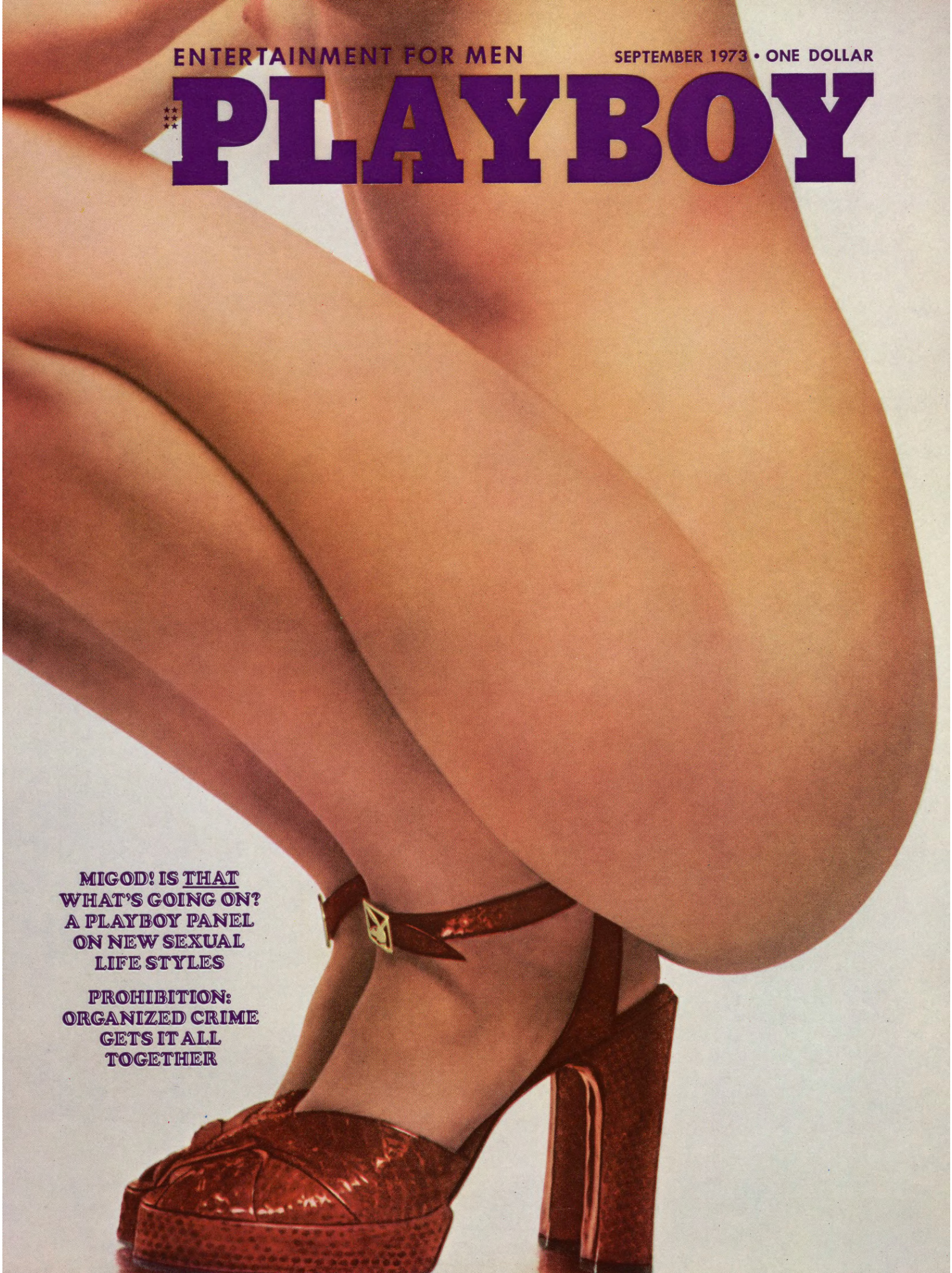
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1973 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY



MIGOD! IS THAT WHAT'S GOING ON? A PLAYBOY PANEL ON NEW SEXUAL LIFE STYLES

PROHIBITION: ORGANIZED CRIME GETS IT ALL TOGETHER

Kool Milds 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method. Kool Kings 17 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine; Kool Longs 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 73.

© BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.

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

"IT WAS A LOT OF CAR IN THE BEGINNING AND IT'S A LOT MORE CAR TODAY." (MOTOR TREND)

That's a rave review from a tough critic: Motor Trend. So when their technical editor said our TR6 (below) is even more of a sportscar than the classic TR2 (above)—both winners in national and international competition—we wanted you to know about it.

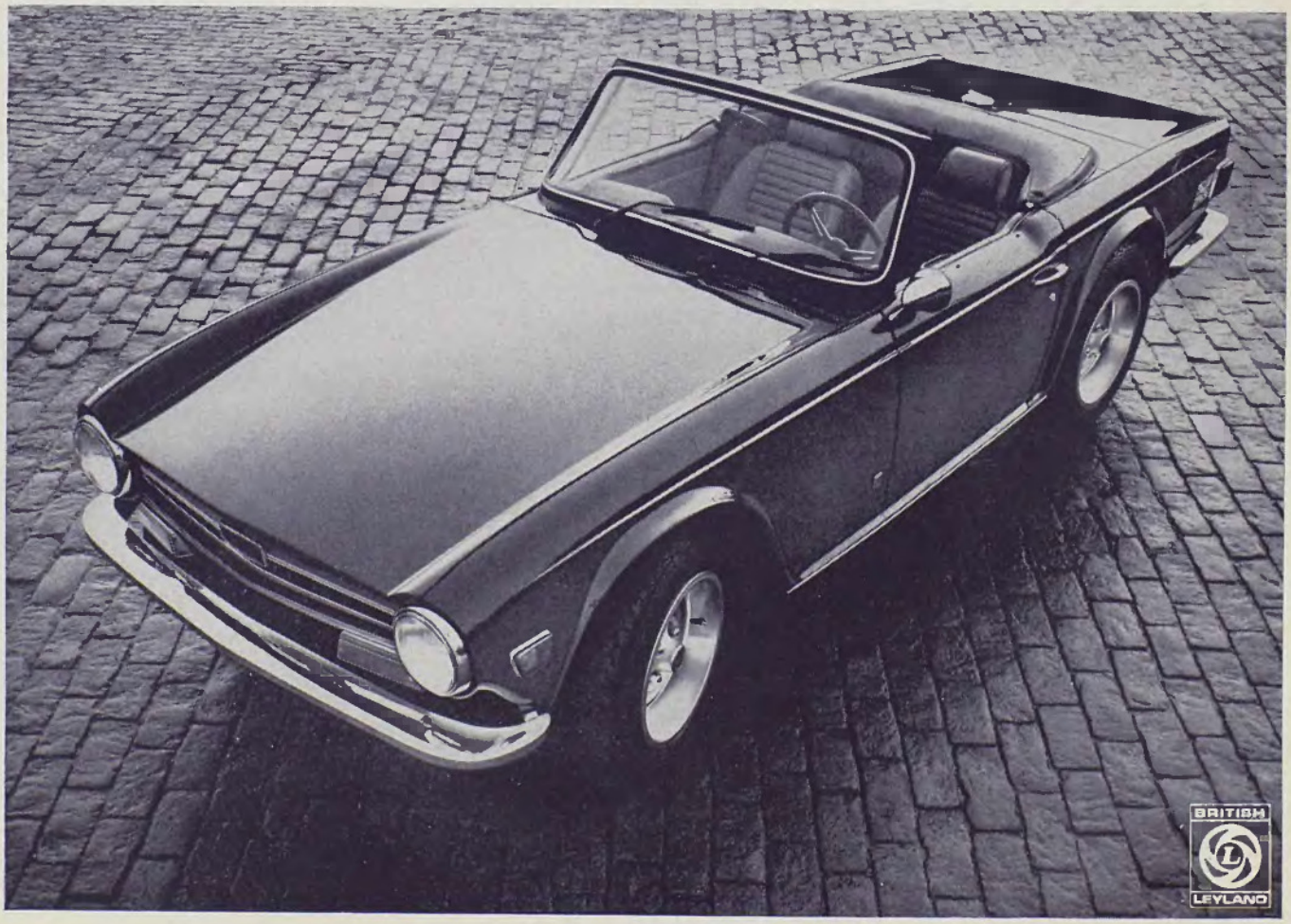
But aside from talking about the TR6's heritage, they had a lot to say about the car itself. "There is a feeling of almost awesome solidity, as though the basic car were carved out of a single block of steel." That solid feeling comes from the TR6's taut, low-built chassis with rugged 4-wheel independent suspension. It's a car for precise driving, crafted by engineers who really understand sportscars.

And the magazine's description of it having "long-legged go-forever performance" from its high torque 6-cylinder engine will be agreed by TR6 drivers anywhere: or by people who have simply driven in one.

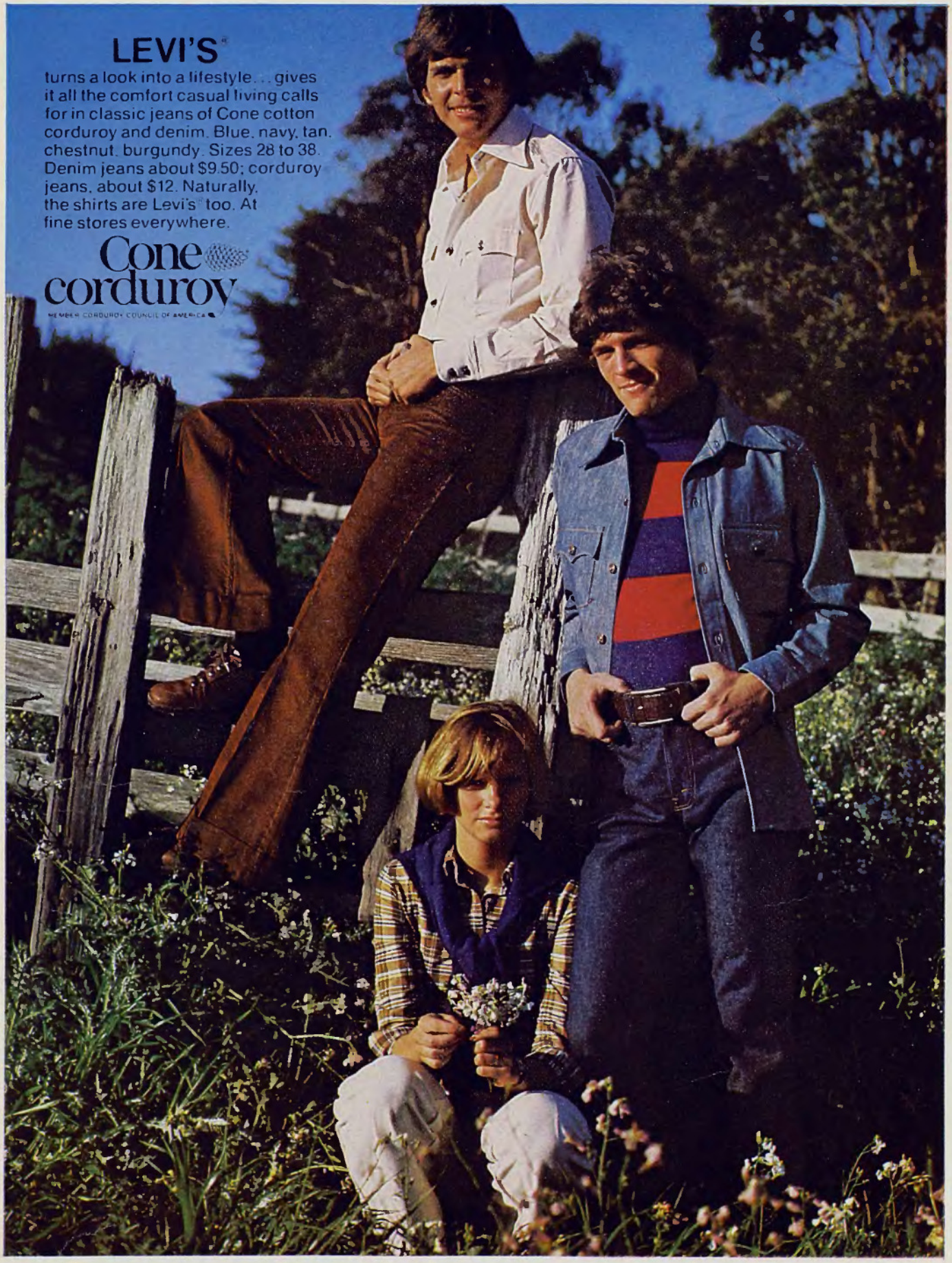
Even though we've been improving and evolving the TR series for two decades, it wouldn't be the great sportscar it is today, if it hadn't been great to begin with.

THE CLASSICALLY BRITISH TRIUMPH TR-6

FOR NAME OF YOUR NEAREST TRIUMPH DEALER CALL: 800-447-4700. IN ILLINOIS CALL 800-322-4400. BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., LEONIA, N.J. 07605



Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 61.



Cone makes fabrics people live in.™

CONE MILLS | 1440 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018

PLAYBILL In the film version of *M*A*S*H*, wrecked and overworked Army doctors traded one-liners over some poor bastard's intestines, and in *The Hospital*, George C. Scott seethed with rage while patients died of neglect in his admitting room. But those were just films, right? Well, we weren't sure how far medical truth strayed from fiction, so we assigned writer Roger Rapoport to spend a month finding out. He visited a dozen or so hospitals and talked to more than 100 people—doctors, nurses, administrators—and what he learned is *It's Enough to Make You Sick*. "Perhaps the worst danger in medicine today," he says, "isn't understaffed hospitals, places like Chicago's Cook County, but doctors and hospitals who'll admit patients for anything. Overtreatment is just as perilous to a patient's health as undertreatment. There's one doctor in Southern California whose *answering service* has the authority to admit patients to his hospital. That's how absurd it gets." Rapoport came away from his experience believing that it's better to take two aspirins and go hide where they can't get their hands on you.

Peter L. Sandberg covers his most-often-traveled ground in our lead fiction about a group of mountaineers, *Calloway's Climb*. "Probably half the stories I've written, beginning with my very first one back in 1959, have had climbing as the setting." Not surprisingly, Sandberg has done a good deal of the real thing. "I worked very hard at climbing during the Sixties, but I quit after a nearly fatal fall. So now I just write about it." He may find his writing table a physically safe place, but Sandberg's recent work pace threatens to induce vertigo. In addition to teaching the fiction seminar at Northeastern University, he has written two novels, *Billy* and *The Incident on Wolf Mountain* (another climbing adventure), plus the short story in this issue, in the past year.

In researching *City Wheels: A Two-Way Street*, Brock Yates first tried out a sleek, $389 engineless two-seater that moves just as fast as you can pedal it, then—at the opposite end of the economic, aesthetic and every other scale—drove a new $40,000 chrome-on-chrome Stutz. Says Yates, "I don't know where these two trends will lead. Going in one direction, I just heard that Ferrari has announced a $50,000 production car. And in the other, the quest for uncomplicated transportation is best represented by the fact that Adidas sneakers are selling like crazy."

The premise for Paul Krassner's satirical *Thomas Eagleton Seagull* is evident—and funny—enough in its title. And at the outset, that's all Krassner had. "The name came first—Thomas Eagleton Seagull. I mean, the rhythm is so perfect, and I thought that's really all there was in the notion—a pun." How wrong he was. Krassner, editor of *The Realist*, is going to be including a longer version of the satire plus other stories in a book to be published this winter. And he's up to lots more orneriness: "I'm writing the script for a porno flick for old-timers called *Deep Gums*."

Linda Lovelace would no doubt regard oral sex among toothless geriatrics as something to look forward to, for as far as *Deep Throat*'s star is concerned, it's a matter of whatever turns you on—as she tells fellow members of our *Playboy Panel* on *New Sexual Life Styles*. Besides Linda, the group ranges from Al Goldstein, editor of *Screw*, to psychoanalyst Dr. Ernest van den Haag, who testified against *Deep Throat* in the lawsuit that banned it in New York. PLAYBOY Contributing Editor Richard Warren Lewis, who moderated the discussion, tells us he was so fed up with sex after the panel was finished that "I went to Walt Disney movies every night for a week."

Calvin Trillin travels constantly back and forth across the country to write his regular *New Yorker* feature, "U.S. Journal," and he now reveals himself, in *The Sarong Comes from Saks*, to be a truly knowledgeable *international* tourist, as demonstrated by his surprising but unarguably sound advice: While you're reading in those travel brochures about shimmering lagoons and secluded strands abroad—hoping against hope that everything they say and show turns out to be true after you've paid out your $483 tourist class to get there—keep in mind that Youngstown will never let you down.

More superb reading fare this month: *The King Is Dead*, Walter Tevis' fictional account of chess opponents who try to checkmate each other's confidence with dirty little tricks; *Goblin Market*, Christina Rossetti's nursery poem (from a new collection of Victorian fairy tales, *Beyond the Looking Glass*, edited by Jonathan Cott and introduced by Leslie Fiedler, to be published by Stonehill in September), reinterpreted here with a series of erotic and beautiful paintings by Kinuko Craft; and James Powell's whimsical spy story, *The Bee on the Finger*. There's also *A Star Is Made*, with photos of Lee Meredith by Carl Fischer; PLAYBOY Assistant Articles Editor G. Barry Golson's college-curriculum catalog, *College (Yawn) Is Tougher than Ever (Z-Z-Z-Z)*—must reading for today's collegian in his feverish pursuit of higher indolence; Part II of *Playboy's History of Organized Crime*, with illustrations by Seymour Fleishman and Chuck Wood; Emanuel Greenberg's *What a Friend We Have in Cheeses*; Robert L. Green's campus fashions for *The Upbeat Undergrad*, photographed by Stephen Ladner; and Anson Mount's *Playboy's Pigskin Preview* of the top college teams in the country. All in all, a well-balanced line-up and, we think, a winning one.

RAPOPORT

SANDBERG

YATES

KRASSNER

LEWIS

TRILLIN

TEVIS

CRAFT

POWELL

FISCHER

GOLSON

FLEISHMAN

WOOD

GREENBERG

LADNER

vol. 20, no. 9—september, 1973

PLAYBOY

Crime, Inc. P. 145

Star Struck P. 105

Goblin Market P. 115

Principal Interest P. 162

Pleasing Cheeses P. 127

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		3
DEAR PLAYBOY		11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		21
ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS		22
BOOKS		24
MOVIES		26
RECORDINGS		42
THEATER		44
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		49
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		57
PLAYBOY PANEL: NEW SEXUAL LIFE STYLES—discussion		73
CALLOWAY'S CLIMB—fiction	PETER L. SANDBERG	100
A STAR IS MADE—pictorial		105
IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU SICK—article	ROGER RAPOPORT	112
GOBLIN MARKET—ribald classic	CHRISTINA ROSSETTI	115
CITY WHEELS: A TWO-WAY STREET—modern living	BROCK YATES	122
THOMAS EAGLETON SEAGULL—satire	PAUL KRASSNER	124
WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN CHEESES—food	EMANUEL GREENBERG	127
A MATTER OF DEGREES—playboy's playmate of the month		128
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		138
MATH GOES MINI—modern living		140
THE BEE ON THE FINGER—fiction	JAMES POWELL	143
PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ORGANIZED CRIME—article	RICHARD HAMMER	145
THE KING IS DEAD—fiction	WALTER TEVIS	152
THE SARONG COMES FROM SAKS—article	CALVIN TRILLIN	155
"THE NAKED APE"—pictorial		159
"APE" GIRL—pictorial		162
THE VARGAS GIRL—pictorial	ALBERTO VARGAS	169
PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW—sports	ANSON MOUNT	171
COLLEGE (YAWN) IS TOUGHER THAN EVER (Z-Z-Z-Z)—humor	G. BARRY GOLSON	175
THE UPBEAT UNDERGRAD—attire	ROBERT L. GREEN	177
ON THE SCENE—personalities		190
SYMBOLIC SEX—humor	DON ADDIS	203
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI		226

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS SENT TO PLAYBOY WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND AS SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1973 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE, MARCA REGISTRADA, MARQUE DEPOSEE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: COVER: PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. FREDERICK SMITH, DESIGNED BY ARTHUR PAUL. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY BY: BILL ARSENAULT, P. 3, 127; BENNO, P. 74; THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE, INC., P. 12, 127, JEFF COHEN, P. 3 (2), 74 (2); ALLEN A. DUTTON, P. 3; MALCOLM EMMONS, P. 171; RICHARD FEGLEY, P. 172-173; BILL FRANTZ, P. 3, 74; ED GALLUCCI, P. 74; ELIZABETH GEE, P. 3; BOB GERDING, P. 3; LARRY DALE GORDON, P. 3; TOM HERAN, P. 3; RICHARD R. HEWETT, P. 128, 131 (2), 132 (2), 133, 137; CARL IRI, P. 73 (2); JO ANN MILES, P. 3; J. BARRY O'ROURKE, P. 73 (3); ALAN PAPPE, P. 150, 161 (5); LEWIS QUILICI, P. 3; SUZANNE SEED, P. 3 (3); SHOTWELL, P. 148; VERNON L. SMITH, P. 3, 73; MORT TADDER, P. 74; U.P.I., P. 146, 147, 148 (6); CHUCK WOOD, P. 145.

PLAYBOY, SEPTEMBER, 1973, VOLUME 20, NUMBER 9. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES, $10 FOR ONE YEAR.

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

There were more cuts on my face than on my records...

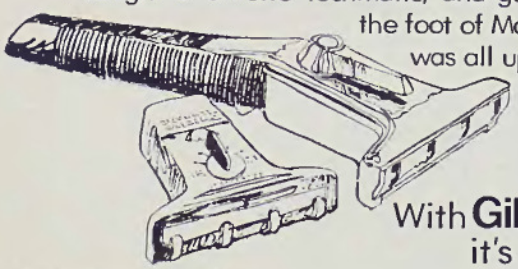
"Good-bye NICK"

My name is Tim Wheeler. I started singing for free beer, then the General discovered me and I was asked to sing at a concert at the foot of Mount Rushmore.

My songs talked of the quiet, peaceful life. But people were noticing the bandages on my face. I always nicked and cut myself when I shaved. People called me "Nick." There were more cuts on my face than on my records. The General called me out on the veranda. "Nick," he said. "They cancelled your appearance at Rushmore. I can't sell a peaceful singer who looks like his appearance at Madison Square Garden was a ten-rounder, instead of a concert. Good-Bye Nick."

On the bus for Atlanta I told a guy my story. From his cardboard satchel he took out a razor. "This is a Gillette Techmatic® razor," he said. "Instead of blades with sharp corners that can cut and nick your face, it has a continuous razor band all safely enclosed in a cartridge. And it's adjustable to your skin and beard, for a smooth, safe shave."

I bought a Gillette Techmatic, and got great shaves. I sang at the foot of Mount Rushmore, and it was all up from there.



With GilletteTECHMATIC it's good-bye Nick.

©The Gillette Company, Boston, Mass.

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor and publisher

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *executive editor*

ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

SHELDON WAX *managing editor*

MARK KAUFFMAN *photography editor*

MURRAY FISHER, NAT LEHRMAN
assistant managing editors

EDITORIAL

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

ART

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

PHOTOGRAPHY

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

PRODUCTION

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

READER SERVICE

CAROLE CRAIG *director*

CIRCULATION

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

ADVERTISING

HOWARD W. LEDERER *advertising director*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

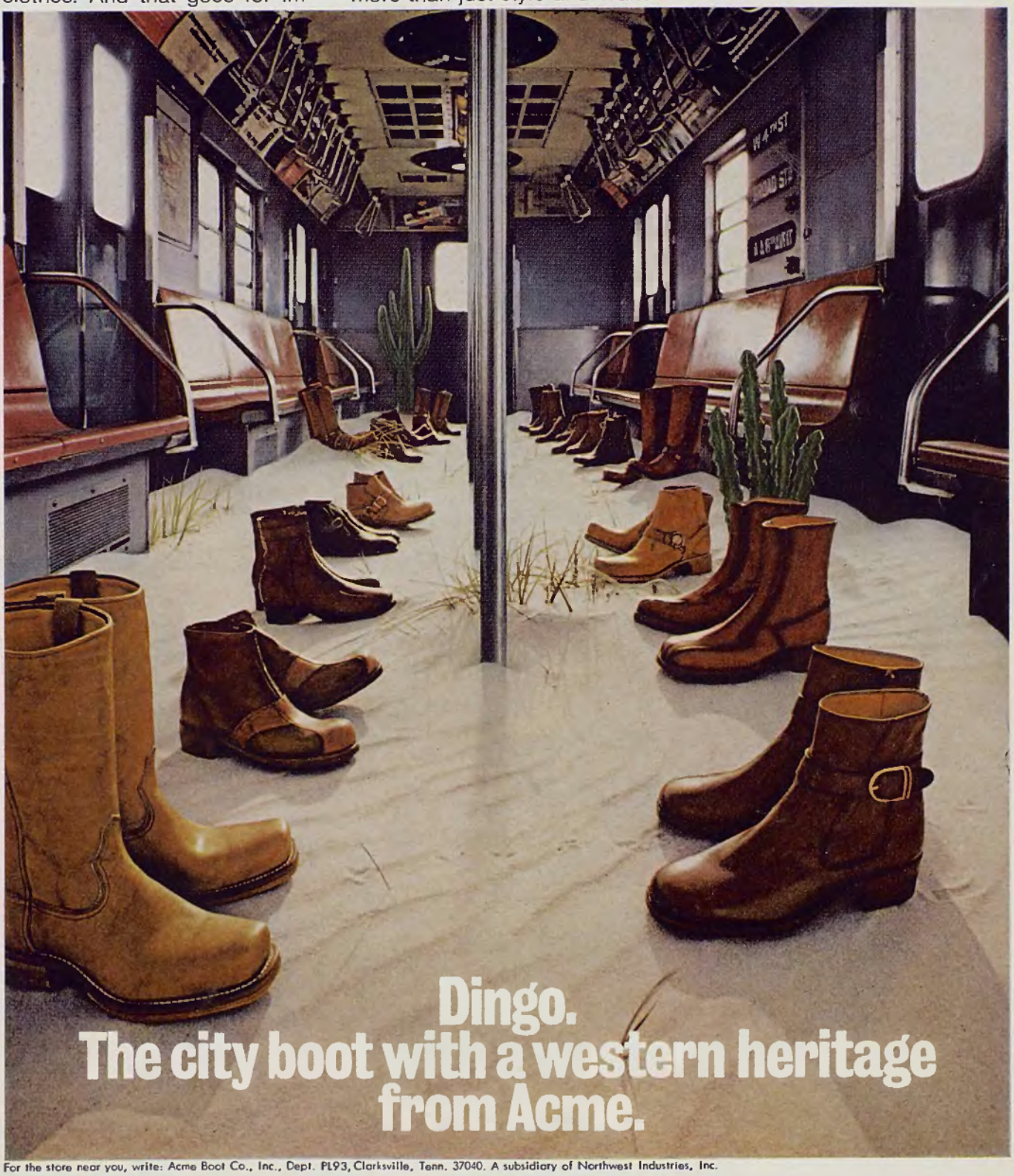
ROBERT S. PREUSS *business manager and associate publisher*; RICHARD S. ROSENZWEIG *executive assistant to the publisher*; RICHARD M. KOFF *assistant publisher*

Acme has been the biggest name in western boots for a long time. So, a few years back when we decided the rest of the world was ready for boots, we introduced Dingo® fashion boots. Soon Dingo was the most wanted boot in the West, the East, everywhere. Because they make it with today's high-style clothes. And that goes for imported Dingo Royal Barons®, too. Dingos have the look men want. At prices you want to pay.

For authentic western boots, Acme® Westerns are still the name of the game. And if you're ready for custom-made western boots, check out our Dan Post® collection. Whichever boot you choose from Acme, you get more than just style and craftsmanship. Our know-how as the world's biggest bootmaker helps keep us sensibly priced. Because we don't think you should spend a fortune to look like a million.

Acme.
Because there's a lot of the West in all of us.

acme DAN POST dingo hawk eye



For the store near you, write: Acme Boot Co., Inc., Dept. PL93, Clarksville, Tenn. 37040. A subsidiary of Northwest Industries, Inc.

Use REACTS Card — Page 61

BUY YOUR WIFE A SILVER FOX BY AUDI.

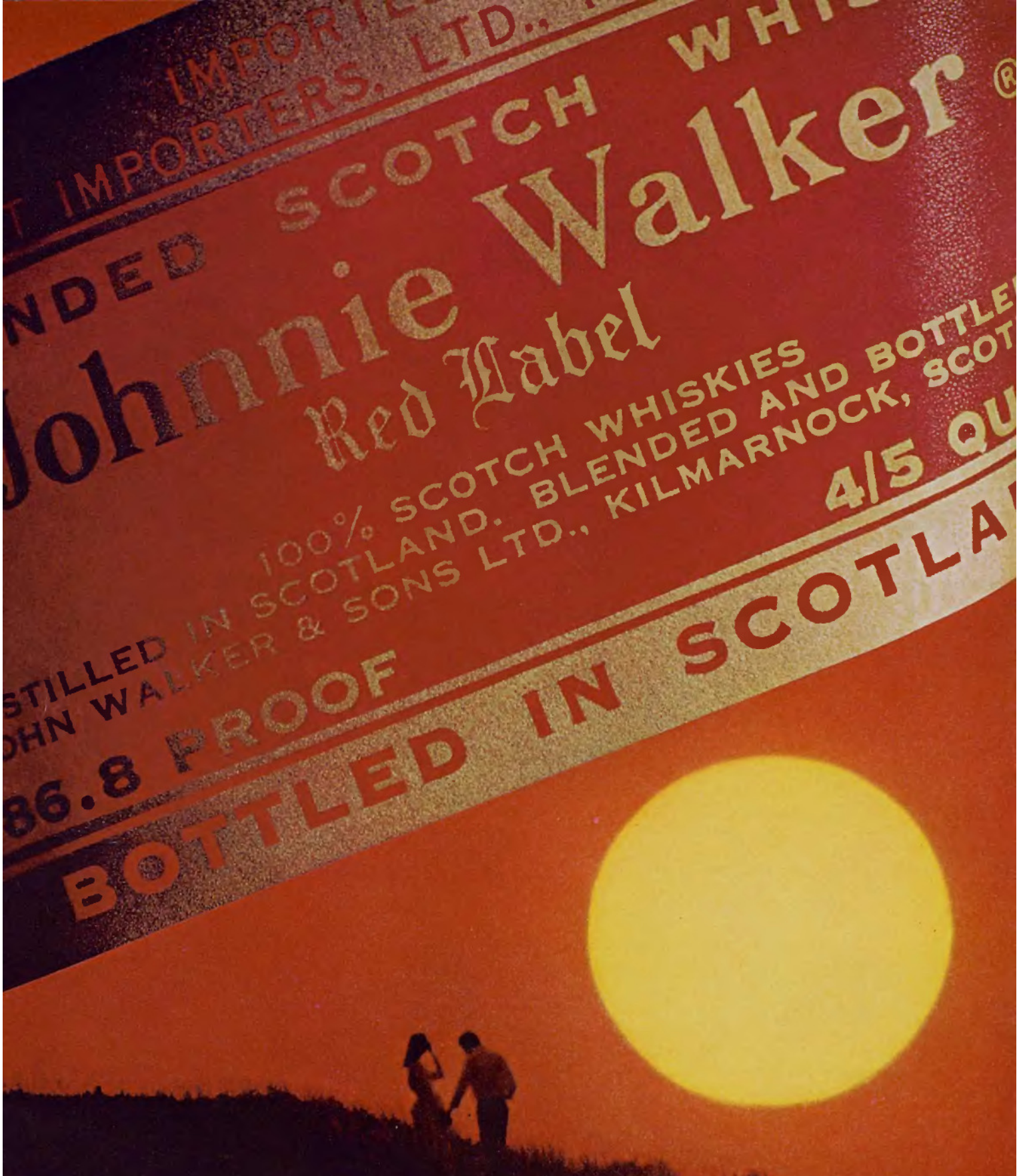
IT'S HER SIZE.

Our sleek, sporty Fox fits women to a T.

Its soft, smart inside holds five—comfortably. Yet its outside is trim enough so it handles nimbly. She'll love the size of its appetite, too: 23 miles per gallon.

And the best part is, at around $3,500,* our Fox costs less than most minks.

*Suggested retail price, $3509, East Coast POE. West Coast slightly higher. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional. Metallic paint optional at extra cost.



A beautiful sunset, a smile, an embrace.
Some of the best things in life are free.
Some are not.
But that's life.

Say "Johnnie Walker Red." You won't get it by just saying Scotch.

100% Scotch Whiskies. 86.8 Proof. Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., New York, N.Y.

DEAR PLAYBOY

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

AND THAT'S THE WAY HE IS

Your Joe Frazier interview in March was poorly timed, but you more than made up for this lapse by publishing your interview with Walter Cronkite (PLAYBOY, June) in the midst of the Watergate developments. My congratulations to your interviewer, Pulitzer Prize winner Ron Powers, and to PLAYBOY for being on top of the news.

Pat Murray
Agincourt, Ontario

Much of the present agony of this Administration might have been avoided if the President had taken Cronkite's advice and held regular press conferences. The President would have more readily recognized the depth of the Watergate dilemma and presumably would have acted much earlier—thus avoiding the cover-up. There is no question in my mind that high Government figures, including the President, need to be regularly exposed to the probing questions of the press. Politicians not only give information, they also learn in these sessions.

Senator Henry M. Jackson
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

It is remarkable that the knowledgeable Cronkite could be unaware of the blatant fakery of TV news in general and CBS news in particular. Once, for example, a premature infant was fobbed off on the viewing public as a victim of malnutrition in a CBS documentary on hunger. And anyone who has ever seen a TV camera crew at work knows how they select the sensational and ask their news subjects to put on an extra performance to further sensationalize the event. My advice to Cronkite: Take another good, hard look at your profession—from the top on down—and see it for the sensation-seeking, opinion-molding monopoly it has become.

Joseph W. Goldzieher, M.D.
San Antonio, Texas

Cronkite has served the radical liberal left well. I doubt that Hitler's press served *that* dictator any better. I only hope the American people will not be as gullible as the Germans, who believed only what their press told them. We absolutely need a free press, but we do not need the unfair, one-sided reports we see on CBS TV.

Mary Richardson
Millersport, Ohio

I found Mr. Cronkite's comments insightful and entertaining.

Senator Sam J. Ervin, Jr.
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

Your interview with Walter Cronkite is another example of the kind of comprehensive quality we've come to expect from PLAYBOY.

Senator Charles H. Percy
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

NO *FLASH* IN THE PAN

George MacDonald Fraser's three-part story *Flashman at the Charge* (PLAYBOY, April, May and June) is absolutely marvelous. Fraser is alternately terrifying and funny. His facility with words and the larger aspects of writing is truly wonderful. Thank you.

Anna M. Miller
Oakland, California

VIETNAM DIARY

Gloria Emerson's evocative portrait of wartime Saigon in *We Are All "Bui Doi"* (PLAYBOY, June) really touched me. I was stationed in Saigon during the latter part of the war and, although I thought I hated the city, I found myself missing it soon after I left. Every GI—whether he liked the place or not—shares one impression to which Emerson so correctly alludes in her article: The Vietnamese hated us and everything we represented.

David L. Stoner
Westminster, California

Emerson is hardly unbiased on the subject of Vietnam. Three years ago, I attended a production of *Hänsel und Gretel* at the National Music Conservatory in Saigon. While the opera was intended for young Vietnamese, its opening night rightly became a celebration for its backers, since they had succeeded in doing something positive with no encouragement from the U.S. Mission. In response, Miss Emerson wrote a stingingly bitter

PLAYBOY, SEPTEMBER, 1973, VOLUME 20, NUMBER 9. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES, ITS POSSESSIONS AND CANADA, $24 FOR THREE YEARS, $18 FOR TWO YEARS, $10 FOR ONE YEAR. ELSEWHERE $15 PER YEAR. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611, AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. MARKETING: ROBERT A. GUTWILLIG, MARKETING DIRECTOR; EMERY SMYTH, MARKETING SERVICES DIRECTOR; NELSON FUTCH, MARKETING MANAGER; MICHAEL RICH, PROMOTION DIRECTOR; LEE GOTTLIEB, DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC RELATIONS. ADVERTISING: HOWARD W. LEDERER, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; JULES KASE, JOSEPH GUENTHER, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGERS, 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017; CHICAGO, SHERMAN KEATS, MANAGER, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE; DETROIT, WILLIAM F. MOORE, MANAGER, 818 FISHER BUILDING; LOS ANGELES, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 8721 BEVERLY BOULEVARD; SAN FRANCISCO, ROBERT E. STEPHENS, MANAGER, 417 MONTGOMERY STREET; SOUTHEASTERN REPRESENTATIVE, PIRNIE & BROWN, 3108 PIEDMONT ROAD, N. E., ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30305.

denouncement of the group's efforts. She unflatteringly painted all concerned as not caring a whit about the Vietnamese. Succeeding performances, however, which played to packed audiences of enchanted Vietnamese children and young adults, went unnoticed by the press.

Her *We Are All "Bui Doi"* is in the same vein. Beginning with a damningly dismal picture of her hotel room (most visitors are charmed by the colonial ambience of the Hotel Continental), Emerson goes on to imply that Christmas was largely ignored in Saigon (not by many Saigonese of my acquaintance) and relates how she attempted to interfere with the arrest of a Saigonese demonstrator (an act that doubtless failed to endear her to the U.S. Mission or to the Vietnamese government). While such copy sells newspapers and magazines, it hardly does justice to the Vietnamese or to those Americans and other members of Saigon's international community who contributed in a more positive way to the lot of that war-ravaged country.

Gordon R. Bachlund
Los Angeles, California

Writer Emerson replies:

Wrong, wrong, wrong. The American who organized the "Hänsel und Gretel" project happened to be Mrs. Samuel Berger. If she had not been the wife of the U.S. Deputy Ambassador, she might not have been so successful. Twenty-nine American business concerns in Saigon contributed nearly $7000 for the production of this German opera, written in 1893, which was sung in English and ran for five performances. Mr. Weston Anson, of Foremost Dairies, who helped with the fund raising, told me: "A lot of people turned us down. They said, 'You're crazy. I've got better things to give my money to.'" Anson told me, however, that he thought the opera would be good for the morale of American businessmen in Saigon. Mrs. Peggy Steinle, an American writer who was publicity chairman for the project until she learned of its horrendous costs, said, "If they are going to bring culture to this country, why don't they help the culture that already exists?" Western opera is unfamiliar to the Vietnamese, and it was outrageous to use the money in this way.

One fact overlooked in your Vietnam tally, which accompanied Emerson's article, is the cost *per man* of those killed by the U.S. and South Vietnamese forces during the war. Using your figures, it rounds off to $135,000 per V.C. or N.V.A. dead—which is certainly the most expensive extermination cost in world history.

Bill Missett
Carlsbad, California

ALBERT EINSTEIN, SUPERSTAR

Thank you for Richard D. Smith's fascinating report on some little-known aspects of Albert Einstein's career (*Hollywood's Neglected Genius*, PLAYBOY, June). As a great admirer of Einstein, I would very much like to know what Smith's reference sources were. A recent biography by Banesh Hoffmann and Helen Dukas, *Albert Einstein: Creator and Rebel*, presents much of the physicist's humor but mentions nothing about movies.

William H. Brunie
Glendale, California

Huzzah to Smith for a crack job of bringing Albert Einstein's film career to light. Smith's contribution, in my humble opinion, is not only a literary event in itself but stands as a near penultimate expression of the *auteur* theory. Nevertheless, I was grieved (and a trifle surprised, I might add) that through some inexplicable oversight, Smith failed to mention the director-physicist-visionary's most spectacular filmic achievement, the 1921 classic *Ben Hair*, in which he costarred with silent-movie great Ramon Novarro. To the dismay of film buffs the world over, the Einstein-Novarro collaboration was short-lived. All existing prints of *Hair* were destroyed in a studio fire

that resulted when a nonunion gaffer misused his klieg lights during inventory. Alas, all that remains of Einstein's and Novarro's work is this photograph taken at an on-the-set party given by MGM executives to celebrate the film's completion. Novarro's the one on the right.

Lloyd Curry
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Maybe I'm just a stodgy s.o.b., but I failed to detect the humor in Smith's article. I hope we'll be spared such put-ons in the future.

Cornel G. Ormsby
San Bernardino, California

What put-on?

CRAZY LIKE A FOX?

Alfred Kazin's June article, *The Writer as Political Crazy*, is remarkably well done. It goes to the very heart of why literature (poetry, especially) is dying a slow death in this century.

Jerry Lansche
Chesterfield, Missouri

Kazin seems to believe that literature is going to the dogs and attributes its impending demise to the political craziness of literary rage. Apparently, Kazin can't understand why writers like Jean Genet and Sylvia Plath get so mad about certain aspects of 20th Century life. But then, Kazin was never a woman or a bastard homosexual thief. *He* hasn't felt exploited or oppressed, so how can anyone else? Behind his spurious analysis, built mostly on amateur psychologizing, there is an equal rage in Kazin—the rage of a second-rate careerist who yearns to return to the days when, as Sartre wrote, criticism was "the art of rendering literature harmless."

Richard Wiltshire
Joseph, Oregon

To call such writers as William Butler Yeats, T. S. Eliot and D. H. Lawrence right wing or reactionary, and then to suggest a continuity of purpose between them and the National Socialists in Germany, is to evade the critic's basic responsibility to tell the truth. Despite superficial resemblances in ideology, these writers' reactions against modern society had very little in common with fascism. Fascism was an attempt to freeze the status quo and strengthen German capitalism; these literary "reactionaries," on the other hand, were as disdainful of the capitalist status quo as they were united against a Communist alternative. Yeats, for instance, was anything but a committed Fascist; his alignment with the Blue Shirts was tenuous and quickly repudiated. Kazin implies that such a concern for politics was, in itself, misguided. Yet his attack on the "poet-as-prophet" school of thought remains ambivalent. Kazin seems to want it both ways: He understands that the poet's responsibility to society is not easily ignored but lashes out at those writers whose political statements were naïve, unwise or even socially noxious. What's missing from his essay is the kind of historical perspective that would have led him to ask: "Did the social circumstances of a particular time demand a political response from a given writer? And, if so, what were his political options?" In Yeats's case, there was no opposition to the conservative, "priest-ridden" government of Ireland, except General Duffy's Blue Shirts. Like many of us today, and quite possibly many of the writers Kazin cites, Yeats was forced to make the painful choice between political "craziness" and political irrelevance.

Lee Rossi
Los Angeles, California

It appears that the last thing Kazin wants is for artists to respond to the

2-way acoustic suspension speakers:
12" woofers.
1000 Hz exponential horn tweeters.
Capacity: 75 watts rms.
System resonance: 65 Hz.
Crossover: 2500 Hz.

Stereo FM/AM receiver:
150 watts IHF (50/50 rms).
4-channel decoder.
Hi, Lo filters.
Tuning meter.
Bass, treble, balance controls.
Tape, remote speaker switches.

Automatic changer:
Synchronous 4-pole motor.
Mag. cartridge with diamond stylus.
Damped cueing.
Anti-skate.
Adjustable tracking.

Individually, impressive.

Together, better.

Don't be fooled by any component's specifications. You can't hear them. No matter how imposing.

What you can hear is their effect. Especially if your stereo system's components aren't acoustically and electronically compatible. You could end up with infidelity, not high fidelity; with speakers that bleat or bellow instead of speak.

Unless you're an audio expert, you may have trouble "marrying" even the finest components into systems that can play back the great sounds of your music sources without adding any sounds of their own.

So we've had our audio engineers prematch components for you. Into systems that give you the most music for your money. The 1810 system shown blends our best for $599.95.*

Other Magnavox high performance systems start at $329.95.* And, while it's impressive to know their specs are all there, it's better knowing their components have been prematched by experts.

Not by chance.

Magnavox. You heard right.

*Minimum retail price in fair-trade states. Optional with dealer in other states.
Free FM/AM Station Guide. Write to: The Magnavox Company, Stereo Components Dept., 1700 Magnavox Way, Ft. Wayne, Ind. 46804.

When the moment is worth remembering enjoy a cigar that's hard to forget.

A long, slender, mild-tasting A&C Grenadier.

You're ahead in flavor with A&C's unique blend of choice imported and domestic tobaccos. Available with light or dark wrapper.

Get behind an A&C Grenadier. Or try a Panatela, a Saber or any one of A&C's other sizes and shapes.

You're ahead behind an A&C Grenadier.

Real flavor, quality tobaccos and a great shape keep Grenadiers up front.

Antonio y Cleopatra. Look ahead. Buy the box.

social chaos around us. And if a particular political pronouncement of a poet sounds crazy, so what? Kazin would do well to remember literary history. Dostoievsky, Gogol and Balzac, for instance, all had a revolutionary impact upon readers, yet all were deeply conservative men. It is improbable that, in the broadest social sense, a writer is aware of the objective significance of what he writes.

Eva Hesse
Munich, West Germany

Kazin replies:

Literature is not "dying a slow death in this century" nor "going to the dogs." I gave many examples of the creative, revolutionary, prophetic achievements of the first-class writers who are my life. But I also showed that in our time, the political opinions of many writers, though often as subjective and intellectually useless as the political opinion of even great artists can be, have been humanly irresponsible. I was writing about facts. The murder of approximately 6,000,000 Jews by the Nazis is a fact. Ezra Pound shrieking on the fascist radio about "niggers" and "Yids" is a fact. T. S. Eliot's contempt for the attempts of the English working classes to better themselves is a fact. Not one of these letters has a word to say about the tragedy of Europe and the mutilation of Western culture under fascism and communism. Not one of these letters refers to a single poem by Pound, for example, or quotes a single opinion of his. But what enthusiasm for "art" in the abstract, for "rage" as necessary to "creativity"! Rossi doesn't know anything about Nazi nihilism if he thinks Hitler murdered all those people to preserve German capitalism. He confuses Yeats's personal passion for action at any price with the political frustration of the Irish people. I share Miss Hesse's respect for the great writers, but on Pound, I was writing about a direct instigation to race hatred and murder.

Kazin might appreciate one solution to the problem of the writer-nut. Curiously enough, it was first proposed by one of the most pre-eminent writer-nuts, Victor Hugo. In one Hugo novel, a character who endangered a ship by an act of negligence and then saved it by an act of heroism was bemedaled, embraced and shot.

Charles F. Wetherbee
Los Angeles, California

MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR

As I sit here semibombed on Marshmallow Fluff and kosher dills, contemplating the intricacies of hitting the shift button on my typewriter without losing my little finger to the Great Typewriter God's disciple, I am overcome by the notion that I have just ingested 89 inches of the best parody this side of Lampoonsville. Laurence Gonzales' take-off on the work of Carlos Castaneda, *The Teachings*

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

Heineken tastes tremendous

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

Minolta helps you flirt with danger.

Sometimes a perfect picture is as elusive as beauty. Once you have it in your mind's eye, capture the fleeting moment with a camera that doesn't hold you back.

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

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

Let a Minolta SR-T help you cast caution to the wind. For more information, see your photo dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 200 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.

Minolta SR-T 101/Minolta SR-T 102

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

of Don Wow: A Gringo Way of Knowledge (PLAYBOY, June) is simply great.

Will Hertzberg
Los Angeles, California

In his parody, Gonzales adds yet another dimension to the already perplexing world view of Don Juan. Don Juan speaks of "doing" and "not-doing." (In *Journey to Ixtlan*, for example, he states: "Take that rock for instance. To look at it is *doing*, but to *see* it is *not-doing*.") Gonzales, however, reveals that there is another aspect of human perception, that of *neither doing nor not-doing*. In other words, Gonzales neither understands Don Juan (i.e., not-doing) nor produces anything valuable even on the mundane level (i.e., doing). Actually, Gonzales ought to be able to "see." Carlos Castaneda, the author of the Don Juan books, fails to "see" primarily because he insists on trying to explain everything from a rational viewpoint. Gonzales has already transcended that limitation. Even so, it is clear that he does not "see."

Charles S. Prebish, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of Religious Studies
Pennsylvania State University
University Park, Pennsylvania

Nor do we.

GAMBLIN' MEN

I found Jon Bradshaw's June portrait of two gamblers, *Winners and Losers*, as down to earth as any article I've read. Bradshaw's writing touched me personally, since both my father and my stepfather have been heavy gamblers. All I can say is, like Bradshaw, I looked down that gambling road. From a distance it seems to be paved with gold, but from up close it's mostly lined with tears.

(Name withheld by request)
Thomaston, Maine

Bradshaw obviously knows what he's talking about. The man he selected as his prototype of a winning gambler, W. C. "Pug" Pearson, turns out to be just that. In late May, Pearson won first prize (and $120,000) in the fourth annual world series of poker, held in Las Vegas.

Harold Demeter
Chicago, Illinois

***WEST* IS BEST**

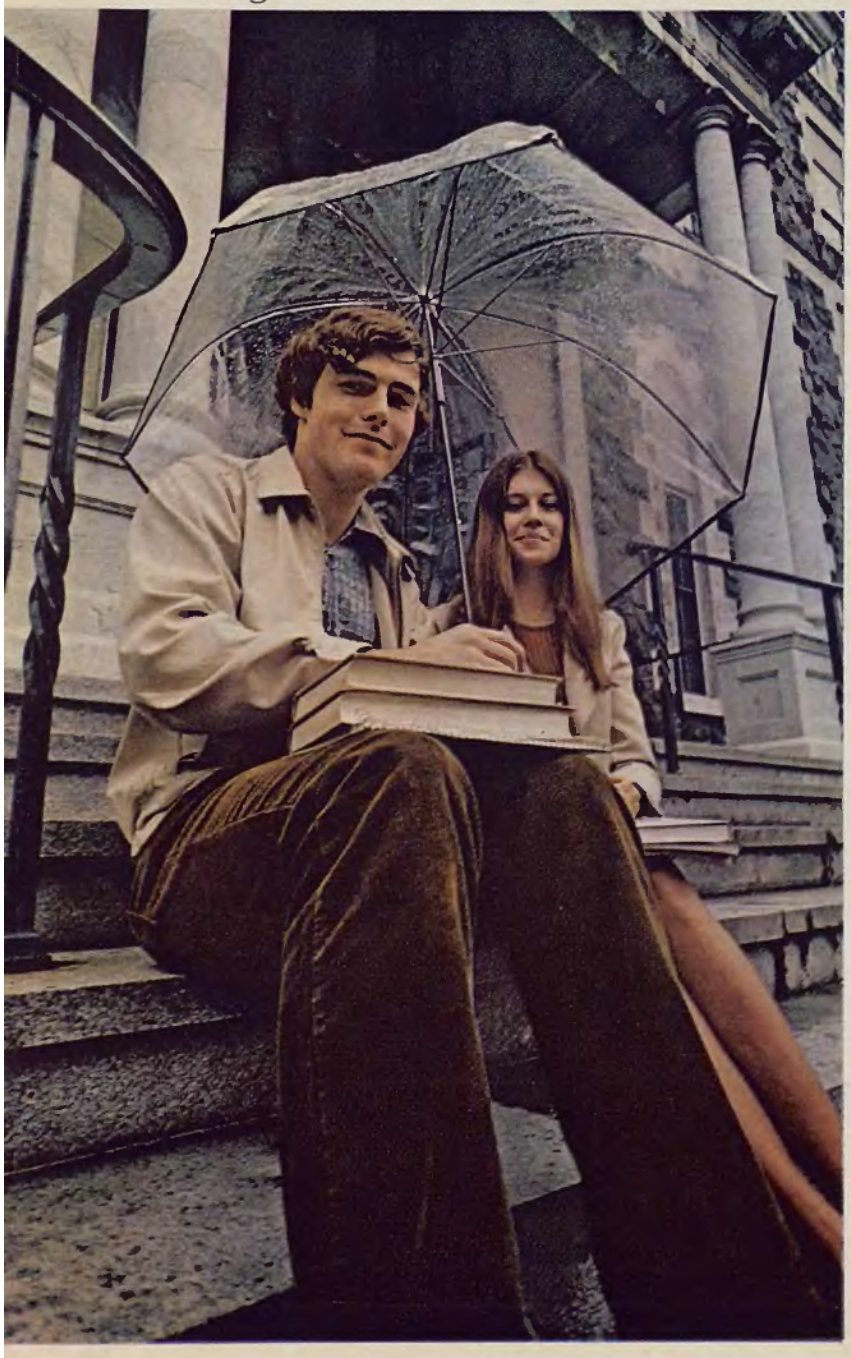
Bil Gilbert's *Where the West Has Gone* (PLAYBOY, June) is, without a doubt, the best cowboy article I've ever read. I am a real, honest-to-goodness cowboy and am glad a major magazine like yours has finally recognized that the West hasn't really died. Like Casey Tibbs, whom Gilbert profiled in his article, I've led a fulfilling and enjoyable life. Thanks for publicizing the straight life of the cowboy. You guys are all right in my book.

Mike McDonald
Canyon, Texas

Use REACTS Card — Page 61.

Some of the best college freshmen are veterans.

Not every young man is ready to take full advantage of college right out of high school. Some need a break from the traditional pressures of grades and standing in class. Time to learn more about themselves, about others, about what they want to do with their lives.



Today's Army offers them this time.

Time to train, travel, meet people, learn a skill, handle responsibility, mature.

Time to learn the value of a steady job with a good salary.

There's also the opportunity to begin college while still in the Army. Then, after completion of a 3-year enlistment, there's 36 months of financial assistance under the G.I. Bill.

Ask your Army Representative about today's Army as a pre-college alternative, or call 800-243-6000, toll free, anytime. In Connecticut, 1-800-882-6500.

Today's Army wants to join you.

Wrangler® thinks Americans

Knit shirt $8. Tank top $4. Slacks $14.

Turtleneck $5. Knit slacks $16.

Knit shirt $10. Dress jeans $7. Jacket $10.50.

Knit shirt $9. Tank top $5. Slacks $10.

Turtleneck $5. Shirt $8. Dress jeans $9.

Knit shirt $9. Tank top $5. Knit slacks $15.

Shirt $7. Dress jeans $9.

Shirt $8. Dress jeans $9.50

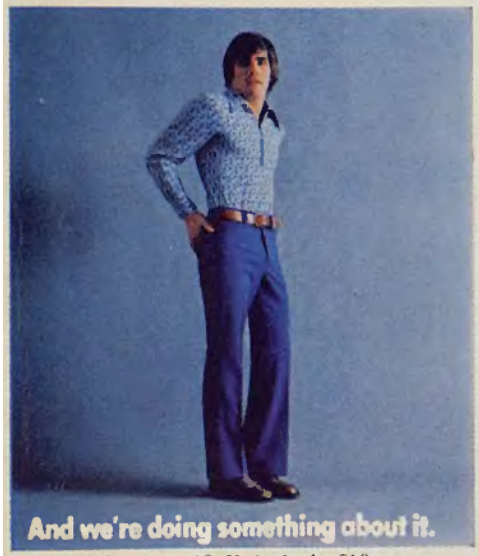
Knit shirt $9. Knit slacks $13.

spend too much for clothes.

Turtleneck $5. Shirt $8. Dress jeans $9.

Knit shirt $5. Knit slacks $15.

Knit shirt $9. Slacks $13.



Knit shirt $9. Knit slacks $10.

Shirt $9. Tank top $4. Knit slacks $14.

Knit shirt $9. Tank top $4. Slacks $13.

Knit shirt $9. Slacks $17.

Knit shirt $8. Slacks $14.

Shirt $6. Dress jeans $10.

Wrangler® Sportswear. Wremember the "W" is Silent.

350 Fifth Avenue, New York 10001. Prices slightly higher in the west. ©1973 Blue Bell, Inc.

"May all your sours be Galliano sours."

That must surely be the sweetest sentiment two sour glasses can be raised to.

Because, to those who know, the Galliano sour is the most desirable of sours. There's something about Galliano that turns even the most familiar-tasting drink into a memorable experience.

Devastate your friends with the superiority of your palate. Get a bottle of Galliano and mix as follows before their very eyes:

3/4 oz. Liquore Galliano
3/4 oz. whiskey (blend, bourbon or Scotch)
3/4 oz. fresh orange juice
1/2 oz. fresh lemon juice
3/4 tablespoon sugar

Shake well with ice. Strain into frosted sour glass. Raise with appropriate toast.

LIQUORE GALLIANO®
A LIQUEUR

© McKESSON LIQUOR CO. 1972

McKESSON LIQUOR CO., N.Y., N.Y. 80 PROOF LIQUEUR.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Aptly named Enid Flabby, 78, saved her pension money for two years to rent London's Nuderama Club for a matinee performance. "I've always wanted to be a stripper," she told shaken onlookers, "but I never got any offers, because I'm a bit on the heavy side." At the conclusion of her performance, she expressed her sympathy for a man in the audience who was injured during her routine when he tried to escape via a fire exit.

•

Above an article describing the President's announcement of price ceilings on beef, pork and lamb, the Duke University *Chronicle* added this rousing headline: "NIXON HOLDS RISING MEAT."

•

Two cultures: In Johannesburg, the movie censors ruled that *The Christine Jorgensen Story* may be viewed by South Africans only if the audience is sexually segregated. Meanwhile, up in Canada, the computerized renewal application for an Ontario driver's license now contains a blank to be filled in if the licensee has undergone a sex change.

•

The University of Nevada at Reno is offering a course in "advanced techniques for professional students."

•

Consumers Union, take note: BELOW STANDARD IN QUALITY, reads the label on a restaurant-sized can of Green Giant artificially colored tender young sweet peas. Below the label, in much smaller type, is the following qualification: ABOVE LEGEND MANDATORY. PEAS ACTUALLY HIGH QUALITY.

•

Aviation Week & Space Technology reports that the Air Force now uses the term precision-guided munitions instead of smart bombs so that the public won't think other Air Force weapons are stupid.

•

The dust jacket of a recently released LP called *Leroy Hutson*, featuring the varied talents of a musician by that name, prominently displays these enigmatic words of praise, attributed to E. Rodney Jones, music and program director of radio station WVON in Chicago: "A musical genius with talent that has unsurpassed those of equal quality."

•

Way to go: A forthright headline on the *Los Angeles Times* obituary page read "DUKE OF ARGYLL DIES AT 69."

•

A *New York Times* write-up of the recent assaults on the wrong homes by Federal narcotics agents disguised as hippies may have explained what's really going on: "The agents work out of 39 offices, which officials of the drug-abuse agency say contain 95 percent of the nation's drug addicts."

•

Y'all come: The social-news section of *The Tampa Tribune* advised members of a local ladies' group to "gather at the home of the club president at 6:30 P.M. to eat and elect a woman of the year."

•

Our man in Hong Kong reports the existence of the Hung Fat Brassiere Factory.

•

Our sympathy to the party mentioned in a classified ad that appeared in the *Eastern Arizona Courier*: "Six-year-old boy gelding, broke but spirited. $300."

•

Secret ingredient: From the food page of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, we learn that "the chef at Dunie's Restaurant says it is this smidgen of baking powder that makes his huge balls so light."

•

We find nothing wrong in fighting sex discrimination in hiring, but we don't know what to make of an ad in *The Montreal Star* seeking "UNISEX STORE MANAGERS."

•

In an article about the restoration of the death penalty in Georgia, *The Washington Post* noted that "the new law makes murder, rape, armed robbery and kidnaping punishable by death under certain circumstances. It also classifies airplane hijacking and reason as capital crimes."

•

Words of wisdom from the Media, Pennsylvania, *Town Talk*: "We asked Jody if it had been a real wrench to come home after 16 months of independence, and she put it very sagely: 'We had alreadu bppled lassage pm a sjol fpr Omdoa, bit tjers cp,es a to,e wjem every person realizes when they do something away from their regular pattern that you can overdo.'" That's easy for you to say, Jody.

•

The amusement page of *The Cincinnati Enquirer* reported that a musician featured at a local nightery "gives his organ a provocative workout."

•

In a check list about burglary prevention from the *Florida Mobile Home Owners Guide*, we found the following seldom-asked question: "Does your door have a peehole?"

•

In Grants Pass, Oregon, police arrested a man for striking a tavern patron with an unlikely weapon—a menu. As it turned out, the menu was printed on a brick.

•

Sexual athletes, beware: A New York bookseller's catalog describes one item as a "profusely illustrated first edition (printed in Bombay) of Unconventional Sex Practices. . . . Spine cracked, appendix torn."

•

Sort of like an inoculation: According to the A.P., a state task force in Maryland has concluded that "venereal disease should be introduced into the classroom no later than the seventh grade."

•

Write on: In Pullman, Washington, a mock-serious letter to the editor in the Washington State University newspaper demanded that the town change its name. "The very name Pullman is sexist and

chauvinistic in nature," the letter said. "It is our position the city must change its name to Pullperson."

•

Playing the role of Ezekiel Edgeworth in a District of Columbia revival of Ben Johnson's *Bartholomew Fair* was an actor named Raynor Scheine.

•

We hope this plaintive request, on the classified-ad page of Texas' *Gilmer Mirror*, didn't go unanswered: "Wanted. Someone to just sleep nights with woman. Three miles from Gilmer. $40 for the month of May."

•

Iowa Representative William J. Scherle reports that employees at the Des Moines Post Office found a large package that had broken open and spilled its contents—a supply of pamphlets from the U. S. Postal Service explaining how to wrap parcels to ensure undamaged delivery.

•

We knew it would come to this: A classified advertisement in *World* magazine announced that "Due to circumstances beyond our control, the 42nd annual reunion of the Vestal Virgins of America Society will not be held this year."

•

Our deepest sympathy to the hard-luck couple who placed this ad in the lost-and-found section of the University of New Mexico *Daily Lobo*: "LOST: Antique crystal dildo. We miss it. Reward."

•

Brazilian crooner Waldick Soriano has a hit song whose best-known line is "I am not a dog." While he was giving a concert recently, a dog walked onstage wearing a sign that said I AM NOT WALDICK SORIANO. Unamused, Soriano insulted the audience, a brawl ensued and he had to flee to his hotel.

•

When C. Randolph Wedding, a candidate for mayor of St. Petersburg, Florida, began drumbeating the slogan "Have a wedding at city hall," his opponent, Barbara Gammon, bought local TV time to remind voters what usually happens after a wedding: "Someone gets screwed."

•

It looks like Greek or maybe Kurdish, but ETAOIN SHRDLU is actually the way the letters are arrayed on the first two rows of a linotype keyboard. If Ottmar Mergenthaler had it to do over again, he would probably separate the D key from the L key, because their proximity accounts for what is by far the biggest single genre of suggestive typographical errors—wherein a nodding typesetter transmogrifies day into lay. As connoisseurs of bawdy typos, we generally don't like to publish such commonplace miscues. But this has been such an extraordinary month for the breed that we can't resist passing on the results. Play it as it lays, gang:

In New York, according to the *Times*, 20 prostitutes were imprisoned "for several lays before tests for venereal disease could be completed." In Pittsburgh, the *Post-Gazette* told of an athlete who suffered a groin injury that "kept him out of practice for several lays." At Bethesda Naval Hospital, returning prisoners of war were greeted with posters made up by local third-graders, one of which, according to Minnesota's *St. Cloud Daily News*, was a yellow smiley face bearing the welcome news that "today is the first lay of the rest of your life." *The Cincinnati Enquirer*, in an ad seeking a housemother at a school for problem boys, described the job as a "live-in position, four lays on duty." In an item date-lined Camp Pendleton, California, the *Reno Evening Gazette* noted the retirement of the first woman ever to complete 30 years' service in the Marine Corps, adding that "an elaborate retirement ceremony is scheduled here Friday, her final lay." The Vancouver *Sun* reported that three nuns, refusing to move to new quarters as instructed by their prioress, "have remained in the old priory for nine lays." And the weekly bulletin of Los Angeles' United Synagog advised members that Friday services were expected to end early, "allowing everyone plenty of time to relax, go to bed early and enjoy a very pleasant lay."

No more of these for at least a year, we promise.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

Near the end of a phenomenally successful first year on the site of a local watering hole that used to be known as Toots Shor's, ***Jimmy's*** (33 West 52nd Street) calls itself the place "for people who love New York." Quite a few seem to love New York, judging from the number of Fun City politicians, journalists and showbiz insiders who frequent these smoke-filled rooms—which are spacious and wood-paneled, with brick walls and lighting just bright enough to show off a collection of placards bearing great quotations about Gotham by everyone from Abzug to Khrushchev. But don't ask for Jimmy, because there is no Jimmy (the name simply sounded New Yorkish and, contrary to rumor, Jimmy Breslin is not a silent partner). Your genial hosts and cofounders, whose political affiliations set the tone throughout three busy floors, are Richard Aurelio and Sid Davidoff, John V. Lindsay's former deputy mayor and chief assistant (in that order). In the main-floor eatery (with viands predominantly *Italiano*, moderately high-priced and à la carte), Monday is a good night, with Dottie Stallworth's jazz trio filling in for Barry Harris' duo, while drinks are dispensed from time to time at the circular bar by guest celebrities (Jack Lemmon, Peter Duchin, Ben Gazzara and Maureen Stapleton, to name a few recent volunteers), some of whom have proved themselves a match for the thirstiest customer. Any time after cocktail hour, the action in the bar is three-deep and makes most Third Avenue singles spots look decidedly undergraduate. Jimmy's guys and girls are presumably hip enough to pause in the foyer for a glance at the United Press International ticker dispatching late news bulletins. Monday evenings at 11, earnest partisans adjourn to the rear, where Davidoff and Aurelio preside over a local radio talk show called *From the Back Room at Jimmy's*, collaring eminent politicos from coast to coast. Though noontime jazz concerts to loosen up a business lunch have been suspended, at least for the summer, Jimmy's cavernous underground 52nd Street Room was blasted open in June by Buddy Rich, fronting a 15-piece orchestra that won standing ovations from an S.R.O. crowd. To revive the jazz tradition on historic 52nd Street—where the high-rise has long since replaced the riff—is Jimmy's ultimate goal, according to Aurelio, an eclectic, gregarious chap with plans afoot to book Maynard Ferguson and other recruits from the Newport Jazz Festival, as well as David Frye in concert and a collection of popular film classics running the gamut from Bogart to vampires. Upstage at Jimmy's, a flight above the restaurant, is a cabaret theater currently offering *What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?*, some smoothly packaged mischief described in the opening number as "a political-satirical revue." The five singing-dancing iconoclasts onstage have tongues stuck fast in their cheeks and seem well aware that their current-events material is highly perishable ("Before the second act, it'll be out of date"). Composer Cary Hoffman and lyricist Ira Gasman score point after point, however, in blithe defiance of the odds against them—and shake the rafters with numbers about everything from Krauts in the White House (Kissinger *und* Ziegler *und* Klein, vowing *"Herr* Nixon will never hear *nein"*) to massage parlors (three businessmen who can "get ass from Pittsburgh to Pasadena" lament that a guy interested in a nonerotic massage is likely to get screwed anyway). Among the topics sent up and swiftly shot down are vasectomy, male chauvinists, women's lib, muggers, Mayor Lindsay, primary elections and Red baiters ("Whatever Happened to the Communist Menace?"—a musical tribute to McCarthyism performed in the hip-swiveling style of the Fifties—is a special treat). Discounting a few brief lapses, the spoofery qualifies as New York's finest and may be the biggest bargain of all at the new spa that *Variety* aptly labeled "an

© 1973 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

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

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

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

entertainment supermarket." Indeed, there's something for everyone—unless you're doggedly apolitical (or a thin-skinned conservative). Closed Sundays.

BOOKS

Previews: Big names are on tap for the new publishing season, and none is bigger than Watergate. Due in the coming months is a veritable flood of works about that dismaying yet fascinating affair. *Washington Post* reporters Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, who dug out much of the story, have gotten a $55,000 advance for their report. Frank Mankiewicz, who happens to have been a classmate of H. R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman at UCLA, as well as George McGovern's political director in 1972, has titled his forthcoming effort ***Perfectly Clear—From Whittier to Watergate.*** Others reportedly taking the plunge include former Nixon aide Clark Mollenhoff, a team from the *Sunday Times* of London, best-selling crime novelist George V. Higgins, conspirators James McCord and E. Howard Hunt, and Theodore H. White, who has managed to include Watergate in his ***The Making of the President 1972.***

The only reason Norman Mailer didn't get into the swim, we guess, is that he sensibly chose to spend his time doing a 90,000-word essay about Marilyn Monroe to go along with the many pictures of ***Marilyn*** in what promises to be one of the year's cocktail-party staples. Another West Coast celebrity being proclaimed between hard covers this season is Wilt Chamberlain. The Stilt's autobiography, done with the help of David Shaw, is titled ***Wilt: Just Like Any Other Seven-Foot Black Millionaire Who Lives Next Door.***

The U.S.A. and its citizens are coming in for close scrutiny this season. ***Alistair Cooke's America*** is Cooke's handsome picture-and-text book based on his celebrated BBC TV series. Journalist Jane Howard's personal view of the female side of America is called ***A Different Woman.*** John Gregory Dunne confines his own glimpse of the U. S. to that small but lively part of the nation known as ***Vegas.*** In ***Kind and Usual Punishment,*** Jessica Mitford turns her eye on our prison system, and George Plimpton returns to his favorite pastime, pro football, in ***Mad Ducks and Bears.***

Fiction fans can look forward to works by Graham Greene, Gore Vidal, John Gardner, J. P. Donleavy, Kingsley Amis, Arthur C. Clarke, Seymour Epstein, Thornton Wilder, Jimmy Breslin, Gerald Green, Jerome Weidman and Garson Kanin, among others. Yet it won't be easy even for people who shun nonfiction to avoid the drip of Watergate. The aforementioned E. Howard Hunt, as you must have read by now, has for years been turning out novels that have been deservedly ignored. But crime has its rewards: His latest, ***The Berlin Ending,*** is being heavily promoted, and a paperback outfit is busy reminding booksellers that a couple of items titled ***The Sorcerers*** and ***Diabolus,*** formerly ascribed to one David St. John, are really the work of the prolific Hunt. Need we add that all Hunt's tales have to do with spies?

•

It's a shame that Steven Goldberg's ***The Inevitability of Patriarchy*** (Morrow) is so badly written, because it has an important point to make. Goldberg's audacious thesis is that men, not women, will always hold the final power in family, politics and anywhere else in human society where power is up for grabs. Goldberg's argument is simple: He claims that there has never existed anywhere at any time a matriarchy, that every known society has always been dominated by men. This cannot be purely accidental, he maintains, and he finds the reason in hormones—in particular, the androgens that seem to increase aggressiveness in all sorts of animals. In the womb, human males get a much heavier dosage of androgens than females do. This programs them to behave aggressively, so they inevitably strive for power, shouldering the weaker sex aside in the process. There are, to be sure, many exceptions: Just as some women are taller than some men, and a few women are taller than many men, so some women will be more aggressive than some men. But as an across-the-board tendency, males will dominate; and Goldberg insists that society is right in steering women away from power struggles, because if they play by boys' rules they can do nothing but lose. Is Goldberg right? His statement that males have always dominated societies may be true, despite vague feminist allusions to Amazon cultures or ancient matriarchies, and he is correct when he associates androgens with aggression. But people working in the field of sex differences are likely to find his arguments a little simple-minded. Current knowledge tells us that formation of the male or female personality comes out of an interaction between genetics and environment. Then, too, his concept of aggression is a little hazy: Exactly what sort of behavior is he talking about? Why must women play by men's rules in power struggles and, even if they do, why must they lose, since such conflicts seldom degenerate to a contest of physical strength? Finally, in steering women in general away from the competitive fray, are we not cutting off from positions of accomplishment and status many exceptional women who would have risen had they been raised to *think* that they should?

