to his front door.

The next couple of weeks were a period of high conspiracy for Jerry and me. We held secret meetings in bars and restaurants to discuss strategy, and sometimes he dropped into my office after work and we had a planning session behind the closed door. Whenever a doubtful point arose, Jerry would always say, "How did your friend do it?"

And I would play for time and say, "I'll call him up and ask him about that one."

After many conferences and much talk, we agreed upon the following main points:

1. That D day should be a Saturday.
2. That on D-day evening, we should take our wives out to a good dinner, the four of us together.
3. That Jerry and I should leave our houses and cross over through the gap in the hedge at precisely one A.M. Sunday morning.
4. That instead of lying in bed in the dark until one A.M. came along, we should both, as soon as our wives were asleep, go quietly downstairs to the kitchen and drink coffee.
5. That we should use the front-door-bell idea if an emergency arose.
6. That the return crossover time was fixed for two A.M.
7. That while in the wrong bed, questions (if any) from the woman must be answered by an "Uh-uh" sounded with the lips closed tight.
8. That I myself must immediately give up cigarettes and take to a pipe so that I would smell the same as Jerry.
9. That we should at once start using the same brand of hair oil and after-shave lotion.
10. That as both of us normally wore our wrist watches in bed, and as they were much the same shape, it was decided not to exchange. Neither of us wore a ring.
11. That each man must have something unusual about him that the woman would identify positively with her own husband. We therefore invented what became known as "the adhesive-tape ploy." It worked like this: On D-day evening, when the couples arrived back in their own homes immediately after the dinner, each husband would make a point of going to the kitchen to cut himself a piece of cheese. At the same time, he would carefully stick a piece of tape over the tip of the forefinger of his right hand. Having done this, he would hold up the finger and say to his wife, "I cut myself. It's nothing, but it was bleeding a bit." Thus, later on, when the men have switched beds, each woman will be made very much aware of the tape-covered finger (the man





*"And what would you like, miss?"*

will see to that) and will associate it directly with her own husband. An important psychological ploy, this, calculated to dissipate any tiny suspicion that might enter the mind of either female.

So much for the basic plans. Next came what we referred to in our notes as "familiarization with the layout." Jerry schooled me first. He gave me three hours' training in his own house one Sunday afternoon when his wife and children were out. I had never been in their bedroom before. On the dressing table were Samantha's perfumes, her brushes and all her other little things. A pair of her stockings was draped over the back of a chair. Her nightdress, white and blue, was hanging behind the door leading to the bathroom.

"OK," Jerry said. "It'll be pitch-dark when you come in. Samantha sleeps on this side, so you must tiptoe around the end of the bed and slide in on the other side, over there. I'm going to blindfold you and let you practice."

At first, with the blindfold on, I wandered all over the room like a drunk. After about an hour's work, I was able to negotiate the course pretty well. But before Jerry would finally pass me, I had to go blindfolded all the way from the front door, through the hall, up the stairs, past the children's rooms, into Samantha's room and finish up in exactly the right place. And I had to do it silently, like a thief. All this took three hours of hard work, but I got it in the end.

The following Sunday morning, when Mary had taken our children to church, I was able to give Jerry the same sort of workout in my own house. He learned the ropes faster than me, and within an hour, he had passed the blindfold test without placing a foot wrong.

It was during this session that we decided to disconnect each woman's bedside lamp as we entered the bedroom. So Jerry practiced finding the plug and pulling it out with his blindfold on, and

the following weekend, I was able to do the same in Jerry's house.

Now came by far the most important part of our training. We called it "spilling the beans," and it was here that both of us had to describe in every detail the procedure we adopted when making love to our own wives. We agreed not to concern ourselves with any exotic variations that either of us might or might not occasionally practice. We were concerned only with teaching one another the most commonly used routine, the one least likely to arouse suspicion.

This session took place in my office at six o'clock on a Wednesday evening, after the staff had gone home. At first, we were both slightly embarrassed, and neither of us wanted to begin. So I got out the bottle of whiskey, and after a couple of stiff drinks, we loosened up and the teaching started. While Jerry talked I took notes, and vice versa. At the end of it all, it turned out that the only real difference between Jerry's routine and my own



was one of tempo. But what a difference it was! He took things (if what he said was to be believed) in such a leisurely fashion and he prolonged the moments to such an extravagant degree that I wondered privately whether his partner did not sometimes go to sleep in the middle of it all. My job, however, was not to criticize but to copy, and I said nothing.

Jerry was not so discreet. At the end of my own personal description, he had the temerity to say, "Is that really what you do?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean it is all over and done with as quickly as that?"

"Look," I said. "We aren't here to give each other lessons. We're here to learn the facts."

"I know that," he said. "But I'm going to feel a bit of an ass if I copy your style exactly. My God, you go through it like an express train whizzing through a country station!"

I stared at him, mouth open.

"Don't look so surprised," he said. "The way you told it to me, anyone would think—"

"Think what?" I said.

"Oh, forget it," he said.

"Thank you," I said. I was furious. There are two things in this world at which I happen to know I excel. One is driving an automobile and the other is you-know-what. So to have him sit there and tell me I didn't know how to behave with my own wife was a monstrous piece of effrontery. It was he who didn't know, not me. Poor Samantha. What she must have had to put up with over the years.

"I'm sorry I spoke," Jerry said. He poured more whiskey into our glasses. "Here's to the great switcheroo!" he said. "When do we go?"

"Today is Wednesday," I said. "How about this coming Saturday?"

"Christ," Jerry said.

"We ought to do it while everything's still fresh in our minds," I said. "There's an awful lot to remember."

Jerry walked to the window and looked down at the traffic in the street below. "OK," he said, turning around. "Next Saturday it shall be!" Then we drove home in our separate cars.

"Jerry and I thought we'd take you and Samantha out to dinner Saturday night," I said to Mary. We were in the kitchen and she was cooking hamburgers for the children.

She turned around and faced me, frying pan in one hand, spoon in the other. Her blue eyes looked straight into mine. "My Lord, Vic," she said. "How nice. But what are we celebrating?"

I looked straight back at her and said, "I thought it would be a change to see some new faces. We're always meeting the same old bunch of people in the same old houses."

She took a step forward and kissed me on the cheek. "What a good man you are," she said. "I love you."

"Don't forget to phone the baby sitter."

"No, I'll do it tonight," she said.

Thursday and Friday passed very quickly, and suddenly it was Saturday. It was D day. I woke up feeling madly excited. After breakfast, I couldn't sit still, so I decided to go out and wash the car. I was in the middle of this when Jerry came strolling through the gap in the hedge, pipe in mouth.

"Hi, sport," he said. "This is the day."

"I know that," I said. I also had a pipe in my mouth. I was forcing myself to smoke it, but I had trouble keeping it alight, and the smoke burned my tongue.

"How're you feeling?" Jerry asked.

"Terrific," I said. "How about you?"

"I'm nervous," he said.

"Don't be nervous, Jerry."

"This is one hell of a thing we're trying to do," he said. "I hope we pull it off."

I went on polishing the windshield. I had never known Jerry to be nervous about anything before. It worried me a bit.

"I'm damn glad we're not the first people ever to try it," he said. "If no one had ever done it before, I don't think I'd risk it."

"I agree," I said.

"What stops me being too nervous," he said, "is the fact that your friend found it so fantastically easy."

"My friend said it was a cinch," I said.

"But for Christ sake, Jerry, don't be nervous when the time comes. That would be disastrous."

"Don't worry," he said. "But Jesus, it's exciting, isn't it?"

"It's exciting, all right," I said.

"Listen," he said. "We'd better go easy on the booze tonight."

"Good idea," I said. "See you at eight-thirty."

At half past eight, Samantha, Jerry, Mary and I drove in Jerry's car to Billy's Steak House. The restaurant, despite its name, was high-class and expensive, and the girls had put on long dresses for the occasion. Samantha was wearing something green that didn't start until it was halfway down her front, and I had never seen her looking lovelier. There were candles on our table. Samantha was seated opposite me and whenever she leaned forward with her face close to the flame, I could see that tiny crest of skin at the top center of her lower lip. "Now," she said as she accepted a menu from the waiter, "I wonder what I'm going to have tonight."

Ho-ho-ho, I thought, that's a good question.

Everything went fine in the restaurant and the girls enjoyed themselves. When we arrived back at Jerry's house, it was

11:45, and Samantha said, "Come in and have a nightcap."

"Thanks," I said. "but it's a bit late. And the baby sitter has to be driven home." So Mary and I walked across to our own house, and now, I told myself as I entered the front door, *from now on* the countdown begins. I must keep a clear head and forget nothing.

While Mary was paying the baby sitter, I went to the fridge and found a piece of Canadian cheddar. I took a knife from the drawer and a strip of tape from the cupboard. I stuck the tape around the tip of the forefinger of my right hand and waited for Mary to turn around.

"I cut myself," I said, holding up the finger for her to see. "It's nothing, but it was bleeding a bit."

"I'd have thought you'd had enough to eat for the evening," was all she said. But the tape registered on her mind and my first little job had been done.

I drove the baby sitter home and by the time I got back up to the bedroom, it was round about midnight and Mary was already half asleep with her light out. I switched out the light on my side of the bed and went into the bathroom to undress. I potted about in there for about ten minutes and when I came out, Mary, as I had hoped, was well and truly sleeping. There seemed no point in getting into bed beside her. So I simply pulled back the covers a bit on my side to make it easier for Jerry, then, with my slippers on, I went downstairs to the kitchen and switched on the electric kettle. It was now 12:17. Forty-three minutes to go.

At 12:35, I went upstairs to check on Mary and the kids. Everyone was sound asleep.

At 12:55, five minutes before zero hour, I went up again for a final check. I went right up close to Mary's side of the bed and whispered her name. There was no answer. Good. *That's it! Let's go!*

I put a brown raincoat over my pajamas. I switched off the kitchen light so that the whole house was in darkness. I put the front-door lock on the latch. And then, feeling an enormous sense of exhilaration, I stepped silently out into the night.

There were no lamps on our street to lighten the darkness. There was no moon or even a star to be seen. It was a black, black night, but the air was warm and there was a little breeze blowing from somewhere.

I headed for the gap in the hedge. When I got very close, I was able to make out the hedge itself and find the gap. I stopped there, waiting. Then I heard Jerry's footsteps coming toward me.

"Hi, sport," he whispered. "Everything OK?"

"All ready for you," I whispered back.

He moved on. I heard his slippers padding softly over the grass as he went toward my house. I went toward his.

I opened Jerry's front door. It was



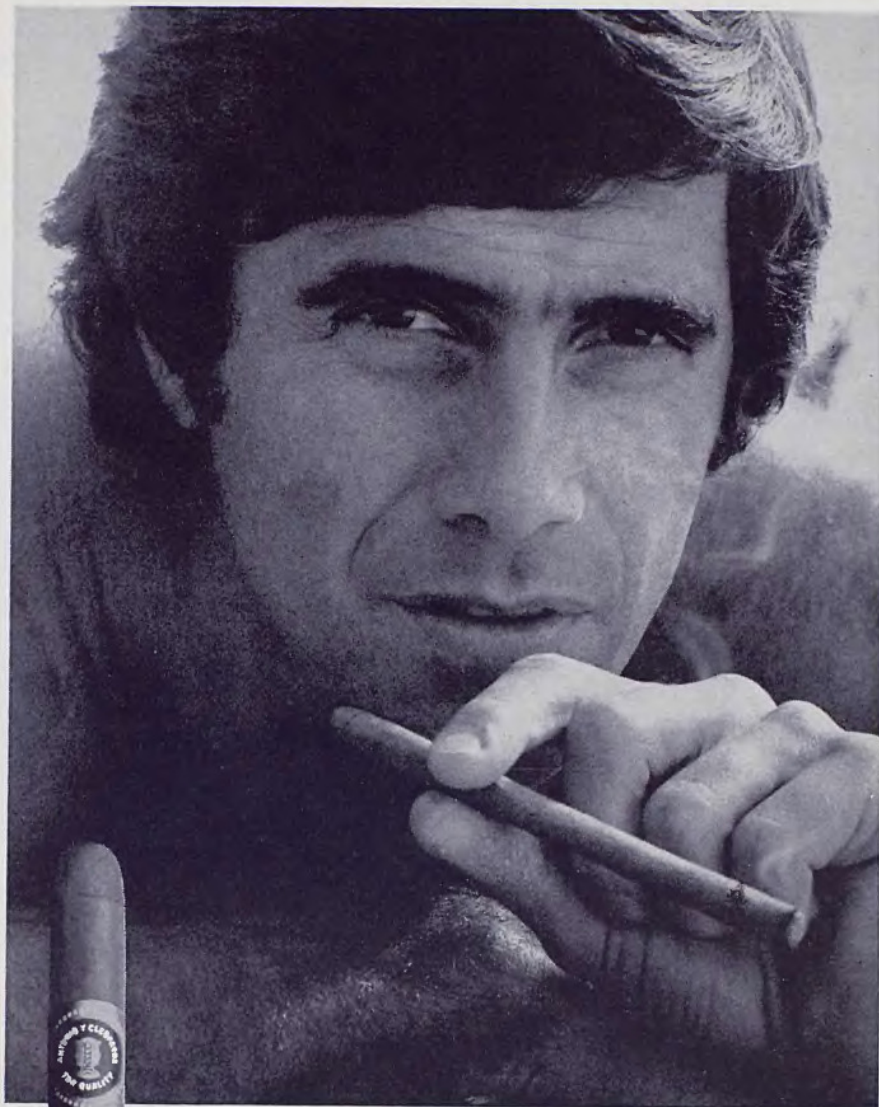
even darker inside than out. I closed the door carefully. I took off my raincoat and hung it on the doorknob. I removed my slippers and placed them against the wall by the door. I literally could not see my hands before my face. Everything had to be done by touch.

My goodness, I was glad Jerry had made me practice blindfolded for so long. It wasn't my feet that guided me now but my fingers. The fingers of one hand or the other were never for a moment out of contact with something, a wall, the banisters, a piece of furniture, a window curtain. And I knew or thought I knew exactly where I was all the time. But it was an awesome, eerie feeling trespassing on tiptoe through someone else's house in the middle of the night. As I fingered my way up the stairs, I found myself thinking of the burglars who had broken into our front room last winter and stolen the television set. When the police came next morning, I pointed out to them an enormous turd lying in the snow outside the garage. "They nearly always do that," one of the cops told me. "They can't help it. They're scared."

I reached the top of the stairs. I crossed the landing with my right finger tips touching the wall all the time. I started down the corridor but paused when my hand found the door of the first children's room. The door was slightly open. I listened. I could hear young Robert Rainbow, aged eight, breathing evenly inside. I moved on. I found the door to the second children's bedroom. This one belonged to Billy, aged six, and Amanda, three. I stood, listening. All was well.

The main bedroom was at the end of the corridor, about four yards on. I reached the door. Jerry had left it open, as planned. I went in. I stood absolutely still just inside the door, listening for any sign that Samantha might be awake. All was quiet. I felt my way around the wall until I reached Samantha's side of the bed. Immediately, I knelt on the floor and found the plug connecting her bedside lamp. I drew it from its socket and laid it on the carpet. Good. Much safer now. I stood up. I couldn't see Samantha, and at first I couldn't hear anything, either. I bent low over the bed. Ah, yes, I could hear her breathing. Suddenly I caught a whiff of the heavy, musky perfume she had been using that evening, and I felt the blood rushing to my groin. Quickly I tiptoed around the big bed, keeping two fingers in gentle contact with the edge of the bed the whole way.

All I had to do now was get in. I did so, but as I put my weight upon the mattress, the creaking of the springs underneath sounded as though someone were firing a rifle in the room. I lay motionless, holding my breath. I could hear my heart thumping away like an engine in my



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throat. Samantha was facing away from me. She didn't move. I pulled the covers up over my chest and turned toward her. A female glow came out of her to me. Here we go, then! *Now!*

I slid a hand over and touched her body. Her nightdress was warm and silky. I rested the hand gently on her hip. Still she didn't move. I waited a minute or so, then I allowed the hand that lay upon the hip to steal onward and go exploring. Slowly, deliberately and very accurately, my fingers began the process of setting her on fire.

She stirred. She turned onto her back. Then she murmured sleepily, "Oh, dear. . . . Oh, my goodness me. . . . Good heavens, darling!"

I, of course, said nothing. I just kept on with the job.

A couple of minutes went by.

She was lying quite still.

Another minute passed. Then another. She didn't move a muscle.

I began to wonder how much longer it would be before she caught alight.

I persevered.

But why the silence? Why this absolute and total immobility, this frozen posture?

Suddenly it came to me. I had forgotten completely about Jerry! I was so hotted up, I had forgotten all about his own personal routine! I was doing it my way, not his! His way was far more complex than mine. It was ridiculously elaborate. It

was quite unnecessary. But it was what she was used to. And now she was noticing the difference and trying to figure out what on earth was going on.

*But it was too late to change direction now. I must keep going.*

I kept going. The woman beside me was like a coiled spring lying there. I could feel the tension under her skin. I began to sweat.

Suddenly, she uttered a queer little groan.

More ghastly thoughts rushed through my mind. Could she be ill? Was she having a heart attack? Ought I to get the hell out quick?

She groaned again, louder this time. Then all at once, she cried out, "Yes-yes-yes-yes-yes!" and like a bomb whose slow fuse has finally reached the dynamite, she exploded into life. She grabbed me in her arms and went for me with such incredible ferocity, I felt I was being set upon by a tiger.

—Or should I say a tigress?

I never dreamed a woman could do the things Samantha did to me then. She was a whirlwind, a dazzling frenzied whirlwind that tore me up by the roots and spun me around and carried me high into the heavens, to places I did not know existed.

I myself did not contribute. How could I? I was helpless. I was the palm tree spinning in the heavens, the lamb in the

claws of the tiger. It was as much as I could do to keep breathing.

Thrilling it was, all the same, to surrender to the hands of a violent woman, and for the next 10, 20, 30 minutes—how would I know?—the storm raged on. But I have no intention here of regaling the reader with bizarre details. I do not approve of washing juicy linen in public. I am sorry, but there it is. I only hope that my reticence will not create too strong a sense of anticlimax. Certainly, there was nothing anti about my own climax. I felt my passion drawn from me as if a long live thread of electric fire were being drawn from my body, and in the final searing paroxysm I gave a shout that should have awakened the entire neighborhood. Then I collapsed. I crumpled up like a drained wineskin.

Samantha, as though she had done no more than drink a glass of water, simply turned away from me and went right back to sleep.

*Phew!*

I lay still, recuperating slowly.

I had been right, you see, about that little thing on her lower lip, had I not?

Come to think of it, I had been right about more or less everything that had to do with this incredible escapade. What a triumph! I felt wonderfully relaxed and well spent.

I wondered what time it was. My watch was not a luminous one. I'd better go. I crept out of bed. I felt my way, a trifle less cautiously this time, around the bed, out of the bedroom, along the corridor, down the stairs and into the hall of the house. I found my raincoat and my slippers. I put them on. I had a lighter in the pocket of my raincoat. I used it and read the time. It was eight minutes before two. Later than I thought. I opened the front door and stepped out into the black night.

My thoughts now began to concentrate upon Jerry. Was he all right? Had he gotten away with it? I moved through the darkness toward the gap in the hedge.

"Hi, sport," a voice whispered beside me.

"Jerry!"

"Everything OK?" Jerry asked.

"Fantastic," I said. "Amazing. What about you?"

"Same with me," he said. I caught the flash of his white teeth grinning at me in the dark. "We made it, Vic!" he whispered, touching my arm. "You were right! It worked! It was sensational!"

"See you tomorrow," I whispered. "Go home."

We moved apart. I went through the hedge and entered my house. Three minutes later, I was safely back in my own bed and my own wife was sleeping soundly alongside me.

The next morning was Sunday. I was up at 8:30 and went downstairs in pajamas and dressing gown, as I always do



*"Why don't you think of new material? 'I came, I saw, I conquered!' is the same nasty joke you used with your friends right after you met me!"*





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(over)



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1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye  
¾ oz. sweet vermouth  
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)  
*Stir with cracked ice; strain into glass.  
Add a cherry. Now learn the experts' secret . . . use the recipe at right. You'll see how a simple switch in basic liquor improves this famous drink tremendously.*



**improved MANHATTAN**

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort  
¾ oz. dry vermouth  
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)  
*Mix it like the ordinary recipe. Then sip it. The improvement is remarkable. The delicious flavor of Southern Comfort makes it taste much better.*  
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on a Sunday, to make breakfast for the family. I had left Mary sleeping. The two boys, Victor, aged nine, and Wally, seven, were already down.

"Hi, Daddy," Wally said.

"I've got a great new breakfast," I announced.

"What?" both boys said together. They had been into town and fetched the Sunday paper and were now reading the comics.

"We make some buttered toast and we spread orange marmalade on it," I said. "Then we put strips of crisp bacon on top of the marmalade."

"Bacon!" Victor said. "With orange marmalade!"

"I know. But you wait till you try it. It's wonderful."

I poured the grapefruit juice and drank two glasses of it myself. I set another on the table for Mary when she came down. I switched on the electric kettle, put bread in the toaster and started to fry the bacon. At this point, Mary came into the kitchen. She had a flimsy peach-colored chiffon thing over her nightdress.

"Good morning," I said, watching her over my shoulder as I manipulated the frying pan.

She did not answer. She went to her chair at the kitchen table and sat down. She started to sip her juice. She looked neither at me nor at the boys. I went on frying the bacon.

"Hi, Mummy," Wally said.

She didn't answer this either.

The smell of the bacon fat was beginning to turn my stomach.

"I'd like some coffee," Mary said, not looking around. Her voice was very odd.

"Coming right up," I said. I pushed the frying pan away from the heat and quickly made a cup of black instant coffee. I placed it before her.

"Boys," she said, addressing the children, "would you please do your reading in the other room till breakfast is ready?"

"Us?" Victor said. "Why?"

"Because I say so."

"Are we doing something wrong?" Wally asked.

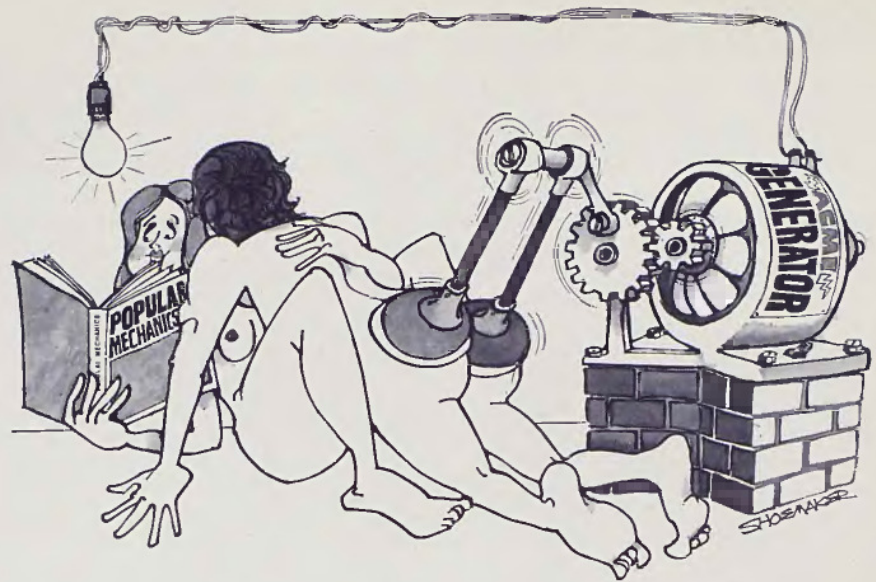
"No, honey, you're not. I just want to be left alone for a moment with Daddy."

I felt myself shrink inside my skin. I wanted to run. I wanted to rush out the front door and go running down the street and hide.

"Get yourself a coffee, Vic," she said, "and sit down." Her voice was quite flat. There was no anger in it. There was just nothing. And she still wouldn't look at me. The boys went out, taking the comics section with them.

"Shut the door," Mary said to them.

I put a spoonful of powdered coffee into my cup and poured boiling water over it. I added milk and sugar. The silence was shattering. I crossed over and



sat down in my chair opposite her. It might just as well have been an electric chair, the way I was feeling.

"Listen, Vic," she said, looking into her coffee cup. "I want to get this said before I lose my nerve and then I won't be able to say it."

"For heaven's sake, what's all the drama about?" I asked. "Has something happened?"

"Yes, Vic, it has."

"What?"

Her face was pale and still and distant, unconscious of the kitchen around her.

"Come on, then, out with it," I said bravely.

"You're not going to like this very much," she said, and her big blue haunted-looking eyes rested a moment on my face, then traveled away.

"What am I not going to like very much?" I said. The sheer terror of it all was beginning to stir my bowels. I felt the same as those burglars the cops had told me about.

"You know I hate talking about love-making and all that sort of thing," she said. "I've never once talked to you about it all the time we've been married."

"That's true," I said.

She took a sip of her coffee, but she wasn't tasting it. "The point is this," she said. "I've never liked it. If you really want to know, I've hated it."

"Hated what?" I asked.

"Sex," she said. "Doing it."

"Good Lord!" I said.

"It's never given me even the slightest little bit of pleasure."

This was shattering enough in itself, but the real cruncher was still to come, I felt sure of that.

"I'm sorry if that surprises you," she added.

I couldn't think of anything to say, so I kept quiet.

Her eyes rose again from the coffee

cup and looked into mine, watchful, as if calculating something, then fell again. "I wasn't ever going to tell you," she said. "And I never would have if it hadn't been for last night."

I said very slowly, "What about last night?"

"Last night," she said, "I suddenly found out what the whole crazy thing is all about."

"You did?"

She looked full at me now and her face was open as a flower. "Yes," she said. "I surely did."

I didn't move.

"Oh, darling!" she cried, jumping up and rushing over and giving me an enormous kiss. "Thank you so much for last night! You were marvelous! And I was marvelous! We were both marvelous! Don't look so embarrassed, my darling! You ought to be proud of yourself! You were fantastic! I love you! I do! I do!"

I just sat there.

She leaned close to me and put an arm around my shoulders. "And now," she said softly, "now that you have . . . I don't quite know how to say this . . . now that you have sort of discovered what it is that I need, everything is going to be so marvelous from now on!"

I still sat there. She went slowly back to her chair. A big tear was running down one of her cheeks. I couldn't think why.

"I was right to tell you, wasn't I?" she said, smiling through her tears.

"Yes," I said. "Oh, yes." I stood up and went over to the cooker so that I wouldn't be facing her. Through the kitchen window, I caught sight of Jerry crossing his garden with the Sunday paper under his arm. There was a lilt in his walk, a little prance of triumph in each pace he took, and when he reached the steps of his front porch, he ran up them two at a time.



## LIGHT ON THE SYNDICATE

*(continued from page 142)*

another charity-conscious industrialist named Joe Adonis), Costello was selling tickets all over town, and most of his friends wore tuxedos to the \$100-a-plate black-tie affair. Those friends included Hugo Rogers, Manhattan Borough president and leader of Tammany Hall; state-supreme-court justices Morris Eder, Samuel Di Falco, Anthony Di Giovanni, Thomas Aurelio; and many more from the worlds of politics and business. When Costello invited friends up to his Central Park West apartment or out to his summer place at Sands Point on Long Island for a quiet drink and some small talk, the guest list might include Rogers and other Tammany leaders, New York's deputy fire commissioner James Moran, even Mayor William O'Dwyer himself.

But then, who in New York had cultivated the power elite and had amassed power himself as had Costello? All of Tammany's leaders—from Christy Sullivan to Michael Kennedy, from Rogers to Carmine DeSapio to Frank Rosetti to Bert Stand—were beholden to him for favors done, for funds raised, for votes delivered. When there were appointments or nominations to be made, they turned to Costello for advice and approval, and for thanks.

"Good morning, Francesco," said Aurelio over the phone on the morning of August 23, 1943, only minutes after he had received the news that he would be the Democratic nominee for state-supreme-court justice. "How are you, and thanks for everything."

"Congratulations," Costello replied. "It went over perfect. When I tell you something is in the bag, you can rest assured."

"It was perfect," Aurelio said. "It was fine."

"Well, we will all have to get together and have dinner some night real soon."

"That would be fine," Aurelio said. "But right now I want to assure you of my loyalty for all you have done. It is unwavering."

Unfortunately, somebody was listening in. Manhattan district attorney Frank Hogan had obtained a court-ordered wire tap on Costello's phone. When the transcript of that conversation was made public, the outcry resulted in disbarment proceedings against Aurelio. They failed; he remained on the ballot and went on to win election to the state supreme court in November and, thereafter, publicly demonstrated his continuing devotion to Costello by showing up at the racketeer's favorite charity dinners every year.

The power of Costello, Profaci, Lucchese, Lansky, Zwillman, Adonis and others at the top of the American underworld—so long the object of only frustrated shrugs from those municipal officials who professed any concern at

all—had, however, begun to fascinate the junior Senator from Tennessee, Estes Kefauver. Early in 1950, the nation's capital was the scene of two gatherings held almost simultaneously, the American Conference of Mayors and the United States Attorneys Conference. Kefauver was invited to speak at both meetings, but mainly he listened. At the mayors' meeting, he heard De Lesseps Morrison of New Orleans, Fletcher Bowron of Los Angeles and others express the despairing opinion that organized crime had become so pernicious in America's major cities that it was out of control and local authorities were powerless to do anything about it. But at the U. S. Attorneys Conference, Kefauver heard another story: that there was no serious organized-crime problem in the nation, that, indeed, there was no national organization, only a disparate collection of hoodlums who should present no problem to aggressive municipal authorities.

These conflicting views disturbed the Senator. Somebody had to be right and somebody wrong, and Kefauver happened to be in a position to find out who was which. He sponsored a resolution to create a Special Senate Committee to Investigate Organized Crime in Interstate Commerce, and when that committee was organized in May 1950, Kefauver was named chairman. The five-man panel also included Democrats Herbert R. O'Connor of Maryland and Lester C. Hunt of Wyoming, and Republicans Charles W. Tobey of New Hampshire and Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin. It was a strange group to investigate organized crime. Not a single one of the Senators was from a major city or even from an essentially urban state, the places where the underworld operated most actively and with almost complete impunity. To cynics in Washington at the time, the composition of the Kefauver committee seemed a sure indication that its inquiry would be just another of those periodic and cursory Congressional probes, filled with a lot of bombast and very little substance.

Kefauver, however, intended otherwise. Despite his own proclivities for drinking and wenching, the lanky, drawling Tennessean saw himself as a staunch guardian of moral standards, especially when it came to those in the public realm. Behind an ingenuous manner he had an inquiring mind—some called him a Rhodes scholar in a coonskin cap—and he was resolute in his aim to expose the influence of the underworld on American life, both for his own edification and in the public interest (though he soon perceived that his committee also was the perfect vehicle in which to ride to higher office if he so desired, which he did).

But for Kefauver to succeed, he would have to break some new ground. He did not have—as, a decade later, the

McClellan committee would have, in the person of Joe Valachi—a prime witness, an informer from the inside who would bare his breast and recite all the dreadful secrets of the Syndicate. But Kefauver had other things going for him: mainly, a staff that was determined to gather all the facts it could and to expose those who had concealed themselves for years behind a façade of respectability. Even had Kefauver so desired, there was no holding back such aggressive and ambitious lawyers and investigators as chief counsel Rudolph Halley or associate counsel Joseph Nellis. And President Harry Truman offered his help: he made the hitherto confidential income-tax returns of the racketeers available to the committee, a gift that opened a thousand avenues of search.

Perhaps even more important, though, was television. TV was just then reaching American homes in significant numbers, and the decision was made early to permit the cameras to focus on the hearings. The result was the most enthralling daily serial of the times, captivating and fascinating viewers as nothing out of Washington had ever done before and as only the Army-McCarthy and the Watergate hearings have done since.

In the 16 months of its existence, from May 1, 1950, to September 1, 1951, the committee heard more than 600 witnesses, from minor hoodlums to major racketeers to officials on every level of government. It took testimony in 14 cities—Washington, Tampa, Miami, New York, Cleveland, St. Louis, Kansas City, New Orleans, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, Las Vegas, Los Angeles and San Francisco—and it put on public display the enduring link among crime, politics and business.

Wherever the committee went, the television cameras followed, and the Senators luxuriated in the glare of the hot lights and in the public adulation. They became instant stars, at least some of them. The unemotional and judicious manner of Kefauver brought him such an outpouring of acclaim that he nearly captured the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1952 despite the near-unanimous opposition of all the party bosses, from Truman on down, and he did succeed in winning the party's Vice-Presidential nomination four years later. His cool and judicious manner, so ideal in a committee chairman, was, however, disastrous in a political candidate; Kefauver was, perhaps, the dullest orator on the public platform in modern times.

The aging Senator Tobey, who wore a green eyeshade and a look of moral outrage at the stories he heard—such things just didn't happen in New Hampshire—became something of a national pet. His office was flooded with letters and telegrams from thousands of admiring Americans who agreed with his every sentiment, who applauded his characterization of



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the racketeers appearing before the committee as rats and vermin and who, as seemingly disregarding of the Constitution as Tobey, agreed with his feelings toward lawyers who represented gangsters: He asked Moses Polakoff, Lansky's attorney, "How did you become counsel for such a dirty rat as that? Aren't there some ethics in the legal profession?"

"Minorities and undesirables and persons with bad reputations are more entitled to the protection of the law than are the so-called honorable people," Polakoff replied in anger. "I don't have to apologize to you."

"I look upon you in amazement," Tobey said.

Then there was Rudy Halley. His pointed questions, delivered acidly in a high, lisping, nasal voice, seemed to entrance the witnesses, who appeared uncertain whether to be frightened, angered or amused. But baiting the underworld elite did not hurt Halley's ambitions. Though he failed in one try to become New York City mayor, he did win an election later as president of its city council, the city's second-highest office.

The witness side of the committee table had its bit players and stars, too, though the roles were anything but relished by those who were forced to play them. Indeed, many in the cast did their best to avoid making any entrance at all. When Joe Nellis arrived in Cleveland one day to pave the way for the committee's appearance and to hand out a fistful of subpoenas, the city's criminal hierarchy simply vanished. Moe Dalitz, Morris Kleinman, Louis Rothkopf, Sam Tucker, Samuel "Gameboy" Miller, John and George Angersola and others decided that Nellis' visit somehow coincided with their need to take vacations. Later, after warrants for their arrest had been issued, most wandered in and innocently explained that they had been unaware anyone wanted to talk to them. Then they sat in stony silence, or pleaded the Fifth Amendment's guarantee against self-incrimination, or voiced complete ignorance of all the committee wanted to talk about.

The same thing happened in Chicago. The usually omnipresent Charles and Rocco Fischetti, Murray "The Camel" Humphreys and Jake "Greasy Thumb" Guzik were nowhere to be found. Later, rather than go to jail, they, too, put on the masks of wronged innocents and sat at the witness table and denied everything or, as Guzik did, refused to answer because any replies might tend to "discriminate against me." Only Charley Fischetti avoided the questioning; before he could appear, he had a fatal heart attack.

Then there were some who, surprisingly, were never called, even though they were on the committee's list of potentially important witnesses and their

names kept coming up in the questioning of their friends and associates. Tommy Lucchese, for one, was ignored, and nobody later could figure out why. When Vito Genovese learned that he might be forced to sit under those bright lights, he took himself off for a long vacation in the Caribbean sun until the hearings ended; nobody ever went looking for him. But Nellis did talk to Genovese's estranged wife, Anna, who told him she hadn't seen the gang boss since Christmas, when he had arrived at her home with a present and said that he would be out of touch for a while. During his absence, he told her to use whatever money she needed from the "steel box in a safe in our house. I have a key. There's a pile of money in it and a bunch of papers. . . . It comes from his gambling and the rackets and the bums he runs around with." Then Anna told Nellis, "I know what he's doing, too, running them numbers and morphine and whatnot." It was a tantalizing bit, but as far as the committee knew, Genovese was then only a second-level hoodlum, and it went after bigger fish.

Even without Genovese, Lucchese and, until they turned up, the rulers of Cleveland, Chicago and other cities, the committee had plenty of big names and big scandals with which to make headlines and shock the public. At one time or another, the television cameras were focused on Costello, Adonis, Lansky, Zwillman, Willie Moretti, Albert Anastasia, Carlos Marcello, Santo Trafficante, Frank Erickson, Paul "The Waiter" Ricca, Tony Accardo, Phil Kastel, Mickey Cohen and many others. Not that most of them had anything to say. Flanked by their high-priced lawyers, they volunteered nothing, professed innocence, answered few questions and, for the most part, painfully recited from rote or from written cards their refusal to answer on grounds of possible self-incrimination.

Their appearance, though, was all the committee really wanted. It had no illusions that it would obtain any useful colloquy from the Syndicate's chieftains. They were merely the vehicle for Halley, Nellis and the Senators to put what had been uncovered on the record, usually with a long recitation of facts prefaced or concluded with "Isn't that so?" There seemed no other way to detail the corrupting influence of organized crime on American society.

It mattered little that Zwillman, when he finally came out of hiding to testify, constantly invoked the Fifth Amendment or answered a few questions with disarming innocence and ignorance. The questions themselves told the public that he, along with Joseph Reinfeld, had been among the founders of Brown-Vintners after Prohibition, owning 50 percent of the liquor-importing firm, and that Zwillman had made a fortune when

it was sold in 1940 to Seagrams for \$7,500,000; that he was associated, as well, with Reinfeld Importers, Ltd., exclusive distributor and importer of Gordon's Gin, Haig & Haig Scotch and Piper Heidsieck champagne; that he owned many legitimate companies in such businesses as cigarette-vending and laundry machines; that he had a General Motors truck franchise that could secure contracts with New Jersey municipalities even though his bids were consistently higher than competitors'. Even more disturbing to the uncommunicative Zwillman, though, were the revelations about his political power in New Jersey, from his close friendships with the bosses of Jersey City and Newark to his influence on state politics. During the 1946 gubernatorial campaign, for instance, the Republican governor, Harold G. Hoffman, personally solicited Zwillman's support, and in 1949, Zwillman offered \$300,000 to the Democratic candidate Elmer Wene if Wene would let him name the state's attorney general (the offer was declined).

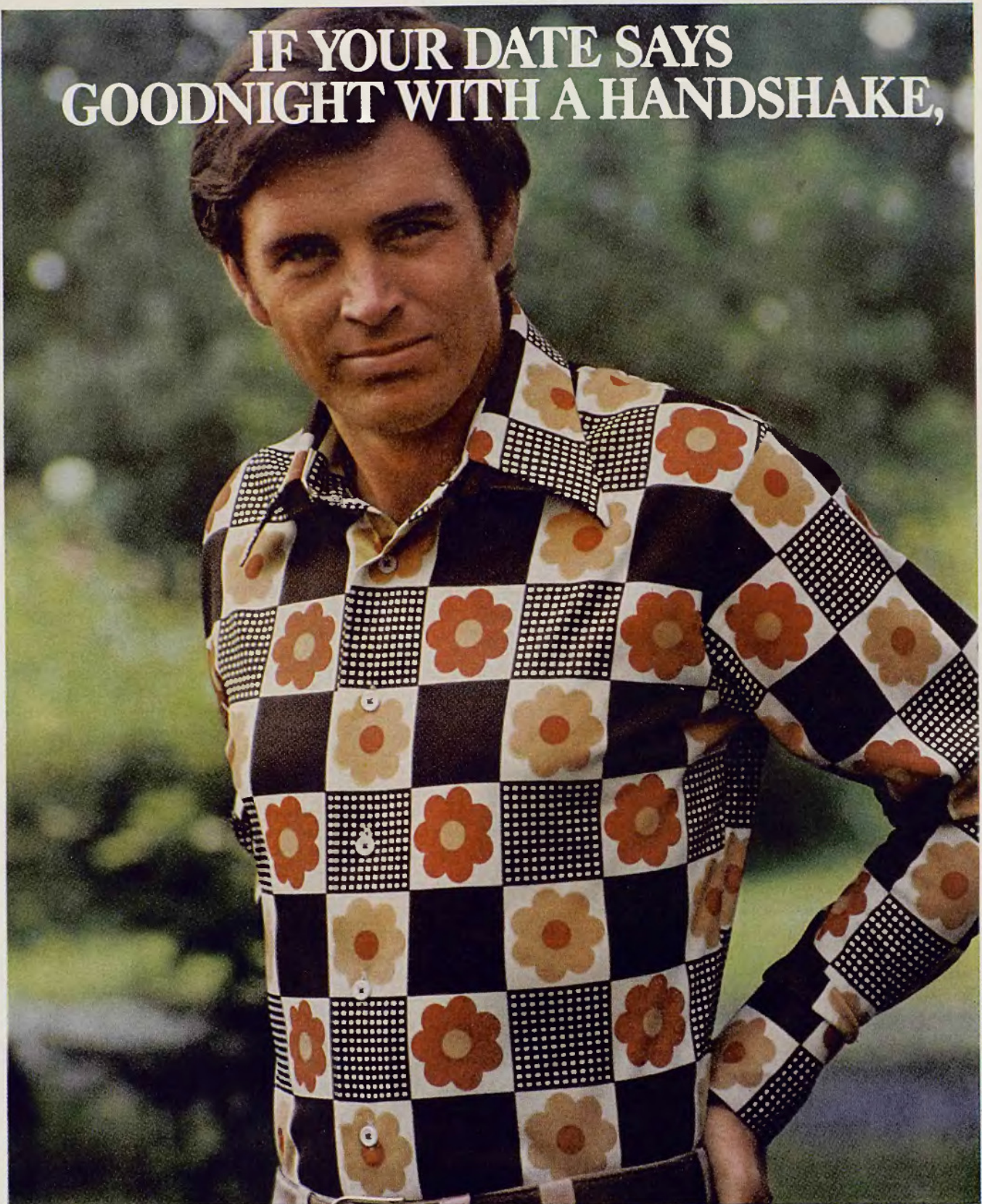
Like so many others, Zwillman had initially evaded service of the committee's subpoenas and his friends in the underworld were confident that when he did appear, Longy would maintain silence. Not so with Zwillman's longtime partner and a major Syndicate leader, Willie Moretti. By 1950, Moretti was suffering from advanced paresis, a souvenir of his youthful gambols that left him with syphilis, which he never had treated. There were increasing periods when his mind wandered, when he was overly garrulous and indiscreet. Among his friends there was a growing fear that should he sit before the Kefauver committee, he might, in his ramblings, say things better left unsaid. Every effort was made to keep Moretti and the committee from ever coming together; he was sick and under doctor's care; he was on vacation; he was unavailable because of business emergencies. Such tactics did not keep the committee from pressing and eventually Moretti had no choice but to show up.

Moretti turned out to be a garrulous witness indeed—hard to turn off. But while his words flowed freely, there was little substance to them. Certainly he knew almost every leading racketeer in the nation. But he didn't know them as racketeers. They were "well-charactered men" and he had run into them at the race tracks. It was, after all, only natural that men of substance should gravitate together. He himself was a successful businessman, proprietor of several going concerns, including U. S. Linen Supply in New Jersey. Rackets? "Everything is a racket today . . . everybody has a racket of their own." Mobs? "People are mobs that make six percent more on the dollar than anybody else does." Political influence? "I never made no contributions—only my voice."

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traveling circus began slowly, in medium-sized and large cities around the nation, and built to a climax in New York, with appetites whetted for really big disclosures. But what had emerged from the hearings in the hinterlands was no less important, or, to many, less shocking.

In Ohio, for instance, the Syndicate, led by Dalitz and his friends, seemed impervious to periodic cleanups. When their control over Cleveland was threatened in the early Forties by a reform combination of Public Safety Director Eliot Ness, prosecutor F. T. Cullitan and judge Frank Lausche, Dalitz and his partners simply moved their gambling operations across the city lines out into the counties. When Lausche moved into the Statehouse as governor and attempted to crack down on the gangsters all over Ohio, they jumped across the state line into northern Kentucky. "In the Ohio-Kentucky communities in which wide-open gambling has been carried on by the Syndicate and local hoodlums," the committee found, "officials are strangely afflicted with the inability to see the obvious, a disease which seems to strike law-enforcement officials in wide-open communities everywhere. The police chief of Newport, Kentucky, was probably the only adult in the city who did not know that there were wide-open gambling houses in his community. . . . The casinos were so unconcerned with the possibility of interference with their operations that they advertised openly in the Cincinnati papers." When the Kefauver committee arrived, the casinos temporarily shuttered. But the Beverly Hills Club, for one, also passed out fliers announcing that it would reopen for business as usual the day after the committee was expected to pass into history.

What intrigued the Senators in Miami was the success of the S. & G. Syndicate: It had nearly a monopoly on bookmaking in that resort area, maintained bookie concessions at 200 hotels and grossed an estimated \$30,000,000 to \$40,000,000 a year, with a net profit of between \$4,000,000 and \$8,000,000. Once, S. & G. had been an independent concern, owned by five Miami-area bookies. In 1949, it suddenly acquired a sixth partner, Harry Russell, a longtime member of the Capone organization in Chicago. For his full partnership in the multimillion-dollar gambling empire, Russell paid \$20,000—and, as chance would have it, within a couple of months, S. & G. bought a yacht from Accardo, head of the Capone Mob, for \$20,000.

But then, the original five partners were in no position to quibble over such things, for just prior to Russell's appearance, S. & G. was having considerable

trouble. When Fuller Warren took office as governor of Florida in January 1949, one of his first acts was to appoint W. O. Crosby as a special investigator. It happened that one of Crosby's closest friends was William H. Johnston, who owned race tracks in Chicago and Florida, was an old associate of the Chicago Mob and who had contributed \$100,000 to Warren's election campaign. As special investigator, Crosby dropped in on Dade County sheriff James A. Sullivan and asked for his cooperation in cleaning up the gambling in the Miami area. By that, he meant the gambling controlled by S. & G. Suddenly S. & G. suffered a series of raids on its bookies and, at the same time, was cut off from the Chicago Mob's Continental Press Service racing wire, without which it could not operate. Two weeks later, Russell bought his partnership in S. & G., the Syndicate bought Accardo's yacht, the raids stopped and the wire service was turned on again.

S. & G. boomed as never before and the underworld began to broaden its influence in the Miami area, moving in on resort hotels and other enterprises. Since wide-open gambling was obviously the key to the underworld's encroachments, a number of reform groups appealed to Sheriff Sullivan and to Sheriff Walter Clark of adjacent Broward County (which harbored Lansky and plush casinos like the Colonial Inn and the Greenacres Club) to do something. Both merely shrugged and explained how difficult that would be.

Indeed, it would have been difficult for them. As the Kefauver committee noted, "Sheriff Sullivan's assets increased during his five-year term from \$2500, which was his net worth as given in a bank loan, to well over \$70,000. . . . His deputy, whose purchase of a new Cadillac in 1949 caused Sullivan a certain amount of uneasiness, retired after four years to a farm for which he paid \$26,000, although his salary was never more than \$4200 a year. Both Sullivan and his deputy distrusted banks and testified to keeping large amounts of cash in their homes in a tin box, an old fishing box or in a blanket. . . . Sheriff Clark of Broward County made a very large fortune by participating in the profits of gambling ventures and as a partner in the Broward Novelty Company, which operated an illegal *bolita* and slot-machine business. The gross income of this company from 1945 to 1947 was more than \$1,000,000."

Did such revelations accomplish anything? Sheriff Sullivan was investigated by a Miami grand jury and was suspended from duty. Governor Warren promptly reinstated him, though Sullivan resigned soon after. As for Warren himself, he flatly refused to testify before

the committee, citing separation of powers and State rights.