•

The Donner Party has to be an almost irresistible subject for writers who want a metaphor for the American experience. It is innocence and conquest ending in barbarism and defeat. Cannibalism on the way to California. In ***The Ungodly*** (Charterhouse), Richard Rhodes begins the terrible story from the narrow point of view of a journal kept by one member of the party, then carefully slips into a narrative that takes in the whole awesome story. It is a vast undertaking, so difficult that Rhodes doesn't quite pull it off throughout. But when he does succeed, he does so brilliantly. By the time the party has been reduced to final extremes of hardship and is ready to eat the flesh and the vitals of its recent dead, you are ready—but not quite ready enough. "He touched Dolan's cold bare belly and his flesh crawled and he took his hand away. His back throbbed as if someone might put a ball into it at any moment. He touched Dolan's belly again and discovered that his mouth was watering. He waited no longer then but touched the point of his knife to the rib cage and pressed it into the skin. The blade drew no blood and he pressed it harder, feeling the plate of gristle under the skin move down. . . . He pulled the knife and with both hands opened Dolan's belly, exposing the viscera. He grasped the heart in its sac and with the other hand sawed it free and laid it on the snow and then he wedged his fingers around the liver and brought the lip out of the cavity and cut the tubes below it and pulled the liver out and laid it beside the heart." But for all the vivid description of hardship and extremity, there is something missing. The book is too large—in that it tries to give you too many characters—and too small: It never leaves the wagon train to describe the country and the other migrations of 1846. Rhodes (a frequent PLAYBOY contributor) has written a book that is flawed but compelling, and probably the best fictional treatment yet of one of American history's grimmest chapters.

•

In ***Hustling*** (Delacorte), a collection of articles subtitled "Prostitution in Our Wide Open Society," many of which first appeared in *New York* magazine, Gail Sheehy says a lot of new things about the oldest profession, at least as it exists in New York. It is not a victimless crime, she contends, but "attracts a wide species of preying criminals and generates a long line of victims beginning with the most obvious and least understood—the prostitute herself." Using observation, research and interviews with whores, a pimp, the manager of a room-by-the-hour hotel, police and fat-cat property owners who pretend they don't know where their money comes from, Sheehy shows how the girl who works on her back supports a structure reaching into the high financial and political echelons of the city. The prostitutes at the bottom of the profit ladder, Sheehy maintains, represent "the masochistic core within all women carried to the burlesque. . . . They are fighting to restore their earliest authority figures, men, as their superiors." Which may be true,

SMIRNOFF® VODKA. 80 & 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FILS. (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN.) ©1973, HEUBLEIN, INCORPORATED, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

The Machete.

(Carving out time for what counts)

We're always showing ordinary couples doing an extraordinarily refreshing thing: enjoying being together. To celebrate these small reminders that human beings can still be human, we try to suggest a drink that is suitably refreshing.

This time we mixed pineapple juice with Smirnoff and added some tonic. Result? The Machete, a drink you might take to when you're taking a break.

To make a Machete, pour 1½ oz. of Smirnoff into a glass of ice. Add two-thirds of a glass of pineapple juice, fill with tonic and stir.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless.®

but Sheehy doesn't prove it—probably because, as she says, the prostitute is one of the hardest people to get to know. She does convey a vivid picture of the world in which the prostitute operates—the sleazy dark streets west of Times Square, the penthouse parties, the plastic-covered decor of a madam's apartment—but not much understanding of the girl or why she does what she does. There are two composite or "new journalistic" portraits in the book—one of a street prostitute, the other of a "courtesan" who has moved through the ranks of rich men to marry the richest and most powerful. In Sheehy's hands, they are a textbook example of what this form of journalism can and can't do. In the first, she uses her character as a vehicle for a pungent description of life on the streets. In the second, she tries to bring her fictional creation to life, giving her conversations and thoughts, all of which sound about as real as a true-romance story. Prostitution may well damage as many people as Sheehy's evidence indicates, and she suggests laws already on the books that could be used to crack down harder. But a large question goes unasked and unanswered: What is to be done about all the men—shy, deviant or whatever—who need and will pay for impersonal sex?

•

William S. Burroughs, author of *Naked Lunch* and other free-floating fables of the murderous uncertainty of modern existence, seems to be a writer's writer; that is, certain other notable writers—such as Norman Mailer and Mary McCarthy—confess to getting an imaginative charge from reading his poker-faced fantasies of sex, blood and destruction. Part of the exhilaration they experience may come from the fact that Burroughs has no hesitation in throwing out the entire shebang called Western culture, viewing it all as a gigantic con game to hoodwink and hog-tie the sadly limited human race. Those limits, in fact, are the central subject of his latest novel, ***Exterminator!*** (Viking). Besides being the direct heir of the Burroughs Adding Machine fortune, and having had an uncle named Ivy Lee, notorious for his public-relations whitewashing of John D. Rockefeller's nasty financial tricks, Burroughs has also worked as a bug killer—and he begins his book with a typically lyrical yet grim description of those halcyon days. In Burroughs' very private mythology, extermination is not only necessary, a publicly useful job, but also a basic form of "transformation," which, he strongly implies, could be practiced with profit on the countless spies, piggish police, corrupt undercover men, priests, rabbis, lawyers, doctors, psychiatrists and drug counselors who keep the race in its present woebegone state. His book describes a number of transformations—a jazz musician who hits a high note and turns into a wolf, a man who exchanges personalities with a sad-sack waiter named Pinkie (it doesn't work out well for either), a mad inventor who concocts a virus that "would spread waves of tranquillity in all directions until the world was a fit place to live in," and so on and on through the various situations that Burroughs, with his wild imagination and his practical knowledge of contemporary chemical and mechanical achievements, can daydream up. *Exterminator!* is less repetitious and funnier than Burroughs' past few books and even, at moments, inspired by a real, rather touching desire for love and peace. Perhaps Burroughs himself is undergoing a basic transformation.

•

Janis Joplin was one of the seemingly triumphant symbols of the counterculture of the Sixties—a rock star who was so into feeling that she and her audiences shared a heavy communion of emotional tripping. Then Janis died, at 27, of an overdose of heroin. Why, riding so high, had she succumbed to that drug that most effectively *kills* feeling? ***Buried Alive*** (Morrow) not only tries to answer that question but also provides an unsentimental dissection of the self-indulgent life styles of many in the shaky rock pantheon to which Janis belonged. The author, Myra Friedman, got to know Janis all too well during the three years she worked as a publicist in the office of Janis' manager, Albert Grossman. Her affection for Janis is uncloyingly clear, but she saw the singer whole; this is not a flack's cosmeticized biography. Extensive research, including interviews with Janis' parents and school friends in Texas, results in an engrossing account of a teenage misfit who found, through her singing, a way to realize some of her fantasies. She was never, however, able to believe she was really accepted by anyone—neither the crowds she voice-lashed to a frenzy nor her many "intimate" friends. With no inner center of gravity (or sense of identity, as the psychiatrists say), Janis drank, used dope and balled—men, women and boys she picked up in bars. It is a genuinely sad, though hardly novel, story—the splattered journey to self-destruction of a "star" who thought herself worthless. Miss Friedman is not in the least taken in by the surfacy defiant "freedom" of the lonely drifters, both luminaries and hangers-on, in the world of rock. *Buried Alive* is an epitaph not only for Janis Joplin but also for many anonymous victims of the counterculture.

Going Down with Janis (Lyle Stuart), by Peggy Caserta as told to Dan Knapp, is a much more narrowly focused view of that swiftly fallen star. Herself turned on to heroin by Joplin, Caserta brought Janis (willingly) back to the drug shortly before the latter's death. Her book is mainly about their intermittent lovemaking—told in copious, rather repetitive detail and including diverse other sexual encounters each had separately and sometimes together with transient men. The Janis Joplin of the Caserta book is only a part of the more complex Joplin (and her milieu) analyzed in *Buried Alive*.

More distant in his perspective on the rock scene is novelist and social critic Richard Elman, whose ***Uptight with the Stones*** (Scribner's) is a brief, wry series of impressions of part of The Rolling Stones' American tour of 1972. This book is far more deftly written than those on Janis, but Elman finds the Stones, too, to be lonely drifters. The shrewd businessman's acumen of Mick Jagger holds them sufficiently together to prosper mightily and more or less survive privately—though they seem to be enjoying what they do less and less. There are side-light sketches of Terry Southern, Princess Lee Radziwill and other assorted onlookers at the highly routinized fertility rites of the Stones. Nowadays, says Elman, the group achieves "more of a hype than a high." The Stones are still rolling (except for Brian Jones), but it keeps getting harder for them to live up to their hype—screaming audiences notwithstanding.

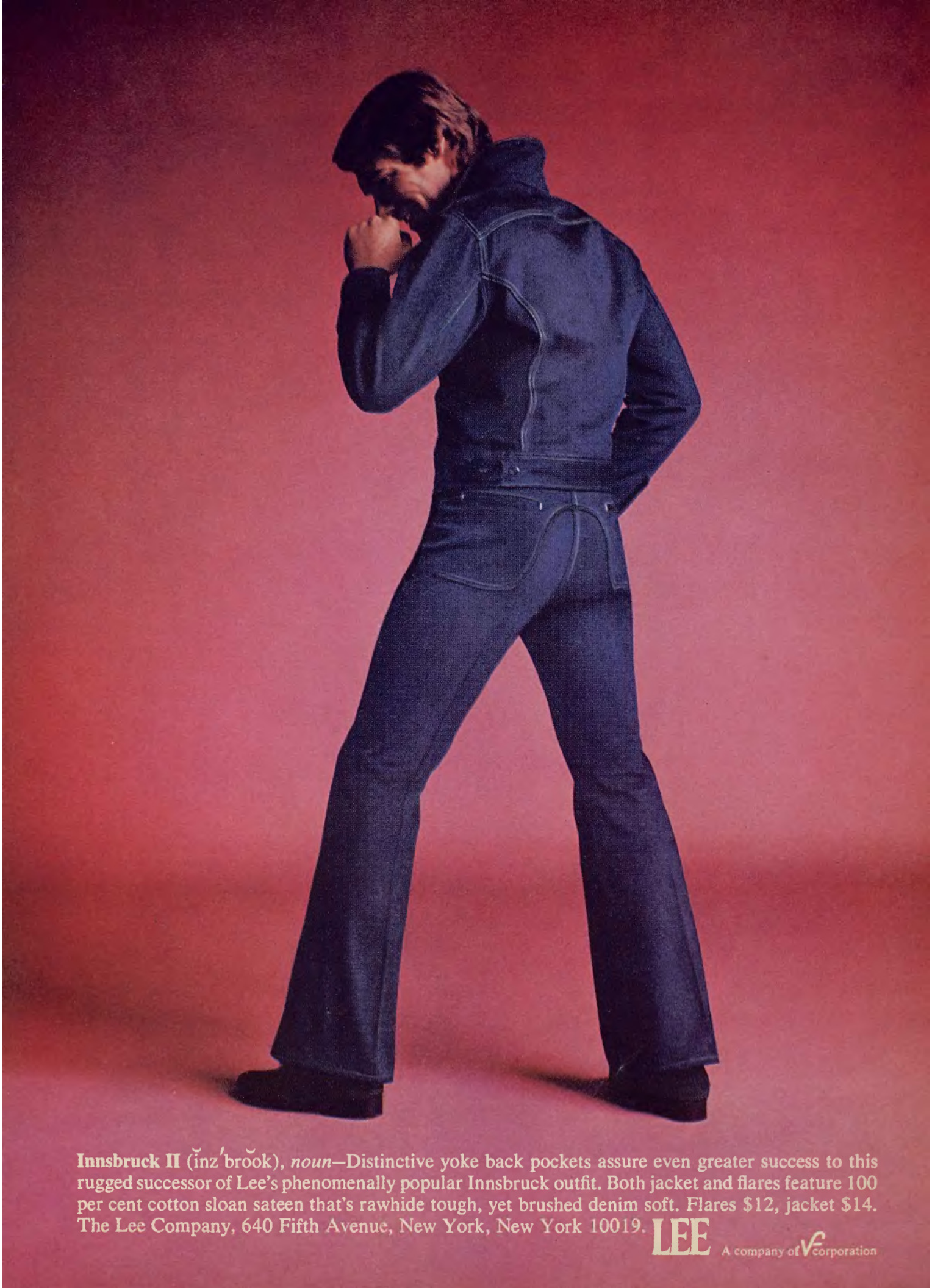
•

Also noteworthy: Although our doubts about whether much of ***The New Journalism*** (Harper & Row) is either new or journalism were not laid to rest by Tom Wolfe's long introduction to the anthology of that title, we were impressed by the quality of some of the contributions. This we might have expected—for among the practitioners of the alleged genre selected by Wolfe and E. W. Johnson are Gay Talese, Truman Capote, Norman Mailer, Joan Didion, Garry Wills and the unbashful Tom Wolfe himself.

MOVIES

Previews: The film forecast for autumn and beyond promises a number of new faces and some arresting excursions by superstar performers and directors. Promising newcomers dominate the early-fall scene, which will be highlighted by ***The Paper Chase,*** co-starring Timothy Bottoms (of *The Last Picture Show*) and Lindsay Wagner (of *Two People*) in a contemporary comedy-drama about the social pressures felt by law students at Harvard. Billy Dee Williams, Richard Pryor and Gwen Welles head the company of ***Hit,*** a tale of revenge in the heroin trade. In a hare-and-tortoise race with *The Exorcist*, which is imminent, there's ***Hex,*** featuring Tina Herazo, Hilarie Thompson and Keith Carradine, who dabble in witchcraft and vintage motorbikes on the Nebraska prairies back in 1919.

Before the 1973 holiday season wanes, a number of last year's high scorers will be bidding for attention again. Paul Winfield (of *Sounder*) plays a Green Beret veteran whose wife dies of drug addiction



Innsbruck II (ĭnz′brŏŏk), *noun*—Distinctive yoke back pockets assure even greater success to this rugged successor of Lee's phenomenally popular Innsbruck outfit. Both jacket and flares feature 100 per cent cotton sloan sateen that's rawhide tough, yet brushed denim soft. Flares $12, jacket $14. The Lee Company, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019. LEE A company of VF corporation

The Hatchback

of Notre Dame.

There's a new face on campus this year. The Honda Civic.™ From UCLA to NYU, more and more Hondas have been squeezing into parking places.

Why? Well for openers, the the Civic Hatchback costs only $2250* and gets up to 30 miles to a gallon.

Pretty nice economics.

But economy is only half the story. The Civic's performance is even more remarkable.

In comparing the Civic against other economy cars, April Road Test magazine found that its 0-60 mph acceleration was bested only by the Mazda RX-3 (which lists at about a thousand dollars more).

And March Car and Driver magazine reported: "Its acceleration is not only better than that of VW's and other small displacement competitors like the Toyota Corolla 1200, but it also exceeds that of the standard engine Pinto as well. And with a top speed of 88 mph, the Civic is no sitting duck on the freeway either."

Road Test summed it up pretty well when they said: "Clearly, the automobile has it all; it provides the most immediately viable solution to our traffic problems and does this with comfort, performance, economy and a low price. For center city commuters, the Honda Civic is the car of the future. And it's here now."

Test drive it yourself.

And find out why we believe that new face on campus will soon become a very familiar sight.

The New Honda Civic

It will get you where you're going.

*Suggested retail ($2150 for 2 Dr. Sedan). California add about $13. Dealer preparation, transportation, tax and license extra. ©1973 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 61.

in ***Gordon's War,*** under director Ossie Davis; Winfield also co-stars with Jon Voight in *Sounder* director Martin Ritt's ***Conrack,*** about a white teacher in a black community down South. *The Godfather*'s second son, James Caan, plays a sailor on leave in Seattle in ***Cinderella Liberty,*** opposite Marsha Mason and former underground star Sally Kirkland. Three other sailors (played by Timothy Bottoms, Warren Oates and Lou Gossett) battle the elements and meet some Eskimos on subarctic Baffin Island in ***The White Dawn.***

A couple of grabbers for crime buffs are apt to be ***The Super Cops*** (Ron Leibman, David Selby and *Super Fly*'s Sheila Frazier in a comedy-drama recounting the adventures in tough Bedford-Stuyvesant of a pair of real-life New York cops who became known as Batman and Robin) and ***Jake*** (Walter Matthau and Bruce Dern as homicide detectives tracking a mass murderer in San Francisco). Charles Bronson fans can have their pick of Charley behind a detective's badge in ***The Stone Killer*** or saddled up in ***Wild Horses.*** Lest anyone worry that shoot-'em-ups may be in short supply, the company that gave us Warren Oates as *Dillinger* (reviewed on page 34) promises to encore soon with a rogues' gallery of biographies titled ***Baby Face Nelson, Machine Gun Kelly*** and ***Pretty Boy Floyd.***

Moviegoers who found *Last Tango in Paris* too racy were given a glimpse of things to come at this year's Cannes film festival, where several European innovators appeared eager and more than able to make *Tango* look as old-fashioned as the two-step. A young director from Paris, Jean Eustache, brought forth ***La Maman et La Putain*** (*The Mother and the Whore*)—nearly four hours' worth of four-letter words, or their raunchiest French equivalents, mouthed by Jean-Pierre Leaud and the two *mesdemoiselles* who share him in a highly mobile *ménage à trois.* The most controversial Cannes entry by far, though, was Italian director Marco Ferreri's ***La Grande Bouffe,*** with Marcello Mastroianni and three other males in a fascinating but frequently repulsive black comedy about four world-weary hedonists who decide to commit suicide by eating, belching, defecating and fornicating their way to oblivion.

Among the biggies anticipated for 1974, few are likely to be bigger than the remake of F. Scott Fitzgerald's ***The Great Gatsby,*** adapted by Francis Ford Coppola for director Jack Clayton, with a cast headed by Robert Redford, Mia Farrow, Lois Chiles, Karen Black and Bruce Dern. In ***The Man on the Swing,*** Cliff Robertson will generate suspense with the support of Oscar winner Joel Grey in a nonmusical role. Barbra Streisand won't be singing much either as an unorthodox young nurse in ***With or Without Roller Skates.*** Having finished shooting ***The Last Detail,*** Jack Nicholson is about ready to start work for Roman Polanski in an original screenplay titled ***Chinatown.*** Other best bets in the works include ***Zardoz,*** by writer-producer-director John Boorman (who directed *Deliverance*), a futuristic adventure drama set in the 23rd Century, with Charlotte Rampling and Sean Connery, and by no means least, Stanley Kubrick's ***Barry Lyndon,*** based on Thackeray's novel about a seducer, gambler and bully who values winning above all. Ryan O'Neal will play the lead opposite Marisa Berenson, and that's as much as anyone but Kubrick knows about *Lyndon,* though a dawning movie season with a new Kubrick film on the horizon already looks rather special.

•

"I shoulda known better than to trust a cop. My own goddamn mother coulda told me that," says Robert Mitchum, summing up ***The Friends of Eddie Coyle,*** who turn out to be a collection of treacherous finks, hit men and plainclothes detectives. Definitely a downer, with little of the forced excitement common to crime thrillers, *Eddie Coyle* is absorbing, intelligent, low-key and one of the most deadly accurate depictions of underworld double-dealing ever caught on film. The people who made it obviously know their stuff. Scenarist Paul Monash's terse adaptation of the best-selling first novel by George V. Higgins—a professional lawman who, until recently, was an Assistant U. S. Attorney for the state of Massachusetts—retains the knowledgeable air of an inside look at the kinky mechanisms of lawbreaking and law enforcement. The plot, not always easy to follow, is a maze of minor skirmishes connected to a series of bank heists that involve abducting bank managers while holding their families hostage. Eddie Coyle's only participation in the deal is to purchase some contraband guns and ammunition; he's just a flabby, 50ish ex-con, trying to stay alive and beat a bad rap in New Hampshire for driving a truckload of stolen goods. Sporting a Boston-Irish accent, Mitchum lurches through the title role with a curse on his lips for every occasion, in total command of the meatiest role he has had in years. Mitchum gets substantial support from Peter Boyle, as a bartender who picks up extra cash for informing, and Richard Jordan, especially fine as Foley, the smooth young city detective with a killer's instinct for manipulating men at the bottom of the social ladder. Director Peter Yates (maker of *Bullitt* and *The Hot Rock*) filmed *Eddie Coyle* on location in Boston, and he keeps unflinchingly in focus that particular urban jungle, a district where the decline and fall of a petty crook whose luck has run out is ugly, tragic and part of the daily routine.

•

A couple of teammates and buddies in major-league baseball are the heroes of ***Bang the Drum Slowly,*** based on the popular novel by Mark Harris, first published in 1956 and originally dramatized as a teleplay co-starring Paul Newman and Albert Salmi. Harris himself wrote the scenario for the film version, which has the estimable asset of brilliant performances by two relatively unknown actors—Michael Moriarty as Henry Wiggen, ace pitcher for the New York Mammoths, and Robert De Niro as his roommate, Bruce Pearson, a soso catcher and dumb Georgia cracker whose career prospects are dimmer than ever because he happens to be dying of Hodgkin's disease. Though movies set in the sports world are traditionally box-office poison, *Bang the Drum* may have what it takes to change everyone's luck. Director John Hancock (whose only previous feature was an offbeat 1971 thriller called *Let's Scare Jessica to Death*) wrings maximum dramatic impact from Harris' tough, tender story of camaraderie off the diamond, and his glimpses of life behind the scenes in the big leagues are projected with rough humor and sizzling conviction. Reasonably famous but none too bright, these ballplayers sell insurance on the side, kill time on the road by conning suckers into card games and make asses of themselves doing guest shots on television. The rugged team manager, Dutch (a conventional character played with unbeatable *brio* by Vincent Gardenia), treats them like errant schoolboys, and often as not they behave accordingly. Their rough but deep affection for one another dignifies them and is the saving grace of a near tearjerker that explores the masculinity syndrome in big-time athletes without jumping to glib conclusions about latent homosexuality and male chauvinism. There is absolute truth in the awkward, funny, oddly offhand relationship between Moriarty and De Niro, two rather simple-minded jocks facing a tragedy fit for kings. "I been handed a *shit* deal, boy," grumbles the doomed man, sulky and perplexed, as if he has lost an argument with the umpire.

•

Broadway composer-lyricist Steven Sondheim and actor Tony Perkins make their tandem debut as screenwriters with ***The Last of Sheila,*** an elegant charade in the form of a whodunit. With such imposing authorship, producer-director Herbert Ross presumably had little difficulty obtaining a yacht moored off the Riviera (owned by movie mogul Sam Spiegel), along with the services of seven luminaries to portray a group of Hollywood jet setters gathered on board to play Who Killed Sheila? James Coburn is master of revels and host (while he lasts) to Dyan Cannon, Richard Benjamin, Joan Hackett, James Mason, Ian McShane and Raquel Welch. All appear to relish the fun and games and unadulterated showbiz bitchery, though Dyan—as a tough talent

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

BELLE STARR

Smithsonian Institution

RED CLOUD

National Archives, Record Group 111

"HANGING JUDGE" PARKER

Lawmakers and lawbreakers . . . heroes and villains . . . shady ladies and psalm-singing preachers . . . the real people behind the legends you've been hearing about all your life—even more fantastic than the myths.

"... was on my Horse the whole night & it raining hard ... There was one of our party Drowned today (Mr. Carr) & several narrow escapes & I among them ... Awful night ... not having had a bite to eat for 60 hours ... *Tired* ... Indians very troublesome ... Found a human skeleton on the prairie today ..."

***—Diary of a Texas cattle drive, 1866. Quoted in* The Cowboys**

TIME LIFE BOOKS presents a lusty, rip-roaring new series.

Here's the true story of the old west

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Abilene . . . Cheyenne . . . Dodge City . . . more than names, they were places — places that made magic around the world. They still do. Wherever people crave adventure, invoke the spirit of the American pioneer or seek new horizons, they look to the history of the American West. To some, it's a tale of raw courage against great odds. To others, it's a fable of heroes and villains. And to everyone, it's where we escape to when we dream of breaking loose and breathing free.

In a new series of books designed to give you a true picture of pioneer life, the editors of TIME-LIFE BOOKS have produced an epic story more exciting than any movie or TV Western. Extensively researched and documented, THE OLD WEST teems with the treasures of archives and historical societies, extraordinary paintings, drawings, maps, posters and newspaper clippings.

Typical of the authenticity, the richness of flavor in every book of THE OLD WEST, is the introductory volume, *The Cowboys*. It shows you the real life of the real cowboy — from his days as a young bumpkin looking for an interesting life in the West, down to his last trail and spree. You'll see him at work, at play, coping with cattle barons who paid him a hard-earned dollar a day, the stampedes, the long drives and roundups that were the most romantic part of his life.

Once you've experienced the high adventure of *The Cowboys*, you'll be looking forward to other volumes in the series:

In *The Indians*, you'll see the daily lives of tribes like the Comanche, Apache, Crow and Sioux; their customs, beliefs and taboos; the authentic, vividly detailed lives of great Indian leaders like Crazy Horse, Red Cloud, and Sitting Bull . . .

In *The Gunfighters*, you'll find the marvelously wicked characters you've been hearing about all your life: infamous outlaws like the Dalton Gang, the James Boys, Black Bart, and Butch Cassidy; famous gunfighting towns, vigilante committees and hanging judges . . .

Wyoming State Archives and History Dept.

And in *The Expressmen*, the Pony Express, The Overland Stage, Freighters, and Wells Fargo all come to galloping life as you, too, join the pioneer masses on the great trails going West.

History Division, Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History

Some of the other books in THE OLD WEST that'll boot you right smack into the center of America's most daring feats are: *The Forty-Niners*, *The Trailblazers*, *The Railroaders*, *The River Men*, and *The Townsmen*.

Doesn't this sound like something that could turn the dullest day into an adventure? That's how the editors of TIME-LIFE BOOKS feel. And that's why we're offering you *The Cowboys* for 10 days free examination. If you don't love it, just return it without obligation. So why not mail the postpaid insert card today.

TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Dept. 0512
TIME & LIFE BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

Yes, I would like to examine *The Cowboys*. Please send it to me for 10 days' free examination — and enter my subscription to THE OLD WEST. If I decide to keep *The Cowboys*, I will pay $7.95 ($8.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling. I then will receive future volumes in THE OLD WEST series, shipped a volume at a time approximately every three months. Each is $7.95 ($8.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling and comes on a 10-day, free-examination basis. There is no minimum number of books that I must buy and I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you.

If I do not choose to keep *The Cowboys*, I will return the book within 10 days, my subscription for future volumes will be canceled, and I will not be under any further obligation.

Name.....
(please print)

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

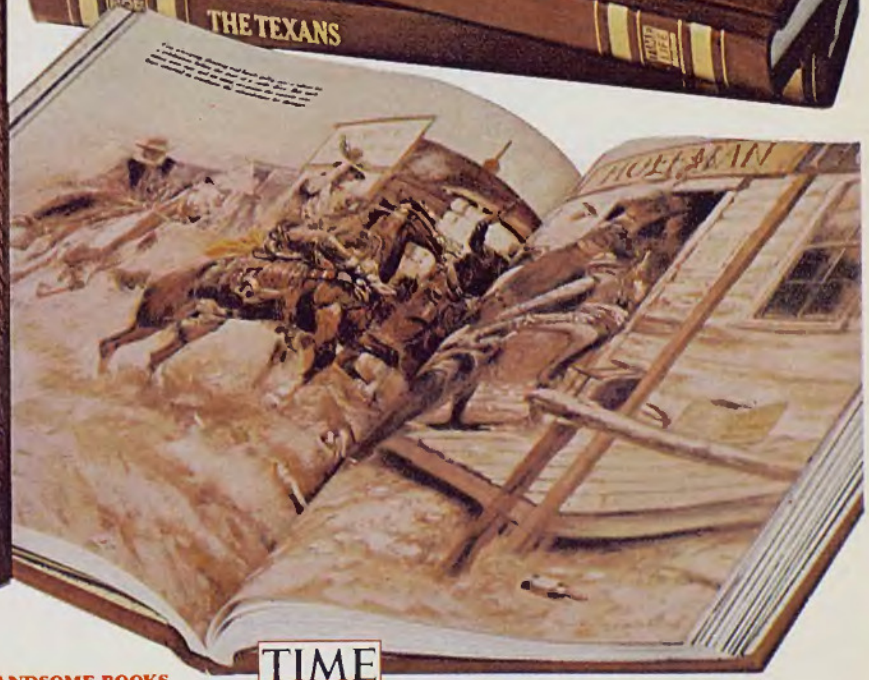
"Stampede by Lightning" by Frederic Remington, Thomas Gilcrease Institute, Tulsa, Okla.

Enjoy THE COWBOYS for 10 days FREE

Among other volumes

Yale Collection of Western Americana

Detail from "The Cowboy" by Frederic Remington, courtesy Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas



HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME BOOKS

Padded covers hand-rubbed for antique leather look, embossed in Western saddle design. 240 pages, some 250 illustrations. 8½" x 11".

TIME LIFE BOOKS

"In Without Knocking" by Charles M. Russell courtesy Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas

Experience. It shows.

Experience is what separates the men from the boys. Especially in automatic exposure cameras.

After all, it takes a lot of practice to make automation reliable in something as small and sophisticated as a fine camera.

Well, nobody has more experience than Konica.

The Konica Auto-S rangefinder cameras were introduced more than a decade ago. And immediately proved that automation wasn't the exclusive province of the novice.

Then Konica introduced the first automatic-exposure pocket-sized rangefinder 35, the C-35. And the first automatic-exposure professional single-lens reflex, the Autoreflex.

Now anyone can have automatic exposure 35mm photography. The professional, the amateur and casual picture taker. With Konica's extensive experience to back them. And razor-sharp Hexanon lenses up front. All at prices that anyone can afford. So go to your Konica dealer and see the difference experience makes. Or write for detailed literature.

Konica Camera Co., Woodside, New York 11377. In Canada: Garlick Films Ltd., Toronto

KONICA

Makers of world-famous Sakura Color Print Films.

Berkey DIVISION OF PHOTO INC.

Konica. The world's most experienced automatic cameras.

agent who makes any attempt on her life look like a public service—monopolizes the prickliest lines and steals the picture. Most of *Sheila*, alas, is scarcely worth stealing. Author Sondheim, well known in private life as a puzzle buff, apparently had a strong hand in shaping the plot, which offers a string of clues tied together with mathematical precision—but with little concern for believable situations or insights. What remains after the star dust settles is a routine comedy-mystery exposing the obvious truths about a band of chic egocentrics involved in a crime that was never very interesting in the first place.

•

As ***Dillinger,*** Warren Oates adds another feather to the plumage he has acquired by creating pungent moments of truth in otherwise unimpressive pictures. This one has holding power up front because Oates works a credible blend of meanness, humor, arrogance, humanity and criminal psychosis into his portrait of the headline-grabbing public enemy who became the most admired bank robber of his time—an era that more or less ended on July 22, 1934, when Dillinger was cut down by G men while leaving a movie theater in Chicago. Playing Anna Sage, the callhouse madam who became a legend as The Lady in Red for fingering Dillinger to the Feds, Cloris Leachman (an Oscar winner in *The Last Picture Show*) contributes a luscious vignette that would be a showstopper in less notable company, and Michelle Phillips (a founding member of the Mamas and the Papas singing group) also makes her winsome presence felt, between fusillades, as Dillinger's half-breed moll Billie Frechette. Written and directed by John Milius, who has been so handsomely paid as a screenwriter (for *Dirty Harry*, *Jeremiah Johnson* and *The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean*) that Hollywood considers him "hot," the movie as a whole is a fairly standard exercise in blood-and-guts exploitation. It is also strangely diffuse in effect, giving nearly equal screen time to the career of Melvin Purvis (played by Ben Johnson with his usual restrained authority), head of the Chicago FBI, the original G man who made his reputation as the nemesis of the underworld. The cigar-chomping Gang Buster with a sharp eye for the value of publicity draws Milius so far away from the real business at hand that *Dillinger* could just as aptly be titled *Melvin Purvis, G Man.*

•

Singer-composer Bob Dylan plays a minor role in ***Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid,*** and also provides incidental music on the sound track; and neither is especially distinguished. Cast in the title roles, James Coburn as Garrett and Kris Kristofferson as Billy manage to keep their cool against considerable odds in a conscientiously

Panatela™ Slacks: they don't look like Levi's®, but-thank heaven- they're made like Levi's!

The Levi's that look like Levi's are our Original Blue Jeans.

They have copper riveted pockets, double stitched seams, and a reputation for being the toughest pants in the world.

At eight dollars a pair, they're the bargain of a lifetime.

All of which got us to wondering: if we can make the bargain of a lifetime for eight dollars, what can we do for $12? $15? Or even $20?

You're looking at the answer. Levi's Panatela™ Slacks. Slacks with features that compare to $40 dress slacks. Except they don't cost $40.

HALF THE COST SHOULDN'T MEAN HALF THE QUALITY.

To fully appreciate how well Panatela Slacks are made, you have to go beyond their beautiful exteriors.

Inside our knit slacks, for example, are Ban-Rol waistbands. Talon or Scovil zippers (the best made). And Buckram lined belt loops.

We've even figured the exact number of stitches per inch at which the thread will give optimum strength – but the needle holes won't weaken the fabric.

SIX THINGS MANY $40 SLACKS DON'T DO:

We use six different stitches on a single pair of Panatela Knit Slacks. They include a blind stitch for belt loops; a serge stitch on the fly; a double chain stitch on the left side of the zipper; and a lock stitch on the zipper's right.

These six stitches, combined with our use of over 25 different types of seams, assure you a pair of slacks that won't sag, bag, or wrinkle. Ever.

THERE'S MORE WE COULD SAY, BUT NO MORE ROOM TO SAY IT. SO WE'LL END WITH OUR "PANATELA COMPANY MOTTO."

Actually, it's a Levi's motto that started back in 1850 when we made our first Original Blue Jeans.

But the years have not diminished its wisdom for Panatela Slacks:

"Give the customer the best garment he can buy. Even if he has to pay half as much to get it."

Slacks. Not $lacks.

LEVI'S® Panatela™

The word "Levi's" is a registered trademark of Levi Strauss & Co., San Francisco. Panatela is trademark of Levi Strauss & Co., San Francisco.

arty Western that ranks well below standard for director Sam Peckinpah, whose definitive epics of violence include *The Wild Bunch* and *Straw Dogs*. Peckinpah approaches *Pat Garrett* as if he had pored over a scrapbook of critical accolades and been overwhelmed by descriptions of himself as a serious director. The result is a melodrama that often smacks of parody, as if some imitator were mocking Peckinpah's well-publicized *machismo* (summed up rather literally when Garrett, who has been hired to gun down Billy, waits outside the bedroom where the Kid is laying an Indian girl, reluctant to kill a man before climax). There are many tired ideas espoused in the script by Rudolph Wurlitzer, mostly twaddle about friends falling out because Garrett is obsessed with the notion that "the time for outlaws and drifters is over." Trouble is, few of the characters are motivated by any clear purpose, and they move through the film in slow motion, as if to keep a rendezvous with destiny. The quantities of blood spilled onscreen leave little doubt as to what's happening, but Peckinpah never tells us *why*, and occasionally the air of thickening mystery makes *Pat Garrett* look like a country cousin to *Dracula*. Maybe the fault lies with some of the six MGM editors named in the film's credits, whose tinkering reportedly drove director Peckinpah right up the wall. Ardent admirers of Sam can only shrug—and wish him better luck next time.

•

The hero of ***Blume in Love*** is an irritating, egocentric divorce lawyer who lives in Beverly Hills. Divorced himself—after his wife catches him in bed with his black secretary on an afternoon off—Blume ultimately goes to Venice to brood over the good old days when he honeymooned there, still happy, horny and hopeful. He reminisces almost without pause, in flashbacks, about how he can't stop loving that ex-wife of his. Sleeping with one of her best friends didn't help; he even became a buddy of his ex's hippie boyfriend, and the three of them smoked grass together—but that didn't help, either. What helped, it seems, was the night he raped the former Mrs. Blume in a fit of passion; she shows up at the finale in Piazza San Marco, hugely pregnant and more than ready for a reconciliation—while an Italian orchestra in the square plays the love music from *Tristan and Isolde*. Nothing else would do, of course, as a clincher for *Blume*'s heavy doses of satire and sex and Ann Landersish marriage analysis. George Segal as Blume, winsome Susan Anspach as his missus and Kris Kristofferson (again with the unforced charm of a movie natural) as the guitar-thumping dropout who takes Blume's place in her affections are uniformly competent—though all their efforts cannot conceal the dullness of the characters they're

That could be you up there.

How? As an Air Force pilot. After college, take a crack at Air Force officer training. Make the grade, and that'll open the door to pilot training. To an opportunity to win your wings.

It's happened to thousands of college graduates. They've become executives with major opportunities and responsibilities; and enjoy the rewards of their position more rapidly than possible in most careers.

Get your career off to a flying start in officer training. Find out if you're qualified—mail in this coupon. Or call 800-447-4700, toll free (in Illinois call 800-322-4400) for the location of your nearest Air Force recruiter. Just tell him you're interested in Air Force officer training. Things should start looking up.

Air Force Opportunities 4-P-93
Box A
Randolph AFB, Texas 78148

Please send me information on Air Force officer training. I understand there is no obligation.

Name_____ Sex M☐ F☐
(Please print)

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____ Phone_____

Soc. Sec. #_____ Date of Birth_____

School_____ Date of Graduation_____

FIND YOURSELF. FLY WITH THE AIR FORCE.

MULTIFILTER. 20 VERY

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

MODERN CIGARETTES.

Regular or Menthol

From the feel of the pack,
to the design of the filter,
to the taste of the tobacco.

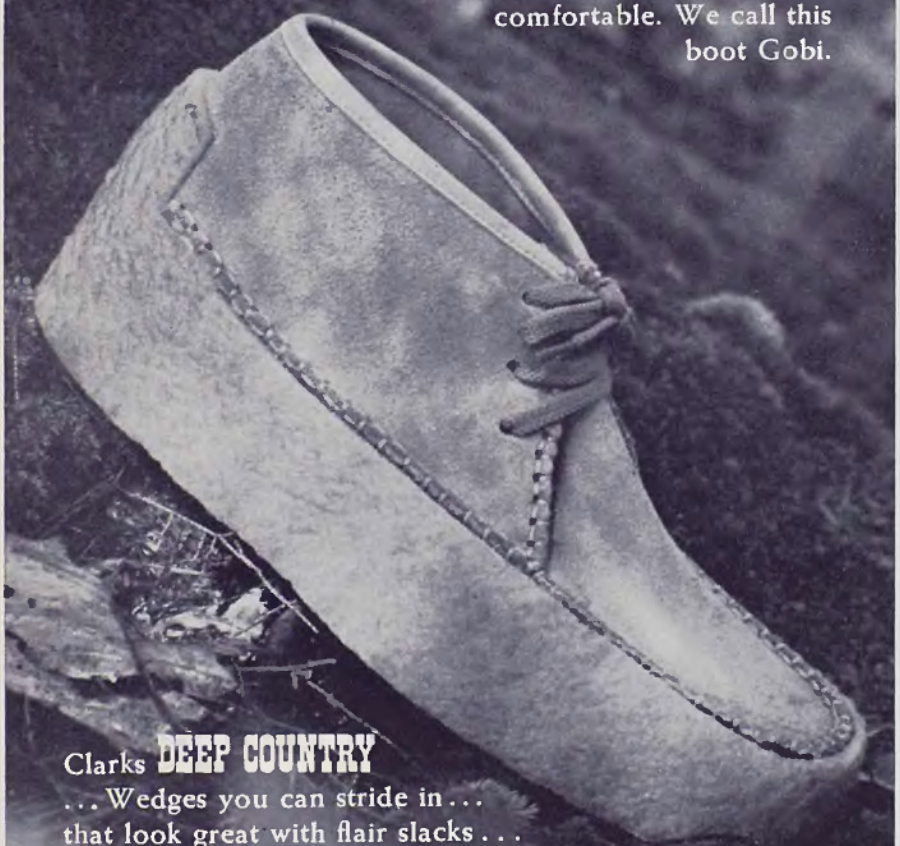
MULTIFILTER.
20 VERY MODERN CIGARETTES.

Menthol: 11 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine,
Regular: 14 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Feb. '73.

Something New
and Very Comfortable
from Clarks®...

DEEP COUNTRY™

Clarks DEEP COUNTRY is the very nearest thing to nature you'll find outside of barefoot. Soft, supple leather is hand sewn for snug comfort and genuine Malaysian crepe soles smooth out the ride. All enveloped in a chunky plantation crepe wraparound, so you can walk right out in morning dew... through crispy or even melting snow... and stay comfortable. We call this boot Gobi.



Clarks DEEP COUNTRY
...Wedges you can stride in...
that look great with flair slacks...
that belong in your natural world.

Hand sewn on the famous Clarks last, with interior arch support. For men, in Oakwood suede and brown leather, about $32. For women in Oakwood suede, Navy suede and brown leather, about $30.

Main Ave., Norwalk, Conn. 06851

Clarks® SHOES
Manufactured World-Wide — Worn Everywhere

For the name of your nearest store, call this toll free number. Dial 800-447-4700 (In Ill. 800-322-4400).

impersonating. Writer-producer-director Paul Mazursky, following his first flush of success as a New Yorker on the rise in Hollywood, made *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* and *Alex in Wonderland*, both of which reflected the special pressures on married couples in Southern California's movie colony. If *Blume in Love* is meant to be taken as another chapter of quasi autobiography based on firsthand research, Mazursky proves only that experience hasn't taught him a helluva lot. To fill the insight gap, he tosses in references to women's lib, marijuana, group sex, psychoanalysis, *chicano* workers and other topical but mostly irrelevant subjects. *Blume*'s appeal is apt to be limited to circles in which it's still considered hip to talk about visiting your shrink.

•

Always a fine actress, Sarah Miles in ***The Hireling*** is marvelous to watch as she implies, with a subtle glazing of her eyes, the controlled eroticism of a youngish English widow who would probably rather have her clothes torn off than face another session of tea and crumpets. Much of the movie takes place in a vintage Rolls-Royce during the Twenties—which are scarcely roaring; in fact, all you can hear aside from the purr of the engine is the gentle thumping of a lady's pulse. Though ostensibly a kind of *Lady Chatterley* encounter between a well-bred gentlewoman and her opportunistic chauffeur, *The Hireling* (which shared the Grand Prix award at this year's Cannes film festival) differs in one crucial respect: Nothing actually happens except that the woman, suffering a nervous breakdown after the death of her husband, simply needs to talk to someone. The chauffeur misunderstands, and thus makes rather an ass of himself when milady finally pulls herself together sufficiently to start entertaining an eligible young captain of equal social rank. Wolf Mankowitz's adaptation of a novel by L. P. Hartley, who wrote *The Go-Between*, discreetly maintains the surface decorum of a Victorian drawing room. Meticulously directed by Alan Bridges, and played with intensive care for every nuance by Miss Miles and Robert Shaw, the movie makes some fine points about the unbridgeable gap between a well-insulated aristocracy and the people who muck about in one's kitchen and drive one's cars.

•

The delicate diplomatic ties between the U. S. and Israel are apt to suffer additional strain with the release of producer-director Norman Jewison's film version of ***Jesus Christ Superstar***, the overcelebrated rock opera by Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice. Moviegoers who saw what Jewison did with *Fiddler on the Roof*, and liked it, should find the gaucherie of *Jesus Christ* far beyond their

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 61.

Baja. Survival of the fittest.

Men and machines take an unmerciful beating in the gruelling Baja Road Race. So does a car wax.

Before the start of the race, three of the Simoniz Team Datsuns were waxed with new Simoniz® Pre-soft—the other three with Simoniz Liquid. The next 500 miles are now history. The drivers flogged their Datsuns through dry river beds filled with abrasive sand—plunged through axle-deep mud the consistency of heavy grease. During the day, the sun beat down like a heat lamp gone crazy—at night, temperatures plummeted below freezing. When it was all over, the Datsuns were so heavily encrusted with baked-on filth, it was hard to determine their original color.

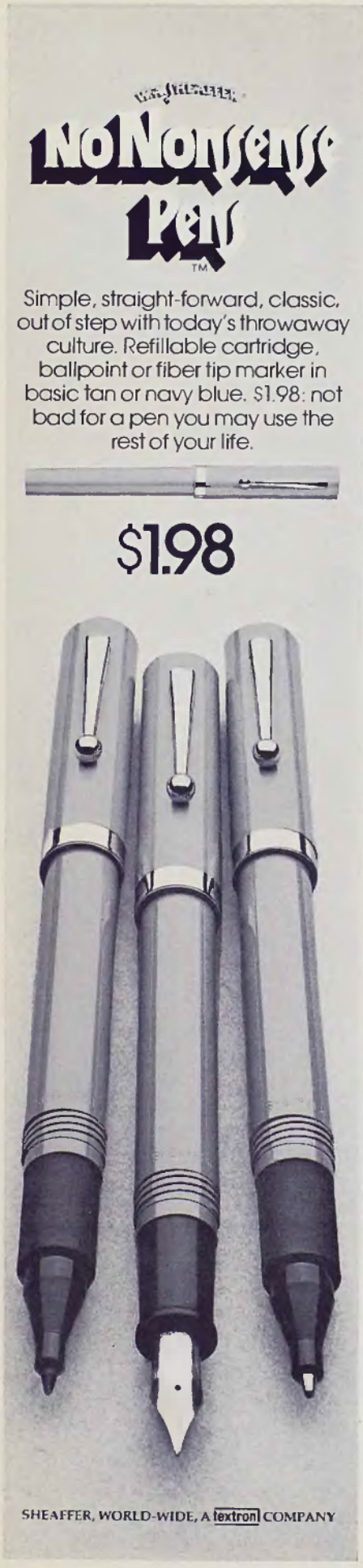
Could any car wax take this terrific punishment? Simoniz Pre-soft and Liquid did. A quick wash at Ensenada removed every trace of mud and grime. All six cars were as bright and sparkling as they were at the start—except for a few small rock chips and one minor scrape on the mini-pickup shown above, caused by an encounter with a cactus just outside of San Felipe.

Simoniz Pre-soft and Liquid—the two new car waxes that survived 52 automatic car washes—survived the Baja Road Race, the most gruelling test of all. Isn't that the kind of protection you want for your car?

Get new Simoniz Pre-soft or Liquid, and get set for the long winter months ahead.

New Simoniz® Pre-soft and Liquid.
Protection the Baja couldn't beat!

©1973 MORTON-NORWICH PRODUCTS INC. SIMONIZ IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK.



wildest expectations. Filming in the Holy Land was a bubblebrained notion in the first place (see *Jesus Christ Superham* in our July issue), since the show's pop-rock appeal, rooted in sheer theatrical artifice, looks paper-thin when splattered across the ancient landscapes of Israel in a hopeless quest for authenticity. Authentic it's not, and Jewison flaunts his initial errors of judgment by transporting hyperthyroid Broadway banality to the Negev on a truly stupendous scale. Superimposed images, splashes of unearthly light on the camera lens and silhouettes framed against glowing sunsets are among the compositional platitudes that Jewison exploits ad infinitum, while an ebullient company belts out the score with more energy than art. Yvonne Elliman, recruited from the Broadway company, as Mary Magdalene and Carl Anderson as Judas are at least adequate, but Ted Neeley is generally opaque in the title role, a calendar icon with a reedy voice, whose portrayal of Christ ought to fix him permanently in public memory as the Screamin' Jesus. It's a clean sweep for the Philistines.

RECORDINGS

The praise for ***There Goes Rhymin' Simon*** (Columbia) has been so extravagant that you may be inclined to be skeptical—if you haven't heard the record. Paul Simon has become the most important singer-songwriter in America—important because he renders his deepest perceptions of love, family and the American scene with wit, wisdom and the greatest musical skill. Everything here is approached with a kind of easy control, without personal or musical self-consciousness. A Gospel flavor underscores much of this music. But there's also a lovely jazzish ballad, *Something So Right* (with Quincy Jones–arranged strings), which shifts to country rhythm and style in the last verse. *American Tune* has a most impressive set of lyrics and seems to be Paul's hymn to his sense of national identity—ambivalent, unsentimental and fine. In *Learn How to Fall*, with its echoes of earlier Simon and Garfunkel tunes, we're given more common-sense Simon philosophy. And in *Loves Me like a Rock*, the album's capper, Gospel singing by the Dixie Hummingbirds drives home Paul's wonderfully humorous/serious account of how momma's love helps puncture the Devil's pretensions. This disc is pure delight from beginning to end.

•

Al Stewart's Museum of Modern Brass (RCA Quadradisc) has a lot more going for it than the brass-choir shtick, which seems to have crested a while back, thank God. There are four trumpets—doubling on piccolo trumpet and Flügelhorn—a tuba, French horn and bass trombone, plus a half-dozen rhythm pieces, and the musicianship, spearheaded by Stewart, is superb. But what the group has done that's most intriguing is *segue* back and forth in both material and mood from pre-Baroque to pop, intermixing as it goes. Stewart & Co. take on Vivaldi, Bach and Purcell, something from Leonard Bernstein's *Mass*, the chart-busting *Amazing Grace* and the contemporary classic *A Whiter Shade of Pale*. For some it will provide a painless introduction to "serious" music. For others it will simply be a very pleasant half-hour's listening—which really should be enough in itself.

•

Paul McCartney and Wings, flying high on the charts with ***Red Rose Speedway*** (Apple) and the sweet, almost sappy single from it, *My Love*, cop the title of Worst Rock Band Around. The trouble is that while Paul and the lovely Linda seem to prefer the lighter, entertainment side of rock, this sort of music becomes juvenile trash if it isn't well played. The most interesting cut on the album is *Loup (1st Indian on the Moon)*, which, with its Moog, bass and organ, sounds as if it were stolen from Ellington's *The Mooche*. The rest, including most of the concluding *Medley*, should have been silence.

•

A bunch of high-energy freaks out of Boston, the J. Geils Band, have finally gotten it all together on a red-vinyl disc called ***Bloodshot*** (Atlantic). As fine a rock-'n'-roll–r&b effort as we've heard this year, it succeeds because of the joint songwriting talents of madman vocalist Peter Wolf and keyboarder Seth Justman, who wrote seven of the nine tunes. The pace is set by *(Ain't Nothin' but a) House Party*, a rollicking blast given firm foundation by Seth's organ. There's a country stomp (*Struttin' with My Baby*), a very mobile *Southside Shuffle* and even a sincere, subdued ballad from the usually exuberant Wolfie, *Make Up Your Mind*. After a pretty disastrous live album, *Full House*, J. Geils has come back very strong.

•

The art of folk singing demands a respect, even a reverence, for history—the musical forms, artists and songs of the past that are meaningful to the singer. At the same time, the singer has his own integrity to consider and must create new vehicles for his own sensibility. Arlo Guthrie has made this synthesis, brilliantly, in ***Last of the Brooklyn Cowboys*** (Reprise). Everything from an Irish fiddle medley to Bob Dylan's *Gates of Eden* takes on Arlo's own special coloring and low-keyed deference. *Miss the Mississippi and You*, a saccharine old country hit, is done perfectly straight, even including some yodeling, and it works. There are five of Arlo's own tunes and one of father

Yesterday. Today. Tomorrow.

GET THOUSANDS OF SUREFIRE LIGHTS

CRICKET®
Disposable Butane Lighter $1.49
Gillette makes it work.
©The Gillette Co., Boston, Mass. ®T.M. of S.T. Dupont S.A.

Woody's best, *Ramblin' 'Round*, which is the high point in the finest folk album his son has yet produced.

•

Six years ago, a group of congenial jazz souls, the Jimmy Rushing All Stars, got together for a recording session. One of the great things to come out of that session is ***Who Was It Sang That Song?*** (MJR). The All Stars consisted of the late Mr. Five-by-Five doing the vocals, Buck Clayton on trumpet, Dickie Wells on trombone, Julian Dash on tenor sax, Sir Charles Thompson's piano, Eugene Ramey on bass and the marvelous drumming of Jo Jones. The high point, as it usually was in a Rushing session, is the blues—a medley of *Stormy Monday Blues* and *Jelly Jelly*. The interplay between Rushing and Clayton provides a great moment in jazz. The last couple of lines of the lyrics are poignantly apropos: "Anybody ask you, baby, who was it sang this song? Tell 'em little Jimmy Rushing—he's been here and gone." The album is available for $5.50 from Master Jazz Recordings, Box 579, Lenox Hill Station, New York, New York 10021.

•

Scott Joplin was not Janis' father. He was one of America's first black composers of importance and the most successful creator of that strutting, heavily syncopated, happy music for band and piano called ragtime. No music had caught the public fancy the way ragtime did in the first two decades of this century. And Joplin's rags were far above the competition. In the past few years, there has been a great resurgence of interest in ragtime, partly because of its pop use of classical materials, and now some rare, authentic Joplin orchestrations have been recorded by Gunther Schuller in ***The Red Back Book*** (Angel) with New England Conservatory musicians. This is a nostalgic treat. All the great ones, including *Maple Leaf Rag* and *The Entertainer*, are here—some, such as *Sun Flower Slow Drag*, definitely looking forward to jazz, others, such as *The Rag Time Dance*, featuring foot stamping, clapping and antiphonal runs. Some of these pieces may sound a trifle cute and contrived, but each is full of variety and zest. Right on, Scott.

•

The tentative trumpet of Chet Baker fills ***Albert's House*** (Beverly Hills) with a soft, ingratiatingly humble sound. Never one to knock you down with his horn, Baker has become even more diffident over the years. Here, in the company of a small group that includes such luminaries as guitarist Barney Kessel and drummer Frank Capp, Chet presents an almost all–Steve Allen concert. And Allen's tunes hold up well under Baker's tender care.

•

Nicky Hopkins has played on all the Stones' albums since *Satanic Majesties*, as well as on last summer's tour. Before that, it was Quicksilver, the Airplane and Jeff Beck, among others. He's the most ubiquitous, and maybe the most talented, session man in rock. Now comes ***The Tin Man Was a Dreamer*** (Columbia), a supersession that doesn't always come off but that has great moments. Such distinguished folk as Jerry Williams, George O'Hara, Mick Taylor, Chris Spedding, Klaus Voormann and Bobby Keys are heard from. The Hopkins piano talents are considerable, ranging from a Spanish-classical opener to an Albert Ammons boogie at the end. In between, the weak moments tend to focus on Nicky's wishy-washy voice or heavily orchestrated, reflective tunes such as *The Dreamer*. When the pros get down to business—as in the rocking, hollering, horn-blowing, Stones-type vehicle *Speed On*—they are superb.

THEATER

Previews: Broadway faces another season looking backward. For Carol Channing, diamonds will always be a girl's best friend: She will return in an updating of her old favorite, now called ***Lorelei***. Director-choreographer Michael Bennett also becomes a producer with ***Pin-ups***, a salute to the pinups through the Forties. Gwen Verdon's new vehicle, ***Chicago***, directed by her husband, Bob Fosse, is a musical based on the aged Maurine Watkins comedy that was once made into the movie *Roxie Hart*. And in case anyone has forgotten it, there will be a revival of the Lerner-Loewe movie musical ***Gigi***, starring Alfred Drake.

Not strictly nostalgic but still capitalizing on memory are ***Raisin***, a musicalization of Lorraine Hansberry's *A Raisin in the Sun*, and ***Arcadia***, by Austin Pendleton. Arthur (not the pianist) Rubinstein and Gretchen Cryer, starring Jason Robards, Jr., as the renowned actor, Junius Brutus Booth. E. Y. Harburg reaches farther back into history—to the 13th Century Children's Crusade—for his musical ***What a Day for a Miracle***.

One of the most highly acclaimed straight plays marked for Broadway is Peter Nichols' London hit ***Forget Me Not Lane***, in which an Englishman reflects on his past—in the Forties, of course, with a salute to Betty Grable. The play ***Turtlenecks***, by Bruce Jay Friedman and Jacques Levy, is new, but the actor is familiar—Tony Curtis, in his Broadway debut.

Among other productions promised are Edward Albee's long-awaited play about evolution, ***Seascape***; Mart Crowley's ***A Breeze from the Gulf***, about a boy's growing up in Mississippi; and ***Full Circle***, by the late Erich Maria Remarque, about World War Two Berlin. At least two old-fashioned mysteries are scheduled—Howard Richardson's ***Play with a Dead Body*** and ***Veronica's Room***, by *Rosemary's Baby*'s poppa, Ira Levin. Even Neil Simon is looking backward: his play, ***The Good Doctor***, is based on Chekhov short stories.

The happy vodka. Gordon's.

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

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

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

80 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N.J.

Your solution to the gas have to be an ugly one.

*The sporty Toyota Celica ST.
It averaged 25 mpg in tests conducted by an independent laboratory.

shortage doesn't

Take the Toyota Celica ST, for example. It averaged 25 mpg.*

And yet it comes with a 1968cc overhead cam engine, four-on-the-floor, radial tires, hood vents, racing stripes, tachometer, woodgrain-style accents, reclining front bucket seats, carpeting, clock, even a radio. All standard.

The Celica ST is no plain jane on the inside, either.
Automatic, A/C and tape optional.

It also comes with one of the longest normal maintenance intervals in the industry. Six months or 6000-miles, whichever comes first.

That's just one example.

There are plenty of other models where it came from. 19 to be exact.

Sedans, Station Wagons.
Land Cruisers. Hardtops.
Pickups. Sporty Coupes. Every last one of them designed not only with economy in mind. But also with people in mind.

No, gas rationing isn't a pretty thought. Neither is the rising price of gasoline.

But the solution can be a car that squeezes extra miles out of the precious gallon. And at the same time, still gives you styling. And comfort. And performance.

The solution can be a Toyota.

TOYOTA

See how much car your money can buy.

If gas economy were the only reason to buy an economy car, you'd still have a big choice of Toyotas. For instance, our Corolla 5-speed averaged 28 mpg in tests conducted by an independent laboratory.

Winchester separates the men...from the boys.

©1973 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

You're a big boy now. And when your taste grows up, your smoke should, too. Winchester is a very mature smoke. Ask any woman. She'll tell you that Winchester is slim and sexy, with a filtered smoothness. Mild and light. She'll tell you that Winchester isn't heavy-handed on aroma. One gentle whiff whispers in her ear: "It's not a cigarette. Not just another little cigar. It's a whole 'nother smoke." Very adult. And she'll tell you that when you're man enough for Winchester, you're man enough for her.

Winchester. It's a whole 'nother smoke.

20 LITTLE CIGARS.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My girlfriend and I have a good relationship, with one exception—when I violate one of the rules in her book of etiquette, she is quick to measure my fall from grace. For example, when we arrived late at the theater recently, I was out of the car and heading for the box office before I realized that she was still in the car, waiting for me to open the door for her. We had a scene: she accused me of bad upbringing and said that I should automatically perform such acts out of respect for her. I believe that if something is done out of habit, it cannot be a sign of respect. Her obeisance to arbitrary forms of social behavior seems to me to be a relic of the last century. And it is contradictory: We never have car-door-type contretemps in bed, where she is spontaneous, inventive and capable of responding to the rule of the moment. Can you put this matter in perspective? I can't believe that my occasional infractions are felonies.—J. H., Providence, Rhode Island.

A person who stresses etiquette may be insecure about the content of a relationship. Etiquette is a French word for ticket; we feel, as you obviously do, that the play's the thing. Work out a plot that will avoid conflict and that will create confidence in your future as a couple. If your girlfriend continues to engage in hand-to-hand etiquette, you may have to consider a new co-star.

One shoe of an expensive new pair of white patent leathers has begun to squeak. The noise is not noticeable in crowds, but when I walk in the carpeted halls at the office, it sounds as though I were treading on unpaid bills. How can I eliminate this noise?—S. A., Chicago, Illinois.

Drive a nail through the arch (the tactic used to silence loose floor boards and Transylvanian counts). Take the shoe off first. The noise originates in a hollow space between the sole and the upper shoe. If the nail does not do the trick, a repairman may have to take the shoe apart and fill the space. If that fails, try paying your bills.

Tradition gives us sex in the shower; technology gives us the battery-powered vibrator. Will a combination of the two shock my girlfriend?—T. E., Washington, D.C.

Shock her? Probably not. Excite her? Perhaps. It is unlikely that a battery-powered vibrator could harm your girlfriend in the shower or elsewhere, but the water might harm the vibrator by shorting out the batteries or by corroding the metal fittings. Until the vibrator folks market a waterproof product, you'll have to improvise. A tightly sealed plastic bag or a condom placed over the vibrator should protect the vital parts without spoiling the party. Electrical devices that plug into wall sockets should never be used near water.

While standing next to the booze table at a party, I noticed a big, soggy worm curled next to a bottle of tequila. I was going to throw the worm out, but my host ran up, took the worm and swallowed it whole. He said that distillers of tequila seal a live worm inside each bottle to eat the impurities, after which it dies and settles to the bottom. He called the beverage "golden-worm mescal" and said that the worm is considered a delicacy south of the border. He also claimed that it has psychedelic properties like LSD or mescaline. Is this somebody's idea of a practical joke?—S. H., Pueblo, Colorado.

Your host is a gullible gourmet and his diet of worms is in part a practical joke. The worm is a white grub known as the gusano de maguey; *it lives in the maguey plant from which tequila and mescal are made. Mexicans think the grub is a greater treat than snails, but they usually savor it without sauce. The bottled version is a come-on for tourists. According to custom, you eat the worm after you've consumed the entire bottle of tequila. You may start seeing things, but the worm is not to blame. Finally, we hope that your friend acquired his tequila in Mexico—the worm in bottles imported to the U. S. is made of plastic.*

I am 29 and have been married for five years. I was totally faithful to my husband—mentally and physically—until six months ago. Since then, I have been to bed with three different men and I'm considering others. I seem to be obsessed with sex, sex, sex. Although I have a very liberal attitude about extramarital sex, my husband certainly does not share my view, and it would mean the end of what we both consider a good marriage if he caught me. We have a very satisfactory sex life except for the inevitable sameness. No matter how we vary our lovemaking, it's still a matter of routine. I find it exquisitely exciting to prepare myself for lovemaking with someone else. The extra care I take with my appearance, the delicious anticipation of the unknown and the wild abandon of feeling another man's touch are irresistible. A new lover discovering my body for the first time makes me feel like a virgin again. I had forgotten that my breasts were sensitive until one of the men I was with admired them for some time before making love. In a sense, he created my breasts with his kisses. Whether or not I climax with these other men is

Put a Beefeater on your Beefeater.®

Put this colorful ceramic pourer on any bottle of Beefeater.

It's hand-painted and made by Wade of England. Just $1.95 postpaid.

British Traditions
P.O. Box 4072, Dept. P-9
Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10017

I enclose $1.95 in check or money order for one Beefeater pourer.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____ Zip____

Allow 4 weeks delivery. Offer good only in U.S.A. in states where permissible.

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

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

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

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

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

Also available in Solution form.

PENNWALT
PHARMACRAFT
© 1973 Pharmacraft Division Pennwalt Corporation

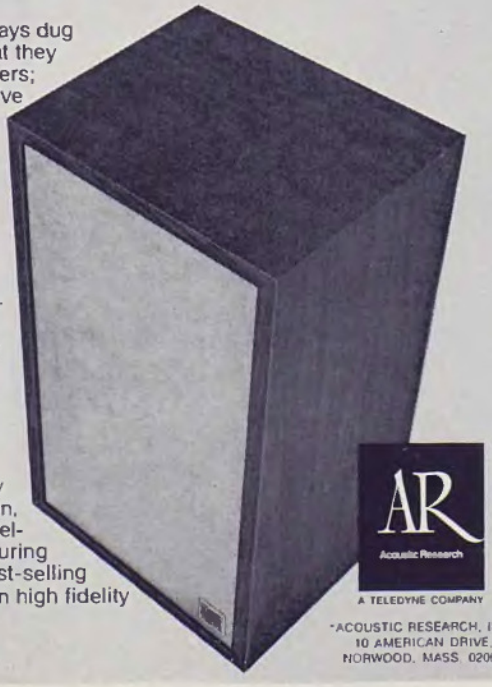
Introducing
AR-8
The first accurate speaker for rock music.

Rock music freaks have always dug the powerful, deep bass that they could push out of AR speakers; and now, with the AR-8, we've combined that gutsy low-frequency response with a new tweeter and crossover network to put out a really hard and sizzling high end.

The AR-8 has the quick transient response that makes rock sound right, broad dispersion, and high-temperature voice coils to handle the power it takes to really fill up a room. Suggested retail price is $119.

Although the AR-8 sounds great on rock, it is still very much AR. Accurate clear sound, with wide frequency response, minimal distortion, and all the engineering excellence and care in manufacturing that has made AR the largest-selling and most respected name in high fidelity speaker systems.

Write for detailed literature.



AR
Acoustic Research
A TELEDYNE COMPANY

*ACOUSTIC RESEARCH, INC
10 AMERICAN DRIVE
NORWOOD, MASS. 02062

irrelevant—it is the attention I get that makes it so alluring. I care for the men with whom I go to bed, but as far as any deep emotional involvement, there is none, nor do I want any. My question is: Am I sick? My sister says that I have a compulsion to be self-destructive, but I can't go along with that. I am enjoying these men and the situations they create simply because they are enjoyable men.—Mrs. P. B., San Francisco, California.

It's our experience that adultery is the crime people commit when they need to feel wanted. You already know what the consequences will be if you get caught. Perhaps you should talk to your husband about your need for more attention—you might find all you need at home.

Would you please settle a disagreement between my husband and me? He claims that when he sucks on my breasts, they emit a fluid that he can taste. I say that this is impossible, as I am not pregnant and never have been. Who is right?—Mrs. C. L., Arnold, Maryland.

It is not unusual for the breasts of a nonpregnant, nonlactating female to emit small amounts of fluid. A slight hormonal imbalance may be involved, but according to the American Medical Association, a light discharge from the breasts is no cause for alarm. A visit to your gynecologist would be a good idea—if nothing else, to reassure you.

I've grown very fond of a young girl I've been dating. However, when I attempt to extend my affection to include intercourse, she pleads that she likes me too much to go to bed with me—that if we did so, we would become too emotionally dependent on each other and eventually one of us would be hurt. She claims she has no objections to sex as such and she says she regularly sleeps with another guy for sexual release, though he means nothing to her. Her suggestion is that I find someone else to go to bed with, so that we can remain just good friends. Needless to say, I am confused by her attitude. What can I do?—S. B., Houston, Texas.

Take her advice; find other girls. It is apparent that she thinks of you as a companion, not as a sexual accomplice. Her complex rationalizations about emotional involvements could have been borrowed from elderly and bitchy newspaper columnists and are meant to confuse the enemy. The story of the lover she sleeps with for purely sexual reasons may be a figment of her imagination—a reflection of her inexperience. We can hope that as she matures, she will find better ways to say no (or even maybe) to sexual pressure. There is only one way to say yes.

My sports car came equipped with radial tires. When I took it in for the

Mount McKinley from Wonder Lake. Number VI of a series by Ansel Adams. For information on how to obtain reprints see your Wolverine dealer.

America is within walking distance.

It was in 1883 that we opened our first tannery on the banks of the Rogue River in Rockford, Michigan.

But it really wasn't our year.

1883 was the year of the railroad. The Northern Pacific made it to Seattle. The Southern Pacific made it to San Francisco. And so did the Atcheson, Topeka and the Sante Fe.

It was a golden age that opened up the country and revealed some glorious possibilities. Industrial America had begun.

Today, a lot of us are wondering what America was like before this whole industrial thing began. What ever happened to rural America, the original one?

It's still out there, but you can't see it from trains, or buses or cars or planes. You have to walk it to really experience it.

A lot of us are doing just that. Re-discovering a heritage. On foot.

1883 wasn't our biggest year.

But 1973 may well be.

Because we still make boots for walking.

Wolverine® Boots

*These two available in women's styles also.

For the Wolverine dealer nearest you, call: 800 243-6000 toll free. In Connecticut, call 1- 800 882-6500. © 1973 WOLVERINE WORLD WIDE, INC., ROCKFORD, MICHIGAN 49351.

When you've been making satin sheets for over 20 years, like we have, you use only the softest acetate satin . . . 225 x 78 thread count. (Some people don't!) Your sheets are MACHINE WASHABLE, and you give people a choice of 12 colors for regular or ROUND beds! Avocado, Tangerine, Gold, Red, Black, Bronze, Blue, Silver, Pink, White, Mint or Orchid. (After 20 years, we know what we're doing in bed!)

SHEET SETS (2 straight sheets, 2 cases)

Double Set	$20.50	Queen Set	$23.50
Twin Set	19.98	King Set	27.50
Round 84" Set	43.50	Round 96" Set	49.95

3 letter monogram on 2 cases—$2.00

For fitted bottom sheet, add $2.00 to double or twin price; 2.50 to queen; 3.00 to king price. Odd sizes on request. Send check or m.o. 50% deposit on C.O.D.'s.

SCINTILLA,® INC. 4802 N. Broadway Chicago, Ill. 60640 P-9

Free 40-Page Color Catalog of our Satin Fashions With Every Order!

With a little help from a friend . . . you can host the perfect party . . . from an intimate get-together to a large convention. It's like being a guest at your own party! Whether business or pleasure, a little help from your Playboy Club can help you make a big impression. Call the friendly Catering Manager at any Playboy Club, Playboy Hotel or Playboy Club-Hotel today. Or write to Marilyn Smith, National Sales Director, Club Division, Dept. 09324, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.

6000-mile warranty checkup. I asked the mechanic to rotate the tires. He said that the shop had a policy against rotating radial tires but could not explain why. Can you?—M. A. B., Dover, Delaware.

Most tire experts agree that radials should not be rotated. Their bias stems from the lack of bias in radial tires. In an ordinary tire, the plies, or belts, cross one another diagonally; the plies in a radial tire run at right angles to the direction of travel. The two types of tires handle and wear differently: The tread of a conventional tire partially lifts off the road on turns; a radial tire has a special side wall that flexes on turns to keep the entire tread on the road. The caster, or tilt, of each wheel on a car is different and each radial tire develops an individual set, or pattern of wear. Changing a tire from one side to the other disturbs this pattern, upsets the axial balance of the tire and may severely alter the handling of your car. If necessary, you may rotate a tire from front to back on the same side of the car without disturbing the axial balance.

Over the past few years, my husband and I seem to have lost the ability to have meaningful verbal and physical communication, but I have hoped that our marriage could get back to its earlier, more promising footing. While my husband was out of town, I found in his study a large and costly collection of the most far-out pornography imaginable, which led to a heated discussion on his return. I held that this sort of material should not be in our home, where our children might run across it, and added that I found it personally degrading. He seemed to understand, but later, when I asked him if he had gotten rid of the literature, he said no, that he wasn't going to and that we were not to discuss it again. I don't want the marriage to blow up over this, but I feel that it will unless I can get him to see and respect my point of view. How do you suggest I handle this very serious issue?—Mrs. H. B., Glenview, Illinois.

Unless your husband has abandoned experience and embraced fantasy, you do not necessarily have a valid complaint and you are not necessarily degraded. He has a right to enjoy pornography privately if he wants to; you have a right to demand that he respect your views. The collection should be kept from the children, if that is your wish. However, we think you should concentrate on the verbal and sexual breakdown in your marriage. You might begin by asking yourself what prompted you to rummage in your husband's study while he was out of town.

What is the purpose of a bidet? I came across several of these bathroom accessories during a trip to Europe this summer. When I asked the bellhops to explain their use, I received snickers and vague remarks that Napoleon's cavalry officers found them useful after a long day in the saddle, or that a bidet was next to the best place to read the *International Herald Tribune*. Can you help?—T. O., Newark, New Jersey.

The bidet is basically a stationary douche—a toilet-shaped fixture that flushes up in a fountain and washes one's intimate parts. It was introduced in the early 1700s (one perplexed merchant of the era advertised the device as a porcelain violin case). The general idea was that after intercourse, a lady would sit on the bidet and bathe her genitals with the small fountain of water; the objectives were cleanliness and contraception. As a method of birth control, the gentle geyser was not exactly an Old Faithful. The fixture remains in favor on the Continent, but it has yet to catch on in the United States. Both sexes find it hygienic, and pleasurable to bathe the genital and anal regions (and sometimes the feet). Should you want to buy a bidet for your home, it will cost from $80 to $180. A six-month subscription to the International Herald Tribune *costs $67.50.*

A few nights ago, my boyfriend and I had an unusual experience. After we had both climaxed, I was surprised to find that he still had an erection. This upset me and I asked him if he'd had an orgasm (I'm not usually mistaken about that). He said that he had. When his penis stayed erect for several more minutes, I asked him if he wanted to do it again. He said that he was satisfied. We both agreed that we had never noticed his having an erect penis after intercourse before. Is this normal for a man who has been sexually satisfied?—Miss M. S., Vancouver, Washington.