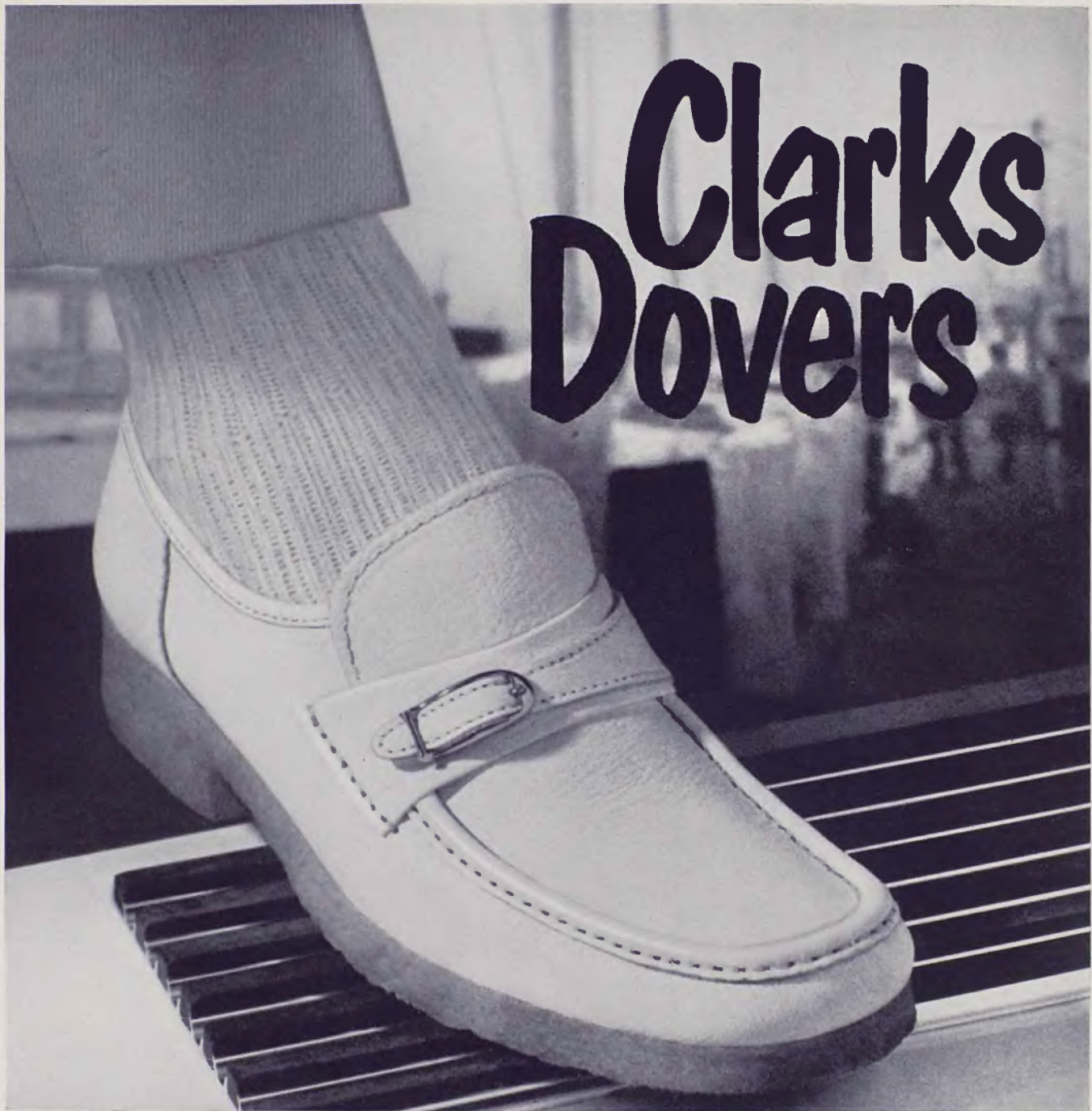
But there was nothing unique about the Miami story. It was repeated with variations in almost every city the Senators visited. In Missouri, the committee learned about Charles Binaggio, Kansas City's gambling boss, and his Mafia friends Tony Gizzo (who owned the franchise to distribute Canadian Acc Beer) and Joe and Vince di Giovanni (who ran the city's liquor-dealers association and held exclusive franchises to distribute Schenley's, Seagrams and several other brands of liquor). They wanted Kansas City wide open and believed the best way to open it was to back the gubernatorial aspirations of Democrat Forrest Smith. When he won, Smith was unwilling to go as far as his underworld supporters hoped, and some of them blamed Binaggio. In April 1950, Binaggio was murdered along with another Syndicate strong man, Charles Gargotta—just two of 16 unsolved gangland murders in Kansas City during the period.

In Chicago, it was as if nothing had changed since the days of Scarface Al Capone and Frank "The Enforcer" Nitti, though now the Mob was run with a little bit more sophistication by Accardo, the Fischettis, Guzik, Ricca, Humphreys and an up-and-coming hoodlum named Sam "Mooney" Giancana. It was in Chicago that the national racing wire was centered, and it was there that almost all the nation's slot machines and other coin-operated devices were made. Policy and every other form of gambling flourished as though legal; only one policy operator had gone to jail in years, while a couple of others had been slapped on the wrist with \$25 fines.

As elsewhere, the Mob in Chicago had it easy because it owned the police and the officeholders. "Certain members of the state legislature," the Kefauver committee concluded, "particularly those living in districts most heavily infested by racketeers, vote against legislation designed to curb gangster activities . . . and associate freely with their gangster constituents." Police captain Dan Gilbert, chief investigator for the state's attorney's office in Cook County and also known as the world's richest cop, gave the committee his and, he implied, other policemen's views of the situation. Gilbert testified that he himself placed illegal bets with a well-known Chicago betting commissioner, explaining, "I have been a gambler at heart." He agreed that raids could be initiated by his office on bookies in the city, but admitted that this had not been done since 1939.

Tampa was ruled by Trafficante, who didn't like the police nosing around in





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his business—which included gambling, narcotics and other rackets. The city's history included dozens of gangland murders and bombings, but no one would have known it from the police files, which had a way of mysteriously disappearing. And when it came to gambling, no one ever got convicted. Perhaps Sheriff Hugh L. Culbreath was too busy elsewhere, for his net worth grew from \$30,000 to more than \$100,000 during his term in office.

In New Orleans and throughout Louisiana, the Senators kept stumbling across the names of Costello, Kastel and Marcello, the Tunisian-born (of Sicilian parents) ruler of the local Mafia. Together, they ran the slot machines that infested the state, the lavish casinos such as the Beverly Club in New Orleans, the pinballs, the wire service, everything—though Marcello, because his friends had certain compunctions, enjoyed a personal monopoly over narcotics. Of course, these men had a little help from their friends. One was Angelo Gemelli, a New Orleans cop assigned to check on pinball operators and arrest those who tried to pay him off. The committee learned that he also moonlighted as a member of the executive committee of the pinball association and received ten percent of everything he collected from members for dues, initiation fees and protection money.

But, if you looked at it from the viewpoint of the Louisiana officeholders, it was really quite simple. As Jefferson County sheriff "King" Clancy put it, he didn't enforce the gambling laws in his parish because more than 1000 people, most of them old and underprivileged, were employed by the casinos there. A close-down would have thrown them out of work and cost the parish and the state a lot of welfare money. Beauregard Miller, the town marshal of Gretna, didn't enforce the law because "Without gambling, the town would be dead." Of course, such altruism did have its rewards. Both Clancy and Miller turned out to be very rich, as was the New Orleans chief of detectives, who somehow managed to sock away \$150,000 in a safe-deposit box on a salary of \$186 a month.

In Detroit, more fascinating than political corruption itself were some of the convoluted dealings between big business and the underworld. Ford Motor Company, for example, had made some strange alliances. In the East, the exclusive contract to transport Fords from the Edgewater, New Jersey, assembly plant had been awarded to the Automotive Conveying Company of New Jersey. Who controlled that company? Joe Adonis. And the contract to haul cars from the Detroit-area plants had been awarded to

the E. & L. Transport Company. Who was the majority stockholder of E. & L.? Anthony D'Anna, longtime partner of Detroit's Mafia boss, Joe Massei. But then, D'Anna had been a good friend to Ford for years: in fact, since 1931, and a particularly good friend of Henry Ford's alter ego and chief of staff, Harry Bennett. The two had met when Bennett called D'Anna to his office, the Kefauver committee said (but could not prove). "to instruct him not to murder Joseph Tocco, who had a food concession at a Ford plant. . . . Bennett entered into an agreement that D'Anna would refrain from murdering Tocco for five years in return for the Ford agency at Wyandotte. As a matter of record, Tocco was not murdered until seven years after this meeting. Also as a matter of record, D'Anna did become a 50 percent owner in the Ford agency at Wyandotte within a matter of weeks after the meeting." Subsequently, D'Anna bought into E. & L., which then got the Ford hauling contract. After Bennett left Ford's employ, even to the time of Kefauver's arrival, D'Anna retained that contract, just as Adonis retained his in the East.

Then there was Saratoga, the watering hole of New York society. For more than a quarter of a century, the spa had been as wide open during its racing season as any town in the country, filled with everything from back-room bust-out joints to lavish casinos catering to the high rollers who had not lost enough during a day at the track. Among the most famous: the Chicago Club, Delmonico's, Smith's Interlochen, Piping Rock, Arrowhead and Newman's Lake House. Among the proprietors: Adonis, Lansky, Costello, Luciano and Lefty Clark from Detroit. Though just up the road from Albany, where the most famous of racket busters, Thomas E. Dewey, occupied the governor's mansion, nobody had ever bothered the resort's gambling complex before Kefauver. Walter A'Hearn, a Saratoga detective, told the Senators that during his 19 years on the police force, he had never made a gambling arrest and, while a frequent visitor to many of the clubs, had never ventured farther than the dining rooms. If he had, he said, he was certain he would have been out of a job. But A'Hearn did not completely close his eyes to what was going on. During the height of the season, he and his partner, with the knowledge of police chief Patrick F. Rox, were paid ten dollars a night to escort cash from the casinos to the bank.

If the local police had done nothing, why, then, had the state police failed to intervene? That question was put to the superintendent of the New York state police, John A. Gaffney. Well, Gaffney

explained, in 1947 he had authorized a survey of gambling in Saratoga and, after studying the results, had come to the conclusion, "This looks like a sizable operation." But, after all, "It's been going on for 25 years to my knowledge."

"In other words," Kefauver said to him, "you just knew you just weren't supposed to do anything about it."

That's right, Gaffney agreed, and then he added that when you get to be head of the state police, you're savvy enough to leave gambling in Saratoga strictly alone and say nothing about it to Governor Dewey. Otherwise, he said, he would have ended up "out on the sidewalk."

Dewey himself refused to testify before the committee, would do no more than file formal statements through his counsel, though he did say that if the committee gave him enough advance notice, he might grant the Senators a few minutes in his private office. So the committee never heard from the governor about his view of Saratoga or other matters, such as his decision to release Luciano from prison. But the exposure of the Saratoga situation did force Dewey to act. The gamblers were ordered not to open for business during the summer of 1950 and they stayed closed—for a time, at least.

But the big show for Kefauver was still to come. That took place in New York, and at last the real stars took their turn on the stage: Virginia Hill, the underworld's sweetheart; Costello, the underworld's prime minister; William O'Dwyer, former New York City mayor, Ambassador to Mexico and the underworld's good friend.

Virginia Hill was both the sex symbol and the comic relief among all the heavies. She had left Alabama at 17, a girl with long legs, big bust, constantly changing hair style and a wiggle that said she must have been good in the bedroom. That she was. In the 16 years between her arrival in Chicago in time for the 1934 World's Fair and her trip to the Kefauver committee room, she acquired and discarded husbands and lovers like they were haubles from a five-and-dime. First there was Joe Epstein, big-time bookie and tax expert for the Capone Mob, and after him there were the Fischetti brothers, Accardo, Humphreys, Nitti, Gizzo, Marcello, Adonis, even Costello, until she found her true love in Benny "Bugsy" Siegel. By the time of Kefauver, though, Siegel was dead and Virginia had gone on to become the bride of an Austrian ski instructor named Hans Hauser.

But Virginia was more than just a good bedfellow to the Mob. Those she had slept with had entrusted some of the Organization's most cherished secrets to





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her, and they had used her, too, to pass on a great deal of the Mob's cash. But before the Senators, in a flowing black dress and floppy hat, she played the dumb Southern belle. "I never knew anything about their business," she insisted to Halley. "They didn't tell me about their business. Why would they tell me? I don't care anything about business in the first place. I don't even understand it. . . . If they ever started to talk about anything, I left, because I didn't want to know." When Halley expressed some incredulity, Virginia shrugged, "Maybe it's impossible, but it's true."

As Virginia left the committee hearings, she was surrounded by reporters and photographers who badgered her all the way out of the building. Suddenly she turned and threw a right cross to the jaw of *New York Journal-American* reporter Marjorie Farnsworth and screamed at the rest of the press. "You goddamn bastards. I hope an atom bomb falls on all of you."

With that, Virginia disappeared. For some years, she wandered Europe with her husband, so wary of the surveillance of American tax men that she rarely touched the horde Siegel had entrusted to her care in numbered Swiss accounts. Several times she attempted suicide; and then, in March 1966, she swallowed a handful of sleeping pills, lay down in the snow near Salzburg and died.

For Costello, the summons to appear before the Kefauver committee as its star witness was a shattering blow. He had spent years attempting to build an image as a kind of elder statesman—of what kind, he never specified—and public benefactor. He had learned to dress well and conservatively, to speak softly, to use his power sparingly. He had even gone to a psychiatrist and sought to mix with a better class of people. In the councils of the underworld, his had been the voice of moderation and caution, and his advice almost invariably had led to success and increased power. Now he faced publicity and disaster.

The publicity was partly his own doing. Fearful of national exposure, Costello wanted nobody to hear his words, was even more determined that if forced to speak, at least nobody outside the committee room should see his face. Citing his right to privacy under the Constitution, Costello refused to appear before the committee if the television cameras were present, threatened to walk out and not return, regardless of the consequences, unless the committee complied with that demand. It did, but only to the point of agreeing that his face should not be on camera. The victory, then, was a pyrrhic one. His husky voice whispered into the microphones and across the nation while the cameras held tightly on his hands, which—nervously clenching

and unclenching, rapping, tapping, toying with cigarettes—hypnotized viewers and brought Costello all the publicity and notoriety he had fought so hard to avoid.

Costello was one of the most uncooperative witnesses to appear. He would not produce demanded papers; he stormed out of the room when the questioning grew increasingly tough (and was cited for contempt of Congress); he sought refuge in the Fifth Amendment; he hedged, delayed, changed stories, dissimulated. He insisted he was only an honest businessman, owner of some land and buildings on Wall Street and elsewhere in Manhattan; onetime partner (with Adonis) in the Copacabana; investor in oil wells; partner, with two other businessmen named Adonis and Lansky, in the Consolidated Television Company and in another firm that made infrared broilers. Perhaps in the old days he had been a gambler, a slot-machine operator, a bootlegger, but those days were long in the past.

The committee's investigators, however, had learned much about Costello. Under the pointed questioning of Halley, he was forced to admit to some other major sources of income and positions of power. "He admits as much as he thinks he has to and does not hesitate to change his story to suit the occasion," the committee said. Senator Tobey called some of his testimony "the tale of the flying saucers." And Costello himself said that maybe he was boasting when he told some political friends at his home that he had a financial interest in the Scotch he was serving them and denied any connection with Whitley Distributors, the English company that made King's Ransom and other brands of Scotch.

The Costello hands, though, were most active and nervous when Halley began to fire at him some of the data gathered by the staff—Costello's 20 percent interest in the Beverly Club in New Orleans (in partnership with Lansky, Kastel and Marcello), plus a \$1500 monthly salary for acting as talent scout and good-will ambassador; his 30 percent interest in Saratoga's Piping Rock Casino (with partners Lansky and Adonis); control of the Louisiana Mint Company, which ran the slot machines in that state, in partnership with Kastel; a \$15,000-a-year stipend from the Roosevelt Raceway on Long Island, a major New York trotting track, partly owned by Costello's lawyer-friend George Morton Levy, for services rendered in keeping bookies away (that payment was terminated when the IRS disallowed it as a track business expense). Though Costello insisted that he had been out of the bookmaking racket for years, the committee had reasons to believe otherwise. There was, for exam-

ple, his long and continuing friendship with George Uffner, a major New York bookie who listed a phone in his own name at Costello's home. And there were Costello's dealings with Frank Erickson, the East's leading bookmaker. Erickson had lent Costello money for business ventures, had given him investment advice on oil wells and had been Costello's weekly golf partner, along with Levy and a onetime IRS agent who had quit the Government job when his \$200 investment in Levy's Roosevelt Raceway began to return \$4000 a year in dividends.

Even more distressing to Costello was the detailing of his relationship with Tammany Hall. He was willing to admit that he knew most of the leaders well "and maybe they got a little confidence in me." But that was only natural, because he had lived in the city and in the same district for so many years. He had never voted, belonged to a political party nor made a political contribution, he said, and after the debacle over the nomination of Judge Aurelio in 1943, "With me, they sort of curb their conversation, because they know I am against it, I don't want to hear about it no more." It was only a coincidence that a lot of his friends were constantly getting elected to office or being appointed to high positions. He had nothing to do with that kind of thing. And he had no idea why Tammany boss Hugo Rogers would say, "If Costello wanted me, he would send for me." And as for former mayor O'Dwyer, he knew him just as he knew a lot of people—he liked him, thought he had been a good mayor, but that was all.

When Costello walked out of the hearing room for the last time, he knew full well he could never return to the clandestine councils of the underworld Syndicate and continue to guide organized crime in the paths of moderation. The future would be one of constant legal battle. He was cited for contempt and sentenced to 18 months in prison, his first term since before World War One. On top of that, he was indicted and convicted for income-tax evasion and received another term. By the time his appeals were heard and his sentences were served, much of the Fifties would pass, the Organization would turn in a different direction and he would lose his position of leadership.

Perhaps the most tragic figure to appear before Kefauver, though, was O'Dwyer. Once he had been a crime-busting district attorney and a liberal mayor. Now he was a discredited man with a shattered reputation. His administration had been riddled with scandals and corruption; he had abruptly resigned from office less than a year after winning reelection, hoping to find distant sanctuary as the American Ambassador to Mexico.



But the Kefauver committee exhumed his past. And so, perspiring heavily, mopping his red face continuously, he became a nervous, devious witness, trying to defend himself as best he could. His best was not very good and he left the hearing room a disgraced man.

The Senators dug deeply into O'Dwyer's political career, and what emerged was a portrait of an ambitious man who did more than merely cut a few corners on his way up. O'Dwyer boasted to the committee of his successful prosecution of Murder, Inc. Noted the committee: "Of the men whom O'Dwyer identified as the Big Six [Adonis, Lansky, Siegel, Luciano, Zwillman and Morretti], all were friends or associates of Costello. . . . None of the top six were prosecuted or even touched in the investigation, with the exception of Bugsy Siegel, who was indicted in California and in whose case O'Dwyer refused to produce Abe Reles as a witness at the trial . . . as a result, Siegel never was tried."

O'Dwyer insisted he was not to blame for that failure, nor for the failure to indict or prosecute Anastasia. The blame was that of subordinates to whom he entrusted such details, especially after he took a leave of absence to enter the Service during World War Two. But those subordinates were men appointed by O'Dwyer, men in whom he had complete faith. They included Frank Bals and James Moran.

A police captain, Bals had been chief investigator on O'Dwyer's Brooklyn district attorney's staff, the man responsible both for the protection of Murder, Inc., stool pigeon Abe Reles and for the investigation into his death—which Bals perfunctorily labeled an accident. So convinced was O'Dwyer of Bals's honesty and efficiency that as mayor he appointed Bals the city's seventh deputy police commissioner. With a staff of 12, Bals's assignment was to gather information about gambling and corruption in the police department. But, according to committee staff members, Bals told them (though he would later deny this) that his job was actually somewhat different. He and his men were really the bagmen for the police department, collecting from the gamblers and then dispersing the funds throughout police headquarters. Bals held the job just long enough to qualify for a pension of \$6000 a year—\$1000 more than he had ever earned as a working police captain.

Moran's association with O'Dwyer also dated from the old days in Brooklyn. Though he had absolutely no legal training, O'Dwyer had appointed him chief clerk in the district attorney's office, which gave Moran power to open and close investigations and initiate grand-jury hearings. And, as a kind of extra

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duty, he handled all of O'Dwyer's personal finances. Once O'Dwyer became mayor, he appointed Moran deputy fire commissioner and then, just before taking off to Mexico, made him a lifetime member of the Board of Water Supply, a job usually reserved for an engineer. As the committee noted, "This is the same Moran who was visited regularly in his office in the fire department by Louis Weber, a well-known policy racketeer . . . to whom John Crane, president of the Uniformed Firemen's Association said he gave \$55,000 of the funds of the association as a gift because it was necessary to do so in order to keep Moran's friendship . . . who probably knows more than any other about New York graft." Moran was also the man who lied so blatantly before the Kefauver committee that he was convicted of perjury and packed off to prison for five years.

The committee's interest in O'Dwyer went deep and spread wide. The underworld controlled the New York docks and the Senators were puzzled as to why the mayor had never tried to clean up the area. O'Dwyer himself acknowledged, "There was never any doubt in my mind that Anastasia owned that waterfront."

The committee noted that O'Dwyer "could point to no accomplishments . . . except the shifting around of police officials assigned to the docks."

When it came to investigating the stories of widespread police corruption, O'Dwyer's record was equally dismal. When his successor as Brooklyn D.A., Miles McDonald, had begun investigating payoffs to cops, O'Dwyer had characterized it as a witch-hunt, though he told the Kefauver committee that perhaps McDonald was right when he estimated the payoffs to average at least \$250,000 a week. But, O'Dwyer maintained, he had vigorously investigated all such charges during his tenure in City Hall, and he pointed to the assignment of Bals and to an investigation by judge John J. Murtagh, then the city's commissioner of investigations.

What Bals did was obvious. As for Murtagh, he told the Senators that he had questioned every ranking police officer and 500 cops about their financial status, and while "I don't believe the cops are honest . . . nothing turned up." In fact, he said, the only corruption he had been able to uncover had been something that existed while Fiorello LaGuardia was mayor.

Then there was the matter of O'Dwyer's friends—such as Costello, whose home O'Dwyer visited and where he ran into the ranking hierarchy of Tammany, as well as the prominent gambler and old acquaintance Irving Sherman. But, O'Dwyer explained, he had actually sought out Costello during the war to ask his help in driving gam-

blers off an Army base. He was, indeed, very surprised to see politicians and gamblers in the apartment. Had he done anything about that, the committee asked? No, O'Dwyer reluctantly admitted, even though he had spent years in office castigating various politicians for associating with gamblers. And, the committee continued, wasn't it true that O'Dwyer had actually filled his administration with men recommended by those very politicians and men who were very close to Costello? That was just a coincidence, the former mayor said; his appointments had nothing to do with Costello; he had made them because the men had "special knowledge of the subject," were the lesser of two evils or because "there are things you have to do politically if you want cooperation."

Despite all the evidence, O'Dwyer insisted that he and Costello were only casual acquaintances. The same could be said for Adonis; he remembered meeting him some years earlier, but it had been just a passing exchange, and it was just another coincidence that a number of his major appointees happened to be friends of Adonis'. (When questioned on the same subject, Adonis took sanctuary in the Fifth Amendment.) The relationship with Irving Sherman was not so easy to dismiss. He was an old friend and, through the years, a constant companion, a man who had often helped O'Dwyer in many ways. But, O'Dwyer said, he knew Sherman as a shirt manufacturer and those other witnesses must be mistaken in their testimony that they had seen him in Sherman's casino. Yes, he had heard that Sherman was a close friend of Costello's, Adonis', Lansky's and Siegel's, and might even have been a collector for Costello and Adonis, but he was sure that Sherman had never asked for a favor, had never asked him to go easy on the bookies.

Throughout his testimony, O'Dwyer's memory proved hazy or contradictory, especially when put against that of others. For example, he could not remember a meeting on the porch of Gracie Mansion with John Crane during which the political support of the firemen was offered to him. Crane testified to that meeting and said that he had given the mayor both verbal and concrete evidence of that support—a manila envelope containing \$10,000 in cash, which O'Dwyer took with thanks.

When finally dismissed by the committee, O'Dwyer was a broken man. He went back to Mexico to serve for a little while longer as Ambassador and then, before his death, to fade into a kind of obscurity, his name a symbol of civic corruption, of the underworld's hold on the nation's largest city. In its characterization of him, the committee was scathing: "A single pattern of conduct emerges from

O'Dwyer's official activities in regard to the gambling and waterfront rackets, murders and police corruption, from his days as district attorney through his term as mayor. No matter what the motivation of his choice, action or inaction, it often seemed to result favorably for men suspected of being high up in the rackets. . . . The tendency to blame others for the ineffectualness of official efforts to curb the rackets and the ensuing corruption had also turned up very often at every stage of O'Dwyer's career. . . . His actions impeded promising investigations. . . . His defense of public officials who were derelict in their duties and his actions in investigations of corruption, and his failure to follow up concrete evidence of organized crime . . . have contributed to the growth of organized crime, racketeering and gangsterism in New York City."

This was the climax. After O'Dwyer, though the committee sputtered along for a time, both the Senators and the nation had begun to lose interest. The United States was embroiled in a seemingly endless war in Korea and for many it was easier to work up a wrath over Communists killing American soldiers than it was over somebody booking bets down at the neighborhood candy store. And Senator Joseph R. McCarthy had begun waving around pieces of paper—"I hold here in my hand . . ."—saying they were lists of Communists in high places. In the wake of the convictions of Alger Hiss, William Remington, the Rosenbergs and others, McCarthy played on the public fear of domestic radicals who might be next-door neighbors aiding the Communist cause. The rude men with Italian surnames who spoke in broken English and only ran gambling casinos, paid off the politicians (who could never be trusted anyway) and murdered one another were no longer so interesting or fearsome as the subversives lurking under every bed.

So national attention shifted. The Kefauver committee cranked out a fistful of recommendations, some exemplary, some dubious, some forgotten, some enacted into law—recommendations that included the organization of a racket squad in the Justice Department, strict Federal checks over gambling casinos and other forms of wagering, the outlawing of the use of communications media to transmit gambling information, restrictions on the interstate shipment of slot machines and similar equipment, increased penalties for the sale of narcotics, stepped-up efforts to deport gangsters. Then it passed into history.

Within months, the Syndicate was operating almost as though Kefauver and his fellow Senators had never existed. Almost, that is, for there were some

(concluded on page 218)





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If you yearn for the good old days of the *Boys of Summer*, or want to know what diamond greats of the past looked like, George Brace at 2638 N. Drake, Chicago, is the man to see. Brace has photographed every major-league baseball player since 1929 and he boasts the world's largest collection of baseball negatives—which includes those of hundreds of players who swung prior to 1929, plus many team portraits. Eight-by-ten positives in black and white are \$1.50 each; post-1960 color prints are \$3.50. There may be a million shots in Brace's files, but as you can see there's only one Cap Anson.



### DON'T FORGET TO WRITE

For those of you rugged individualists who are into long hiking trips with few creature comforts and plenty of adventure, a California firm called Mountain Travel (1398 Solano Avenue, Albany) is escorting serious campers in good physical condition on a \$1560, 29-day excursion into the Hunza region of northern Pakistan—a Shangri-La that's been pretty much shut off from the outside world for years. Legend says that the people of Hunza have no crime, can make babies at the age of 100 and live to be 140. Just like in the movies.



### CLOTHES CANVASES

Everything that's beautiful and hip doesn't necessarily come from California. Take your ordinary run-of-the-mill incredible hand-painted clothing; some of the best comes from George Stovall, who works out of 726 25th Avenue North, St. Petersburg, Florida. Stovall specializes in custom duding up denim jackets and heavy cotton shirts and he prefers knowing something about a customer before putting brush to cloth. Furthermore, he guarantees his work against wash fade and his prices are reasonable, ranging from \$20 to \$150. But if you've got a charcoal-gray personality, forget it.



## LIGHT ON THE SYNDICATE

changes. The public had been made aware of organized crime as never before, and though now diverted temporarily, Americans would never again be so ignorant or so passive. In the years ahead, a wave of reform would sweep through a number of cities and, while never killing the Organization, at least would cripple it.

And the Kefauver hearings led to convulsions within the underworld hierarchy. Costello would spend the next several years in and out of prison. The power of Adonis was squelched. For years, he had been one of the ruling circle, regent for some of Luciano's American interests and member of the Combination's board of directors able to summon the country's top gangsters to meetings in his back-room headquarters at Duke's Restaurant in Cliffside Park, New Jersey. But after Kefauver, public officials at all levels began to persecute and prosecute. Duke's was closed. The state of New Jersey indicted Adonis for violation of the state's gambling laws and built such a strong case that he pleaded guilty. In 1951, he went to prison for the first time in his life, receiving

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a two-year sentence and a \$15,000 fine. That was just the beginning. New York also indicted him for gambling violations; contempt of Congress charges were lodged against him for his performance before the Kefauver committee; perjury charges and deportation actions were brought, on the ground that he had lied to several bodies by declaring that he had been born in Brooklyn rather than in a small town outside Naples; the Internal Revenue Service revealed that it was investigating him for income-tax violations. It was all too much. Faced with a choice between years in jail and deportation, Adonis left the country. Just after New Year's Day in 1956, he boarded the Italian luxury liner Conte Biancamano and set sail to join Luciano in Italian exile (though he would live in Milan, Luciano in Naples, and the two would rarely meet).

For Zwillman, the rackets and even legitimate businesses were pushed aside as the Government filed income-tax charges that he would be fighting the rest of his life. His old partner, Moretti, had troubles of his own. In the months following his appearance before the com-

mittee, Moretti's health continued to deteriorate and there were rumors, assiduously spread by Genovese in his struggle toward the top, that Moretti had gone completely around the bend. By late summer of 1951, under the prodding of Genovese, the Syndicate council reluctantly came to a decision: Moretti would have to go, both as a protection for the Syndicate and as a favor to him. On October fourth, Moretti left his New Jersey mansion for an early luncheon meeting at Joe's Elbow Room in Cliffside Park, the Mob hangout since the closing of Duke's. There, he joined four others. While the waitress was away getting menus, Moretti's friends pulled out pistols and shot him twice in the head, then calmly walked out of the restaurant. Like so many other gangland slayings, Moretti's was never solved. But, then, perhaps nobody wanted to solve it. As New Jersey racket buster Nelson Stamler remarked to a reporter as they stood over Moretti's body, "It was a good thing. Poetic justice, I'd call it."

In Brooklyn, Anastasia decided the time had come for him to take over the Mob of which he long had been underboss. In April 1951, he moved directly, murdering both Philip and Vincent Mangano, the heads of the family since the Thirties. Phil's body turned up in a vacant lot; Vince's was never found. And Anastasia was confirmed as the family chief. Then Anastasia took a short vacation; he pleaded guilty to income-tax evasion, was fined \$20,000 and served ten months in jail.

Prison, in fact, loomed for many in the underworld hierarchy. Although the doors would actually close on very few, many of the bosses would spend the next few years doing their best to ensure freedom, for their appearances before the Kefauver committee had brought contempt citations against Accardo, Rocco Fischetti, Guzik, Humphreys, Kleinman, Erickson, Pete Licavoli, Joe Aiuppa, Marcello, Kastel and others. Lansky finally saw the inside of a jail: he was arrested as a gambler in New York in 1952, pleaded guilty and served 90 days. Then he departed for Florida, which became his permanent home. During the next several years, more and more of his time was spent building a gambling empire in the friendly climate of Batista's Cuba and out in Nevada.

One man, though, was ignored. Nobody was after him. The time was ripe for Genovese to make his final drive for absolute supremacy over organized crime in America.

*This is the ninth in a series of articles on organized crime in the United States.*



"Postcoital depression."





## BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE

didn't have to bother with the telephone charade. Soon after the story hit the national news wires, Johnny Carson was cracking simpering jokes about it and every idle journalist with a pen was en route to La Grange. They found the Chicken Farm locked and shuttered, a big CLOSED sign advertising a new purity. Miss Edna and her girls had fled to parts unknown, leaving behind a town full of riled people.

Sheriff Flournoy was extracting his long legs from the patrol car, with maybe nothing more on his mind than a plate of Cottonwood Inn barbecue, when this fat bearded journalist shoved a hand in his face and began singing his credentials. Startled, the old lawman recoiled as if he'd spotted a pink snake; for a moment it seemed he might tuck his legs back in and drive away.

But after a slight hesitation he came out, unwinding in full coil to about six feet, five inches. Given the tall-crowned cowboy hat, he appeared to register nearer to seven feet, three and some-odd. Flournoy is a former Texas Ranger who looks as if he might have posed for that bronze and granite Ranger statue guarding the Dallas airport lobby. You sense that he knows how to use that big thumb-busting revolver thumping against his right leg as expertly as legend insists. The fat bearded journalist also sensed that the old sheriff may have done plumb et his fill of outsiders asking picky questions; he suddenly remembered that the third wave is the most dangerous one when beaches are assaulted, the first two waves having stirred things up and put the locals on notice. So he was real real polite and friendly, grinning until his jawbone ached, and careful to let all the old native nasal notes ring, in saying he sure would admire to talk a little bit about the Chicken Farm situation, and would the sheriff give him a few minutes?

The old sheriff's face reddened alarmingly. He stared across the hot shimmering Texas landscape, as if searching for menaces on the horizon, and he rapidly puffed a cigarette; the hand holding it trembled as if palsied. Then he said, "Naw! I'm tard a talkin' to you sons a bitches."

Well. Uh. Ah. Yes. Well, the journalist had come a fur piece; he had a job to accomplish; he'd hoped the sheriff might—

"You hard a hearin', boy?"

The journalist cupped one ear and said, "Beg your pardon?" He didn't want to leave any doubt.

The old sheriff spat. He said, "My town's gettin' a black eye. All the TVs and newspapers—hell, all the mediums—they've flat lied. Been misquotin' our

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local people. Makin' 'em look bad."

Had the sheriff himself been misquoted?

"You goddamned right."

To what extent?

"About half of it was goddamn lies."

Well, sheriff, which half?

The sheriff put a hard eye on the visitor. Puffing the trembling cigarette, he offered a long look at his face. The sight was no comfort. You had time to concentrate on his mountainous great beak, deciding: *If he ever gets in a wide-nose contest with Nixon, he'll fair threaten the blue ribbon.* More terribly, however, the visiting journalist recognized bed-rock character and righteous anger, knowing, instinctively, that T. J. Flournoy was the type of man described years ago by his father: "Son, you got to learn that some folks won't do to fart with."

Then the sheriff said, "It's pure horse-

shit what they say about that being a multimillion-dollar operation out yonder. Hell. Goddamn. *Shit!* Them people was just scratchin' out a living like everybody else. The mediums, now, you goddamn people reported Edna running sixteen girls. And in all my years, I never knew more than nine. And it was all lies about organized crime."

Had the sheriff . . . uh, you know . . . received any er—ah—*gratuities* for services to Miss Edna?

The sheriff put a hand on his gun butt—*Oh, Jesus!*—and fired twin bursts of pure ole mad out of his cold blue eyes. "Listen, boy, that place has been open since before I was borned and never hurt a soul. Them girls are clean, they got regular inspections, and we didn't allow rough stuff. Now, after all this notoriety, this little town's gettin' a bad name it don't deserve. The mediums, the shitasses, they been printin' all kinds of crap."

Had the sheriff talked to Governor



"That's the best I can do, Mac. I'm just not a leg man."



Briscoe or to the attorney general?

"Naw. No reason to. The place is closed."

Would it stay closed?

"It's closed *now*, ain't it?"

Yes. Right. And, uh, what was the prevailing community sentiment about the Chicken Farm's future?

"I ain't answering no more questions," the old sheriff said, stomping his cigarette butt with a booted heel. Two or three hot August Texas centuries limped by, while the visiting journalist vainly sought an exit line.

The sheriff said, "Just you remember we got other things than Miss Edna's place. This is as clean a little ole town as you'll find. Hard-workin' people. *Good* people. That fuckin' Marvin Zindler, if he'd start cleaning up Houston today, why, in about two hunnert years he might have him a town half as clean as La Grange. I'm a-gonna go eat my supper now." The old man wheeled, lunging away, stiff-gaited and jerky. At the door to the restaurant, he turned and paused to stare his tormentor out of sight.

. . .

The fat bearded journalist opted to permit La Grange 24 hours of cooling time. In truth, the salty old sheriff had unnerved him. For years the crazed back part of the journalist's brain had whispered that he might one day be riddled by rural lawmen, as had happened to Bonnie and Clyde; a penalty his mind paid, perhaps, for growing up in rural Texas during the violent outlaw days of the Thirties. There had been lynchings in his home county and backwoods feuds and short tempers: His paternal grandfather, in 1900, had died of an old indiscretion complicated by a shotgun blast.

They tell a story in La Grange of how, years ago, a bad nigger rejected a deputy who came to arrest him by throwing down on the deputy with a shotgun. When the cowed deputy reported failure, old Sheriff Flournoy first fired him and second drove out to face the same shotgun: *Flipped up his pistol, by God, it still in the holster, now, and drilled that mean nigger smack 'tween the eyes.* Well, who knows? There were no eyewitnesses; maybe it was just another case of Texas brags. The journalist was in no position to judge the yarn's veracity; one of his ambitions was never to be able to. Besides, the journalist had an unfortunate habit of trick driving late in the day: Obviously, if even slightly demented behind the wheel, it would profit him little to encounter an aroused Sheriff Flournoy on the sheriff's back-roads domain.

So, safe in Austin's familiar comforting precincts, he rang up old associates to enjoy what proved to be a 14-hour lunch. There was Brett Haggard, the freewheeling lawyer, who has often visited jail for purposes other than counseling of clients. And Egbert Shrum, successful

novelist and playwright, who semiheavily dopes. Willowy Kasha, who fucks good and often and has no visible means of support, and who, for all of that, is a fine human. Babs, the visiting schoolmarm from Atlanta, with the great bone structure and the \$99 smile, who, curse it, appeared content in the company of a scraggly bearded advertising man named Bubba Pool. As events progressed, we would be joined by Egbert Shrum's tasty young wife, Darling—*Oh!*—along with assorted actresses, musicians, free-lance writers and dopers, a retired prostitute and other social marginals. Originally, however, when they gave us a humorless ejection from the Driskill Hotel bar, there were just six of us. We were at that stage where we felt momentarily unconquerable, to say nothing of how much we knew: Is anything better or more beguiling than the whiskey smarts?

We repaired, hooting, to a dark motel lounge on the banks of the Colorado River. Egbert Shrum, crazed by oven temperatures, many young Scotches and periodic deep sniffs of his Methedrine inhaler, flopped out his dingus in requesting that Kasha give him head. As the cocktail waitress was then approaching, Egbert had much help in storing his dingus. When it came his turn to order, Egbert said, "Would you mind very much if I smoked a joint in here?" Well, *Jesus*, you haven't heard such general shushings since John Dean told 'em at the White House he had the truth in mind! The cool young cocktail maiden said, "It's fine with me. But somebody else might come in."

Egbert said, with unimpeachable logic, "They might not, too. You ever think of that?" Then he fired three joints of the killer weed; everybody puffed mightily in hopes of reducing them to harmless ashes before the crazy bastard got us arrested. Texas courts take doping real seriously; better to steal a cow.

Somebody suggested an orgy. Believe me, it was inevitable: Austin's a great town for flaky sex; if you ain't doing it in multiples, you ain't doing your best; La Grange would not believe what variety is available in Austin. Sweet Babs and Bubba offered their two-bed motel room upstairs. Lawyer Brett Haggard said excuse him, please, but being more thirsty than horny, he preferred to drink: He wouldn't mind watching, however, should we guarantee bartender service. The fat bearded journalist moved toward fulfilling an old secret fantasy in suggesting that Darling Shrum be invited. Kasha telephoned her. Darling said, "I'll come drink and dope, but I won't fuck." Many boos greeted her message.

Husband Egbert complained, "Never marry a narrow-minded woman. It'll cost you too much strange."

When Darling arrived, pushing her 36-Cs ahead of her, she asked, "How far

wrecked is everybody?" Her husband responded by asking whether she'd brought any cocaine; he was despondent that she had not. As the cocktail waitress again appeared, Bubba Pool clinically described what all he'd like to do to her with his very own tongue. Intrigued, she explained how she wouldn't be free for two nights because her boyfriend was flying in from Baton Rouge: Meanwhile, how about one of them joints? Bubba traded one for her name and phone number and a free pinch of ass. Lawyer Haggard laid his head on the tabletop and gently snored; he failed to respond when Babs and Kasha attempted to revive him with wet ear kisses. The fat bearded journalist suggested that Babs and Kasha accompany him upstairs for a nap, volunteering to sleep in the middle. Kasha said she preferred making it with Babs alone. Babs said well, she'd never done that little ole thing—and perhaps this wasn't the day—but *one* day. . . .

Four innocent strangers entered. Egbert Shrum loudly inquired whether they might be from La Grange. No, Ohio. Boardman, Ohio. Shrum revealed the closing down of La Grange's public shame, asking the tourists to join a victory toast to God, Nixon and clean living. He denounced sin in the aggregate. "Would you tolerate an open whorehouse in Boardman?" he demanded. He launched a lengthy speech asking who had promoted Peress and defending Watergate rascality on the grounds of national security. Very shortly we again had the lounge to ourselves.

Many hours past dark, the luncheon party moved to the Soap Creek Saloon, in Austin's rural hills. A folk-rock band crashed and banged its damndest, turning conversations into face-to-face shouting matches; the average customer appeared little older than prep schoolers; hairy young hippies and their braless ladies. Egbert Shrum passed around his Methedrine sniffer. Under the tablecloth's cover, Babs stroked Bubba's most private territory; she offered to share with the fat bearded journalist, who, declining, got called a gutless chauvinist sexist. Egbert, spotting a young mother breast-nursing her child, was reminded of how one Christmastide he'd made himself eggnog from a visiting mother's milk. He claimed that her product shamed Carnation.

Around midnight a dozen hot, crazed children of lust, drugs and drink milled about an unpaved parking lot. Egbert Shrum, having cornered a trio of edgy youngsters, railed at them that he was Governor Dolph Briscoe, by God, demanding they support his closing of godless whorehouses where red-blooded daughters of Texas, some of whose great-granddaddies had martyred themselves at the Alamo, were being held in white slavery by agents of the Kremlin and Marion



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Brando. In the background, while Babs assisted his gadget, Bubba took a big splashy piss into scrub-oak trees. Salli Ann, the ex-prostitute, professed how much more fun it was to give it away than to sell it: The difference had driven her into retirement.

The Byrds slammed out a high-decibel version of how they liked *The Christian Life* while the luncheon party moved by stereophonic Ford camper to a private home. A half-dozen revelers gasped and pawed at one another from a mattress laid in the rear, nothing much satisfactory happening, though a fair amount of wine got spilled. Arriving, the party found lawyer Brett Haggard slumbering under a fine old tree and guarded by a mean-tempered, spitting and humping cat. "Brett brought his own pussy," somebody laughed in the moonlight.

Inside, the air soon knew Mexican boo-smoke pollution; pipes and home-rolled objects passed around the circle along with Methedrine inhalers, amyl-nitrite caps and doses the fat bearded journalist was not yet chemist enough to identify. Prone on a soft furry white rug, he discovered himself experiencing serious time lags. In the midst of Willie Nelson's singing from twin speakers about Los Angeles smog, it would become apparent that Kinky Friedman and the Texas Jewboys had somehow thrummed halfway through *Sold American*. Or his brain would stubbornly fight to grasp that which Egbert Shrum was shouting into his face, and then he would blink and open his eyes to find that he was alone or talking to any number of other people about a like number of things. The room reeled; his brain crackled and burned; he was aware, dimly, of distant desperate merrymaking shouts.

At an unknown hour he was aroused from a nap he had not been aware of taking: Shrum had popped an amyl-nitrite cap under his nose, causing him to greet consciousness with his ear lobes on fire, his head expanding as if with a winter cold and his throat full of senseless humorless drugged giggles; his heart pounded fit to burst through skin. Candles had burned down. Three or four indistinct inert figures lay like grain sacks in the gloom.

"They're having a small orgy in the back bedroom," Egbert Shrum said; he was on his hands and knees. Well, was it any good? "I don't remember if I joined in," the fractured novelist said. "I meant to, I assure you. But I think I forgot. No, wait: I ran into Darling, yeah, that's it. And she spoke evil of my participation." He rolled over from all fours, snuggled into the furry rug and quickly went night-night. *Sleep on, faithful husband.* . . .

Finding the kitchen, the fat bearded journalist gasped and wheezed in sousing his head under the water spigot. Every-

thing in him hurt, sizzled or jangled. He wished much to throw at a Nixon dart board on the wall but knew the motions would cost excessive pain. He thought about Hemingway's final solution, wondering enough about whether ole Hem had had the right answer that he was glad no firearms offered themselves.

Kasha, sleepy and moody and tousled, materialized to drive him to his motel. She did ugly to him for a bit, he permitting her to do the main work, while he drifted toward sleep, at once begging her pardon and muttering thanks. . . .

La Grange, in the morning sun, appeared as pure as rain water; the aching journalist closed out its splendors with dark glasses. At noon, Buddy Zapalac, ordering another beer, recalled the Chicken Farm of his youth. He is a gleeful 50ish, of iron-gray hair, a stubby heavyweight's torso and a blue-ribbon grin. You see him and you like him.

"In the Thirties," Buddy said, "they had a big parlor with a jukebox, see, that they used to break the ice. You could ask a girl to dance, or she'd ask you. And pretty soon, why, you could git a little business on. Three dollars' worth." He laughed in memory of those good old days when Roosevelt pussy had been cheaper than Nixon chicken.

"You couldn't get any exotic extras. Miss Jessie—she ran the farm back then—she didn't believe in perversions. They had wall mirrors in the parlor, see, where the girls could sit in chairs and flash their wares. But if Miss Jessie caught 'em flashing a little more than she thought was ladylike, she'd raise nine kinds of hell.

"Miss Edna, who was thirty or forty years younger, was a little more modern. I've heard you could get anything you'd pay for: ten bucks for straight, fifteen for half-and-half, twenty-five, I believe, for pure French. The girls wore smart sports clothes for day trade and cocktail dresses at night. They tell me each customer was urged to buy a Coke for himself and one for the girl, see, at fifty cents each. Miss Edna, counting the bottles, knew how much trade each girl had done. I understand each girl kept half of her earnings and donated the rest to the house. And the house paid room and board."

Buddy Zapalac owns the biweekly *La Grange Journal*. When the Chicken Farm got busted, he was widely quoted as saying he intended to lend editorial support to the farm.

Over Cottonwood Inn beer he admits: "I didn't do it. Lost too many of my supporters. Businessmen, even a couple of preachers, told me in private they'd back me up. But people in a little town can't stand much heat. As the publicity built up, see, people started calling up or

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slipping around to say they'd decided against going on record. I didn't even run a news story."

How about early reports of outraged La Grange housewives' taking to the streets with petitions, howling how Governor Briscoe must permit the Chicken Farm's services?

"Ain't we in a nutty business?" Zapalac chuckled. "Exaggerated. Nothing much to it. Oh, yeah, some people circulated a petition. At one time, I heard, they had over four hundred names. Then people had second thoughts and took their names off. They ended with about a hundred and twenty-some names, tops, so they junked the petition. Too much heat, see."

From what sources?

The editor spread his hands, shrugged. "Everywhere. Nowhere. Anywhere. People tend to believe, see, what they read or hear or see. Or, at least, to be influenced. So they ran."

"Yeah, sure, I'm for the Chicken Farm. I grew up with it, and I never once felt corrupted. When we were kids—big ole bunch of rough Czechs and Germans, natural rockheads—we had a lot of fist-fights. But never at the Chicken Farm. It was traditional to be on your good behavior out there. You honored unspoken rules. See, if a local man got sweet on one of the girls, they'd ship that girl out in a New York minute. They *never* hired a local girl. Most of 'em came from Austin, Houston. Everybody always took care to keep the townfolk and the girls from mingling off the job."

"Those gals put a hundred thousand dollars or more into this little town's economy. Every year. Outside money, mainly. And I read in a chamber-of-commerce bulletin that each tourist dollar is really worth *seven* dollars, the way it circulates locally. By that formula, Marvin Zindler ran off about seven hundred thousand dollars' worth of business. Not many of us feel like thanking him."

"People treated those girls good. Went out of their way to be friendly. Let 'em come to the beauty shop, or any store, and they got the red carpet. Having 'em marry and mingle was one thing; being plain courteous was another."

Deep in his craw, would Zapalac personally miss the Chicken Farm?

He laughed. "Hell, I haven't been out there in years. Except, you know, to take some visitor who had his curiosity up. But, yeah, I guess so. I guess I'll miss it. It's been there since my memory has; it's a landmark. Some people, you know, they're talking about getting the Texas Historical Society to put up a marker out there. And, yes, I'd be for that."

It was unspeakably hot and stuffy in the La Grange telephone booth; all the journalist accomplished was breaking



into a rare honest sweat. No, said a testy minister, he had ab-so-lutely nothing to say about the Chicken Farm and, if quoted, would surely sue. Samey-same, more or less, when you reached businessmen, the community's semiofficial historian and a suspicious old justice of the peace. Well, screw research: Fall back on perceptions.