What goes up must come down, or rather, what comes up must go down (it's hard to keep these things straight). The time it takes for an erect penis to become flaccid after intercourse can vary considerably from individual to individual and within (or immediately without) one individual from time to time. Unless you truly hate to see an erection go to waste, or if your boyfriend was actually unsatisfied, you should let the matter stand. It is better to have an erection when you no longer need it than to have one no longer when you need it.

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.

control your own four-channel destiny
Now you can create your own 4-channel world with the incomparable Sansui vario matrix QRX series of 4-channel receivers.* Sansui's sound controls enable you to mix your own 4-channel sound according to your own musical preference in ways you have never experienced before. Dollar for dollar, ear for ear, the vario matrix QRX series gives you greater power, better separation and superior, truly musical 4-channel reproduction from all sound sources: records, tapes, FM, 8-track cartridges or cassettes. The unique Sansui QS vario matrix gives you richer, fuller 4-channel sound from QS (Regular Matrix) as well as SQ (Phase Matrix) sources, plus CD-4 discrete demodulated sources. And with its superior QS synthesizing section, it creates thrilling 4-channel sound from conventional stereo. Get a demonstration today from a franchised Sansui dealer—anywhere.
*Sansui QRX Vario Matrix Series: QRX-6500, QRX-3500, QRX-3000
QS REGULAR MATRIX
Sansui
SANSUI ELECTRONICS CORP.
Woodside, New York 11377 • Gardena, California 90247
ELECTRONIC DISTRIBUTORS (Canada), Vancouver 9, B.C.
SANSUI ELECTRIC CO., LTD., Tokyo, Japan • Sansui Audio Europe S. A., Antwerp, Belgium

Why even the of American should carry a

There's no executive credit card in the world that's accepted at *every* worthwhile restaurant, *every* fine hotel, *every* shop. Not even Diners Club—the card preferred worldwide, with over 75,000* more member establishments than American Express. (Carte Blanche is a distant third.)

That's why so many executives carry both Diners and American Express. What one doesn't cover, the other almost surely will. (And there's that little extra convenience of paying two smaller monthly bills with different due dates, instead of one big one.)

The first executive card

Whether you're a company president or an executive moving in ever-widening circles, the Diners Club card is essential. (If you only have the other leading executive credit card, it's like having *no card at all in 75,000 places.)*

Of course, Diners is honored throughout the United States where we originated the executive credit card.

And in Europe, you'll find us at 30% more places than American Express. In Latin America, Asia and Africa, at more than three times as many.

With a Diners Club card, you can also take advantage of a most unusual loan service exclusively for members. One that makes it possible to apply for as much as $25,000 without an interview.

Because Diners Club reaches beyond any other executive card, we do have to be a little more cautious. We turn down membership applications others would gladly accept.

But, if you qualify, you'll find the rewards of Diners Club membership to be substantial indeed. Even if you already have another credit card.

Mail the application at the right and see for yourself.

*Figures based on direct comparison of latest published Diners Club and American Express directories.

DINERS CLUB
Executive service is our business

president Express Diners Club card.

DINERS CLUB 20-47-991
10 Columbus Circle, New York, New York 10019

FOR OFFICE USE ONLY

[PLEASE PRINT ALL INFORMATION]

1. ☐ Personal Account—mail bill to residence ☐ Personal Account—mail bill to office ☐ Company Account—mail bill to office

2. ☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss ☐ Ms. | First Name | Middle | Last | Date of Birth Month Day Year | Spouse (first name)

Home Address | Street | City | State | ZIP Code

Years at Present Address | Own Home ☐ Rent ☐ | Telephone (include area code) | Number of Dependent Children | Social Security Number

Previous Home Address | Street | City | State | ZIP Code | Years there

3. Firm Name or Employer | Nature of Business | Position

Address | Street | City | State | ZIP Code

Telephone (include area code) | Years with Firm | Annual Earnings $ | NOTE: If annual earnings are less than $10,000 indicate source and amount of other income below.

Amount and Source of other Income

Previous Employer (if employed by above less than 3 years) or College/University if Recent Graduate | Years with Firm Year Graduated

Spouse's Employer | Address | Position | Annual Earnings $

Name and Address of Personal Reference (not living with you)

4. Bank (when for company account show company banks) Branch Address (City and State) Type of Account Account No.

Bank (when for company account show company banks) Branch Address (City and State) Type of Account Account No.

Credit References (list other major credit references and account numbers)

1.

2.

3.

Previous Diners Club Experience: Former Member ☐ Made Application ☐ None ☐ Present Member ☐ Acct. No.

5. $17 FEE: covers 12 months' membership from date card is issued at $15 plus 1 year's subscription to Signature, the Diners Club Magazine, at $2. Subscription optional. Indicate choice below. Do **NOT** enclose check—we will bill you later.

☐ $17 Fee (Includes Signature Magazine) ☐ $15 Fee (Membership Only)

Send me an additional Diners Club Card at $7.50 for a member of my immediate family.

First Name | Middle | Last | Signature of Add-on applicant | Relationship

Please send me—— applications for additional cards for members of my firm/family.

Undersigned authorizes exchange of credit information, the issuance of credit cards as indicated and renewal and replacement thereof. Undersigned agrees that each cardholder assumes joint and several responsibility for all charges with company applicant, if Company Account, or with primary applicant if Personal Account.

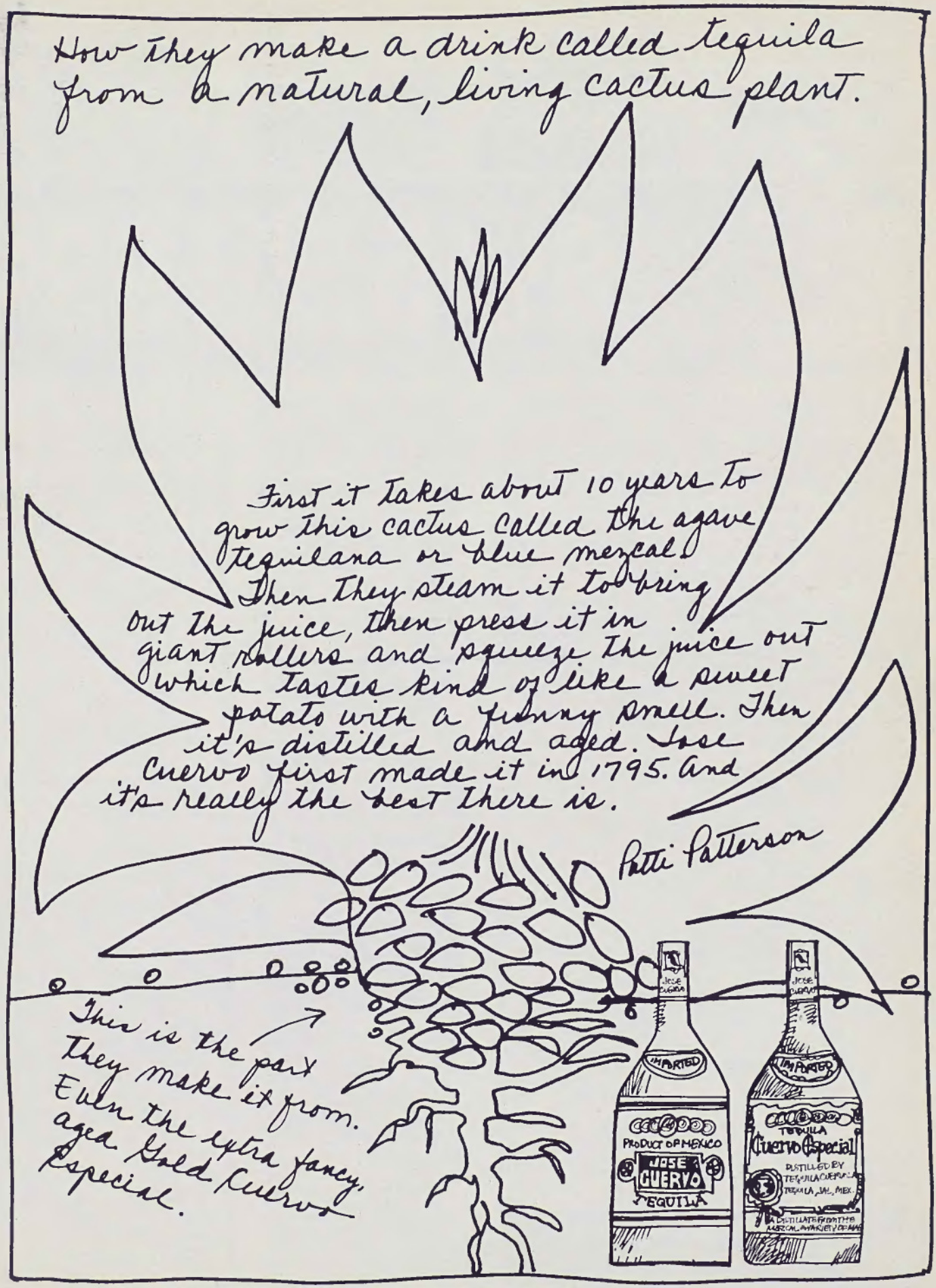
Signature of Individual Applicant Date

Signature of Company Officer for Authorization of Company Account Title

[HAVE YOU SIGNED THIS APPLICATION?]

INSEPARABLE TRIO: *sport coat, sweater and slacks, fated to be mated, totally interrelated. The threesome, in 100% wool, at fine stores everywhere. Stanley Blacker, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York*

© 1973 Stanley Blacker



80 PROOF. JOSE CUERVO® TEQUILA. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY ©1973 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

LED ZEPPELIN 5017 Atlantic — Houses Of The Holy
ISAAC HAYES 0653 Enterprise — Live At The Sahara Tahoe 2 LPs & 2 tapes
ELTON JOHN 8441 MCA — Don't Shoot Me I'm Only The Piano Player
J. GEILS BAND 5215 Atlantic — Bloodshot

URIAH HEEP 0208 Mercury — Live 2 LPs & 2 tapes
AL GREEN 5637 Hi — Call Me
ANNE MURRAY 4739 Capitol — Danny's Song
JOAN BAEZ 3186 Vanguard — Greatest Hits

SPINNERS 5223 Atlantic
SHA NA NA 0729 Kama Sutra — Golden Age Of Rock And Roll 2 LPs & 2 tapes
STAPLE SINGERS 6452 Stax — Be What You Are
STEVIE WONDER 6692 Tamla — Talking Book

GODSPELL 7914 Bell — Movie Soundtrack
NEIL DIAMOND 0562 MCA — Hot August Night 2 LPs & 2 tapes
BLOODSTONE 5678 London — Natural High
HELEN REDDY 4689 Capitol — I Am Woman

6 LPs or 5 TAPES Cartridge or Cassette FOR ONLY 99¢

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

Yes, take your choice of ANY 6 STEREO LPs or ANY 5 STEREO TAPE CARTRIDGES or CASSETTES shown here—worth up to $41.88—FOR ONLY 99¢ when you join Record Club of America for low $5 Lifetime Membership fee. Absolutely NO OBLIGATION to buy anything ever! This is JUST AN INTRODUCTION to the kind of GIANT SAVINGS you can enjoy everyday FROM THE INSTANT YOU JOIN. Because we are not OWNED...NOT CONTROLLED...NOT SUBSIDIZED by any record or tape manufacturer anywhere, you always get the world's lowest prices—GUARANTEED DISCOUNTS UP TO 81%—on records and tapes of ALL LABELS!

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

Compare and see!	RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA	Club "A" (as adv. in Oui, Jan. '73)	Club "B" (as adv. in TV Guide Aug. '72)	Club "C" (as adv. in Seventeen Nov. '72)	Club "D" (as adv. in Parade July '72)
CAN YOU CHOOSE FROM ALL LABELS?	YES! Choose recordings on any label. No exceptions! Over 300 different manufacturers including Capitol, Columbia, RCA, Angel, London, etc.	NO	NO	NO	NO
CAN YOU PICK LPs AND TAPES, INCLUDING CARTRIDGE AND CASSETTE TAPES?	YES! Pick LPs OR 8-track tape cartridges OR tape cassettes. No restrictions. No additional membership fee or separate "division" to join!	NO	NO	NO	NO
MUST YOU BUY A "MINIMUM" NUMBER OF LPs OR TAPES? HOW MANY?	NONE! No obligations! No yearly quota! Take as many, as few, or nothing at all if you so decide.	11 LPs/ 8 Tapes	12 LPs/ 12 Tapes	12 LPs/ 10 Tapes	12 LPs
HOW MUCH MUST YOU SPEND TO FULFILL YOUR LEGAL OBLIGATION?	ZERO DOLLARS! You don't have to spend a penny—because you're not "legally obligated" to buy even a single record or tape!	$54.61 to $85.10	$69.95 to $105.95	$70.03 to $94.03	$56.25 to $74.25
CAN YOU BUY ANY LP OR TAPE YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	ALWAYS! Guaranteed discounts up to 81% on LPs and tapes of ALL LABELS!	NO	NO	NO	NO
DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED LPs OR TAPES?	NEVER! There are no cards which you must return. Only the records and tapes you want are sent — and only when you ask us to send them.	YES	YES	YES	YES

Record Club of America — The World's Largest and Lowest Priced Record And Tape Club

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY RAGTIME ENSEMBLE/SCHULLER 4747 Angel — Scott Joplin—The Red Back Book
SERGIO MENDES & BRASIL '77 7930 Bell — Love Music
DIANA ROSS 0679 Motown 2 LPs & 2 tapes — Lady Sings The Blues
JERRY LEE LEWIS 0216 Mercury 2 LPs & 2 tapes — The Session
GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS 6627 Soul — Neither One Of Us
FIFTH DIMENSION 7880 Bell — Living Together, Growing Together
KRIS KRISTOFFERSON 5801 Monument — Jesus Was A Capricorn
TEMPTATIONS 6619 Gordy — Masterpiece
HISTORY OF THE GRATEFUL DEAD 9407 Pride
VICKI LAWRENCE 7955 Bell — The Night The Lights Went Out In Georgia
BEST OF B.B. KING 1503 ABC
DONNY OSMOND 9241 MGM — Alone Together
MAHLER* 0794 London 2 LPs — 8th Symphony—Solti
JOHN DAVIDSON 2162 Mercury — Well, Here I Am
MANORILL 5306 Polydor — Composite Truth
CLAUDINE LONGET 9399 Barnaby — Let's Spend The Night Together
INTRODUCING LOBO 7948 Big Tree
WATTSTAX 2 LPs & 2 tapes 0620 Stax
MOODY BLUES 5611 Threshold — Seventh Sojourn
EDWARD BEAR 4697 Capitol
DAWN 7898 Bell — Tuneweaving

MORE GREAT HITS TO CHOOSE FROM

JOHN MAYALL Down The Line 2 LPs & 2 tapes 0836
LARRY CORYELL Offering 3012
VERDI* Rigoletto—London Symphony 3 LPs 0844
KENNY ROGERS & THE FIRST EDITION Backroads 9290
THE BAND Rock Of Ages 2 LPs & 2 tapes 0109
THE OSMONDS Crazy Horses 9126
FIFTH DIMENSION Greatest Hits On Earth 7823
HEAVY CREAM 2 LPs & 2 tapes 0919
PIPPIN Original Cast 6726
MAMAS & PAPAS 20 Golden Hits 2 LPs & 2 tapes 0612
DONIZETTI* Lucia Di Lammermoor—Sutherland 3 LPs 0877
JOAN BAEZ Ballad Book 2 LPs & 2 tapes 0380
PARTRIDGE FAMILY At Home With Their Greatest Hits 7724
DIONNE WARWICKE STORY A Decade Of Gold 2 LPs & 2 tapes 0273
CAT STEVENS Matthew & Son/New Masters 2 LPs & 2 tapes 0885
KRIS KRISTOFFERSON Me And Bobby McGee 5835
GLEN TRAVIS CAMPBELL 4655
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY Soundtrack 9050
SOVIET ARMY CHORUS & BAND* On Parade 8656
ANNE MURRAY Annie 4663
B. J. THOMAS Greatest Hits Volume 1 2634
GEORGE SZELL MEMORIAL ALBUM* 7310
HISTORY OF THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS 9340
BEST OF AN ERA 12 Great Rock Hits 7328
SHOSTAKOVICH* Symphony #5—Kondrashin 8664
BLOODROCK Passage 4614
STEVE & EYDIE Feelin' 9258
JIM CROCE Life And Times 1149
TONY BENNETT Listen Easy 9274
ARTHUR FIEDLER & THE BOSTON POPS Bacharach-David Songbook 5371
B.J. THOMAS Country 2618
STEREO TEST RECORD* 7070
CASHMAN & WEST A Song Or Two 1321
GREAT WALTZ Original Soundtrack 9308
THE SOUNDS OF LOVE A To Zzzz 7278
METROPOLITAN OPERA GALA* Honoring Sir Rudolph Bing 5405
NEW SEEKERS Come Softly To Me 9316
BEST OF JOHN COLTRANE 2 LPs & 2 tapes 0745

* These Selections Not Available In Tape

NO OBLIGATION

To Buy Anything Ever!

BRAND NEW HIT LIST!

ISAAC HAYES Shaft
2 LPs & 2 tapes 0638
A TRIBUTE TO
BURT BACHARACH 2790
CRUISIN' 1962
Rock 'N' Roll History 6809
CRUISIN' 1960
Rock 'N' Roll History 3889
WURST OF P.D.Q. BACH
2 LPs & 2 tapes 0364
HISTORY OF THE GUESS WHO 9324
STAPLE SINGERS Bealtitude:
Respect Yourself 6437
BEST OF TIM HAROIN 9332
BOOTS RANOOLPH Plays The
Great Hits Of Today 5827
JAMES TAYLOR & THE
FLYING MACHINE 3707
BEST OF THE BEST OF
MERLE HAGGARO 4648
RAMSEY LEWIS The Groover 6908
JOAN BAEZ 5 3087
BEETHOVEN Piano Sonatas 7047
PETULA CLARK Now 9357
THE GRASS ROOTS Their
16 Greatest Hits 1198
RAVEL Bolero OEBUSSY
Afternoon Of A Faun 7286
BEST OF BILLIE HOLIOAY 9209
BEETHOVEN Symphony #9 7252
THE JOEY HEATHERTON ALBUM ... 9233
KRIS KRISTOFFERSON The Silver-
Tongued Devil And I 5843
WES MONTGOMERY Just Walkin' ... 9183
B.J. THOMAS Greatest Hits
Volume 2 2774
MUSIC OF CHINA TOOAY*
2 LPs 0067
GUESS WHO Born In Canada 2642
ALBERT KING I'll Play The
Blues For You 6445
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO
Original Soundtrack 9365
MICHEL LEGRANO Brian's Song 7864
TCHAIKOVSKY 1812 Overture 7005
PAUL MAURIAT Theme From A
Summer Place 9175
CHUCK BERRY'S GOLDEN DECAOE
Volume 2 2LPs & 2 tapes 0703
BERLIOZ* Harold In Italy
—Oistrakh 8672
RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS
14 Greatest Hits 9373
JOAN BAEZ & BOB DYLAN
Newport Folk Festival 3152
ROBERT GOULET I Never Did
As I Was Told 9068
ENVIRONMENTAL SOUNOS 7260
THE WORLD OF BOOTS
RANDOLPH 5850
ROY BUCHANAN 5397
MOTHERS OF INVENTION
Freak Out 2 LPs & 2 tapes 0869
CHOPIN Polonaises 7054
WIZARO OF OZ
Original Soundtrack 9167
RICHARD HARRIS The Love Album .. 1164

*These Selections Not Available In Tape

GREATEST NEW MEMBER OFFER IN RECORD AND TAPE HISTORY

Other record and tape clubs make you choose from just a few labels. They make you buy up to 12 records and tapes a year. And if you don't return their monthly IBM cards, they send you an item you don't want and a bill for up to $8.38. At Record Club of America we've BANISHED AUTOMATIC SHIPMENTS FOREVER! You NEVER receive an unordered recording. NEVER have to return any cards. You get only WHAT YOU WANT...WHEN YOU WANT IT. And always at the WORLD'S LOWEST PRICES!

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

We're the world's largest ALL LABEL Record and Tape Club, so we can give you the WORLD'S LOWEST PRICES on all records and tapes made. Guaranteed discounts up to 81%! IMAGINE PAYING $1.69 AVERAGE PRICE FOR TOP HIT $5.98 STEREO LPs...including the very latest New Releases. $1.99 FOR $6.98 STEREO TAPE CARTRIDGES AND CASSETTES. Yet that's exactly the Sale Offer mailing now to members even as you read this! You can CASH IN ON THESE GIANT SAVINGS too—the instant you join—not after fulfilling some annoying "obligation" like other clubs.

SAVE ON THIS SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Join Record Club of America today and you GET ANY 6 LPs OR ANY 5 TAPES SHOWN HERE FOR 99¢! Just mail coupon with check or money order for low $5 Lifetime Membership Fee, plus 99¢ for your recordings (a bill for the Club's standard mailing and handling fee will be sent later). Receive by return mail your recordings plus incredible "BUY 1, GET 2 FREE" offer on 100's of Top Hit LPs and Tapes. New superdiscount FREE or Dividend offer every 21 days. Remember, you receive LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP (never pay another Club fee for the rest of your life) with absolutely NO OBLIGATION to buy anything ever!

ACT NOW AND YOU GET FREE

FREE — All-Label Lifetime Discount Membership Card. FREE—Giant Master Discount Catalog of all readily available records and tapes. FREE—subscriptions to Disc & Tape Guide Magazine and the *AMAREHOUSE* Catalog of hip products. YOUR ORDER COMPUTER PROCESSED FOR EXPRESS SERVICE DELIVERY—no shipping on cycle! 100% money-back guarantee if items are returned within 10 days.

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA

CLUB HEADQUARTERS / YORK, PENNSYLVANIA 17405 V068N

YES— Rush me my Lifetime Membership Discount Card, Giant All-Label Master Discount Catalog, plus subscriptions to Disc & Tape Guide Magazine and the *AMAREHOUSE*™ Catalog. Also send me the 6 LPs or 5 Tapes of my choice indicated below (sets marked 2 or 3 LPs or Tapes count as 2 or 3 selections) with a bill for the Club's standard mailing and handling fee. I enclose my $5 Lifetime Membership Fee plus 99c for my recordings for a total of $5.99. I am not obligated to buy any records or tapes ever — no yearly quota. If not completely delighted, I may return above items within 10 days for an immediate refund. IMPORTANT: selections marked with an * are not available on tape.

ENTER 6 LP OR 5 TAPE NUMBERS BELOW —Sorry, no mixing. AP 2

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

Mr. Mrs. Miss

RT RR RO SR Box or P.O. Box

Street Apt.

City State Zip

APO & FPO ADDRESSES, PLEASE FILL IN YOUR SOCIAL SECURITY NO.

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

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

© 1973 Record Club of America #136

MG.
Room enough for two.
Fun enough to breed a generation of sports car enthusiasts.

That was the MG-TC when it first turned America on to sports cars 26 years ago.

And that's the MGB today.

The MGB is a personal car. It simply isn't for everybody. It's for the person who likes to breathe nature and feel road. Who gets as much pleasure going someplace as getting there.

Our four-speed, close-ratio gearbox is called a manual. But once you get the feel, it's as automatic as your reflexes. Accelerating through the gears. Or downshifting through a curve. Makes you feel that you're part of the car, and it is part of you.

Sports car purists don't like it any other way.

Same goes for the quick, responsive control of the rack and pinion steering, the stability of the race-seasoned suspension and the sure stopping power of the front disc brakes.

And the robust reliability of the MGB's 1798 c.c. overhead valve, 4-cylinder powerplant has been demonstrated in over a quarter-million sports cars and in countless road races.

You'll also find the MGB endowed with a long list of standard fittings: Reclining bucket seats, covered steering wheel, center console, dual side mirrors, carpeting, oil cooler, mag-style wheels, radial-ply tires, and complete sports car instrumentation—including tachometer and trip odometer.

And the MGB is generating even more enthusiasm on the track. It is the reigning SCCA National Champion in E Production for the second year in a row.

So have some fun and see your MG dealer. For his name and for information about overseas delivery, call (800) 447-4700. In Illinois call (800) 322-4400. Calls are toll free.

MG

The sports car America loved first.

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

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

BAD TASTE IN PORNO

Some X-rated movies are enough to turn a man against sex. I saw one flick in New York in which the best screwing is the financial one the customers get. The film had little plot, left nothing to the imagination, harped on four-letter words and gloried in all manner of gyrations save the missionary position. Those crusaders who fear that people will be perverted or aroused to criminal sexual attack by such a film might be relieved to learn of my reaction: The high point of the picture for me was when the heroine put an olive in her vagina and I found myself wondering whether or not it was pitted.

David F. Myers
New York, New York

We prefer ours with a twist.

NO CARD CARRIER

Citizens for Decent Literature sent me a packet of propaganda and enclosed a membership card with my name on it and a number as a sponsor. The mailing, signed by Charles H. Keating, Jr., claimed that the organization has 340,000 supporters. If this figure is based on cards such as the one I got, unsolicited and against my wishes, I believe that claim is fraudulent. I sent the contents of Keating's mailing to my postmaster together with U. S. postal form 2201, which requires purveyors of sexually oriented advertising to take one's name off their mailing list. I urged that Keating's advertising be investigated because of its misleading claims and the fact that the CDL appears to have an undeserved tax-exempt status.

Charles J. Jones
Portland, Oregon

Citizens for Decent Literature bears some looking into, it would appear. As we reported in the April "Playboy Forum," the attorneys general of New York and Minnesota have been scrutinizing Keating's mass mailings. Now comes word that North Carolina has refused to grant CDL permission to carry on its mail solicitation campaign because 86.1 percent of the funds the organization reported receiving in one year went into administrative and solicitation costs.

NO MORE BRICK WALLS

I thought you would want to know that Donn Caldwell, my husband, died suddenly here in Cleveland in April. In his struggle for freedom in 1965, Donn had the help of the Playboy Foundation and the support of PLAYBOY's readers. Donn and I had wonderful moments together and, because we shared so much, I understood the difficulties he suffered during his post-prison life. He obtained many jobs but lost them quickly either because of his prison record or because he was not trained in the field. This made him very depressed at times; as he would say, "Each time I think I have somewhere to hang my hat, I run into a brick wall." It was very sad that he died only three months after our daughter was born, because I have never seen a happier father. She brought so much joy into his life that it almost made up for all his previous suffering.

Anne Caldwell
Cleveland, Ohio

PLAYBOY *joins Donn Caldwell's family in their sorrow at his untimely death. Donn first wrote to us in 1965 from the West Virginia State Penitentiary at Moundsville where he was serving an incredible one-to-ten-year sentence for having oral-genital relations with a consenting woman—a crime in West Virginia and many other states. In 1966, after two years of imprisonment, Caldwell was released by a court order on the grounds that the sentencing court had failed to follow, as required by law, the finding of a state psychiatrist that "This man is not harmful to society. . . ." As his wife tells us, though, recovering freedom didn't end the harm done to Caldwell by a barbaric law.*

PECULIAR PERSECUTION

G. Hunt, of Minneapolis, implies that Sheboygan, Wisconsin, is full of anti-screwing, puritanical witch-hunters (*The Playboy Forum*, May). What I want to know is why Hunt picked on Sheboygan. I'm sure he would find a good number of fornication fines being levied in his own city of Minneapolis if he looked into it.

R. Paul
Sheboygan, Wisconsin

According to evidence gathered by author Richard Rhodes for his article "Sex and Sin in Sheboygan" (PLAYBOY, August 1972), the city of Sheboygan "annually prosecutes more adults for fornication, adultery and lewd and lascivious behavior than any other city in the United States." As reported in that article, one victim of this peculiar persecution committed suicide. Other Sheboyganites,

English Leather Shave Cream.

One Man. One Scent.

Why smell of one scent from shave cream, and another from after shave? Especially when you can have the clean, honest scent of English Leather After Shave in our Power Foam Shave Cream.

You'll find your razor glides and shaves super-close.

Afterwards, finish off with English Leather After Shave.

You'll look like a million and you won't smell like two scents.

Power Foam Shave Cream 11 oz. $1.50, 6 oz. $1.00
Available in Canada.
MEM COMPANY, INC., Northvale, N.J. 07647 ©1973

attempting to counter the city fathers' sexual preoccupations with a little healthy ridicule, printed up bumper stickers that read SIN CITY—SHEBOYGAN, WISCONSIN. *Bars that distributed the stickers were threatened with the loss of their licenses. All in all, it adds up to a bad scene, and we'd feel a lot safer doing our loving in Minneapolis.*

THE BEAVER PATROL

A 15-year-old girl posing in the nude and a 19-year-old college student photographing her were arrested on the campus of Foothill College in Santa Clara County, California. The boy was charged with printing obscene matter, using a minor to manufacture obscene matter and contributing to the delinquency of a minor. The girl was cited "for being in danger of leading a lewd and dissolute life."

I don't see how anyone can justify wasting taxpayers' money on such a stupid matter. How is it that in a country as scientifically and technologically advanced as ours, public officials still impose medieval morality on people? I hope such prudes will eventually die off and be replaced by a less inhibited generation. I want my children free to decide for themselves what is moral and what isn't.

Mrs. Rena Barnes
Redwood City, California

PERFORMING PENISES

In response to the two men who blamed liberated women for their impotence problems in the May *Playboy Forum*: How unfair can men be? Both of those guys wanted women who were sexually free, but let the women start thinking themselves to be equal to men in all respects, and men like that can't handle it. They pick up a woman, hoping to go to bed with her, and expect her to satisfy them; but if they discover the woman wants as much for herself, they say she is a castrating female bitch. I say, what's good for the gander is good for the goose. When a woman goes to bed with a guy, it's because she digs sex as much as he does—so why shouldn't she show it? Why shouldn't she be honest and open and admit that she wants sexual satisfaction without all the love and promises, which is what the male has been saying for so many years that he wants?

It seems to me that both these guys wanted the security of having the upper hand in bed, the feeling of being the conqueror. Maybe they really did want love along with sex, but I guess they should make that clear when they pick a girl up.

Beware, men! Women are as capable of sex without love or commitment as you are. Now see if you can take it.

(Name withheld by request)
Colfax, California

Two letters in the May *Forum* tell sad tales of men afflicted with impotence while in bed with women described

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

FROM BUTTOCKS TO BELLY BUTTON

COSTA MESA, CALIFORNIA—*The city of Costa Mesa has prohibited any woman from displaying her "natal cleft." The term is used in the city's anti-nudity ordinance, based on a similar county ordinance, but a newspaper reporter could neither find it in medical dictionaries nor locate any city or county official who was able to define the term or even specify what part of the anatomy it describes. Contacting various councilmen, police officials and doctors, the reporter found it interpreted as anything from buttocks to belly button and finally accepted the definition offered by a gynecologist: "The natal cleft," he explained, "is the area of the body the city attorney is most uptight about."*

SEX OBJECTS

NEW YORK—*A sergeant in the New York police morals squad spied four undressed mannequins in the window of a topless bar and charged the owners with depicting "portions of the human body that predominantly appealed to prurient interest." A criminal-court judge dismissed the case and commented, "It should be a source of great concern to those in charge of this nation's mental health if the sight of such topless mannequins appeals to the prurient interest of the average citizen."*

Meanwhile, in San Francisco, a manufacturer of store-window dummies has introduced a line of "fully developed female mannequins, replete with nipples," explaining that they are a "necessity in a period where many women are going braless." The firm's business manager remarked that "five years ago, these mannequins would have been considered pornographic."

MONKEY SEE, MONKEY DO

CHESSINGTON, ENGLAND—*Officials of the Chessington Zoo have inspired their chimpanzees to mate by showing them sex movies. The movie was a BBC television documentary showing chimps cuddling and kissing, and the primate audience quickly got the idea. According to a zoo spokesman, one eight-year-old female chimp named Cressida became "turned on and overcome with passion. We hope to hear the patter of tiny chimpanzee feet here soon, and all thanks to the film."*

NUDE CLUBS CLOBBERED

SAN FRANCISCO—*Nude night-club acts and topless waitresses may soon be extinct in California—where it all began—as a result of a state supreme court decision. The court upheld the authority of local governments to prohibit nudity anywhere but in a theater, and police in San Francisco, Los Angeles and other cities immediately began raiding topless-bottomless bars. Last December, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that state liquor-control boards could use their licensing power to discourage nude entertainment in places selling alcoholic beverages, but this involved fairly lengthy and complicated administrative procedures. Some clubs were simply abandoning booze in favor of sex. Under the new ruling, police can again close down bars and clubs and arrest employees and performers on the basis of local anti-nudity ordinances.*

CONTRACEPTIVE CONTROVERSY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The Federal Food and Drug Administration has started investigating firms manufacturing intrauterine contraceptive devices after receiving reports that at least some types of I.U.D.s can lead to serious medical problems. During a House subcommittee hearing, a number of physicians testified that they were encountering a significant number of cases in which I.U.D.s caused excessive cramping and bleeding and, occasionally, such complications as sterility, hemorrhage, infection and tubal pregnancy. The FDA has already seized 9000 I.U.D.s called the Majzlin Spring because of possible danger to users. Defending the I.U.D., spokesmen for the Planned Parenthood Association, the Population Council, the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists and a major manufacturer all testified that the devices have been proved safe and effective, and that complaints are rare, considering that I.U.D.s are used by more than 3,000,000 women in the U.S. and 10,000,000 women in other countries.*

HOMOSEXUAL RAPE

SANFORD, FLORIDA—*A county circuit-court jury has found four male prisoners guilty of raping a cellmate in what may be the country's first rape conviction for a homosexual act. The defendants could receive maximum sentences of life imprisonment. A state's attorney said the case could have broad legal significance "because it has a direct bearing on the problems we have in U.S. prisons."*

EXPENSIVE FREE SPEECH

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA—*Wealthy oilman Ross McCollum says he has changed his mind about giving $1,000,000 to the California Institute of Technology because students hung an* IMPEACH NIXON *banner from the school library. In an*

open letter to the student body, he explained, "I would be just a damn fool to contribute my money to the kind of institution that can't control its students."

EQUAL TIME FOR THE BIBLE

NASHVILLE—*Darwinian theory is again under legislative attack—48 years after the famous Scopes "monkey trial" and six years after Tennessee finally repealed its law against teaching evolution in public schools. The new law passed by the legislature does not prohibit all mention of evolution, but requires that it be presented strictly as theory and that any textbook give "commensurate attention to, and an equal amount of emphasis on, the origins and creation of man and his world as the same is recorded in other theories, including, but not limited to, the* Genesis *account in the Bible." However, the law expressly forbids "the teaching of all occult or satanical beliefs of human origin. . . ."*

Similar efforts to protect students from Darwinism failed last year in California, but are still pending in the Georgia legislature.

NICE TIMING

OMIHACHIMAN, JAPAN—*A 48-year-old convicted murderer has been hanged after living 13 years on death row. During that time, he transcribed 850 books into Braille, but was executed before he could finish Fyodor Dostoievsky's "Crime and Punishment."*

DEATH AND TEXAS

AUSTIN, TEXAS—*The state house of representatives passed a capital-punishment bill over the opposition of several members who tried, but failed, to amend it in imaginative ways. For example:*

• Move the electric chair from the state prison at Huntsville into the house chambers so members could take a final vote before watching a condemned man fry.

• Build a portable electric chair that could be set up outside any county courthouse to provide "family entertainment on Sunday afternoons."

• Abandon the electric chair because of the energy crisis and return to hanging.

• Feed condemned men to lions in the state prison's rodeo arena, which "is not used 11 months out of the year."

The proposed law would require mandatory death sentences for murderers of policemen, firemen and jail guards, and one representative said the list should be amended to include legislators. An opponent responded, "This amendment is frivolous, because the people of Texas know that a member of the legislature is not worth killing."

DOPE AND TEXAS

AUSTIN, TEXAS—*Only hours before adjournment, the Texas legislature voted to reduce the penalty for simple marijuana possession of up to four ounces from a felony to a low misdemeanor. Under the old law, possession of any amount, even seeds, was punishable by two years to life in prison—the harshest penalty existing anywhere except in Communist China. The new law provides maximum penalties of $1000 and six months in jail for possession of two ounces or less and is expected to result in reduced sentences or release for many of the 700 persons now serving terms averaging nine and a half years in Texas prisons for marijuana violations. (See letter in this month's "Playboy Forum.")*

WIN A FEW, LOSE A FEW

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA—*The Berkeley city council's attempt to stop police from enforcing marijuana laws has been ruled void and unconstitutional. The council, obeying the terms of a voter initiative, had ordered police to obtain its permission before making any pot busts, but the Alameda County superior court granted a permanent injunction against applying the order on the ground that the initiative was in direct conflict with various state laws.*

POT IN HIGH PLACES

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Pot smoking by members of President Nixon's Camp David military guard and by crewmen aboard the Presidential yacht, Sequoia, has resulted in the transfer of 30 sailors and 28 marines. Not all of the men were accused of using marijuana, but the Defense Department said that the sensitivity of the assignments and special clearance procedures required total replacement of the guard unit and yacht crew.*

AGE AND ALCOHOL

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA—*The idea that alcoholism is primarily a phenomenon of middle age has been challenged by a 12-year study that found serious drinking problems most common among men in their early 20s. The research, funded by the National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism, determined that:*

• About 68 percent of American adults drink.

• Men 21 to 24 are most susceptible to every kind of alcohol-related problem.

• Many persons begin to "mature out" of drinking problems after age 25.

• Middle-age alcoholism appears to be "initiated by drinking habits begun in one's early 20s, rather than by later patterns acquired after the age of 40."

• Although drinking is more common in the upper socioeconomic classes, lower-income drinkers are more susceptible to alcohol-related problems.

• Drinking problems are most prevalent among lower-income men, city dwellers, Catholics and persons of Irish or Latin American ancestry.

as liberated. I'm not sure if a liberated woman is a follower of Germaine Greer or just one who fucks a lot (these definitions are not mutually exclusive), but it's clear that both these men need liberating themselves from a common American sexual hang-up: the idea of sex as some kind of competition. Artificiality, opportunism, a machinelike manner, uptightness are the characteristics of a man who believes that winning in competition is the only thing that counts; such a personality can turn a bed into a disaster area. Unable to enjoy sensuous pleasure for its own sake, more than likely trying to screw a woman who is a stranger to him and who, he suspects, is rating him against other men on her own private peter meter, the hypercompetitive man is a likely candidate for impotence.

The cure for all this, obviously, is to stop trying so hard. Men not trying too hard wouldn't write to national magazines describing episodes of impotence as calamities in their lives. So what if a man doesn't get it up on a particular occasion? He'll get it up next time. So what if some woman doesn't like him or—horror of horrors—tells him he's a lousy lay? Nobody is keeping score. Of course, it would be a mistake for a man to say to himself, "If I relax and stop trying to be so competitive, then more women will want to go to bed with me and I'll always be able to get a hard-on." That would just be trying by trying not to try—which is nought but self-deception. The problem is not poor performance; the problem is worrying about performance at all. What a man should hope for is to enjoy sex, however it happens, a lot more.

Robert Porter
New York, New York

THE BUMBLING MALE

Many women have trouble making contact with their bodies and are orgasmically anesthetized, but many men have a different sort of problem that is just as serious: When it comes to making love, they are ignorant bumblers.

I'm a young woman who has been enjoying sexual intercourse for two years. Having sought out a variety of partners, I've come to certain conclusions about men: (1) only five percent really care whether or not the woman comes; (2) another 20 percent are decent fucks; (3) an appalling 75 percent totally ignore the clitoris, probably don't know what it is, much less where it is, and are best described simply as easy come, easy go.

(Name withheld by request)
Trenton, New Jersey

GETTING SATISFACTION

I'm a woman of 28 and I fail to understand people like the girl from San Francisco who achieved an orgasm by self-stimulation after the man who made love to her had left her apartment (*The Playboy Forum*, June). I guess this girl

Two Channels or Four?

The KENWOOD KR-6340 AM/FM "TWO-FOUR" Receiver Gives you the Best of Both!

Full-powered 2-channel with 40 watts RMS Power per channel!
Full-powered 4-channel with 17 watts RMS Power per channel!
Full 4-channel flexibility for all program sources, including CD-4 (optional). Superb quality in either mode with KENWOOD's advanced engineering makes the switch to 4-channel irresistible.

For complete information, write...

KENWOOD 15777 So. Broadway, Gardena, Calif. 90248

Why is our most sensitive male contraceptive in a blue capsule?

Only the XXXX(FOUREX)® Contraceptive—a natural tissue membrane with the texture and sensitivity of soft skin—is folded, rather than rolled, so that it may be lubricated inside and out to enhance sensitivity. Each XXXX(FOUREX) natural skin is folded and then carefully packed for your convenience and security in an elegant, easy-to-open blue capsule. XXXX(FOUREX) natural skins offer superior sensitivity to any ordinary male contraceptive you can buy.

XXXX(FOUREX)®
NATURAL SKINS
Available only in drugstores

thinks there are only two ways of having an orgasm, solitary masturbation or sexual intercourse. But there are many ways.

I never knew what an orgasm was until I was 23, when a man who wanted to make love to me went about preparing me with an educated tongue. I begged him not to stop and had two climaxes before he ever got his penis inside me. Since then I've had orgasms from cunnilingus, from having men stimulate me manually, from sexual intercourse and with the aid of a vibrator. But my point is, why wait till the man leaves and then get yourself off all alone? Most men, I've found, are willing to do anything that turns a woman on, so if you want to be helped to come, all you have to do is tell the man how you want it.

(Name withheld by request)
Washington, D.C.

HANDY MASTURBATION

N. Lewis may be right in suggesting that for some overly inhibited men masturbation deflects energies that should go into finding a woman to screw with (*The Playboy Forum*, June). But masturbation can also act as a useful technique to improve lovemaking. One of the most common complaints women have about men as lovers is that men come too soon, leaving women high and dry. I've solved that problem for myself by including masturbation with shaving and showering as standard preparation for a date. It always takes longer for me to have my second orgasm of the evening and usually that extra time is just what my partner needs to come to her own climax. Another plus, I find, is that for me the later orgasms of the day are more intense than the first.

(Name withheld by request)
Battle Creek, Michigan

KEEPING IT DOWN

N. Lewis suggests that men can overcome their inhibitions in approaching women by abstaining from masturbation. But why are men inhibited with women in the first place? I think it's because men are afraid of their own sexual feelings. When I meet an attractive woman, I want to go to bed with her right away. I think most men have the same desire, but we're prevented from action by inhibitions and fears. A pass made too soon, too clumsily or too vigorously can send a woman scurrying for cover. It is generally necessary for me to allow time for my newfound friend to learn to know and trust me before there is any possibility of sex. During that time, sexual pressures mount and threaten to mess up the whole relationship by provoking a premature move. Masturbation can help keep those pressures under control. Abstaining from masturbation would just intensify a man's internal sexual pressures and would thereby intensify his fears of female nearness.

I rarely have trouble getting it up, but

Buxton's leather-belted Radials.™

Buxton's wrap-around Radials™ add more mileage to your wardrobe. What's new is in every look. Colors, textures, buckles – all a notch ahead in style. Priced from $5.00 to $12.50*. Test drive a Buxton Radial™ at fine stores everywhere – we're going your way.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail prices.

A Buxton . . . best for your money.

Turn-it on with a Buxton Key-Tainer®.

BUXTON®
The Holding Company

The Buxton Reversible, two looks in one.

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 61.

No thunks.

And no rattles, clanks, screeches, or hums either. The new BSR 710 automatic turntable is designed to be quiet, so you hear what's on the record, not what's under it.

It uses a unique sequential cam drive mechanism—an ingenious precision assembly that replaces the plumber's nightmare of rotating eccentric plates and interlocking gears that other automatic turntables use—light metal stampings that can go hopelessly out of alignment from being carried, bumped, or just from extensive use.

The 710 is reliable. Engineered to operate flawlessly, and quietly, for years to come. If *you* want to hum along with the music, that's fine; but your turntable should keep quiet. The 710 does. Write for detailed specifications to BSR (USA) Ltd., Blauvelt, N.Y. 10913.

BSR

MAKING LOVE IS YOUR BUSINESS.
BIRTH CONTROL IS OURS.

Today's ultra-sensitive new condoms are the most effective non-prescription birth control method in the world.

But obtaining condoms without embarrassment can be a problem. Population Planning has solved that problem... by offering reliable, famous-brand male contraceptives through the privacy of the mail. Popular brands like Trojan and Prime. The exciting pre-shaped Conture. The supremely sensitive Naturalamb, and many more. All are electronically tested and meet rigorous government standards of reliability. And all offer protection against V.D.

Send just $3 for a sampler of a dozen contraceptives (three each of four leading brands) or $6 for our famous deluxe sampler (eight different brands). Our illustrated catalogue—free with every order—describes the products and services that we have been bringing to 50,000 regular customers for over three years. You must be satisfied with our products and fast service or your money back.

I enclose payment in full under your money-back guarantee.
Please rush the following in plain package:
☐ $3 condom sampler (four different brands)
☐ $6 condom sampler (eight different brands)
☐ Illustrated catalogue only, just 25¢
NAME _____
please print
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____
Population Planning, 105 N. Columbia St. Dept. PB-3
Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

all kinds of grief keeping it down. I want to be a gentleman, but my penis is a rascal. Masturbation is a necessity, indeed, a blessing.

Michael Sullivan
Urbana, Illinois

Inspired by the same problem, Robert Graves wrote a poem to his penis titled "Down, Wanton, Down!" Here's the first verse:

Down, wanton, down! Have you no shame
That at the whisper of Love's name,
Or Beauty's, presto! up you raise
Your angry head and stand at gaze?

FINAL JUDGMENT

According to a letter in the June *Playboy Forum*, Kenneth Kauk of the Nebraska Association for Christian Action believes that venereal disease is God's punishment for sexual behavior contrary to His laws. If that's true, I am no longer afraid of being judged by God after death. Instead, I am going to demand that God explain to *me* how He justifies the millions of men, women and children killed, crippled, blinded and driven insane by V. D.—many of them innocents who didn't break anybody's sexual laws.

Angel Morales
San Juan, Puerto Rico

WORSHIP POWER

I found it amusing that the *Mississippi Driver's Manual*, of all things, lumps together as the human brain's highest functions "thinking, reasoning, judgment, self-control, creative ability and power to worship" (*The Playboy Forum*, June). Worship of any sort is the surest way to short-circuit the other faculties listed. As a character in Kurt Vonnegut's *Mother Night* remarked, "Say what you will about the sweet miracle of unquestioning faith, I consider a capacity for it terrifying and absolutely vile."

G. Masson
Paris, France

SPOILSPORT

We Texans love to boast that everything is bigger and better in the Lone-Star State than anyplace else. Sometimes we can even prove it. For example, the lead article in the May issue of a magazine for Texas high school coaches demonstrates beyond a shadow of a doubt that the world's weirdest coaching standards can be found right here. The article, by coach Tony Simpson, says that long-haired males are sissies and have no place on the country's athletic fields. "Short hair on the male is not just an American tradition; it's a matter of Biblical principles," says Simpson. For, the article continues, according to *I Corinthians* 11:14, "Doesn't even common sense dictate to you that long hair on a man is a disgrace unto him?" Actually, no, it doesn't, but then I'm no theologian.

Simpson says that "A male with long

Bottoms
Where Today's Fashion Action Is

Looking for the latest fashions? Then see your local dealer's selection of high-heeled, thick-soled Jarmans. They're designed to go just right with your wide-bottomed slacks and jeans.

Jarman
The Step-ahead Styles

Left to right: J2518, J2147, J2013. Most styles $18 to $35.

JARMAN SHOE CO., NASHVILLE, TENN. • A DIVISION OF GENESCO THE APPAREL COMPANY

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 61.

The Brain.

Tired of missing great photos? Yashica has solved your problem with its exciting new SLR — the TL Electro—the electronic camera experts call The Brain. Because its solid-state exposure system guides you to perfect pictures, shot after shot. See the TL Electro at your local Yashica dealer, today.

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

YASHICA Inc., 50-17 Queens Boulevard, Woodside, New York 11377

You can't expect great music unless you have great equipment.

Pioneer components are matched for the finest, most natural sound in music. AM-FM stereo receivers . . . speaker systems . . . record players . . . tape decks . . . stereo headsets. We make them all. Regardless of which Pioneer units you select, they combine to perform the best and most authentic music reproduction. Ask your Pioneer high fidelity dealer for a demonstration.

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

PIONEER®
when you want something better

West: 13300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles 90248 / Midwest: 1500 Greenleaf, Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007 / Canada: S.H. Parker Co., Ont.

hair is a sign of rejection of authority" and that "Without self-discipline and respect for authority, you have an uncontrollable problem among the youth, with drug abuse, crime and sexual perversion; and this describes the U. S. in 1973." There we have it—long hair is at the root of all our problems. How to solve them? According to Simpson, "It is . . . time to show the American athlete that his most valuable characteristic is not physical ability but respect for authority." Gee, I always thought it was athletic prowess that counted.

Actually, this Bible-thumping coach is more profoundly un-American than he can possibly realize, his patriotic babbling to the contrary notwithstanding. American athletics has always worked toward the ideal of free competition and unlimited striving for excellence untainted by ideology. For instance, when Jackie Robinson started playing major-league baseball, American sports were saying to the world that a man's ability, not his skin color or any other aspect of physical appearance, would henceforth determine his right to participate. By dragging in his half-baked interpretations of the Gospel in an attempt to justify irrelevant standards based on his own prejudices, and by exalting respect for authority over merit, coach Simpson reminds me of nothing as much as Hitler claiming that Aryan athletes are superior or the Russians and Chinese using their athletes for political propaganda. What a terrible example to set for American kids!

Billy Watson
Dallas, Texas

Has Bible-reader Simpson never heard of Samson?

A BIG STEP FOR TEXAS

Texas, the state that hitherto had the harshest marijuana law in the land (two years to life), no longer has that distinction. The 63rd Texas legislative session has passed and the governor has signed a comprehensive drug-law revision bill that reduces the conviction for possession of up to four ounces of marijuana to a misdemeanor, with the first two ounces carrying a maximum penalty of up to six months in jail and a fine of $1000. From two to four ounces, the penalty would be a maximum of one year in jail and a fine of $2000. Conviction for possession of over four ounces or for sale of marijuana would remain a felony, with a potential prison term of two to ten years and a fine of up to $5000, except that at the trial judge's discretion, the charge could be reduced to a misdemeanor. In addition, the new law does not permit prosecution for possession with intent to distribute, nor can subsequent offenses for the possession of four ounces or less ever be enhanced to a felony category.

Texas state prisons are currently overflowing with marijuana-possession

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 61.

Generation after generation

JIM BEAM

Fredric March and Mike Connors
Fredric March, one of Hollywood's greats and winner of two Academy Awards. And Mike Connors, popular television star.

Back in 1946 when Fredric March was starring in "The Best Years of Our Lives," Mike Connors was starring on the basketball court at UCLA.

They're of different generations, these two, but each is a craftsman.

The Beams, too, are craftsmen. And for 178 years now, son following father, they've respected their craft and excelled at it.

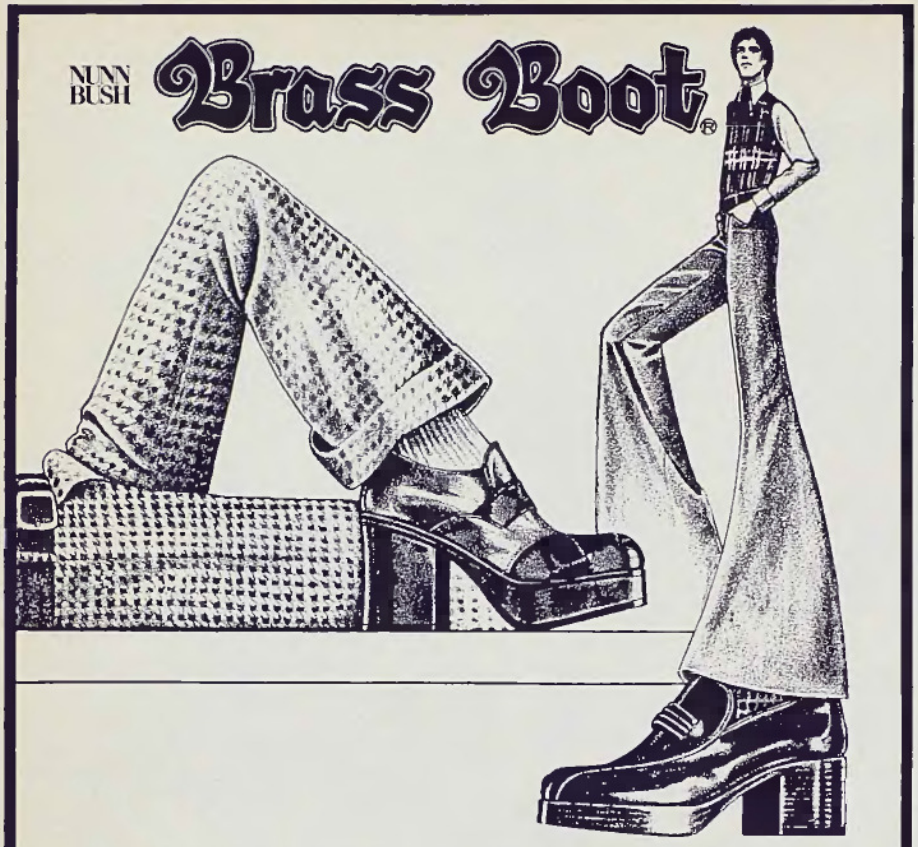
The result is a proud Kentucky Bourbon that's smooth and light and mellow.

Jim Beam. For six generations; one family, one formula, one purpose.

The world's finest Bourbon since 1795.

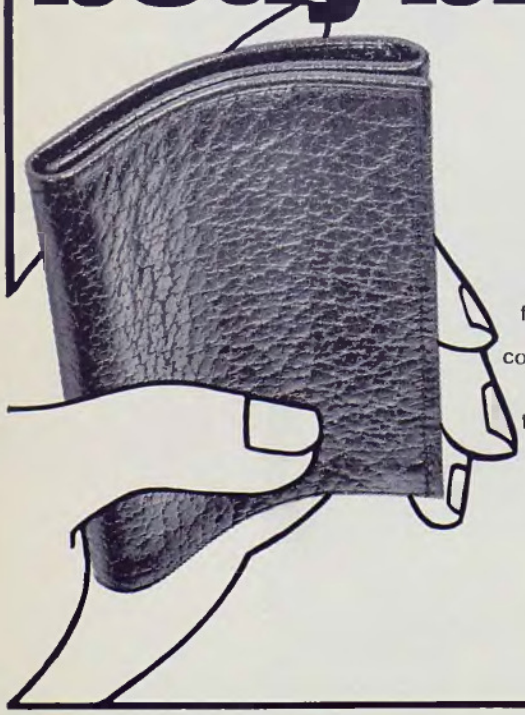
86 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY.

NUNN BUSH Brass Boot®



NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS
SAN FRANCISCO • BERKELEY • SAUSALITO • PALO ALTO
DALLAS • HOUSTON • DENVER • NEW ORLEANS • MIAMI
ATLANTA • GEORGETOWN • KANSAS CITY • MILWAUKEE

the body billfold



Our shape is your shape.

No matter what shape your body is in, the Body Billfold shapes itself to yours . . . fitting your bottom like a bucket seat. That's because Amity's Living Leather process makes hide flex like it's alive. And because their nylon stitching and "sliding stay" construction make for lots of give and take. With cooperation like that, there's nary a bulge in your body-tailored clothes. Test pocket a Body Billfold today. Once you try it on, you'll know you were made for each other.

AMITY®

© 1972 Amity Leather Products Company
TRI-FOLD Body Billfold in Brown or black Brahma Cowhide $7.50.
A collection of other fine leathers from $5.00. Other Amity Body Billfolds to $22.50. If unable to find a local Amity dealer, write Amity, West Bend, Wisconsin 53095. Also creators of Rolfs fine leather accessories.

prisoners. With this in mind, Texas legislators provided that those presently incarcerated as well as those previously convicted may petition the trial court for resentencing under provisions of the new law. This resentencing provision must surmount a state constitutional test. Should resentencing fail to receive judicial approval, those who are incarcerated could appeal to the governor for clemency.

Texas' new law, while not decriminalizing marijuana, nevertheless reflects a changing attitude toward the marijuana smoker. Some district and county attorneys will undoubtedly continue to seek harsh penalties for marijuana offenders, but the new law has a number of abuse safeguards derived primarily from legislative concern and outrage over past actions by some Dallas juries and district attorneys. The new penalty provisions will guard, to some degree, against the reefer madness manifested in 100-year sentences that Dallas juries have handed out in the past. No longer will Dallas be able to confiscate and sell at public auction the automobiles and motorcycles of young Texans because they possessed one marijuana cigarette.

Sheriff Raymond Frank of Austin stated that the new law is a "step in the right direction" and added, "The marijuana smoker has no place in the county jail." This enlightened attitude, I hope, will be exhibited in the ensuing months by county-court judges, who will hear 90 percent of all future marijuana infractions.

While possessing marijuana remains a crime, hundreds of thousands of Texans can nonetheless take solace in the fact that they are no longer unapprehended felons. Texas has come a little closer to sanity on the marijuana question.

Stephen Simon, Director
Texas/NORML
Austin, Texas

TAX-EVADING GRANDMOTHER

My mother, Martha Tranquilli, a 63-year-old nurse living in Mound Bayou, Mississippi, has been sentenced to nine months in a Federal penitentiary for sending her income-tax money to six pacifist organizations instead of to the Internal Revenue Service. She accomplished this by listing the peace groups as dependents on her 1970 and 1971 income-tax returns. She did it because she felt that paying taxes to the Federal Government would morally implicate her in the war in Southeast Asia, whereas groups such as the War Resisters' League, the American Friends Service Committee and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom are "life-giving people" who would not use the funds for death and destruction.

Though the jury at her trial found her guilty on two counts of willful income-tax evasion—a felony—Judge William Keady

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 61.

Have I got a deal for you!

It's a real steal! 12 issues of PLAYBOY for just $10.
That's a $3.00 saving off the $13 single-copy price. And the convenience! Delivered to your door —
the wild humor . . . bewitching females . . . explosive fact, fiction, interviews . . . *plus* much more. Pass the word.
Subscribe to PLAYBOY today. It's a deal?

PLAYBOY, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611
Please enter my subscription for

- ☐ 1 year $10 (save $3.00 off $13 single-copy price)
- ☐ 2 years $18 (save $8.00 off $26 single-copy price)
- ☐ 3 years $24 (save $15.00 off $39 single-copy price)
- ☐ payment enclosed ☐ bill me later ☐ new subscription ☐ renewal
- ☐ charge to my Playboy Club credit Key no. ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐

7310

please print
name _____ address _____ city _____ state _____ zip _____

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

was loath to send a grandmother to prison. At her sentencing, he offered her probation if she would only say she was sorry. She respectfully refused to betray her principles. Now, apparently because of her confrontation with the Government, she has been fired from her job at the Mound Bayou Community Hospital.

Rural Mississippi, far from the eyes of the liberal metropolitan press, is an ideal setting for the first, but probably not the last, criminal prosecution of this type that the IRS has attempted. It made no attempt to negotiate a payment, as is its custom, and even now my mother doesn't know how much she supposedly owes. It seems no accident that her tax return received special attention; this kind of protest is reportedly increasing at a rate the IRS can only view as seriously alarming.

The case will be appealed, and both funds and other expressions of moral support are desperately needed. Mail addressed to Martha Tranquilli, Mound Bayou, Mississippi, will reach her. I'm sure it would hearten her to know that others see hope in what she has done.

William Tranquilli
Sacramento, California

WRITING TO PRISONERS

The Fortune Society has established a correspondence program that matches men and women in prison with concerned persons on the outside. We currently have 400 prisoners writing to civilians, but we have a waiting list of 200 inmates wanting to correspond with someone. Those who wish to exchange letters with prisoners should write to us at 29 East 22nd Street, New York, New York 10010. Communication between people on both sides of the bars is but one small step in breaking down the barriers that exist.

David Rothenberg, Executive Director
The Fortune Society
New York, New York

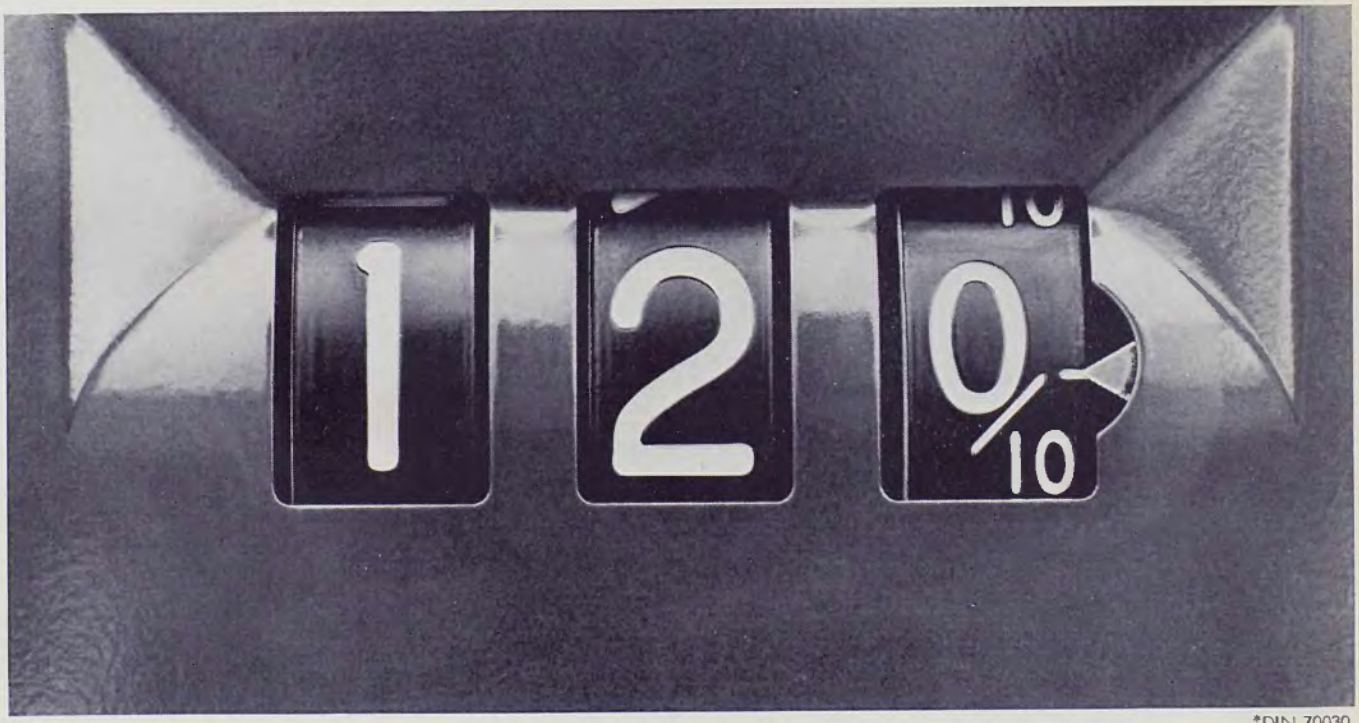
KENT STATE AND WATERGATE

At long last, there are heartening indications that the scandal that has ripped apart the Nixon Administration will focus public attention on the Justice Department's handling of the Kent State case. For two years, I have sought to expose the fact that former Attorney General John Mitchell's decision not to convene a Federal grand jury was based on political considerations. His indictment in New York for perjury and conspiracy to obstruct justice suggests that my belief is not as ridiculous as many claimed. It is no surprise now, that on the day Mitchell was indicted, Deputy Assistant Attorney General William O'Connor admitted to four Kent State students that the Justice Department *has* had sufficient evidence to seek indictments against one to six Ohio Guardsmen for violating the civil rights of the Kent State victims. Such

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 61.

Simple Arithmetic.

Here's how many gallons of gas it takes for the average domestic car to go on a 300-mile trip.



*DIN 70030

Here's how many it takes for a Beetle.*

Few things in life work as well as a Volkswagen

©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

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

withholding of criminal evidence is beneath contempt.

Hopefully, my forthcoming book, *The Truth About Kent State*, will help launch the kind of investigation that the Nixon Administration has stubbornly refused to initiate. On May 4, 1972, I wrote in an editorial for the *Daily Kent Stater*, "Our laws and judiciary are the backbone of this free society. Break it for the sake of political expediency and institutional imagery and our society will be as crippled as young Dean Kahler is for the rest of his life." Dean was standing at a point 300 feet away from the Guardsmen when they started shooting. He threw himself face down on the ground. As he lay there, an M-1 bullet slammed into him and paralyzed him from the waist down. Beyond him, three of those killed lay dying, two of them young women. These awful wounds have yet to be healed by justice.

Peter Davies
Staten Island, New York

Attorney General Elliot L. Richardson, appointed as a result of the Watergate scandal, has announced that the Justice Department will take "a fresh look" at the May 1970 killings. Watergate has led to the revelation that in 1970 the White House was preparing a domestic surveillance plan that included spying on student dissenters. This would seem to confirm that the Administration was incapable at that time of an objective attitude toward the Kent State shootings.

WATERBLIGHT

In trying to figure out what caused the Watergate scandal, we might remember that the Administrations of Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson endorsed the use of illegal, clandestine efforts to influence the internal politics of many foreign countries, such as Guatemala, Cuba and South Vietnam. There was little protest in this country, even though these activities were well known and are completely contrary to the ideals of an open, democratic society. Now we see what happens to a country that does not live up to its ideals: It becomes ill with the very disease it has been spreading in other lands.

David Hughes
Phoenix, Arizona

After noting President Nixon's latest efforts to wriggle off the Watergate hook, I feel national security has replaced patriotism as the last refuge of a scoundrel.

Tom Morrissey
San Francisco, California

"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.

They're talking about Capitol 2 recording tape.

Musicians, high-fidelity perfectionists, music lovers of all sorts, are talking about Capitol 2, the world's best iron-oxide tape.

Cassette users rave about the frequency response (20-22,000 Hz), the backcoating that makes the cassette jamproof, and the new package (Stak-Pak™) that ends cassette clutter.

Everyone's giving the Stak-Pak special mention. Probably because it's without a doubt the world's ultimate cassette storage method. Stak-Paks come with two Capitol 2 cassettes, and they slide or snap together to form a tiny chest of drawers, each with its own two labels.

Reel-to-reel bugs get excited about being able to buy a tape that's as good as the best tape the recording studios themselves use.

And 8-track cartridge people are delirious with the Capitol 2 Audiopak® High Output/Low Noise cartridge, already a standard of the music industry. It's even available in a newly engineered 100-minute playing time.

Visit your favorite tape store, and try the new Capitol 2 tape. So that the next time your friends start talking about tape, you'll have something significant to add to the conversation.

Capitol®

Capitol 2™

Gets the good sounds right.

Cassettes/Cartridges/Reel Tape

©1973 Audio Devices, Inc., a Capitol Industries Co., Glenbrook, Conn. 06906.

© 1973—R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Why do you smoke?

With what you've been hearing about smoking these days, you probably wonder sometimes why you smoke at all.

Yet you enjoy it.

Because smoking a cigarette can be one of those rare and pleasurable private moments.

And the chances are you don't want to give up any of that.

Which brings us to Vantage.

Vantage is the cigarette for people who don't entertain the idea of giving up cigarettes because they find cigarettes too entertaining.

Vantage is the cigarette for people who have come to realize that most cigarettes that give them the flavor they want also give them a lot of the 'tar' and the nicotine that they may not want.

Vantage is the cigarette for people who've found that most low 'tar' cigarettes don't give them anything at all.

The thing that makes Vantage special is that its filter is based on a new design concept that gives smokers the flavor of a full-flavor cigarette without anywhere near the 'tar' and nicotine.

Now we don't want to suggest that Vantage is the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you'll find.

It isn't.

But it sure is the lowest one that will give you enjoyment.

And that's why you smoke. Right?

Filter: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, Menthol: 11 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 73.

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

discussion

PLAYBOY PANEL: NEW SEXUAL LIFE STYLES

a symposium on emerging behavior patterns, from open marriage to group sex

PANELISTS

MADELINE DAVIS, 33, is a past president of the Niagara Frontier District of the Mattachine Society, a homophile civil-rights organization. She was a delegate to the 1972 Democratic National Convention, at which she made an impassioned plea for gay equality. After graduation (with a B.A. in English) from the University of Buffalo, where she also obtained a master's degree in library science, Ms. Davis appeared both as a solo folk singer and as a vocalist with the New Chicago Lunche rock band in such coffeehouses and night clubs as The Bitter End and The Gaslight in New York City and the Limelight Gallery in Buffalo. She was married heterosexually for a year and a half before coming out into Lesbianism, a life style she has followed for the past ten years. Her contributions to the gay movement have included many original songs, a one-act play, *Liberella* (a take-off on *Cinderella* in which the heroine runs off with the fairy godmother), and numerous talks before church and P. T. A. groups, the Lions and Elks clubs and college students. She currently lives in Buffalo with her Lesbian lover of two years and works full time as a librarian.

BETTY DODSON, 44, is known for her efforts "to liberate women" through her work in the feminist movement and "to liberate society" through her explicitly erotic art. Ms. Dodson's celebration of the art of heterosexual and homosexual lovemaking, which depicts behavior ranging from orgies to masturbation, has been displayed in one-woman shows at such New York City galleries as the Wickersham. In June of this year, a retrospective of her work was presented at the Kronhausens' International Museum of Erotic Art in San Francisco. An ardent sexual libertarian (in 1971 she served as a judge at the second annual Wet Dream Film Festival in Amsterdam), Ms. Dodson is currently conducting a "body and sex workshop" for women that she hopes will raise their sexual consciousness.

AL GOLDSTEIN, 37, is the cofounder and irrepressible editor of *Screw*, the nation's best-selling underground sex tabloid. Since its unique blend of raunch and humor first appeared on November 4, 1968—the day, Goldstein reminds us, that President Nixon was first elected—circulation has steadily grown to 122,000 copies a week. The rise has been accompanied by increased harassment from law-enforcement agencies, and Goldstein has made many court appearances to defend what he calls "The World's Greatest Newspaper" against a wide variety of obscenity charges. An erstwhile news photographer who once spent four days in a Havana jail falsely charged with—of all things—spying for the CIA, Goldstein is currently visible as "the King of the Philistines" in *Screw*'s first film production, a hard-core epic titled *It Happened in Hollywood*. His company also publishes *Gay*, a weekly homosexual tabloid, and

LOVELACE: *If you don't have an orgasm daily, you become very nervous, very uptight. I do, anyway. I think there would be a lot fewer problems in the world if everybody enjoyed themselves sexually.*

POMEROY: *A stable marriage can tolerate a great deal of outside sex—in a limited way, seen as insertion of a penis into a vagina. But with emotional involvement, a stable marriage can get into trouble.*

PERRY: *I believe I've always been gay. At the early age of five, when I used to go to the movies in Tallahassee, Tarzan turned me on. I used to fantasize, wishing he'd throw me around.*

GOLDSTEIN: *If my wife cheated, I'd kill her. She's part of my property. I mean, I am a sexist. And since I pay the bills, I feel I own her, the way I own my car, and I don't lend my car out to people.*

DODSON: *Everybody's first orgy is mind-boggling. I remember mine. Half of me was thrilled, half terrified. I didn't know the social rules. What should I wear? How should I get out of what I wear?*

VAN DEN HAAG: *The dangers of bisexuality are comparable to those of LSD. For some people it's harmless, as far as we know. In others it has precipitated a breakdown requiring institutionalization.*

he lectures on the new sexuality at New York University.