In the cool dark Longhorn Lounge, where Tom T. Hall warbled from the jukebox of old dogs and children and watermelon wine, he discovered four beer-drinking middle-aged men in sports jackets and business suits, and an older citizen in khakis.

"Hail," one said. "La Grange has a lot to offer besides the Clucken Farm. There's Monument Hill State Park, as purty a place as you'll see. You can see the river from there. Go up there! Accentuate the positive!"

The old nester in khakis belched and said, "That shitass from the Houston TV, he didn't say a goddamn thang about our boys' winnin' the state baseball championship."

Winking, one of the locals said, "That place has been shut down before. Back in the Sixties, when Will Wilson was attorney general and got it in his craw to be governor, he closed 'er down." Winks. Pauses. Sips beer. "Yeah, for about two weeks."

Over the laughter he said, "They put up a big ole 'Closed' sign out front. Newspaper people came and snapped pictures. But if a regular customer went out there, he knew what back road to park on and the girls slipped him in the back door."

Yeah? Anybody slipping in the back door now?

"Nawsir. No way. Been too much publicity. Edna and the girls, soon as the story got reported on national TV, they shucked on out."

Where were they?

"Well," one grinned, "I doubt you'd locate 'em in a nunnery. Likely they went on the regular red-light circuit. Big towns. Houston. Dallas. San Antone."

The old nester said, "Gal-veston, too. Yeah, and Corpus. That Dallas, it's got more thugs and prostatoots than New Orleans. You recollect Jack Ruby?"

What of Miss Edna?

"Rumor is she's got an old man over in East Texas. Owns a farm. Some say she's hiding there till this blows over. Don't anybody know, for sure, unless maybe our sheriff does. But ole T. J., that stubborn cuss, wouldn't tell if you helt his feet to the fahr."

Well, come on, now, fellers: Whose official palm did Miss Edna grease for the pleasure of operating?

Shouted disclaimers: The journalist had overplayed his hand. In some heat a

silver-haired man in a natty sports coat, who may have sold for Allstate, said, "That wasn't necessary, understand? That place paid good taxes, friend. It was clean. The girls had good manners. The prices didn't hold you up. Friend, they never so much as gave a *hot check* out there! I had a buddy, he was overseas during the Hitler war, and one of the girls out there, she mailed him cookies. Regular."

"Only people around here ever tried to close Edna down," the old nester said, "I guess you could call 'em religious fanatics, *they* quit after people stopped talkin' to 'em and they woke up to find garbage and suchlike dumped on their lawn."

Well, now, what about *that*? Didn't it show some long-range, perhaps less than gentle influence of the Chicken Farm on the community and its standards?

"No comment," the khaki-clad one snapped, as if he'd waited a lifetime for the opportunity; his companions nodded agreement.

. . .

Lloyd Kolbe. Lean. Well barbered. On the rise. Mid-to-late 30s. Quick to smile even when his eyes retain calculations in judging the moment's worth or risk. The quintessential Young Businessman: no bullshit, now, what with children to educate and two cars to feed and status to climb.

The owner of radio station KVLG in La Grange, Kolbe is large in civic clubs; he rarely misses the weekly Lions Club fellowship luncheon, where, should you fail to call a fellow member Lion Smith or Lion Jones in addressing him, the club Tail Twister will fine you two bits while everyone whoops and heehaws. On Kolbe's desk, yes, is a picture of about 30 men in drag: startling, until he explains that it depicts local civic leaders in the Rotary Club's Womanless Wedding, staged, like the annual Lions Club broom sale, purely for purposes of charity. Close.

"I'm a native," Kolbe said, drumming fingers on a polished desktop. "I grew up knowing the Chicken Farm was out there—no, I don't remember how early, it seems I just *always* knew. As kids, we joked about it, though it didn't preoccupy us; didn't mark us, didn't make any grand impression. You noticed as you grew up that adults didn't joke about it. Outsiders, speakers at the chamber-of-commerce banquet, and so on, *they* joked about it. Local people, you actually didn't hear them mention it until the big bust."

*Like—and no offense, Lloyd—but like, maybe, those good burghers who didn't know what went on at Auschwitz and Dachau? Knowing it was a grossly unfair comparison, though nagged by the worry that somehow it might be relevant, the*

journalist couldn't translate the thought to words.

Kolbe was saying, "Some people think the Chicken Farm discouraged industry from moving here. I don't think it did. And *if* it did, was that truly bad? We're progressive, and all that, but why should we ruin our pure air and clean streams and pretty farms? Industrial rot and blight . . . do we want to trade for a pay check? People all over America are looking for La Granges to raise their families in.

"My own children, I've watched and listened to see what effect the Chicken Farm might have on them. And I can't see that it's had any. They accept it, as I did—it's just there, it has nothing to do with them or their lives. We talked about it one night right after the bust.

"On the other hand, I can't believe the town's lost significant revenue. I doubt if those girls spent anything like a hundred thousand dollars a year. And, hell, even if they did, that's no money. You take three or four little ole Mom and Pop stores, they'll equal that. The economic factor has been greatly exaggerated. Probably not over six or eight merchants benefited from the Chicken Farm.

"The thing I hate is that La Grange is now known nationwide as a whore town. And we're better people than that."

After the bust, Kolbe proposed that three each pro and anti Chicken Farmers debate on his radio station: "But it fell flat. People who privately favored it simply refused to go public. We settled for two programs where people called in. They could identify themselves or not. Most didn't. And those who did, well, yeah, I've erased their names from the tapes. I don't want to take advantage of people."

He flipped a switch. The tape brought the quavery voice of an old woman: "I was borned and raised in La Grange, and I've always been proud. But when we traveled to other states, people would say, 'Oh, that's where that Chicken Farm's at.' And it was embarrassing. You didn't have any answer. Yes, I pray the thing is shut and *stays* shut."

A high school girl: "It's been here for about a hundred years! And I doubt the Mafia's been in La Grange any hundred years, don't you? After Marvin Zindler cleans up Houston. . . ."

A housewife: "I'm definitely for the Chicken Farm. Those girls got regular examinations. You knew, if your husband went out there, why, at least he'd likely come home clean."

A dissenting housewife: "Talk about regular inspections, it was no more than weekly. How many times you think they might've been exposed to syphilis and gonorrhea *between* inspections?"

Another housewife: "It's been a disgrace. Our kids, when they went off to





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college, were ashamed to name their home town."

The Englishman: "I'm relatively new, from England, and I've observed the hazards of street prostitution. It's bad. Young girls—sixteen, eighteen, twenty—live the most sordid lives. I think the Chicken Farm was the best thing that ever happened, a true community asset. You've had no rapes, no murders, no dope. . . ."

Old woman: "I'm from over here in Schulenburg. We don't have rapes and murders over here, and we don't even have a Chicken Farm! So I don't think you need it." (Lloyd Kolbe, chuckling, broke in: "You mean, ma'am, that nobody drives the whole fifteen miles from Schulenburg to visit the Chicken Farm?")

Local businessman and civic honcho: "I think Edna ran a real nice clean place. . . . I've traveled more than anybody in La Grange. In places like Chattanooga or Georgia or Illinois, I was proud when people knew about the Chicken Farm; they spoke well of it. In my business place here, a fine-looking lady walked in one day with her son to ask directions out there. Her son had been sent by a specialist doctor to the Chicken Farm for his health—'cause that's what he needed! I say bless the place. It should receive a medallion as one of the best-known historical spots and recreational facilities in the United States."

Old nester with prime Texas twang: "I'm from a neighboring town, and I never heard nobody was hurt by the Chicken Farm. If I didn't have no more faith in my sheriff's department than some of you people, why, I'd just move on down to Houston with the gay fellers. . . ."

Many invoked the Bible. Others awarded brimstone to Marvin Zindler and Governor Briscoe. The majority cited the town's prosperity and cleanliness in objecting to publicity "recognizing us for just one thing." The topper was a salty-sounding young woman: "I'm one hundred percent for the Chicken Farm. And I think we ought to have a studhouse for the women."

Lloyd Kolbe shut off the tape, laughing: "Boy, we sure 'nuff had some phone calls requesting *that* lady's name."

Journalists are predators and vultures; they will rut around in anything, including trash and garbage, seeking firmer understandings or, perhaps, nothing more than cheap titillations or a lucky spin of the wheel.

When the Chicken Farm closed, to judge by its trash bin, Miss Edna and her functionaries shredded their personal papers in the manner of diplomats under siege in a disadvantaged embassy. One surviving letter, addressed to April and signed by Gene, spoke first of the weather, laundry chores, onion planting and other

mundane matters before addressing the human condition:

I had been toying with the idea of skipping our August get-together and planning a longer one for September. But, when I heard from you, I couldn't see not coming to see you next weekend.

April, please let me know if there is any chance of your coming to New York with me for a weekend on my vacation. If it is just wishful thinking on my part, please let me know so that I can make plans. Please don't leave it hanging in the air, like seeing you at the beach, until the time is past. . . .

I don't expect you to write every day. I realize you have problems in that respect. You asked me to be patient with you, and I sure will try. But I hope that you can be patient with me also: After all, remember when I gave up a weekend of girl watching in Wichita Falls to be with you? I will be happy to wait for you, but you have to let me know from time to time that you want me to wait.

There has always been the possibility that your interest in me was purely professional. I haven't really felt that was the case, and if I ever do, I will probably become conspicuous by my absence. . . . You are a very wonderful person, and I am glad that I met you, April, and I hope to keep that feeling for a long, long time. . . .

There was a little row of purple Xs representing kisses, in the traditional code of lovers, directly below a carefully drawn solitary heart and a single flower.

I got drunk that night in Austin, thinking of the wretched seeking bastard who, if he went to La Grange as planned, found April gone and his surrogate home shuttered. An old friend—a lawyer who daily sees the seamy side in trade—shook his head at the Chicken Farm's fate. "I went over there back in my law school days," he said, "and it was so goddamned proper I felt out of place. It was just too damned *wholesome* for somebody with a hard pecker hunting raunchy sin and eager to whip up his old Baptist guilts! And right over here"—he jerked a thumb—"just a few blocks from the capitol building, there's a place where fags in drag—transvestites, wearing cosmetics and false titties—will take you upstairs and do anything for money that you can get done in Tangier. And down around East Sixth and East Seventh, there are bars where you can make the same sick deal. And even with all the fine amateur stuff floating around—on capitol hill, at the university, all the hippie girls, divorcees and horny wives—you can buy a

woman, if you insist on paying, of any color or creed. You've just got to know the right little ole crummy hotels or motels.

"Probably the girls who tour the regular Texas circuit *are* owned by some syndicate. Anybody capable of reading knows that organized crime profits down here, but I'll be goddamned if I can see any Godfather tracks around La Grange. A guy who knows Marvin Zindler tells me that Marvin *really believes* that organized-crime horseshit with respect to the Chicken Farm—but, he says, Marvin's idea of organized crime is two nigger pimps hauling four or five gals from town to town between beating on them with coat hangers. And it looks as if our fearless governor has the same notion of it." (Well, if he does, the governor may pick up a recent issue of *The Texas Observer*, a liberal crusading biweekly, and learn that Carlos Marcello's gang is moving into Houston, that old buddies of Meyer Lansky are disputing the Dallas spoils with a senior gang having Chicago roots, that the Syndicate is prospering in Galveston and Corpus Christi and that in Dallas, one newspaperman—writing on local heroin traffic—was shot and a second newsman there has received death threats for his probes into organized crime.) Get 'em, Dolph, you fearless bastard. . . .

I woke in my Austin motel room to Second Coming headlines: In Houston, an hour's swift drive down the road from the Chicken Farm, had been discovered three monsters who routinely forced young boys into homosexual acts, tortured and abused them until the mind refuses to think anymore of their probable final horrors, and then shot or strangled them to death. Twenty-seven bodies would be discovered; with each new find, people argued in bars over whether the total represented a new national mass-murder record.

The remainder of the newspaper told of Watergate figures who resent investigations, of illegal Cambodian bombings, of five Austin kids busted for pot, of shortages and inflation and many balloons gone pop. I gazed out the motel window, toward the capitol dome taking the morning's sun, and thought of Charles Whitman, Lee Harvey Oswald, Jack Ruby; soon, softly, I began semisinging the song they taught me in first grade, back in Putnam, all those cons and other lives ago:

*"Texas, our Texas! All hail the mighty state!*

*Texas, our Texas! So wonderful, so great!*

*Boldest and grandest, withstanding ev'ry test;*

*O empire wide and glorious, you stand supremely blest. . . ."*







JOHN  
DEMPSEY

*"We've reached a wage agreement with the new gardener. He'll work for nothing."*



## old morality (continued from page 146)

again. At least I hope those hypocritical old aunts of yours wash the sleepers out of their eyes each time they go to Mass."

"Well, they get washed pretty often, then," Micaela laughs as she passes the pulque jug to Grandfather. "They're so holy they never get out of the sacristy. They stink of old rags and piss."

Grandfather hugs her waist and we all laugh a lot and I make a drawing in my notebook of my dead mother's three sisters, making them look like the sharpest-nosed and nosiest birds in all of Grandfather's collection. Then we all howl till our sides hurt and tears run down our faces and Grandfather's face looks like a tomato and then his friends arrive to play conquin and I go up to sleep and early the next day I go into the bedroom where Grandfather and Micaela sleep and about the same things happen again and we're all very happy.

But today, from the sawmill, I hear the dogs barking and decide that the priests must be passing by down there and I don't want to miss Grandfather's swear-words plopping like ripe tomatoes, but it seems strange for the priests to be going by so early, and then I hear the loud horn and I know the aunts have arrived, the ones I haven't seen since Christmas, when they hauled me off to Morelia by force and I was bored as a clam while one of them played the piano and another sang and the third one offered little cups of punch to the bishop. I decide to pretend I don't know what's going on, but after a while I get curious to take a look at that automobile that's older than the hills and I come out of hiding like I'm doing something I don't want to, whistling and kicking at the wood shavings and pieces of corkwood. Everyone has gone inside. But right in front of the gate there's that old machine with a spotted roof and velvet seats with hand-embroidered cushions. INRI, SJ, CYO. I will ask Grandfather what those embroidered letters mean. Later. Now I feel sure that the old man is giving them something cool to drink and in order not to worry him, I tiptoe into the house and hide among the big flowerpots and plants, where I can see them without their seeing me.

Grandfather is leaning with both hands on the head of his cane; his cigar is between his teeth and he's puffing smoke like the express to Juárez City. Micaela is standing with her arms crossed, laughing, in the kitchen door. The three aunts are sitting very stiffly on the same wicker sofa. All three are wearing black hats and white gloves and are sitting with their knees pressed tightly together. Two of them are married and the one in the middle is an old maid, but there's no way of telling, because Aunt Milagros Tejeda de Ruiz is different from the others only because she squints constantly, as if she had

a cinder in her eye, and you can tell Aunt Angustias Tejeda de Otero only by the fact that she wears a wig that's always slipping to one side, and Aunt Benedicta Tejeda, the spinster, looks just a little bit younger and she's the one who constantly touches her black-lace handkerchief to the tip of her nose. But except for that, all three are thin, very light-skinned—almost yellow—with sharp noses and they all dress alike: mourning clothes all their lives.

"The mother was a Tejeda, but the father was a Santana like me, and that gives me the right!" Grandfather yells, blowing smoke through his nose.

"The decent part comes from the Tejeda side, Don Agustín," says Doña Milagros, that eye gleaming like a beacon. "Don't you forget it."

"The decent part comes from my balls!" Grandfather yells again and he pours himself a glass of beer, growling at the aunts, who have covered their ears at the same time. "Why should I try to explain anything to you cockatoos? I can save my breath for better things."

"Women!" screeches Doña Angustias as she straightens her wig. "That prostitute you're living in sin with."

"Alcohol." *señorita* Benedicta murmurs with lowered eyes. "It wouldn't surprise us to learn that the boy gets drunk every night."

"Exploitation!" Doña Milagros shouts, scratching her cheek. "You make him work like a common laborer."

"Ignorance!" Doña Angustias' eyes blink. "He's never set foot in a Christian school."

"Sin!" *Señorita* Benedicta clasps her hands. "He's thirteen and he still hasn't received Communion or even been to Mass."

"Irreverence!" Doña Milagros points a finger straight at Grandfather. "Irreverence for the Holy Church and its ministers whom you attack so vilely every day."

"Blasphemer!" *Señorita* Benedicta dries her eyes with the black handkerchief.

"Heretic!" Doña Angustias shakes her head and the wig falls over her eyebrows.

"Whoremonger!" Doña Milagros can no longer control the trembling of her eyelid.

"¡Adios, mamá Carlota!" Micaela sings and flourishes her kitchen towel.

"¡Adios, el mocho y el traidor!" Grandfather thunders with his cane raised high: The three aunts take each other's hand and close their eyes. "For a family visit, this has already lasted too long. Go back to that antique you call a car and your Rosaries and your incense and tell your husbands not to hide behind your skirts, because the only angelic thing about Agustín Santana is his name, and tell them he's waiting here for them when

they really want to try to take the boy away. Godspeed to you, señoras, because only His grace can grant you that miracle. Giddap!"

But if Grandfather raises his cane, Doña Angustias retaliates by showing him a handful of papers: "You don't frighten us. Read this order from the juvenile judge. It is a court order, Don Agustín. The boy can no longer live in this atmosphere of shameless immorality. Two policemen will come this afternoon and take him to the home of our sister Benedicta: Raising Alberto to be a little Christian gentleman will be a comfort to her lonely years. Let us go, sisters."

• • •

Aunt Benedicta's house is in the center of Morelia and from its balconies you can see a small plaza with iron benches and many yellow flowers. There is a church beside it; it is an old house and looks like all the other big houses in the town. There is an entry hall and a patio and the servants live downstairs: The kitchen is there, also, where two women fan charcoal stoves all day. Upstairs are the living rooms and the bedrooms that all open onto a bare patio.

You can imagine: Aunt Milagros said that I had to burn all my old clothes (my overalls, my boots, my sweat shirts) and that I have to dress the way I dress all the time now, in a blue suit and a stiff white sissy shirt. They put me with a stupid old professor to teach me how to talk proper before the classes begin after vacation, and I'm getting a pig's snout from pronouncing U the way the maestro wants it. Naturally, every morning I have to go with Aunt Benedicta to the church and sit on the hard benches, but at least that's something different and sometimes I even enjoy it.

Aunt and I eat by ourselves almost all the time, although sometimes the other aunts come with their husbands, who touse my hair and say, "Poor little chap." And then I wander around the patio by myself or go to the bedroom they've given me. It has an enormous bed with a mosquito net. There's a cross over the head of the bed and a little bathroom right next to it. And I get so bored I can hardly wait for mealtimes, which are the least boring times, and for a half hour before mealtime I hang around the dining-room door, I visit the two women who fan the stoves, I find out what they're fixing and go back to stand guard next to the door until one of the servants comes in to put the plates and silver at the two places, and then my aunt Benedicta comes out of her room, takes me by the hand and we go into the dining room.

They say that Aunt Benedicta hasn't married because she's very demanding and no man suits her; but besides, she's very old, she's already 34. While we eat, I look at her to see if it shows that she's 21 years older than I am, but she goes right



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on sipping her soup without looking at me or talking to me. She never talks to me and, besides, since we sit so far apart at the table, we couldn't hear each other even if we shouted. I try to compare her with Micaela, who is the only woman I've ever been around, since my mother died when I was born and my father four years later and since then I lived with Grandfather and "that woman," as my aunts call her.

The thing about *señorita* Benedicta is simply that she never laughs. And the only time she says anything, it's to tell me something I already know or to give me orders when I was already way ahead of her and doing the things she wanted without her telling me. She really gives me a hard time. I don't know whether the meals really are long or if they just seem long, but I try to entertain myself different ways. One way is to put the mask of Micaela in front of my aunt's face and this is very funny, because I imagine her

loud laughter and her head thrown back and her eyes always asking whether something is serious or a joke—that's Micaela—coming out of that high-buttoned collar and black dress. Another is to talk to her in the language I invented myself to ask her to pass me some coffee:

"Hey-yeh, aunt-tant, asspay the offecay."

My aunt sighs and she must not be so awfully dumb, because she does what I ask and only adds a little lesson in manners:

"One says *please*, Alberto."

But as I was explaining, I get her goat in everything else, because when she arrives all serious to knock at my door to scold me for not being up yet, I answer her from the patio, bathed and slicked up, so then she hides her anger and says to me, even more serious, that it's time to go to church and I smile and show her the prayer book and she doesn't know what to say.

But she finally caught *me* one day, about a month after I'd been living with her, and all because of that tattletale priest. They're preparing me for my first Communion and all the kids who are taking the catechism classes laugh that such a big fool wouldn't know the first thing about who the Holy Spirit is. Besides that, they laugh just because it's *me* who's the big fool. Yesterday it was finally my turn to have the little talk alone with the priest to prepare me for confession. He talked a lot about sin and about how it wasn't my fault I didn't know anything about religion or for having grown up in such an immoral atmosphere. He told me not to worry but to tell him everything, because he'd never had to prepare a boy as full of sin as I was, a boy for whom perversion was an everyday thing, who couldn't even distinguish between good and evil. I racked my head trying to think about what my worst sins could be and about how there the two of us were in the empty church staring at each other without knowing what to say, and so I started thinking about all the movies I'd seen, and then I began to pour it out: about how I had raided a ranch and carried off all the money and a few chickens besides, how I had grabbed and beat up a poor old blind man, how I had stabbed a policeman in the back, how I had forced a girl to strip and then bitten her on the face. The priest threw up his arms and crossed himself and said how nobody knew the worst about Grandfather and ran out as if I were the Devil himself.

Well, my aunt really tore into my bedroom before I woke up. I thought the house was on fire. She slammed the doors open and shouted my name. I woke up and there she was, her arms in the air. Then she came and sat down on the bed next to me and told me that I had made fun of the priest and that that wasn't the worst. I had told all those lies in order to hide my true sins. I just looked at her as if she were half out of her mind.

"Why don't you admit the truth?" she said and took my hand.

"What do you mean, Aunt? Honest, I don't understand."

Then she stroked my head and squeezed my hand:

"How you've seen your grandfather and that woman in improper postures."

I guess my dumb look didn't convince her, but I swear I didn't understand what she meant and even less when she kept on in a half-strangled voice, halfway between crying and screaming: "Together. In sin. Making love. In bed."

Oh, that way. "Sure. They sleep together. Grandfather says that a man should never sleep alone or he'll dry up, and the same for a woman."

My aunt covered my mouth with her hand. She just sat that way for a long time and I was about to suffocate. She looked at me in a real strange way and



"I understand she's very big in porno movies."



then she got up and walked out very slowly, not saying anything, and I went back to sleep, but she didn't come back to get me up to go to Mass. She left me alone and I stayed in bed all morning until time for lunch, looking at the ceiling, thinking about nothing.

There are lots of lizards on the patio. I already know that when you look at them they turn the color of the stone or the tree to disguise themselves. But I know their trick and they can't get away from me. Today I've spent an hour following them, laughing at them because they think I don't know how to find them: You look for their eyes, shiny as painted pins. The whole point is not to lose sight of the eyes, because they can't disguise them and since they open and close them all the time, it's like a signal that turns on and off at the crossroads, and that's the way I follow one and then another and when I want to—like now—I catch them and feel them throb in my fist, all smooth underneath and wrinkled on top and tiny but with their own life, the same as anything else. If they only knew I wouldn't hurt them, their throats wouldn't throb so, but that's the way things are. There's no way to make them understand. What scares them pleases me.

I hold this one tight in my hand and my aunt is watching me from the corridor upstairs, not understanding what I'm doing. I run up the stairs and get there out of breath. She asks me what I've been doing. I act very serious so she won't get wind of anything. She's sitting fanning herself in the shade, since it's very hot. I stretch out my closed fist and she tries to smile; you can see it's an effort. She opens her hand to take mine and I put the lizard on her palm and force her fingers closed over it. She doesn't scream or get scared as I thought she would. She doesn't scold me or throw the lizard down. She just closes her fingers and her eyes tighter and looks like she wants to say something but can't and her nose trembles and she looks at me like nobody ever looked at me before, as if she wanted to cry and would feel better if she did. I tell her that the poor lizard is going to suffocate and *señorita* Benedicta leans toward the floor but can't let it go and finally opens her fingers and lets it run away along the paving stones and then climb up the wall and disappear. And then her expression changes and her mouth twists and I see she's mad, but not really, so I smile and bury my head in my shoulders, try to look real innocent, and run back down to the patio.

I spend all afternoon in my room doing nothing. I feel tired and sort of sleepy, like I'm getting a bad cold. It must be the lack of sun and fresh air in this dark old house. I begin to get sore about everything. I miss the sawmill, and Micaela's desserts, Grandfather's birds, the fun when the priests go by and the laughing at dinnertime and in the mornings when I



*"Did I ever tell you about my Watergate affair?"*

go into their bedroom. I figure that up till now, life here in Morelia has been like a vacation, but I've been stuck here for a month and I'm getting tired of it.

I come out of my room a little late for dinner and my aunt is already sitting at the head of the table with her black handkerchief in her hand and when I take my place, she doesn't scold me for coming in late—even though I did it on purpose. Just the opposite. She seems to be trying to smile and be pleasant. All I want to do is throw a fit and go back to the ranch.

She hands me a covered plate and I uncover it. It's my favorite treat, *natas*.

"The cook told me that you like that very much."

"Thank you, Aunt," I tell her, very seriously.

We eat in silence and finally, when it's time to have our *café con leche*, I tell her that I'm bored with living in Morelia and that I wish she would let me go back to live with Grandfather, which is where I like to live.

"Ingrate," my aunt says, and pats her lips with her handkerchief. I do not answer her. "Ingrate," she repeats.

And now she gets up and walks toward me repeating that and takes my hand and I'm sitting there very serious and she

slaps me in the face with that long bony hand and I swallow my tears and she slaps me again and suddenly she stops and touches my forehead and opens her eyes wide and says I have a fever.

It must be one of the world's worst, because I'm getting weak and my knees feel wobbly. My aunt takes me to my bedroom and says I must get undressed while she goes for the doctor. But really, all she does is flutter around while I take off the blue suit and white shirt and undershorts and get into bed, shivering.

"Don't you wear pajamas?"

"No, Aunt: I always sleep just in my undershirt."

"But you have a fever!"

She rushes out like a madwoman and I lie there trembling and try to sleep and tell myself the fever's bad just to say something; the truth is that I go right to sleep and all Grandfather's birds come flying out together, stirring up a great commotion because they're all free at last: The blue sky fills with orange, red and green lightning flashes, but all this lasts only a short time. The birds are frightened, as if they wanted to return to their cages. Now there are real lightning flashes and the birds are stiff and cold in the night; they're not flying anymore and they're turning black, they are losing



their feathers, no longer singing, and when the storm passes and the dawn comes, they have become the row of seminary students in their habits on their way to the church and the doctor is taking my pulse and Aunt Benedicta seems very upset and I see the doctor between dreams and my aunt says:

"All right, now. Lie on your back. I have to rub this liniment on you."

I feel the icy hands on my hot skin. Grandfather shakes his cane and shouts swearwords at the priests. The liniment smells very strong. He sics the dogs on the priests. Of eucalyptus and camphor. The dogs just bark, frightened. She rubs hard and my shoulders begin to burn. Grandfather shouts, but his lips move in silence. Now she's rubbing my chest and the smell is stronger. The dogs bark, but they don't make any sound, either. I'm bathed in sweat and liniment and everything burns and I want to go to sleep, but I know that I'm asleep at the same time I'm wanting it. The cold hand rubs my shoulders and my ribs and under my arms. And the dogs run loose, furious, to sink their teeth into the seminary students who turn into birds at night. And my stomach burns as much as my chest and my back and my aunt rubs and rubs to make me better. The seminary students bare their teeth in a snarl and laugh and open their arms and fly away like buzzards, dying laughing. And I'm so happy I laugh with them, the sickness fills me with happiness and I don't want her to stop making me better. I ask her to make me feel better, I take her hands, the fever and the liniment burn my thighs and the dogs run through the fields howling like coyotes.

When I awoke, one night had passed and another morning and the sun was just going down. The first thing I saw was the shadows of the patio through the curtains on the door. And then I realized that she was still sitting next to the head of the bed and she asked me to eat a little and put the spoon to my lips. I tasted the cooked oats and then looked at my aunt with her hair falling over her shoulders and smiling as if she were grateful to me for something. I let her feed me the cereal as if I were a child, spoonful by spoonful, and I told her I was better and thanked her for making me feel better. She blushed and then said that finally I was finding out that they loved me in this house, too.

I was in bed about ten days. First I read a mountain of novels by Alexandre Dumas and ever since then, I've thought that novels go with bronchitis like rain goes with the planting time. But the curious thing is that my aunt went out to buy them like someone setting out to commit a robbery and then hid them when she brought them to me and I just shrugged my shoulders and, as fast as I could, began reading that wonderful story of the man who gets out of jail by pretend-

ing to be dead and they throw him into the ocean and then he washes ashore on the island of Montecristo. But I had never read so much before and I got tired and bored and lay thinking and counting the hours by watching the lights and shadows that came and went on the walls of my room. And anyone looking at me would have thought I was very calm, but inside things were happening that I didn't understand. The whole thing was that I wasn't as sure as I had been before. If earlier they'd given me the chance to choose between going back to the ranch and staying here, I would have been way ahead of them. I would have high-tailed it right back to be with Grandfather. And now I didn't know. I couldn't decide. And the question kept returning no matter how I tried to hide it or distract myself by thinking about other things. Of course, if anyone had asked me, I know what I would have answered: I'd be on my way back to the ranch. But inside me, no; I realized that, and also that it was the first time something like that happened to me: that what I was thinking outside was different from what I was thinking inside.

I don't know what all that had to do with my aunt. I told myself nothing. She looked the same, but she was different. She came in only to bring me my tray herself, or to take my temperature, or to see that I took my medicines. But I watched her out of the corner of my eye and I realized that the sadder she looked, the happier she was, and the happier she looked, the closer she was to crying or you could see something was bothering her, and when she was sitting in the rocking chair fanning herself—when it seemed she was resting, very free from care—the more I felt that there was something she wanted, and the more she busied about and talked, the more I felt she didn't want anything, that she would have liked to leave my room and close herself in her own.

Ten days passed and I couldn't stand the sweat and dirt and the grimy hair anymore. Then my aunt said that I was well and that I could take a bath. I jumped out of bed very happy, but I almost fell from the dizziness that came over me. My aunt ran to take me by the arm and lead me to the bathroom. I sat down, very dizzy, while she mixed the cold water with the hot, stirred it with her fingers and let the tub fill up. Then she asked me to get into the water and I told her to go out and she asked me why. I told her I was embarrassed.

"You're just a child. Pretend I'm your mother. Or Micaela. Didn't she ever give you your bath?"

I told her yes, when I was just a kid. She said it was the same thing. She said she was almost my mother, since she had taken care of me like a son while I was sick. She came to me and began to unbutton my pajamas and to cry and say how

I had filled her life, how someday she would tell me about her life. I covered myself the best I could and got into the tub and almost slipped. She soaped me. She began to rub me the way she had that night and she knew how I liked that and I let her do it while she told me how I didn't know what loneliness was and repeated it over and over and then said just last Christmas I had still been a child and the water was very warm and my body felt good, soapy, and she was cleansing me of the exhaustion of my illness with caressing hands. She knew before I did when I couldn't take any more and she herself lifted me from the tub and looked at me and put her arm around my waist.

I've been living here four months now. Benedicta asks me to call her Aunt in front of everyone else. I get a kick out of slipping down the hallway mornings and nights and yesterday the cook almost caught me. Sometimes I get very tired of it, especially when Benedicta cries and yells and kneels before her crucifix with her arms spread wide. We never go to Mass or take Communion now. And nobody's said anything again about sending me to school. But just the same, I still miss my life with Grandfather and I have written a letter where I tell him to come after me, that I miss the sawmill and the birds and the happy mealtimes. The only thing is I never send it. I do, though, keep adding things every day, and I make sort of sly hints to see if he will catch on. But I don't send the letter. What I don't know how to describe very well is how pretty Benedicta has become, how that stiff woman in mourning who came to the ranch has changed; I'd like to tell Micaela and Grandfather that they should see, that Benedicta knows how to be affectionate, too, and she has very smooth skin and, well, different eyes—bright and very wide—and that she's white all over. The only bad part is that sometimes she moans and cries and twists so. We'll have to see whether I ever send the letter. I got scared today and went so far as to sign it, but I still haven't sealed it. Just a while ago, Benedicta and my aunt Milagros were whispering in the *sala* behind that bead curtain that rattles when you go in and out. And then Aunt Milagros, with her trembling eyelid, came to my room and began to stroke my hair and ask me if I wouldn't like to come stay awhile in her house. I just sat there, very serious. Then I thought about everything. I don't know *what* to think. I added one more paragraph to the letter I'm writing to Grandfather: "Come get me, please. It seems to me there's a lot more morality at the ranch. I'll tell you about it." And I put the letter in the envelope again. But I still can't decide whether to send it.

—Translated by Margaret S. Peden







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# RESURRECTION (continued from page 118)

instant I emerged from the airport. I found myself in a constant clinging mummification of beggars: The opening palms and plaintive whispered pleas for a tip, "Baksheesh, baksheesh," the unblinking beseeching eyes at once unhoping and ravenously gazing out of a condition of brute human desolation that stunned one at first, followed me through those days there like a soft unceasing siege of piranha fish. At the Sphinx, below the Pyramids, at the tombs of Luxor in the breathless heat far up the Nile, they kept materializing in the dust and sun glare like dark ragged apparitions, filtering through the ruins after one with tawdry scraps of gay cordiality scavenged over the years from passing Americans—"What's up, doc? Everything copacetic? All A-OK? See you later, alligator!"—until, after a while, their bold eager smiles in their burned spectral faces began to seem like the grinning of cannibals.

But this time, after a few days in Cairo, I suddenly realize that unflagging enterprise has vanished from its streets. The people themselves are still everywhere: fellahin with bony dust-powdered ankles briefly squatting along the slopes of the Nile, in the early-morning cool right after dawn, to defecate; mothers with sepulchral scorched-out faces hunkering in alleyways from which there gusts a reek like the breath from monkey pens, with small thistle-haired children at each bared breast—a humankind dwelling still in the primeval condition of the race, living from birth to death as close and quick to the dust as lizards. But now, passing them in the streets, no longer are there the opening palms and soft insistent supplications—merely flat, arrogant stares.

In a cab one morning, the driver—a bald and tankish man with his shirt collar turned up against his bulky neck in the manner of drive-in razorbacks in the Fifties—suddenly booms, "You are English? No? American—alhh. . . ." Heaving forward in his seat, he shouts, "All Americans bad—very bad. They help Israelis to kill Egyptians. Russia—they sell to us, we pay, but all this ours, our ground, our things. But Americans, I tell you, they kill my brother, my sister—yes, in Suez, in 1967 with the Phantoms. If I know you American when I stop for you, I would say to you, No, I cannot take you in my cab." He lurches to a stop in the middle of an intersection, waving over a young traffic officer with huge swipes of his hand out the window, and after engaging him in a short vociferous exchange, announces, as the cab lunges on, with the officer glancing at me through the back window with a small sheepish smile, "Yes, see, he say also, all Americans bad. . . ."

But when I cite his remarks to other Egyptians over the following days, they

gape at me for a moment aghast, and then produce scandalized apologies: "Please, this was a nut. Did you get his name? He should be spoken to—no, it makes no difference about his brother and sister, it's outrageous. Intolerable." I find that, even though delivered across the canal by Russian technology and engaged now against American machinery being airlifted to the Israelis, they still nourish the same eager, oblivious, strangely touching affection for the United States.

A prominent Cairo citizen fumes one morning in his office, "Is just like you loving a girl, and every time you see her, she treat you nasty—again and again, say to hell with you. Soon, you begin wanting to say the same thing to her. What is wrong with the United States? Does it not realize there are 100,000,000 Arabs just dying to join with it and become a part of the West? What the hell do we have in common with these Russians—these Communist potatoes? I say this is one of the craziest marriages ever in history—but what goddamn choice has America given us?"

On the drive through El Qantara, the soldier riding in the jeep's front seat smartly spans his automatic rifle when asked its origin and proclaims, "Is Russian. Is best." Then, stopping a few miles out of El Qantara, we stroll among the refuse of an Israeli Skyhawk, idly cuffing through scorched wads of metal strewn in a wide shattering over the sand, and I pause to read the trademark among the innards of its tail assembly, somehow with a quality of fantasy out here in the limitless bairns of the Sinai: DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT COMPANY, LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA.

When we reach the small encampment on the ridge at the front, the soldiers come striding toward us over the sand with the cheerful hail, "Russies? Russies?" I at last aver, somewhat falteringly, that I am American. One of them grins, "So, yes, I have myself many friends in New York. I have no hate, only love in my heart for America. I ask myself, Why she give Israelis everything, us nothing? Ancient Egyptians, I tell myself, they make things for whole world. We don't know why Americans only give to Israelis to fight against us, why Americans don't make something for us. We don't want these Russians come here. Is true, yes. I feel friends with America. My darling, also, she lives with her father in California."

. . . .

"When I saw the Egyptian flag flying again over Sinai soil, the civilization of thousands of years arose once again within me. The Egyptian soldier became for me a giant with the forehead of Ikhnoton, the profile of Khufu, the eyes of Nasser, the endurance of Ahmose I—I felt the slaughtered Osiris had come

back to life, and Horus had strode across the canal to scourge and scatter the Israelis." This was written by a student from a delta farming village—a tall, sun-singed youth named Amin Hosny.

One evening, Amin and I sit in the apartment of an Egyptian socialite, a well-moneyed and mellow woman named Lilith who teaches drama at a Cairo university. Her younger sister, Simya—a trim and lissome ingénue, electric with a constant impatience, exuberant and poutish, strikingly evocative of Tolstoy's Natasha—slouches elegantly across the room by the stereo, sipping wine as she nourishes one of her swooping melancholies. But Lilith, after a bottle of Omar Khayyam beaujolais, has leaned her head back on the sofa to watch Amin. She has about her the exquisite darkness of a nightingale, her hair in the lamplight glistening black, her skin hued like honey. Presently, she murmurs, "Look at him—he is so innocent. Amin, you don't know anything, do you? *He* is your pure, your absolute Arab."

Amin, grinning helplessly, twists un- easily in his chair, emitting a kind of uncomfortable mewling, and keeps glancing uncertainly at Lilith, who, her head still laid back on the couch, continues to regard him with a rapt gaze through drifts of cigarette smoke.

Later, the four of us ride in Lilith's car to see a patriotic revue playing at a small theater somewhere deep in the inner hives of Cairo. The program begins a moment after we take our seats. The small spare stage blooms into light, with young performers in drab casual attire ranked around a girl huddling abjectly in the center of the stage, muffled up to her eyes in a black cloak. "She is Egypt," whispers Lilith. Then, to the spirited electronic squalling of a cabaret rock band behind them, the cast begins reciting breathless, urgent exhortations. Lilith, tilting her head close with a gust of sweet incense like myrrh from her hair, translates in low, lushly textured drumming, "O Egypt, my blood is not too much for you. . . . All I have to do is give my life for you. . . ." Suddenly, one actor prances forward and strikes the stance, beside the girl's cowering figure, of a soldier holding a machine gun: a pose that has that awkward histrionic rigidity of all the combatants in the vividly colored, bombastic war posters around Cairo. This rhetoric of their bodies utters a sense of actual fighting that is strangely inert, graceless, unathletic, absent of any kinetic feel of movement and heft; as static, in fact, as those rigid angular figures in the tableaux deep in the tombs of the Pyramids.

Lilith husks: "It is the night they are to cross the canal." The actor's ringing incantations now come to me in her softly rustling murmur, "I am only a human being—I am thirsty, I can't do it. But I need only to be patient, to be patient,



*ffolkes*



*"You're new here!"*



patient, patient. But, O rocks and mountains, clash and boom together, that I may stay awake. I don't want to die asleep—I won't close my eyes, because I don't want to die of terror."

Abruptly, another performer blares into a microphone the text of Communiqué Number Five—the official announcement by Egypt that it had gained the east bank of the canal—and everywhere around us in the dark there is an explosion of cheers and clapping. To a sudden jubilant bawling of the band, the performers chorus. "O Egypt! To wipe away the shame! Take away the black doom of 1967—cross, O my country, cross!"

And the girl huddled center stage gradually begins to rise, her face lifting with a rapturous expectancy as she slowly and elaborately unfolds herself from her shroud—a young peasant woman, brimmingly abundant, glad lips glimmering, gold hoops in her ears, eyes blackly crackling as she opens her arms wide and sings, "I am your mother, your lover, your comrade—your everything." the audience now storming with applause and yelps of "Communiqué Number Five! Read it again, read it again!" and the chorus answering her, "Come, take me in your arms, warm me, bring me to life again. Teach us how to play the difficult games, teach us to be strong—we stand now in a row, volcanoes burning in our breasts, the soldiers, the farmers, the factory workers, the shopkeepers. . . ."

As this litany continues, Simya suddenly sniggers, then turns to whisper between her fingers. "Oh, no. He just said also all the workers of the sewers—I'm sorry, it just sounded so funny." (Back in Lilith's apartment late that night, Simya again lounges low in the chair by the stereo, long and willowy and sleek, sulking luxuriously: "I just don't belong here. It's really so tediously serious and boring—even my sister, yes, you. You're all just so solemn and religious about everything now.")

But throughout the production, Amin leans forward in his seat, watching avidly, and afterward he confides with an air of gentle self-wonder, "You know, during the play—I must tell you, I cried."

. . .

The man who, almost singly, somehow effected all this—Anwar Sadat—is an eminently unheroic and prosaic figure, on the whole. Even in Egypt before October sixth, he tended to be viewed, with his recurrently evaporating ultimatums to Israel, as something of a farcical drudge—"a bad joke," as one student recalls. "It was Sadat's misfortune, in succeeding Nasser," reflects a journalist, "to be like a dusty tax-department bureaucrat trying to take the place of Napoleon." Instead, it was Qaddafi—Libya's fierce, gaunt, ascetic revolutionary prophet out of the desert—who quickly

captured the reeling fancy of Egyptians, celebrated as "Nasser's son," with students in one Cairo demonstration tumbling through the streets behind a donkey adorned with a sign saying SADAT.

One morning, shortly after the ceasefire, a mammoth press conference for the 400 journalists then in Cairo is called in the central committee hall of the Arab Socialist Union—an expansive chamber whose decor could have come from random salvagings from some old movie-palace lobby, with a gargantuan chandelier overhead bejeweled in glass bijoux tiles of orange, lime and sapphire. Sadat presently appears, strolling in soberly among a thicket of various deacon-suited government ministers—a tall, lank, bony man with the plainness of a sod farmer, wearing a crisply starched khaki army uniform. Settling himself behind the sheeted table on the dais, blotting his damp chin with a dab of a tightly folded handkerchief, he commences with, "In the name of God Almighty. . . ." He first makes a curiously touching apology to the horde of journalists gathered before him: "I wish that you be considerate of our circumstances. This is the first time for us to face the situation we are facing today. Our information media, to be frank, is still to an extent timid, and we are not as skilled in the art of public relations as perhaps others are. One must confess one's drawbacks, and if our enemy is really excellent in anything, it is the art of public relations. . . ." With that, he launches into a marathon official exposition of Egypt's perspectives on the circumstances at the moment, becoming steadily more animated in his chair, allowing himself quick, tautly measured gestures, one hand now and then circling and jabbing a yellow pencil sideways in the air. When he concluded, well over an hour later, he entertained a few questions selected from journalists' written submissions, beginning most of his answers with, "I think I have answered this question already. . . . I believe I have replied to this question before. . . ."

But however implausibly pedestrian a presence, he nevertheless acted on October sixth—at least that once—with a startling, almost supernatural brilliance. "Historical genius hardly ever comes in the dramatic person of a hero, anyway," one Egyptian intellectual is moved to reflect. "It much more often comes in the unlikeliest, most inauspicious and ordinary figures." And not the least of the casualties of October sixth, as it turned out, was Qaddafi—who, precipitously dismissing it all as "a light-opera war," instantly receded, at least for the time being, into an incidental and remote memory.

. . .

When I was there in 1970, I came upon a small, insular community of cosmopolitans, most of them vestiges of the prerevolutionary aristocracy who, dispos-

sessed and cast adrift in history, remained in Cairo as a kind of inner *émigré* colony. They would gather every sundown at the Gezira Sporting Club on an island in the Nile, a genteel relic of England's long proprietorship in Egypt, sitting in small groups among its generous green lawns and bowering trees, with Mercedes quietly glimmering along the drives and waiters noiselessly floating back and forth under the trees, carrying trays of gin and tonics. Among them was a man in his robust 50s named Fawzi, whose family's firm had reportedly been making over \$2,000,000 a year before Nasser and who had since managed to strike his own enterprising accommodations with the new order. "But you know, I just can't help feeling now and then that we were not meant for this age," he mused to his friends at the club one soft dusk, with small coronas of white gnats shimmering over the golf greens. "I just get this strange feeling sometimes that none of us really belongs in this century."

On the first Thursday of every month in Cairo in 1970, there was a concert by a 62-year-old Egyptian diva named Oum Kalsoum, who, for decades, had constituted a kind of folk-soul singer to the whole Arab world, speaking to them like some combination of Mahalia Jackson, Edith Piaf, Aretha Franklin and Judy Garland. She was, by any measure, a seismic cultural phenomenon, bringing private Caravelles and Learjets skidding into Cairo's airport, bearing sheiks and sultans and prime ministers from Morocco and the Sudan and Kuwait, for days ahead of each concert, which lasted from around ten in the evening until two in the morning. I went along with Fawzi for one of her performances while I was there—stopping off first at a night club a short stroll down an alley from the movie theater where she would sing: the appointed place where Cairo's underground of derelict aristocrats gathered before each of her concerts to get unanimously, swiftly, securely drunk. A few minutes after Fawzi and I arrived, a woman entered on the arm of a rather gorgeous and fluorescently scarved youth whom she advertised, a moment later, when she found Fawzi at the bar, as "a delightful creature. It just hasn't decided yet whether it is a boy or a girl, but isn't it pretty?" The woman had a pert browned elfin face, black eyes twinkling, her black mane of hair raked straight back, a neat compact woman as ripplingly supple as an otter, with a distinct sheen of money about her. Fawzi introduced her as Lani, an Egyptian heiress who had been schooled in Europe and who now, even under Nasser, was a formidable business figure in Cairo. "Yes," she sighed from Fawzi's shoulder, "but I'm not nearly so rich as I once was. But then, none of us are, are we, Fawzi?"

The night club was now impossibly crammed with these people, engaged in





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some collective ritualized abandon that had about it a curiously dated and archaic panache, as if they had arrived only now at the style of dissolution of Paris 40 years ago in *The Sun Also Rises*. Watching them, I began thinking a little melodramatically of a passage of William Styron's I'd recently read: "Dreaming loveless dreams . . . that echoed among lost ruined temples of peace . . . they stirred and turned . . . painted with fire, like those fallen children who live and breathe and soundlessly scream, and whose souls blaze forever." Through the bedlam of their voices, there came occasional dim gusts of applause from the concert hall where Oum Kalsoum had begun to sing, like surf from some far innocent shore.