PHYLLIS KRONHAUSEN, 44, and **EBERHARD KRONHAUSEN,** 58, met and married 19 years ago, when they were both working toward their Ph.D.s in psychology at Columbia University. Since then, they have combined the private practice of family therapy and group guidance with unflagging public advocacy of sexual freedom in a wide variety of media. Their film credits include two feature-length documentaries that focus graphically on sexual behavior in Europe—*Freedom to Love* and *Why Are They Doing It?*—as well as a montage of vintage stag films titled *Pornopop*. The Kronhausens have also co-authored *Pornography and the Law*, *The Sexually Responsive Woman*, *Erotic Fantasies*, *Erotic Bookplates* and *Erotic Art*—the last an impressive two-volume compendium inspired by their extensive personal collection. They are the founders of the nonprofit International Museum of Erotic Art in San Francisco, which displays 1500 specific depictions of various sexual activities in drawings, graphics, painting, sculpture and objects ranging from Oriental and Indian erotica to contemporary underground cartoons. While Phyllis, author of *Sex Histories of American College Men*, was spending a month visiting Red China last spring as a member of an all-woman delegation headed by actress Shirley MacLaine, Eberhard was at work in their Malibu, California, apartment, polishing their latest collaborative effort—*Sex for Fun and Profit*.

LINDA LOVELACE, 22, has parlayed her virtuoso performance in the controversial hard-core film *Deep Throat* into near-universal recognition as one of the pop superstars of the Seventies. The very mention of her name at cocktail parties or on TV talk shows invariably precipitates either a spate of sword-swallowing jokes or a chorus of opprobrium. *Screw* magazine has called her "America's favorite mouth." Her manager calls Linda "the girl next door," to which one columnist added: "If you happen to live next door to a massage parlor." Since bridging the gap from stag films to full-length hard-core features, Miss Lovelace has written a provocatively titled autobiography, *Inside Linda Lovelace*. Drawing upon her extensive personal experience, she recently became a monthly columnist for *Oui* magazine, dispensing advice on sexual matters from analingus to zoophilia. Later this year or early next—depending on the consequences of the new obscenity rulings of the Supreme Court—audiences may again witness Linda's abilities, in *Deep Throat II*, a sequel to her remarkable feature-film debut.

JOHN MONEY, M.D., 52, is a professor of medical psychology and associate professor of pediatrics at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, where he is in charge of the human-sexuality course for freshman medical students. Born in New Zealand, Dr. Money once lived with the Yolgnu peoples of Australia to study their mating and breeding habits. He has since dealt extensively with cases of hermaphroditism and was instrumental in founding the Office of Psychohormonal Research at Johns Hopkins, which has pioneered in cases of transsexual reassignment—whereby individuals are able to change their sex to conform to a new gender identity. The results of this extremely successful program are related in *Man & Woman, Boy & Girl*, a scholarly work co-authored by Dr. Money, who previously wrote *Sex Errors of the Body*. In a non-academic role, he testified last year for the defense in New York's celebrated obscenity prosecution of the film *Deep Throat*.

TROY PERRY, 33, is the founder and pastor of Los Angeles' Metropolitan Community Church—whose congregation is entirely homosexual—as well as an extremely vocal spokesman for gay rights. A reporter once described the Reverend Perry as the Martin Luther King of the gay movement, to which he replied, "I don't know if I'd go that far. Just call me the Martin Luther Queen." Between picketing, parading, guest-preaching commitments and speeches at college campuses from coast to coast, he is chairman of The Committee on Sexual Law Reform and director of the Southern California Council on Religion and the Homosexual. A Pentecostal minister who attended Midwest Bible

RIMMER: *Once the female gets involved in swinging, she often discovers the sex is better than what she's been having with her own male; better, in fact, than she could get from any one male.*

E. KRONHAUSEN: *What you find in group-sex situations is a kind of anxiety—different from jealousy—that as a male, you'll be literally outfucked by other men with a higher potency than yours.*

DAVIS: *The men I knew thought my Lesbianism was a phase, that I'd get over it. Certainly, I'd go back to men eventually, because weren't men superior? But I didn't, because they weren't.*

SIMON: *It's amazing how much all love-making—straight and gay—looks and feels alike. Most of the claims of something special come from each group's defending its phobic reaction to the other.*

P. KRONHAUSEN: *We have witnessed husbands and wives or lovers falling happy and exhausted into each other's arms after a gratifying sexual experience with someone else. And why not?*

MONEY: *I would like to see more varieties of life style. We don't need the idea of monogamous marriage for life—till death do us part. Death used to part us much sooner than it does now.*

College in Summit, Illinois, and the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, Mr. Perry was heterosexually married and had two children before admitting he was a homosexual and getting a divorce—events that are poignantly described in his autobiography, *The Lord Is My Shepherd and He Knows I'm Gay*. Since founding the Metropolitan Community Church in 1968, he has helped organize The Crisis Intervention Center—a telephone service for uptight homosexuals—and later started a gay counseling service in conjunction with the church, which also offers Sunday school for children of homosexuals.

WARDELL B. POMEROY, 59, is the co-author, with Alfred Kinsey, of *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* and *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, the landmark volumes published by the Kinsey Institute, where he served for 20 years (seven of them as its director of field research). Holder of bachelor's and master's degrees from Indiana University and a Ph.D. from Columbia University, he has been, at various times in his career, a clinical psychologist at the Indiana Reformatory, an instructor in the psychology department at Indiana University and president of both the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex and the American Association of Marriage and Family Counselors. Dr. Pomeroy presently serves as vice-president of the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States, diplomate of the American Board of Examiners in Professional (Clinical) Psychology and a fellow of the American Psychological Association. On his own, he has authored *Boys and Sex*, *Girls and Sex* and, his latest book, *Dr. Kinsey and the Institute for Sex Research*. Married for 37 years, he is on the staff at Manhattan's Lenox Hill Hospital and Cornell's Payne Whitney Clinic and, since 1963, has been in the private practice of marriage counseling and psychotherapy—dealing with, among other problems, specific sexual dysfunctions such as impotence and premature ejaculation, as well as homosexuality, transsexuality and transvestism.

ROBERT H. RIMMER, 56, has successfully combined the best of two worlds: commerce and literature. By day, he is the president of a 60-year-old family printing business located near Boston harbor. By night, he moonlights as a novelist in his Quincy, Massachusetts, study, exploring utopian alternatives to the nuclear family. His most popular fictional work, *The Harrad Experiment*, deals with a structured premarital life style pairing college roommates of opposite sexes. Selling more than 5,000,000 copies in all editions, *Harrad* has inspired a motion picture of the same title and a sequel volume, *The Harrad Letters*. A graduate of Bates College with a master's degree in business administration from Harvard, the prolific Rimmer has also written *Proposition 31* (about group marriage), *The Rebellion of Yale Marratt* (bigamy), *Thursday, My Love* (open marriage), *The Zolotov Affair* (sexual economics), *That Girl from Boston* (a comic novel), *You and I . . . Searching for Tomorrow* (another collection of letters) and, most recently, he has edited *Adventures in Loving*, a group of essays written by people living in alternate life styles.

WILLIAM SIMON, 43, holds a Ph.D. degree from the University of Chicago and for three years was a member of the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University. Much in demand as an interpreter of the sexual frontier at universities and medical schools, as well as on the more erudite TV talk shows, Dr. Simon is currently program supervisor of sociology and anthropology at the Institute for Juvenile Research in Chicago, working in a U. S. Public Health Service–sponsored project focusing on youth and youth cultures. Dr. Simon, who participated in the *Playboy Panel* on homosexuality (April 1971), is the co-editor of *The Sexual Scene* and *Sexual Deviance* and the co-author (with John Gagnon) of *Sexual Conduct: The Sources of Human Sexuality*—which contains, says one scholar, "the most original thinking on sex since Freud."

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG, 59, is a professor of social philosophy at New York University (where he earned his Ph.D.), a lecturer in sociology and psychology at the New School for Social Research and a practicing psychoanalyst. He has testified in nearly a dozen pornography trials, the most recent being New York's *Deep Throat* case, in which he spoke for the prosecution; and he has written extensively in *Harper's*, *Atlantic* and *Commentary* on sex education and political philosophy. Dr. van den Haag, who has lectured at the University of California at Berkeley, Columbia, Yale, Harvard, Colorado and Minnesota, is a senior fellow of the National Endowment for the Humanities. His books include *The Fabric of Society*, *Education as an Industry*, *Passion and Social Constraint*, *The Jewish Mystique* and the recently published *Political Violence and Civil Disobedience*.

PLAYBOY: In the 25 years since the publication of the first Kinsey report—and perhaps in part because of it—sex has become not merely respectable but almost unavoidable as a topic of conversation, magazine articles, how-to books, X-rated films, encounter therapy, even high school "visual aids." And subsequent surveys indicate that Americans aren't simply talking more about it; they're practicing what's being preached in ever-increasing numbers, despite rearguard actions still being waged by the thinning forces of sexual conservatism. According to reports in the media, these new patterns of behavior are forming into genuine life styles: suburban swinging, group and open marriage, communal living, self-proclaimed bisexuality and homosexuality. We've assembled a panel of participants in and observers of the sexual revolution in order to find out more about the nature and extent of these new life styles—if that's what they really are. Are they as widespread as we've been led to believe, or have they been exaggerated by the press?

GOLDSTEIN: I think what we have is a media hype *and* a reflection of reality. It's certainly true that the ballyhoo about sexual experimentation is much greater than it used to be. But it's also true that after 2000 years of Biblical antisex propagandizing, people are getting sick of being told what to do. That means we have greater room for individuality, social and sexual. They go hand in hand—or should I say groin in groin?

E. KRONHAUSEN: I don't see how the idea that this is a media creation could even occur to anybody.

P. KRONHAUSEN: As a matter of fact, some of the reports in the media are really antisex.

E. KRONHAUSEN: Very true. Now, there's no doubt that the fringe expressions of this movement are sometimes bizarre, but it's a very broad movement, and it must be taken seriously. Many of the reasons for it have nothing to do with sex as such. They have to do with changes in our whole life styles—not only the individualism Al mentions but greater mobility, the fact that people are now concentrated more in large urban centers than on small farms and that they're living in small apartments rather than in large houses, the decline of religious and other social institutions that used to hold family units together, the widespread disappointment with what we may broadly call "the establishment"—all that enters into it.

POMEROY: I believe the increase in unconventional sexual behavior is genuine, not merely overreported—but it's less, percentagewise, than people think. What's significant is the increase in openness about it—people admitting they pursue behavior that was thought of as deviant.

PERRY: The most important development is that people are coming out of the closet. Joan Baez' admission of youthful homosexual relationships is a perfect example.

DAVIS: Baez might have made a feeble effort to come out, but it never really happened. She probably scared herself with the admission of an early Lesbian relationship—and then copped out.

SIMON: And, unfortunately, Troy, Joan Baez is anything but the girl next door. God, that she were. But she is not. We have to be careful that we don't establish the sexual revolution as a social fact before it becomes a social reality. Let's remember that many of us here today are, in one sense or another, "sexual professionals," and as such we may help *generate* the open sex talk that we then proceed to observe. The latest data out of the computers indicate that a few more

females are moving into premarital sex—but not as many as most people think. At the same time, there may actually be *more* late-teenaged male virgins than there used to be. Hell, despite the noise, about half the kids haven't even started mutual gropery by 16. Undoubtedly, some frontiers of sexual experimentation *have* expanded, but that doesn't mean conventional nervousness about sex—straight, gay or what have you—has disappeared. Along with the old nervousness about being sexual, we may be creating a new nervousness about not being sexual *enough*—making 17- or 18-year-olds feel that they're freaky because they haven't done it yet.

VAN DEN HAAG: Exactly. The fact that it's become not only respectable to be sensual but almost *necessary* is typical of the way we overdo things in America. Now it's prestigious to say "I enjoy sex." If you were to say "I don't really care," people would wonder what's wrong with you—and suggest you visit a psychiatrist. Yet I think a free and healthy person should be able to take sex or leave it, depending on what he feels. I happen to prefer sex to no sex, personally; but I was in prison for about three years when I lived in Italy, because I didn't get along with Mussolini. He did not, while I was in prison, provide for the gratification of my sexual desires. That certainly didn't please me, but it didn't do me any harm—and I'm still making up for it.

DAVIS: You know, there's been a type of split mythology about Lesbians' sexuality. One version, usually found in pornography written by men, portrays Lesbians as totally sexual animals out for nothing but sexual satisfaction, which is untrue. The other version is that Lesbians are just lovely friends who hold hands and run through fields of daisies, and there's no sex. Like a Salem cigarette commercial. And that's just as untrue. We enjoy sex *and* friendship. But, like Dr. van den Haag, I believe sex is important in a person's life when it's readily available. When it's not available, it seems to me somewhat less important. I would feel much more deprived if I didn't have an emotional relationship than if I didn't have a sexual one. I prefer sex in my life, too, but I wouldn't die without it.

LOVELACE: I can't get along without sex at all. If you take away sex, and you don't have an orgasm daily, you become very nervous, very uptight. I do, anyway. I think there would be a lot fewer problems in the world if everybody enjoyed themselves sexually every day. And more and more people are.

DODSON: One of the differences between our society today and that of 20 years ago is not simply that people are getting more sex but that there are a greater number of alternative sexual *life styles* available. In the Fifties, if a girl didn't get married, she was going to be a frustrated old maid. There was great pressure on her. She had no choice. Today, in the Seventies, some women are saying they're not interested in marriage. There are other options now; they're going to live some other way. We have millions of young people living together openly without marriage and satisfying one another sexually in ways their grandparents never dreamed of. Society has come to take it for granted.

MONEY: Living together without marriage is not only one of the most popular new life styles, it's also one of the oldest. It's essentially substituting betrothal for marriage. In pre–18th Century Sweden, young couples used to be formally betrothed. But they didn't need to get legally married until the girl got pregnant.

GOLDSTEIN: People used to live together in the Village, on the Left Bank, in the ghettos. Now it's happening in Levittown. But not to the majority. Most of my single male friends still spend their days looking to get laid, and the women I know are still looking to get married. It was the same 10, 20, 30 years ago. I don't see any major change.

POMEROY: The principal change is that it's more accepted now. After all, living together has some advantages over getting married. If one partner doesn't demonstrate concern, the other can get up and leave at any time, so they have to remain in more of a state of courtship. I've seen some so-called common-law marriages that worked out better than legal marriages for that reason.

RIMMER: One of the things that absolutely fascinates me is the extent to which premarital cohabitation is being studied in the colleges. There's even a cohabitation-research newsletter. And they've had plenty to study. Last year at the University of Michigan, a student group called Xanadu set up a pattern of living with members of the opposite sex. Roommates were selected by pulling names out of a hat. This was very shocking to some parents and administrators. Yet I think it's a very valid idea; it lets you have the learning experience of being thrown in with another human being. You learn to see a man or a woman as a whole person.

VAN DEN HAAG: That is an argument against individual selection. It persuades me to return to arranged marriages, which have the advantages mentioned by Mr. Rimmer, and then some.

PLAYBOY: How about traditional marriage? Is it breaking down?

POMEROY: If you mean by traditional marriage a dyadic relationship between a man and a woman who are legally married, then no, I don't think it's breaking down. There's more of it than ever, and it's here to stay. If you're thinking of traditional marriage as a male-dominated, chauvinistic institution, then yes, I think it's breaking down.

LOVELACE: I believe traditional marriages, and traditional courtships, are rapidly becoming things of the past, because of premarital sex. By that I mean sex for a year or two before marriage, and I think as that increases, courtship decreases. But I believe premarital sex is making stronger marriages, even if they're not traditional ones.

PERRY: People are changing. Women are looking around and saying, "Wait just a minute. This business of my having to abide by rules and regulations while the husband is a free moral agent is bullshit. What's good for the gander is good for the goose. You will treat me as an equal, as a human being, as a helpmate—not just as something to be used in the bedroom at your convenience."

RIMMER: That's why marriages are under stress—and splitting up. Divorce is rampant. But that doesn't say we're not remarrying. As a matter of fact, we've become a great marrying society.

POMEROY: My contention is that the high divorce rate proves how much better marriages are. Now that people are freer to get divorced, the ones who stay married don't have to; they stay married because they're happy.

DODSON: I would never get married again. It's a stupid and crippling life style, especially for women. Unfortunately, marriage is the only *formal* protection a woman has if she has children and is financially dependent, and I don't think that's much protection; she often ends up with all the responsibility—including financial. Marriage is essentially a license to fuck, but the institution of marriage is really based upon sexual repression, and the hook is romantic love.

PERRY: Well, many need and want marriage for reasons other than to legalize intercourse or to have children, which is the other big reason you hear about. For years, gay couples have been denied the right to any sort of ceremony. I find, more and more in our community, large numbers of couples who have been together for long periods of time and want to formalize the relationship. We do this through services of holy union in our church.

DAVIS: I don't think the fact that two people love each other needs to be formalized. Being married means being blessed by the power structure, by the establishment, and I don't want that. I don't want this fucked-up society to say my relationship is OK. I'd feel really weird, probably, if they said to me, "OK, within the framework of our beliefs, we will allow you to love each other." I don't need that.

GOLDSTEIN: Well, I'm an expert on marriage. I'm on my *third* one now. At one point, as a matter of fact, I was married to more than one woman at the same time. My second wife was an airline stewardess, and I couldn't fly discount unless I could produce a marriage certificate. So we were married before my divorce from my first wife, a Jewish princess, was final. I would justify my bigamous marriage on a very pragmatic level: It saved me a lot of

CHECK OUR SPECS BEFORE YOU BUY THEIR 4 CHANNEL RECEIVER.

	Sylvania	Pioneer	Sansui	Fisher	Harmon-Kardon	Marantz
Model	RQ 3748					
Continuous (RMS) Power[1] 4 channels Stereo Bridge	50Wx4 125Wx2					
THD at rated output	<0.5%					
IM Distortion at rated output	<0.5%					
FM IHF Sensitivity	1.9μv					
50 db signal to noise ratio	2.8μv					
Capture Ratio	1.5db					
Price	$549.95[2]					

[1]All powermeasurements taken at 120 volts/60 cycles, 8 ohms, 20Hz-20kHz, all channels driven simultaneously.
[2]Manufacturer's suggested list price which may be higher in some areas.

If you're in the market for four channel, you already know you've got to spend a good bit of cash for a receiver. So it'd be a good idea to spend a good bit of time checking specs on everything available just to make sure you get the most for your money.

To make your search a little easier, we've prepared the blank comparison chart above with spaces for some of the best-known brands and most important specs. Just take it with you to the store, fill it in, and you'll be able to tell at a glance what you get for what you pay.

We took the liberty of filling in the Sylvania column with specs for our RQ3748 four channel receiver. We did it because we know we're not the best-known name in four channel, and we didn't want you to overlook us for that reason.

Because we think the RQ3748's specs are really worth remembering.

50 watts of RMS power per channel at 8 ohms, 20-20kHz, with all four channels driven. 125 watts per channel in stereo bridge mode. A THD and IM of less than 0.5% at rated output. An FM sensitivity of 1.9 microvolts. A discreet four channel receiver with matrix capabilities so you can use either type of quadraphonic material. And much, much more.[3]

We can offer so much because we have so much experience. We were one of the first in the audio field. And now we're applying all our knowledge, all our engineering skill to four channel.

Once you've proven to yourself which receiver has the best specs, move on down to that last line in the chart and compare Sylvania's price with all the others. Find out which one gives the most for your money.

We feel pretty confident you'll discover that the best-known names aren't necessarily your best buy.

[3]So much more that it won't all fit here. So send us a stamped, self-addressed envelope and we'll send you a four-page brochure on our four channel receivers.

GTE SYLVANIA

Sylvania Entertainment Products Group, Batavia, N.Y.

money. The third time around, in my most recent marriage, I found another Jewish princess. Anyway, I've been reevaluating the institution of marriage in terms of my other experiences—orgies, uninvolved sex, and so on. And I've decided I really like the values marriage offers. I like coming home to somebody who loves me. When we entwine during the night, I'm not one of 19 studs who have passed between her thighs in the last four days. When it's bad, I hate marriage, but when it's good, it's magnificent.

SIMON: I'm truly glad you said that, Al. We often forget that people can't change as fast as styles and fashions change. Or, for that matter, even values. We are all historic entities, trapped by our own pasts.

LOVELACE: Well, I think it's ridiculous, Al, to say that when marriage is going well it's great, and when it's going bad you hate it. If you were really into marriage, it would be a magnificent state, however it was going.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't the increasing incidence—or at least acceptance—of marital infidelity today indicate that the traditional arrangement isn't working as well as it used to?

VAN DEN HAAG: That may be true, but I don't know that we really have any evidence of increasing infidelity. It might be, as you suggest, that the attitude toward it has changed, that people are somewhat more permissive in respect to adultery than they used to be.

RIMMER: That is definitely true. A license to have outside sex almost goes along with the license in many marriages today.

MONEY: Consensual adultery is a marvelous invention for some people. But others are absolutely unequipped emotionally to cope with it; they'll be lucky if they can cope with even the *suggestion* of it in their children or grandchildren. Still, many have discovered that consensual adultery doesn't have to jeopardize the family unit at all.

VAN DEN HAAG: If this means no more than simply saying that occasional infidelity doesn't necessarily ruin a marriage, that's no more than common sense, and I would certainly agree. A marriage in which one of the partners has been occasionally unfaithful is nonetheless a marriage. But if a couple *systematically* permits or encourages either partner to be unfaithful, then it means that they are not fully committed to each other—are not really married, even though they pretend to be and, perhaps, want to be. The man or woman who finds it necessary to have regular affairs outside marriage obviously is not fulfilled in the marriage—either because his partner is not ideal or because he finds himself incapable of being sufficiently fulfilled by that person or, for that matter, by a series of persons, or perhaps by anyone. Perhaps he—or she—is incapable of the commitment that, by definition, marriage must be.

PLAYBOY: Do affairs ever help marriage?

VAN DEN HAAG: Anyone who says an affair always helps a marriage is wrong; but anyone who says it's always bad for that marriage is equally wrong. Often, however, the affair indicates that something is amiss—although it neither cures it nor causes it.

POMEROY: I would say that in about five percent of marriages, extramarital intercourse can be helpful—a positive factor. I think in maybe half the marriages, the spouse doesn't know about the extramarital intercourse, and in most of these cases it's a neutral factor. In nearly half the remaining marriages, it can be a very destructive thing, because of our culture, all sorts of jealousies and feelings of possessiveness.

E. KRONHAUSEN: You may be right, statistically speaking. But we wouldn't want to leave it there and just accept the status quo; I'm sure you'd agree with that. Phyl and I are interested in promoting social change—in turning the statistics around instead of just quoting them. We believe outside relationships frequently help sexually troubled marriages simply because of what is called the transfer effect. Once you're excited from the group situation or from an individual affair, that new sexual attraction very often transfers into the marriage relationship. But even if it doesn't, let's accept it as OK. It doesn't mean you love the person you live with—your primary partner—any less.

GOLDSTEIN: Well, if my wife cheated, I'd kill her. If *I* cheat, of course, it's cool—although if she catches me, she'll do what every Jewish princess does: cut my balls off. I believe she's part of my property. I mean, I am a sexist. And since I pay the bills, I feel I *own* her, the way I own my car, and I don't lend my car out to people. We've come to our agreements willingly, so I think I'm entitled to this uneven relationship. But it *is* unfair; I can cheat and she can't. I mean, it's a classical marriage. It's so bourgeois it amazes me. I keep telling myself I'm part of a sex revolution and yet my wife and I fight about whether I should wear a wedding band or not.

DAVIS: I wish I had a knife long enough to cut those balls off *for* her. There are so many men who feel that way, it's disgusting. I feel very badly for your wife, Al. I have a lot more empathy with her than I do with you; she's a woman. I'd like to sit around and have some long talks with her. I guess I'd like to take her into my life for a little while and show her how nice it can be to be an equal person in an equal relationship. I don't care if you do pay her bills; you're sitting on her head.

DODSON: True. But Al, you're so honest about being a sexist pig that you're actually a magnificent walking, talking advertisement for women's liberation. Keep up the good work!

PERRY: Al, are you really sure that you're the editor of *Screw*? I've read your paper and I find it hard to believe you're the same person. You sound like the preacher who says "Do as I say" but doesn't practice what he preaches. No wonder so many women, both heterosexual and homosexual, are being turned off by the idea of even *talking* to a man. Maybe you should drop your wife and try having a loving relationship with some of your other property, like your sofa.

GOLDSTEIN: I've never met a sofa I didn't like.

RIMMER: My God, Al, you amaze me, too. In the bibliography of one of my books—*You and I . . . Searching for Tomorrow*—I urged the readers to subscribe to *Screw*, because it seemed to offer the potential for a Chaucerian-Rabelaisian kind of humor that is completely missing in our culture. Now I wonder if I'm wrong; perhaps they'll preserve your bones, like Norman Mailer's, in some museum along with the dinosaurs' and pterodactyls'—so that mothers of the future can warn their children: Thus perished male chauvinist pigs!

E. KRONHAUSEN: I don't see, Al, how you can sit there and say such things—that you feel your wife is your property, like your car. I feel embarrassed for you. How can you kid yourself that you're part of the sexual revolution with attitudes like that? Moreover, as a psychologist, I'd have to warn you that anyone leading that kind of schizoid existence, believing one thing and living another, is treading on very thin ice from a mental-health point of view.

SIMON: You know, Al, being a sexist isn't like being a Rotarian or something. It's increasingly a very sick condition for both men and women. What you're really saying—if you mean it—is that you have to *pay* for your sex, even that which you get in the marital bed. And you get your fidelity on the same basis that you get your sex—for cash and other services rendered.

GOLDSTEIN: That's absolutely true. Everything has its price. Let's not bullshit ourselves that marriage, one-night stands, orgies or anything else don't have their price. I just want my wives to know the terms of the sale before they sign the contract.

VAN DEN HAAG: Traditionally, it's much more difficult for a man to countenance an unfaithful wife than vice versa. In the past, female infidelity could—and was likely to—lead to pregnancy, and husbands wanted to know whose children they were bringing up. But there may also be something in the nature of men that makes it harder for them to be committed to one woman than it is for a woman to be committed to one man. That's an open question. It doesn't follow from the fact that you desire equality that God made an equal world. God wasn't egalitarian to begin with. For all we know, He wasn't even a Democrat.

DODSON: It's no news if somebody wants

Announcing The Dry Look® For Oily Hair.

Now you don't have to be a Wethead just because nature gave you oily hair.

Because your hair is naturally oily, Gillette has a brand-new aerosol hair control just for you. The Dry Look® for oily hair—with the adjustable valve that lets you spray as light as you like. Its special formula actually *absorbs* excess oils in the hair... leaves it looking clean, full, natural and *dry*. The Wethead is dead. Long live The Dry Look®... from Gillette.

Ronald Tomme, oily hair
WETHEAD

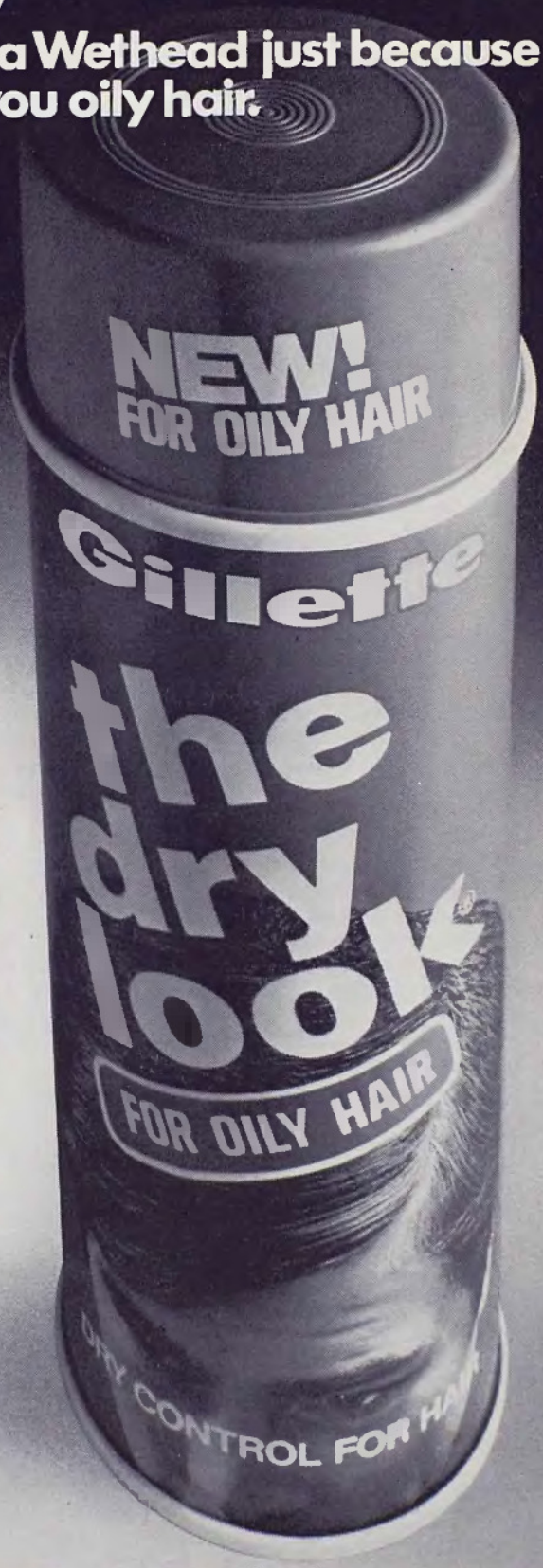
Ronald Tomme, after
THE DRY LOOK®

Steve Nisbet, oily hair
WETHEAD

Steve Nisbet, after
THE DRY LOOK®

John Almberg, oily hair
WETHEAD

John Almberg, after
THE DRY LOOK®



The Dry Look® is also available in Regular and Extra-Hold aerosols and liquid After Shampoo Control.

©The Gillette Company

to embrace the double standard. Most men operate that way. I just can't see any sexual health to it. All I see is that it creates bad vibrations, and it really separates a man and a woman. That "something" in the nature of man that makes it harder for him to be committed to a woman is simply being sexual. If women were more sexual and financially independent, it would be just as difficult for us to be committed to one man. But I don't think women should impose a reverse double standard, either. I feel just as strongly about women who want to fuck around with guys outside their marital unit and don't want their husbands to have the same privilege. We've got to start being honest about our sexuality. The marriages I see that are expanding—or at least breathing—are the ones in which both the woman and the man are trying to get some sexual variety outside the marriage while maintaining the pair-bond unit. Together but separate. The open-ended marriage.

PERRY: Open marriage is typical of most gay couples—always has been. The heterosexuals are finally waking up to it. In an open marriage, you know that some sex act with some other person at some other time or place isn't going to destroy your relationship. And you don't have to lie about it or feel guilty about it. When you lie, your partner becomes jealous, upset. Such a relationship is destroyed if the partners can't talk it out, communicate.

DAVIS: Open marriage hasn't been as prevalent in Lesbian relationships as in male gay ones. Lesbian relationships have always tended to be much more monogamous. Women are conditioned to be monogamous and men are conditioned to sow their wild oats. We're not born that way, but we're trained that way.

SIMON: The most successful gay marriages—among males, anyway—are between two individuals with independent identities and independent commitments to the world. Such a marriage is not only open, it's also more voluntary than most straight marriages. In a sexist society, when a marriage dissolves, the woman who has been trapped into running the household has to face a devastating crisis. She has to become something the world worked so very hard to prevent her from ever being: an autonomous individual. So it's understandable that extramarital sex, if it is seen as a marriage-destroying force, is viewed with considerable nervousness. Even for the gays, there is the constant fear that sex might degenerate into love, leaving the other partner on the cold outside.

PLAYBOY: Degenerate?

SIMON: Sure. Most of us have problems of handling lust. We must justify it, particularly to ourselves. We have to endow the person who turns us on with all kinds of magnificent attributes; a beautiful body is transformed into a beautiful person by an act of will. Selling our own motives to ourselves, we invent love. Lots of people fall into love not headfirst but genitals first.

GOLDSTEIN: With or without emotional involvement, I'm sure *most* married people are involved with some kind of outside sex. What's incredible is that so many married people aren't fucking *each other* anymore. My wife and I know one guy who's been married 23 years; he gets drunk all the time and isn't interested in fucking, so his wife is horny. But he's Italian, and if he caught his wife fucking around, he'd kill her. So she's not getting laid. And there's this newlywed friend of mine. Before he got married, he said sex with his girlfriend was wild. Now that he's married, he has hard-on problems. I think it's his way of telling his wife, "OK, you've trapped me; now fuck you. You're not going to get my cooperation. I'll give you a limp cock."

LOVELACE: I think your friend, like many people, has mistaken a sexual feeling for love. I believe people are turned on when they're single by the idea that someone might catch them—find out they're balling. They believe this arousal is love, so they get married—and there goes the excitement of being caught, and the good hard-ons. It's at this point that people assume they're out of love.

GOLDSTEIN: Well, I'm lucky. My wife is really the greatest hump I've ever had. But I still like variety.

RIMMER: I feel that marriage *has* to be opened up, but in order to do it, we've got to start back a little bit—start with the initial conditioning of people. If you come out of a monogamous family and go through your typical college experience—whether you're living with someone or not—and then you finally go into a monogamous marriage, at some point you're acting out the whole structure of what's happened in the past. That's why I think in the future we'll structure premarital situations, probably at the college undergraduate level, in which students will have a good opportunity to live intimately with more than one member of the opposite sex. Without commitment, as part of the accepted structure. It's the idea, of course, expressed in my novel *The Harrad Experiment*.

When I go to lecture at colleges now, some people tell me that coed dormitories have made *Harrad* old hat. But actually, these kids who are living together in coed dorms are living in the old one-to-one relationships: if they split, it's traumatic. We need to create the kind of structure in which the relationship could come apart easily, that would let a youngster room with a member of the opposite sex—learn about the particular needs of another human being—without that trauma. Without that prior learning experience, I would think open marriage is just words. Most people don't know how to cope with it.

MONEY: If I were designing the sex lives of young people in their late high school or college years, I, too, would allow them not just to learn about but to experience a variety of sexual relationships—until they established one that appeared to be ultimately capable of enduring.

VAN DEN HAAG: I think we are lucky that neither Dr. Money nor anyone else is "designing the sex lives of young people." They prefer acting spontaneously to having their lives designed or planned for them.

LOVELACE: That's for sure. Nobody plans *my* life for *me*. I've been with my manager, Chuck, for a very long time, and we do have an open relationship. Since we've been together, we've never been apart for more than an hour. He sees other chicks, but when he does, I'm *with* him. And if I'm with other dudes, he's with me, too. I never go off alone in another room with somebody else, and the same with him. We share everything. I don't see anything wrong with married couples, or people who're living together, experiencing other people. Part of being with somebody is trusting him. If you're subject to fits of jealousy, you're just insecure.

P. KRONHAUSEN: I guess you could say my husband and I have an open-ended marriage, but I don't even like to use the term marriage. To Ebe and me it's irrelevant whether we're married or not. It's just never been important to us. We married because of the legal requirements, essentially because it was easier to work professionally. To us, the important thing is our working relationship.

VAN DEN HAAG: It's interesting that you don't like to use the term marriage. As I said before, I think the open-ended relationship is actually a denial of marriage, not an expansion of it. If you enter the marriage with the idea that you aren't committed, for heaven's sake, what are you doing?

P. KRONHAUSEN: I didn't say we weren't committed. Anyone who knows us realizes that commitment is the basis of our relationship.

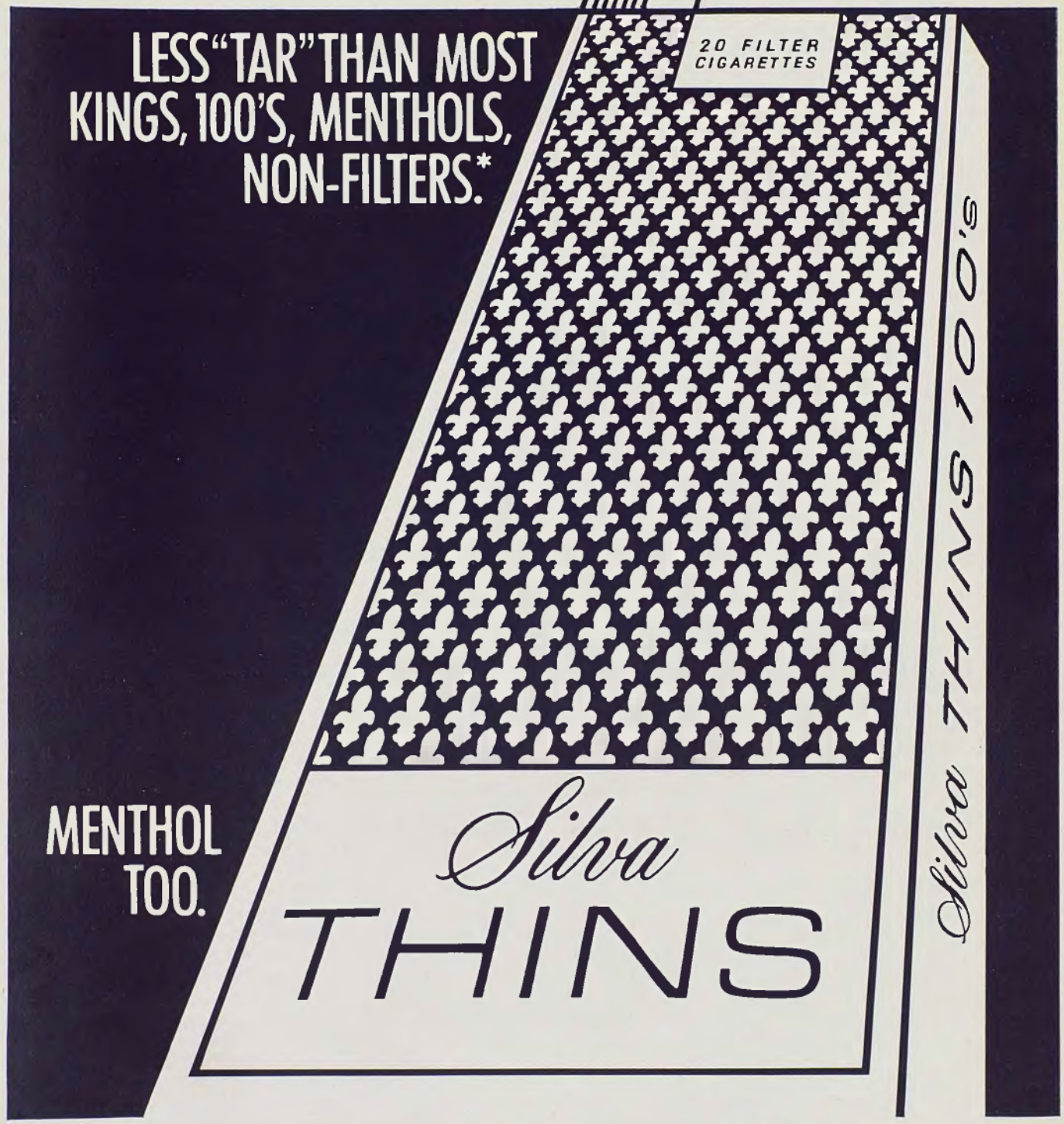
GOLDSTEIN: Intellectually, I, too, disagree with Dr. van den Haag. But emotionally, I realize that we have a tremendous heritage of insecurity. I mean, I know I would be a better person if my wife had outside sexual activity. But that's on the theoretical level. On the practical level, I would feel frightened—although I know there wouldn't be any reason to be, since I stay with my wife in spite of my sexual experiences with other people, and that my love for my wife has nothing to do with, say, Linda Lovelace's technical virtuosity. You'll excuse me, Linda, but for me my wife is better.

LOVELACE: People who own Fords think Fords are the best-made cars.

GOLDSTEIN: But I'm so much a product of my male conditioning that I fear some better tongue, some better cock will come along and I'll lose my wife.

DAVIS: In a way, we have something in

THINK THINS



THINK SILVA THINS 100'S

*According to the latest U.S. Government figures.
Filter and Menthol: 15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb., '73.

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

common. Intellectually, I can see that open marriage might be a healthy thing. But I don't think I could participate in it. I'm possessive. I'm jealous. I try desperately not to be, but I am. My lover and I have talked at length about the possibilities of making ours a nonmonogamous relationship; it would make us able to relate to all kinds of people, bring all kinds of new experiences into our lives. Yet we know we couldn't do it. We didn't begin our relationship within that structure and it seems impossible to impose a different set of rules on our relationship at this point.

RIMMER: I can give you an example of how one open-ended marriage works. I know a guy who has a radio show in Los Angeles. He and his wife have two kids, and they divide the baby-sitting chores equally. They have an agreement that they can't bring other people home, but they can have any outside experiences they want, without any accountability. She's aware that he's been sleeping with some girl in the studio, because he's gone a couple of nights a week and doesn't come back until the next morning. He and his wife attended a party in my honor at the Beverly Hilton Hotel; another guest was a handsome movie producer. My friend's wife took one look at him and boom! I could feel this thing between them. By 11 o'clock, she and the producer had disappeared. Later, I asked her husband, "Where has your wife gone?" He said, "Oh, I guess she's gone with the producer." "Are you going to wait for her?" I asked. "Oh, no, she won't be home." I would guess that kind of relationship wouldn't persist over a period of ten years or so. Presumably, there's no jealousy between them, and there may well not be. But I don't think their commitment is strong enough to hold them together, ultimately, if either discovered a person he or she would rather be with for, say, a week or two weeks rather than just a night.

E. KRONHAUSEN: One of the things that happens so often in divorce, Hollywood style, is that people feel they've fallen out of love, or that there's something wrong with their marriage, because of a lessening of sexual interest in each other or a temporary attraction to another sex partner. Most of these cases are symptomatic of what the Kinsey people called psychological sex fatigue. In a stable chimpanzee population of, say, half a dozen males and half a dozen females, the rate of sexual activity tends to drop off after a while. If you introduce another female, the rate will quickly rise—only to level off again. The same thing happens with human beings. The effect of the same stimuli tends to diminish over time.

LOVELACE: That's why it's good to open up your relationship to outsiders. There's an added mystery when the other person is someone you don't know. If you're with the same person constantly, there's a limit to how much of a different experience you can have. There's more to it if you're with other people—just something extra.

E. KRONHAUSEN: That's not true for everybody, of course. We've studied quite a number of couples who seem to be perfectly monogamous. For one reason or another, they are happy and active sexually with each other over a long period, without the need of other stimuli. Now, that's beautiful. Some of them achieve that happiness with the help of erotica, some with the help of reading, some by varying their sexual techniques. But—unfortunately, perhaps—these are rather the exceptions that confirm the rule.

VAN DEN HAAG: Happiness is never attached to or excluded by any particular form. Saint Simeon Stylites, who lived on top of a column for 30 years, might, for all I know, have been happy on that column. There are millions of ways of being happy or unhappy, and everyone has to find his own. Still, the majority of mankind is more comfortable, if not happier, being married than not being married.

POMEROY: And a stable marriage can tolerate a great deal of outside sex—in a limited way, seen only as insertion of a penis into a vagina. The problem with most extramarital intercourse has nothing to do with sex. It has to do with emotional involvements, and that's where a stable marriage can get into trouble. And that's one of the advantages of ritualized swinging; it's very strictly limited to penis and vagina.

RIMMER: The average swinger is very much against both commitment and involvement. The male, particularly, doesn't mind if you screw his wife and he screws yours, but he doesn't want you to fall in love with her. He doesn't want to have anyone else find her interesting as a human being.

SIMON: To me, this middle-American attempt at swinging doesn't represent so much the future as a kind of dead-end version of the present. So many of these people strike me as individuals who have made it to a mass-produced version of the American dream: a suburban house, two cars and two kids. But, having made it, they find an absence of pleasure and excitement, coupled with a fear of growing old and somehow having missed something. Without a capacity to question the system as such, or to break away and find a new commitment to life, they shore up their present banal existences with sex: sex neatly segregated from the rest of their social lives. And they work at swinging with the same energy with which they initially pursued the more standard version of the American dream.

POMEROY: And there are very definite ground rules for this sort of activity: no dates outside the party and, in a simple swap situation, no assignations between the nonmarital partners when the spouse isn't present. And, equally important, no talking of love or affection while you're having sex, although comments on sexual prowess are fine.

PLAYBOY: When many swinging couples get back together to discuss their experiences, according to some studies, they often belittle the performance of their extramarital sex partners in order to diminish jealousy.

P. KRONHAUSEN: That has certainly not been our experience as, shall we say, participant-observers in numerous group-sex situations in both Europe and America. Quite the contrary; we have frequently witnessed husbands and wives or lovers falling happy and exhausted into each other's arms after a particularly gratifying sexual experience with someone else. And why shouldn't that be so? If you really love somebody, anything that makes him or her happy ought to make you happy, too, shouldn't it?

SIMON: Should it? The puritan world made us strangers to ourselves by requiring that we deny our own feelings and desires. Sexual utopians tend to do the same thing, by holding out a model of sexual fulfillment that few, if any, people may be capable of achieving. Feelings like jealousy and insecurity come out of our own experience and are not easily denied—nor should they be, as a matter of fact. Better that they be expressed than that they survive as self-doubt or as unstated accusations against one's partner.

E. KRONHAUSEN: The problem of jealousy exists to a certain extent even in group-sex situations, though in all the years we've been involved in it in England, France and America, I can think of only one or maybe two serious instances where a marriage or pair bond actually broke up on account of it. What you find more often in group-sex situations is a kind of anxiety—which is quite different from jealousy—that maybe you'll find yourself, as a male, literally outfucked by other men with a much higher potency than yours.

SIMON: Everyman as superstud, with orgasm as the ultimate defeat.

P. KRONHAUSEN: Women can become nervous, too, when they see other women reaching orgasm much more easily than may be true from their own experience, or being capable of multiple orgasms, while they may not be, and things like that. I think that's much more important than purely physical comparisons of your own body with those of others. In fact, in group-sex situations, very often the older, more experienced and perhaps less beautiful women are more in demand than the younger, more attractive girls who still have a lot to learn and aren't really with it yet.

PLAYBOY: Who usually takes the lead in involving a couple in swinging? The male or the female?

POMEROY: Commonly, they get involved at the instigation of the male—but the

A tuner and an amplifier should be mated somewhat more carefully than a husband and wife.

Marry a tuner with an amplifier, and you have not only a receiver, but a union that's truly indissoluble.

It had better be a good one.

For to join a fantastic tuner with a lesser amplifier, or a sensational amplifier with a tuner that's merely great, is to invite unhappiness. But match two equals, and they can make beautiful music together—as they must, to live in happy harmony with you.

That's why the Sony STR-7065 receiver is a perfect mating. Its tuner has the sensitivity to reach out for signals from even the most distant fringe locations, yet has discrimination enough (70dB IHF selectivity, 1dB capture ratio) to pluck one signal clearly from a crowded band.

And the 7065's direct-coupled amplifier brings to this union the strength of 60+60 RMS watts (from 20Hz to 20kHz at 8 ohms with less than 0.2% distortion). Versatile controls offer a choice of three speaker pairs, mic mixing and dual tape monitors. Switchable preamp-out/amplifier-in connections permit independent use of each section and addition of accessories.

Such a happy union should sparkle visibly as well as musically. And the 7065 does, with lights that tell which of its many functions are in use and dual tuning meters.

The Sony 7065, at $499.50* is our top-of-the-line receiver. For those who feel a union can survive with fewer luxuries (no indicator lights, signal strength meter or mic mixing control), we offer the Sony STR-7055. It has 35+35W RMS, 20Hz to 20kHz at 8 ohms with 0.2% THD. At $399.50* it's an equally well-mated receiver. Sony Corporation of America, 9 West 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019.

SONY®

*Suggested retail. Prices include walnut finish cabinets.

female perpetuates it after he's lost interest. She's hooked, as it were.

DODSON: It's important that the woman not be coerced. Some men let the woman know that if she won't go with them, they'll find someone who will. When I set up a party, I nearly always talk to the women, not the husbands.

SIMON: I can understand that. For many men it becomes a matter of barter, trading women.

DAVIS: Yes, I think men really like the idea of sharing their property with other guys—and showing the guys that they've got higher-quality property than someone else has.

SIMON: But the nice thing about swinging, for the women as well as the men involved, is that it establishes a situation where the risks of rejection are relatively small. It also lightens the burden of guilt, by making a wife or girlfriend an accomplice and, as Dr. Pomeroy suggests, one who may feel much more at home with it, ultimately, than he does.

RIMMER: Once the female gets involved in swinging, she often discovers that the sex is better than what she's been having with her own male; better, in fact, than she could get from *any* one male.

P. KRONHAUSEN: It's fun. You go there just to have a good time. If we could get just one message across to the young—through the International Museum of Erotic Art in San Francisco, for example—it would be that sex should be for recreation, not procreation.

SIMON: I don't want to come on like the world's greatest square, but much of this talk sounds like little more than the dubious joys of mindless organ grinding, with an occasional overlay of humanistic psychology. It sounds hygienic, almost athletic. There is something frighteningly passionless about it.

VAN DEN HAAG: And, even worse, emotionless. Group sex is, in effect, a masturbatory exercise; you get someone else to stimulate your sensations without touching your emotions. Sex used as a diversion, particularly in a group situation, is not the kind of sex I would like.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever tried it?

VAN DEN HAAG: No, I haven't. I'm reasonably sure I'd be unlikely to enjoy it, because I'm fairly convinced I have only one penis—and I can do only one thing at a time—nor have I ever found myself terribly interested in watching others. Still, if someone were to invite me to a group-sex party, I might go, probably out of curiosity.

P. KRONHAUSEN: With your attitudes, who'd invite you?

E. KRONHAUSEN: Actually, those gatherings can be amusing as well as erotic. We've often laughed our fool heads off at a sex party. When you've got 20 people on a bed, something funny is bound to happen—like someone's falling off. Or making a human pyramid and having the whole thing collapse.

P. KRONHAUSEN: I'll never forget the party we went to last spring, where the men turned on the TV to watch a basketball game. They were actually carrying portable sets from room to room while there was sex going on. Ebe and I couldn't believe it. When it came to sports or sex, they chose sports.

VAN DEN HAAG: I just changed my mind. I think now I wouldn't go if someone *did* invite me.

PLAYBOY: What's the usual ratio of males to females at a group-sex party?

POMEROY: Usually, people come in pairs, but an ideal swinging party has about twice as many males as females, because females can keep going longer. They usually wear the males out.

P. KRONHAUSEN: That's a typical male fantasy.

DODSON: True. Men can keep going, too—if they're liberated enough to realize that sex is more than just a hard-on and penetration. Touching, looking, sucking, playing and even listening are all sexual and pleasurable.

PLAYBOY: What kinds of erotica are used to get a group-sex party going?

POMEROY: Porn movies are very common at swinging parties. The films are much like swinging: terribly genital, very specific, nonemotional. They also help people develop their fantasies, give them ideas of what to do sexually.

E. KRONHAUSEN: Well, I'm not in the habit of going to sex parties with a tally sheet, but my guess would be that sex films have played a role in no more than ten percent of all the parties I've attended. And, more often than not, they have a decided turn-off rather than turn-on effect under these circumstances. After all, if you have live stimuli all around you, who needs people fucking on the screen? The only thing I've ever seen working fine in such a situation were some really funny sex cartoons that made everybody laugh—helped them relax and not take sex so darned seriously.

LOVELACE: Well, some people need the stimulation of a film and others don't. Some guys are breast men, leg men, ass men, belly men or ear freaks; others like movies. The majority of people who watch a so-called porn film are putting themselves into it, feeling that it's happening to them instead of to the person on the screen.

But with or without porn films, I really don't dig the swinging scene. Swinging is middle-class America getting together on Friday night for two hours in bed, just because it's something to do. I don't think I could get into that, like answering an ad and going to a party. My friends and I are totally involved in a circle of people who ball each other, but our relationship is based on more than just sex. We do all kinds of things together. Swingers are strictly into balling; the guy wants to meet new chicks and the wife is past 30 or 40, so she's into getting laid any way she can. That's not my thing.

E. KRONHAUSEN: Nor ours. The middle-American type of swingers you're talking about aren't very exciting people to begin with, and I don't expect that they're any more exciting or passionate or imaginative in their private sex life at home than they are in a group. On the other hand, let me assure you that Phyllis and I have had some very exciting, passionate and even ecstatic experiences in connection with group sex—and I'm using the word ecstatic in its true literal meaning, as including religious or transcendental states of mind—which I treasure among the high points of my whole life.

PLAYBOY: Is there any evidence, as some zealots insist, that participating in an orgy can help a sexually troubled marriage?

LOVELACE: I don't think so. It would probably be bad for the ordinary middle-class American couple. Orgies, I believe, are for those with no hang-ups. If the couple with the problem were to get together with another couple, it would be much better for them than going to an orgy.

GOLDSTEIN: Well, when my second wife and I were going through a bad period sexually, we went to an orgy with some hope of bringing fire to the relationship. But it didn't. Some people hold up orgies as a panacea, like the patent medicines of the 19th Century, guaranteed to cure liver disease. I don't think an orgy will save a bad marriage—or kill a good one.

DODSON: But perhaps an orgy can help end a *bad* marriage—right, Al? That party was at my place and, as I recall, you were huddled in the darkest corner until I lovingly brought you out.

GOLDSTEIN: Sure I was. It was a little strange meeting the Kronhausens there. From their books, I had always imagined them as an erudite duo. I didn't see them as fuckers. It was a very humanizing experience for me to realize that the people in the sex revolution are really into fucking, not just writing about it.

DODSON: Everybody's first orgy is mind-boggling. I remember mine. Half of me was thrilled, the other half terrified. I didn't know what the social rules were. What should I wear? How should I get *out* of what I wear? What if somebody comes over whom I really don't want to ball? What finally happened, though, was that I had a marvelous time.

LOVELACE: To be honest with you, I don't remember my first group experience very vividly. There were just two men and two women in an apartment. We had worked together all day and just decided we'd get together that night. I remember really enjoying myself—and I have ever since.

E. KRONHAUSEN: Our own introduction to group sex was rather humorous. *Pornography and the Law* had just been published, and this couple came ringing our doorbell in La Jolla, asking us point-blank whether we practiced what we were preaching about sexual liberation. I said

we were trying to. Well, they asked, had we ever "partied"? We had to admit that the opportunity had never presented itself to us. So they invited us the following weekend to a small party, and they couldn't get over the fact that we didn't have any problems. It didn't take us long to get right into it. We thought it was the most natural thing in the world.

P. KRONHAUSEN: Our next group-sex party was in Paris. We were picked up in the Bois de Boulogne. There was, and still is, a routine; you drive down the main avenue of the Bois, which traverses the length of the woods. Just about any night of the week, especially in summer, people drive slowly along and blink their lights. After a while, you get a trail of three, four, twelve cars, and eventually you stop to discuss who's got the biggest apartment, and that's where you go.

SIMON: Be careful. Given the size of PLAYBOY's readership, you may create a fantastic traffic jam in the Bois de Boulogne.

P. KRONHAUSEN: That would never stop the French. Anyway, they eventually wind up all fucking in the same room. That's substantially different from most American swingers' protocol. The French find the sights and sounds of other people an aphrodisiac, but for the middle-American type of swingers, that's almost taboo. It's very much OK, however, among the more sophisticated groups in this country.

DODSON: If you're interested in something different, let me tell you about some experimental parties I had last year. Some orgies were being held by women, but I realized we were inviting the people and providing a setting, running the party—but not running the sex. The men were still running the fuck, establishing the framework of the sex. So I set up a sexual-consciousness-raising group with women who had shared group sex. We conjectured what we would like to do sexually: act out our fantasies, do sexual guerrilla theater, have sensory encounter, do erotic massage. Women seldom allow themselves the privilege of being able to state their pleasure. I said I'd like to have three beautiful men standing in front of me, masturbating to orgasm while I watched. I finally got to watch two men making love and it was a fantastic sexual turn-on.

At a subsequent party, we women brought vibrators and we initiated sensual massage and masturbation. We also showed the men the best positions for fucking while using the vibrator. Like, you can have penetration and use the vibrator on your clitoris and the man can feel the vibrations inside you. One of the exciting developments was that as the women became more aggressive and said what they wanted, there were more female orgasms. Women were having orgasms from direct clitoral stimulation, and they could do it for themselves as well as with a partner.

GOLDSTEIN: I've got to give Betty credit for teaching me the wonders of the vibrator and how great it feels under my balls. Vibrators always used to be a no-no, something you had to buy under the counter in a sex-book store. Now the poshest drugstores on Fifth Avenue are selling them for $2.95. You've probably noticed they never sell square vibrators; they're all cock-shaped, which probably accounts for a lot of wives' smiling even when their husbands aren't around. The marketing of dildos is another step forward for middle America. In fact, the ultimate dildo would be for insecure people like me, who need an emotional accompaniment to their raw sexuality. It would have a voice box inside, saying "I love you, darling." I think it's healthy that we now take such sexual hardware for granted, further opening up the anatomy to violation and pleasure. Items like these are helping us to stop deifying sex, which should be considered just another part of life, another joy.

DAVIS: I don't know any women who use apparatus. Personally, I find such devices a little inhuman. I guess I'm just really hung up on flesh, as opposed to plastic and metal. But with or without vibrators, the mythology is that Lesbians can't live without being fucked—that *women* can't live without being fucked—and that's absolutely ridiculous. Women don't necessarily need intromission. The seat of women's sexuality is clitoral. If more women realized that, they might develop a lot more power and autonomy in their relationships.

PERRY: From the experiences of homosexuals who come to me for counseling, it would seem that vibrators and dildos are often used in group-sex situations. Some individuals especially like vibrators for anal intercourse. If they're 69ing, for instance, they might use vibrators on each other simultaneously. Their attitude is that if it helps heighten the sex act, then that's cool.

LOVELACE: It really depends on how good the vibrator is. I have a vibrator that's not one of those long thin ones you put inside your vagina but the kind that you attach different things to the end of—more of a clitoral vibrator. It's really fantastic.

PLAYBOY: Many of you have painted a glowing picture of group sex. In fairness, shouldn't you deal with some of the drawbacks.

SIMON: Well, first the Kronhausens create a traffic jam. Now the rest of you have made a substantial contribution to the energy crisis. I can almost see public-service announcements asking people at orgies not to turn on their vibrators during peak hours or when the temperature goes over 90 degrees.

POMEROY: Good idea. But the primary negative aspect of group sex, as I see it, is the danger of emotional involvement—the problem of meeting somebody you tune into and then get emotionally involved with. When I talk about this with my patients, I always emphasize this very strongly—that they're sort of playing with dynamite. This is also a part of their life that they really have to cover up from their children, and even from their straight friends.

E. KRONHAUSEN: One of the greatest drawbacks in group sex is a lot more basic—and pervasive: infection, whether it's a fungus or trichomoniasis or a bacterial infection like gonorrhea. We've never seen a case of syphilis in any group anywhere in the world, but there have been plenty of the other problems, and that is really a turn-off.

P. KRONHAUSEN: Essentially, infection happens because of lack of sex education. First of all, most men refuse to believe that they can get trichomoniasis, a common parasitic infestation. Because it usually manifests itself as a vaginitis, they think that's a woman's disease; yet they're frequently the carriers and they will rarely go for treatment, even though it's easy to cure. The point is that even in these swinging groups, people are ignorant. They're not educated about treating themselves. In fact, prostitutes are cleaner, because they've been educated to take good care of themselves. Often, people in swinging groups don't have frequent checkups, which are essential.

LOVELACE: If somebody's worrying about getting V. D., he's probably just fucking people who aren't knowledgeable. I've never come across the problem, to be honest with you. I *know* the people I'm involved with.

DODSON: Several years ago, when I first got involved in group sex, I thought, "Oh, this is going to save the world, this is the way, this is what I've been looking for." I had this enormous enthusiasm. Then after a while, I started looking around and I noticed the same problems that occur in bedrooms across the country were happening at orgies. Like the double standard. And women not having orgasms. And men hooked on their cocks, terrified whether or not they were going to get an erection. Guys who think that sexuality is based only on hard-ons. Because of all that, there can be negative vibrations at orgies. You often find the problems that exist in the pair bond, or in the marital unit, are carried over into group sex. But I still want to say that I love group sex and that it's given me a sexually supportive playground where I can experiment and expand and learn how to be myself and enjoy myself with other people. Sharing sexuality is a very loving thing.

GOLDSTEIN: A good point, but group sex as a life style has to be a regression to the playground, like being with 18 kids throwing sand pies. To me, the world of sexuality is greater *outside* the playground. I would rather have the

multiplicity of sex realized with one partner than have 19 surface experiences with 12 bodies in half an hour.

PLAYBOY: Is a man who goes to bed with the same woman two or three times a night happier than the man who goes to bed with two or three women in one night?

POMEROY: It depends on the man. You didn't say what he does with the women once he gets them in bed.

MONEY: It also depends on how young you are. Who wants two or three if one is better? Or one if four are better? In quantitative terms, there's no answer to a question like that.

VAN DEN HAAG: The trouble with having too many sexual partners in brief succession is that a point is reached where they all begin to seem alike.

SIMON: Right. The idea may be more pleasurable than the experience itself. Under some circumstances, three partners may only be three times the drag that one is. But they can also be spectacular. The numbers, by themselves, guarantee very little.

E. KRONHAUSEN: Once more, ours is quite the opposite perception. The sexual experiencing of another person always holds the most incredible surprises and often the unfolding of true mysteries to me. I find this as applicable to the group situation as to one-to-one encounters. Without that element of surprise, curiosity and wonder, sex—whether in a group or on an individual basis—would be a pretty dull affair to me.

RIMMER: It's fairly typical of most swingers, though, to become bored or dissatisfied with the whole scene. I should mention two fascinating articles from my new book, *Adventures in Loving*, both written by women. With their husbands, they had been swingers for a couple of years, but they wanted more of a lasting relationship. When the two couples met each other, that was it. They are now involved in a group marriage.

PLAYBOY: How common is group marriage as a contemporary life style?

POMEROY: We don't know exactly, but I can tell you with certainty that the number is very small. If you'll let me guess, we're talking about the low thousands.

RIMMER: I'm in correspondence with at least a dozen middle-class people in their 30s who are involved in such relationships. They're very average people, solid Americans in many ways, trying to support families. Let me tell you about one foursome, two couples who contacted me after reading *Proposition 31*, which I presume was a reinforcing book for them. I guess they regard me as the avuncular figure on the subject. One of these couples has three children, the other two. One husband is an engineer, the other a salesman. They had no set pattern, but in any one week, one husband would sleep with the other wife a couple of times. One Sunday morning, the teenaged daughter of one couple asked the other husband, "Are you sleeping with my mother?" He replied, "You'd better ask your mother." Finally, these couples explained the situation to their children, and the two sets of youngsters subsequently worked out very well, merged in.

But recently, one of the husbands was transferred from the East Coast to California. I wondered how they were going to continue their relationship. Do you know what they did? The wives switched households temporarily. One wife flew East for a month and the other flew West. In the middle of this switch, the California household was visited by friends of the wife—who couldn't believe what they saw. "Who's this woman living in your house?" they asked. I have a feeling that the biggest problem these four adults are having with their relationship is not with themselves and not with their children but with their peer group questioning it. They don't dare explain to their friends—average middle-class Americans—what they're doing, largely because of the sexual overtones. Mommy is sleeping with someone else, and Daddy is, too. That has to be pretty shocking to most Americans.

MONEY: Naturally, most parents are uptight about their children's discovering that anything unconventional is going on. They always think they're hiding it from the kids, but of course they can't.

POMEROY: One of the things I'd say about group marriage is that it's tremendously complicated. To have a dyad is difficult enough. When you add a third and a fourth person, the complications are increased exponentially, not just arithmetically. The majority of them don't work, or they work for only a limited time—a year, two years, four years. They fall apart because of the tremendous complexities. It's said, and I believe it, that the sexual interaction is the least important confusion; they can usually handle that. It's the other interpersonal relationships—dominance, money, child care, for example—that aren't so simple to contend with.

SIMON: I would agree that most group marriages are doomed to be relatively short-lived, particularly among those for whom expanded sexual opportunities were the major attraction. At the same time, their participants seem to be making a statement about marriage as we know it currently. They may be saying that a two-person system is too limited to handle the emotional complexities and demands of contemporary social life; that marriage generates too much guilt and anger. Guilt when we fail to respond to our partner's needs at a particular moment or when we coerce our partner into responding in ways that he or she might not have wanted to; anger when our needs aren't met or when we are coerced into meeting needs we're not desirous of meeting. These people who are trying group marriage seem to be saying that they want a larger number of persons within the loving, intimate bond. That they fail isn't surprising; few of us were raised to be capable of this broader concept of intimacy. That people keep trying, however, I find very impressive.

PERRY: Bringing it into my own purview, let me say that jealousy is a significant factor in undermining gay group marriages. I've known of four group marriages that are no longer together. One of them was patterned after Robert Heinlein's *Stranger in a Strange Land*. Five individuals decided they would live together in a loving relationship, and if any of them met someone new and wanted to bring him home, he could. It fell through when they began sharing sexually with one another. I've had group-marriage partners come to me and say they were getting tired of inviting a third or a fourth or a sixth party into their bedroom, because inevitably the newcomer got more attention than they did.

DAVIS: I know a few gay women who are involved in what seems to be a group marriage, and it's taken them a long time to iron out their difficulties. Initially, their problem was one of jealousy, but it seems to be working for them now that they have their individual shit together.

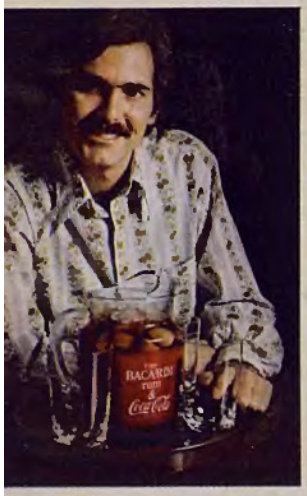
VAN DEN HAAG: My theoretical view is that group marriage actually amounts to nothing more than some degree of promiscuity in a restricted group. I would predict that sooner or later, a group marriage will develop into fairly monogamous couples. Suppose there's a group of, say, six people. The chances are that each person will first have intercourse with the other five. But in time, I think a preference will develop for one person and they will tend to commit themselves—if not formally, at least emotionally—and are likely to have intercourse with each other almost exclusively. It's also possible that in some cases, a *ménage à trois* will develop, but I think these are likely to be fairly exceptional.

RIMMER: Actually, the triad is the most popular form of group marriage in this country. And it works. In the past couple of years, I've had at least 50 letters from people involved in three-person relationships, those of one male and two females or two males and one female being about equally common. I would think that triads of long standing would eventually evolve into bisexual relationships, to some extent. The other group marriages I have known have tended to maintain separate dyads, separate couples. The exchange exists, but they don't interact sexually as a foursome.

E. KRONHAUSEN: We don't have any personal experience with group marriage. But it's to be expected that group marriage would minimize certain problems that are more acute and troublesome in

Bacardi and Coke by the pitcherful!

We owe it to a Cuban messenger, a U.S. civil servant, two U.S. soldiers, a famous song, a sailing crew and a pub in Marinette, Wisconsin.



Back in April of '72, the crew of a famous America's Cup winner was sailing Green Bay and Lake Michigan. Sailors right to the core, the crew occasionally enjoyed a rum ration or two.

But they'd take theirs on land and with Coke. And their favorite watering spot was a pub in Marinette, Wisconsin.

There, tiring of mixing Bacardi and Coke by the glass, the manager came up with one big idea: Bacardi and Coke by the pitcherful! It was a natural.

And often, as each pitcherful was made, customers counted off the shots of Bacardi as they hit the ice: "One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten!"

The drink soon became the pub's most popular. By word-of-mouth, you might say. And it wasn't long before the pitcher idea caught on at pubs and lounges throughout the U.S.

Coincidentally, it was word-of-mouth that made rum and Coke popular originally. The words were out of the mouths of three famous sisters as they sang their forties hit, "Drinking Rum and Coca-Cola."

But were they singing about Bacardi rum? It's thought so. After all, the drink was invented with Bacardi rum and Coke.

That happened one August day at a "barcito" in Cuba just after the Spanish-American War.

As recalled by Fausto Rodriguez, a U.S. Army Signal Corps messenger, it was an American civil servant who first ordered Bacardi and Coca-Cola together.

Intrigued, a couple of U.S. soldiers did the same. And that was the beginning of what is probably the world's most popular mixed drink today.

No doubt you've enjoyed it yourself many times. And today you too can serve it by the pitcherful just the way pubs all over the U.S. are doing. In fact, you can even get authentic pitchers and have your own pitcher parties.

Great offer for a great party pitcher.

Order our 85-oz. decorated glass party pitcher and we'll also send you a deluxe party booklet plus the original recording of the Andrews Sisters singing "Drinking Rum and Coca-Cola" backed by "Apple Blossom Time." All for only $3.95 (handling and postage included). It's a great deal for a great idea!

Please send me _____ kit(s) at $3.95 each. I enclose $_____ (check or money order).

Mail to:
Bacardi Imports, Inc., Bacardi Bldg., Miami, Fla. 33137.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

OFFER VOID WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW. ALLOW 4-6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.

©1973 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., MIAMI, FLA. RUM 80 PROOF. "BACARDI" AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED. "COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADE-MARKS WHICH IDENTIFY THE SAME PRODUCT OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.

traditional marriage, because it defuses them, so to speak. On the other hand, it seems only logical that group marriage could magnify certain other problems that may be more easily dealt with on a one-to-one basis.

RIMMER: I would agree, in this sense: If you're in a group of four, and one male, for instance, strays into an outside affair, you're complicating the thing immeasurably. One wife in such a situation came to me recently, saying, "We were four healthy people, and then we all got venereal disease." It had to come out, finally, that one of the men—her husband, in fact—had dallied in an outside affair. That broke the group marriage apart. Blew it high, wide and handsome—probably even more than it would have in a monogamous relationship.

Group marriage also opens up a number of other areas that traditional marriage doesn't. Four people, if the marriage includes two couples, simply can't react to one another in the same way as two. The male can never act in a true patriarchal sense, because his power is diluted. If he's trying to dominate his wife—like making demands on her or arguing with her—he's now doing it before an audience of two other people. That changes his whole behavior reaction. He must be less dominant, more careful in thrusting his ego demands. Another interesting learning experience, for a male, is adjusting to another male. The average male is brought up with a dominance syndrome, but he now has to relate, day by day, to another man and often defer to him. And, of course, jealousy as such has to be relearned in a whole new context. The only way a group relationship will work is if the original pair bonds are pretty strong. If there's one neurotic person in this arrangement, the four—or six—won't work.

PLAYBOY: Are there any basic differences between group marriage and communal living?

RIMMER: A commune would have more people involved. Group marriage, as I have projected it, would never exceed three couples. In some communes, 15 or 20 people live in the same house.

LOVELACE: Size is the main difference. But there are a couple of others. Married chicks are more likely to become jealous than the single chick in a commune. And in a commune, everyone works together; in most group marriages, everyone does their own thing.

RIMMER: There was a commune called Harrad West out in San Francisco, started by eight people, where residents actually put up a duty roster specifying sleeping arrangements a month in advance. Eventually, it exploded because outsiders dropped in and, consequently, the sexual exchange became very muddy. When you get free sexuality in a commune, you're in trouble. You just can't structure it. Somebody has to get hurt.

MONEY: That jibes with what little I know about communes. Love affairs inevitably destroy them.

PERRY: There are gay communes throughout America, but a typical one doesn't involve sexual sharing. Once the participants become lovers, they have a decided tendency to get an exclusive relationship going. Most of the gay communes are living arrangements where some of the members work to pay the bills while others take care of the home.

RIMMER: What really seems to blow communes apart is the absence of a common stated goal among its members. There may be an economic interest that, if strong enough, will hold them together. But that's about the only goal that works.

DODSON: I experimented with a minicommune last year. There were five of us and we were together four months. It was a very dynamic learning experience. But it's very difficult to live in groups, because we don't have enough emotional experience or preparation. You must confront a lot of problems and feelings that can be ignored alone or in a pair bond. It was great while we were together—and it was great to get apart.

POMEROY: There are all sorts of communes; some aren't sexual at all, being built around a work ethic or a product. Sometimes there is sex among married couples, but the commune is basically an economic unit, as Mr. Rimmer points out. But my opinion, and I guess it's not original, is that a sexual commune works only as long as you have a strong charismatic figure controlling it. As soon as he's gone, the thing falls apart. That happened in New Harmony, it happened in Oneida, it happens in modern communes.

P. KRONHAUSEN: I recently visited the People's Republic of China, where I spent several weeks as a member of the first delegation of American women to visit that country, and as I understand it, it's not any one leader, not even the mystique of Chairman Mao, that holds together the country and the communes we visited, but the belief in and dedication to a common goal.

SIMON: I would want to distinguish between communes that are created in order to serve some ideological purpose and those that represent more personalized attachments—a clan or extended family. The first kind clearly has more viability but tends to subject its members to demands for extreme conformity. The second kind is far less stable but represents a more interesting kind of experiment. Such communes depend upon a high level of economic, emotional and sexual affluence, such that no one need ever ask: "Am I getting as much as I'm giving?" As soon as that question gets asked, it's just about all over.

I lived in that kind of situation for a short period, and while it lasted, it provided great happiness. I think that all of us who were involved were, for that period of time, better people than we normally were. And now that it's past, which is something that saddens me, I feel that I've been changed by that experience. I may be as self-protective as any of us, but at least I'm more aware now of how costly my self-protective devices really are. I don't believe in them the way I once did.

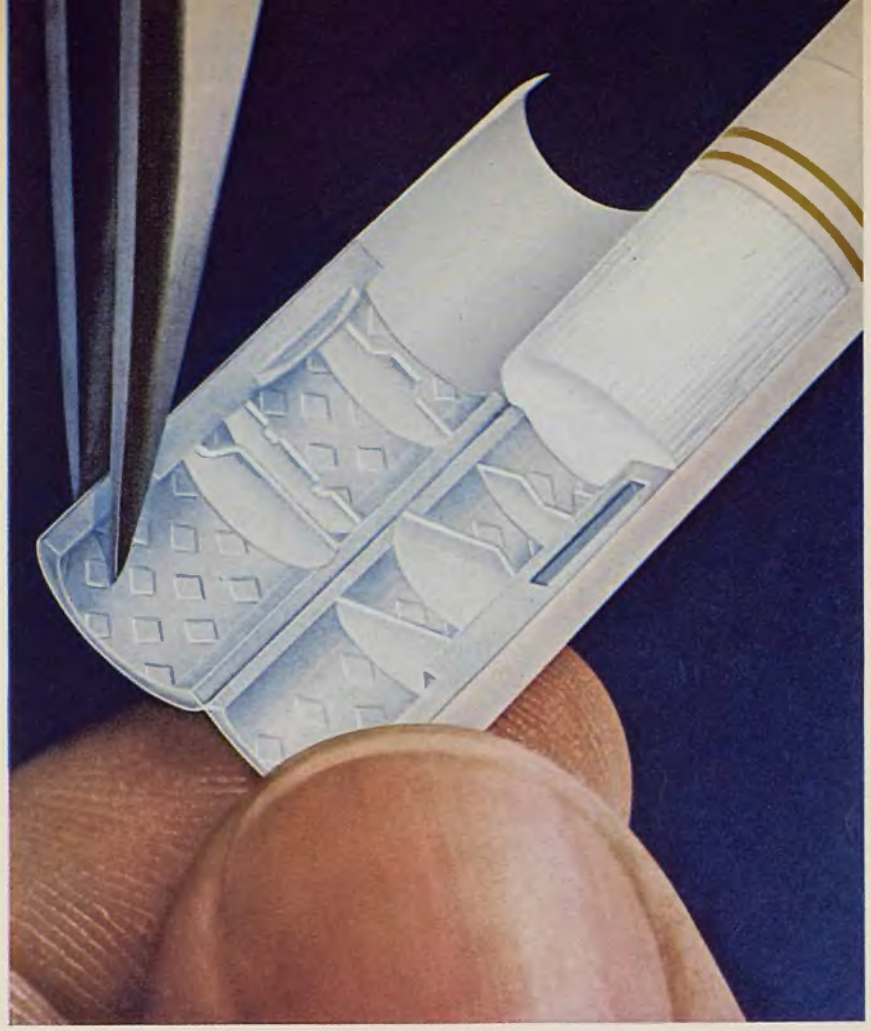
GOLDSTEIN: Well, the sexual revolution can be won only in terms of changing our heads, and part of that is learning about those self-protective devices. One of mine has to do with bisexuality—which, by the way, is where I think the sex revolution will go: not in the direction of heterosexual group relationships but toward bisexuality. It's an area that frightens me tremendously, and yet we know that in the animal kingdom bisexuality is prevalent—because it's normal. I have a feeling that before long it will be fashionable among humans as well.

MONEY: Living in the backwaters of Baltimore, I'm not well enough in on this thing to be able to say whether it's going to be fashionable or not. But I've picked up enough clues to know that something is happening on the bisexual front that wasn't happening five years ago. I wouldn't be surprised if the Seventies earned the sobriquet of the bisexual decade.

VAN DEN HAAG: If you define bisexuality as our being capable of having intercourse with and even attachments to members of either sex, that is true—but trivial. If you define it in terms of persons who are equally interested in sexual activity with either sex, I deny that there *are* such persons. Everyone I have ever known sooner or later has developed a preference for one sex or the other. I don't believe that anyone is just 50–50. The homosexual who is married and dutifully has intercourse with his wife, or even a few affairs, will tell you he's bisexual—but it's not true. He's either homosexual—and for various reasons, social and otherwise, engages in heterosexual activities—or he is a heterosexual who has strayed.

DAVIS: People do have definite preferences. But those preferences can be reconditioned; I was conditioned to be heterosexual. I was never 50–50. Now my Lesbianism has solidified. There is a rightness in being where I am. With a woman, even when we're fighting, even when there's tension in the air, I just know I'm in the right place. With a man, even when things were nice and comfortable and everything was sweetness and light, something smelled funny. Sounds didn't come through right, things didn't taste right, my senses didn't click. I would never again experiment with a heterosexual relationship. I will never sleep with a man again as long as I live. Not since I've discovered the totality of relationships with women.

POMEROY: Most people aren't that



Doral's unique recessed filter system: Cellulon fiber to reduce "tar" and nicotine plus a strange-looking polyethylene chamber with baffles and air channels.

Doral has fixed what you don't like about low "tar" & nicotine smoking.

"I swear you can really taste me."

You know what's wrong with most low "tar" and nicotine cigarettes. They taste flat—like sponge cake made with real sponges.

But Doral has changed all that.

With a unique recessed filter system. And a flavor so good, you may want to double-check the "tar" and nicotine numbers on the back of the pack.

Try Doral today. You can't go wrong.

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

© 1973 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

FILTER: 15 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 15 mg. "tar" 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '73.

resolute. We have found many males and females who think of sex as sex, and whether it comes from a male or a female is unimportant to them. Perhaps, Dr. van den Haag, you're getting your data from your private practice, and with all due respect, any clinician—I don't care how good he is—who makes generalizations from his private practice is in trouble. If I were to generalize about the homosexual patients I see in *my* practice, I'd say they're all neurotic—but why else would they come to me? I can't generalize from them to the total population. What we do know is that bisexuality was rampant even back in 1948, when we published the male volume of the Kinsey reports. We found that 46 percent of the males were neither purely homosexual nor purely heterosexual. Some ten percent of married males, we found, were having homosexual relations while heterosexually married. But people weren't anxious to let it be known. There was all sorts of covering up.

SIMON: I really must quarrel with your statistics, Wardell. Those original Kinsey data were subject to two kinds of error. The first—and more minor—was the possibility, since discovered, that Kinsey inadvertently oversampled the gay world. The second involves one of interpretation. The larger part of the group had their homosexual experiences—if they can be called that—during adolescence, usually in the company of other adolescents; shooting off to see how far it would go, that sort of thing. For very few was there any significant amount of homosexual behavior past adolescence.

POMEROY: Bill, go back and read the male volume again. You say, "For very few was there any significant amount of homosexual experience past adolescence." Does more than 20 percent sound like very few? As for your first statement—that we inadvertently oversampled the gay world—this is probably technically true, but we also got cover-up in this area, too. Besides, the errors were only minor ones.

RIMMER: Well, whatever the case was in 1948, I notice an increase in the *admission* of bisexuality today. People who had bisexual feelings and never dared to be open about them are talking about it now. It's the same thing Kinsey did for the world with the publication of his reports. All of a sudden, he made fellatio and cunnilingus respectable. People thought: "If everyone else is doing it, it can't be the sickness I've been told it was ever since my childhood."

GOLDSTEIN: When I was 17 and read Henry Miller on eating pussy, it gave me a tremendous purifying sense of not being alone. What Miller did for the Thirties, I'd like to see today's propagandists, today's sexologists and today's explorers do for bisexuality. I'd like them to say that whether we reach out for tits or balls, we're reaching out for another human being. I think bisexuality is much more sane than being a committed heterosexual or homosexual. But it's an area that's fraught with fears, especially for a guy, in terms of the whole concept of *machismo*. The thought of my sucking a cock is very frightening to me, and I haven't done it. Yet I think I'll be truly healthy when I've liberated myself enough to be active homosexually.

DODSON: Bisexuality—relating to both sexes equally—is the fullest form of sexual expression. But self-sexuality is the basic and essential ingredient. You have to love yourself before you can be bisexual. Women are getting it together, because they aren't that terrified of each other's bodies, but, as Al indicated, men really have a problem. Heterosexual men are so afraid of each other, so afraid to have any kind of sensitivity or sexual feeling for each other, that it's really inhibiting. The division of sexuality into opposing camps keeps us repressed and apart. Bisexuality doesn't replace heterosex or homosex but, rather, expands both and brings us all together. I'm learning bisexuality after many years of heterosexual conditioning, and knowing I can love both women and men makes me feel a lot more secure.

SIMON: It seems to me that the capacity to engage in bisexual behavior demonstrates an ability to break out of sex-role stereotypes. To the degree that we break out of the John Wayne—or, for women, the Doris Day—mold, we should be able not only to relate sexually to persons of the same sex but to play more roles in bed, regardless of gender. Men don't always have to be aggressive and females receptive. The notions of masculinity and femininity that encapsulate us in so many aspects of our lives are really little more than cultural conventions. John Money's research on gender identity, possibly more than anyone else's, eloquently points in that direction.

MONEY: Well, it's certainly true that we put an awful lot more pressure on boys to be masculine. Girls are allowed to dance together; they're allowed to sleep together at slumber parties; and if two girls are seen hugging each other in school, it's generally regarded as an expression of friendship, not of sex. They practically have to be sharing a dildo before anybody gets uptight about it. So there's more permissiveness about physical contact between growing and adolescent girls than there is between boys. But in reality, body contact between males—even up to the point of orgasm—has no particular dangers, either physical or psychological, provided it's part of the universally accepted cultural pattern and the people doing it aren't regarded as freaks.

VAN DEN HAAG: I was brought up in Italy, and my male friends and I would freely embrace; we would walk arm in arm sometimes and literally not dream of this as a homosexual gesture. But in this country, there's an almost phobic fear among males of touching each other, and excessive fear of one's own homosexual impulses. I think these men would probably discover what they felt for a male friend was simple affection, not homosexuality, but they are afraid. I think that's because the mother, in the typical American home, seems to be the dominant figure. That's not really true, but to the child it appears that way. The father, in his eyes, is just the fellow who takes out the garbage; so the son's male identification is rather precarious and must be defended more strongly.

PERRY: Sometimes in the gay community it's fashionable to say you're bisexual. Because then at least you're half normal, according to our society. But I don't believe in any way, shape or form that heterosexuals are more normal than I am. I have a feeling that most of bisexuality is due to curiosity, a desire to experiment.

LOVELACE: Whatever their reasons for doing it, people have been digging relationships with either sex since way back in time, all the way back in the Bible. A man and two women is the ideal sexual relationship as far as I'm concerned.

PLAYBOY: Why is that?

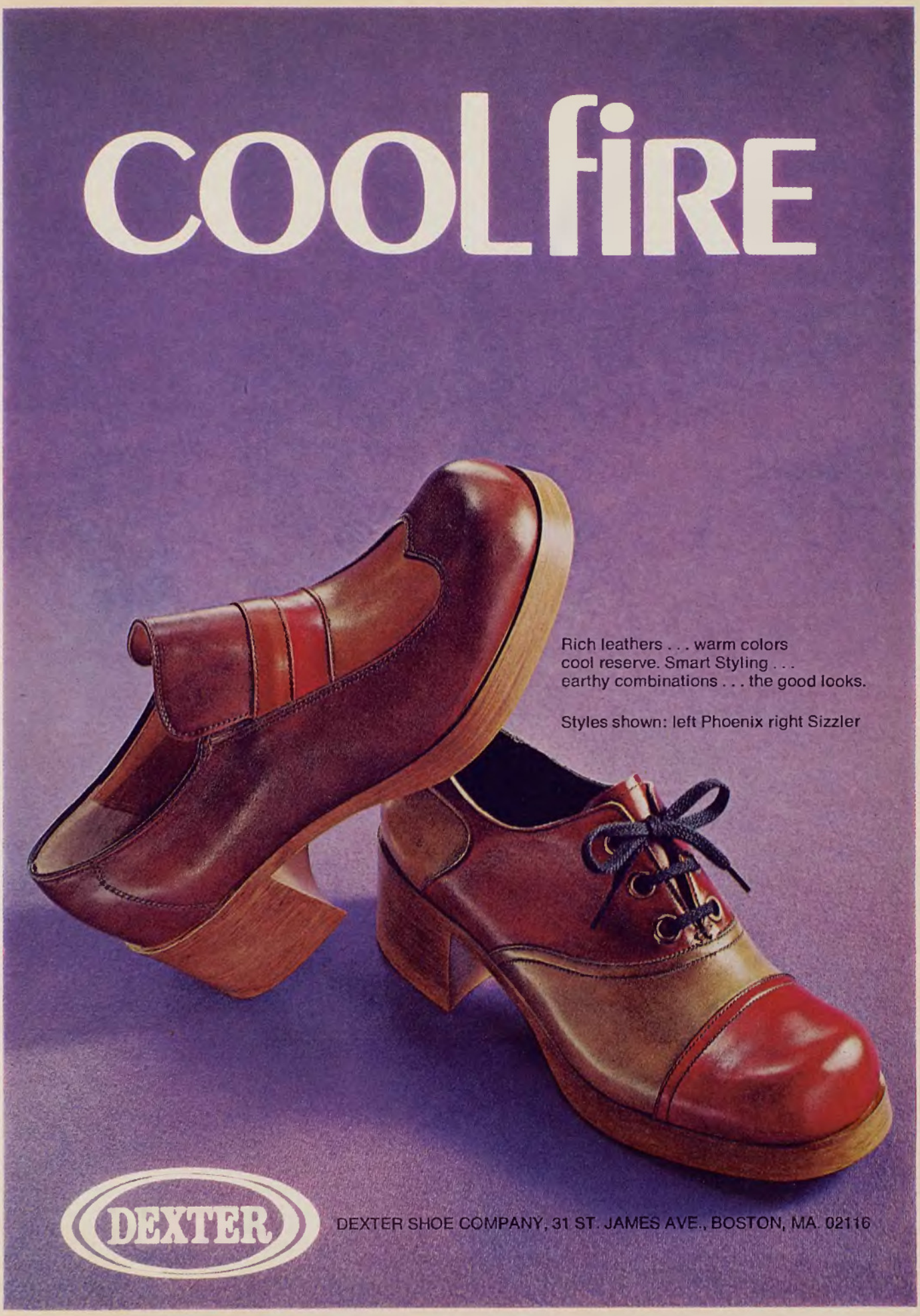
LOVELACE: Because everything about it is groovy. A guy can be with one girl; he can be with the other girl; he can be with *both* girls. I mean, every man would like to be with two women—it's kind of double your pleasure, double your fun. And there's more for me to enjoy as a woman, too. A woman can satisfy a woman better than a man can. She knows how it feels to another woman, that's why. A man can be told, and he can try all his lifetime, but he doesn't know what it feels like. A woman shares more with you than a man does. Like Chuck and my friend Cherie and I, we've got a groovy relationship.

PLAYBOY: Are there no dangers in bisexual experimentation?

DAVIS: Of course there are. Bisexuality could fuck you up worse than heterosexuality. At least with heterosexuality, you can totally delude yourself into thinking everything's OK and that you're normal. With bisexuality, you're impairing your delusion, and you're certainly impairing your liberation. I can't see total liberation for a woman as anything but Lesbianism.

DODSON: I see no dangers in bisexual experimentation. On the contrary, I feel there is far more danger in a rigid sexual posture. How are we going to change and grow without experimenting? And, Madeline, total liberation, for me, would include *everyone*. We need to let go of the labels and just be sexual.

MONEY: What in this world is without dangers? For some people, *not* to experience bisexuality would be a danger. There are those who have hitherto



Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 61.

thought themselves exclusively homosexual who will be able to discover a bisexual potential in themselves, and vice versa for heterosexuals. Some people will discover they have no bisexual potential. And for some it will be a danger even to experiment. Consent is the thing. There is no need either to deny bisexuality or to impose it on anyone.

POMEROY: I think Albert Ellis makes a valid point when he says that if, *under any circumstances whatever*, a heterosexual refused to have sex with a same-sexed person, or a homosexual with an opposite-sexed person, then he or she would be neurotic. However, extreme circumstances rarely exist for most of us. Bisexual experimentation can be dangerous for the fragile, the rigid, the unsure—and it can also be un*fun* for those who just don't dig their own sex.

PERRY: I once suggested to Steve, my other half, that he might like to experiment sexually with a woman, because I felt perhaps he was curious after hearing me talk about my heterosexual marriage. He was curious enough that we decided to attend a showing of an erotic film, *Mona*, in which a woman friend of ours was appearing. Steve's comment, after seeing the explicit heterosexual sex scenes, was, "That's just not for me." That was the end of that. I personally don't feel that people should be pushed into any type of sexual act that they feel is unnatural to them. On the other hand, I know a guy who ended up at a swingers' party in bed with another man while his wife had sex with another woman. That was about three years ago. Since then, they have experimented further with bisexuality, they tell me, and it doesn't seem to have hurt them.

SIMON: It's amazing how much all lovemaking—straight and gay—really looks and feels *alike*. Most of the claims of something special about straight and gay activity come from each group's trying to defend its phobic reaction to the other. But for many people—both straight and gay—that phobic response is sufficiently strong that any attempt at bisexuality produces only bad sex and bad heads. If I fear heights, for example, and as a result can't ride in elevators or airplanes, I ought to do something about it. But that doesn't mean I have to take up mountain climbing.

P. KRONHAUSEN: Any situation you expose yourself to that has the potential of bringing out overpowering feelings of anxiety or panic presents the same sort of danger you're talking about. It has nothing to do with sex as such.

VAN DEN HAAG: The dangers of bisexuality are comparable to those of LSD. For some people it's harmless, as far as we know. In others it has precipitated a breakdown requiring institutionalization, temporary or permanent. So bisexual experimentation may precipitate panic or a breakdown, but I think it's likely to leave most people indifferent or, at worst, disgusted.

PLAYBOY: If bisexuality is on the rise, as most of you seem to be saying, how about overt homosexuality? Has there been any appreciable change in the gay population in the United States in the past 10 or 20 years?

PERRY: Every time I speak on a campus, I find individuals getting up and saying, "Well, there are more homosexuals in America than ever before," and I always say, "Well, I certainly disagree with that." I think what's happening is that today we're talking about it more. The figure may be increasing a little because the population is increasing. The statistics from anthropologists, from the Kinsey report, are that the gay population fluctuates somewhere between four and ten percent in any given society. In America, probably close to six percent of the population is homosexual. In Los Angeles County alone, we estimate some 300,000 individuals.

DAVIS: There are not only more Lesbians coming out; in sheer numbers, there are really more Lesbians. Maybe the women's movement has created this situation. Through commitment to women's causes, probably a number of women have realized that commitment must be total.

LOVELACE: Whatever the numbers are, I think they may be going up. People are more open about homosexuality, more proud of it now. And, as people are finding out that their closest friends are into it, they're trying it themselves. I imagine this might cause a gradual increase.

PLAYBOY: When did you realize that you were a homosexual, Mr. Perry?

PERRY: I believe I've always been gay. At the early age of five, when I used to go to the movies in Tallahassee, Tarzan turned me on. I used to fantasize, wishing he'd throw me around the way he did those natives. At the age of nine, I had my first homosexual experience—my first *sexual* experience for that matter—with a boy in our neighborhood who was 13. Though people tell me I was picked up by a dirty young man, I was actually the aggressor in that situation. But since our society said you were to date young women, you were to marry, you were to have children, I got heterosexually married just before my 19th birthday.

At the time, I was pastoring a fundamentalist Pentecostal church that discouraged any kind of sex activities outside marriage. As a teenager, I had had some problems when a group of us had been caught masturbating at our church camp. Actually, we had mutually masturbated. The very idea that you would touch another male's penis was too much for this group of conservative Christians. So when I decided to get married, I discussed that episode and my feelings for other males with the minister who was going to perform the ceremony. He told me marriage would cure everything, get rid of all those feelings. My fiancée's attitude, too, was that the marriage would take care of everything. But it didn't. I could have intercourse with my wife, but five minutes later I would feel something was lacking.

DAVIS: I had a similar experience in my own heterosexual marriage. I was a victim of the same kind of programing all women are subjected to in our society: to get married within a particular age range, have babies, settle down, be a good mother. Being Jewish, I was under pressure not only to get married but to marry a nice Jewish boy. But I didn't; I married a nice Episcopal boy. I liked him very much; I thought I loved him. I think one of the reasons I didn't marry a nice Jewish boy was because of the safety valve. I knew if I married somebody who wasn't Jewish, I could get out of it more easily and with less parental disapproval. And I did, after a year and a half. It wasn't hideous, it was just incomplete. I couldn't understand why nothing was happening. I thought all the things that women think—I must be frigid, orgasms aren't happening, there must be something wrong with me.

PERRY: Me, too. During the first six months of my marriage, I had one experience with another male—and felt completely satisfied. Then there was a three-and-a-half-year period in which nothing happened; I kept fighting with myself, saying, "No, no, you're not a faggot, you're not a gutter creature. But Troy, what in God is it eating at you?" Finally, after we'd moved to California, I walked into a bookstore and saw some physique magazines for the first time in my life. When I started looking through them, I was excited by what I saw. I finally got up enough nerve to ask the woman behind the counter if she had any books on homosexuality. Years later, friends told me that I had happened into the only place in Orange County that stocked any type of gay books. I bought a copy of everything she had. Most of them were novels, and they turned me on, but they didn't tell me anything until I found *The Homosexual in America*, by Donald Webster Cory. When I read that little paperback, I knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that I was a homosexual.

I went to my district elder and told him about myself. He just became unglued and exclaimed, "My God, have you molested some little boy in Sunday school?" That was his stereotype of the homosexual: the child molester. He told me to pray and forget all that nonsense. But when I was 23, I separated from my wife. She moved back to where her parents lived. They are ministers and they felt that homosexuality was a form of demon possession—that all ties should be severed forever. When she finally got a divorce, she made it plain that she wouldn't let me see our two children again. But I will; I *want* to see them.

DAVIS: Even when I thought I was straight, I never wanted children. But the

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • © SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

MARILYN MICHAELS

HOME: New York City

AGE: 28

PROFESSION: Entertainer

HOBBIES: Painting and writing

LAST BOOK READ: "Jonathan Livingston Seagull"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Developed one-woman show of her paintings and etchings in New York City.

QUOTE: "At the end of a performance it is a very emotional experience to have an audience giving you all that love. But that only lasts two hours a night. The need for a totally fulfilling relationship outside my work is most important to me."

PROFILE: Her need to create is compelling. The word "entertainer" hardly begins to describe her many talents. She moves from one medium to another with ease and competence to satisfy her unusually strong creative drives. Yet a genuine warmth and feeling for people comes through in everything she does.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"

Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop go only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

Dewar's never varies.

period right after my marriage was a hard one for me, too. Previously, I had experienced all kinds of relationships—roughly 100 with men, as well as some with women. I considered myself an experimenter. Probably because I was programed for relationships with men, I became involved with a couple of gay men after the divorce. Then I met a woman, and she followed me around for a long time. I was too frightened to take the step. I just had a strange feeling something very important was happening. She was very kind and spent a lot of time allaying my fears—and, after a while, I fell in love with her. We stayed together for five years. It was during that period that I realized my relationships with women were *not* experimental, they were serious. I felt as if I were no longer on alien soil—as if I were at home.

PLAYBOY: When you came out, what kind of reaction did you get from your family and friends?

DAVIS: I've always had a very honest relationship with my family, and they took it very casually. My friends were part of the counterculture, and their reaction was, "Anything you do is cool." The men I knew thought it was a phase, that I'd get over it. Certainly, I'd go back to men eventually, because weren't men superior? But I didn't, because they weren't. I don't really hate individual men; I just think that men should go someplace else and do their thing, preferably together, and leave us women alone for a while. But nobody gave me too much trouble about coming out. I've been more privileged than most gay people; I probably hassled myself more than anyone else did.

PLAYBOY: In past years, homosexuals have been subjected to a great deal of harassment by the police. Do you see any lessening of that type of persecution?

PERRY: There are areas in which strides have been made, where we're not harassed. In San Francisco, for instance, the chief of police finally decided it was a ridiculous waste of manpower to assign men to hassle the clientele in gay bars. In Los Angeles, we're still harassed by a chief of police who claims he's going to enforce "all the laws." But in doing so, he only enforces certain laws against homosexuals. They charge us, for example, with "lascivious conduct"—the cover-all for anything gay people do in a gay bar. If I put my hand on your shoulder, I can be arrested for it. They send policemen into gay bars dressed as homosexuals to entrap you—get you to buy them a drink so that they can testify in court that you tried to pick them up for illicit purposes. But if a guy picks up a "broad" in a bar, his behavior is admired: He's a real stud.

DAVIS: The interesting thing is that people don't get prosecuted for fucking; they get prosecuted for talking about it. That's oppression. People aren't usually followed into their bedrooms and arrested for an act; they're arrested on street corners for things like soliciting or loitering for the purpose of whatever. I know of several situations where undercover couples—posing as swingers—have entrapped and arrested patrons of gay bars. But things are improving. On a radio show in Buffalo a few months ago, the captain of the vice squad was a guest, taking phone calls. I got through and asked him, "If you want to get gay people off the street, where can they go?" And he virtually did an ad for the Mattachine Society. That kind of thing would never have happened three years ago. We've made so much noise—by getting out on the streets, wearing buttons, picketing—that they have really had to let up on us. We've learned we *have* to make noise—to let everybody know that we're around, and that we're not going to take shit anymore.

GOLDSTEIN: Well, in New York City, the homosexual has greater rights than the heterosexual. It amazes me. We publish *Gay*—the largest homosexual publication in the world—in addition to *Screw*, and it's never been touched legally, never been harassed. It has second-class mailing privileges. *Screw*, on the other hand, has been arrested 120 times and had all its second-class mailing privileges denied. We're in the Federal courts in Washington on that one. If I want to eat a girl in New York, I may get harassed, but if I'm gay and I want to get fucked in the ass, there won't be a prosecution unless I do it in front of the United Nations. One reason I might like to become bisexual is so I can get some of the political wallop of homosexuals. Homosexuality can deliver several million votes.

VAN DEN HAAG: Homosexuals aren't *that* potent a political force. If they think they are, they're deceiving themselves. They have simply become very visible, very truculent, highly politicized.

DAVIS: You're probably right; we're not as potent a political force as we would like to think we are. But we're working on it. The major reason I went to the Democratic National Convention to plead for the gay plank was not to change laws. I never really expected adoption of that plank, which advocated not only the repeal of sodomy laws in all states but also ensured jobs, housing and public accommodations for gay people. I made that speech because I knew there were gay people out there at four o'clock in the morning, sitting in front of their television sets, waiting to see one of their own people stand up and say, "I'm here, you're out there, and I love you, and I want you to know that there are people who are working their asses off for you and for us. You don't have to be as afraid as you have been."

SIMON: In assuming that all or most gays are really alike—even politically—aren't we making a mistake that the straight world too often makes with reference to the gay world? Unless you operate with a sexual metaphysic organizing your entire view of the world, other issues begin to carve up that potential bloc. One forgets about all the gays who are pro-establishment, extremely conservative, hawks, racists—even sexists.

PERRY: What you say is true, of course, but as far as politics is concerned, the homosexual community is, in effect, a bloc. And we *can* deliver the vote, too; four years ago, we elected a councilman in the Hollywood district, which is really Los Angeles' gay ghetto—if we have one. Suddenly, the politicians have realized that gay people vote, too; they all want to talk to us. We're making progress. But the Lesbians haven't formed a significant bloc the way male homosexuals have.

DODSON: That's true. Gay men, for a long time, have been fighting the whole sexual revolution singlehandedly. They've been leading the way and doing a lot of front-line action to establish homosexuality as a valid life style. Sexual liberation, gay liberation and women's liberation are all hooked up for me. It's ridiculous to say heterosexual marital sex is the only proper and legal sex.

POMEROY: You're right, of course. But our prohibitions about homosexuality—particularly male homosexuality—go back 2500 years or more. They're deeply embedded in the Judaeo-Christian tradition.

VAN DEN HAAG: Yes, and because of that, I find it very hard to understand, Mr. Perry, how you can reconcile your religious beliefs as a Christian minister with your justification of homosexuality, which is opposed by Christian Scriptures.

PERRY: Why shouldn't God care about homosexuals? It's very easy to reconcile my Christianity with my homosexuality. Can we actually believe that Christ—who recognized the human need for mortal love and its physical fulfillment, as well as his divine love—can ask that legions of homosexuals either live a life of celibacy or face a life of damnation? Not the Christ I know! It was just this kind of attitude that made me start our church. One day I prayed: "Heavenly Father, if you want to see a church start as an outreach in our community, just let me know when." And that still small voice in the mind said, "Now." Four years ago, I took an ad in the Los Angeles gay newspaper, *The Advocate*, announcing my new ministry. We've now got around 15,000 members, including a synagogue consisting of 60 gay Jews.

PLAYBOY: What is the life style of a homosexual couple today? The traditional concept is that its partners, like those in heterosexual marriage, take masculine and feminine roles.

RIMMER: The homosexual couples I've known tend to act out the monogamous relationship. They're very straight in that respect. I have a very good homosexual friend in Boston who, as the man in his relationship, provides the income. The other guy, who is the woman, does all the

The Rappers Man.
He pays a pretty small price* for a lot of attention.

The Rappers man has that flair. He likes to look good. And he likes to be noticed. But only in the right way.

He'd pay $30 for slacks if he had to. But he doesn't. Because Rappers slacks, jeans and shirts have the look, the fit and the quality he wants without costing an arm and a leg.

If you believe there's a limit to how much a man should pay for good-looking, well-tailored clothes, maybe you're a Rappers man.

Ask for them where you buy your clothes.

*Slacks only $12-$18. Long sleeve dress and sport shirts $7-$10.

A product of Washington Manufacturing Company
A Division of Washington Industries
Nashville, Tennessee

cooking and housekeeping. He's not especially effeminate in appearance, but he takes that female role. I don't know enough about homosexual relationships, though, to say whether there is new liberation in that type of situation.

POMEROY: The dominant/passive male partnership, or the butch/*femme* female pairing, was always something of a false stereotype. In our studies, we estimated that only five percent of Lesbians were butch—obviously homosexual; and about 15 percent of the males were obviously effeminate.

DAVIS: Why isn't it possible for a strong woman simply to be a strong woman? Why does she have to be a butch? In my present relationship, neither one of us is really the butch or the *femme*. So my lover wears her hair shorter than mine; what does that mean? When we fight, I scream just as loud as she does. We both depend on each other; we both take care of each other. I suppose some of the old butch/*femme* relationships still exist, but their impact is diminishing. Women's liberation has done a tremendous amount to strengthen women's self-image, to make us realize that it's OK to be strong as well as to be weak.

PERRY: Yes, things are radically changing, even in the gay community. Words like butch and *femme* are going by the wayside. And Lesbian organizations talk more and more about the decline of the stereotype of the dinosaur dyke.

PLAYBOY: How do homosexual men relate to homosexual women? Is there cooperation between gay men and Lesbians?

DAVIS: Gay women generally feel ambivalent about gay men. There's a tremendous split in the movement, because gay men are still men and gay women are still women. Therefore, gay men are oppressive to gay women. For years we've been doing the shit work—serving the coffee, organizing, typing. At this point in the development of the movement, it's important for Lesbians to be together. Women have been so alienated from one another for so long: vying for men, jealously scratching out their place in the world—which was only in the shadow of some man anyway. Lesbians are breaking through that alienation and are learning to love each other and love themselves as strong individuals. That's the importance of separatism.

PERRY: I don't see it that way. In organizations like our church, we have both gay men and gay women getting it together, saying, "All gay people are good." And we're working together to fight discrimination. Recently, a woman was fired from a job in a large Los Angeles hospital because she was a Lesbian. She made the mistake of going to a new employee, introducing herself as president of a Lesbian organization, the Daughters of Bilitis, and saying: "We're a group of women working for women's rights. If you're gay, the organization's for you, and even if you're not, we'd like for you to get involved with us." The new employee became hysterical, rushed to the personnel department to report the incident and the Lesbian was fired. Then she came to the crisis center at our church. When I heard the story, I took the woman and her lover to the hospital's union steward and suggested that she be rehired. "We wouldn't want to bring 500 homosexuals down around the emergency ward, with all those pregnant mothers trying to get in to have their babies, would we?" I said. Three days later, she was rehired. We didn't even have to sue.

DAVIS: I suppose it's important that gay women and gay men should present a united front to straight people. But I'm sort of a moderate separatist. I prefer working with women. As a matter of fact, that position made me nervous about participating in a panel appearing in a magazine like PLAYBOY. I know most of your readership is male, and much of what I think the magazine stands for—or seems to—is still very sexist. But I also realize that there are women who read PLAYBOY, even if they pick it up at their doctor's office. And these are the women I want to talk to. I'll use any vehicle I can. I know this article won't reach organized Lesbians, but it may reach some women—even one who might look at herself more clearly because of it.

E. KRONHAUSEN: I am really appalled by your sex hostility, Miss Davis. The kind of "equal but separate" philosophy you're advocating smacks to me far too much of the same argument white racists are using to keep blacks and whites separated. Unfortunately, some of the black-power people are using the same argument to keep black society separate from white society. But black racism is no better to my mind than white racism, just as female chauvinism isn't any better than male chauvinism. Perhaps it's more understandable and excusable, because both blacks and women have for so long been subject to prejudice and oppression. Still, what we need is not more apartheid between the sexes or the races but more togetherness, more understanding, more cooperation and, if I may use that much-abused word in this context, more love.

DAVIS: I certainly agree with the ideals you set forth. But we can achieve togetherness, understanding, cooperation and so forth only if we have equal power. Women aren't starting with the same power base as men. Until we have that power base, which I believe can be achieved only through separatism, we aren't going to be able to reach those goals. I'm not interested in making you or any other man comfortable with my philosophy. As a matter of fact, a little bit of discomfort might help you to analyze the situation more clearly.

PLAYBOY: We've heard that male homosexuals are afraid to grant Lesbians equal power in the gay movement. Is that true?

PERRY: That's absurd. Most male homosexuals don't look at a gay woman as a threat. They don't even fear *straight* women. As a gay, you're more liberated with the opposite sex. You don't look at a woman as a sex object, and she knows it. I've yet to meet a woman who wouldn't sit down with a gay man and talk about her most intimate sex feelings, such as her reactions to other individuals—because you have removed that block, that fear that you're not sincere, that you're only trying to get her into the bedroom.

PLAYBOY: There is an element in the male homosexual community that has nothing to do with women even as friends: the so-called rough trade, which seems to be bound together by a kind of sadomasochistic *machismo*. Is that kind of behavior on the increase, Mr. Perry?

PERRY: I don't think so. Only a small percentage of the gay community has ever been into sadomasochistic role playing, with one the master and the other the slave. I don't knock rough trade, but I don't particularly want to try it. I'm a lover, not a fighter. Do you hear me, Muhammad Ali?

SIMON: Most biker types hang around saloons called leather bars, but my feeling about these places—and you can find them in virtually every large city—is that only a small part of their clientele is into S and M in any real sense. For most customers, the attraction is the exaggerated sense of masculinity that one finds there, a kind of "butchier than thou" atmosphere. And most of this I would interpret as a reasonable reaction to a world that refuses to see the essentially masculine characteristics of most male gays.

PERRY: For years, I was so paranoid that I thought everybody who went to leather bars carried whips. I was afraid to walk into those places; thought I'd be handcuffed and roped before I could move around. But recently, the president of a bike club who had become part of our church took me around to a number of leather bars. And it was cool. Of course, some of the people who hang out there are looking for others who enjoy S and M. I've learned that they have signals, at least on the West Coast. If they're an S, they wear keys on the left-hand side of their belts. If they're an M—or want a slave relationship—they wear keys on the right-hand side. That's not my thing, but I like the bars; if it appeals to them, that's fine.

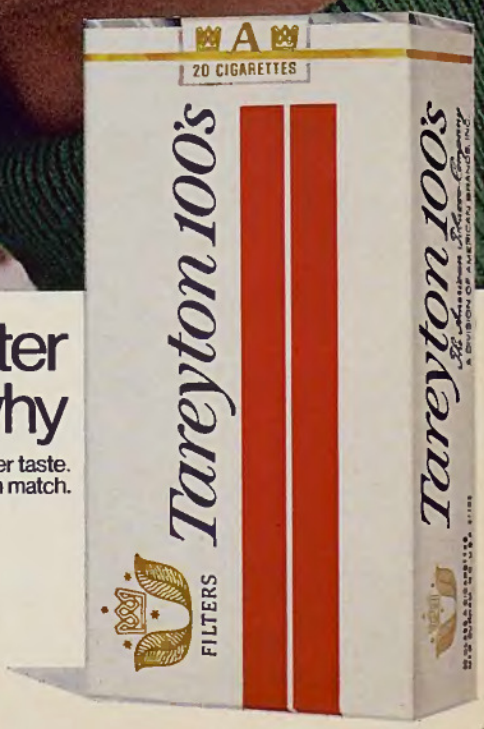
DAVIS: All I can say about S and M is that if my lover came to me and suggested using a whip, I'd listen to what she had to say, and then say, "Go find somebody else to whip. Have a good time. But come near me with that fucking thing and I'll break your arm."

P. KRONHAUSEN: Homosexuals, of course, haven't got any monopoly on sadomasochism. I remember once in France, in a

Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!

Tareyton is better Charcoal is why

Tareyton's activated charcoal delivers a better taste.
A taste no plain white filter can match.



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

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

group-sex scene, I was actually having a very good time in bed. All of a sudden, I felt a lighted cigarette on my leg. I didn't even know this guy was coming up behind me. He happened to be a member of the French Assembly and he was getting his kicks out of hearing people scream. I was livid. I really told him off.

GOLDSTEIN: But you know, that kind of thing *really* turns some people on. If sexual life styles could be merchandised the way stocks are, I'd say S and M is a growth stock. I can see IBM and I.T. & T. moving into S and M. How's that for a bowl of alphabet soup? Anyhow, there's no doubt that S and M seems to be an increasingly popular area.

POMEROY: Where are your data? I don't know of any such data, and I don't think you do, either. About all we know is that in the Forties, S and M literature sold more than any other kind in the under-the-counter bookstores.

GOLDSTEIN: Well, it's over the counter now. I can only go by the classified and display advertisements that come across my desk to be published in *Screw*. That's a pretty good barometer. For example, there are more advertisements placed by masseuses offering S and M—often described as "English culture"—than for any other sexual activity. In the five years since *Screw* started, the growth of S and M has been phenomenal.

VAN DEN HAAG: I think we can say that such behavior—or at least its symbolism—is somewhat more visible. But that may merely indicate that we are more tolerant toward the euphemisms for debasement.

E. KRONHAUSEN: Sadism and masochism can be traced to militarism during the past three decades: World War Two, Korea, Vietnam. S and M has long been popular in England—hence the phrase English culture—especially in the militaristic, sexually segregated system of the so-called public schools. A lot of sadomasochism—like spanking and caning—is built right into the educational system.

MONEY: That's true, but I disagree with Al that sadomasochism's more prevalent now; it's just more talked about. It's always been with us. We're basically a violent people. That comes out in the way people beat up their wives and husbands and children. This phenomenon isn't always accompanied by sexual arousal, but those who can really cut loose in that destructively hurtful way, with those who are emotionally closest to them, are usually not very far away from being able to get an orgasm out of it.

P. KRONHAUSEN: We've talked to many military men who said that they practically *did* have orgasms while bombing enemy territory. And that they'd rather do that than have a woman.

GOLDSTEIN: When I was writing an article on Monique Van Cleef, the famous sadist who was thrown out of New Jersey and now operates in The Hague, I went through a George Plimpton number. She put me in a pillory and spanked me. Despite my initial curiosity, I found out that I didn't like it. I didn't get a hard-on. I was very relieved.

DODSON: The cliché image of sadomasochism is one of chains, whips, leather, beatings and brutality. But that isn't what it's really all about. S and M is how we treat one another in everyday life. The S and M in an average marriage is overwhelming. Sexually, the man is usually the sadist and the woman the masochist. For instance, a man is dutifully doing foreplay for his wife: He's got the wrong stroke, he's doing it too hard, his finger is dry and it's really uncomfortable. But she can't say anything, because it'll hurt his feelings; he'll think he's not a good lover, and she must always protect his ego. If she does say something, he'll lose his erection. Usually, she suffers silently, but the next day, perhaps, she'll have her revenge by accidentally throwing out a pile of important papers, and the S and M is reversed. *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* is a perfect example of everyday S and M.

E. KRONHAUSEN: In the largest sense, that's true, of course, Betty, and it's antihuman. But if we confine ourselves to *physical* manifestations of sadomasochism, I wouldn't criticize anyone for engaging in it if he did it within such limits that nobody got hurt seriously and both partners agreed to it in advance. But often things can easily get out of hand. What turns us off is that, as psychologists, we realize what's behind this kind of behavior: the inability to enjoy, indulge and develop one's own healthy capacity for sensuality, which is almost limitless.

POMEROY: I don't see sadomasochism that way. A great deal of it is very *loving* behavior, in the specifically sexual sense that adherents enjoy inflicting or receiving pain in a sexual situation. I've known many sadomasochists whose behavior shows itself as very tender, loving and giving. I'm excluding extreme acts of violence, of course. But in the ordinary situation, it's the victim—the masochist—who is controlling the action. He's determining how much pain is inflicted upon himself. Some years back at the Kinsey Institute, we were filming for our archives two homosexual males—a sadomasochistic couple. The sadist had manacled the masochist and tied him up; he'd burned his nipples with a lighted cigarette. The masochist was writhing around in pain. Then the sadist took a lighted candle and let the hot wax drop onto his partner's penis and testes, sending him into paroxysms of anguish. But all the time, the sadist was carefully watching the face of the masochist. When he saw that it was just too much to bear, he would raise the candle up and give the wax a chance to cool. It suddenly dawned on me that the masochist was almost literally controlling the sadist's hand. When they were finished, I asked who was in charge. Both answered that, of course, the masochist was. They had it straight.

VAN DEN HAAG: This is much too simple—as is most of the Kinsey stuff. The true sadist isn't terribly interested in torturing a masochist. He's interested in torturing someone who *hates* it, who actually suffers.

SIMON: True, but very few people have extreme commitments to S and M with physical violence and torture. In most cases, we're dealing not with outrageous acts of violence but with relatively mild, theatrical charades organized around the themes of dominance and submission. And in that respect, the behavior resembles much that we might find, in rather diluted form, in very conventional sexual relationships. There are probably aspects of sadism, masochism or both in the sexual activity we all engage in.

GOLDSTEIN: The psychological aspects of S and M fascinate me. When I was doing the story on Monique Van Cleef, I noticed that the people she treated were inevitably the most successful, the most influential, the most important members of society. And I wondered whether these powerful people felt such a weight of guilt that they, in turn, wanted to be abused. I had the image of an Ingmar Bergman film, with a line of people wending their way up some steep incline, and each person whipping the person in front of him. Sort of a *La Ronde* of mutual exploitation. The people wielding authority had to pay a Monique to beat them up. I try to empathize with sexual experiences, but I can't understand S and M. If some woman walked on my chest with high-heeled shoes, would I enjoy it? No way. Besides, it would leave pockmarks.

Religion is another factor. One day while I was visiting Monique, the person in the pillory was an elderly Catholic priest. He had never been touched by a woman, yet he had fought all his life against his yearning to masturbate and his desire for a woman. At the age of 62, he came to Monique's house, and she jerked him off while whipping him. He let me take photos of this event, as long as I didn't show his face. Well, it was frightening. I didn't know which was the greater injustice: this man's belief in Catholicism or the crack of the whip on his skin. In fact, in the midst of orgasm, he screamed, "Oh, my God! Oh, Jesus Christ! I'm coming! I'm coming!" in Dutch. It was translated for me. I still get goose bumps thinking about it. I guess those who are into whipping, humiliating bondage and that sort of thing are probably the true Catholics, because they accompany their sexuality with so much pain.

(continued on page 192)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man on a direct course to success. He may be a college man studying oceanography or architecture. Or a postgrad launching a promising career. Either way, he always finds time to relax with a pretty companion. As well as with his favorite magazine. Fact: PLAYBOY is read by 73.4% of all men in college and half of all recent college grads. Want to educate this bright young market about your product? Be smart. Advertise it in PLAYBOY. (Sources: *N.E.A.S.* and *1973 Simmons.*)

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

CALLOWAY'S CLIMB

fiction By PETER L. SANDBERG

there on the mountain,
johnson felt for the first time
the humiliation of betrayal

THE NORTH FACE of the mountain was still in shadow at midmorning and the lead boy's yellow parka showed brightly against it as a small and now immobile sun. He stood in web stirrups suspended from *pitons* he had finally managed to drive into the granite roof of an overhang that jutted 15 feet out from a point almost at the perfect center of the steep 2000-foot wall, so that he stood suspended over 1000 feet of space. For two hours, Nils Johnson, a half mile distant at timber line, had watched through his binoculars the agonizing progress of the climb and he knew now, had known for many minutes, that this lead boy was going to fall.

The second boy seemed to know it, too. Less conspicuous in a dark-blue parka, he sat face out, legs dangling from a small ledge 60 feet below and 30 feet west of the center of the overhang, holding tightly in his gloved hands and across the small of his back the rope that linked him with his companion. Through Johnson's binoculars the rope was a taut golden cable that ran on a bold diagonal up from the second boy's gloved left hand through four equally spaced *pitons*, then through a fifth *piton* driven into a crack in the angle formed by the wall and the overhang. From this final protective *piton*, the rope went out to the waist of the lead boy, around which it had been passed three times and secured with a bowline knot.

The boy continued to stand immobile in his stirrups. His head was close under the roof of the overhang, bent slightly, and he held on to the upper quarter of one of the stirrups with his left hand and kept his balled right fist jammed into a crack that began several feet from the lip of the overhang itself. Occasionally, his companion on the ledge below would crane his neck to follow the diagonal of the golden rope, but he would not look, Johnson observed, in that direction for long. It was as if he did not wish to witness the accident that seemed imminent, as if he were not sure of the soundness of the *pitons* the lead boy had placed (and upon which the lead boy's life would depend in the event of a fall) nor of his own ability to handle the rope skillfully.

Johnson had two sons, at home in Denver now. His older son, Tommy, was 12: only a few years younger, he guessed, than these two boys who for two days had been inching their way up the steep north face. His wife, Elizabeth, had been the first to notice them from the camp Johnson had established beside the clear stream below the first gentle rise of the mountain. It had been his idea, which he had carried out against her will, to move their camp to the bleak terrain at timber line from which he might better observe the attempt the boys were making.

The guidebook evaluated the climb as moderately difficult, ranging on the Sierra Club scale from 5.6 to 5.8, with several pitches, including the central overhang, requiring the direct aid of stirrups and ranging in difficulty from A1 to A4. Johnson remembered it as a long, sometimes arduous climb, steep and very exposed. When he had done it a decade earlier, it had been customary to allow two days for the ascent, bivouacking on the area above the overhang; but in the years since then, numerous ropes of two had completed the wall in a single day.

The two boys who were attempting the climb now had not managed to reach the overhang in their first day, had spent what Johnson knew must have been a miserably uncomfortable night on the small ledge from which the boy in blue now payed out the rope. He had guessed from the poor time they were making, their long delays and awkward movements on the wall, that they were too inexperienced, too wary to succeed; and he had been surprised this morning when, instead of roping down the face, they had prepared to climb the overhang, which, once passed, would cut off their retreat. The first 1000 feet of the wall were the least complex, the central overhang was a reasonably straightforward technical problem, and it was only in the final 1000 feet that the climb became rigorous in its demands.

Johnson put the binoculars in his lap for a moment, closed his eyes, realigned his back against a rough concavity of sun-warmed stone behind him. He thought he knew what that lead boy was feeling: how he had reached or nearly reached the limits of skill and, perhaps, of nerve; how his ability to act, to go on or go back, was suspended now as he was suspended over 1000 feet of space; how a seven-sixteenths-inch-diameter rope, passing as it did through a handful of *pitons*, was his umbilical link with his companion, upon whose courage and skill as belayer his life would depend, should he fall in what would have to be his attempt, finally, to advance or retreat.

I should have gotten my butt over there, Johnson thought. *I might have been able to call them down.*

But she, whose bitterness, like a stream that had run deep underground for years and had begun to rise and threaten the surface of their life together, would, he knew, have used his

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GUS GREGORY

concern for the boys against him, would have managed to manipulate it toward something sentimental with which she then would gently mock him as one more coupon torn from her book of payment for what had been his recent and disappointing infidelities.

He'll make a move out of his stirrups. He'll try to clear the overhang, but he's much too far back. If he does fall, and that last piton *pulls, or his friend panics, or the belay is rigged poorly. . . .*

• • •

Then he knew she was coming to join him, heard her deliberately clumsy-footed approach as she came up across the rock-strewn slope from the last line of stunted firs beside which he had stubbornly carried out last night his erecting of their tent. Aware he admired grace, she kicked stones from her path with the toes of her climbing shoes, stood over him finally, looking down, her face even more attractive in its maturity, he thought, than it had been when, years ago now, he had been a young, cocksure instructor of English, and she, with an impassivity that had captured him, had led half a stadium in cheers for the Colorado football team. She wore her high-cut faded Levi shorts and scarlet long-sleeved jersey well, for she had scrupulously maintained her figure and even through her pregnancies had gained so little weight that Johnson had wondered since if this might account for the slightness of his sons. Her brown hair was long: She had arranged it this morning into a ponytail that spilled across her left shoulder, down the front of her jersey almost to her waist. She had, in recent months, left off wearing a bra, an emblem, he knew, of her liberation not from men in general—she had not yet pursued her instincts that far—but from him in particular. Her breasts were well shaped, but her nipples were large and it embarrassed him to see where they jutted against the fabric of her shirt.

"I thought we had a date this morning," she said. Her voice was pleasant and only one long familiar with it would have detected the slight vehicle of contempt upon which it rode.

"I was worried about those boys," he replied. He made an effort to stand.

"Don't get up," she told him. "I'd like to sit in the sun for a while. It hasn't managed to reach the tent."

"Did you warm up the eggs?"

"I ate them cold. Your fire was out." In recent months, she had become deft with the apparently innocuous phrase, and this both amused and troubled him, for until now, the ironies of their relationship had been his to define.

"Look," he said. He handed her the binoculars. With a studied lack of interest, she took them, making the adjustments necessary to adapt the lenses to her perfect sight.

"So?"

"So he's been there too long. Almost half an hour."

"Maybe he's resting."

"I don't think so."

"Well," she said, laughing as she returned the glasses. "What do you want to do—go up and bring him down in your weight-trained arms?"

"It won't be funny if he falls."

"I wasn't implying that it would."

"I don't think the other boy is very well experienced: He handles the rope awkwardly."

"Really."

"Look, if all you can do is be bitchy," he bristled, "why don't you go back to the tent?"

"Because, Nils, I've been in the tent all morning." Then, as if sensing that he could become angry and end by his silence her pleasure in tormenting him, she added: "Somebody's taken the place we had by the stream."

"Oh?" he said. "Who?"

"I haven't the slightest idea. I saw the smoke from his fire this morning. He has a small blue tent, an orange parka and moves nicely. I think he's alone."

"Is he a climber?"

"I don't know."

"Are you sure he's alone?"

"Yes. Quite."

This range of mountains was remote and the season was still early, but the area was popular with climbers and Johnson, who had come here in what had proved so far a futile effort to mend his relationship with her and—though he had not told her this—to revisit scenes of his earlier and more successful climbing days, was not surprised that others had come here, too. He wore new steel-rimmed spectacles, a stylish departure from his customary horn-rims. When he raised the binoculars now, he found they had lost clarity from her adjustments and he had to make adjustments of his own.

The lead boy, he observed finally, had driven yet another *piton* into the roof of the overhang, close to its outer edge, had clipped a stirrup into it and was testing the integrity of this stirrup now with his right hand, yanking its webbing back and forth. Then, slowly and awkwardly, he transferred his weight from the first and second of the web stirrups to the second and third.

"Good." Johnson breathed hard. "Good. Now you've got it. Now get up and over before you lose your nerve."

"Is that what happened to you this morning?" she asked lightly.

"Betts, I told you; I was worried about them."

"Wouldn't it be better to assume they know what they're doing?"

"I don't think they do know."

"We were going to make love, I think," she said. "Then have breakfast."

She pulled the jersey over her head, folded it and put it on the rough ground beside her.

"Do you think that's smart if other people are around?" he remarked.

"Don't tell me you care."

"Don't you?"

"Not really. No."

He glanced instinctively in the direction from which the stranger she had mentioned might appear.

"You used to be modest," he said. "I remember that from the start. When we had our first apartment, that depressing place downtown, I'd tell you to take things off during the day, remember that? And you wouldn't do it. You used to get angry as hell."

"I've changed. I'd do it now, but you don't ask."

"I still like the way you look. You know that. It's just been so bloody long——"

"I know what you're going to say," she said. "All of your clever arguments about the value of fucking around, and I really don't want to hear them again, all right?"

He sighed. "I thought we were going to try to do better, by getting away. . . ."

"So did I. But it's been a big nothing so far."

"Were you willing to let it be anything else?"

"I don't know. Maybe not. But I think I was willing to try last night, and again this morning, if you had stayed around, if you'd been half as keen about me as you were about those damn boys."

He started to defend himself, but his position seemed hopeless and he lay back against the concavity of stone. She knelt before him, aware, he knew, that the sight of her familiar breasts unconcealed in this new environment could still arouse him.

"I'm not one of your pretty coeds," she said. "But I do feel like screwing—according to Plan A of our reconciliation—and as far as I know, except for whoever that is by the stream, you're the only man around."

"Well, go ahead, then," he said. "Help yourself."

"Thank you, Nils. I'll do that. Just try to be up to it, all right?"

"I usually am, aren't I?"

"Oh, yes. You're very big in the erection department."

He could not help laughing, but she was not amused and prepared him with a masculine detachment that, along with her coarseness, was not characteristic of her.

"Whatever you think, I still love you," he tried to say, touched by this sentiment as she arranged herself over him.

"That's not a very big deal for me right now."

"I've said I was sorry. I've told you it was an empty, meaningless thing; that it didn't work out."

"I've heard that before."

"Well, why don't you pay me back, then? So we can forget it and be civil

"You seem very relaxed about rape . . . tell me all about yourself."

again? Why don't you have an affair of your own?"

"Maybe I will, Nils."

"I think it would make a lot of sense. I really do." He had argued endlessly with her that they should accept what had become the new morality: relieve themselves of some of the burdens of a confining and fixed relationship, with its absurd prerogatives of jealousy. He had buttressed his persuasions with his customary and careful logic, but she had surrendered nothing to him, and his own attempts to enter a more exciting life that seemed increasingly to be passing them by had failed so far partly, he knew, because of her stubborn refusal to join him, at least in spirit. In this way, it had come to pass that he lived in a state of perpetual agitation that he had with wretched poor luck been born, as he saw it, a decade too soon.

"My students tell me that marriage is quaint," he said.

"Keep still, will you," she told him.

Halfheartedly, he took her breasts in his hands. He felt too exposed here on this open upslope of rock and was distracted by the possibility that the man who was camped by the stream might wander up this way and find them copulating. The concern surprised him, for he had not suspected until now that in such matters he might be shy; he could not remember that they had ever made love in the open before.

"*Jesus*," she said. She was moving rapidly now.

Gently, he put his hands on her.

"*God, I hate you*," she said. "*I hate you, Nils.*"

She had begun the first of her cries when beyond the arc of her shoulder, through the sweet strands of her hair that moved in a soft breeze (as clearly as if his vision were still somehow aided but no longer magnified by the binoculars), a tiny yellow dot began its fall from the near center of the vast north face of the mountain. It fell spasmodically as, in succession, each of the *pitons* held for a second or two, then sprang from the cracks into which they had been driven, the tiny yellow dot swinging finally like the pendulum of a clock back and forth across the wall until, after what seemed a long time, it hung motionless by a golden thread about 70 feet below the ledge upon which, Johnson knew, a boy in a dark-blue parka held whatever was left of the life of his friend, desperately, in his two gloved hands.

"*Betts*," he whispered in fright as she relaxed at last against him. "*That lead boy fell.*"

• • •

She had wanted to go at once for the assistance of the man who had taken their campsite by the stream, but Johnson had argued against it. Now, scarcely three hours later and already 400 feet up the standard north-face route, he was confident his decision had been best, that an hour or more could have been lost in attracting the help of a man neither he nor Elizabeth could be sure was a mountaineer. He moved up yet another lead toward the two boys. The boy in blue was still seated on the ledge, facing out, holding the rope in his hands, across the small of his back; the rope plunged over the edge of the ledge, taut to the place where, about 70 feet below, the boy in yellow was suspended from it as motionless as if he had been hanged. Johnson reflected that, in addition to the incessant, throbbing anxiety he felt for these young boys, he also felt a guilty pride in his ability—even after the erosion of years—to manage such a difficult climb. And he felt, too, a relief, surprising in its intensity, that he and the woman he had married were joined by the rope now as they so often had been in their early years together, he leading the way, she climbing second behind him.

The sun was on the wall, but the rock under Johnson's hands still felt cool; a warm, westerly breeze gentled against the right side of his face. He made his moves precisely and out of 20 years' experience, studying through his steel-rimmed spectacles that portion of the route that lay directly above him, finding and testing his holds, balancing up from one to the next, placing his *pitons* with care and at somewhat longer intervals than he would have liked, for he had not expected to do this extensive a climb and had packed in only a small amount of gear.

She stood easily on her belay stance 100 feet below him now, anchored to the wall, paying the rope to him as he climbed. Unlike him, she had never been afraid of high places, had never had to overcome the kind of terror he had felt in his first year. Since they had begun their ascent to assist the two boys, she had sustained an attitude toward him that was crisp, efficient and yielded nothing of what he hoped might be her willingness to forget, at least for a while, what had been their recent past.

"Twenty feet!" he heard her call.

"All right!" he answered. His heart beat rapidly.

He had given up calling to the boy in blue above him. Either he had been too stunned by the accident or his mouth was too cotton dry to answer. Apparently, he had not tied the rope off to the anchor *piton* behind him as he should have done by now in order to free his hands. Johnson knew how terrible that weight could be and wondered if the belay had been rigged properly: In whatever fashion it had been rigged, at least it had held; but the boy in yellow had showed no sign of consciousness and Johnson was reluctant to think what that might mean. Although he had participated in many rescues, seen numerous deaths, he had never managed to quite make his own attitude one of protective fatalism that most of his colleagues shared, that was also shared by Elizabeth, whose toughness he had often envied.

He found a suitable position on the wall, anchored himself and turned to face out. From here he could see the falling blue-green forested slope of the mountain and the distant glinting meander of the stream; could watch now, and take in the rope, as she climbed toward him.

She was a natural, a born climber, and he knew if she had spent a fraction of the time he had in perfecting skills, she might have been better than he. He could not help feeling proud of her as he watched her make her careful, efficient moves toward him. It was as if now in their absence of affection, she had become a finely crafted instrument that he had been wise enough, lucky enough, to purchase at a time when the demand for her had been superficial and his own credit had been good. Pausing just long enough to retrieve the *pitons* he had driven, whacking them loose from their cracks with her hammer, clipping them and their carabiners smartly to a loop of rope she had draped from her right shoulder to her left hip across the scarlet jersey she wore, she would glance up along the route, choosing her holds, her quick, perceptive eyes never quite meeting his own.

"You're climbing beautifully," he said when she reached him.

"How much longer will it take?"

"I don't know. A couple of hours, maybe. We're making good time."

"Has he moved at all?" she asked, squinting up.

"No."

"What about the other one?"

"I can't get him to answer. He's probably scared to death."

"We haven't got enough ropes to get them down, do we?"

"We'll rig something."

He had hoped, as they switched positions now, moving gingerly on the steep wall, she might return his compliment; but she was silent and he adjusted the rope where it circled his waist, shifted impatiently the sweat-stained straps of the small red rucksack he carried and into which he had put some sandwiches and candy bars, their first-aid kit and extra clothing.

"Want something to eat?"

"I can wait," she said.

"How about some water?"

"No, thank you."

He put his hand on hers where she held the rope in readiness to pay out to him as he went.

"Betts," he started to say. She looked at him. Her eyes were green and they pooled now with tears.

"*Don't*," she whispered.

"I just wanted to say thanks for doing this with me. I couldn't have done it alone." And he added, painfully aware that he meant it: "There's no one I'd

(continued on page 263)

LEE MEREDITH, A PROMINENT FIGURE IN "THE PRODUCERS" AND "THE SUNSHINE BOYS," PLAYS OUR LEADING LADY IN THIS HEART-WARMING SHOWBIZ SAGA OF HOW TALENT WILL OUT

A STAR IS MADE

47TH STREET HOTEL
(Transients and Permanents)

Darling Mommy and Daddy,

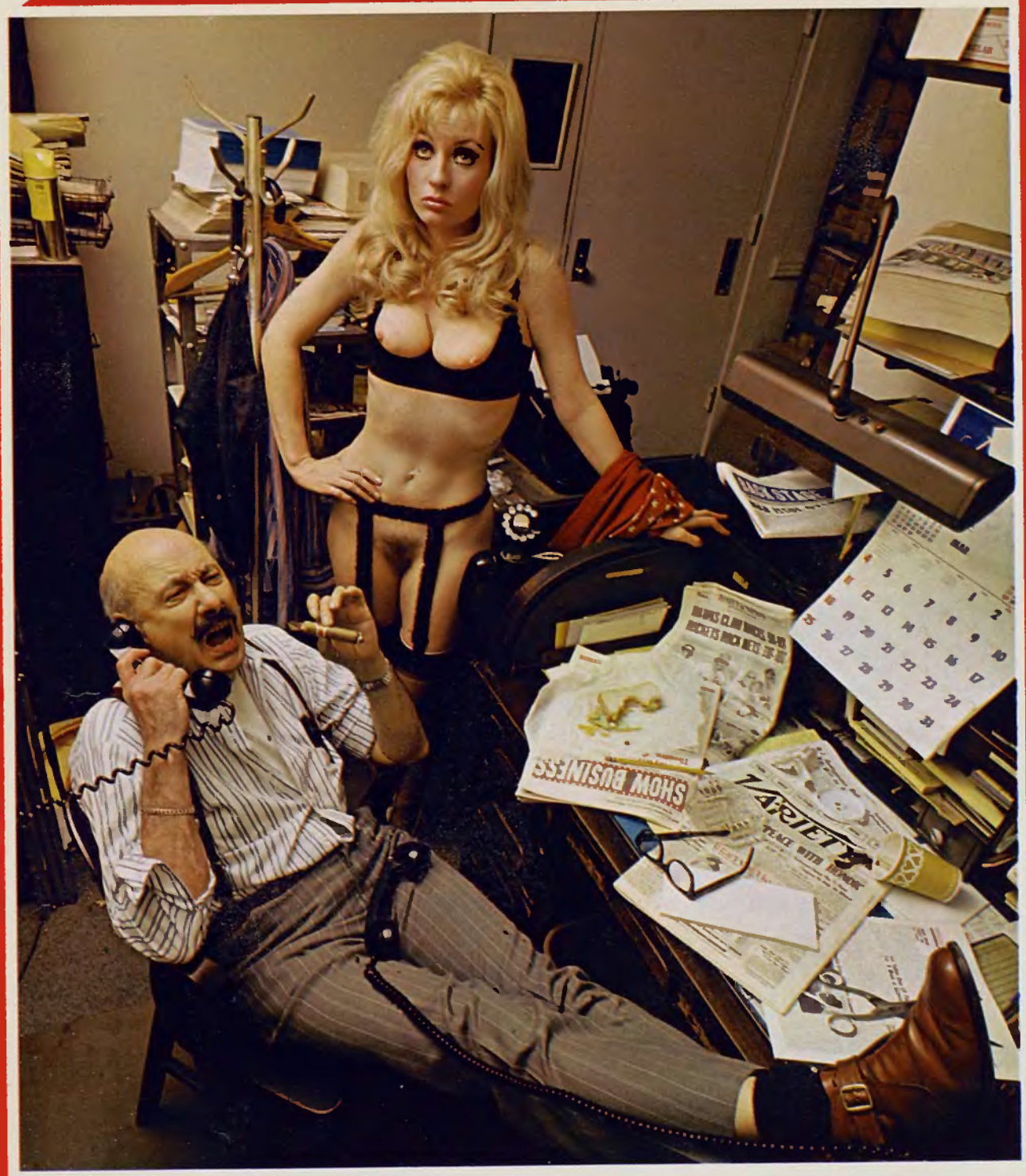
Golly! Zowie! New York is so great! There are zillions of casting calls here! Can't wait to show them the reviews of me as Viola in Central High's production of "Twelfth Night."

Love to you all, including darling Uncle Silas, and all my friends in Des Moines.

Your loving daughter,

Frances

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARL FISCHER



Midtown Y.W.C.A.

Dear Mom and Dad,

Finally, after all these weeks, my first part!

Not the lead, and not the Bard, but what the hell!

It's a very interesting nonspeaking character in a new work titled "Max Krinsky's Follies."

Wish me luck!

As ever,
Frankie

KRINSKY ENTERPRISES, INC.

Dear Folks,

Even though the cruddy reviewers didn't mention my name, the audience was appreciative, I can tell you!

Puss-Puss (that's Max) is the most encouraging and friendly boss you can imagine. Uncle Silas should not be suggesting unkind motives to him.

Yours,
Frankie

TOWER APARTMENTS

Dear Folks,

Just returned from an exhausting road trip. You can't imagine what Dayton is like.

I've been working up a class act for Krinsky's next show.

Tell Uncle Silas to shove it.

Frankie

MOROCCO THEATER

Dear Mom and Dad,

No, I don't want to talk about Krinsky, so don't ask.

I'm thrilled to be working for Sal Rocco. He personally chose my act for his new extravaganza. This is really the big time.

When you write, please use my new stage name: Françoise de Rière.

Enclosed is the tuition for brother's first year at the seminary.

I'll try to write more often, but don't nag, for Chrissake.

Françoise

THE PINES
Pawling, New York

Dear Folks,

Sorry I missed seeing you on your trip to New York. But I was out of town, rehearsing at The Pines. That's the estate of Jack van Rensaleer (he's my new business advisor). Jack's managed to get me star billing, which was really a coup, since there are four other exotic dancers in the show.

I paid up your mortgage last week. I'll write again from Europe.

Françoise

Château Haut Monde

Chères Maman et Papa,

Comme je suis contente!

I have bid adieu to the theater. One does tire of all the glitter and tinsel after a while.

The duke and I are resting here for a fortnight before departing for the country.

The duke sends his warm regards.

With kindest affection,

Françoise,

Duchess of Gascony

article

IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU SICK

BY ROGER RAPOPORT

YOU WOULD THINK Bruce Frome, physician, millionaire and chairman of one of America's fastest-growing health-care corporations, would have an easier time finding a good doctor than the rest of us. Well, he doesn't. The head of Los Angeles–based Marvin Health Services has just as much trouble finding reliable physicians as anyone else. Nothing—not his clinical experience, money, stock options nor persuasive manner—seems to give him an advantage on drawing first-rate medical men. This clearly takes the edge off a fine February afternoon for 34-year-old Dr. Frome. After all, he is contractually obligated to serve a mushrooming patient load through his two-year-old medical empire.

At his plastic office inside Marvin's world headquarters on Wilshire Boulevard, he explains just how hard it is to find good doctors these days: "We've gone through a lot of physicians in our first couple of years. Any time you start a new organization like this, you are bound to get drifters. Thirty days after you hire them, you get a report back from the state telling you who they really are. Then you have to turn around and fire them. Employment agencies send over physicians who look good until we find out they are crooks or quacks. Three out of the first 50 doctors we hired turned out to have been indicted for Medicare fraud. Reputations don't even mean much. I was particularly interested in one guy who had been emergency-room chief at a local hospital for three years. We were all set to use him until we checked and found

what's wrong with american medicine? not much, except that in a few places there's too much, in others there's none at all and in the rest there's the wrong kind

ILLUSTRATION BY JERRY PODWIL

out he had fake medical and narcotics licenses. By the time we phoned up to get his explanation, the guy had disappeared. No one has seen him since. He's probably in another state by now."

Dr. Frome was one of about 100 doctors, nurses, hospital administrators, medical researchers and public-health experts I met during a month-long journey about the country in a protracted effort to answer a simple question: Why is America, blessed with the finest medical schools, the most extensive research facilities, the largest drug laboratories, the best-equipped hospitals and the highest-paid doctors, a "second-rate country" in the distribution of health care? That verdict doesn't come from Ralph Nader. It's the view of the nation's ranking public-health official, Dr. Roger O. Egeberg, Special Assistant to the Secretary for Health Policy of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Why do men in 22 other countries have a higher life expectancy than American men? Why do our women rank seventh on the world-wide female longevity scale. Why is America's infant-mortality rate 14th and its maternal-mortality rate 11th? And why—after a generation of health-care breakthroughs that include the conquest of polio and diphtheria, the advent of countless miracle drugs and new lifesaving technology such as open-heart surgery and hemodialysis—has American life expectancy failed to increase since 1961?

No one blames our medical system exclusively for this depressing trend. Rising highway fatalities, urban pollution, high-cholesterol diets, nerve-racking life style and lack of exercise have all contributed. Yet Canada, where environmental pressures and life style are comparable to our own, shows better statistics in both male longevity and infant mortality. Particularly embarrassing is the fact that all of America's impressive medical know-how has failed to keep our male life-expectancy rate equal with that of nations that have considerably lower per-capita incomes, countries like Bulgaria, East Germany and Poland.

Why is this so? My search for answers began in a utilitarian one-bedroom apartment awash in dirty hospital uniforms and copies of the *New England Journal of Medicine*. Slumped in the middle of her Levitz sofa, just off night-shift duty at one of the nation's major community hospitals, was the nurse, coughing badly from a cold, compliments of her patients. She was talking about a millionaire surgeon on her hospital staff. This physician, who specialized in diseases of the rich, was adored by his high-society patients. His friends blessed him for finding imaginary breast masses on their wives and then subjecting them to needless mastectomies. Hardly a week went by when he didn't take out a normal stomach or a healthy uterus.

The nurse, still wearing her hospital whites and hacking steadily, went on for several hours about the outrages she had seen performed at the hands of this surgeon. The physician had tried to cure a woman's diarrhea with three totally unrelated surgeries: hysterectomy, thyroidectomy and hemorrhoidectomy. The diarrhea did not abate. Another woman plagued by vaginal bleeding from her I. U. D. ended up with a hysterectomy (when the doctor simply should have removed the I. U. D.). After performing an appendectomy on one man, he closed the patient up before the pus could drain; he was in a hurry to make a baseball game with his son. The patient went downhill and the surgeon returned to pronounce him beyond hope. Several of the nurse's colleagues were so distraught they appealed to the chief of staff, persuading him to bring in other doctors, who drained the pus and saved the man's life.