Finally, sometime after midnight, a group of us wandered up the alleyway toward the theater, carrying our drinks, and then stood collected in the half-light at the rear door of the auditorium. With the musicians ranged around her proceeding through an introduction, Oum Kalsoum sat with the motionless formality of an effigy in the center of the stage, her hands placed flatly on her knees. Dressed in a simple green gown,

with a scarf nestled in her lap, she resembled, more than anything else, a somewhat dour and buxom great-aunt, her dyed black hair drawn back glassily into a bun. The *salon* orchestra around her, all dressed in tuxedos, meanwhile worked its way through what began to seem an interminably flourishing approach—an abject sawing of violin moans, twining endlessly through one another, with tremulous shiverings of a tambourine. It was, altogether, a stunning, wild old din out of the desert, that common genesis of the children of Ishmael, their primordial experience of fiery winds and fury and enduring brute ascetic travail flicked only sparingly with quick pleasures, like razor snicks, brief sweet raptures that sent the eyes whitely plunging. In the restlessly shifting multitude in the gloom below Oum Kalsoum, among the Saudi head drapery and Tunisian fezzes, there were the scattered luminescent glows of white bridal veils where couples, married only a few hours earlier, sat now on their wedding night in this heavy warm darkness. Still, she did not stir—sat waiting while the orchestra continued, the passionate voltages loose in the air still accumulating

and arranging themselves toward that sudden ultimate perfect pattern point that would bring her to her feet. Once, when she abruptly bowed her head in acknowledgment of one particularly close swoop past the instant of truth, it brought a huge low convulsive groan from the audience, an amazed delicious *Ahhhhh*, with one man lunging to his feet and yowling entreaties to her until those around him whispered and waved him down. The air sweltered. Cats coiled up and down the aisles. And at last, unfurling her scarf with a stately whirl of her hand, she rose—touching off a detonation of cheers, a long voluptuous release of bellows and clapping. She stood composed until it had subsided, and then began, almost stealthily, to sing—her voice a winding wail filtering down, it seemed, through all the centuries from the twilight rooftops of Ur, the purple nights of Babylon, and having to do with the unutterably sweet anguish of love, that special Arab sense of love as a luscious misery, beautiful pain. As she sang, men in the audience lit cigarettes and then put out the match flame with slow gentle pinches of their finger tips.

"This is what it means to be Arab," Fawzi muttered beside me. "I never feel so Arab as when I listen to her sing. It's like going back to church after a long time away."

Lani had moved away from the rest of us, sitting alone now on the top step of the aisle, her back to us. She listened to Oum Kalsoum leaning forward with her arms wrapped about her, as if to enfold and warm some cold cavity of pain and lonesomeness.

After we had drifted back to the night club, Lani sat unsteadily on a stool at the bar, lost in Lethean fogs, peering at the others around her. "Look at us," she suddenly said. "Nobody in this place cares about anything. We don't belong to the present or the past or the future—we're lost in time. So we live like this every night. Nobody in this place is serious. But the hell is, we all have to wake up every morning in that different world and go out and face people who are different—who are serious."

But when I return this time, three years later, it's as if they have all scattered like wraiths into the air. I go back several evenings to the night club where they used to assemble but find it inhabited now by students, inherited by a simpler, fresher generation. At last, I find Fawzi in his office one morning—still effusive but with a certain earnestness about him now. "Did you know," he booms, "there was not a single crime reported in Cairo during those first few weeks after the crossing—not one incident? Yes, incredible! That's how much everyone here has been involved." He has even taken on a slightly sober political rigorosity, it seems. "I tell you, I





cannot say too much for this man Sadat," he announces. "He is really something. He has my complete faith. The U. S. will never find again a hero in the Arab world who will cooperate with them if they do not take this opportunity to work with Sadat. He is the man with whom they must—they *must*—compromise." Twirling and flipping a strand of worry beads, he stoutly insists, "Oh, no, the personal life is not at all dead here—of course not! To the contrary!" Yet there seems, on the whole, a faintly elegiac air about him. After a while, he idly mentions that Oum Kalsoum has not performed now for many months: "I understand she's been ill," he reports solemnly. "In fact, I heard someone say that she has cancer of the throat. Very sad. But, after all, she has been singing since she was six, and she is in her seventies now. She had a great career, a full life."

Finally, I ask, "And where is Lani now?"

"Lani? You wouldn't believe—she is working with the wounded in the hospitals, every night. She is absolutely committed, consumed with that hospital work. I haven't seen her at all for a number of months, actually. Nobody has really seen much of anybody lately."

An Egyptian matron confesses one afternoon, "Before I started working in the hospital, I had always kept a certain distance from the common Egyptians, with a little distaste for them. I felt they were really alien to me. But my soldiers at the hospital, they are all so pure and simple and heroic. It's wonderful to talk with these people, to touch them, to be lost among them." But all these egalitarian enthusiasms hardly indicate that the war has worked to democratize Egyptian society. Rather, all the earnestness in Egypt now—the plays in the theaters, Fawzi's exuberance, Lani's transformation, debutantes and dowagers solemnly absorbed in nursing duties at hospitals for the wounded—begins to seem peculiarly reminiscent of the war exaltation of 1917 in the United States. It is a renaissance that has taken the form of a quaintly archaic patriotism belonging more to the prenuclear theater of history than to the missile age. "I admit it's absurdly old-fashioned," the Egyptian matron continues, "but that is how we are experiencing it—we have almost a 19th Century feeling of grandeur and heroism. It's like that romantic nationalism of Napoleon's time, really—that feeling of honor and courage and martial splendor."

At the same time, though, something in their collective elation seems too vivid and feverish, somehow—too ecstatic. "There is a kind of manic-depressive syndrome in the Egyptian personality,"

a veteran American resident in Cairo observes one evening. "They tend to move back and forth from absolute euphoria to absolute despair. They just don't seem to have any middle range in their emotional spectrum. And what worries me is the low swing that will inevitably follow this particular high they're on now."

Even while I am there, one Cairo newspaper cautions, "Now the enemy is artistically trying to exploit our Oriental make-up, which fuses quickly with events positively or negatively, rising quickly to the climax of delirious joy and plummeting, just as quickly, to the pit of despondency unless it can find at all times material to assure and fortify this joy."

Sustaining this pitch of mood is their compulsively extravagant rhetoric—indeed, some have suggested that it is the inveterate flamboyance and theatricality of their language itself that have really

caused all the mischief and confoundment in the Near East: that it is impossible to be temperate and sensible and pragmatic in Arabic. Whatever, it's another flourish of Egypt's not all that unfamiliar to a Southerner, as I first found in 1970. It has long been a Southern disposition—perhaps for similar reasons—to invest in words a disproportionate consequence and life of their own, to make of eloquence a reality in itself that can dispel and replace the insupportable reality at hand. In the same way, for the Egyptians, rhetoric has long served as a supplemental counterfeit to bluff circumstantial reality—a ceaseless sleight of hand and shadow game that has been going on so long it's as if the difference were no longer distinguishable to them. As a result, oratory itself is reported as serious news: new offensives are launched by pronouncement, threats themselves corner and cut off the



*"The opportunity to be fair and just is rewarding—but what I especially like is taking the law into my own hands."*



enemy, ultimatums accomplish victory—developments that await only the petty vulgarity of actually taking place. The persistent interventions of gross facts, such as the defeat of 1967, are really something like periodic ransacking sucks from the black chaos of outer space that leave brief vacuums of disorder that rhetoric then rushes to fill.

As a result, propaganda assumes, for the Egyptians, an unusually critical importance: It is, in fact, everything. On this most strategic of all fronts—the forensic one—the Egyptian press through the days following October sixth is delivering such blockbusters as "OUR THINKING AND PLANS WERE NOT AS THE ENEMY VISUALIZED THEM" . . . "EGYPTIAN MILITARY COMMUNIQUÉ PROVES FALSEHOOD OF ENEMY ALLEGATIONS AND REVEALS INCONSISTENCY OF HIS COMMUNIQUÉS." Their reverence for polemics once prompts Egyptian newspapers—in accounts of a fracas in an Israeli P. O. W. compound between "an Oriental and a European Jew" over the European's complaint that the other's cowardice had caused their capture—to breathlessly recite as the Oriental's rejoinder that set them to flailing at each other: "I say, No! All disasters which have befallen the Israeli people are the result of the flopping aggressive designs worked out by Western Jews and the futile adventures in which they involve the Israeli people!" Only in Egypt could those be fighting words.

With Egyptian authorities unable to understand any curiosity ranging beyond official communiqués, I find some 400 journalists in Cairo milling in a kind of continuous subdued hysteria, confined in a kind of leisurely, implacably hermetic quarantine by censors. Most of them pass long afternoons in the vaguely mildewed gloom of the Safari Bar in the Nile Hilton, bawling loud, reckless slanders of various Egyptian press ministers, one journalist announcing one evening, "You know what this is like? This is like trying to cover the goddamn Super Bowl locked up in the goddamn basement latrine."

But it soon filters through our insulation that Egypt's Third Army is clearly stranded across the canal in the southern Sinai, its supply routes barricaded by Israel's sudden encircling foray across the Great Bitter Lake. About this time, I attend a dinner party late one evening in the home of a West German diplomat, with several members of the Egyptian *culturati*—including, I am happy to see, Lilith—sifting in to join assorted folk from Western embassies in Cairo. Among them is the West German press attaché, a swart stubby little satyr, with a brisk and distinctly undaunted *Junker* manner about him, his right cheek seamed by a waxen scar. (The next afternoon, in the Safari Bar, a Reuter's correspondent chortles, "Oh, yes, that chap. You heard about his little exchange with the Rus-

sian press attaché at some party not long ago, didn't you? A huge ox of a fellow, this Russian. He and the German got into a rather hot quarrel over something, and finally the German declares to him, 'I'll have you know, sir, that my father starved to death on the Russian front,' and the Russian looms over him, points his tremendous finger at the German's chest and says, 'Yes, and don't you ever forget it, either.'")

About midway through dinner, the conversations up and down the candlelit table abruptly dwindle as the German is proceeding to explain to Lilith, with a toneless metallic precision, how it is impossible to avoid concluding that the Third Army is cut off: "Look, it is logically irrefutable. All transport in the area must be admitted through Israeli check points, no? There are pleas from the Red Cross for provisions. They are out of water, yes? One can deduce nothing else. They are dying out there, I'm afraid."

At this, an Egyptian professor tilts his cranelike figure a fraction of a degree forward over the table: "Yes, I see. Cut off, you say. Ah."

But Lilith, her voice a bit taut, insists, "You don't seem to have heard—they are still fighting. They are still getting their supplies, there is no problem."

The German, absolutely composed and heatless, glances up at her slyly and inquires in his monotone, "But how do you know that?"

Lilith, flushing slightly, replies, "Of course they are. The government said only yesterday there is no cause for concern about the Third Army, they are being supplied—"

The German gives the merest wince of a smile, a brief glint of a front tooth, and observes, "Ah, yes. The Egyptian government. But how is the Third Army being supplied? I have some interesting information about that from the UN."

The professor inclines himself a barely perceptible degree farther over his plate, piping in a clipped voice, "From the UN, you say. Hmm."

The German gazes dourly at the professor: "Yes, that is correct. From the UN."

Lilith snaps, "It doesn't make any difference about the UN. We know the Third Army is still fighting."

The German looks back at Lilith and continues with a remorseless deliberation, "Please. You are thinking with your sentiments. I am afraid this is not one of your dramatic productions in a theater, Miss Lilith. You must consider the situation logically. The conclusion is simply inescapable that they are stranded and perishing out there—there is no choice but to face that, to admit—"

And Lilith vehemently shrills, "I must face nothing. I must admit nothing. That is merely your opinion, but we Egyptians know what the facts are."

(The next morning, the Egyptians who

were at the table will all phone one another to affirm, "The German, was he not an unpleasant man? Very disagreeable, was he not?")

And after dinner that evening, when we have collected in the drawing room for cognac and mellow romantic records, all Lilith wants to know in a whisper while we are dancing is, "Did I put up a good fight against him? Did I answer well? I performed with spirit, did I not?" Whatever the mundane intimations of disaster, all that counts, still, is the gesture, the transcendent, all-defining, all-redeeming rhetorical efficacy of the pose.

In the end, of course, Egypt has always relied on its immemorial resource of time. It has used time against its adversaries as Russia has used geography. An Egyptian intellectual proposes, "The Hyksos, the Greeks, the Romans, the Crusaders, the Turks, the French and the British—all of them, where are they now? We have always prevailed in the end. We know how to wait." In those terms, actually, all the conventional measures of defeat become meaningless: wars that come to catastrophe, occupations and the depredation of property and households, all become merely unlucky incidents in an experience whose real truth lies beyond the span of a lifetime or even a generation. In the meantime, then, Egyptians are given to that headlong readiness—not so alien to a Southerner, either—to place the matter of one's honor and pride against all practical profit and human cost.

At the close of dinner at the German diplomat's home that evening, Lilith declared finally, "Well, so what if we lose the Third Army? We are prepared to lose it if we have to. We can afford to, we are willing to. It won't really matter now, since we have crossed the canal—nothing can retract that victory. Because we have gotten our name back."

A few days later, an American teacher in Cairo shakes his head: "Yes, that's about the attitude they have here. What she was talking about, of course, was several thousand human beings, but they just don't understand that part of it. It's never occurred to them that perhaps every single individual contains all the universe, goddamn it, contains all mankind. That sort of individualism is unintelligible to them. That, finally, is the great difference between this country and Israel."

It is almost 24 hours later that the awareness comes trickling in, on teletypes and in the casual references of officials, of the global alerts and massive mobilizations that had been heaving unsuspected all around one for a day. One discovers, with a light chill and a vague give in the knees, that one had been dwelling for a time, serenely and obliviously, right at ground zero for a tentatively impending apocalypse. The





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Egyptian press, for its part, afterward seems curiously intrigued and exhilarated by that heady possibility: "WORLD FACED DANGER OF NUCLEAR CONFRONTATION ON ACCOUNT OF CRISIS HERE" . . . "SOVIET AND AMERICAN ARMIES ALERTED."

However illusionary that prospect later proved to be, a seasoned Near East journalist broods one evening in the lobby of the Nile Hilton. "That was just a hint of how this place can act like a whirlpool to haul in the global powers. However it may come about, the sequence that would chain-react right up to wholesale conflagration should be clear now for everybody. Clearer than it ever was in the Balkans right before World War One. Who the hell ever would have supposed that Sarajevo was going to amplify into a world cataclysm? After '48 and '56 and '67—and most of all now, after October sixth—I just don't see how there can be another inconclusive war. There just aren't any more margins left now for equivocation and intermediate measures. The next time, if it comes, will definitely be the final act."

During my last days in Cairo, I come to the queasy suspicion, as I did in 1970 after passing through Jordan and Israel, that trying to trace any pattern of geopolitical morality and legitimacy back through the recesses of this region's past would be like peering down a dark hall of mirrors—for any proper historical answer, one would probably have to grope back through the centuries all the way to the primal question: Where are the

Canaanites? Because ever since Sumer and Abraham, imperial grandeurs and warring hosts have passed across the slopes and plains of this worn and oldest earth of numberless unremembered slaughters like a ceaseless gusting of locusts: Amalekites, Amorites, Hittites, Assyrians, Babylonians, Philistines, Persians, with periodic interventions by Egypt, trampling back and forth after each other in an endless bloody enterprise of dispossession and appropriation. Indeed, the first uncertain candles of history—mosaics from the royal tombs of Ur, the stele of Naram-Sim, king of Akkad—illuminate with their brief flicker men already furiously engaged here in grappling for each other's lands.

As in 1970, I leave Cairo with a strange furtive exhilaration of escape: deliverance out of an abiding uneasiness at being in the middle of some elusive madness that has managed to implicate the destiny of the world in the old compulsions and aggrievements of that haggard backland of history, far from the innocent shores of America's own experience. I remember a UN spokesman in the midst of it all—a Swede, a pedagogic man in shell-rimmed glasses, dressed like a small-town hardware-store manager—discharging abstractions and diffusions in a conference room at the Hilton, all heat and matter taken out, about "technical difficulties on the locale between the UN and the various parties involved." Yet such abstraction—unlanguage, unforces, undecisions—seemed in

the months afterward to have accomplished a reprieve. Still, the conciliations and relaxations were haunted by a sense of being merely pauses before the climactic agony, the maelstrom. To be sure, the ancient landscape surrounding that UN spokesman is the stage-set where all those gaunt, sulphur-eyed, God-ravaged evangelists back in the cracker-box tabernacles and summer-night tent revivals have always proclaimed the world will end in holocaust. And, indeed, there are some peculiar, unsettlingly suggestive passages in the 16th chapter of *Revelations*: "And the fourth angel poured out his vial upon the sun; and power was given unto him to scorch men with fire. . . . And I saw . . . the spirits of devils, working miracles . . . go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty. . . . And he gathered them together into a place called, in the Hebrew tongue, Armageddon. . . . And the seventh angel poured out his vial into the air; and there came a great voice out of the temple of heaven, from the throne, saying, It is done. And there were voices, and thunders, and lightnings; and there was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth. . . . And every island fled away, and the mountains were not found."

That morning, when I am riding to El Qantara, to that convulsed ruin of bunkers across the canal where I had been carried three years earlier by the frail young Israeli lieutenant, we pass through the primeval tableland of the Nile delta—through an interminable gallery of eucalyptus trees along the Sweet Water Canal, past a limitless and unceasing panorama of low yellow autumn fields filled with a myriad infestation of donkeys, harvesters, threshers, water carriers, bullocks, the timeless plod of camels under date palms, brief glistenings of nude bathers splashing along the banks of irrigation canals: a pageantry as dense and profuse and endlessly recurrent as the murals arrayed along the walls of the Pharaohs' tombs. It is here, I muse, where man first emerged in that epic blusterous vanity with which, many surmise, he will also likewise instantly vanish. It has still the look of the aboriginal mythical paradise, the Eden. Then an army truck, painted a drab mayonnaise yellow, pulls out of a side road, bearing out of the dappling swim of palms and orchards the enormous, implacable, finned bulk of a SAM missile, heading on for the Sinai: those empty windy speckled wastes visited with faint tarnishings of sunlight under a gray wintry sky, where I see, on a high crest of sand, a solitary young Egyptian officer kneeling on a carefully spread prayer rug, bowing to Mecca.



## fathers playing catch (continued from page 140)

center field, maybe 50 players in a group shaped like an amphitheater, with Bill Virdon, the manager, talking softly to them, outlining the day's activities. A few players stare at me, mildly curious—normally, the fences keep out people who look like me—and then look away.

Just as Virdon finishes, a large black player with 17 on his back walks over to me, slaps me gently on the stomach and says with mock concern, "Say, you better do some laps!" Suddenly everybody is running. Number 17 beckons me to follow. I start off. I run. I start in the middle of the pack but soon drag to the rear. As we pull around third base, I see my first fans. They look puzzled to see a civilian doing laps with the players. Jane is grinning and hiding at the same time.

As for me, I am elated. By the time I have done 100 yards, my body hurts but my spirit flies. I know that when number 17 challenged me, he was teasing; taking him literally was teasing him back. By the time I struggle back to center field at the end of the second lap, I am exhausted, but I feel like a free man. Or I feel that illusion of freedom a drunk man must feel when he runs onto the field at Yankee Stadium eluding police and tries to shake the center fielder's hand while 40,000 fans boo and clap.

More of the players turn and look, now. Number 17 sees me struggle in (he's half an hour ahead of me) and looks surprised. "You really did it," he says.

Calisthenics begin. I stand in the back row, near a player with a vacant expression and lots of hair (later, I find out he is Bob Robertson), and bounce up and down swinging my arms, bend, stretch, lie down and do it all again. During a pause in the calisthenics, an older man in front of me (a coach named Mel Wright) turns around and says, "Some fine running out there."

"They didn't lap me!" I say.

"It's been a long time since anybody's been lapped out here," he says. "Thought it was going to happen for a while there."

Calisthenics again. Bob Robertson is working hard. Suddenly I see two civilians with cameras dangling all over them. They gesture at me to move closer to Robertson. I oblige and continue my exercises. They bend into their reflex cameras and snap away. I am a novelty photograph.

The loosening up over, I feel wholly unloosened—like an unraveled sweater. I struggle back to the clubhouse and put on number 43, the road uniform of a coach (coaches have bigger stomachs) named Don Leppert. I meet Bill Mazerowski, gray and leathery as an old greyhound, tough and funny. I meet Steve

Blass, who points midsection at Gerry and me and shrieks: "Look at those boilers!" Learning quickly that we are a bunch of writers, Blass asks plaintively, "Maybe you guys can tell me, what should I do when I grow up?" Blass is 31, has been the Pirates' best right-handed pitcher for several years past.

In uniform, my sense of calm and control increases. I feel as if I could walk into bullets. I am aware that my happiness now is as absurd as my earlier terror.

Outside, the players have split into many groups, practicing different parts of the game. Some players throw lazily together, loosening their arms. Everyone must do this, every day. If you don't loosen gradually, you will pull a muscle. Others, already warmed up, start to hit against the mechanical pitcher in a little Quonset hangar next to the clubhouse. Distantly, figures run on the four diamonds of the practice field, raising dust. Since it is closest, I go to the batting cage.

The sun is high and hot. Number 17 is leaning against the net, watching Manny Sanguillen take some cuts. From my hip pocket I pull—as surreptitiously as I am able: 38 pants on a 42-inch waist make subtlety difficult—my press book on the Pirates. Number 17 is Dock Ellis, owner of the Cadillac with the Lincoln grille and the red-leather trim *outside*. I remember *him*; he is a right-handed fast-ball pitcher, and in 1971, at the All Star break, he was the hottest pitcher in the National League while Vida Blue was the sensation of the American. He made waves when he said the National League wouldn't start him, because they would never start a brother against a brother. Naturally, he was called a radical, though it seemed mere realism; he turned out to be imperfectly prophetic, since Dock started against Vida: Maybe it was a good example of the rhetoric of the self-defeating prophecy. Later, he made more waves when he complained that the Pirates wouldn't hire him a bedroom with a long-enough bed.

I was pleased that it was number 17



"I think this one is intended for you, dear."



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who had slapped my belly.

Manny Sanguillen's face is very mobile, his eyes and mouth swimming like fish. When he sets himself for the pitch, he becomes as tense as a sprinter at the starting block, listening for the gun that will snap him loose. Extraordinary held-back power: total tension, releasing total power; and then absolute relaxation. When Sanguillen drops the bat, takes off the batting helmet and strolls out of the cage, his whole face lapses slaphappily into humor, he joshes with his friends, a little Spanish and a little English mixed.

"You want to take a turn?" Someone is talking to me. It is a blond young man in uniform, a nonroster player.

"Sure," I say. The sudden jolt in my chest starts as fear and ends as excitement. Sanguillen beckons me and I step inside. The structure is long and low, with a curved roof and an open end (with a wire net) where I had been watching. At the other end, a machine pitches out of the shade, while one of the coaches feeds baseballs into it.

I stick a hard hat onto my head, the protective flap over my left ear. It is difficult to find one big enough, because of hair. I pick up a couple of bats until I find a light one. I know that I will have difficulty meeting the ball, and a light bat will at least be easier to move. Give me a Willie Stargell bat, 38 ounces, and I will have difficulty lifting it off my shoulder and will gradually sink and topple under its weight.

Outside, I hear ballplayers exhorting other ballplayers: "Come here! Watch this!" I spread my legs wide apart, far back in the box, in order to have more time to pick up the ball. I stick my head forward, over the plate. "Stand back!" shout three or four voices in unison. Gene Alley, I am quickly told, had his hand broken two years ago by this same machine.

I thought they took them out and shot them if they did something like that.

I take a practice swing. It's as if I dropped my pants in an old burlesque house. Screams of laughter, hoots, cat-calls, more shouts to distant ballplayers to come and get a load of this.

But I am too concentrated on the task at hand to allow myself to feel humiliated. The coach loads the machine with baseballs: loading the killer, the mad-dog machine.

I touch the first ball. I graze it as it hurtles past, wrist-high, inside and super-sonic. A cheer breaks out behind me. I miss the next one, more cheers. The next one comes in waist-high and outside, and I swing early but a little high. I bat it into the ground. Still, I get enough of it so that my right hand feels broken into several parts.

Now that I have the secret, I dig in. I relax. The pitching machine, as if I have

made it angry by hitting a ball so that it goes forward, rears back and blows a fast ball at my head. That thing dusts me! The *bean* ball! It sticks one in my ear!

While I am picking myself up from the muck of the floor, I hear torrents of laughter rising around me. Now the whole team has assembled to see me bat. It seems as if someone has quickly dispatched a bus to Sarasota and assembled the White Sox also. I have become an immensely comic figure; the mantles of Charlie Chaplin and Groucho Marx, possibly of Chico and Harpo also, have descended upon my plump shoulders. Every motion I summon is intrinsically risible. I cannot move a finger, I cannot blink an eye without plunging 100 athletes into hysterics. Possibly Tony the trainer will have to subdue them with tranquilizer darts.

When I stand up, I feel more determined than ever. I murmur something to comfort myself. (As I recall, my exact words were, "Fuck them.") I dig in and stare. I concentrate. The ball flings out. When it is perhaps halfway, a voice close to my ear and a little behind me shouts, "Swing!" I do what I am told. I hit the ball solidly and it goes on a line back at the machine, goes back to the hole it came out of and strikes the machine. I am even! The ballplayers sing out a cheer. I set myself again and the voice tells me "Swing" again, and I swing and I connect again.

The first lesson. In a moment, when the coach is picking up baseballs to refill the machine, I look around. The voice at my ear is Dock Ellis, grinning like a jack-o'-lantern. "You're doing real good," he says. "Going to make the team." Then he moseys off. So do most of the rest of them, but I take another 20 cuts or so, missing a few, fouling and tipping a few, hitting a few cleanly, trying always to start my swing early and guide it toward the ball as I am swinging. (Keep your eye on it.) Finally, my hand hurts so much that I stop.

Later in the day, my hand looks like an inflated red rubber glove.

The day drifts on. I borrow a glove from a ballplayer who looks 16. He is practicing base running. Then when he wants to field, I give him back his glove, but he offers his backup glove. He tells me I can use it all the time. Very kind of him. His locker doesn't have a name over it, but it is right next to N. McRae, and his glove has L. WRENN lettered on it.

There are no doors or locks on the lockers. Everything there for the stealing, but stealing is not a problem. The lockers of the older and famous players—W. Stargell, S. Blass—are full of shoes and mail, tons and tons of mail to answer. I feel an impulse to steal one of Willie Stargell's shoes. Imagine it bronzed and



hanging from the mirror over the dashboard of the car! I resist the impulse.

• • •

When I drag-ass back to the Sea Horse Beach Club, where I'm staying, I go to bed. It is 4:30. I sleep. At 6:30 I try to get up. None of my limbs work. I cannot bend any part of my body. My right hand looks like a peeled muskmelon.

I roll onto the floor and begin to move my legs very slowly. After half an hour, I am able to walk and go out to eat, provided I use my left hand for opening doors, greeting strangers and lifting menus or glasses. Walking is difficult. A bone spur in my left heel is acting up, and I have to walk tiptoe. Walking tiptoe does strange things to shin muscles. I realize that tomorrow is going to be ghastly. But this discomfort is only *there*, like the Gulf of Mexico: it is a place where I am living, for the moment. No big deal. The big deal is that I feel so happy.

At dinner, the visiting impostors begin to know one another. Jim Wooten, a columnist for *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, talks about playing baseball in high school. John Parrish, a doctor, has arrived and watches us all with an alertness that has no threat to it. Suddenly, sitting at the table trying to cut my beef with my left hand, I hear Parrish ask me, "Did your father play baseball?" I never learn why he asks me, but it lets things suddenly loose in me that I have had dammed up for years.

My father and I played catch as I grew up. Like so much else between fathers and sons, playing catch was tender and tense at the same time. He wanted to play with me. He wanted me to be good. He seemed to *demand* that I be good. I threw the ball into his catcher's mitt. Atta boy. Put her right there. I threw straight. Then I tried to put something on it. It flew 20 feet over his head. Or it banged into the sidewalk in front of him, breaking stitches and ricocheting off a pebble into the gutter of Greenway Street. Or it went wide to his right and lost itself in Mrs. Davis' bushes. Or it went wide to his left and rolled across the street while drivers swerved their cars.

I was wild. I was *wild*. I had to be wild for my father. What else could I be? Do you want me to have *control*?

But I was, myself, the control on him. He had wanted to teach school, to coach and teach history at Cushing Academy in Ashburnham, Massachusetts, and he had done it for two years before he was married. The salary was minuscule and in the Twenties people didn't get married until they had the money to live on. Since he wanted to marry my mother, he made the only decision he could make: He quit Cushing and went into the family business, and he hated business, and he wept when he fired people, and he wept when he was criticized, and his

head shook at night, and he coughed from all the cigarettes, and he couldn't sleep, and he almost died when an ulcer hemorrhaged when he was 42, and ten years later, at 52, he died of lung cancer.

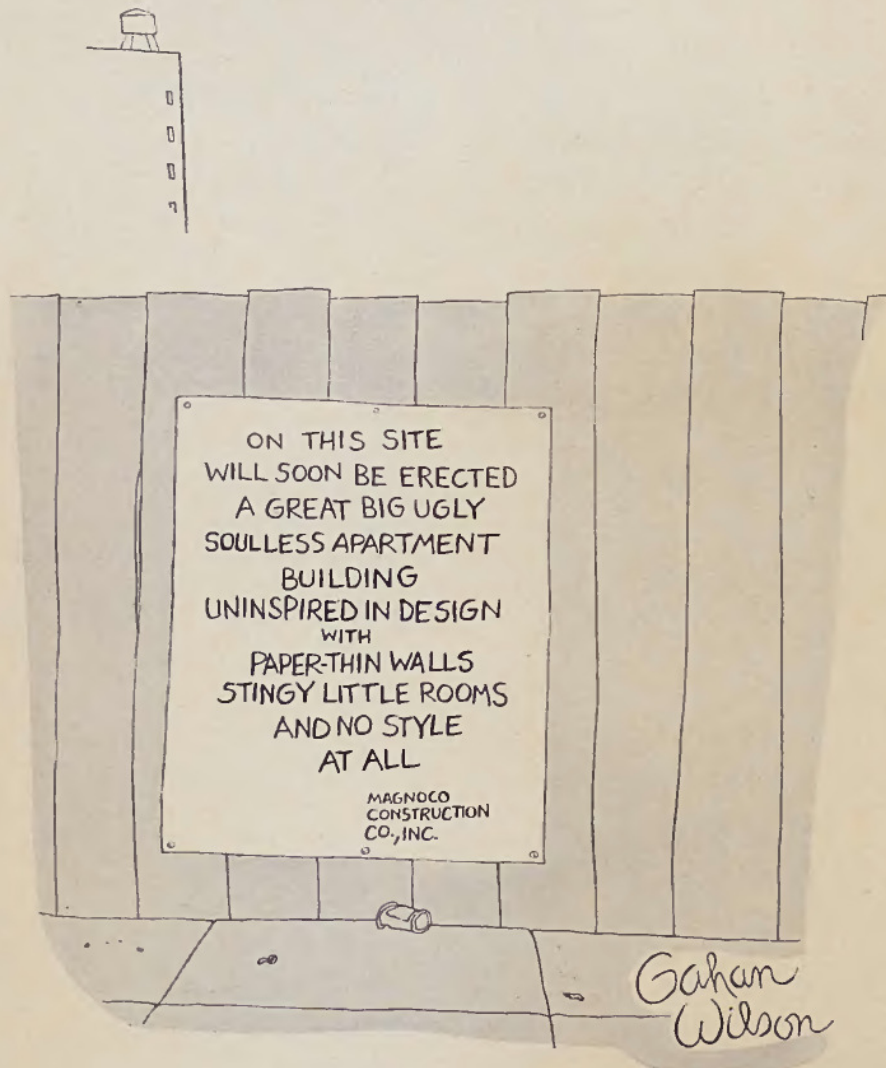
But the scene I remembered—at night in the restaurant, after a happy, foolish day in the uniform of a Pittsburgh Pirate—happened when he was 25 and I was almost one year old. So I did not "remember" it at all. It simply rolls itself before my eyes with the intensity of lost memory suddenly found again, more intense than the moment ever is.

It is 1929, July, a hot Saturday afternoon. At the ball park near East Rock, in New Haven, Connecticut, just over the Hamden line, my father is playing semi-pro baseball. I don't know the names of the teams. My mother has brought me in a basket and sits under a tree, in the shade, and lets me crawl when I wake up.

My father is very young, very skinny. When he takes off his cap—the uniform is gray, the bill of the cap blue—his fine hair is parted in the middle. His face is very smooth. Though he is 25, he could pass for 20. He plays shortstop and he is

paid \$25 a game. I don't know where the money comes from. Do they pass the hat? They would never raise so much money. Do they charge admission? They must, or I am wrong that it was semipro and he was paid. Or the whole thing is wrong, a memory I concocted. But of course the reality of 1929—and my mother and the basket and the shade and the heat—does not matter, not in the memory of the living nor in the bones of the dead nor even in the fragmentary images of broken light from that day that wander light-years away in unrecoverable space. What does matter is the clear and fine knowledge of this day as it happens now, permanently and repeatedly, on a deep layer of the personal Troy.

There, where this Saturday afternoon of July in 1929 rehearses itself, my slim father performs brilliantly at shortstop. He dives for a low line drive and catches it backhand, somersaults and stands up holding the ball. Sprinting into left field with his back to the plate, he catches a fly ball that almost drops for a Texas leaguer. He knocks down a ground ball, deep in the hole and nearly to third base.







picks it up and throws the man out at first with a peg as flat as the tape a runner breaks. When he comes up to bat, he feels lucky. The opposing pitcher is a sidearmer. He always hits sidearmers. So he hits two doubles and a triple, drives in two runs and scores two runs, and his team wins, 4-3. After the game, a man approaches him while he stands, sweating and tired, with my mother and me in the shade of the elm tree at the rising side of the field. The man is a baseball scout. He offers my father a contract to play baseball with the Baltimore Orioles, at that time a double-A minor-league team. My father is grateful and gratified; he is proud to be offered the job, but he must refuse. After all, he has just started working at the dairy for his father. It wouldn't be possible to leave the job it had been such a decision to take. And besides, he adds, there is the baby.

My father didn't tell me he turned it down because of me. All he told me, or that I think he told me: He was playing semipro at \$25 a game; he had a good day in the field, catching a ball over his shoulder running away from the plate; he had a good day hitting, too, because he could always hit a sidearmer. But he turned down the Baltimore Oriole offer. He couldn't leave the dairy then and, besides, he knew that he had just been lucky that day. He wasn't really that good.

But maybe he didn't even tell me that. My mother remembers nothing of this.

Or, rather, she remembers that he played on the team for the dairy, against other businesses, and that she took me to the games when I was a baby. But she remembers nothing of semipro, of the afternoon with the sidearmer, of the offered contract. Did I make it up? Did my father exaggerate? Men tell stories to their sons, loving and being bored.

I don't care.

Baseball is fathers and sons. Football is brothers beating each other up in the back yard, violent and superficial. Baseball is the generations, looping backward forever with a million apparitions of sticks and balls, cricket and rounders and the games the Iroquois played in Connecticut before the English came. Baseball is fathers and sons playing catch, lazy and murderous, wild and controlled, the profound archaic song of birth, growing, age and death. This diamond encloses what we are.

This afternoon—March 4, 1973—when I played ball and was not frightened, I walked with my father's ghost, dead 17 years. The ballplayers would not kill me, nor I them. This is the motion and the line that connects me now to the rest of the world, the motion past fear and separation.

#### March 5

The next morning, it takes me an hour of little movements before I chance the big movement of lifting my knee up. Out at the park at ten—up since seven—I am able to run the two laps. Barely. I start

out, as I plan, at the head of the pack, and by the time I get to home plate, at the middle of the first of the two laps. I am last.

And every day, in fact, I get slower. My legs feel heavier and heavier. Both ankles turn weak, as if I had twisted them recently, though I haven't. Neck and shoulder muscles, from swinging the bat, get creakier and creakier. Only my right hand hurts less, and my heel. Tony pats an inch and a half of foam rubber in the heel of my left shoe, so that the bone spur gives me less trouble. Otherwise, everything simply gets worse. And people continually ask me how I feel. Pirate City is a convention of hypochondriacs. Everyone monitors his muscles, the shape he is in. Coaches and players alike express astonishment at my deplorable condition. That second morning, Dave Ricketts, the bullpen coach, who had apparently managed to avoid noticing it the day before, blanches in the clubhouse: "Boy, are you out of shape!"

The younger players seem proud of their easy condition, as if youth were virtue. The young players tease the older ones who puff, especially all the old relief pitchers with little potbellies—Ramon Hernandez (33), Dave Giusti (34). Still, the old ones are on the roster. Most of the young ones will spend the summer in Charleston, West Virginia, or Sherbrooke, Canada. And only one in five will become a big leaguer. And when that fortunate one in five has made it, he will begin to puff and he will hear the hungry generations behind him, hurrying to tread him down.

The players are calling me Abraham.

Dock Ellis turns around, sees me. "Hey, Abraham," he says, "you really a poet?"

I tell him yes. He shakes his head. It takes all kinds.

"Now I see what you guys are doing," he says, referring to a piece in the paper. "You guys ought to get more involved."

"How do you mean?"

"You ought to play a game with us."

I tell him we'd like to, but they won't let us. They're afraid of injury and, anyway, the manager figures the ballplayers ought to take spring training seriously; we'd just get in the way.

He shakes his head. "I'd like to pitch to you," he says. "It'd just be like B.P. Except you wouldn't hit me."

"What do you mean?" I say. "Of course I'd hit you."

"Naw," he says, grinning.

"I'm sure I could hit you."

"Well," he waggles his head, "OK. But if you hit me"—he pauses a little—"then I hit you!"

Jane keeps notes of fans' comments. One day I wear Bob Johnson's road



uniform. Two very old men, puzzled at my appearance, consult their programs. "Bob Johnson," says one of them. "Two hundred and twenty-five pounds, six foot two." (These statistics are rather close to my own. However, Johnson is not yet 30 and has arranged his body in a more athletic fashion.) The two old men are silent for a moment. Finally, one says, "It's funny how that hair on the face can be so deceptive."

We develop personal fans. Jane hears an old woman exclaim. "Oh, I just love that one with the beard!"

When I return exhausted from batting practice, a man and his wife stop me. "You going to be out again tomorrow?" Yes. "Good!"

I talk some more with L. Wrenn, whose glove I wear. He is 18, from a little town in Indiana. He'll be 19 in April. Luke is his name. He lives all year in a room at Pirate City, answering the switchboard part of the time for his keep. He graduated from high school last June, was drafted by the Pirates, goes to a community college here—and plays ball. Last fall, he played in the instructional league.

Eighteen! My son, Andrew, is 18 and will be 19 in April.

I train, work out and hang around. Each day is more painful than the last. Each day I am more happy.

One day I am late. I miss laps. Dock Ellis spies me sneaking into the clubhouse. He is already *back* there, to see Tony, after calisthenics are over and done with. He looks at me and speaks in excellent high dudgeon: "You think you can come in here any time you want? You think you can come out here half an hour late? Five laps! And a fifty-dollar fine!"

All day he keeps adding more laps.

I refuse to do them.

When I get dressed and creep like a guilty thing onto the field, the others accost me. Jim McKee, a tall young pitcher with spectacles, is astonished to see me. "Abraham! I thought you got your release!"

March 7

In the first exhibition game, at McKechnie Field in Bradenton, in the first game of the home season in the grapefruit league, the Pirates play the Detroit Tigers. Al Kaline! Bill Freehan!

I am allowed to suit up for the game and to sit in the dugout with the Pirates. I tell Luke Wrenn. He says, "You're going to sit in the dugout?" He shakes his head. "You're going to hear some language you've never heard before," he says. "I'll tell you. Last fall I was really surprised. I'd never heard anything like that before. Of course, I suppose a lot of them had been playing all summer and they were pretty tired."

Listening to Luke, even watching his face, is like being in touch with my grandfather's America. One could think of Norman Rockwell—but there is nothing coy and no *kitsch* about Luke. He is not nostalgic. He is Luke Wrenn, from Concordia, Indiana. And if we asked Central Casting for a type to play an 18-year-old rookie from a small town in Indiana, they would never find anyone who looked and acted the part so well. Luke is funny and gentle and honest and naïve, and he is determined to be a major-leaguer. He has read every biography of every baseball player in the Concordia library. He knows what they did. He is an outfielder and he knows that the Pirates have good outfielders. If he can just *hit*. "If you have a good stick," he says, "they can't keep you down."

His face, even, is not like the face of a city boy or a suburban boy. His face makes a sound like a train whistle heard in the middle of the night far away. It is a steam train.

I sit in the dugout, next to Luke, and wait for the game to start. I suspect I seek out Luke because he is the only person there as naïve as I am.

We are at the far end of the dugout. At the end nearest home plate is the water fountain. The water fountain! I remember Red Barber in 1940: "Leo goes over to the water fountain, gets himself a drink. . . ." Above the water fountain, the day's line-up is Scotch-taped to the wall. Also against the wall, there is a fierce NO SMOKING sign, by order of the National League. Still, all during the game, the players smoke. They lean back into the dugout when they smoke, so that fans (or Bowie Kuhn or somebody) won't see them.

Just before the game begins, the umpires climb into the dugout. Explosive greetings, among ballplayers and umpires. "What you been doing all winter?"

"Oh, refereed a couple hockey games. Drank a lot of beer. You?"

"Yeah. Nothing much."

"And I moved. Left Toledo, Ohio, and moved to Syracuse, New York."

"You shouldn't of. Toledo is a good pussy town."

I find myself surprised: I thought that the players were fierce sons, the umpires gloomy and forbidding fathers. They're exactly the same.

The game. Richie Hebner hits a home run. Everybody in the dugout shakes his hand, though I feel foolish when he looks up and sees it is me. "Jumbo," he says.

Bob Johnson gets hit. Bill Slayback is wild. Manny Sanguillen misjudges everything in right field. The Tigers win it. It's poor baseball and nobody seems to care. As for me, I am perched in the center of a universe of bliss.

By the middle innings, rookies are

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playing most of the positions. But not Luke. He keeps walking up and down in front of Bill Virdon, but the magic words go unspoken. Meantime, a Detroit Tiger 18-year-old has driven in a run, somewhat aided by Manny Sanguillen's fielding. And another outfielder throws to the wrong base. And in the dugout, no one offers criticism. In fact, the only chatter seems to come from Tony: "Strike his ass out!" When a rookie center fielder for the Pirates lets a fly ball by Rich Reese drop behind him for a double, Bill Mazerowski spits three times in rapid succession. That is about as emotional as we get.

From the shade of the manager's corner, the field looks tranquil, the long lateral green stretching out forever in the afternoon, 342 feet to left field, 433 to center, 373 to right. But Bill Virdon stands with his foot up, and stares, and does not relent. He is terse. "Bob?" he says. "Left field." And Robertson picks up his glove and jogs out.

I decide to drink the water from this fountain of my youth. I lean toward the water and experimentally twist the knob. A mighty jet stream vaults out, water that could have made the Olympics, and splashes all over Virdon's right leg. He looks over his shoulder at me—and here I am apologizing again, awkward as a virgin—calmly and silently, and then turns back to the field.

I get the idea he thinks I am goofy.

• • •

All afternoon, off and on, I talk to Luke, sitting next to him in the dugout. He wants to know about my writing. Maybe I can help him, someday.

How?

Well, just in case . . . he is keeping a diary of his experiences, and perhaps if he is lucky, someday. . . . Then he talks about how, last October, he watched the Pirates and the Tigers in the play-offs, and here he is.

He is another son. When you are a teacher, you get used to having extra sons. Baseball is fathers and sons playing catch, the long arc of the years between. Yet I also have my own son, who does not resemble Luke. My own son belongs to 1973, not 1923, reads Castaneda, not biographies of baseball players, frets over no one's dirty language, hitchhikes everywhere and accepts everything except policemen, of whom he cherishes a firm and well-documented distrust.

Therefore, Luke, if he is 1923, actually resembles my father more than he resembles my son. The moment I think of it, I realize that all along I have thought that he looked like photographs of my father.

• • •

March 8

The day after the Tiger game, the Pirates play Minnesota at 1:30. I am

exhausted after my morning workout—it is almost the end of my brief career; I am prepared to hang it up; I am a broken man—and I decide not to go to the park for the game. It would be such a letdown to sit in the stands, after I had been in the dugout the day before. Late in the afternoon, however, I wander down to the ball park anyway. Who can stay away?

The Pirates are down, 2-0, going into the seventh. They score five runs to lead, 5-2, and take the lead into the ninth, when Minnesota scores four more runs to go ahead, 6-5. When a left fielder makes a good throw to third base, holding a runner to second after a single, I notice that it is Luke. Really, I am surprised. I didn't expect him to play, not even in the ninth inning of the second exhibition game of the spring. After all, even *he* keeps his ambitions modest and reasonable. He *expects* to play this summer in Bradenton, in the Gulf Coast League, the team lowest on the Pirate ladder. He *hopes* to be noticed enough to be sent a bit higher up, class A, maybe to Salem, Virginia, in the Carolina League. He is in uniform now only because he lives at Pirate City all year long. The players practicing in Pirate City now will soon move to McKechnie Field and Luke will stay behind at Pirate City with 200 other minor-leaguers.

So I'm surprised and pleased to see him in a game.

He comes to the plate in the last of the ninth, one out and a man on second. He hits the ball cleanly, a line drive just out of the reach of the second baseman. The ball goes into the alley in right center and scores the tying run, and Luke stands on second base with a double after his first time at bat in a Pirate uniform. The next batter hits a ball on which Minnesota manages to commit two errors, and Luke comes home with the winning run.

In less than a minute, Luke is surrounded by cameramen and reporters and by kids getting autographs. He keeps grinning. Eighteen years old.

• • •

March 9

This morning is my last. Heavy with fatigue and melancholy, I arrive at the clubhouse to find the rain starting. The team bus idles outside the entrance. In theory, the Pirates are driving to Lakeland, where they will play the Tigers again. Dock is going to pitch. He tells me that he always likes pitching against the Tigers. Good games, he says, grinning; lots of throwing at hitters.

But not today. It's raining in Lakeland, too, and the bus is waiting for word of a cancellation. The bus will never go. I look inside the bus. Smoke and card games. Some of the players, like Dock, wander around outside in the rain. A few run in the mud. Others start to take

batting practice with the insane machine in the Quonset. There is an air of restless improvisation, like summer camp when the rains come; what will we *do*?

I go inside to find Luke. He is dressing by his locker, and when he sees me—and he knows what I am going to say—his face loosens into a smile as broad as a barn. No ambiguities. The *Sarasota Herald-Tribune*, this morning, has taken full measure of his obscurity for journalistic purposes and headlines the game:

"BUCS CALL ON WRENN  
FOR A 7-6 TRIUMPH"

He accepts congratulations without pain and can still talk about where the ball went.

The photographer, Bob Adelman, unfamiliar as yet with the arduous path to the majors, asks Luke if this means that he will make the team. For someone with Luke's encyclopedic knowledge of baseball, this is a stupid question. (Luke knows how long it took Ted Williams, where he played in the minors and his batting average for the month of July 1936, in class-B ball.) But he answers the question politely. No, he says, it doesn't mean he'll make the team. Maybe it means he'll get to play in class A, where he wants to play. Of course, he says, with his head vanishing under a sudden cloud of daydreams, if they took him on a road trip and he hit 12 for 12. . . .

• • •

I decide not to try to work out in the rain. I change from my uniform back into Bermuda shorts and sandals forever. I look for people to say goodbye to. Standing among the lockers, I feel a pinch on my calf. I look back. Ramon Hernandez looks innocently into space.

Oh, my teammates! How can I leave them?

Here is Dock, who shakes hands and says with great formality and gentleness that it has been real good to know me, and that I should look him up at the ball park. I start to walk to the car, slogging through the instant mud. Then Luke runs up. One more thing! If he does make it, sometime, would we please write him for tickets? He sure would be pleased to see us again.

And I him, and my father and my son, and my mother's father when the married men played the single men in Wilmot, New Hampshire, and my father's father's father, who hit a ball with a stick while he was camped outside Vicksburg in June of 1863, and maybe my son's son's son, for baseball is continuous, like nothing else among American things, an endless game of repeated summers, joining the long generations of all the fathers and all the sons.







BUCK BROWN

*"Listen, lady, there's nothin' I can do. This vibrator is completely worn out!"*



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## The Everything System.

The Panasonic RE-8484. Plays discrete 4-channel CD-4 records. Discrete 4-channel 8-track tapes. And can be adapted for discrete 4-channel FM broadcasts should they become a reality. It even has our exclusive Quadruplex™ circuitry. To play matrix 4-channel records and broadcasts. And enhance the sound of stereo records, tapes, and radio.

The RE-8484 has a full-size automatic record changer. With built-in discrete CD-4 demodulator and a CD-4 semi-conductor cartridge. A must for CD-4 records.

There's also a built-in 8-track tape player. As well as an FM/AM and FM stereo radio with FET's and a tuned RF stage. And four 6½" air-suspension speakers.

The RE-8484 is just one of our group of 4-channel systems called Series 44™. You can find them under one roof. At your Panasonic dealer.



**Panasonic®**  
just slightly ahead of our time.

200 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017.