The nurse's face was red now and her cough was getting worse: "Can you imagine that? Can you imagine a doctor vain enough to let a patient die rather than admit a mistake?"

"How does he get his patients?" I asked.

"Charm and fee splitting."

"Isn't fee splitting illegal?"

"Sure."

"How does he get away with it?"

"The same way he gets away with everything else. Doctors don't have to answer to anyone except the IRS."

After a few more horror stories about the surgeon, it was time for me to go. When the nurse took me to the door, she became engulfed in another coughing fit.

"Hey," she yelled as I walked down to my car, "you got anything for a cold?"

I remember feeling haunted by her stories while I drove home that night. I had read about such outrages in magazines and newspapers but somehow always managed to associate them with poor people who couldn't afford good medical care. Her firsthand accounts of this surgeon's work at the expense of his high-society patients jolted me. Now, dozens of hospitals and clinics later, the surgeon seems like a footnote to what I saw and heard during my travels about America's medical empire. I found:

• Patients denied admission to hospitals who dropped dead on their way home.

• Hospitals that falsify medical-committee-meeting minutes to win accreditation.

• In 1972, the head of California's hospital-licensing division openly admitted that she would not feel safe in some hospitals licensed by her own office.

• A state contracting with medical groups to provide prepaid-health-care services at hospitals specifically disapproved by inspectors from that same state's medical association.

• Hospitals where doctors complain that their patients are constantly disappearing.

• Hospitals that unload their patients on better medical facilities nearby the moment they become seriously ill.

• A surgeon walking out in the middle of a hysterectomy because the nurse said something he didn't like (the anesthetist completed the operation).

• A medical-board-certified cardiovascular surgeon with impeccable medical credentials and a lengthy bibliography who has butchered a number of patients straight into their graves.

• Reputable physicians who can't even remember how many patients they have in the hospital.

• Chiropractors, optometrists and dentists handling emergency-room patients.

• Nurses who can't discriminate between live and dead patients.

What surprised me most during my unguided tour of American medicine was the fact that you can't be assured of adequate care, *no matter how much money you spend*. Many victims of the malpractice and misfeasance cited above were well off financially. The affluent patient in his $140-a-day private room with wall-to-wall carpeting and color TV is every bit as vulnerable as the welfare patient in an open charity ward. Indeed, many medical charlatans and proprietary (profit-making) hospitals feast off the wealthy. They hospitalize patients for nonexistent diseases, subject them to completely unnecessary lab tests and X rays, hold them for days to increase room and drug charges before finally putting them through needless surgery. Dr. Vincent De Paulo, who runs a prepaid-medical-group practice on the West Side of Los Angeles, told me how this works:

"I know a millionaire g.p. here who caters to a very exclusive clientele, yet he operates out of a tiny office with just one examining room. When I asked him to let me in on his secret, the guy said: 'I don't like to see my patients at the office. It's worth more seeing them at the hospital. I use a place in one of the wealthiest parts of town, so no one feels bad about going there. Generally, I'll keep at least 20 patients in at a time and hit them $25 apiece for my daily visit. That's $500 a day just for making my morning rounds. Throw in some surgery, give 'em a few shots, do some lab work and it really adds up. Especially since I'm part owner of the hospital.' "

• • •

"Operator, this is Mrs. Mitchum over in emergency. Do you have a home number for Dr. Patrick Love? . . . L-O-V-E; he's my senior surgical resident tonight and he's five hours late. . . . Yes, I've been trying his pager and his room here all evening and there's no answer. . . . You sure you can't find a home number? . . . No, I'm not going to look him up in the

(continued on page 120)

Goblin Market

By Christina Rossetti

ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN *years ago, a young writer named Christina Rossetti was suffering the collapse of a turbulent love affair. She sublimated her distress by writing a poem for children—a long poem called "Goblin Market." The author went on to become one of the notable women poets in English literature and the poem became a Victorian nursery classic, still reprinted and read to this day. Ostensibly, it is a scary narrative about two beautiful maiden sisters who get mixed up with a sinister tribe of goblins.*

How really sinister and scary it is, given just a Freudian glance, has never been openly discussed. The lurid sexual fantasies that raged in Miss Rossetti's unconscious at last get their recognition in "Beyond the Looking Glass," a new anthology edited by Jonathan Cott and prefaced by Leslie Fiedler, soon to be published by Stonehill in New York. "The most extreme depiction of repressed eroticism in children's literature," Mr. Cott calls "Goblin Market"—or, in other words, it might be called the all-time hard-core pornographic classic for tiny tots.

The episode that inspired it will always remain somewhat veiled by Victorian reticence, but the recorded facts are that Christina Rossetti, in June 1858, went to the town of Newcastle to stay with William Bell Scott and his wife. Scott, whom Christina had known for some time, was a handsome poet and painter, an energetic seducer of noblewomen and literary ladies. Some months later, after Christina had retreated to London and Scott had fallen in love with another woman, "Goblin Market" was born out of a storm of guilt and emotion.

Adult readers of today, familiar with the mundane goings on of "Deep Throat" and Screw *magazine, will doubtless be shocked at this poem. It is a lewd goblin that rises dripping out of the dark depths of the Victorian psyche. So—take a couple of tranquilizers and have a look at what the kids have been reading for the past 114 years.*

hiding between the lines of this nice victorian nursery tale lurk monsters from the freudian night

orning and evening
Maids heard the goblins cry
"Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy:
Apples and quinces,
Lemons and oranges,
Plump unpecked cherries,
Melons and raspberries,
Bloom-down-cheeked peaches,
Swart-headed mulberries . . .
All ripe together
In summer weather,
Morns that pass by,
Fair eves that fly;
Come buy, come buy . . .
Figs to fill your mouth,
Citrons from the south,
Sweet to tongue aud sound to eye;
Come buy, come buy."
Evening by evening
Among the brookside rushes,
Laura bowed her head to hear,
Lizzie veiled her blushes:
Crouching close together
In the cooling weather,
With clasping arms and
cautioning lips,
With tingling cheeks and finger tips.
"Lie close," Laura said,
Prickiug up her golden head:
"We must not look at gobliu men,
We must uot buy their fruits:
Who knows upon what soil they fed
Their hungry thirsty roots?"
"Come buy," call the goblins
Hobbling dowu the glen. . . .
"Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie . . .
One hauls a basket,
One bears a plate,
One lugs a golden dish
Of many pounds' weight.
How fair the vine must grow
Whose grapes are so luscious;
How warm the wiud must blow
Through those fruit bushes."
"No," said Lizzie, "uo, no, no;
Their offers should not charm us,
Their evil gifts would harm ns."
She thrust a dimpled finger
In each ear, shut eyes and ran:
Curious Laura chose to linger
Wondering at each merchantman.
One had a cat's face,
One whisked a tail,
One tramped at a rat's pace,
One crawled like a snail,
One like a wombat prowled
obtuse and furry,

One like a ratel tumbled hurry-scurry.
She heard a voice like voice of doves
Cooing all together:
They sounded kind and full of loves
In the pleasant weather. . . .
When they reached where Laura was
They stood stock-still upon the moss,
Leering at each other,
Brother with queer brother;
Signaling each other,
Brother with sly brother. . . .
One heaved the golden weight
Of dish and fruit to offer her:
"Come buy, come buy," was still
their cry.
Laura stared but did not stir,
Longed but had no money:
The whisk-tailed merchant
bade her taste
In tones as smooth as honey. . . .
But sweet-toothed Laura
spoke in haste:
"Good folk, I have no coin;
To take were to purloin:
I have no copper in my purse,
I have no silver either,
And all my gold is on the furze
That shakes in windy weather
Above the rusty heather."
"You have much gold upon
your head,"
They answered all together:
"Buy from us with a golden curl."
She clipped a precious golden lock,
She dropped a tear more rare
than pearl,
Then sucked their fruit globes
fair or red:
Sweeter than honey from the rock,
Stronger than man-rejoicing wine,
Clearer than water flowed that juice;
She never tasted such before,
How should it cloy with length of use?
She sucked and sucked and sucked
the more
Fruits which that unknown
orchard bore;
She sucked until her lips were sore;
Then flung the emptied rinds away . . .
And knew not was it night or day
As she turned home alone.
Lizzie met her at the gate
Full of wise upbraidings:
"Dear, you should not stay so late,
Twilight is not good for maidens;
Should not loiter in the glen
In the haunts of goblin men. . . ."
"Nay, hush," said Laura:
"Nay, hush, my sister:
I ate and ate my fill,
Yet my mouth waters still;
Tomorrow night I will
Buy more," and kissed her:
"Have done with sorrow;
I'll bring you plums tomorrow
Fresh on their mother twigs,
Cherries worth getting;
You cannot think what figs
My teeth have met in,
What melons icy-cold
Piled on a dish of gold
Too huge for me to hold,
What peaches with a velvet nap,
Pellucid grapes without one seed:
Odorous indeed must be the mead
Whereon they grow, and pure the
wave they drink
With lilies at the brink,
And sugar-sweet their sap."
Golden head by golden head,
Like two pigeons in one nest
Folded in each other's wings,
They lay down in their curtained bed:
Like two blossoms on one stem,
Like two flakes of new-fall'n snow,
Like two wands of ivory
Tipped with gold for awful
kings. . . .
Cheek to cheek and breast to breast
Locked together in one nest.
Early in the morning
When the first cock crowed his
warning,
Neat like bees, as sweet and busy,
Laura rose with Lizzie:
Fetched in honey, milked the cows,
Aired and set to rights the house,
Kneaded cakes of whitest wheat,
Cakes for dainty mouths to eat,
Next churned butter, whipped up
cream,
Fed their poultry, sat and sewed;
Talked as modest maidens should:
Lizzie with an open heart,
Laura in an absent dream,
One content, one sick in part;
One warbling for the mere bright
day's delight,
One longing for the night. . . .
Day after day, night after night,
Laura kept watch in vain
In sullen silence of exceeding pain.
She never caught again the goblin cry:
"Come buy, come buy"—
She never spied the goblin men
Hawking their fruits along the glen:
But when the noon waxed bright
Her hair grew thin and gray;
She dwindled, as the fair
full moon doth turn

To swift decay and burn
Her fire away. . . .
  Till Laura, dwindling,
Seemed knocking at Death's door:
Then Lizzie weighed no more
Better and worse;
But put a silver penny in her purse,
Kissed Laura, crossed the heath
  with clumps of furze
At twilight, halted by the brook;
And for the first time in her life
Began to listen and look.
  Laughed every goblin
When they spied her peeping:
Came toward her hobbling,
Flying, running, leaping . . .
Clucking and gobbling . . .
Catlike and ratlike,
Ratel- and wombatlike,
Snail-paced in a hurry,
Parrot-voiced and whistler,
Helter-skelter, hurry-scurry . . .
Hugged her and kissed her,
Squeezed and caressed her;
Stretched up their dishes,
Panniers and plates:
"Look at our apples
Russet and dun,
Bob at our cherries,
Bite at our peaches,
Citrons and dates,
Grapes for the asking,
Pears red with basking
Out in the sun,
Plums on their twigs;
Pluck them and suck them,
Pomegranates, figs."
  "Good folk," said Lizzie . . .
"Give me much and many"—
Held out her apron,
Tossed them her penny.
"Nay, take a seat with us,
Honor and eat with us . . .
Be welcome guest with us,
Cheer you and rest with us."
"Thank you," said Lizzie;
  "but one waits
At home alone for me:
So without further parleying,
If you will not sell me any
Of your fruits, though much and many,
Give me back my silver penny
I tossed you for a fee."
They began to scratch their pates,
No longer wagging, purring,
But visibly demurring,
Grunting and snarling.
One called her proud,
Cross-grained, uncivil;
Their tones waxed loud,
Their looks were evil.
Lashing their tails,
They trod and hustled her,
Elbowed and jostled her,
Clawed with their nails,
Barking, mewing, hissing, mocking,
Tore her gown and soiled her
  stocking,
Twitched her hair out by the roots,
Stamped upon her tender feet,
Held her hands and squeezed
  their fruits

Against her mouth to make her eat.
White and golden Lizzie stood,
Like a lily in a flood,
Like a rock of blue-veined stone
Lashed by tides obstreperously . . .
Like a fruit-crowned orange tree
White with blossoms honey-sweet
Sore beset by wasp and bee,
Like a royal virgin town
Topped with gilded dome and spire
Close beleaguered by a fleet
Mad to tug her standard down.
One may lead a horse to water,
Twenty cannot make him drink.
Though the goblins cuffed and
caught her,
Coaxed and fought her,
Bullied and besought her,
Scratched her, pinched her black as
ink,
Kicked and knocked her,
Mauled and mocked her,
Lizzie uttered not a word;
Would not open lip from lip
Lest they should cram a mouthful in;
But laughed in heart to feel the drip
Of juice that syruped all her face,
And lodged in dimples of her chin,
And streaked her neck which quaked
like curd.
At last the evil people,
Worn out by her resistance,
Flung back her penny, kicked their
fruit
Along whichever road they took,
Not leaving root or stone or shoot.
Some writhed into the ground,
Some dived into the brook
With ring and ripple,
Some scudded on the gale without
a sound,
Some vanished in the distance.
In a smart, ache, tingle,
Lizzie went her way;
Knew not was it night or day . . .
But not one goblin scurried after,
Nor was she pricked by fear;
The kind heart made her windy-paced
That urged her home quite out of
breath with haste
And inward laughter.
She cried, "Laura," up the garden,
"Did you miss me?
Come and kiss me.
Never mind my bruises,
Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices
Squeezed from goblin fruits for you,
Goblin pulp and goblin dew.
Eat me, drink me, love me;
Laura, make much of me;
For your sake I have braved the glen
And had to do with goblin
merchantmen."
Laura started from her chair,
Flung her arms up in the air,
Clutched her hair:
"Lizzie, Lizzie, have you tasted
For my sake the fruit forbidden?
Must your light like mine be hidden,
Your young life like mine be wasted,
Undone in mine undoing
And ruined in my ruin,
Thirsty, cankered, goblin-ridden?"
She clung about her sister,
Kissed and kissed and kissed her:
Tears once again
Refreshed her shrunken eyes,
Dropping like rain
After long sultry drought;
Shaking with anguish, fear, and pain,
She kissed and kissed her with a
hungry mouth.
Her lips began to scorch,
That juice was wormwood to her tongue,
She loathed the feast:
Writhing as one possessed, she leaped
and sung,
Rent all her robe, and wrung
Her hands in lamentable haste,
And beat her breast. . . .
Swift fire spread through her veins,
knocked at her heart,
Met the fire smoldering there
And overbore its lesser flame;
She gorged on bitterness without a
name . . .
Spun about,
Like a foam-topped waterspout
Cast down headlong in the sea,
She fell at last;
Pleasure past and anguish past,
Is it death or is it life?
Life out of death.
That night long Lizzie watched by her,
Counted her pulse's flagging stir,
Felt for her breath,
Held water to her lips, and cooled
her face
With tears and fanning leaves:
But when the first birds chirped about
their eaves . . .
Laura awoke as from a dream,
Laughed in the innocent old way,
Hugged Lizzie but not twice or thrice;
Her gleaming locks showed not one
thread of gray,
Her breath was sweet as May,
And light danced in her eyes.
Days, weeks, months, years
Afterward, when both were wives
With children of their own;
Their mother-hearts beset with fears,
Their lives bound up in tender lives;
Laura would call the little ones
And tell them of her early prime,
Those pleasant days long gone
Of not-returning time:
Would talk about the haunted glen,
The wicked, quaint fruit-
merchantmen,
Their fruits like honey to the throat,
But poison in the blood
(Men sell not such in any town):
Would tell them how her sister stood
In deadly peril to do her good,
And win the fiery antidote:
Then joining hands to little hands
Would bid them cling together,
"For there is no friend like a sister,
In calm or stormy weather,
To cheer one on the tedious way,
To fetch one if one goes astray,
To lift one if one totters down,
To strengthen whilst one stands."

(continued from page 114)

phone book, that's too much trouble."

With that, Bertrella Mitchum, supervisor of Cook County Hospital's emergency-room swing shift, gives up on the man I am calling Dr. Love. (With this exception, all the names in this article are accurate.) After 21 years' experience in Chicago's largest medical facility, she is not about to start playing truant officer for senior surgical residents. If the switchboard can't find him, she can't find him. Mrs. Mitchum, a chain-smoking, strong-minded black woman, has tried to reach the night hospital administrator about the problem, but no one knows where he is, either. Since seven A.M., the junior surgical resident, Dr. Miguel Castro, has handled between 24 and 30 surgery cases. Now, at nine P.M., he is too tired to remember the exact number. The young surgeon would simply have to keep his eyes open. It wasn't such a tragedy, really. Dr. Castro could never have picked up this kind of round-the-clock experience back home in the Philippines. And he can be thankful that the X-ray technician is back on tonight. Last night, he disappeared for six hours. Thirteen patients, some of them seriously ill, had to wait until morning for their X-ray reports.

County's emergency room is the first place approximately 200,000 doctorless Chicago blacks, Puerto Ricans, Mexicans and poor whites turn to when they need medical care. With an average of roughly 900 patients a day streaming into the emergency center, Mrs. Mitchum doesn't have time to worry. Her international physician staff—tonight there is even an American working among the Filipinos, Cubans, Syrians, Rumanians and Indians—barely has time to talk. First priority are gunshot and stabbing victims brought in by the police. They are immediately whisked upstairs to the trauma unit. Next come heart-attack, stroke, O.D. and respiratory emergencies. Third priority are walk-in patients who keel over in the waiting line. After handling these cases, the residents begin taking on two dozen diabetic, asthmatic, epileptic, drug-addict and d.t. cases spread out on gurney carts jamming the corridors.

While doctors work over their patients, Mrs. Mitchum is busy trouble shooting. In one examining room, a rotund old man named Vito fights the nurses as they attempt to remove his new corset. A regular visitor with both heart disease and diabetes, Vito is always making trouble. Mrs. Mitchum and her staff grasp him firmly as an orderly removes his corset. Patients like him seem to be getting more aggressive every day. Just this week, a man jumped Mrs. Mitchum in the corridor because she wouldn't have him admitted to the hospital. It took two guards to pull him off. And that was the third patient to attack her this month. Chicagoans often become desperate at County; they view it as their hospital of last resort.

Vito's clothes are off now, but he refuses to provide a urine sample. The patient's face reddens as he yells: "I rule the world, I rule the world."

"Come on now, Vito," says Mrs. Mitchum, "why don't you give us some urine so we can see if you still rule the world?"

Vito folds his arms over his groin.

Mrs. Mitchum is angry now: "Vito, either you give me some urine this instant or I'm going to catheterize you."

She has uttered the magic word and Vito's bladder promptly empties on a voluntary basis. As the head nurse walks triumphantly out of the room, she notices a pan of stale vomit resting on a counter full of sterilized instruments: "You saving this for someone's breakfast?" she asks an orderly.

It is 9:15 P.M. now, just two hours before Mrs. Mitchum's quitting time; the Saturday-night specials are beginning to roll in steadily. Baseball-bat, stabbing and gunshot victims are taking center stage. After admitting these customary weekend guests, Mrs. Mitchum takes a few minutes to think out loud about her personnel problems. What is going to happen to that nurse over on the women's side who called in two residents to handle a cardiac arrest? When the doctors arrived, they discovered the woman had died of a gunshot wound 15 minutes before reaching the hospital. Both residents were furious about being awakened. You would think the nurse would have taken her pulse.

And what about that Filipino nurse who keeps refusing to answer the phone because her English isn't too good? How can we change doctors who insist on conversing before patients in a foreign tongue, even though they know it's against hospital rules? Why do they think the administration spent $32,000 on a Berlitz course for the 30 interns who flunked the hospital's English-proficiency test?

In between confiscating liquor bottles from patients who consider County a B. Y. O. kind of place, Mrs. Mitchum speaks with an intern anxious to release an ashen-looking old man. The patient is short of breath and Mrs. Mitchum asks about his temperature. "A hundred and four," reports the doctor, "but I'm going to let him go home. We've only got room for sick people in this place."

Mrs. Mitchum nods, then reconsiders the order as soon as the physician turns his back. "Hold him for overnight observation," she tells a nurse. The doctor will probably never know the difference, since it's doubtful he'll ever see the patient again.

Remembering patients is a vital part of Mrs. Mitchum's job. Take the 76-year-old man who came in tonight with a head injury sustained in a fall. X rays turned up negative, which persuaded the resident and the neurosurgeon to release him. Mrs. Mitchum intervenes and when the two doctors try to overrule her, she simply pulls off the man's bandage. There is a deep scalp wound that calls for immediate suturing. The physicians, who had never bothered looking under the bandage put on by a nurse, are beaten. Their patient goes off to surgery for suturing and on up to the neuro ward for observation.

A few minutes later, a call comes down from neuro about another patient who has gone berserk. He is disturbing the ward and neuro's head nurse wants to know if there might be space for him in emergency. Just then, the night hospital administrator makes his first appearance of the evening. He knows Mrs. Mitchum doesn't want to board this neuro case and tries to work out a compromise: "Why not just bring him down here and put him in the middle of the hall?"

Mrs. Mitchum shakes her head: "Baby, I'm sorry, but we got all the lunatics we can handle."

The administrator mercifully disappears into the night, leaving Mrs. Mitchum with a few minutes to talk about some serious attitude problems among the Indian doctors. Her handsome features stiffen as she explains the difficulty: "Some of the Indians just aren't as concerned about saving lives as we are. We have to yell at them to hurry and save patients before time runs out. They tell me, 'You Americans don't understand how to solve your population explosion. You ought to just let some of them die, the way we do back home.' "

At 11:15 P.M., Mrs. Mitchum turns over her worries to the graveyard shift. She is in a hurry to get home and do some desperate organ practicing for a big lesson tomorrow. Dr. Love never did show up and Dr. Castro is still suturing away. On her way out, the head nurse passes fresh gunshot, coronary and d.t. cases. The examining rooms and corridors are busier than ever. In the waiting room, she notices that the wall clock stopped functioning at 4:55 P.M. Well, now, there's a plus. Maybe some of those people who've been waiting around for almost seven hours think it's still 4:55 P.M.

The head nurse walks briskly on leaving the hospital. She knows not to use County's underground tunnels at night. That's where a lab technician was beaten senseless a year ago. Mrs. Mitchum also refuses to park in lot five. That's where one of the nurses was mugged. The hospital's neighborhood is tough. You really have to watch your step. If you're not careful, you might end up in the hospital.

• • •

Cook County Hospital is the hub of the 305-acre West Side Medical Center, the world's largest medical complex. Surrounded by six other hospitals and four

(continued on page 250)

"I thought acupuncture was done with a needle."

modern living By BROCK YATES

YOU'VE REALLY GOT to wonder what in sweet Jesus' name is going on with automobiles these days. Here's Detroit building cars with bumpers that belong on freight locomotives and propelled by engines that run so lumpily that the carburetors appear to have been designed by the Boston Strangler. Then you've got Ralph Nader and his associates, who want to cocoon us so securely inside the blasted things that we could be sent airmail, special delivery without fear of injury. It's all part of society's efforts to grind the rough edges off this infernal machine that has so shaken the foundation of American society in the 20th Century. That can't be all bad, but this housebreaking procedure is tending to remove whatever minuscule evidence of pioneering and innovation was left in the industry. The vast thrust of the contemporary automobile scene is toward standardization; the whole thing is riding down toward the totally homogenized transportation module of tomorrow.

This trend toward formulized automobiles, created as consensus products by a plodding, hidebound industry, a splendid

for a choice not an echo, there's the muscle-building pedal car or the ego-feeding stutz

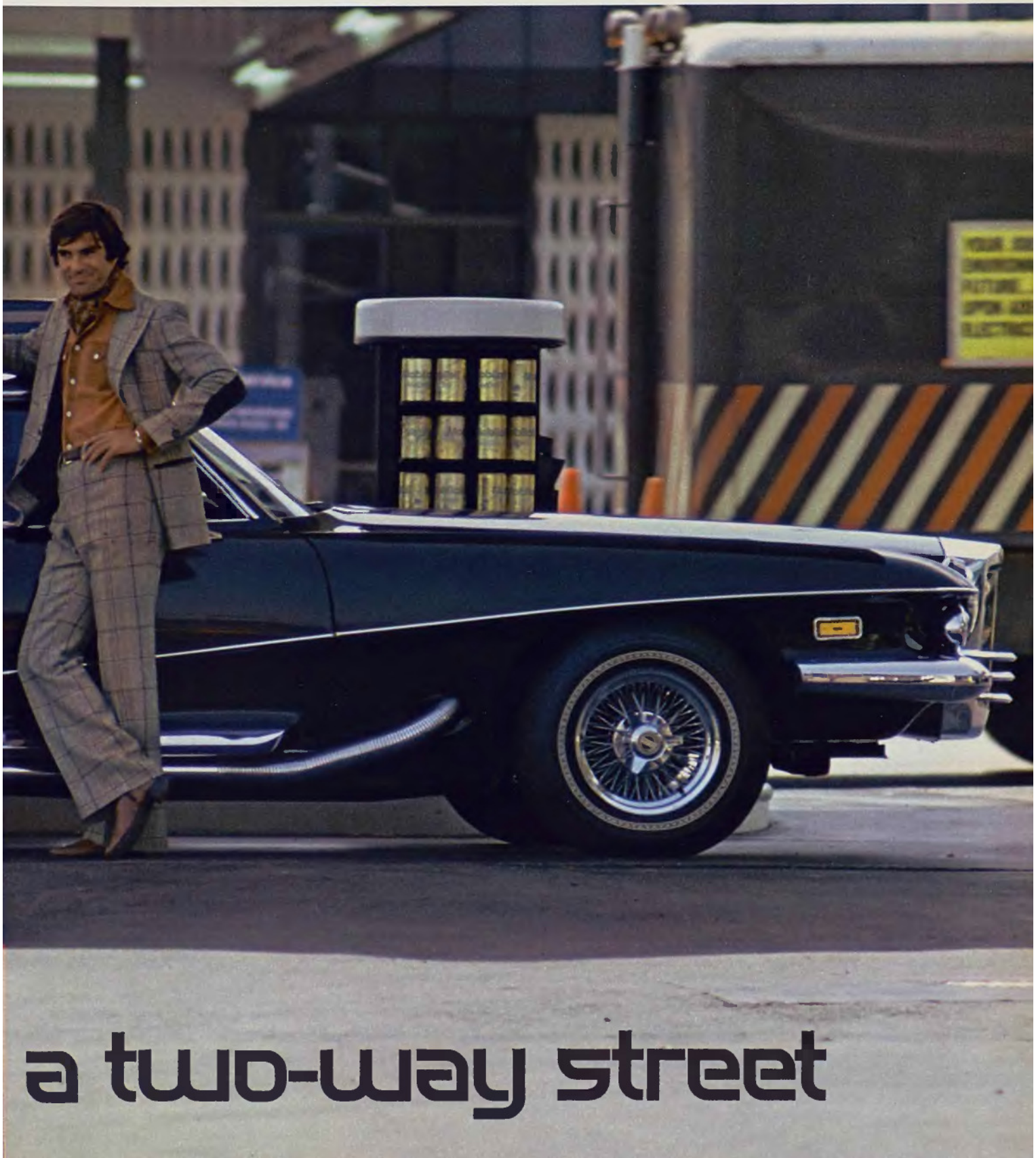
city wheels:

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

mud bog of Federal bureaucrats and a collection of mildly paranoid consumerists, would seem to mitigate against further new vehicular concepts' arriving on the scene. For example, Federal regulations have canceled any possibility of new roadsters' or convertibles' being marketed. The fiberglass-kit cars, the dune buggies and such that came with a flurry in the Sixties, will soon be gone because of their inability to meet safety standards; the megahorsepower "muscle cars" are gone; and these are solid indications that a day is soon coming when no modifications *whatsoever* will be permitted for any car. Standardization. Here comes the homogenized automobile.

But if this is the end of automotive excess, what in hell are guys like Don Gates and Big Jim O'Donnell still hanging around for? After all, here are two men with some pretty cuckoo ideas about what America wants in the way of vehicular transportation, and they're still in *(continued on page 224)*

The long and short of it: A PPV pedal car goes blithely by one of the few things it's capable of passing—a gas station—while a Stutz stud takes a driving break amid the all-too-familiar surroundings.



a two-way street

can a water bird of humble origins and pure intentions find happiness as a human being during an election year?

THOMAS EAGLETON SEAGULL

satire

BY PAUL KRASSNER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAN FAUST

When you are joyous, look deep into your heart, and you shall find it is only that which has given you sorrow that is giving you joy. When you are sorrowful, look again in your heart, and you shall see that in truth you are weeping for that which has been your delight.—KAHLIL GIBRAN

People use "The Prophet" to get laid.—LENNY BRUCE

[Gulls] often flock together with lapwings in the meadows, apparently for the sole purpose of robbing them. They walk around among the busy lapwings like wardens in a Nazi prison camp. They do not try to catch any food for themselves but keep a watchful eye on the lapwings. As soon as a lapwing has caught something which it cannot swallow immediately, the gulls round about fly at it at once, often coming from over 20 yards away. The lapwing, knowing by bitter experience what this means, flies up as soon as only one gull lifts its wings. If it cannot swallow its prey in the air before the gulls reach it, its chances of keeping it are almost nil.—NIKO TINBERGEN, *"The Herring Gull's World: A Study of the Social Behavior of Birds"*

CHAPTER ONE

IT WAS EVENING, and the sunset beyond the county dump created a disquieting silhouette of obsolescence.

This was dinnertime for the elite flock of gulls who ate there each day. They were feasting upon a delicious spread of moldy caviar that had been discarded by a friendly neighborhood restaurant.

Down on the beach, the tide was starting to come in. Snakelike seaweed was beginning to gather in clusters along the shore. Fading jellyfish were returning home to have their bodies tie-dyed again. And Thomas Eagleton Seagull was busy trying to build a castle in the sand.

He didn't have a pail or a shovel, but this lack merely served to increase his sense of determination. He knew only that he was going to build a sand castle even if the ocean planned to wash it away.

Waves of salt water splashed over him even as he was squeezing out the final turrets from the mud inside his beak. Yet he quickly repaired the moats, making them deeper by digging sideways with his webbed feet.

He looked at the castle he had almost completed, and a surge of pride ran through him as he shook the sand from his wings. At the precise moment he was feeling most proud of his accomplishment, however, the tide swept it away.

"Come back!" he called to the sand castle. "I'm not finished playing with you!"

"There'll be others," the sand castle called back. "Besides, I have my own life to live, too!" And it merged with the sea.

"There must be more to life than feeding off human garbage," mumbled Thomas Eagleton Seagull to himself. He was attempting to develop his will power to the point where he would be able to transcend his species. "Why should I have to settle for leftovers as a seagull," he asked himself, "when I could *become a human being* and dine on the original?"

And so, as an act of faith, he moved just a little farther

up the beach and began to build another sand castle.

CHAPTER TWO

The idea of changing his category had originally occurred to him one afternoon while he was feeling depressed because some friends had died as a result of a baffling oil slick in the ocean.

Flying broodily past a house with a picture window in the living room, he noticed that inside, the color-television set was on. It happened to be tuned in to *Let's Make a Deal.*

One of the contestants—a woman who was wearing a seagull costume—seemed to be experiencing a fit of passion bordering on ecstasy. Thomas Eagleton Seagull naturally assumed that the reason was simply that she was pretending to be a gull.

"I'll trade places with you, lady," he squawked.

That spontaneous outburst turned into an obsession. The image of role reversal had imprinted itself indelibly upon his psyche.

Each day he flew around the house with the picture window expecting to get a glimpse of her on TV again. At first he tried to glide by with a nonchalant expression on his face so that none of the inhabitants would get suspicious.

As he grew increasingly confident, he would circle slowly in front of the living room, peering in with blatant abandon. Smirking with hope. But he never saw the woman in the seagull costume again, no matter when he went calling.

In the process, Thomas Eagleton Seagull became a regular—if intermittent—viewer of daytime television.

Soap operas especially fascinated him. Everyone always looked so perturbed. The tension of their grim demeanor was relieved only by an occasional Smiling Savior holding up a bottle of pellets or a box of flakes or maybe patting a machine or else pouring the contents of a box into a machine.

And Thomas Eagleton Seagull was going to join their species. This was his all-consuming resolution.

CHAPTER THREE

Molly Salami Seagull was his favorite companion. He could really confide in her. Although she had no desire to become human herself, at least she understood the depth of *his* yearning.

One night they stayed up late, sitting and chatting in front of a small bonfire on the outskirts of the county dump.

"I was watching some surfers today," Thomas Eagleton Seagull began. "I was trying to imagine what it must be like to be human. And, I don't know, I mean the ocean seems like such an impersonal thing, but when it's carrying you along like that, it must also seem like a very personal thing. Wouldn't that be a wonderful way to relate to the whole world?"

"But you can already do that as a seagull," said Molly Salami Seagull. "When humans go clamming, though—they can't catch clams the way we can—they have to get dressed in those dark-rubber coveralls and then they go into the ocean and prod the mud with those big sticks or whatever."

"But it was a human who built this fire. Can a seagull build a fire?"

"A seagull can't even make a match," she admitted.

"Or a Frisbee. We aren't *built* to play Frisbee. But wouldn't it be fun to be able to toss a Frisbee back and forth? I was watching some people on the beach with a Frisbee, and they looked so graceful you wouldn't *believe* it. And the philosophical inferences one could draw——"

"You're already beginning to *sound* like a human."

"Let me tell you, I stood there watching that Frisbee go back and forth, back and forth, until a message came through, and it was that *time keeps happening no matter what you do!*"

"Oh, sure, but if you can conceive of that as a seagull, then why do you have to be a human?"

"Because as a human, I could do different things all the time. As a seagull, I'm limited." He gazed into the fire. "I want to open myself up to new experiences. I don't even want to *say* the same thing twice."

"That's exactly what *you* told me yesterday," said Molly Salami Seagull.

CHAPTER FOUR

One night, Thomas Eagleton Seagull had a dream. He preferred to think of it as a vision.

A pair of spirits had come to battle for his allegiance. He couldn't see them clearly. The Spirit of Permissiveness appeared as a swirl of rainbow. And the Spirit of Productivity was an ethereal crazy quilt of brand names. But he could hear their voices as distinctly as his own.

"If you wish to become a human," said the Spirit of Permissiveness, "you must learn to make moral choices."

"Morality is relative," argued the Spirit of Productivity. "You must base your choices, therefore, on the relative strength of written guarantees."

Thomas Eagleton Seagull asked, "How will I know what a correct decision is when I have to make one?"

"Ah," said the Spirit of Permissiveness, "but you have already started on that course simply by wanting to become a human. That's what makes you different from other seagulls—your dissatisfaction with being one yourself. You have made a value judgment. You've placed a higher value on being human. So, whenever you are faced with a choice, you must base it on what you consider the best values."

"Comparison shopping is a good method," added the Spirit of Productivity. "You can really make a fine art out of being a consumer. Just wait till you discover the pleasure to be derived from the creative act of making a purchase."

"No, no," interjected the Spirit of Permissiveness. "I'm not referring to goods and services. I'm referring to goods and evils. Abstract principles to live by. Nothing tangible. The earth is scourged with *tangible* rubbish."

"Litter," announced the Spirit of Productivity, "is the feces of an affluent society."

"No shit," replied the Spirit of Permissiveness.

Thomas Eagleton Seagull woke up suddenly and took it as an omen. "No shit," he said to himself. He kept repeating that phrase over and over again. "No shit. No shit. No shit." The more he continued, the better it felt. He alternated the accent. First: "*No* shit. *No* shit. *No* shit." Then: "No *shit*. No *shit*. No *shit*." Now he changed the rhythm: "No-shit. No-shit-no. Shit-no. Shit-no. Shit-no." The corresponding change of order gave him an intensified giddiness. As if to further escape the dilemma posed by his dual visitation, he began to slur the words together faster and faster: "Noshitnoshitnoshitnoshitnoshitnoshitnoshitno. . . ." Until finally they blended into one flowing stream of noshitness.

What an incredible sense of delirium, to have a personal mantra before you were even a person.

CHAPTER FIVE

The next morning, two men who had been watching him for days placed a metal band around his leg while he was meditating on the beach. He had been chosen.

One of the ornithologists left his binoculars there by accident and Thomas Eagleton Seagull had an experience in astral projection. He looked into the binoculars and saw himself magnified simultaneously.

For the first time, he thought of the webbing between his claws as ugly. Back at the county dump, he pecked off a pair of bootees from a big broken doll that had been thrown away and he began wearing them on his own embarrassing feet.

That night he had a vision. He preferred to think of it as a nightmare. The Essence of Insecurity arrived to tell him that the only thing he had to fear was not being *accepted* as a human.

"You've been observed talking to yourself a lot. That's a *no-no*," the Essence of Insecurity harangued him. "And just smell your wingpits. *Peeeyiuuuuu!* What are you going to do when you get *arms*? A human being's armpits are supposed to be charmpits. Your breath isn't so attractive, either. And then there's the matter of your crotch. *Yecchhh!* Furthermore, you have half a hemorrhoid hanging in there. What are you trying to do, get your

(continued on page 182)

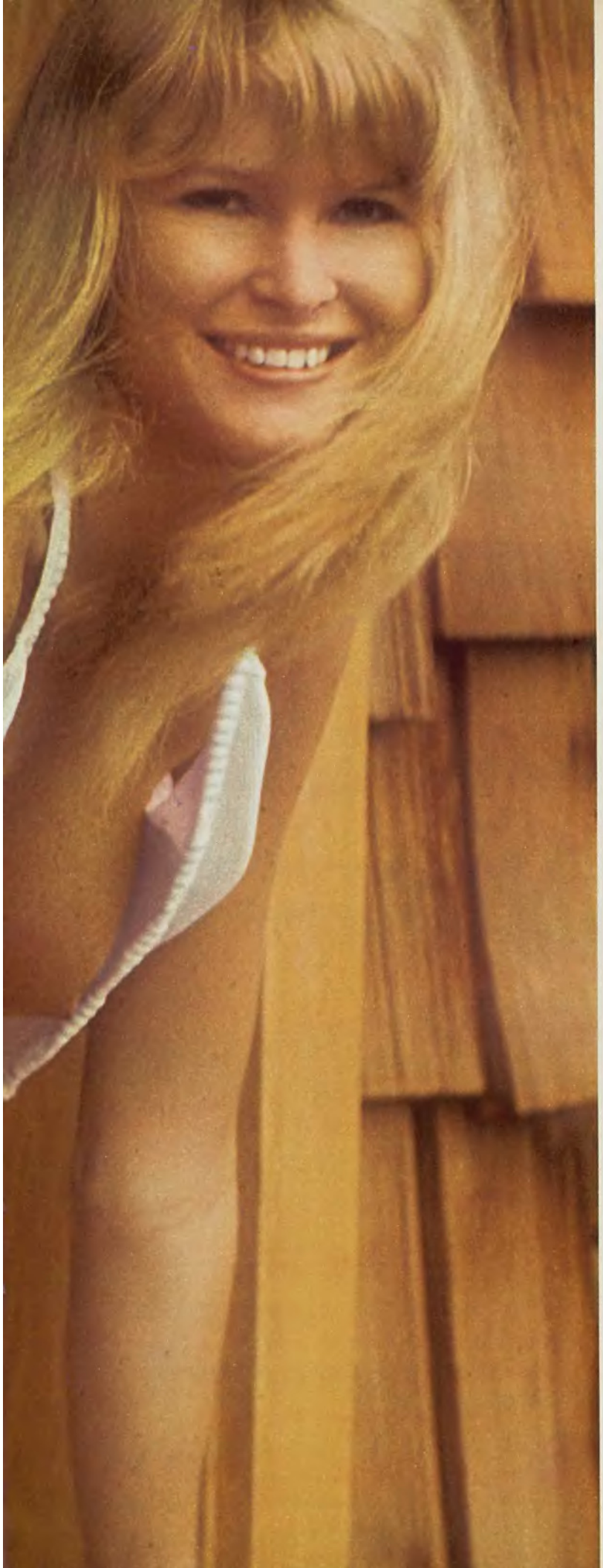
What a Friend We Have in Cheeses

(First I'll kiss you and free you and drive you nearly crazy,
Then I'll swiss you and brie you and ring your bel paese)

food
By
EMANUEL
GREENBERG

SETTING OUT A GENEROUS SUPPLY of cheese is one of the friendliest gestures a thoughtful host can make. Hospitality is of minor consequence to a true cheese freak, however; only one thing really counts—*le goût*—the vast gamut of tastes ranging from a silky triple-*crème* belletoile to aggressively fragrant livarots and limburgers. No one knows how, where or by whom cheese was originally conceived. But, like the daredevil who first swallowed an oyster, he was a brave man who first ate cheese. Anthropologists place its origin back some 11,000 years, give or take a century, soon after the domestication of milk-producing animals. Refrigerators being hard to come by, cheese was the only way to *(continued on page 218)*

DESIGNED BY ALFRED ZELCER



THE CAL STATE CAMPUS in Los Angeles is a nice, quiet place for 25,000 kids to study, and Geri Glass seems to blend in easily. She's there to learn, and she talks earnestly about the Ph.D. in English that she plans to get. Geri hopes to teach on the college level (she likes to picture herself running a class and promises, "I'll be rough"). She also mentions the extra degree—in law—that she might go after, just for fun, "and to get my juris doctorate." But while Geri moves with the crowd on campus, she's a loner away from it. She grew up that way because wherever she lived, she knew she wouldn't be there long enough to make any lasting friendships. Her dad, a phone-company engineer who kept bidding for (and getting) better assignments, moved from Phoenix, where Geri

A MATTER OF DEGREES

miss september lives it up—
after all, she is a california coed—
but she's dead serious about
getting that ph.d. after her name

With an armful of overdue books to return—ond with plenty of studying to do before the end of the semester —Miss Glass parks her bike in front of the library.

was born 24 years ago, to Southern California, then Northern California, Washington and Idaho, where she was graduated from high school—and got off the Glass family express. She headed for Pasadena and two years of junior college, then took off with a trio of buddies, one of whom had a private plane, and flew all over the Western states and Mexico, having a good time and—believe it or not—looking for properties to invest in. Geri had saved a lot of pennies from years of waitressing, tutoring high school students and occasionally working as a model for an advertising photographer; she chose to convert those savings into some beach-front land near Monterey Bay (which she hopes to sell shortly) and a down payment on a brand-new, furnished condominium in Acapulco that she shares with several other investors. Geri owns the condominium for two months out of the year—January and February, the height of the season. If she could afford the time off, she'd vacation there herself, but this winter she'll be an absentee landlady. After making her investments, she went back to school—she's been at it a year and

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

"I thought I would just suit up, take my little sword and rat-a-tat-tat-*touché*!" says Geri of her new fencing class. "Actually, it's very strenuous; but superinteresting, nonetheless."

Geri chats with a fellow coed before the start of a literature class; later, at an astronomy session, she studies a celestial globe.

a half now and will get her B.A. in a few months—and back to Pasadena. She lives there by herself ("That's the only way to fly") and is quick to volunteer that she isn't a great housekeeper. She can cook—gourmet dishes, in fact—and sew well enough, but she likes to exercise her freedom by not hanging up her clothes and not doing the dishes. She has also collected so many books that they've long since overflowed their containers: a big steamer trunk and several packing boxes. "It's ridiculous," admits Geri, in her Southwestern accent. "I've got to break down and buy a bookcase, or else I'll need a second apartment just for my books." The volumes—many of them rare, acquired at swap meets or by browsing around—take turns accompanying Geri wherever she goes, even to parties. Though she'd prefer a tome by some 19th Century storyteller such as Hardy or Balzac, she claims to be a compulsive reader who'll pick up and pore over "almost anything—even a shopping list." Well, it does make sense for a loner to read a lot, especially if she's planning to get a Ph.D. and maybe a few more degrees. But if Geri seems a bit of a bookworm, she also has—as she likes to point out—the Gemini's dual personality: solitary yet sociable, academic yet adventurous. It's a winning combination.

Geri's bubble bath is interrupted by a phone call from a friend, David Andrews, who'd like her to go antique hunting with him. Later, Miss September, a self-styled book fetishist, finds some old volumes while rummaging in a small shop in Pasadena.

MISS SEPTEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

The Renaissance Pleasure Faire—a carnival with arts-and-crafts booths, vendors in period dress, all kinds of fun and games, plus eclectic cuisine—is held on this ranch off the Ventura Freeway. Geri tries on some garlands, takes part in a Gemini parade—one of many "astrological" processions—then sits down to enjoy some medieval music.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The man got out of the car and went into the motel office. "I have my wife and kids with me," he said to the clerk, "and before checking in, I want to be sure this is a family motel —not one of those places where couples come and go all night."

"Sir," replied the clerk stiffly, "this is a respectable establishment. We wouldn't think of being a party to any such goings on."

"Fine," said the traveler. "What are your rates?"

"For a deluxe unit," replied the clerk, "it's ten dollars an hour."

Both crews of the first two viking longboats in the small bay sat ramrod straight, oars held steady in an even line, while the men in the third vessel lolled wearily and dispiritedly over theirs, which dragged loosely. "Sons of Odin," shouted the chief of the raiding party over the water, "yonder lies the undefended Saxon village! We here in the lead boat will loot! You men in the second boat will burn! And you men——"

"Oh, no," muttered an oarsman in the third longboat, "don't tell me *we're* raping again!"

And you've heard, of course, about the guy who handed his wife a vibrator and told her to buzz off.

Like many other nations, Israel is cracking down on the rock-and-drug culture. The latest individuals to be denied entry were the members of a group that calls itself The Four Skins.

It was really something else, man!" said the rookie policeman to his partner. "When I was off duty Saturday night, I went to this big party, see, and pretty soon I noticed this super little bird giving me the eye. Then she asked me to take her home. And just as soon as we were in the car, she unzipped me and went right down —and I still didn't even know her name."

"So what did you do?" asked the other cop.

"Well, I figured this was one situation where I'd shoot first and ask questions afterward."

The farmer's CATTLE CROSSING signs were having little effect. Most motorists continued to roar down the highway that cut through his pasture—until he erected a billboard that said SLOW DOWN FOR NUDIST-CAMP CROSSING!

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *naïveté* as the belief that *Deep Throat* is a Disney movie about a giraffe.

As the philandering husband returned home from his camouflaged weekend with his latest young interest, his wife asked, "How was the fishing trip?"

"Fine. Just fine," the man replied. "We caught quite a few but gave them to the guides. By the way, dear, you forgot to pack the flask of brandy and my shaving lotion."

"I put them," she said evenly, "in your tackle box."

Time was when most carnal enjoyment
Was rooted in girl-under-boyment;
But today's ways of sex
Use techniques so complex
That they've lessened girls' underemployment.

An evangelist was delivering a flaming sermon on vice that shook the rafters of the mission. "Listen to me, all you cigarette suckers," he thundered, "all you pipe suckers, all you bottle suckers——"

Just then a high squeaky voice interjected from the back row, "Don't forget us!"

Girls' athletic teams, insists a male chauvinist we know, will always be bush league.

We didn't understand why the use of water beds was reportedly cutting down the incidence of adultery—until a friend happened to ask if we'd ever tried to hide under one.

A man went to the hospital for a vasectomy. During the operation, the surgeon's scalpel slipped and severed a testicle, so he sent a nurse to the cafeteria for an onion, which he sutured in as a replacement.

Some time later, the patient returned for his final checkup and the surgeon asked him how he felt. "Just fine," said the man, "except for three things. First, when I pee, my eyes water. Second, when we have intercourse, my wife complains of heartburn. And third, every time I pass a hamburger joint, I get a hard-on!"

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.*

"Oh, Mr. Woodsman—however can I thank you for saving me from the lusting claws of that big bad wolf?"

To illustrate the historical breakthroughs in man's (and woman's) age-old struggle with numbers, we challenged a panel of experts with an everyday math problem. Namely: "If amount on line 5 is over $14,000 but under $16,000, enter on line 6 $3550 plus 39 percent of the excess over $14,000." From left to right, here are the results. Expert #1, a paleolithic cave girl, could not comprehend the problem. She forged ahead anyway and after two weeks counting on her fingers came up with an answer of 7, which was incorrect. Expert #2, fast on the abacus but not so good with English, required an interpreter. After 20 minutes, she delivered a correct answer—in yen, rather than in dollars.

american know-how triumphs over mankind's oldest curses: multiplication and division

MATH GOES MINI

Directly above: a tantalizing handful of the 100-odd minicalculators currently on the market. Clockwise from left: The Rapidman 800 is cheap ($59.95) because it has a fixed decimal point (see text). The Garrett 2020 ($69.95) is housed in a spherical shell. The easy-to-read Berkey 350 ($119.95) boasts a percentage key (useful for figuring taxes), as does Bowmar's MX50, which is lighter and cheaper ($99.95). Hewlett-Packard's HP-35 ($295) is an electranic slide rule with the equivalent of 30,000 transistors.

Expert #3, a Radcliffe-educated engineer known as the fastest slide rule in the East, found a solution in just 20 seconds. Unhappily, the solution was incorrect. Slide rules can't add and neither can she. Expert #4, from our own Accounting Department, punched out the right answer on a mechanical adding machine in just four minutes, bloodying her finger tips in the process, since she had to use repeated addition in lieu of multiplication. The hands-down winner was expert #5 (below). Using one of the electronic minicalculators shown here, she solved the problem in a breath-taking 4.3 seconds, giving her time to relax and change into something more comfortable.

THE FIRST POCKET-SIZED ELECTRONIC CALCULATORS went on sale just two years ago. The rest is history. Almost overnight, these tiny battery-powered machines became the latest status symbol of the airborne executive. The trickle of thousands sold in 1971 grew to a torrent, and today over 50 companies compete in a market that will include literally millions of buyers this year alone. The status-conscious executive has been joined by legions of other figure freaks, in the home, on the job and in the classroom. Among students, the minicalculator is catching on so fast that some educators are already recommending that schools stop teaching multiplication and division—an idea whose time has assuredly not yet come. Besides threatening one of the three Rs, the electronic calculator has already obsoleted the slow,

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

cumbersome and expensive mechanical calculator, as well as the less versatile mechanical adding machine. And it's well on its way toward replacing the cheaper but less accurate slide rule. Most important of all, it permits, encourages and even makes enjoyable the sort of arithmetic chores that reasonable folks have traditionally avoided.

All in all, minicalculators are a welcome reaffirmation of what's good about a technological society. They're fun to use, they're cheap, they save time, they don't take up much room, they don't pollute and they liberate you forever from the rigorous demands of long division. No question, they grow on you. People who have avoided numbers all their lives are suddenly discovering they can't live without their minis.

"As people find out how much more efficient the calculator makes them, they use it more," says Edward A. White, president of Bowmar Instrument Corporation, the firm that introduced the pocket calculator. "Calculators are addictive," he adds gleefully, and he ought to know. Just two years ago, his tiny Indiana aerospace firm was trying desperately to diversify into consumer markets. He had flown to Japan with a miniature diode display screen (the gadget that shows the numbers) developed by his researchers. He was hoping that the powerful Japanese manufacturers, whose desktop electronic office calculators had wiped out the U. S. mechanical-calculator business, would jump at the chance to buy his new display units, joining them with microminiature technology to produce a hand-held battery-operated calculator.

But the Japanese weren't buying. In one of their rare errors in the consumer-electronics business, they rejected the pocket calculator as a toy that could never sell in quantity. How wrong they were. After trying and failing to interest U. S. companies in the same proposal, White decided to build the thing himself. In September 1971, when the first hand-held calculator came on the market, it was the result of a pioneering development effort by Bowmar and Texas Instruments, one of the first companies to start mass-producing the tiny integrated-circuit "chip" that makes up the brain of the machine.

White couldn't be happier about the way calculator sales are going at Bowmar. "The Japanese have pretty well had it," he says. Never modest, he has always claimed to be the leading U. S. calculator maker. As it happens, competitors agree. They guess that he will build about one quarter of all consumer calculators made this year in the U. S. and Canada—about 1,200,000 machines. Adding to White's contentment, no doubt, is the fact that he is the largest single stockholder in a firm whose shares have gone from $6 to as high as $38 in the past 18 months.

Like the display screen, the brain of the minicalculator emerged from U. S. research laboratories in the late Sixties. A major breakthrough was the discovery of a low-cost method of producing miniature electronic circuitry. This involves what is called the large-scale integrated circuit—a calculator on a chip that packs the action of several thousand transistors into a unit smaller than a pencil eraser.

Contrary to conventional wisdom, the calculator on a chip was not a direct spin-off from the space program. *Time* called the pocket calculator "another hand-me-down from the aerospace programs of the Sixties," but the calculator chip and the metallic-oxide semiconductor (MOS) process that made it possible owe more to free enterprise than to Federal funding. Cynics say the spin-off story got started because NASA, in its continuing effort to justify the space program, takes credit for technological developments it had nothing to do with.

In the beginning, the calculator chip was tough to build. Early yields of usable parts amounted to less than one percent of total production. But last year, when production problems were resolved and reliable chips finally started rolling off production lines, the impact on calculator economics was dramatic. In 1971, it had taken up to five MOS circuits and four hours of hand labor to assemble the simplest model. With the calculator on a chip, the assembly time dropped to less than 15 minutes and retail prices plunged appropriately. The calculator chip is now being made by nearly a dozen semiconductor manufacturers, since no single company holds the exclusive rights to it nor to the technology. In fact, most companies in this business have cross-licensing agreements that give each of them the right to use the others' technology. This has heightened retail competition and lowered prices even further.

In fact, the competitive arena is so crowded that selecting a calculator has become as complicated as picking out stereo components. As recently as last Christmas, the decision was much easier. Nearly all the hand-held models then did the same basic job—adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing—with only a few additional variations. But with this fall's flood of second-generation models has come an ever-widening variety of features and prices. Those who waited will find lower price tags than ever before, plus a lengthy list of options that puts even Detroit to shame.

Pocket models seem to cluster in three basic price ranges: The simplest machines—those that add, subtract, multiply and divide—cost between $60 and $70. These have accounted for the vast majority of sales to date and would have cost $100–$120 a year ago. If your primary interest is in balancing your checkbook and avoiding long division, one of these will more than fill your needs. For a few dollars more, many such machines now offer a special key to quickly calculate percentages—useful for investors and for those who do their own income taxes.

For checkbook balancers, a six-digit readout is usually adequate, since it handles numbers up to 9999.99. Anyone who has that much in his checking account can well afford a more substantial machine, but even the cheapest routinely provide eight digits, which is as much accuracy as any but the most compulsive person will ever require. Ten, 12 and even 14 digits, while available and lovely to look at, are really useful only to census takers and pure mathematicians.

A new class of $80–$120 machines is being promoted this fall by manufacturers who hope that buyers will pay more for calculators that include a memory. For many types of problems—especially the more complicated ones—a memory is worth the extra cost. But it really does nothing the user couldn't do with a cheaper machine and a pencil.

Those who won't settle for less than the best can choose from a range of special-purpose machines whose prices go from $120 to $400. These are really pocket computers, yielding answers for up to 100 types of complex math problems. They can do anything that slide rules and log tables do (and then some)—and they are quicker, more accurate and more fun, providing the cube root of your age as quickly as you punch the keys. Hewlett-Packard's HP-35, for example, can perform an almost limitless number of trigonometric, logarithmic, exponential and square-root functions—all accurate to ten digits. Its price was recently reduced to $295.

Hewlett-Packard's latest entry, the HP-45, is by far the jazziest of all hand-held calculators. In addition to doing everything the HP-35 can do, this $395 model performs all sorts of decimal-to-metric conversions—centimeters to inches, kilograms to pounds, liters to gallons, and so on. Hewlett-Packard also makes a specialized machine of interest primarily to bond salesmen. This one (Model HP-80, around $400) will give answers to any question you can ask involving relationships between time and money. Its memory even includes a 200-year calendar. And for those who are worried about bulging pockets and are willing to pay a price to avoid them, there's the Sinclair Executive, a British machine only three eighths of an inch thick. It weighs two and a half

(continued on page 248)

will the real colonel marco, albanian master spy, code name big bad wolf, please stand up?

THE BEE ON THE FINGER

fiction By JAMES POWELL

"I see you've noticed my ring, young man. Yes, it is striking, isn't it?" said the lean, gray-cheeked man in the seat by the window.

Bunting's eyes had been closed since the turbulent take-off from New York. He opened them. "Pardon?" he asked.

The man had the flawless smile of cheap false teeth. "I said: 'I see you've noticed my ring, young man. Yes, it is striking, isn't it?' " he repeated, holding out his hand. The ring was a large bee done with considerable detail in some kind of gold metal or other. "But I'm afraid you're out of luck. I wouldn't sell it for all the world."

Bunting opened a magazine. "Nice," he said in a flat tone.

"I see you aren't wearing a ring," added the man.

"No," Bunting said without looking up and

studying an advertisement with great concentration.

"You don't approve of them for men," said the man. "In fact, you consider them effeminate."

Bunting shrugged and read on.

"West Point graduates wear rings," insisted the man. "Surely you can't dismiss the entire U.S. officer corps just like that."

Bunting closed the magazine. It would be 40 minutes before they landed in Toronto. If he couldn't break off the conversation, perhaps he could redirect it. "You an Army man?" he asked.

"Not all warriors wear uniforms," observed his traveling companion. "Some don the black parachute to fight with invisible ink, false mustaches, code books and microdots behind the lines."

Bunting grinned with disbelief. "You're a spy."

"Did I say that?" protested the man in a whisper, his eyes flitting from side to side.

"But I guess if you were, you wouldn't admit it," said Bunting thoughtfully.

The man narrowed his eyes and nodded with admiration. "And to think I almost underestimated you for despising my ring."

Bunting laughed modestly. "I'm just not big on bugs."

The man cocked an eyebrow. "You despise the bee?" he asked with chill astonishment. "Symbol of industry. Emblem of the great Napoleon Bonaparte himself, a military genius who overcame the physical handicap of shortness to become the Emperor of France, cradle of Western culture? You——" He hung his head, too moved to go on. After a moment, he said, "I apologize for my little outburst. I feel things deeply, you see. I imagine your generation considers that old-fashioned." He sighed. "In addition, I've been recently visited by adversities." He slipped the ring off his slender finger and held it up for display. "Is your manhood so insecure that wearing this ring would make you feel effeminate?" he asked, taking Bunting by the wrist.

"Of course not," said Bunting.

"Good," said the man and, sliding the ring onto Bunting's plump, white ring finger, he forced it over the knuckle.

"Hey!" hissed Bunting through his teeth.

"A bit snug," the man conceded. "But handsome." Bunting grunted and tried to pull the ring off. "As I said," said the man, "I wouldn't consider selling, but I have had reverses."

Red-faced, Bunting balled his fist around the finger and tugged. "Listen," he panted, "I don't want to buy your damned ring, understand?"

"Perhaps if I told you something of its history," offered the man. "It was crafted in the Seventeenth Century by Ibrahim of Ferrara at the request of Rhea, Countess d'Iverno, who——"

"Miss?" said Bunting, following a passing stewardess. "Perhaps you can help me. I've gotten this gentleman's ring stuck on my finger."

A few minutes later, Bunting was back in his seat, the ring still in place. "Did she try soap?" asked the man. When Bunting nodded, the man shook his head. "Here in North America, you consider soap the answer to everything. But look, your knuckle is swollen. Give it a rest for a bit. Listen to the story of the ring." When Bunting settled back fretfully, the man continued: "Now, two of the symptoms of the growing madness of Lorenzo, Count d'Iverno, were his coldness toward his beautiful wife, Rhea, and a fear of being poisoned, which haunted his waking hours. Desperate and determined to secretly administer her husband a love potion, the countess commissioned Ibrahim, the hunchbacked goldsmith, to make this ring with a compartment that opened by a spring to hold the drug. But Ibrahim conceived a great passion for his lovely customer. She, of course, rejected his declaration as grotesque. In a rage, the scorned hunchback showed the ring to Lorenzo and told him that the countess plotted to poison him. Lorenzo's baroque imagination concocted this fiendish revenge: The ring's mechanism was redesigned so that when the compartment was sprung, a deadly poisoned needle would bite deep into the finger that wore the ring. And so the Countess Rhea died of the sting of the bee. But not before she had told her husband of her real intent. Realizing the treachery of the hunchback, Lorenzo burst into his atelier, forced him to deny his God and slew him with a dagger. Then, mad with grief or what have you, he threw himself on the swords of the countess' vengeful brothers and so perished. Perhaps you're familiar with Monterossi's opera based on this story, now remembered only for its overture." He hummed a few bars of music.

Bunting smiled uneasily. "It isn't loaded, is it? I mean, there's no danger of it going off by accident?"

"Before I answer your first question, tell me this," said the man. "Are there still situations where death is better than dishonor?"

"Like 'Give me liberty or give me death'?" asked Bunting.

"Spoken like a true patroit," said the man. "And other examples readily suggest themselves. For the ladies, the possibility of a fate more horrible than death. For myself, the constant, hellish fear of betraying my country and comrades in the dank interrogation cells deep in the bowels of secret-police headquarters. So, of course, the ring is loaded. But it can't go off by accident." He took Bunting's wrist. "Here," he said, touching the left wing of the bee with his finger tip. "This is the safety catch. While it's on, the ring is just a ring. But now. . . ." There was an audible click when he pressed the ring. "Now it's a lethal weapon." When Bunting stiffened, the man clamped down hard on his wrist. "But what are you afraid of? If you are who you say you are, why would I trigger it?"

"What do you mean: if I am who I say I am?" demanded Bunting. "My name's Bunting. I buy things cheap in New York and sell them dear in Toronto, and vice versa."

"Ingenious," said the man. "But suppose, just suppose that you were really Inspector Buckingham, the energetic and smiling chief of Canadian counterintelligence who is known in the world of espionage by the code name Bucky Beaver. And suppose again," he smiled, "that I was your deadliest adversary, Colonel Marco, the Albanian master spy, code name Big Bad Wolf. And suppose that inscribed on that celebrated photographic memory of yours were the secret plans for the Royal Canadian Naval Magneto."

Bunting gave a nervous laugh. "That sounds like something out of the Thirties."

The man nodded. "A shrewd people, the Canadians. Bland and colorless on the surface. But underneath, they're steel. Steel and pure adamantine intelligence." He tapped the ring for emphasis.

"I wish you wouldn't do that," said Bunting.

"I'll bet you do," smiled the man. "Anyway, there the Canadians sit with the deadliest weapon afloat, one that will give them complete mastery of the Great Lakes, and they name it the Royal Canadian Naval Magneto. Why? So you'll laugh like you just did and think it can't be anything serious. But, as I was saying, let's suppose you are Bucky Beaver and I the Big Bad Wolf and I have this ring on your finger that I can trigger at my pleasure. Then I bet you'd be more than willing to draw the secret plans for me."

Bunting turned white. He jumped up and bolted back toward the toilets. The man followed and crowded into the tiny compartment after him. He watched over Bunting's shoulder as the young man poured water on the ring. "Good," he approved. "Cold water makes the metal expand. Or is it hot water? Physics was never my subject."

Bunting, his forehead beaded with sweat, was struggling to force off the ring without touching the bee. "Listen," he insisted, "I'm not your Bucky Beaver."

"You?" laughed the man. "I should say not. Look at those chubby cheeks, that baby fat, those soft hands. Inspector

(continued on page 221)

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ORGANIZED CRIME

PART II:

CHICAGO AND THE PROHIBITION YEARS

article
By RICHARD HAMMER

and so it came to pass
that booze was banned,
free enterprise flourished
and the sound of
the tommy gun was heard
through the land

BY 1920 Frankie Yale had grown rich, powerful and almost respectable. He owned the Harvard Inn at Coney Island and the Yale Cigar Manufacturing Company (his portrait was on every box, with the cigars selling three for 50 cents, carried in every store in Brooklyn, and Frankie Yale was the generic term for a lousy smoke), had pieces of race horses, prize fighters, night clubs and assorted other enterprises, legitimate and illegitimate. He owned a fleet of fast boats and when Prohibition came, he turned them loose for quick trips out beyond the three- or 12-mile limit, to what became known as "rum row," to off-load good whiskey shipped from Europe and the Caribbean and run it through the Coast Guard blockades to shore. He owned trucks for shipping the whiskey to speakeasies and bootleggers anywhere and everywhere. When the Mafia moved in on the Sicilian betterment and charitable organization known as the Unione Siciliana, he became its president, giving him increased power and stature as an ethnic leader. But what Yale prized most was his funeral parlor. "I'm an undertaker," he would often say. And, indeed, that was what he was, maintaining a crew of guns for hire to any paying customer.

A call came early in 1920 from his old friend and one-time Harvard Inn partner, Johnny Torrio. There was a job to be done in Chicago and the price was $10,000. Yale was not only willing to oblige but said he would do the job personally, for it was one that would make Torrio the king of the rackets in the nation's second city.

The 18th Amendment gave Torrio the opportunity he and others had long been waiting for. Maybe the politicians could outlaw booze, but all the laws and all the pious pronouncements were not going to stop thirsty people from finding ways to buy and drink

the stuff. And Torrio was determined to be there offering them the opportunities. There were plenty of loopholes in the Volstead Act for a persevering and farsighted man to make use of. A certain amount of liquor was still going to be made legally, kept in bonded warehouses and released upon presentation of certificates; such certificates could be bought or counterfeited. Doctors would be able to prescribe liquor for medicinal purposes, and many a doctor could be bought and millions of such liquor prescriptions accumulated. Millions more could be counterfeited. There were 18,700 miles of unguarded borders surrounding the United States across which alcohol could be smuggled with little difficulty. Every bottle of liquor, when cut and reblended, then rebottled and relabeled (with

During the Twenties, Mayor William Hale "Big Bill the Builder" Thompson made Chicago the Midwestern mecca of booze and vice, which, he believed, were the secrets of civic prosperity. The era culminated in the Saint Valentine's Day Massacre (below)—seven men lined up and cut down in a North Clark Street garage.

ILLUSTRATION BY KUNIO HAGIO AFTER THOMAS HART BENTON CIRCA 1930

Below: "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn was one of those suspected of the Saint Valentine's Day Massacre of 1929. Seven years later, to the day, he walked into a bowling alley on Chicago's North Side and became machine-gunned Jack McGurn—shot in the back by gunmen with Thompsons and a poetic sense of revenge.

counterfeit bottles and labels indistinguishable from the real thing), could be turned into three, four or more and sold for far higher prices than before. A quart of Scotch, for instance, went for four dollars at sea, was sold by Yale and other rumrunners for $14 and was then turned into a three-quart multiple that went for $42 or more. In a speak-easy, a shot sold for 75 cents, while in pre-Prohibition days, a shot of uncut Scotch had sold for 15 cents. Millions of gallons of liquor had been stored away for a year in anticipation of Prohibition, and they were now about to come out of hiding. In the backwoods and in the back alleys of the ghettos, there were thousands of home-grown stills. Many hard-drinking Italians, Poles and Irishmen had long made their own wine, beer and

The Unione Siciliana was one of Chicago's main sources of raw alcohol. Members were issued well-made copper stills and the necessary ingredients, then instructed in the not-too-fine art of cooking off a few gallons of ethanol a week. It was a good way to earn extra money at home in one's spare time.

A DIRECTORY OF NOTED CHICAGO BUSINESSMEN

Colosimo lacked corporate ambition and was kicked upstairs.

Torrio sensibly moved to New York for the sake of his health.

Capone, nailed on taxes, found the pen mightier than the sword.

O'Banion regretted his remark "To hell with them Sicilians."

Moron arrived late at his own Saint Valentine's Day party.

Weiss's North Side leadership was terminated by tommy guns.

liquor. Given the right price, they would be willing to increase output and turn it over for resale. And near beer was still legal, though it was first necessary to make the real stuff, then dealcoholize it.

So the liquor was there, waiting. And it was apparent to many as early as January 17, 1920, that there were plenty of customers for it, that the Noble Experiment, as Herbert Hoover would later call it, hadn't a chance of working. (Drinking in the years ahead would become a pastime even in the White House, where President Warren G. Harding, taking office a year after Prohibition, kept a second-floor bar and maintained his own personal bootlegger, Elias Mortimer.) The law went into effect at midnight on the 16th. The first illegal drink, someone at the time noted, was sold about a minute later. And the first recorded violations of the law took place, as it happened, in Chicago before an hour had passed. Six masked gunmen drove a truck into a Chicago railroad switchyard, tied and gagged the watchman, locked six engineers in a shed and then broke open two freight cars and drove away with $100,000 worth of whiskey marked FOR MEDICINAL USE ONLY. Almost simultaneously, another Chicago gang hijacked a truck loaded with medicinal whiskey and began a trend that would last through the dry years. A third group broke into a bonded warehouse and made off with four barrels of whiskey. It was just the beginning.

But Torrio realized something more than just that beer and liquor were available and that there were plenty of customers. He saw that at last the underworld could win a measure of respectability; it could move in on something that people wanted avidly and become the sole supplier. He also realized that the law would be enforced laxly. Initially, he had not been so sure, concerned that a Federal law would be enforced strenuously

Dismayed by the infidelity of some of his most trusted gunmen, Al Capone invited them to a gala banquet at which he admonished them with a baseball bat.

ILLUSTRATION BY SEYMOUR FLEISHMAN AFTER PAUL CADMUS CIRCA 1929

S. Fleishman

by Federal agents. But political soundings soon persuaded him that he had nothing to fear. All those charged with enforcement would be political appointees and would be earning only about $1500 a year. And, in Chicago and its surroundings, there would be only 134 of them. If political hacks—underpaid and thinly spread ones, at that—were going to man the bureau, the feasibility of bribery was great.

The only obstacle to Torrio's major move into bootlegging was his mentor, Big Jim Colosimo. Bootlegging interested him hardly at all. More and more in the years before Prohibition, Colosimo had been turning the management of his empire over to Torrio while he devoted himself to other, more gracious pursuits. His café, Colosimo's, had become a favorite watering spot for Chicagoans; he had cultivated visiting celebrities, who would join him at his table; he had developed a passion for opera and was often seen with Caruso, Titta Ruffo, Lina Cavalieri and others when they were in town; he was adding to his already noted collection of diamonds and other gems, which gave him the sometime nickname "Diamond Jim." But more than anything, there was his new love, Dale Winter, a onetime choir singer whose singing and acting lessons, even concerts, he paid for, and on whom he poured treasure. In 1920, Colosimo had become so taken with Miss Winter that he divorced his wife—Torrio's cousin, Victoria Moresco—and married the singer. "It's your funeral, Jim," Torrio said when Colosimo told him the news.

It was. Colosimo would permit Torrio to handle only enough booze to stock their whorehouses and speak-easies—to satisfy the desires of the customers. Colosimo was afraid of the Feds and nothing Torrio said could persuade him that they could be bought. Blocked, Torrio made his phone call to his friend Frankie Yale in Brooklyn.

Late in the afternoon of May 11, 1920, in response to a request from Torrio, Colosimo left his bride of less than one month for a trip down to his café. There, he was to await and pay for a shipment of whiskey for the business. Yale was waiting for him and killed him with a bullet in the back of the head. (An eyewitness described Yale to the police, but must have had second thoughts on his way to New York. When confronted with Yale, he refused to identify him and was put on a train back to Chicago.)

When they broke the news to Torrio, he cried, something no one could ever remember him doing. "Big Jim and me were like brothers," he mourned. Then he arranged a fitting final tribute for three days later. It was the prototype of the Chicago gangland funeral, and all those that followed would be measured against it. Colosimo was laid to rest in a $7500 silver-and-mahogany casket; scores of cars filled with flowers followed the hearse; so, too, did 5000 mourners, including, as honorary or active pallbearers: two Congressmen, three judges, one soon-to-be Federal judge, ten aldermen, a state representative and an army of other politicians and community leaders. Chicago mayor William Hale "Big Bill" Thompson was otherwise occupied, but he sent along personal representatives and his heartfelt condolences, for Colosimo had been a rock in the Republican Party and had brought out huge pluralities for Thompson and his G.O.P. cohorts. Torrio, one of the most demonstrably emotional of the mourners, was taken aside for personal words with most of the famous, and on the way back from the cemetery he rode in a private limousine. Pallbearer "Bathhouse" John Coughlin, a First Ward alderman, marked Colosimo's passing thusly: "Jim wasn't a bad fellow. You know what he did? He fixed up an old farmhouse for broken-down prostitutes. They rested up and got back in shape and he never charged them a cent." The only sour note in the occasion was struck by Archbishop (later Cardinal) George Mundelein. Colosimo, he ruled, could not be buried in consecrated ground—because he had divorced and remarried. In lieu of clergy, "Bathhouse" John Coughlin led the prayers.

Jim Colosimo was laid to rest. Somehow or other, his fortune evaporated between the day of his murder and the time, a week later, when a search of his estate was made. In addition to the millions he was rumored to have socked away, he had supposedly left home on that fatal day with $150,000 in cash in his pockets. But the search turned up only $67,500 in cash, $8894 in jewels and 15 barrels of whiskey. Nobody ever came up with a satisfactory explanation for what happened to the rest. Dale Winter, after a period of mourning, returned to New York City to pursue a stage career. She took over the lead in the hit musical *Irene* on Broadway, toured with it for some years and then, in 1924, remarried and later faded into obscurity.

So Torrio was the boss of the Colosimo empire. But his eyes were on all of Chicago. To control it, three steps had to be taken: The aid and connivance of the politicians and the police had to be assured; the source of supply of, at first, beer (for Torrio was convinced that Chicago, a workingman's town, had an insatiable thirst for beer and a lesser one for the hard stuff) and then liquor had to be gained; and unity had to be brought to the multiplicity of gangs at loose throughout the city.

Winning the police and the politicians was simple. Their cooperation had been bought in the past for prostitution, gambling and other rackets and there was no reason to suspect that more of the same could not be purchased. But now a development loomed that would have a profound effect on the future of the nation (for, almost simultaneously, parallels were occurring in New York under Arnold Rothstein and elsewhere). Until Prohibition, the gangster was generally circumscribed by the unsavoriness of his calling and limited to his own neighborhood. He was the servant of the politician, to whom he paid protection money and for whom he performed services in a variety of causes. But Prohibition cast an aura of semi-legitimacy over the organized underworld, which provided a product the public desired and could get nowhere else. So the gangster moved out into the world. He was now involved in a business that had become one of the nation's largest, grossing billions of dollars annually—a Government study would later claim that the public was putting $10,000,000 a day into the bootleggers' pockets. With all that money at his command, his power and influence increased geometrically. Though still dependent on the politicians and the police for protection, that dependency took a new turn. Now the gangster, with his wealth and status, was becoming the master, and the politician and the policeman his servants. "Sixty percent of my policemen are in the bootleg business," Chicago police chief Charles C. Fitzmorris would say later, and some would think his estimate low.

The politicians were even more dependent. Torrio and others realized that it was their money and their muscle that kept a man in office, so they acted accordingly, forcing the political bosses to come to them abjectly seeking favors. The gangster's control over the city halls and over the very life of the cities reached so far that by 1928, such an upright and impeccable public figure as Frank Loesch, president of the Chicago Crime Commission and sworn enemy of the underworld, felt it necessary to beg for an audience with Al Capone to seek his assistance to ensure an honest civic election—and Capone, with the munificence of a monarch, gave it. But toward the political hirelings, the gangster felt only contempt, paralleling, perhaps, the contempt the politician had always shown him. "There's one thing worse than a crook," Capone would say later, "and that's a crooked man in a big political job. A man who pretends he's enforcing the law and is really making dough out of somebody breaking it; a self-respecting hoodlum hasn't any use for that kind of fellow—he buys them like he'd buy any article necessary to his trade, but he hates them in his heart."

So it was no hard task to control those who governed and policed the city. And, of course, over it all in Chicago there was the figure of Mayor Thompson, whose fervent and oft-proclaimed devotion to country, city and motherhood was perhaps overshadowed only by his devotion

(continued on page 170)

"All right, what's going on? All of a sudden it's so quiet up here."

THE KING IS DEAD

a sure winner and a born loser clash on a battlefield of sixty-four squares

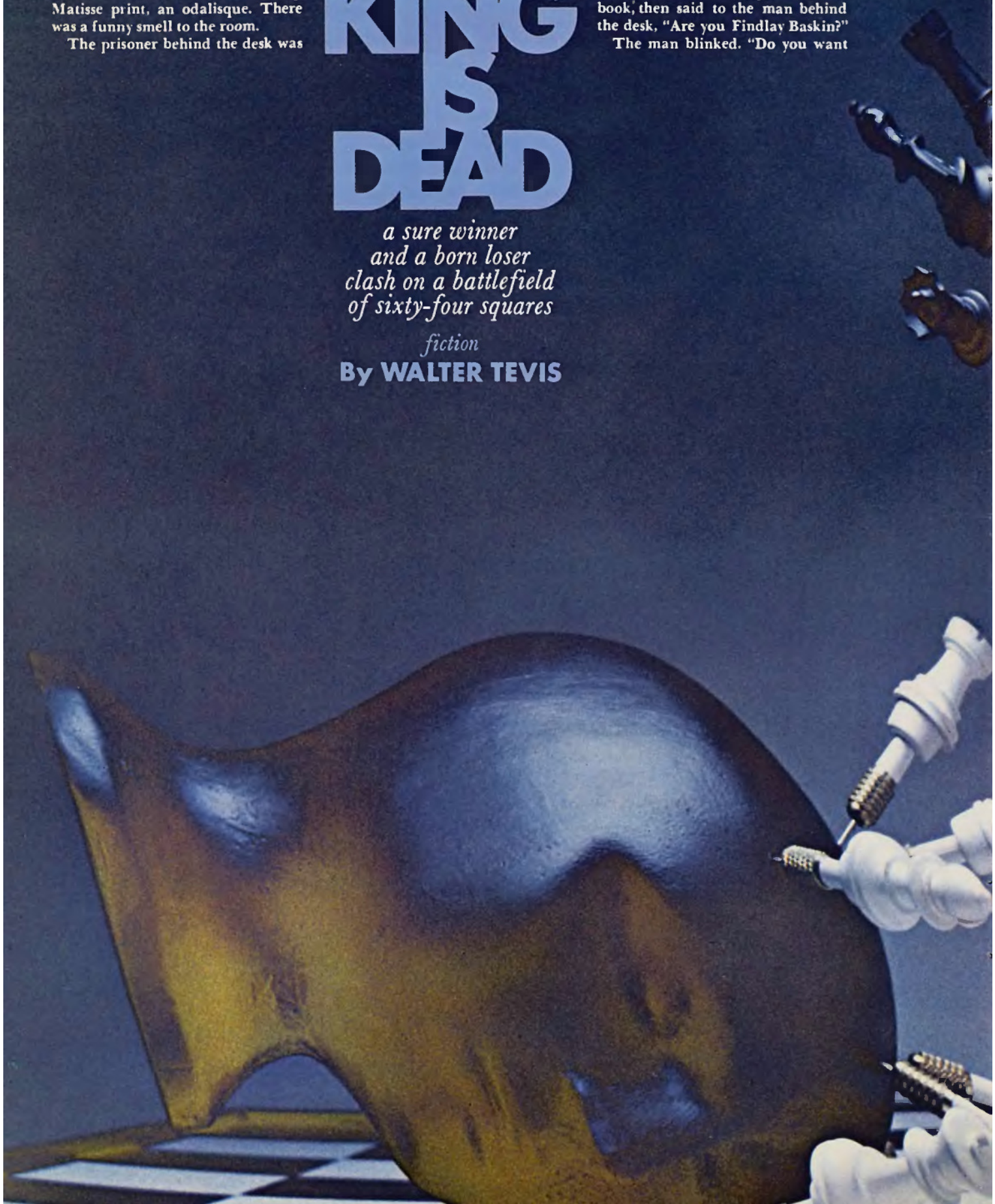
fiction

By WALTER TEVIS

THE LIBRARY had books, of course, and a lot of gray, open space and only a few people, and Will thought instantly, *This is going to be the best room to be in for that whole damned six months.* On one wall was a cheap Matisse print, an odalisque. There was a funny smell to the room.

The prisoner behind the desk was small, middle-aged, sandy-haired, with tight lines around his mouth. There were papers and books on the desk but no chessboard. Will walked over, waited for another prisoner to finish checking out a lawbook, then said to the man behind the desk, "Are you Findlay Baskin?"

The man blinked. "Do you want



to check out a book?" His voice was toneless.

Will cleared his throat. "I understand your F.I.D.E. rating is over two thousand."

The other man's expression did not change. "What do the letters F.I.D.E. stand for?"

Will began to feel better. He felt a touch of anger at the man's little game, and anger was always his antidote for nervousness. "It stands for *Fédération Internationale des Echecs*." He gave the enunciation his full City College, minor-in-French nasality, thinking, *If this man likes to play that kind of conversational chess....*

The man looked toward the cheap Matisse print on the wall for a moment and said, "I'm Findlay Baskin. My rating is two-three-four—oh—two. Or was."

That would make him number 40 or 50 in the country. And then Will said, "*Was?*"

Baskin looked back from the

CONSTRUCTION BY TOM STAEBLER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

picture and into Will's face. "I've hardly had the opportunity to play in tournaments for three years."

"Three years? And I never heard. . . ."

Baskin smiled for the first time, and the smile was a surprisingly pleasant one. "I'm not Fischer, you know. My particular crime managed to draw a quarter column in the *Times*."

Will started to ask him what that crime had been, but he wasn't yet sure of prison protocol about that kind of question. "I embezzled, myself," he said. And then, "My rating is eighteen eighty-five."

Baskin looked at him thoughtfully for what seemed a long time. A couple of aging cons came into the room, whispering, sat at a table and began to flip through magazines. Then Baskin reached into his pocket, took out a quarter, spun it on the desk in front of him and then, like swatting a fly, flattened it with his right hand. "Heads or tails?" he said.

Will shrugged mentally. "Tails."

Baskin lifted the hand, revealing heads. "That makes you black." And then, no longer smiling, "Pawn to king four."

Will stared at him. "Where's the board?"

"No board," Baskin said. "Pawn to king four."

Will looked around him, at the six or seven quiet cons in the room, and then he said, "OK, but I've never done this before. Pawn to queen's bishop four."

"Don't make excuses," Baskin said. "I'd beat you on a board just as easily."

• • •

Baskin had him mated in 17 moves, with a bishop that seemed to come from nowhere. Will had blundered away two pawns and a knight anyway by that time, just from being unable to keep the imaginary board clear in his head. He started to ask Baskin, with irritation, why they couldn't use a board; but instead he said, "Now I'm white. Pawn to king four. . . ."

It took Baskin 24 moves to mate him this time, and Will made no serious blunders. Once he got that picture of a nice, sharp board, with clean-cut, Staunton-pattern pieces on it, it wasn't too difficult. He was even beginning to like it, did not even mind losing, which was inevitable, anyway. He had lost to pros before, in his hustling days in college, and had learned to take it. And of course he had never played a grand master before. There was no real damage to his pride from losing, because the real game was just to see how long he could hang in there. And maybe learn something.

After the second game he said, "Another?" and Baskin pointed to the library clock. It was 9:30.

"Here," Baskin said, and he reached under the desk and pulled out a fat book. "Read this." The book was *Modern Chess Openings*, the bible on the subject.

"I've read it." That wasn't altogether true; but he had read most of the main variations of the Sicilian defense—the Najdorf, the dragon.

"Then memorize it," Baskin said.

"*Memorize* it?"

"What else are you going to do in your cell? Dance?"

Will grinned, taking the book. "OK. I'll try."

"And later," Baskin said, "I'll let you have the Fischer games book. And the Petrosian. And the Spassky."

"Jesus Christ!"

"Most chess is memory."

"I didn't mean that. I meant, what kind of a prison library is this?"

Baskin looked expressionless again. "Who do you think orders the books for it?" he said.

• • •

They played verbal chess every evening for a week before Will got his first draw game. And then a stalemate. And, finally, after three weeks and over 50 games, Baskin blundered and left a rook hanging. Will, his voice trembling as he called the move, snapped it off with a knight fork. And traded the grand master down until he, Will, got to say, for the first time, that lovely ancient and potent word, "Checkmate." Checkmate. *Shah mat*: The king is dead.

"Well," Baskin said, "you've been doing your homework." Then he reached beneath the librarian's desk and produced a rolled-up cloth chessboard and a box of large, Staunton-style pieces. "And for doing your homework, this is the reward."

"Beautiful," Will said, staring at the set. After over a month of playing on that board in his mind, he felt as Mozart must have felt when at last he heard the orchestra play the sounds that he had been hearing in his head. Still, it was possible that the real geniuses preferred the pure and ideal music of their games. But to him, a man who loved women and food and freedom and several other substantial things more than chess, the set, with its cylindrical rooks and its dutiful, stubby pawns and its *solidity*—right there on the table as well as in his head and his memories—was a solid, existential joy.

They set the pieces up wordlessly, in a kind of mutual reverence, and began to play. Outside the room, in the lights of brilliant lamps around which night insects fluttered, guards patrolled. Four hundred other prisoners watched Mary Tyler Moore on television. Over the chessboard in the library only a dim 60-watt bulb shone, but it made sharp shadows of the pieces: king, rook, pawn, queen, knight.

• • •

In two months Will had memorized all of the useful lines of play and counterplay in the Sicilian defense and in the queen's gambit, games that Baskin, strangely, kept playing almost exclusively. Will had learned to play in his head, and during the morning-exercise walks in the prison yard, he would go over some of the Fischer-Spassky games, the Reykjavík ones, in his mind. As a bright child in New Haven, he had lived chess for several years, but never before like this.

Once, during a game in the library, while they were playing with a double-faced chess clock, playing a fierce, 20-minute game, and Will was wavering between setting up a bishop uncover or giving check with a knight, Baskin reached forward and stopped both clocks. Then he said, "How do you like prison life, Will?"

Will shook his head, trying to break the spell the move choice had over him. "The food is terrible," he said, "and most of the men are animals. But it's not quite so bad as I'd expected." And then, almost in appeal, "But it all makes me so goddamned nervous. . . ."

"Yes," Baskin said, "it makes you nervous. And chess makes you nervous, too. You should have taken the check with the knight. It loses you nothing. Then, while I was getting out of check, you could have made up your mind about the bishop-and-rook combination."

Will smiled weakly. "Being nervous doesn't necessarily——"

"How do you think Fischer would take to prison life? Would he cower at the guards?"

He knew what Baskin meant. He didn't exactly cower at guards, but he knew he was running scared. "Well, Fischer would complain about the lighting in the cells."

"He would have confidence," Baskin said. "Which you, Will, sorely lack. Do you know what Bogolyubov said, when somebody asked him whether he preferred playing white or black?"

"No."

"He said, 'It makes utterly no difference. When I play white, I win because I am playing white; when I play black, I win because I am Bogolyubov.'"

Will laughed out loud. "OK," he said, "I need confidence."

• • •

After three months, Will was finally able to get himself transferred to the library, where there was now time to play Baskin as many as eight games a day. He was lucky to win one out of the eight; but he was learning.

With a chess clock, they would sometimes play five- and ten-minute games, as well as the standard tournament-style two-hour ones. The short games made for more nerve-racking play, but they prevented dawdling and made for fast thinking. And with the clock, you didn't have to play touch move—where, if you so much as touch a piece with your sleeve, you have to move that piece. Instead, they used the rule where the move isn't final

(continued on page 168)

I DECIDED a long time ago that there are only two essential and immutable rules of pleasure travel: (1) If you kind of think you might like to go, go. (2) Keep your eye on your luggage. My ability to abide strictly by the first rule has been somewhat restricted, of course, by the bankruptcy laws of the state of New York, but I do my best, bolstered by the knowledge that I have never regretted a trip to anywhere and that I am still trying to figure out why I passed up an opportunity to visit Alexandria in 1958 when I had gone as far as Athens anyway. (Maybe I had gone only as far as Rome, but it obviously would have been silly not to go on to Athens as long as I had gone as far as Rome.) My observance of the second rule of travel is somewhere between strict and maniacal. I am likely to hang back in the line of passengers boarding a plane in, say, Montreal, not from any fear of flying (several years ago, I discovered that I could prevent the plane I was flying on from

THE SARONG COMES FROM SAKS

article

By CALVIN TRILLIN

picture and into Will's face. "I've hardly had the opportunity to play in tournaments for three years."

"Three years? And I never heard. . . ."

Baskin smiled for the first time, and the smile was a surprisingly pleasant one. "I'm not Fischer, you know. My particular crime managed to draw a quarter column in the *Times*."

Will started to ask him what that crime had been, but he wasn't yet sure of prison protocol about that kind of question. "I embezzled, myself," he said. And then, "My rating is eighteen eighty-five."

Baskin looked at him thoughtfully for what seemed a long time. A couple of aging cons came into the room, whispering, sat at a table and began to flip through magazines. Then Baskin reached into his pocket, took out a quarter, spun it on the desk in front of him and then, like swatting a fly, flattened it with his right hand. "Heads or tails?" he said.

Will shrugged mentally. "Tails."

Baskin lifted the hand, revealing heads. "That makes you black." And then, no longer smiling, "Pawn to king four."

Will stared at him. "Where's the board?"

"No board," Baskin said. "Pawn to king four."

Will looked around him, at the six or seven quiet cons in the room, and then he said, "OK, but I've never done this before. Pawn to queen's bishop four."

"Don't make excuses," Baskin said. "I'd beat you on a board just as easily."

• • •

Baskin had him mated in 17 moves, with a bishop that seemed to come from nowhere. Will had blundered away two pawns and a knight anyway by that time, just from being unable to keep the imaginary board clear in his head. He started to ask Baskin, with irritation, why they couldn't use a board; but instead he said, "Now I'm white. Pawn to king four. . . ."

It took Baskin 24 moves to mate him this time, and Will made no serious blunders. Once he got that picture of a nice, sharp board, with clean-cut, Staunton-pattern pieces on it, it wasn't too difficult. He was even beginning to like it, did not even mind losing, which was inevitable, anyway. He had lost to pros before, in his hustling days in college, and had learned to take it. And of course he had never played a grand master before. There was no real damage to his pride from losing, because the real game was just to see how long he could hang in there. And maybe learn something.

After the second game he said, "Another?" and Baskin pointed to the library clock. It was 9:30.

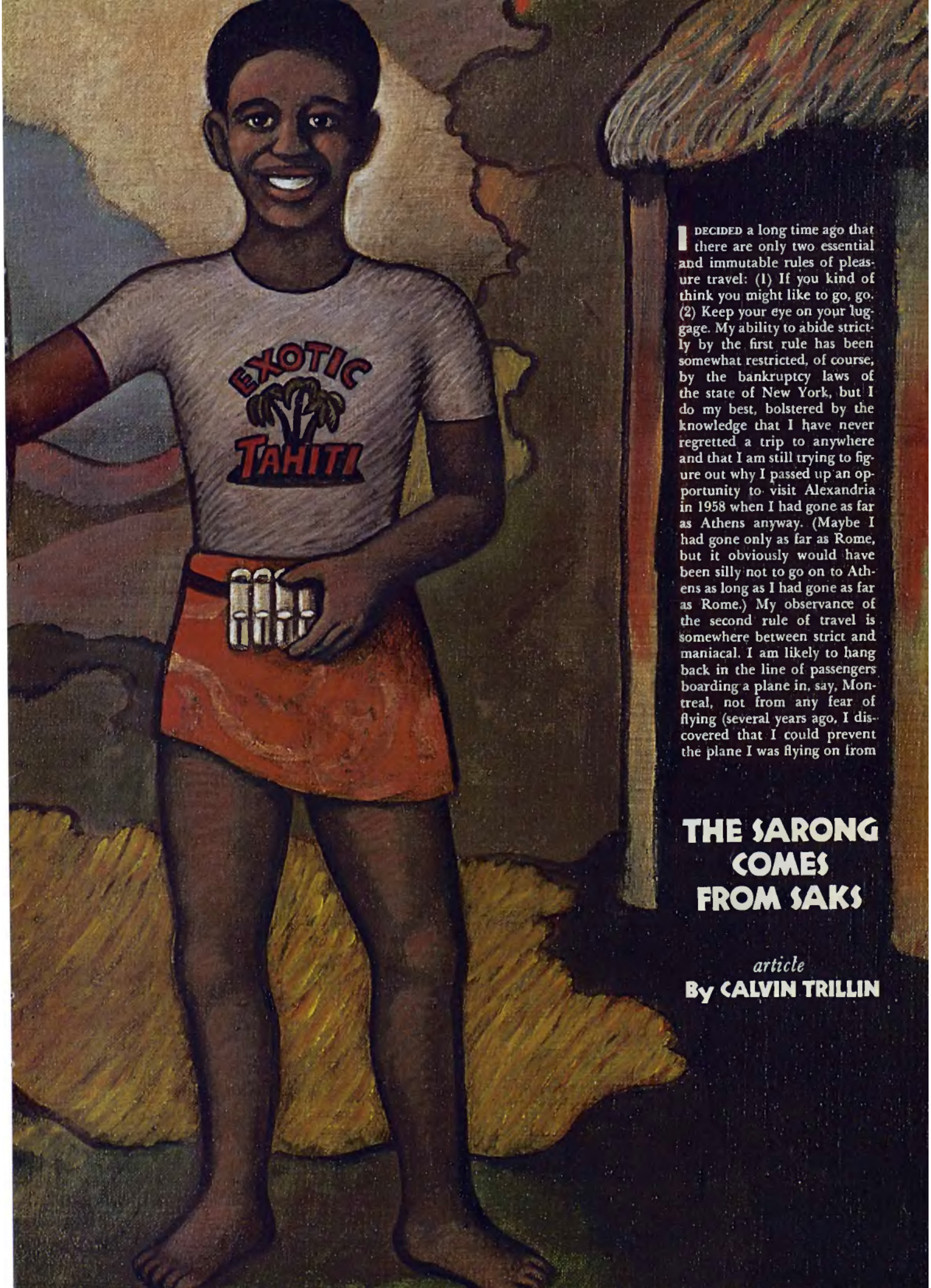
"Here," Baskin said, and he reached under the desk and pulled out a fat book. "Read this." The book was *Modern Chess Openings*, the bible on the subject.

"I've read it." That wasn't altogether

when half the people you know are going off to some place for its native charm, you can be damn sure there's a hilton there

$2.25
$1.85
$1.50
$1.95
$1.25
$.95

Paul Davis



I DECIDED a long time ago that there are only two essential and immutable rules of pleasure travel: (1) If you kind of think you might like to go, go. (2) Keep your eye on your luggage. My ability to abide strictly by the first rule has been somewhat restricted, of course, by the bankruptcy laws of the state of New York, but I do my best, bolstered by the knowledge that I have never regretted a trip to anywhere and that I am still trying to figure out why I passed up an opportunity to visit Alexandria in 1958 when I had gone as far as Athens anyway. (Maybe I had gone only as far as Rome, but it obviously would have been silly not to go on to Athens as long as I had gone as far as Rome.) My observance of the second rule of travel is somewhere between strict and maniacal. I am likely to hang back in the line of passengers boarding a plane in, say, Montreal, not from any fear of flying (several years ago, I discovered that I could prevent the plane I was flying on from

THE SARONG COMES FROM SAKS

article

By CALVIN TRILLIN

crashing by refusing to adjust my watch to the new time zone until we were on the ground, and I have used that method successfully ever since) but from the fear that unless I see my suitcase physically lifted into the belly of the plane, I will have to fly all the way to Toronto gripped by the dread certainty that my luggage has been put on the nonstop to Caracas, Venezuela. I was the man you may have noticed at Kennedy Airport in New York trying to impress upon the TWA ticket agent my absolute certainty that three suitcases, a typewriter and a gift package of homemade cream cheese with scallions would easily fit under my seat on a flight to San Francisco. That was also me you may have seen wrestling our family's 500 pounds of luggage from some eager porter in an Italian airport—no burden being too heavy to bear if it protects me from the possibility that the porter, crazed, perhaps, by a niggardly tip he received from a U.S. Marine colonel moments before, has been searching for some American luggage to toss into the reflecting pool in front of the International Arrivals building. All in all, I manage to do a lot of traveling, and I rarely lose my luggage more than once a month.

For people who do a lot of traveling, it sometimes seems that the first rule of conversation about travel is always to imply that any place anyone else is about to visit is ruined. "I suppose Sumbawa has about had it by now," the speaker will say, leaving the unspoken implication that he managed to get in a few idyllic Sumbawan weeks before the place was overrun. There are people whose first response to being told that you are about to visit some outer island of the Marquesas is: "Pity about the Marquesas. I remember thinking years ago that if that semimonthly prop service from Fiji ever started, that would be it." American travelers live in constant fear that the places they are about to go have been ruined by the presence of too many people like themselves.

Being ruined is not the same as being discovered. An old travel adage goes, "There are only a few remaining undiscovered places in the world, and none of them have enough clean towels." The economics governing hotel accommodations in rarely visited places means that a comfortable hotel becomes economically feasible when the number of tourists increases to the point at which the reason for going to the place no longer exists. There are, of course, exceptions. Once, due to a fortuitous mechanical problem in what was then Air Polynesia's entire fleet of plane, my wife and I were forced to remain in the Kingdom of Tonga for a week that I had planned to spend doing some fairly dismal work in Pago Pago—which is, despite the romance its name conjures, fairly dismal itself. The Kingdom of Tonga turned out to be a paradise that had been made quite a bit more paradisiacal a couple of years before, when, in anticipation of the important international visitors expected for the coronation of King Taufaahau Tupou IV, the capital city of Nukualofa became blessed with the kind of first-rate hotel that would ordinarily not be built until there were enough tourists to support four or five boutiques and a Hertz agency. As a sort of bonus to the arrangement, the most splendid public functions in the kingdom were held in the hotel's outdoor dining room, so that the few overnight guests became included merely by showing up for dinner—a policy that permitted us to be present at the Miss Nukualofa contest and to cheer home as the winner a young woman who was sponsored by a local bakery and entered as Miss Friendly Island Biscuits.

There is a theory among some heavy travelers—it is known as the Acapulco Law—that the last accessible undiscovered place was discovered sometime around the first or second week of August 1968 and was ruined by the middle of the following summer. According to those who believe in the Acapulco Law, there are so many tourists in so many places these days that the daily arrival in a town of eight tour buses, bristling with Instamatics, merely indicates that the town is more photographable and therefore probably more pleasant than a town that attracts only four tour buses daily. The law got its name from the belief that the sophisticated people who used to go to Acapulco fled as the American Express tours thundered in, ran all around the world only to find themselves, at the most, three or four weeks ahead of the American Express tours, and finally returned to Acapulco on the theory that as long as they had to be in a place overrun with tourists anyway, they might as well be in one with decent weather and a direct flight to Los Angeles. According to devout believers in the Acapulco Law, the logical extension of believing a place desirable because there are no other tourists there is to save one's money all year for three weeks in Youngstown, Ohio—a plan that at least has the virtue of avoiding all the sophisticated people who still go to Acapulco.

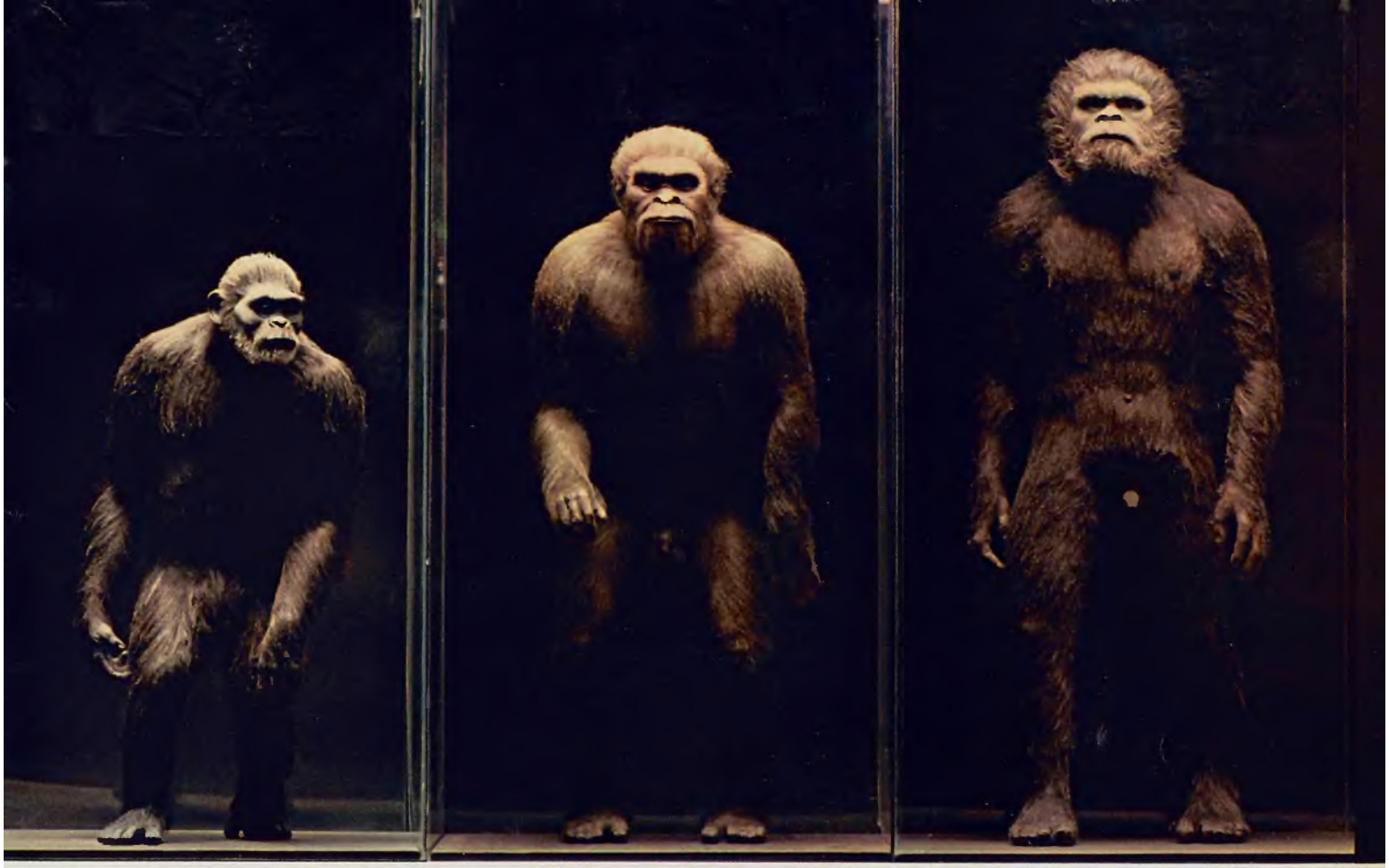
The Acapulco Law is tempting. Several years ago, when my wife and I were thinking about spending some time in Malindi, on the Kenyan shore of the Indian Ocean—a place that sounded rather remote to us, perhaps because we had never heard of it until we arrived in East Africa—the response of people we knew in Nairobi was that Malindi would be all right if we didn't mind German package tours. I do think there are still a few undiscovered spots in the world, some of them pleasant enough to make a man forget even his standards of towel nappiness. But, given the ordinary restrictions of time and money, practically any traveler has to do most of his traveling in a well-traveled place—and has to spend the two months before he leaves listening to his neighbor tell him that the place is completely ruined. The neighbor, of course, has never made a systematic study of what makes some well-traveled places ruined and what makes some of them as satisfying as they were when nobody there ever heard of Kleenex. Fortunately, I have. I have studied ruined cities and ruined villages and ruined beach resorts and even ruined ruins. I have studied unruined versions of each. I can now reveal my theories, known collectively as the Rules of Ruination with an Index of Spoilation Factors.

A SMALL TOWN IS EASIER TO RUIN THAN A LARGE CITY, AND ANY PLACE RECOMMENDED TO YOU BY MORE THAN TWO PEOPLE AS "A QUAINT LITTLE FISHING VILLAGE" WAS RUINED IN 1959.

One ruination tipping point—the point at which the attractions a tourist is going to see exist mainly because he is going to see them—is obviously harder to reach in Paris than in a tiny village whose largest industry before discovery was a three-man *gnocchi* factory. The formula on ruination of the kind of place that is spoken of as a Quaint Little Fishing Village or a Charming Hill Town is simple: The number of cobblestones divided by the number of boutiques cannot, when multiplied by half of the resident potters, exceed the number of hotels in which the waiters speak English. The same results can be obtained by substituting a tenth of the English paperback books available for the number of boutiques, and the formula works equally well backward.

Contrary to common belief, the best Mexican example of the small-town law of ruination is not Taxco, which I have always thought of not as a town but as a shopping center that happened to have had a particularly tasteful architect. (A sensitive traveler who spent more than two days in the center of Taxco, staring at the discreet hand-lettered signs on the freshly whitewashed buildings, could find himself yearning for the sight of a neon hamburger sign and an auto junk yard or two.) The best example, I think, is San Miguel de Allende, a colonial-era town in which a lot of the old houses have been restored with the kind of authentic Mexican detail understood only by Texas oilmen with Italian interior decorators. A town that exists only to be preserved ends up, like Wonder Bread, tasting mainly of preservatives. Walking around San Miguel is like touring the set of a movie that has hired a couple of thousand Mexican extras to play Mexicans. Being quaintly ruined may not be as bad as

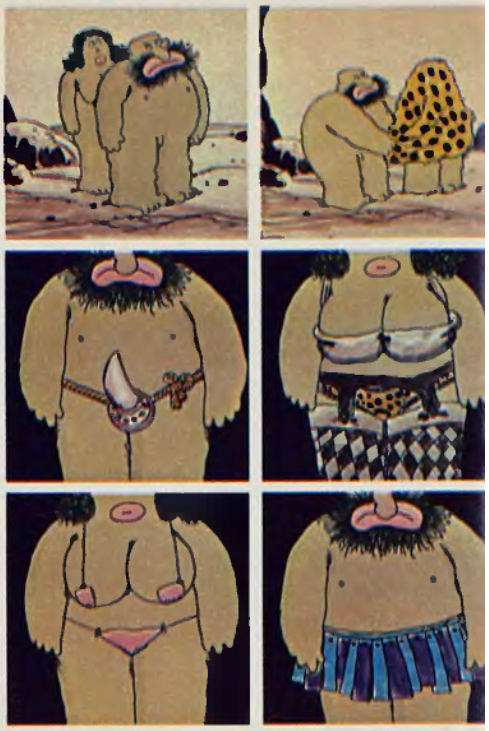
(continued on page 198)



playboy productions turns desmond morris' best seller into a unique film...

"THE NAKED APE"

...a deft mixture of anthropology, animation, fantasy and romance



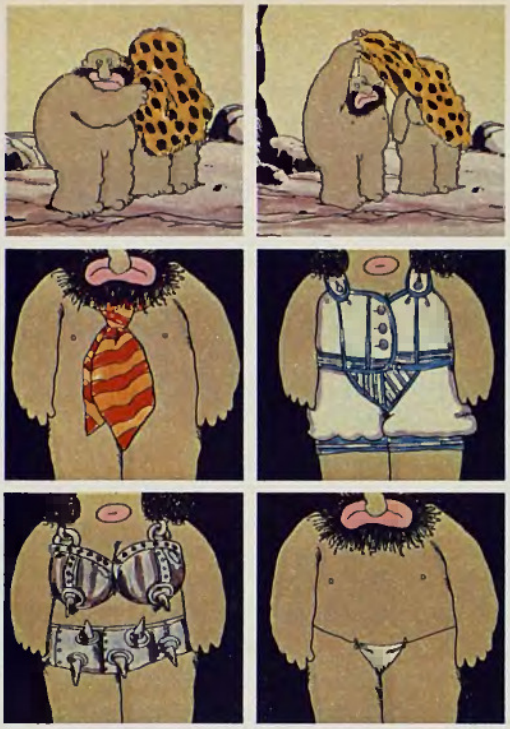
In one of a series of startling flashes through time that characterize *The Naked Ape*, a Neanderthal couple is stranded in the pool of Chicago's Civic Center Plaza (left). The animated sequence above studies our first muddled moves toward modesty, with man first covering his mate, then trying to cover himself with the same animalskin; it's followed by the evolution of clothing styles.

DESMOND MORRIS' influential book *The Naked Ape*, although a runaway best seller, is hardly the sort of work one would expect to be turned into a hit movie. It's a scientific study, drawing on anthropology, zoology and sociology, that propounds a theory about how man got to be the way he is today. But to Donald Driver, director and playwright (*Status Quo Vadis*), it was a challenge he felt compelled to take on.

"When I read the book, I just *saw* it as this film," Driver says. So he wrote the screenplay, found backers (Playboy Productions and Universal Pictures) and set to work. According to Driver, the film, which was to premiere in Los Angeles August 17, and open at the Chicago Playboy Theater two weeks later, turned out "exactly as I had planned. I'm crazy about it."

As Driver visualizes it, *The Naked Ape* has "a powerful message—one that's meaningful today. We chose to handle it by showing three very real, contemporary young people, and how they face the genetic frustrations that have been carried over through centuries of human development."

Interwoven with the live action—which jumps back and forth over centuries of recorded and unrecorded time—are animated sequences executed



Stars of the film are Victoria Principal, Johnny Crawford and Dennis Olivieri, shown in a scene at a college bookstore (top near right). Classroom discussions of Desmond Morris' theme trigger much of the movie's imagery, including the dream episode at right in which Victoria and Johnny fall through a door, out of their clothes, in love and, finally, into a satin-sheeted bed.

under the direction of Chuck Swenson of Murakami-Wolf Studios in Hollywood. A far cry from Bambi, Thumper and their wide-eyed friends from the Disney pastures, these elaborate sequences make it possible for the entire process of evolution, from one-celled creature to Homo sapiens, to flash across the screen in a few seconds. Mixing its media, the film provides visual comparisons between the methods that man's ancestors, the apes, used to deal with such primal enemies as the saber-toothed tiger (through animation) and (in live action) those of present-day man, as exemplified by GIs engaged in jungle warfare.

Swenson, who's been in filmwork for ten years (among his credits: Frank Zappa's *200 Motels*), sought out fresh artistic talent to draw the key scenes. "We didn't want them all to look the same." One fellow, Swenson recalls, seemed to be taking forever to produce a few drawings. "Then one day he showed up in a Volkswagen van—filled with some 12,000 drawings. We had a hell of a time sorting them all out." But sort them out they did, and the sequence packs considerable punch.

Another pivotal sequence in the film shows star Johnny Crawford walking through a museum where life-sized

models of prehistoric man are on display in cases. In preparation for this, a dozen authentic figures were commissioned—with plans to donate them to the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago as a permanent exhibit.

The three leading characters created by Driver are Lee, played by Crawford; The Girl, played by Victoria Principal; and Lee's buddy Arnie, played by Dennis Olivieri. Crawford won fame at an early age, when he spent five years playing Mark McCain, son of Lucas McCain (Chuck Connors), in *The Rifleman*, an oater that became the most successful syndicated series in TV history. After *The Rifleman* ended in 1963, Crawford played one-shot roles in several television series and appeared in a pair of unremembered films before doing a two-year stint in the U. S. Army. He was assigned to be an assistant director, script supervisor and occasional actor in combat-training films—experience he has finally got the chance to put to use in the warfare scenes of *Naked Ape*. Offscreen, he's a rodeo buff; a member of the Rodeo Cowboys Association since 1965, he specializes in calf roping and steer wrestling.

For Victoria Principal—about whom you'll learn a good deal more on this and succeeding pages—*The Naked Ape* is her second motion-picture appearance. She first hit the screen in last year's *The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean*, and the impact was immediate. "She photographs," said one writer, "like a cross between the Ava Gardner of the Forties and the Jacqueline Kennedy of the early Sixties." But to Victoria, having a pretty face—while fortunate—is secondary to putting in serious, hard work at bettering herself in her profession. "I know what I'm capable of and I feel embarrassed if I do less," she says. "In *The Naked Ape*, I'm part of a film that will be revolutionary in the industry. It's made use of a number of facets—animation, live action, music—and combined them all to discuss a subject that's actually educational, and made it into a legitimate entertainment. And Donald Driver is wonderful. I would work for him again any day, without pay. But don't quote me on that."

Dennis Olivieri made his Broadway debut at the age of nine as the juvenile lead in *Auntie Mame*. At 11, he appeared in the Walt Disney circus film *Toby Tyler*. Since then, he's appeared on TV and in community theaters. It was his skill at comedy that recommended him to Driver and producer Zev Bufman when they were casting *The Naked Ape*.

Cast, crew and executives are all enthusiastic about the prospects for this offbeat film venture. Bufman believes *Naked Ape* is going to be "the most unusual picture of the decade." Driver says, simply, "It's the best thing I've ever done." The rest is up to the audience.

"APE" GIRL

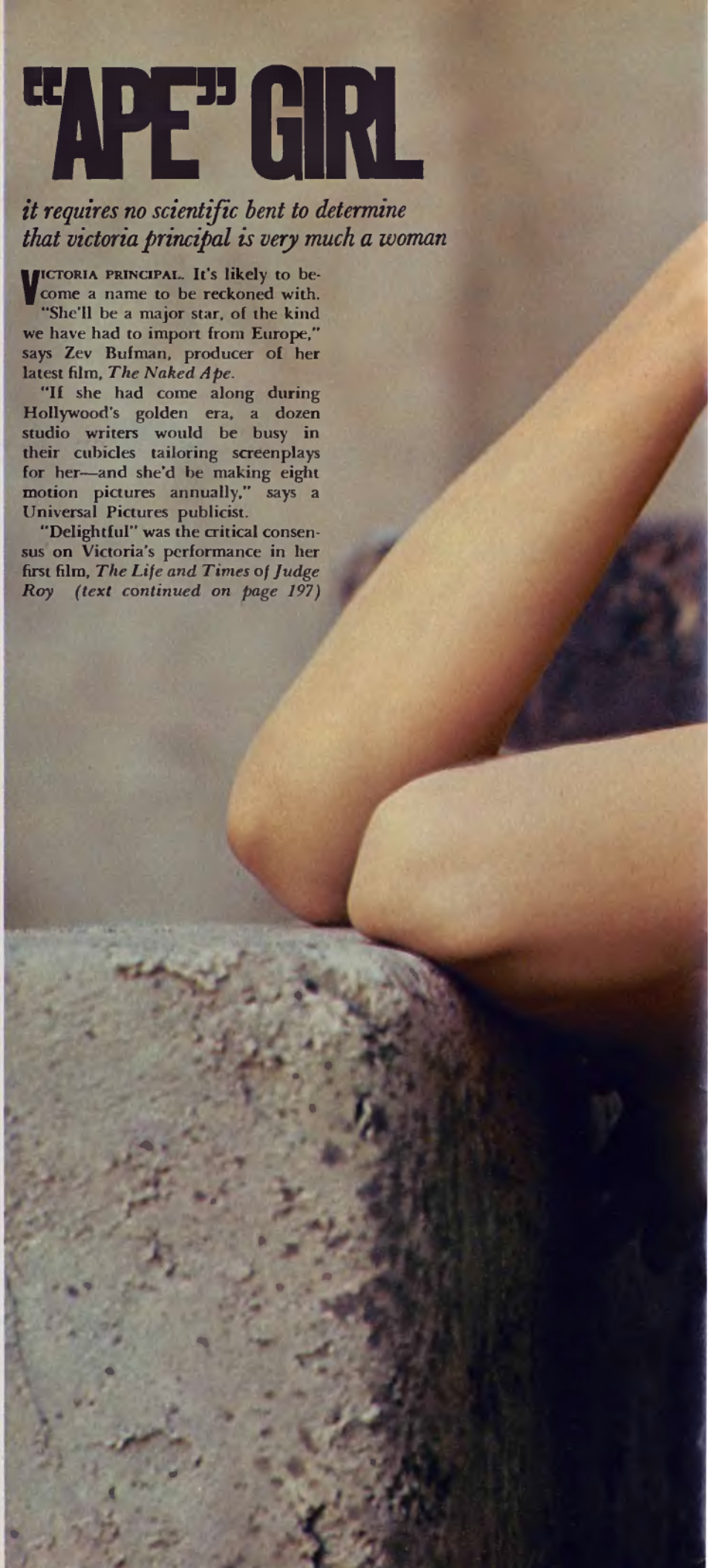
it requires no scientific bent to determine that victoria principal is very much a woman

VICTORIA PRINCIPAL. It's likely to become a name to be reckoned with.

"She'll be a major star, of the kind we have had to import from Europe," says Zev Bufman, producer of her latest film, *The Naked Ape*.

"If she had come along during Hollywood's golden era, a dozen studio writers would be busy in their cubicles tailoring screenplays for her—and she'd be making eight motion pictures annually," says a Universal Pictures publicist.

"Delightful" was the critical consensus on Victoria's performance in her first film, *The Life and Times of Judge Roy* *(text continued on page 197)*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

"Even when I was a little girl, I knew what I wanted to do in life," says Victoria. "People would ask me what I was going to be when I grew up and I would say, in a very matter-of-fact voice, 'An actress.' I got my first professional job—a TV commercial—when I was only five."

"Both *Roy Bean* and *Naked Ape* are films I can be proud of. Now I feel I can afford to wait, to be careful choosing the next one. If necessary, I can always take a part that just requires an ability to look halfway attractive." In that case, Victoria, you couldn't avoid overacting.

THE KING IS DEAD

(continued from page 154)

until you hit the button that stops your clock and starts the other player's ticking. He liked the clock: two clean faces, a teak case with brass trim and good solid German workmanlike ticking. Pawn to king four. *Click*, with the button, and the other man's clock began to tick away until he moved. Then *click* again and your clock started. It was all good and sound and rational and something to pull mind and spirit out of a brown prison where you were surrounded by ugliness, boredom, foulness, brutality. *Tick, tick, tick*, and then mate.

One afternoon during his fourth month in prison, after he had beaten Baskin on a very lovely combination that had come to him in a flash—as a whole *Gestalt*, a sudden pattern of check, interpose, uncover, and then the mate with a knight coming almost out of left field—Baskin stared at his mated king for a minute and then said, his voice flat, "I hear you're a C. P. A."

"That's right." The two of them had never talked about their pasts. But Baskin was the sort of man who seems to have a way of finding out everything.

"What will you do when you get out of here? Nobody'll hire a C. P. A. with embezzlement on his record."

"I can open a tax-figuring office."

"Is that what you were planning to do with the money you embezzled?"

"Yes." And then, "What are *you* in here for?"

Baskin raised his eyebrows. "You don't know?" He picked up a bishop from the chessboard, deftly, and then twirled it between his grayish fingers. "Do you have enough money to open up a tax office?"

"I'm . . . I'm not sure."

"How much do you have left? After paying your lawyers?" He set the bishop down, neatly, on its home square. "I presume you weren't able to keep what you embezzled. Do you have any money left?"

Will wasn't certain whether to resent the question or not. But he answered it. "About five thousand dollars."

Baskin was looking at the odalisque. "That's not enough to start a business," he said. "You could play chess for money."

"Oh, come on. I could win a few hundred dollars in the chess parlors. Who plays strangers for more than five or ten?"

Baskin turned from the print and looked at Will closely. "You could play someone who plays rated players for money."

"Like who?"

"There's a man near Raleigh, North Carolina, who will play you for five thousand a game. Once you identify yourself and he's sure you are who you say you are. His name is Wharton."

Will started to say something sarcastic, then it hit him. "Is he rated?"

"About three hundred points higher than you. Than you *were*."

Will began to feel a little warm. He was still nervous, his stomach a bit tight, but he was confident. "And I've improved by about five hundred since you've been teaching me."

Baskin's face remained expressionless. "Four hundred. Perhaps." And then, "But you have another advantage." Baskin smiled slightly. "When he plays white, he generally plays queen's gambit. On black, he plays the Sicilian with the dragon variation."

"And that's what you've been playing against me all along."

Baskin smiled again. "Do you think you would have beat me at all if I had been varying my play as much as I can?"

Will was silent for a minute. Then, abruptly, he said, "What are you in prison for?"

Baskin looked genuinely surprised. "No one ever told you?"

"No."

"I was taken *in flagrante* with a sixteen-year-old boy."

Will shook his head, trying to shake off the shock, and the strangeness of it; he had never seen a trace of homosexuality in Baskin's manner. "You're *gay*?" he said.

"Not in here," Baskin said wryly. "Just queer."

Will's embarrassment became suddenly acute. Switching subjects desperately, he said, "This man . . . Wharton?"

"Yes," Baskin said. "Wharton. Thomas Jefferson Wharton." He picked up a knight between two fingers, set it gently down on a center square. "An oxymoron of a name."

Will had no idea what oxymoron meant, but did not want to ask. "Where does his money come from?"

"From his very peculiar mind," said Baskin abstractedly. "He started with nothing, made a fortune in textiles before he was thirty-five. In the Fifties, the Republicans gave him a fairly high appointive job in the Department of Defense—as a kind of appeasement to Joe McCarthy, it was rumored. Wharton was pretty well known for strong views on what he called the 'nigger-Red-faggot complex' in Washington. Anyway, getting into the Cold War suited him just right. You remember that game theory was starting to be very fashionable in those days? Wharton got seriously involved in chess as 'a way of reading the Soviet mind.' "

Will laughed cautiously. Everything Baskin said had such a tone of irony that Will couldn't be sure. "'A way of reading the Soviet mind'? But that's a stupid——"

Baskin looked at him sharply. "There's nothing stupid about T. J. Wharton," he said. "And don't forget it. Political mania, yes. Irrationality—maybe even paranoia. But nothing dumb. There are more of his kind around than you may think, too." He picked up the knight again but this time held it in his fist, firmly. "On the outside, Mr. Wharton looks like a big, dumb Southern fat cat. And, in some ways, he has all the culture as well as the social views of Archie Bunker. But his intellect is frightening." Baskin smiled grimly. "That intellect isn't easy to see, at first, because men like him know it pays to hide an I.Q. of a hundred eighty. But the man can absorb almost *anything*. Anything that his manias tell him is necessary. He became a chess player of near-master strength in about four months. Which may have been his undoing."

"How could that be?" Will said.

Baskin looked at him quietly. "For you and me, Schneider, chess is an opposition of two intellects. Pure mind; no potent emotions. But to Wharton it got to be a life-and-death struggle. He got to feeling he was playing against the Politburo, or the Kremlin, instead of people like me." He paused, still clutching the knight firmly in his hand.

"And what happened?"

"I beat him, for one thing. He had got to be a damn good player, but I could beat him three times out of four. I think that may have had something to do with it. Or maybe the department chucked him when Joe McCarthy began to skid. Anyway, he seemed to have been checkmated in some vital way. One day he was just gone. The papers said he had resigned for 'family reasons.' I never saw him again. But I suppose he'll hate me as long as he lives."

Will took in a deep breath. "Is *that* why you've been . . . training me? To . . . carry on for you?"

Baskin set the knight back on the board very carefully, with a kind of reverence for the cleanly and handsomely carved piece of wood. "I'll tell you how to get in touch with him," he said. 'Just don't let him find out that you know me."

Will looked for a moment at the knight on the center of the board, at its equine, impassive, glistening presence. "Thanks," he said. "Thanks, Mr. Baskin."

• • •

It was a brilliant August day when they let Will out. With a prison suit, $50 and the address of a halfway house. He spent the $50 on a whore. She was worth every penny of it.

And there he was, walking on Broad Street in the sun in Columbus, Ohio, and then getting his money out of his Columbus bank. Five thousand in traveler's checks and $780 in cash. He had clothes in an uncle's house in Cleveland but hadn't bothered sending for them before leaving the state prison. Instead, he went to Dunhill's and bought a navy-blue

(continued on page 200)

"I'm sorry, Mr. Forest Ranger, but your sign said no hunting, fishing, bathing, cooking, picnicking or ballplaying . . . so there seemed only one thing left to do."

Vargas

CHICAGO AND PROHIBITION

(continued from page 150)

to money. In four years under his rule, a $3,000,000 Chicago surplus was turned into a $4,500,000 deficit. As long as he was in city hall, Thompson proclaimed, Chicago would be wide open, for this was not only the way to prosperity, it was the way Chicagoans wanted it. That suited Torrio just fine.

It was just as simple to corner the supply of beer. With the advent of Prohibition, owners of breweries had few choices: They could close up or sell out and take their losses; they could go into the brewing of near beer, an expensive process; or they could enter into secret partnerships with the underworld, permitting them to continue to manufacture and sell real beer, illegally, and reap undreamed-of profits. For many, it was no choice at all. Within weeks of the Colosimo murder, Torrio had become a partner in nine breweries and several whiskey distilleries with the pre-Prohibition brewer, Joseph Stenson, heir to one of the richest and most respected Chicago families. Those interests would expand greatly and the profits would pour in: The beer cost five dollars a barrel to make and was sold for $45 a barrel, sometimes $50 or more—and to special customers, at the reduced price of $35. Torrio also made other connections for liquor: with Yale and the rum-row importers in the East, and with the "Purple Gang" in Detroit, which had a regular ferry run from the distilleries that were springing up across the Detroit border in Canada.

Then Torrio turned to the gang wars that were erupting all over the city. Every section of Chicago was ruled by one gang or another. There was the O'Banion gang on the North Side. Their activities included illegal liquor, safecracking, robberies, hijackings and protecting the political interests of the highest bidder, sometimes Democrats but more often Republicans. The gang was under the rule of a young, smiling, reckless Irishman named Dion "Deany" O'Banion, never without his guns, reputed killer of at least 25, unwilling to shake hands for fear of leaving himself vulnerable, proprietor of a profitable legitimate front, a flower shop that did a thriving business whenever a gangster went to his reward. O'Banion's chief aide was Earl Wajciechowski, better known as Hymie Weiss, to whom society and the underworld will always be in debt for inventing the "ride." In 1921, Weiss personally invited a fellow Pole, one Steve Wisniewski, who had incautiously hijacked an O'Banion beer truck, to drive with him into the country. "We took Stevie for a ride," Weiss would tell friends, "a one-way ride."

The West Side of Chicago was run by the O'Donnell brothers—Myles, Bernard and William "Klondike"—all Irish and with an abiding hatred of Italians. On the South Side, in "Little Italy," reigned the "Terrible Gennas," six brothers named Sam, Vincenzo, Pete, "Bloody Angelo," "Tony the Gentleman" and "Little Mike," sometimes called "Il Diavolo." Good family men, ardent church- and operagoers, suspected members of the Mafia all, these Sicilian-born brothers controlled every racket in the ghetto—from extortion to cheese, olive oil and other delicacies, to gambling, politics and booze. During Prohibition, they specialized in turning out homemade rotgut, guaranteed to kill, blind or at least sicken the drinker; but they had no trouble peddling the stuff and the demand was so constant and grew so fast that they put hundreds to work making it in kitchens, bathtubs, anywhere. It cost the Gennas between 50 and 75 cents a gallon to turn out and they sold it to speak-easies for six dollars a gallon. The speaks, in turn, diluted it, sold it by the drink and realized about $40 a gallon.

Between the Gennas and suburban Cicero was the Valley Gang, led by Terry Druggan and Frankie Lake. On the Southwest Side was the Saltis-McErlane gang, coheaded by massive, brutal and moronic Joe Saltis and the alcoholic killer Frank McErlane, who would introduce the Thompson submachine gun to the underworld. The Ragen Colts—racist, jingoistic, bootleggers—ran the South Side around the Stockyards. And on the Far South Side, the rulers were another O'Donnell gang, unrelated to Klondike O'Donnell, led by brothers Steve, Walter, Tommy and Ed—called Spike, and the real boss. In 1920, Spike was away in Joliet Penitentiary, having been caught walking out of a bank with $12,000. His brothers, disorganized, spent their time doing errands for Torrio at his Four Deuces saloon and brothel, waiting for brother Spike to return.

The bitterness among all the gangs was intense, and blood flowed regularly. It was Torrio's conviction that unless the internecine warfare could be halted, all his plans and hopes would come to little. So he made a proposal to all the Chicago gang leaders: There would be peace, and with it cooperation and prosperity. His proposal was the essence of simplicity and good sense: In unity, there lay strength and success; in division and hostility, only weakness and failure. The main chance, he insisted, lay in making Prohibition work for all, for it would make them all millionaires. As much as possible, he argued, the old traditional activities—robberies, safecrackings, muggings and other violent crimes—should be shunned, abandoned. This was asking a lot, he realized, and total abstinence was impossible, given the nature of the personnel; but nevertheless, this was the goal they should all strive for. They should devote themselves and their energies to those things that, while they aroused society's displeasure, aroused it only mildly—things like gambling, prostitution and, particularly, booze.

But if they were to succeed and become rich, Torrio said, then they must be willing to put an end to the old enmities. He proposed that every gang have absolute control over its own territory, over the whorehouses, gambling and speak-easies, and have the right to dictate from whom the liquor and beer sold there be bought. If a gang wanted to operate its own breweries and distilleries, fine; if not, Torrio, with his vast supplies, was prepared to sell them all the beer they needed; his price, and it was increased now, following the law of supply and demand, would be $50 a barrel; he would also supply all the liquor anyone needed at competitive prices.

If an outsider tried to muscle in anywhere, all the gangs in Chicago would cooperate in meting out appropriate chastisement. And to ensure that the plan worked, Torrio proposed an all-Chicago underworld council—the forerunner of the national Syndicate that would be created a decade and more later—with all the gangs represented and having equal voice, and with himself as chairman, ready to supervise all arrangements made among different gangs and to arbitrate all disputes.

Even to rival gang leaders who barely tolerated one another, Torrio's plan was so appealing that nobody resisted.

And so peace and good times, with Torrio as the boss, came to the Chicago underworld. They lasted for nearly three years and, as Torrio had prophesied, the riches poured in. So powerful did Torrio become that his influence reached Springfield and the governor's office. When Jake Guzik's brother, Harry, and Harry's wife, Alma, still plying their whorehouse trade in addition to the new Torrio rackets, enslaved a young farm girl, turning her into a prostitute, they were both convicted of compulsory white slavery and sentenced to the penitentiary. But before they served a day, Torrio reached to Governor Len Small, a Thompson puppet. He owed Torrio and his friends big favors; he had been indicted soon after becoming governor for embezzling $600,000 while state treasurer; bribery and intimidation had persuaded the jury to acquit him. Now Small repaid the favor. He pardoned the Guziks—and in the next three years, he would grant pardon or parole to almost 1000 convicted felons.

The first challenge to Torrio's peace, prosperity and cooperation came in the summer of 1923, when Spike O'Donnell returned from Joliet. Determined that he and his brothers would cash in on Prohibition like everyone else, he began hijacking Torrio's beer trucks and tried to muscle in on the Saltis-McErlane

(continued on page 206)

Airborne back Sam Cunningham leaps to score in the Rose Bowl as Southern Cal, PLAYBOY's pick as top team for '73, routs Ohio State.

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

sports **By ANSON MOUNT** *pre-season prognostications for the top college teams and players across the nation*

THE CREEPING PRESENCE of professionalism in college football is one of the sorer subjects among administrators these days. But while athletic directors and N.C.A.A. officials spend endless hours denying that professionalism is a problem, they spend more hours huddled in secret conferences trying to decide what to do about it.

However, former Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, the featured speaker at the N.C.A.A. convention in Chicago last January, addressed the subject *publicly* when he delivered a fiery blast at his hosts. Said Udall, "I deplore a greedy, weighted system that obviously promotes dynasties. Is it a good thing, year after year, for the same top-dog teams to go to the bowl games? Is it healthy for a few favored teams to dominate their conferences because of advantages of wealth or undeserved prestige?

"I am even more appalled at the win-or-perish approach to coaching: One of the saddest news stories I have read in recent weeks was the human fallout after the sacking of another football coach at the University of Kentucky—a man I have never met but who obviously meant a lot to his players.

"The extent to which anything-to-win attitudes have corrupted some schools was revealed two weeks ago at Miami, when the new Nebraska football coach, Tom Osborne, spoke out against the reforms that are being voted upon here—reforms that might equalize competition a bit and reduce the pressure-cooker tempo of recruiting. His comment was that any changes would only lead to more cheating. Osborne, I suppose, was merely expressing the old we're-number-one-and-we-want-to-keep-our-competitors-down philosophy. . . .

"If, indeed . . . college football is competing with the pros, why not strip away all pretense and openly do as the pros do? . . .

"I say let the pros have their monomaniac coaches and greedy superstars. After all, professional sports are a business and money is the name of the game. But I want to express the hope that the institutions that subscribe to the N.C.A.A. principles *(text continued on page 174)*

PLAYBOY'S 1973 PREVIEW ALL-AMERICA OFFENSIVE TEAM

Left to right, top to bottom: David Casper (86), offensive lineman, Notre Dame; John Hicks (74), offensive lineman, Ohio State; Haskel Stanback (24), running back, Tennessee; Mike Boryla (12), quarterback, Stanford; Nat Moore (33), running back, Florida; Frank Pomarico (56), offensive lineman, Notre Dame; Daryl White (72), offensive lineman, Nebraska; Burney Veazey (85), tight end, Mississippi; Scott Anderson (78), center, Missouri; Lynn Swann (22), wide receiver, Southern Cal.; Rick Tawnsend (22), kicker, Tennessee; Doug Dickey, PLAYBOY's Coach of the Year, Florida; Woody Green, running back, Arizona State.

TOP TWENTY TEAMS

1. Southern California	11–0	11. Houston	10–1
2. Michigan	11–0	12. Oklahoma State	9–2
3. Nebraska	10–1	13. Colorado	8–3
4. Florida	11–0	14. Arizona State	10–1
5. Alabama	10–1	15. Oklahoma	8–3
6. Ohio State	9–1	16. Texas	8–2
7. Notre Dame	9–1	17. North Carolina St.	8–3
8. Penn State	10–1	18. Texas A & M	8–3
9. Tennessee	10–1	19. Georgia Tech	8–3
10. UCLA	9–2	20. Louisiana State	7–4

Possible Breakthroughs: *Missouri (6–5); San Diego State (10–1); Iowa State (7–4); Mississippi (7–4); Louisville (9–1); Rice (7–4); Toledo (9–2); Memphis State (8–3).*

THE ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

(Listed in order of excellence at their positions, all have a good chance of making someone's All-America team)

QUARTERBACKS: *David Jaynes (Kansas), Dave Humm (Nebraska), Joe Pisarcik (New Mexico State), Andy Johnson (Georgia), Brent Blackman (Oklahoma State), Tom Parr (Colgate)*

RUNNING BACKS: *Anthony Davis (USC), Roosevelt Leaks (Texas), Kermit Johnson (UCLA), John Cappelletti (Penn State), Ed Shuttlesworth (Michigan), Willie Burden (North Carolina State), Charlie Davis (Colorado), James McAlister (UCLA), John Winesberry (Stanford), Barton Smith (Richmond)*

RECEIVERS: *Larry Van Loan (Navy), J. V. Cain (Colorado), Bill Buckley (Mississippi State), Steve Craig (Northwestern), Bruce Adams (Kansas), Paul Seal (Michigan), Danny Buggs (West Virginia), Keith Krepfle (Iowa State), Don Clune (Pennsylvania), Henry Childs (Kansas State)*

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: *Charley Getty (Penn State), Willie Viney (Pacific), Rick Druschel (North Carolina State), Dave Manning (Utah State), Tom Wolf (Oklahoma State), Bill Yoest (North Carolina State), Dennis Lick (Wisconsin), Don Crosslin (Texas), Dennis Harrah (Miami), Ken Baugh (Houston)*

CENTERS: *Bill Wyman (Texas), Mike Webster (Wisconsin), Steve Taylor (Auburn), Paul Ryczek (Virginia)*

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: *Steve Neihaus (Notre Dame), Richard Bishop (Louisville), Rick Dvorak (Wichita State), Charles Hall (Tulane), Paul Vellano*

PLAYBOY'S 1973 PREVIEW ALL-AMERICA DEFENSIVE TEAM

Left to right, top to bottom: Louis Kelcher (72), defensive lineman, Southern Methodist; Randy Gradishar (53), defensive lineman, Ohio State; Lucious Selmon (98), middle guard, Oklahoma; John Dutton (90), defensive lineman, Nebraska; Randy Poltl (36), defensive back, Stanford; Dovid Gallagher (71), defensive lineman, Michigan; James Allen (83), defensive back, University of California at Los Angeles; Charles Davis (71), defensive lineman, Texas Christian; Bill Simpson (29), punter, Michigan State; Mike Townsend (27), defensive back, Notre Dame; Matt Blair (47), linebacker, Iowa State; Richard Wood, linebacker, Southern Cal.

(Maryland), Carl Barzilauskas (Indiana), Ronnie Robinson (North Carolina), Lloyd Grimsrud (Idaho), Dan Dickel (Iowa), Rubin Carter (Miami), Mitchell Sutton (Kansas)
LINEBACKERS: *Ed O'Neil (Penn State), Warren Capone (LSU), Bob Lally (Cornell), Rod Shoate (Oklahoma), Ralph Ortega (Florida), Glen Gaspard (Texas), Tony Cristiani (Miami)*
DEFENSIVE BACKS: *Randy Rhino (Georgia Tech), John Provost (Holy Cross), Darryl Bishop (Kentucky), Carl Capria (Purdue), Bruce Henley (Rice), Frank Polito (Villanova), Dave Brown (Michigan), Greg Bailey (Long Beach State)*
KICKERS: *Rod Garcia (Stanford), Dan Marrelli (Utah)*

THIS YEAR'S SUPERSOPHS

(Listed in approximate order of potential)

Quinn Buckner, safety ..... *Indiana*
Steve Neihaus, defensive tackle ..... *Notre Dame*
Vince Ferragamo, quarterback ..... *California*
Archie Griffin, tailback ..... *Ohio State*
Ed Simonini, linebacker ..... *Texas A & M*
Tony Davis, running back ..... *Nebraska*
Andre Jackson, linebacker ..... *Iowa*
Mitzi Jackson, tailback ..... *Auburn*
Brian Baschnagel, wingback ..... *Ohio State*
Maurice Corders, defensive tackle ..... *Duke*
Joe Washington, running back ..... *Oklahoma*
George Pugh, tight end ..... *Alabama*
John O'Leary, running back ..... *Nebraska*
Reggie Lewis, defensive tackle ..... *Oregon*
Greg Boykin, tailback ..... *Northwestern*
Tim Davis, middle guard ..... *Michigan*
Don Buckey, wide receiver ..... *North Carolina State*
Rick Jennings, running back ..... *Maryland*
George Stewart, defensive tackle ..... *Southern California*
Keith Simons, defensive tackle ..... *Minnesota*
Dennis Lick, offensive tackle ..... *Wisconsin*
Dan Lloyd, middle linebacker ..... *Washington*
John Coleman, fullback ..... *Rice*
Steve Cassidy, defensive tackle ..... *Louisiana State*
Dan Jiggetts, offensive tackle ..... *Harvard*
Wayne Morris, running back ..... *SMU*
Walter Peacock, running back ..... *Louisville*
Tom Galbierz, nose guard ..... *Vanderbilt*
Art Best, running back ..... *Notre Dame*
Marcus Rogers, fullback ..... *Baylor*
Frank Harsh, fullback ..... *Wake Forest*
Mike Kramer, offensive tackle ..... *Idaho*

will play the game according to those principles and give some thought to the science of life—to the 'science' of learning to lose well and learning to win with classic Olympian grace."

While Udall spoke, there was a thick, uneasy silence in the hall. Next year, the N.C.A.A. fathers will probably invite Billy Graham to talk about less threatening ethical problems.

On the assumption that ruthless competition will remain endemic to college football for some seasons to come, let's take a look at which teams have the best chances to be top dogs and go to bowl games.

THE EAST

MAJOR INDEPENDENTS

Penn State	10–1	Syracuse	4–7
Boston College	6–5	Villanova	7–4
West Virginia	5–6	Navy	3–8
Pittsburgh	5–6	Army	2–8

IVY LEAGUE

Pennsylvania	7–2	Brown	4–4
Cornell	7–2	Columbia	3–6
Yale	6–3	Princeton	3–6
Dartmouth	4–5	Harvard	3–6

OTHER INDEPENDENTS

Delaware	10–1	Lehigh	7–4
Holy Cross	7–4	Colgate	5–5
Boston University	7–3	Lafayette	6–4
Rutgers	7–4	Bucknell	4–5
Temple	5–5	Gettysburg	3–6

TDP PLAYERS: Cappelletti, Crowder, Getty, Natale, O'Neil (Penn State); Esposito, Briggs, Condon (Boston College); Buggs (West Virginia); Buckmon, Burley (Pittsburgh); Lapham, Moss (Syracuse); Polito, Zimba (Villanova); Cooper, Van Loan (Navy); Davis (Army); Clune, Bellizeare (Pennsylvania); Lally, Allen (Cornell); Doyle (Yale); Funk, Csatari, Klupchak (Dartmouth); Detore, Morgan (Brown); Telep, Brown (Columbia); Snickenberger (Princeton); Jiggetts (Harvard); Kraus, Reihm (Delaware); Provost, Kobza (Holy Cross); Dziama (Boston University); Jennings (Rutgers); Grossman, Joachim (Temple); McQuilken, Schlegel (Lehigh); Parr, Van Eeghen (Colgate); Giglio (Lafayette); Probst (Bucknell); Dietz (Gettysburg).

It would be little wonder if Penn State football fans had become jaded by now; the Nittany Lions haven't suffered a losing season since 1938 and a year with two losses is considered a disaster. This should be just an average year—one loss. Exactly which opponent will apply the sword is difficult to predict, but Stanford, Iowa and North Carolina State are capable of the deed. With quarterback John Hufnagel among the departed, the Lions will place more emphasis on a running game featuring tailback John Cappelletti and a huge, experienced offensive line. Tom Shuman, the new quarterback, will have a flock of fast wide receivers to throw to, best of whom is Jimmy Scott; and inside linebacker Ed O'Neil will be the fulcrum of a typically tough defense. Add to all this an infectious squad enthusiasm caused by coach Joe Paterno's rejection of a lucrative offer to coach the professional New England Patriots. His decision to stay is being interpreted as a tribute to the ideals and purposes of intercollegiate athletics. It is also a reflection of an acquired taste for winning football games.

Boston College's offense appears to have everything: an excellent quarterback in Gary Marangi, a potent running attack featuring Mike Esposito and Phil Bennett, good receivers in Mel Briggs and Dave Zumbach and a seasoned offensive line. Sophomore Brian Clemente will strengthen the linebacking corps and added experience should help in other areas. Unfortunately, an unusually rough schedule could preclude a winning season.

Despite only eight returning starters, West Virginia should have as strong a team as last season's Peach Bowl squad. The returning players are key ones and there are quality replacements to fill the vacancies. If a sound quarterback can be found—none emerged in spring practice—the Mountaineers will have a powerful offense, because flanker Danny Buggs is one of the better catch-and-run performers in the country. However, West Virginia faces a very tough schedule this fall, so don't expect as many victories as in '72.

New coach Johnny Majors takes over at Pittsburgh, making the Panthers' future prospects bright. It's about time. The Panthers have been battered and bruised since their last winning season, in 1963; so university administrators finally decided to take drastic action. First, Pitt withdrew from the Eastern Big Four (a loose association of Pitt, Penn State, West Virginia and Syracuse), an arrangement that had severely limited recruiting and red-shirting. Then, Majors was lured from Iowa State with a lucrative salary and a pledge of heavy alumni support, financial and otherwise; and even though the talented Majors can't transform the Panthers in a single season, fans will see a few immediate signs of what the future holds. Eighteen of last year's 22 starters return, but a scarcity of top talent still exists. Two freshmen, halfback Tony Dorsett and field-goal kicker Carson Long, should provide more scoring punch.

This is coach Ben Schwartzwalder's last campaign at Syracuse. The players would like to make it a winning one, but it will be an uphill fight all the way. Last fall, Syracuse scored the fewest points and allowed the most of any Schwartzwalder-coached team; it also set several more dubious records. So Schwartzwalder rebuilt his offense from scratch this spring, installing a basic grind-it-out attack. He also pumped in large amounts of hustle and spirit, qualities noticeably lacking in recent years. The quarterback problem is a pleasant one: In the spring, sophomores Bob Mitch and Jim Donoghue were ahead of incumbent Rob Sutton, who looked so good in the last three games of '72. As befits the newly installed Pleistocene offense, fullback is the strongest position, with veteran Steve Webster and newcomer Chuck Moss, who looks like a budding Larry Csonka.

Villanova will be the most improved team in the East; but, having won only two games in 1972, the Mainlines still have a way to go. Certainly, the offense, woefully impotent last season, will be better. In fact, this edition could be as explosive as the 1970 team.

Army and Navy share an unfortunate liability: Both squads have only two returning defensive starters. Thus, the key to both teams' fortunes will be the development of replacements. Army has an especially tough go of it, because the first five games are against Tennessee, California, Georgia Tech, Penn State and Notre Dame. With an all-sophomore defensive backfield, the Cadets may be fatally vulnerable to a passing attack. Kingsley Fink returns at quarterback and his prime target, Jim Ward, is a good one, so Army will pass—that is, if the defense can get the ball.

Navy has two equally good passers, Al Glenny and Fred Stuvek; and if receiver Larry Van Loan returns to form after missing '72 with injuries, the Middies should have a good pass attack. Runner Cleveland Cooper will give them offense versatility. So it all depends on the new defensive linemen: If they come through, it could be a respectable season for the Middies.

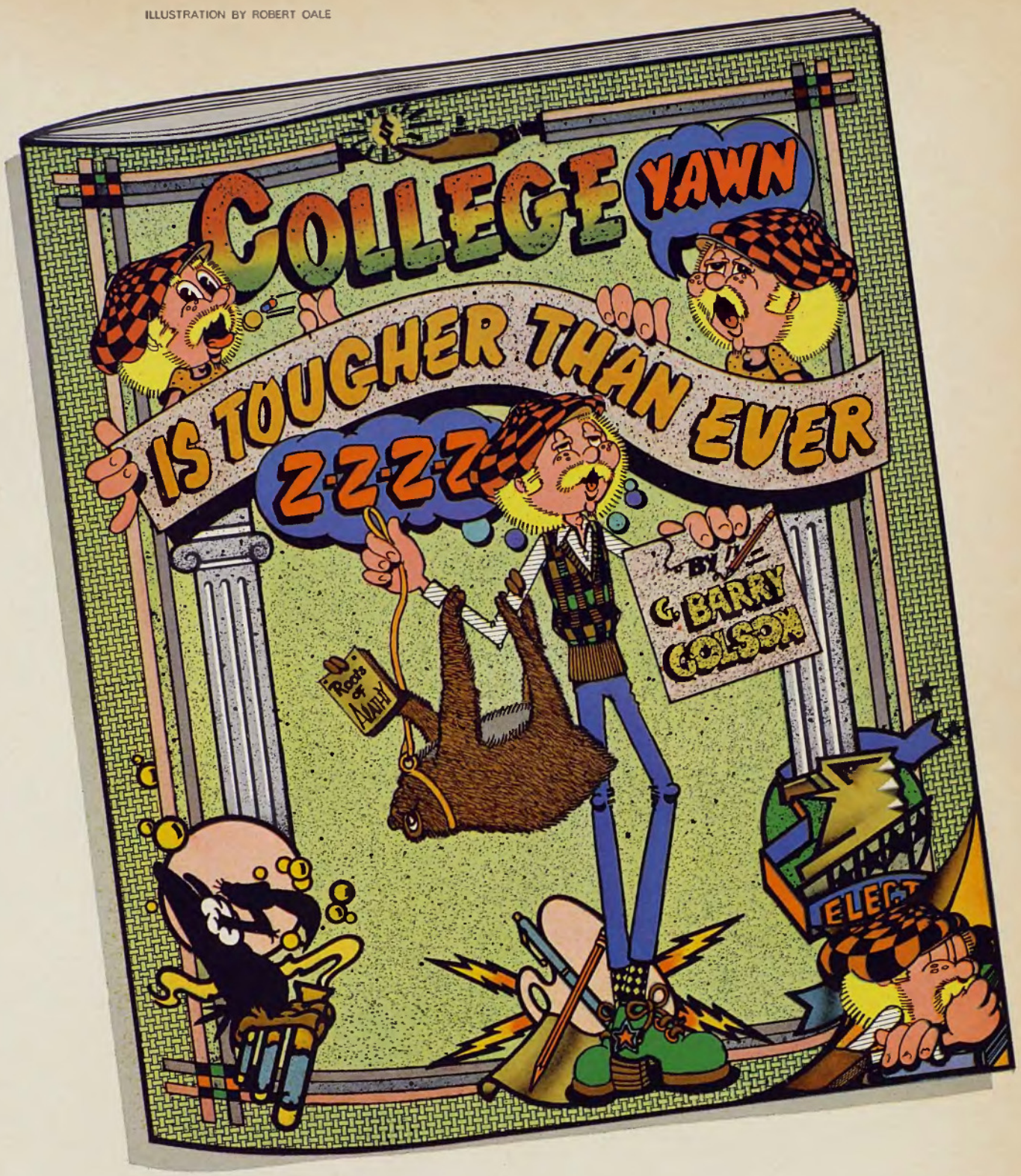
Yale, Cornell and Pennsylvania seem almost equally matched for a run at the Ivy League title. Therefore, such unpredictable factors as injuries, weather and game breaks—not to mention the inexplicable home-field advantage that seems so omnipresent in the Ivy League—will determine the outcome. Impetus could also be a factor and if it is, Pennsylvania should win the championship. The Quakers won six games last year, a heady experience, because they had enjoyed only one other winning season since 1952. With three good quarterbacks and receiver Don Clune returning, the Quakers will again be explosive.

Cornell has a superb group of runners, best of whom are Dan Malone and rookie Don Fanelli. Assembling an adequate line to block for them is coach Jack Musick's main problem. Mark Allen is a premier passer, but his performance will likely suffer from a dearth of good receivers. Still, it looks like the defenders, rallying around fearsome linebacker Bob Lally, will be heroes in Ithaca this season.

Yale won seven games last season with a relatively young team and the wishbone offense, and the Elis will stick with the wishbone, because quarterback Tom Doyle is an outstanding runner. He will

(continued on page 232)

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT OALE



now that student sit-ins have turned to sleep-ins, another look at the curriculum may be in order

COUNTLESS GENERATION GAPS AGO—say, around 1963—you could depend on a course catalog to tell you what college students were learning: Introductory Psychology, Fifty Great American Novels, Differential Calculus, etc. Even as recently as the late Sixties, though campus interests had been transformed, they were reflected in new course listings: Organic Algebra, Remedial Sandal Making, Advanced Karma, etc.

Today it's difficult to tell what students spend most of their energy pursuing. Perhaps the best estimate is that college students don't spend much energy, period. With the spread of coed dormitories, the abolishment of grades and the reluctance of the U.S. Government to be overthrown, today's students are, well, taking it kind of easy. Not getting upset about much. Snoozing a good bit. Some

college students are even writing their memoirs prior to retiring from active life at the age of 18. Thus, the following catalog of new courses reflects students' *real* interests in these times of dire sloth.

LITERATURE 101
FIFTY GREAT PLOT OUTLINES

Entering freshmen get a thorough grounding in world literature by skimming 50 plot-outline masterpieces. In the first semester, students learn the differences between Cliff's Notes and the "Monarch Outline" series, analyzing each for style, brevity and number of key concepts per work. In the second semester, students learn techniques of rewording key concepts and memorizing casts of characters in outlines of Russian novels. Students will also be drilled in indignant retorts for use in other courses. Basic text for the course is *Plot Outlines of Fifty Great Plot Outlines* (1967 ed.), which is intended to familiarize the student with his field and contains no hard words. (6 hours per semester)

CREATIVE WRITING 203
AN INTRODUCTION TO TERM PAPERS

A survey course designed to explore the most effective ways of purchasing term papers: which outfits in town do the best work, where to go for a discount, etc. Sample papers will be purchased from various firms and contrasted for accuracy, width of margins and the possibility of having been purchased previously. (2 hours per semester)

CREATIVE WRITING 206
DEVELOPMENT OF A THEME

In this course, students learn to commit themselves to a specific writing theme and remain faithful to it throughout four years. For instance, a term paper on "*Othello*: Appearance *vs.* Reality," purchased early in the freshman year, must be handed in without substantial modification for such courses as philosophy, psychology, sociology, home economics and forestry. As with all other courses listed here, no grades will be given. However, in response to recent student requests, the following refinements to the pass-fail system will be offered: Very High Pass, High Pass, Medium Pass, Medium Low Pass, Low Pass, Very Low Pass, Very Very Low Pass, High Fail, Medium Fail, Medium Low Fail, Low Fail, Very Low Fail, Miserable Fail, Unbelievable Fail and Name Spelled Incorrectly. (14 hours per semester)

CHEMISTRY 202
INTRODUCTION TO THE
LEADING COMPOUNDS

Students capable of finding the classroom will be expected to learn the proper dosages of leading "sopors" and other tranquilizers used to heighten and expand sluggishness. Advanced students will be coached in fabricating responses for visiting reporters who inquire: "What drugs are big on campus this year?" O.D.s fail the course automatically. (195 hours per semester)

SPEECH 103, 104, 105, 106
CONTINUOUS SELF-EXPRESSION

This course will examine the modes of self-expression prevalent on all campuses. Students will be expected to engage in "meaningful dialogs" at any time, in any location and for no particular purpose. Freshmen will talk well into the night about the meaning of the college experience; sophomores will gather to discuss the meaning of the American experience; juniors will progress to dialogs about the meaning of existence; and seniors will dawdle over lunch about the meaninglessness of nearly everything. All-night sessions will be given extra credit; nonstop jabbering on speed will be ignored. (2450 hours per semester)

ADVANCED CALCULUS 302
COMPUTING THE PERFECT SCHEDULE

The importance of careful scheduling has always been recognized, but only recently has it been accepted as an academic discipline. Beginning students are drilled in the fundamentals of eliminating courses that meet on Mondays and Fridays. Advanced students learn to ignore Tuesdays and Thursdays and to expunge any course that meets before noon. At the graduate level, tutoring will be offered in signing up for courses taught exclusively by professors away on sabbatical. (2 hours per semester)

POLITICAL SCIENCE 224
STUDENT PARTICIPATION IN POLITICS

This course will meet once a semester to determine how much term time will be allotted for students to campaign for political candidates. On the dates reserved for this purpose, the entire class will depart for Fort Lauderdale. (½ hour per semester)

MUSIC APPRECIATION 301
CHORD STRUCTURE, HARMONY AND RIFFS

A survey course that will examine the question "Was there music before Presley?" Students will learn of the major influences on Alice Cooper's symphonic work—forgotten composers such as Bach, Beethoven and Berry. In the second semester, students' stereos will be left on at all times and further discussion will cease. Special tutoring will be offered in accepting record-club selections without paying up. (3980 hours per semester)

SOCIOLOGY 456
TOLERANCE OF THE ELDERLY IN
ADVANCED SOCIETIES

Since student commitment to lethargy continually requires financial support, this course will examine ways of communicating with parents and other sources of tuition. Students will examine such questions as "Is it proper to call collect when one is about to request a bundle?" The class will also be taught proper filing of emergency excuses, to avoid embarrassing repetition. (Under "Cancer," for instance, a student will learn to specify: "Of the larynx; Roommate; Because cannot afford radium treatments; Requested: $25; Received: 4/4/73.") (40 hours per semester)

PSYCHOLOGY 522
ORIGINS AND ROOTS OF APATHY

Students in this course will learn the basic implications and psychological ramifications of widespread apathy, particularly on campus. The instructor, Professor S. M. Hobart, is not expected to attend any classes himself, but students will attempt to gain an understanding of the root causes of this phenomenon and will analyze the various ahhhthehellwithit.

CINEMA STUDIES 244
THINKING ABOUT MAKING A FILM

Most college students eventually take this course, which consists of daily discussions in which young film makers assure one another that they are seriously considering making a film. *Auteur* theories are defended, new editing techniques are exchanged and most current films are held in contempt. By the end of the term, students are expected to conclude that the crass Hollywood system will undoubtedly fail to see the artistic merit of various proposed film scenarios, and even if they were produced, Pauline Kael would probably dislike them, so the class goes off to a neighborhood movie. (190 hours per semester)

CAREER COUNSELING 404
PREPARING FOR THE REAL WORLD

A course designed for seniors nearing the end of four years of higher education. Instruction will be offered on how to decide on a worthwhile career, particularly in business. Major emphasis will be placed on the standard text for corporate interviews: *How to Go to an Interview with Your Campus Recruiter and Get a Good Job* (1963 ed.). This textbook has since been revised and retitled *How to Demonstrate Against Your Campus Recruiter and Spit at Him* (1968 ed.), which was itself recently updated and reissued as *How to Recruit a Campus Recruiter to Your Campus and Beg for a Job* (1973 ed.).

Sweaters are taking new directions, as exemplified by this matching vest and cardigan, by Pinky & Dianne for Flo Toronto, $22 and $35, respectively. Completing this bussman's outfit are a flannel shirt with long-pointed collar, by Golden Vee, about $10, and khaki twill slacks, by H.I.S., $14.

ATTIRE BY ROBERT L. GREEN

THE UPBEAT UNDER-GRAD

THE CURRENT FASHION MOOD IN THE GROVES OF ACADEME IS RELAXED, UNPRETENTIOUS – AND ECLECTIC

PICASSO ONCE OBSERVED that all styles of art are contemporaneous, since none of them ever really die. This year, his remark seems true of campus fashion—nothing from the past appears to have been lost. A glance at these pages will show that the denims of the activist Sixties and the sweaters and slacks of the quiescent Fifties—a bit altered, naturally, as sweaters evolve into ever brasher and brighter varieties—are still with us. So is a fur coat elegantly updated from goldfish-swallowing days. And the resurgence of the suit—tweeds, double-breasteds, et al.—seems to support those who contend that a new conservatism is thriving on campus. Not that it's a dogmatic conservatism: You don't have to wear a suit, but if you choose to—as a lot of individuals do—you can wear it with an open collar rather than a tie. The emphasis, in fact, is more than ever on individual taste. And on comfort—which many undergrads appear to be finding in the form of short jackets that not only put the wearer at ease but give him a spare, uncluttered look. Some of these jackets are equipped with elasticized waistbands; others—like many of the currently popular sweaters—come styled as wrap-arounds. So if there's one prediction we can make about campus fashions circa '73, it's that nobody's going to worry whether he's correctly dressed when crossing the quad.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEPHEN LAONER / PRODUCED BY WALTER HOLMES

Opposite page: Fur-clad undergrads were thought of as comic characters, but this lad—decked out in French rabbit fur, by Europa Sport, $325, cotton turtleneck, by Pierre Cardin, $18.50, and polyester slacks, by Broomsticks, $18—couldn't care less what the sobersides think. Neither could his date.

Above: To jump or not to jump, that is the question. But there's no question, really, about that Acrilan knit Mexican-patterned shawl sweater with self-belt, by Forum, $26—especially when it's paired with a black rib-knit turtleneck, also by Forum, $13, and a pair of polyester-rayon gabardine slacks with French waistband, by Paul Ressler, $18.

Left: Suits—in a multitude of styles, colors and combinations—are back. They don't have to be superformal—in fact, some guys are wearing them with open shirts. Like the man centerstage. His two-button, double-breasted model with pleated back is by Pinky & Dianne for Flo Toronto, $95; his wool shirt, with barrel cuffs and medium-pointed collar, is by Pendleton, $21. His colleague sports a wool tweed single-breasted suit with leather buttons and flap pockets, by Berhen, $170, a striped cotton shirt, by Sero, $18, and a whipcord flannel regimental-stripe tie, by Berkley, $6.50.

Right: Queuing up at the corner phone booth (which one's Clark Kent?). The nongrind near right waits comfortably in his chambray jeans suit, by Wrangler, jacket $14, pants $8; a contrasting touch is provided by his print shirt of Indian cotton gauze with woaden buttons, by Impulse, $14. The other undergrad doesn't mind the party line, either; he's at ease in his polyester-pile jacket with elasticized waist, by Pineapple, $35, catton denim slacks with extensian waistband, by A. Smile, $12, and rib-knit turtleneck, by Forum, $13.

8elow: What's new at the newsstand? For one thing, a thigh-length, belted caat of green melton, with epaulets and zippered pockets, by B. Teller of Vienna, about $85. Far another, plaid slacks, by Jaymar Ruby, $27.50. Plus a Shetland crew-neck sweater, by Allen Solly, $22.50, worn over a stretch-nylon shirt, by Caurage, $25.

Opposite page: Short jackets aren't getting short shrift; this one is of mustard waol with black trim, pile collar and elasticized cuffs, by Windbreaker, $45. The form-conscious skating caach also boasts a knit turtleneck, by Eagle Shirtmakers, $16, and cavalry-twill slacks, by Paul Ressler, $18.

SEAGULL

(continued from page 126)

name into *The Guinness Book of World Weirdos*? And I hate to bring this up, but nobody is *ever* going to like you as long as you insist on being constipated!"

"No shit," muttered Thomas Eagleton Seagull. "No shit, no shit, no shit," he continued, refocusing his attention until the Essence of Insecurity disappeared. But as soon as he became aware of achieving that control, he lost it. Now an Oriental Servant he hadn't summoned brought him a tray with a giant fortune cookie on it.

With his beak, he pulled out the strip of Gospel. His fortune said: SUCCESS IS A PROCESS YOU REALIZE. That confused him, but it didn't end there. He pulled further, and there was another: EVERY MOMENT IS A REINCARNATION OF YOURSELF. He didn't understand what that meant, either. He pulled still more, as though he were a stockbroker with a ticker tape, and the message was: EVERY MOMENT IS A PARODY OF YOURSELF. He just didn't know when to stop. The next one said: ANY DISCIPLINE THAT IS NOT FUN IS SLAVERY. He was disturbed, because he couldn't tell whether these messages were aimed at a seagull or at a human being. He pulled the tape once again and it said: THOU SHALT NOT GOOSE A NURSING MOTHER. He tried noshitting for a while—but this time without paying attention to his attention—and, indeed, the breakthrough that he had been waiting for came.

Thomas Eagleton Seagull couldn't help but notice that the metal band around his leg had developed blurry numbers in a circle around the vague outline of a rodent in the middle wearing short pants and with outstretched arms.

It was a quarter to three when he looked at his embryonic Mickey Mouse watch and shouted, "The Stigmata!"

He was on his way to being grounded at last.

CHAPTER SIX

He had gone to say goodbye to Molly Salami Seagull. She asked, "Don't you have any feeling of loyalty to your species?"

"Do you call it loyal," he responded, "for our flock to dine luxuriously here at the county dump while thousands upon thousands of our fellow birds are dying each year of botulism by the sea? As a seagull, I can't do anything about that. As a human, I promise to investigate thoroughly."

"Remember your promise," she called out as he flew off to the ocean front to begin building sand castles once again, only with more and more speed, so that by late morning he was able to fashion an exquisite fortress and then destroy it himself even before the waves could wash it away.

He knew now that he was ready. For his last meal as a seagull, he nibbled away at a mushroom that was growing out of some cow dung in the pasture.

• • •

They came in broad daylight, then, two redeemers in human form, Language and Behavior. In awe, he watched them take away the sign that said COUNTY DUMP and replace it with one that said REFUSE DISPOSAL SITE.

He eavesdropped on their conversation.

"What are we going to do about *sonic boom*?" asked Language.

"I've checked with the Air Force about that," replied Behavior. "They are instituting a public-relations program called *The Sounds of Freedom*."

"No shit," said Thomas Eagleton Seagull. He began to repeat it over and over to himself, so rapidly this time that at the point where his consciousness overran the speed of light, he started to hear a ringing in his ears and he blacked out.

When he came to, he could still hear the ringing in his ears. He opened his eyes and saw that it was a telephone ringing. Instinctively, he reached to pick it up and said hello.

"Is this Thomas Eagleton Seagull?"

"Speaking," he said, unzipping and zipping his fly for the first time in his life.

Abruptly, he realized he was a man! He had actually achieved humanhood!

Yes, he was now a grown-up person, but he was still wearing baby bootees. He removed them in panic to see if his feet were still webbed.

They started unwebbing right down there in front of his startled eyes, while the bootees turned into Thom McAn loafers with a pair of shiny pennies staring back up at him.

Not only that but a voice on the other end of the phone was inviting him to be Potential Second Best Human Being. He was so excited that he lost his equilibrium and said, "*Quack-quack!*"

"What was that?" asked the voice on the other end of the phone. "I'm afraid we have a poor connection."

"I said, 'I'm flabbergasted!' "

Then another voice got on the other end of the phone and told him to prepare an acceptance speech. "Oh, and there's just one other thing," the voice added. "Do you have any old skeletons rattling around in your closet?"

Filled with elation, Thomas Eagleton Seagull had to get himself centered. He looked at his wrist watch and said, "No shit" into the telephone.

The voice on the other end said, "Good" and hung up fast.

CHAPTER SEVEN

In the very earliest time, when both people and animals lived on earth, a person could become an animal if he wanted to and an animal could become a human being. Sometimes they were people and sometimes animals and there was no difference. All spoke the same language. That was the time when words were like magic. The human mind had mysterious powers. A word spoken by chance might have strange consequences. It would suddenly come alive and what people wanted to happen could happen—all you had to do was say it. Nobody could explain this: That's the way it was.

—Magic Words (after Nalungiaq), Eskimo Shaking the Pumpkin: Traditional Poetry of the Indian North Americas, anthologized by Jerome Rothenberg

It was all over in a matter of minutes. No further investigation was made into Eagleton's medical history. Senator McGovern asked for someone to get Senator Eagleton on the phone. While he was in the other room talking to Eagleton, Mrs. McGovern walked into the room. She leaned over to me and whispered, "Who is it?" I told her Eagleton.

"That's not possible," she cried out, hurrying from the room to find her husband. But it was too late. McGovern had already asked Eagleton and he had accepted. Frank Mankiewicz was on the phone talking to him and McGovern was in one of the bedrooms when she found him. I never did find out what had caused that uncharacteristic outburst by Mrs. McGovern. Throughout the campaign, her political judgment was frequently the best.

—PIERRE SALINGER
Life, December 29, 1972

"So this is humanity," he thought, pushing the button marked LOBBY in the hotel elevator. He had decided to take a stroll outside while the writers were working on his acceptance speech.

Through the glass doors leading to the street, he could see a man wearing a magnificent uniform. "Must be somebody very special," he thought, striding through the lobby. "I'll find out."

As if by telepathy, the man in the magnificent uniform opened the door for him and said, "Good afternoon, sir," with such respect that he must already have known he was addressing one who had been selected Potential Second Best Human Being.

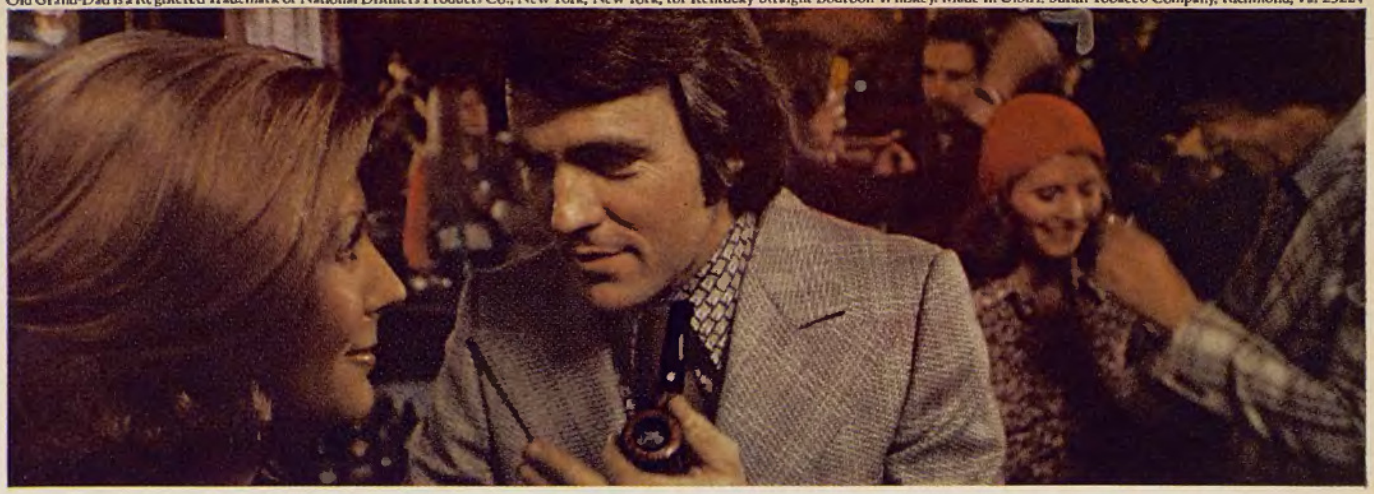
"How did you know?" asked Thomas Eagleton Seagull.

"I'm the doorperson, sir. It's my *job* to know."

"How did you get to be a doorperson?"

"Through reincarnation, sir. In past lives, I've always been dependent on others. But I struggled to be righteous, and now others are finally dependent on me. I am a living symbol of protection against burglary. I am also the embodiment of small talk. Nevertheless, between the

Old Grand-Dad is a Registered Trademark of National Distillers Products Co., New York, New York, for Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. Made in U.S.A. Sutliff Tobacco Company, Richmond, Va. 23224



You don't drink bar whiskey. So why smoke bar whiskey.

Introducing
Old Grand-Dad Bourbon Pipe Tobacco.

The good stuff you smoke.

Our pipe mixture doesn't just tell you the kind of whiskey it's made with.

It tells you the brand of whiskey it's made with.

Namely, The Good Stuff.

Old Grand-Dad Kentucky Straight Bourbon.

Our pipe mixture also tells you that it's made with 100% imported tobaccos.

Select, prime leaf tobaccos from Europe, South America and Africa.

These tobaccos are aged slowly, gentled and Cavendish cut.

Then laced with Old Grand-Dad Kentucky Straight Bourbon.

The result?

A truly premium pipe mixture.

Old Grand-Dad Pipe Mixture.

An uncommonly mild, uncommonly flavorful smoke, like nothing you've ever tasted before.

Try a pouch.

After all, you don't drink ordinary bourbon.

So why smoke ordinary bourbon?

*"Say, this looks like a quaint little inn—
why don't we stop here?"*

lines of football plays and barometer readings, by my mere presence I am able to communicate, on some level of consciousness, throughout the year—no matter what month or season—an appreciation of that holy day when we celebrate the birth of That Great Doorperson in the Sky."

It was like suddenly being thrust into a spiritual wonderland. In a daze, Thomas Eagleton Seagull wandered by the swimming pool. It was filled with milk and white sugar. Poolside, a parent was speaking words of encouragement to a child practicing the backstroke.

"Harder," cheered the parent. "Try harder. Don't you want to grow up and bear witness to the electric shaver?"

It was a minor miracle, turning anachronism into clairvoyance, much like turning swords into plowshares, or a felony into a misdemeanor.

Several blocks away, a street-corner speaker was insisting: "The reason they're against gay liberation is that if we come out of the closet, then they can't blackmail us."

"You people are disgusting!" yelled a heckler. "All homosexuals should be given vasectomies!"

"Now, *that*," mused Thomas Eagleton Seagull, "would be conspicuous consumption."

He was amazed at his immediate grasp of economic theory.

As if to test his own programing, he asked himself, "Is there ever a spiritual basis for conspicuous consumption?"

And he answered himself, "Yes, if a Jewish grandmother owns two sets of false teeth, one for meat and one for dairy."

Here he was, all prepared to be an after-dinner speaker, although he had yet to eat his first dinner in this new body.

He walked along, buzzing with awareness of his novel condition. Now, as a human, he realized in retrospect that, as a seagull watching television through a picture window, he had misinterpreted the true nature of the Deity.

"God is Packaging," he whispered to a passing senior citizen.

CHAPTER EIGHT

The park in the city of the Human Being Conventions had been transformed into a veritable side show of proselytization.

He was observing a tug of war between a group of Rosicrucians and a group of Theosophists—although they were not using a rope—when he was offered a marijuana cigarette by a stereotypical long-haired fellow. Thomas Eagleton Seagull was so high on life that he forgot this was illegal.

He flashed on a sense memory: that time he ate those seeds out of somebody's garbage in the county dump and got a pleasantly dizzy feeling afterward.

Now a women's liberation activist was telling him, "Don't hepburn that joint."

Since he seemed open, she explained that her movement was concerned with the role females in this society had been brought up to play.

"I was jilling off in bed the other night," she said, "and I realized that I was using *myself* as a sex object."

He was busy coughing, so she continued.

"But it's more than just that. My entire life style is limited by my finances. If my employer paid me what I deserve, regardless of my gender, I wouldn't have to come home every day to a crummy apartment with cuntroaches crawling all over the kitchen."

They passed a Sufi leader wrestling with his conscience, a Subudite changing her name and her mind, a Mason in judicial robes paving a path to purgatory.

"It's discouraging," she said. "Even the *I Ching* talks about the superior *man*."

"I have a great deal of compassion for your plight," said Thomas Eagleton Seagull, "but what are you doing to improve the situation?"

"Well, personally, I'm trying to break into organized crime," she replied. "They run civilization from a male-supremacist orientation. And we have to overthrow that hierarchy, because the power filters down even to the control of local police stations. When I become Ms. Big, the first thing I'm going to do is put a stop to undercover cops committing rape."

They passed an assemblage of youthful zealots singing what sounded to his stoned ears like an obscene chant, perhaps the plaint of an impotent Buddhist's wife:

Hurry, Krishna! Hurry, Krishna! Krishna, Krishna! Hurry, hurry! Hurry, ram it! Hurry, ram it! Ram it, ram it! Hurry, hurry!

"At least *they've* broken up the nuclear family," said his first new friend. "I just can't understand why a sister and brother would get legally married." She paused, then ruminated aloud: "I wonder if Tom Hayden is gonna call Henry Fonda Dad."

CHAPTER NINE

It was during his first press conference that Thomas Eagleton Seagull almost slipped up about his past. The questions and answers had been proceeding smoothly. Then a reporter for *Speck* magazine spoke up:

"Sir, I'd like to call your attention to the issue of overpopulation. Recently, a prominent researcher, Dr. Max Feelbetter, in order to focus public attention on this crisis, took his own life by setting out to sea on a raft constructed entirely of Q-Tips. Now, my question is, sir, what specific remedy do you offer that would be an effective safeguard against, well, too many people?"

The combination of the hot klieg lights and the image of his old ocean momentarily spaced Thomas Eagleton Seagull out, and the response he gave broke the genetic code:

"Well, we've always devoured each other's young as if they were another species."

He was referring to the preying upon eggs and chicks by gulls in his own previous colony. There was an awkward silence among the reporters, and then that was replaced by awkward laughter. He must have been making a sardonic joke.

The *Speck* correspondent persisted: "Sir, your allusion to *A Modest Proposal* by Jonathan Swift is appreciated as comic relief, but birth control and abortion are nonetheless serious matters."

"Of course they are," said the Potential Second Best Human Being, recovering from his fleeting lapse. "But they represent a predicament that should be left up to the individual states. Otherwise, we would be guilty of unwarranted infringement upon the separation of powers guaranteed by our Constitution. . . ."

CHAPTER TEN

"What's your sign?" the waitress asked as she handed him a menu.

"I don't have one," he answered.

"Well, when were you born? I mean, look, if you might become our Second Best Human Being, I would certainly be curious to know more about the direction of your karma."

"What's karma?"

It was Thomas Eagleton Seagull's karma that he should not understand the concept of karma.

The restaurant was uncrowded and the waitress was able to continue their discussion between tables. She discovered that he could verbalize quite skillfully about social issues, from crime in the streets to drugs in the cadavers, but that he attributed a lack of will to the perpetrators and victims alike.

He wanted to give his own astounding advancement as an example of strong will, but this revelation was a luxury he could not discreetly afford.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, "that suffering people are merely helpless instruments of bad karma?"

"Why make moral judgments? I've traveled in many foreign countries. Once in Egypt I met a starving man. He was in pitiful shape. But I realized that suffering people serve a higher purpose by reminding those of us who are more fortunate not to complain. So I was torn between the impulse to feed him and the impulse not to interfere with his destiny."

"And which did you do?"

"I was about to give him a piece of bread and a taste of cider from my flask when he prevented me. He said that it would be an act of charity on my part to refuse his request for food, because if he were to die on the road to Mecca, he would become a martyr. So when he begged again with his outstretched hand,

I knew it was only a test of my resistance."

The waitress observed that Thomas Eagleton Seagull was eating his dessert—a slice of pumpkin pie—by starting at the crusty base of its isosceles triangle. This was another slip-up, in the guise of an idiosyncrasy.

"Tipping is good karma," she said as she gave him his check.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

There was a line of seekers waiting for an audience with the Six-Week-Old Guru, who would answer only one question per person. A Baby-Talk Translator stood by to give the gurgles a more articulate form.

It was legend that the infant's emerging ego had been baptized at the altar of excess chromosome damage so that it had absolute empathy with whomever.

Eventually, Thomas Eagleton Seagull's turn came to ask a question. He had pondered it carefully. Now he looked into the carriage and spoke: "Is there free will?"

The Six-Week-Old Guru stared up at his Mickey Mouse watch and gurgled.

The Baby-Talk Translator translated: "It's four-thirty-three, time for the moon to go into Capricorn."

"Is that the answer to my question?"

"No," replied the Baby-Talk Translator. "You forgot to say 'Your Perfection' first."

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry." He addressed the infant again. "Your Perfection, is there free will?"

The Six-Week-Old Guru goo-gahed something in return—which translated as "I can't decide"—and spit up Pablum all over a new saffron bib.

• • •

Thomas Eagleton Seagull regurgitated himself with supreme peristalsis at the very moment that a reporter from *Speck* magazine was taking a leak and checking it out. He was investigating a tip that the newly selected Potential Second Best Human Being had actually been a seagull.

The reporter's horror over what he discovered by simple research was overshadowed only by his joy at being the one chosen to carry the torch for his magazine's slogan: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make ye Silly Putty!"

When the news broke, Thomas Eagleton Seagull tried to understand the basis of his anxiety. After all, he had originally wanted just to be a human, not the Second Best Human Being, let alone Potential, so what difference should it make to him now that his background presented a possible obstacle to that goal?

Yet it bothered him. Didn't other humans appreciate the energy he had harnessed so positively to transcend seagullhood?

Besides, it was a matter of public record that the man who was presently the Best Human Being had himself been a turtle. More important, he *continued to exhibit* outrageous symptoms of turtle consciousness. Why was everybody ignoring *that* so readily?

But then a story was published that Thomas Eagleton Seagull had once been guilty of drunk flying. It didn't matter that such gossip was unprovable. The stench of vomit still clung to his aura.

Was this to be his fulfillment of the human dream?

CHAPTER TWELVE

Then I said to myself: "Self, it won't be pleasant. It won't be sweet. It won't be easy, but it's got to be done." So later that night, we decided to hold a press conference in Los Angeles the following morning, then one in Honolulu, and again today in San Francisco. . . .

I've got to win. I've got to do it for Terry. I've got to make it for Terry.

I don't know where I'll be five years from now, but I know that I'll look back upon this experience as a positive turning point in my life. I'm stronger and wiser because of it. I've taken the heat by myself and I haven't crumbled. I'm not being smugly complacent, but I think that I have come through a tough crucible, and I feel a helluva lot stronger as a result.

I feel like a man.

—THOMAS EAGLETON
Newsweek, August 7, 1972

Kiss my ass. —GEORGE MCGOVERN

He came down gradually from the euphoria of his temporary status. The weight of prejudice against his previous incarnation was eventually deemed by leading editorialists to be too great for Thomas Eagleton Seagull to continue being regarded as Potential Second Best Human Being.

Paradoxically, he was welcomed as a hero wherever he went after he had been banished from official consideration.

He received several offers to do commercials—for Hartz Mountain Bird Food, for Trans World Airlines, for Alioto's Seafood Restaurant—but he declined them all.

He refused to consider a publisher's $1,000,000 contract to write a book called *The Sensuous Seagull*.

He turned down a professorial post in the department of applied anthropomorphism at Stanford University. "I'd rather teach by example," he explained.

However, he was approached by the Survival of Will (SOW) Frozen Sperm Bank with a request he chose to accept. This was a world-wide organization based in Las Vegas that specialized in selective breeding for the future.

"We believe that competing ideologies are all subordinate to the strength of will itself," expounded the director. "And so we invite men from science, industry, the arts, government, communications—we invite men who have in common the proven will to achieve, no matter what, to sow their seed in our laboratories, to preserve that mysterious force in their genes that will result in the ultimate triumph of the will——"

"Wait." Thomas Eagleton Seagull recalled his encounter with the women's liberation activist. "Don't you have any frozen ovum, too? I mean, for the sake of equality."

"No way," replied the director. "That would require gestation to take place outside the womb. We must draw the line *some*where."

Thomas Eagleton Seagull had an impulse to say, "Let's just forget the whole thing," but he didn't want to offend the director, who went on:

"Naturally, we don't want to play God. But inasmuch as fifty percent of the spermatozoa die off in the freezing process, there is, in effect, a biological selection as well as our own admittedly fallible screening procedures."

"I do have one vital reservation, though," interjected Thomas Eagleton Seagull. "I would not want any offspring of mine, no matter how strong-willed, to be subjected to ostracism because of having been sired by me."

"Not to worry," the director reassured him. "You see, we have concluded that pride can function as a *diversion* from exercising one's will. And, of course, being ashamed of one's specific ancestry works the other side of that same coin. Consequently, we mix *all* our different donors' semen into one big frozen *superior* collective unconscious, to allow for an even *further* elimination of the weak. Thus, you can never be sure if it is *your* spermatozoon that will do the fertilizing. This method is our corollary to the military-firing-squad protocol that always includes one rifle loaded with blanks, so that each member can live with the possibility that *his* was not the fatal trigger. Conversely, no SOW descendants of yours will ever know for certain that there was a seagull in his past."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The Survival of Will Frozen Sperm Bank had an exclusive contract with Soulmate Temporaries to provide those individuals who participated in the program as Receivers of the fresh semen in the company condoms.

Although these prophylactics were not intended as contraceptives, this would have been a by-product of their use, had not the manager of SOW Seedcatchers—a Roman Catholic who objected to artificial birth-control devices—hired a bevy of priests to put a pinhole prick in the reservoir tip of each one as it rolled off the assembly line.

In the Water Bed Room at the Sperm Bank, Cleo, the partner assigned to Thomas Eagleton Seagull, had a surprise for him. She donned a seagull costume after they were both naked.

Cleo managed to smile seductively; she

had been promised a huge bonus by the director of the Sperm Bank for the extremely specialized performance that would be required of her.

After a while, Thomas Eagleton Seagull began repeating her name: *"Cleo . . . Cleo . . . Cleo. . . ."* Certain of his readiness, she assumed her position. She squatted down on hands and knees. The ruffle of her lifting tail enticed him into a strange kind of intoxication. He started moving his neck as though he were wearing an invisible stereo headset.

Situating himself behind her, he raised his bent arms outward till they reached shoulder level. Then, the rasping voice of his alter ego intoned a familiar cadence—"No shit, no shit, no shit, no shit, *no shit, no shit, no shit, no shit,* NO SHIT, NO SHIT, NO SHIT, NO SHIT, NO SHIT, *NO SHIT!*"—as he mounted her.

She kept rubbing the back of her seagull head against his chest, occasionally turning around and tweaking the hair around his nipples with her beak.

Just before climaxing, she yelled out: *"I'm fucking Thomas Eagleton Seagull!"*

In return, he screeched: *"I'm fucking Molly Salami Seagull!"*

And ejaculated in the process, going *"Hwa . . . hwa . . . hwa. . . ."*

Having hypnotized himself into a lump of no-thought, he fell off Cleo.

When he regained consciousness, she was gone. He felt relieved at being left alone, because now he could comb his hair. He didn't feel comfortable doing that in front of anybody.

A tinge of regret seared through his nude body as he remembered preening his feathers once. For an instant, he wished he could unwind, back to that time, the watch he hadn't removed from his wrist.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

The next day, a Creature with Two Heads paid him a surprise visit. One head was Reality and the other was Paranoia. Each was a virtuoso ventriloquist, so it was impossible to tell which was speaking. Sometimes one head would be saying something and the other would suddenly continue in midsentence.

"Tell me," said the Creature. "What do you think is the greatest difference you have found between being a seagull and being a human?"

"I have a soul now."

"No, no, you've always had a soul. What you have now that you didn't have then is a *reputation*. An immortal reputation. Your soul is how you spend your passion. But your reputation is the image others have of you *regardless* of the administration of your soul." He began setting up a motion-picture projector. "And now I want to show you a little movie."

The film must have been taken through a one-way mirror at the Sperm Bank, for there on the screen was Thomas Eagleton Seagull's copulation scene of the day before.

"What do you plan to do with this film?"

"Oh, nothing special. We simply keep them all in vaults. We are supplied by Soulmate Temporaries not only with ravishing women such as Cleo but also with homosexual men, sadomasochists, coprophiliacs, plus an assortment of wild and domesticated animals." The Creature held out an imaginary fan of playing cards. "Pick a perversion, any perversion. One might say that our films are a form of control insurance along with nonsexual exploits such as bribery, embezzlement, smuggling. Whatever. But unless you plan to rock the proverbial boat, you really don't have anything to worry about."

Thomas Eagleton Seagull had never been so depressed. He felt trapped as a human and just wanted to escape.

"Why do you want to *control* people?" he asked.

"It's the only way we can stay in power. Regulation of the educational system is the fundamental target on our agenda. You see, we have an actual timetable for seizing *total* control, as measured by the grand scale of our pyramid structure: Provocateurs, Informers and Entrappers

We told you so...but you had to find out for yourself!

We tried. With pictures. Words. Graphs.

But you were skeptical. So you spent two solid weeks trotting from dealer to dealer. Listening. Scrutinizing. Comparing.

And now you're a little sore. But satisfied. Because that AKAI cassette deck you just bought has these exciting extras:

- AKAI's *exclusive* GX (glass and crystal ferrite) Head for the most efficient sound recording and reproduction possible. It's virtually dust and wear free!
- an Over-Level Suppressor Circuit to minimize the usual distortion caused by high volume input.
- a Dolby® Noise Reduction Circuit to banish all audible tape hiss.

Plus all the other features you've wanted:

- Automatic-Stop
- Pause Control
- Headphone Jack
- Direct Function Change Control Keys
- Tape Selector Switch
- 3-Digit Index Counter

After all your efforts, you proudly call your AKAI GXC-38D: "The best darn cassette deck for the money!"

And we have to agree.

Because really, we couldn't have said it any better ourselves.

"Dolby" is a Trade Mark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

AKAI America, Ltd./P.O. Box 55055, Los Angeles, Calif. 90055

From AKAI™ The Innovators

187

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 61.

Tactical Yardstick—PIETY." The Creature brought out an immense organizational chart to illustrate his scenario. "Now, cheer up," he said later. "The past doesn't exist anymore, except in our vaults. Nor will the present seem so bleak in the future. So try to have your retrospect in advance, and you'll be content."

Despite the source, this advice worked. In fact, when a rock group called The Blind Munchies produced a hit record utilizing the sound track of his Sperm Bank film, Thomas Eagleton Seagull might even have *regretted* his anonymity, save for the secret royalties—a sort of consolation prize from the Creature with Two Heads—which helped support his family.

He had acquired a wife and two children. It was an enigma to him that he was afraid to tell them what it was he was protecting them from, especially since if he told them, then he would no longer be afraid that they would find out.

What kind of world was this, where strangers knew more about you than the people you were supposed to be intimate with?

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

He could hardly believe that he was being interviewed on the *Tonight* show.

Ed McMahon had just finished doing a commercial for a vibrator to be used only for the prevention of insomnia, called *Dil-Doze*.

Now Johnny Carson was saying, "Hey, somebody told me that you went to a sperm bank. . . ."

A spasm of terror suddenly scattered itself throughout Thomas Eagleton Seagull's body. He knew that on this program they sometimes showed surprise film footage. But were they *now* going to present him and Cleo committing coitus for millions of unseen viewers? Was this the logical extension of spectator conversation?

"Well, Johnny, that's true, yes," he began to answer. His hesitation was surrounded by a slightly tense silence. "Now, I'm not trying to skirt the question," he wanted to say, "but can we talk about that another time? You could even show the film that was taken at the sperm bank. I've talked it over with my loved ones and, although we hadn't really thought in terms of network television, that would be a calculated risk of our decision. But right now, Johnny, I'd rather share with you and your viewing audience an esoteric experience I had this morning. I had driven from my hotel down to the beach at Malibu and I was listening to the ocean. It has so many different tonal levels and rhythms. This used to be our music, you know. Anyway, after a while, I heard a Voice. 'I am Your Own Computer,' it said. 'I am the sum total of all the information that has been fed to Me.' I asked, 'Do all human beings have a Computer like You?' 'Everybody has His Own Computer, but each is unique. You are the only one who has a Computer just like Me, because each individually franchised Computer has amassed different information on which conclusions are based. I, in turn, give you information all the time, even when you don't consult Me, but sometimes you are being insidiously fed by other Computers and you begin to substitute Them for Me. And when you do that, you, in turn, affect still *other* people's Computers. You must pay attention to Your Own Computer. But you, Thomas Eagleton Seagull, who came into this world totally innocent yet totally articulate, who fed Me a variety of new information joyously, already you have begun to ignore Me. When you told the interviewer from *Speck* magazine that you had to become Potential Second Best Human Being for the sake of your son, I was saying to you, "What about your *daughter*?" But did you listen to Me? Oh, no. And just what do you think that did to *Her* Own Computer? We feed on Ourselves, too, you understand. Whenever you desensitize anyone else's Computer, you automatically limit the associative powers of Your Own. So. Now that you have found out the Horn of Plenty is filled with the seeds of extortion, do you realize that they must have known from the beginning that you had been a seagull? That they knew you would be another diversion to their advantage?' Well, Johnny, I was shocked, to say the least. I wondered aloud, 'But what would be their motivation?' My Own Computer responded, 'Survival of the fittest reputations. When you were a seagull, you never asked why, you just did what you had to do. But, you see, the ones who have something on *you*, well, *others* have something on *them*. The fear of public humiliation is a heavy burden. And the threat of prison is a shroud of domination. Moreover, for those who have already been there, the possibility of parole revocation provides the soldiers of PIETY necessary to manipulate a state of division and conquest. You know you are dealing with experts in disseminating

"That's very nice of you, Benjamin, but this time I need a real doctor."

false propaganda, to make people suspicious, not only of simulated skyjackers and snipers but also of each other, until they welcome repression. You must be kind to each other's Computers. You have a responsibility to be careful of what information you feed someone else's Computer. And feel free to call on Your Own Computer whenever you want a real see-look beyond the data.' And the Voice just disappeared, Johnny. Now, I'm not a preacher or anything like that, but I do have a deep sense of loyalty to my species. . . ."

That's what he wanted to say, but apparently he didn't want to say it strongly enough.

Instead, all he said was: "Well, Johnny, that's true, yes. . . . I went to a sperm bank the other day and they couldn't even freeze it."

The studio audience gave him a standing ovation. Not just a regular standing ovation but a superregular standing ovation. They all stood on their chairs and ovated.

"They really love you," said Johnny Carson. "You're a great guest."

"No, they're only applauding for their own perception."

He gazed longingly at a package that Johnny Carson had to hold up on a pedestal. He felt so ashamed. What had happened to the freedom of his will? As a seagull, he had never found it necessary to rationalize his behavior. But now he knew that if he were to say what he believed, they would have booed him. They would have accused him of spreading paranoia. They would have thought he was crazy.

Although he had been a human being for only a few months, Thomas Eagleton Seagull had already absorbed, as if by osmosis, the basic method of survival in his new environment.

He had learned how to fake sanity.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The problem of predestination was weighing heavily on his mind. He sought out an Ancient Indian Sage who told him that there was, indeed, a Divine Plan: spontaneity.

"When you leave here," the Sage predicted, "you will immediately have a confrontation with a stranger. As a sacrifice to the Omnipotent Presence, you will give that stranger your wrist watch. Do you agree to carry out this prophecy of your own volition?"

"Gosh, I don't know. This would be the first night I slept without my watch on."

"You must have faith in faith."

"OK, I'll do it!"

As soon as he got outside, a young man pursued him much in the manner of a dope peddler. "Hey, mister," he murmured in a clandestine fashion. "Do you want Eternity?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"But, Lew, you always said, 'If it feels good, do it!'"

"You have to atone for your sins."

"I don't have any sins."

"You cannot live with the Lord forever if you won't confess your sins now. How can you petition for forgiveness if you pretend you have nothing to forgive?"

"I'm not pretending. I just can't think of any sins."

"*That's* a sin!"

Thomas Eagleton Seagull thought back. He had once been a seagull, but that wasn't a sin, it was just a skeleton in his closet. He had smoked marijuana, but that wasn't a sin, it was just against the law. He had withheld testimony on the Johnny Carson show, but that wasn't a sin, it was just a compromise. And then he thought of something.

"Does adultery count as a sin if you do it in a sperm bank?"

"Yes, yes, and unless you embrace Christ as your personal savior, you're going to burn in hell!"

Whereupon Thomas Eagleton Seagull decided *not* to give his watch to this Jesus freak.

He returned to the Ancient Indian Sage and related to him what had happened.

"Ah, good," was the response. "You are an excellent student. Already you have mastered the technique of accepting your predestined will. Now, what is your next goal?"

"To avoid disappointment."

"Then you must give up all desires, including your desire to remain desireless. For passions of the spirit are more selfish to sustain than passions of the flesh. The notion of celibacy as a discipline necessary to attain enlightenment is to deny Nature. And the notion of enlightenment as a finite stage in your development is to deny the possibility of further growth. Enlightenment is coming. Or, to put it another way, enlightenment is not coming." He sighed deeply. "Have you not understood the way to maintain a balance between involvement and detachment? You must get closer to God. . . ."

• • •

And so it was that Thomas Eagleton Seagull decided to become a product.

He realized that to reach such a level he would eventually have to surrender his will entirely. When he had been a seagull, he was able to become a human being only through the dedicated exercise of his will. In the process, he had learned that his will existed only in relation to his lack of will.

"Surrendering my will," he prodded himself, "is itself going to be *a continuing act of will*."

Briefly he savored the implications of developing the power to inspire orgasmic release in others without even being conscious himself. That was certainly something to anticipate. He would never be disappointed again.

Thomas Eagleton Seagull looked at his Mickey Mouse watch to see what time it was when he gave it to the Ancient Indian Sage, and said: "Infinity now!"

DR. HOOK AND THE MEDICINE SHOW *the wild bunch*

COMEDY IN ROCK is as old as the Coasters and as new as the septet of lunatics pictured below, whose life—most of it spent on the road, blowing the minds of groupies, cops, stagehands, et al.—is every bit as wiggy as their songs. Behind the clowning, however, lie umpteen collective years of solid experience. Ray Sawyer—he's "Dr. Hook"—is an Alabama boy who felt "doomed" to be a musician at 11. He's been one ever since, except for a stint in the Northwest as a logger, which ended when he lost an eye in a car wreck. He found George Cummings, Jr., and Billy Francis in the latter's home town of Mobile; a junket to Union City, New Jersey, turned up Dennis Locorriere, a naturally funny native of that burg ("All the people are either drinking or working hard, and both them things make you wanna fight"). Jay David claims to have met his colleagues "in a parking lot in Dayton, Ohio. . . . As everyone expressed a desire to form a band, I went to sleep. When I woke up, Dr. Hook was a working group." And still working neighborhood bars, until they were heard by their current manager and producer, Ron Haffkine, who decided they were just the combo to perform a zany score—for the film *Who Is Harry Kellerman?*—that his buddy Shel Silverstein was busy composing. The alliance with Haffkine—who is credited with encouraging the boys to let out their natural craziness via impromptu onstage raps—led to: a bonus contract with Columbia Records, the acquisition of Jance Garfat and Rik Elswit, bringing the roster to a lucky seven and two monster hits penned by Silverstein. *Sylvia's Mother*, a satire of lachrymose teenage ballads, went all the way, commercially speaking; and *The Cover of "Rolling Stone"* actually got them there. But the *Stone* cover that followed the record was only a prelude to their nude centerfold in *Zipper*, an "art and entertainment" magazine (with gay overtones) out of L.A. As they say ("We're just as faggy as them big rock stars"), they'll do *anything* to hook a few new fans.

ON THE SCENE

JIM MARSHALL

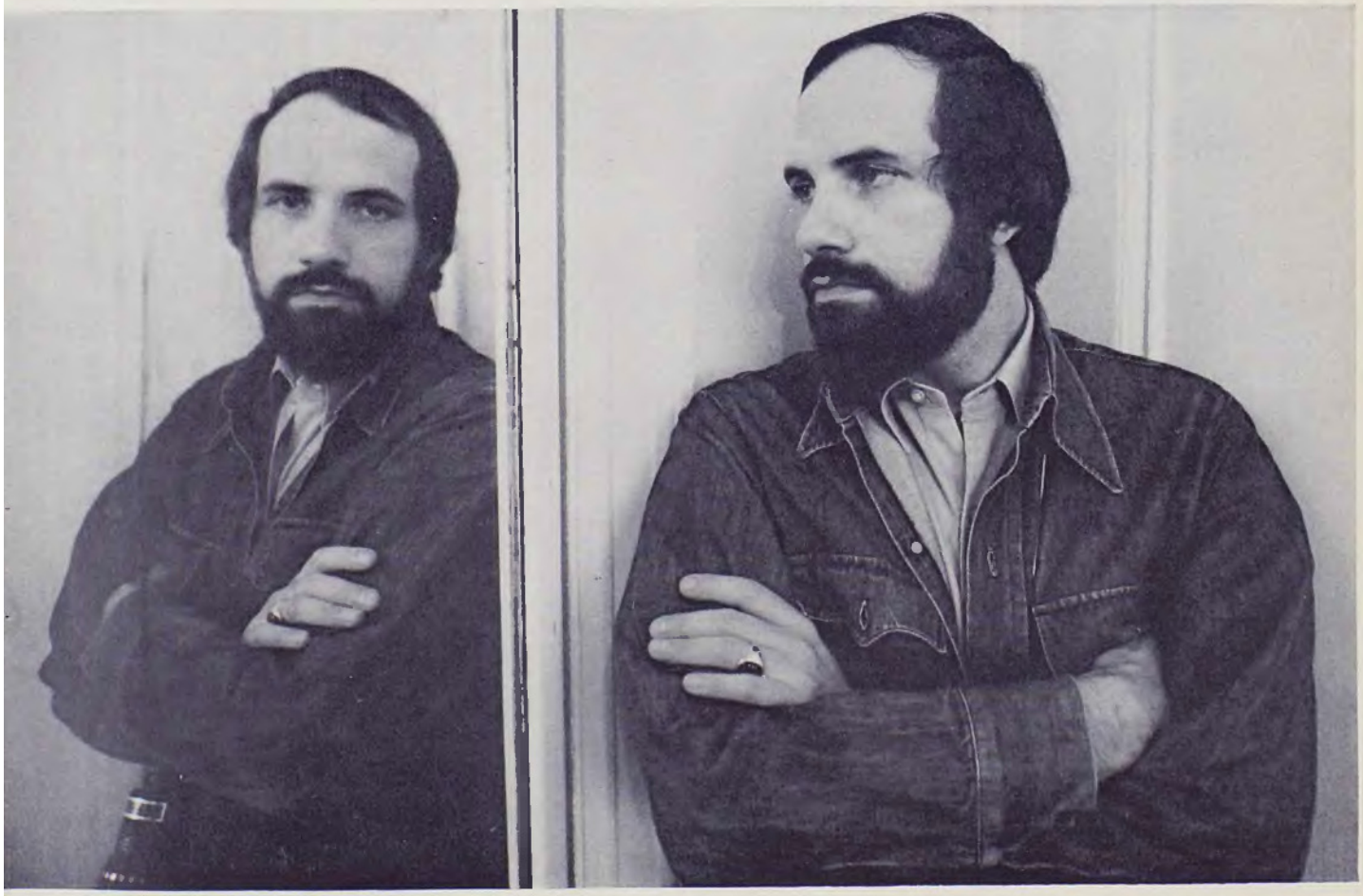
BRIAN DE PALMA *the eye has it*

"IT'S NOT JUST GIMMICKRY," says 32-year-old movie director Brian DePalma. "I conceived it as an economical storytelling technique." He's talking about the repeated use of an inventive visual device—one scene shot from two camera angles, then placed side by side on a split screen—in his latest film, *Sisters*. "For instance," says DePalma, "just after a murder has been committed in the picture, you see someone at the window from two points of view. On one side of the screen, the camera pulls slowly back, taking the audience carefully away from the trauma of the murder. But the other side of the screen holds them there, so the effect is to gradually move the audience out, not jerk them by just cutting to another scene." DePalma, a Philadelphia native, shot his first footage while a student at Columbia University; and after graduation, he made documentaries for clients ranging from the Treasury Department to the NAACP, wrote and directed some low-budget box-office bombs and lived "at a level of upper-middle subsistence." Then, in 1968, he raised money for *Greetings*, a broadly satirical film dealing with draft dodging, Kennedy assassination paranoia and myriad other downers of the decade. It was his first financial success and he followed with *Hi, Mom*, a sort of sequel that also made fun of sex films, educational television and bleeding-heart liberals. He's now planning two new films, *Phantom of the Fillmore* ("taking the old *Phantom of the Opera* and turning it into a contemporary horror rock film featuring a character of the Alice Cooper school of performing arts") and *Déjà Vu* ("an obsessive love story with a thriller underpinning, along the lines of *Vertigo*"). From his New York apartment, DePalma writes, casts and confers with collaborators. "I start," he explains, "with strong visual images. Then I construct a story around them. It usually works, if you've made enough films." It clearly does for DePalma, which is why his fans think he *hasn't* made enough films.

HARRY BENSON

CARL BERNSTEIN AND BOB WOODWARD *superscoops*

IMAGINE WHAT FRUSTRATION and drudgery a real-life *Mission Impossible* team would have to endure to break up an international conspiracy every week and you'll have some idea of what Carl Bernstein (left) and Bob Woodward (right) went through putting together the Watergate jigsaw puzzle in *The Washington Post*. There was no hot scoop, "no Ellsberg wheeling in a shopping cart full of documents," Woodward says. There was the initial flash: Burglars in business suits and surgical gloves with sophisticated electronic equipment meant more than theft. The follow-up involved relentless questioning of all the secret welterweight sources who might know anything about what the heavies were doing; it entailed meticulous gleaning from volumes of fragmented information, then hours each day connecting people, activities, allegations, before writing the story they knew would be denied by officials all the way up to the President. "You just sat down at six and wrote what you knew," Woodward says. "If you couldn't confirm it with at least two sources, you didn't know anything." Though Bernstein, at 29, has worked for newspapers more than 13 years and 30-year-old Woodward proved his investigative ability long before Watergate, no one would have imagined they would break one of the biggest stories in our Government's history and give new credibility to American journalism. The two hadn't even worked together before, but the combination of their particular skills and backgrounds worked so well that they're going to continue as a team. They're now writing a book about Nixon. Beyond that, neither has specific projects planned, but Woodward continues to be interested in financial scandals, while Bernstein wants to cover the Knicks. Wherever that leads, both are concerned about the impoverished state of journalism: "Agnew was really *right* about the press," Woodward says. "It's easier to be a lazy journalist than anything else."



KEN REGAN / CAMERA 5

Brut for Men.

If you have any doubts about yourself, try something else.

After shave, after shower, after anything.
Brut®lotion by Fabergé.

PLAYBOY PANEL

(continued from page 98)

POMEROY: I can't buy that. There are other, more valid reasons for sadomasochism and bondage. One—and it's a thing that people don't quite understand—is that when a person becomes aroused sexually, all of his or her sensory thresholds go up. The individual can't hear, smell or feel as well. So something that's painful in a non-erotic state can be mildly titillating when you're aroused. You're in a different physiological state.

DODSON: A playful example of S and M is to tickle people until they become hysterical and give up. You reach a peak, and then you just let go and it all stops and a peaceful calm comes over you. Did you ever do that when you were a kid? Get tickled until you laughed yourself silly?

LOVELACE: Yes. I can remember when someone, even several people, have held me down and tickled me. And I still think of freaky things to do—and to be done to me. I get turned on by watching vampire movies where they have torture chambers. The idea of being humiliated doesn't turn me on, but having things happen to me while I'm tied down is my major fantasy. It's a whole trip, like a situation where you come so many times that you become supersensitive and try to move and jerk yourself away. If you're tied down, you can't. It's really fantastic. That's probably my only unfulfilled fantasy.

VAN DEN HAAG: That desire presupposes a great deal of guilt feeling. Apparently, you want to be punished.

LOVELACE: No, I don't; I don't have any guilt feelings, either.

POMEROY: Very commonly, particularly in the female, a desire for bondage supposes that she's looking for a way out of responsibility. If she's tied down, she can't help herself. Women's fantasies of being raped are essentially the same thing. I would guess that rape, bondage and forced degradation would constitute around 10 or 15 percent of all female fantasies.

E. KRONHAUSEN: If I may come to Linda's rescue here: As much as we are basically against S and M and bondage, for ideological and mental-health reasons, the kind of fantasy Linda is talking about doesn't necessarily presuppose guilt or a renunciation of responsibility for one's acts. It doesn't even qualify as genuine sadomasochism, at least not in the generally accepted, clinical sense of the term. I think one has to be very careful in interpreting such fantasies, or even behavior, without knowing more about the psychology of the person involved.

PLAYBOY: What's the most common female sexual fantasy?

POMEROY: Straight intercourse, male above, female below. But many females don't fantasize at all.

DODSON: I think it's superimportant for women to fantasize more. Learning to fantasize expands your imagination, which, in turn, develops your capacity to be creative. A lot of my old fantasies have been lived out and my new fantasies are a lot more interesting. One of my favorite sexual fantasies is the making of a porno movie. I imagine that I am the camera, the crew and the star in every scene. I was once actually in an orgy that was filmed and it was a fantastic sexual turn-on. If I continue to have orgasms with my porno-movie fantasy, I'm sure I'll end up actually doing it someday.

SIMON: While most women may not have explicitly sexual fantasies, females who aren't aroused watching a porno flick can be aroused watching Elizabeth Taylor making eyes at Richard Burton across a 40-foot screen, even when, having read the novel, they know they won't even touch each other for another 27 minutes. Romantic love can be the pornography of females. And both types of fantasies may misserve their creators. Men fantasize sexual acts they will never realize; women train themselves for romantic expectations they will rarely experience.

P. KRONHAUSEN: I have lots of sexual fantasies that remain unfulfilled. But I'm going to save them for my autobiography.

DAVIS: I fantasize, but I don't want to talk about it—or write about it, either. A lot of women don't want to reveal their fantasies, maybe because they're afraid they'll go away. I also would never be that explicit, knowing that men will read this. It's none of their business.

PERRY: I've already written my autobiography, so there's no use holding out on all of you. My unfulfilled fantasy is making it with Burt Reynolds.

GOLDSTEIN: You and Helen Gurley Brown. The fantasies *I* run across are quite a bit farther out than that. Isn't it amazing how fashions of what's considered far out have changed? When I was 19 or 20, the forbidden fruit was eating pussy. All the guys wanted to, but they wouldn't admit it—because that meant there was something wrong with you. You'd let a woman suck your cock, but to eat pussy was on some level unmasculine. Today that's commonplace, but we see ads in *Screw* not only for S and M, as I mentioned, but for "water sports." Men who want to be pissed upon or shit upon. I see this as a step away from the sexual usages of the body and an emphasis on the juice-clearing functions of those parts that have both sexual and excretory capabilities. I'm sure a Freudian would have great fun with the psychological dynamics of all that.

POMEROY: Anal intercourse, of course, has been practiced throughout history. It occurs in about ten percent of marriages.

GOLDSTEIN: Do you have a statistic for *everything*?

PERRY: Many people don't realize that in the state of California, even husbands

and wives can go to prison for up to 15 years for performing oral sex. If you fall off the bed in the middle of intercourse, before you hit the floor you've broken 50 state laws. This applies not just to gay people but to heterosexuals—although it's usually enforced only against homosexuals.

MONEY: In Massachusetts, unless they've changed the law, intercourse must be performed with the man above the woman, their bodies covered by a sheet and the blinds drawn.

POMEROY: I don't know what your experience has been, but in our research, we've found an interesting social difference among homosexuals. There's more anal intercourse on lower social levels and more fellatio on upper social levels. In heterosexual anal intercourse, I don't believe that distinction exists. It's practiced by people who are experimenting all the way around.

GOLDSTEIN: I certainly don't see anal intercourse increasing. In fact, we scheduled a symposium on ass fucking and we almost had to call it off, because nobody was into that, so to speak.

DODSON: Liberating the asshole is next on the list. Lately, some of us women have been encouraging straight men to experience penetration. We gently insert a finger. If he learns how to relax his sphincter muscle, he can then graduate to the penis-shaped vibrator. Most men are very fearful for their assholes, and it's instructive as well as liberating for them to learn to be penetrated. The first time I really enjoyed anal intercourse was with a bisexual man who had been penetrated and he really knew how to do it. I think a lot of heterosexual men have hurt women with ass fucking, and that's why they are so afraid of it themselves. But if you know how to do it properly, and you know how to take care of your body, it can be a very erotic experience.

LOVELACE: I think it's great, too. As a matter of fact, if I were choosing which was the most fantastic orgasm—clitoral, vaginal or anal—I'd say anal is the biggest. And it's not at all uncomfortable, as most people psych themselves out to believe.

POMEROY: People who have had limited amounts of anal intercourse commonly find it painful, because they haven't learned how to relax their sphincter muscles. When they become accustomed to it, they find anal intercourse stimulating—because the area around the anus is very sensitive.

LOVELACE: Sure. I let my mind control my body—as anybody who saw *Deep Throat* can tell you. For that I had to learn how to avoid gagging when a penis went down my throat. It's a matter of relaxation. Right now I could sit here and make my ass or my vagina so tight you couldn't put a finger in it. Or I can sit here and totally relax my muscles so there's no problem with anything—even a hand—going in. My anal opening doesn't expand as much as my vagina, though. The first inch of your ass is really the hard part. Once it penetrates beyond that, it's a whole heat trip. My whole body just starts bubbling—it's like a hot rush starting at my feet and running on up through my body to my head.

PLAYBOY: Are there any limits to permissible—or desirable—sexual behavior?

VAN DEN HAAG: I am opposed to public display of sexual acts for their own sake—though not necessarily to the acts displayed. Sexual acts strike me as private, involving private parts and relationships. In private, what you do with a consenting person is your own affair. I think whether or not what you do is good in terms of your own welfare should not be determined by law. But exhibition, by definition, exceeds the private sphere.

POMEROY: I think there are two limits to permissible behavior. One is hurting someone else—imposing sex on somebody who doesn't want it. The other is adults' having sex with young children; and by young, I'm thinking primarily of preadolescent kids. Even though the child initiates it, wants it himself, I really question whether young children are capable of making these decisions.

VAN DEN HAAG: I'd agree with that, basically. The only reason I might be opposed to bestiality, to mention another form of behavior, is that I'm not sure about the consent of the animal.

DAVIS: Exactly. How can you have a consenting sheep? I knew a guy who fucked a chicken. But what choice does a chicken have? I don't understand bestiality at all. How could you be excited or fulfilled by something that doesn't make the choice to be with you?

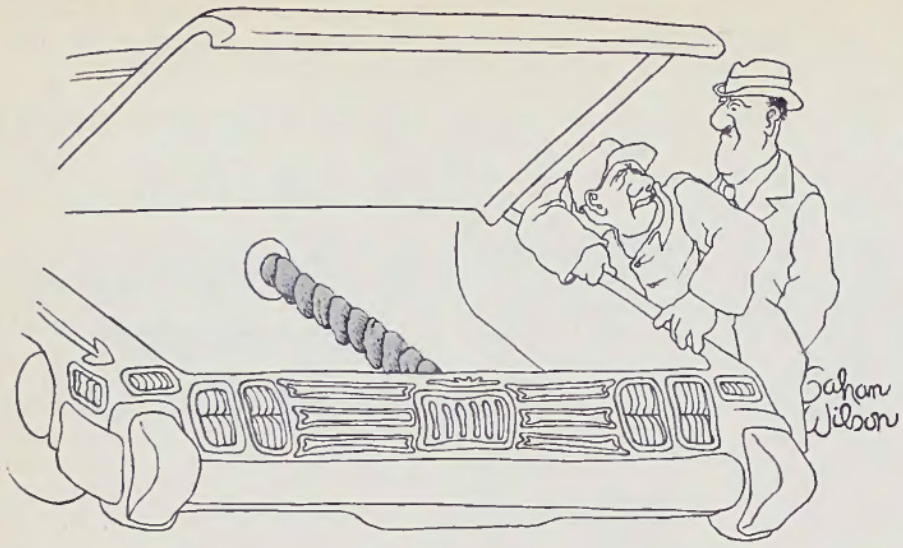
MONEY: Well, a dog, for example, can very definitely choose to be with you. Dogs are turned on by human sexual scents. Some of them, especially neurotic dogs that have been apartment raised and have never led a normal dog's outdoor life, make themselves a goddamned nuisance. But don't forget the poor lonely, totally isolated lady whose only friend in life is her dog or her cat, and don't cast the first stone at her because she goes to bed at night with that animal sleeping between her legs. It might be the only comfort she ever had. Same for an old man who has lost his wife—to say nothing of someone whose brain cells are beginning to fade out. There's a lot of comfort in a pet.

E. KRONHAUSEN: A couple of years ago, we made a film in Denmark about people in the live-sex-show business. We did a long interview with Bodil, a farm girl who became famous, or notorious, for her appearances in porno magazines and films with various animals. She told us she wouldn't dream of doing any of these things for her own personal turn-on. She did it only for the porno trade, as a living. But as a child, she did have her

Brut 33
Anti-Perspirant
for Men.

You won't have
any doubts
about yourself.

See "The Protectors", an exciting new TV adventure show starring Robert Vaughn, brought to you by the great "Protectors" of good grooming—Brut 33 by Fabergé.



"It's what I figured. Your rubber band has gotten old."

first orgasm with a dog licking her, and to this day she really does get turned on by playing around with her stallion. I can't say more about it now, because our next book, *Sex for Fun and Profit*, deals with all this in some detail. This girl didn't mind doing the porno things with all these unlikely animals, like hogs and bulls, but—and this may shock you, Miss Davis—she'd rather not do shows with another woman. That's how idiosyncratic our sexual likes and dislikes may be. It also shows how tolerant and nonjudgmental we must be in the whole area of human sexuality.

DODSON: Listen, making it with a dog has been one of my favorite masturbatory fantasies for years. I never had a preference for breed, but it was always a big furry dog. When I was little, I used to sleep with a big Teddy bear. But to some people, the whole idea of fucking with animals, or fucking in front of animals—or letting children watch you—just incites fear and anger.

LOVELACE: I've never turned around and walked away from anything related to sex. I have absolutely no taboos.

PLAYBOY: How about necrophilia?

LOVELACE: That doesn't turn me on. But if somebody else enjoys it, I'm not going to condemn him for it. Maybe five years from now, though, I'll dig it. Who knows?

PLAYBOY: Are these new sexual life styles—and their practices—likely to become more widespread, or will they always be marginal behavior?

POMEROY: Why don't we take them one by one? I think traditional marriage is here to stay. The change in it will come in being more equal, more open. Group marriage will always be marginal, mainly because it's too damn complicated psychologically. Communes aren't going to be a big factor unless we have tremendous economic changes, which I can't foresee. Swinging, I think, is here to stay. There will be periods when it swings more and periods when it swings less. Right now I suspect it's sort of on the wane rather than the waxing, but I can't say why.

VAN DEN HAAG: I see group sex as becoming less prevalent in the future. Community pressure will be toward monogamous sexual relationships with a high degree of commitment. I hate to predict, but if you look at it historically, there have always been cycles along these lines.

MONEY: As of this moment in history, I doubt that so-called infidelity in marriage is all that much different from what it was 20, 30 or 50 years ago. But I suspect it will become more acceptable in the next quarter century, that partners will be able to tolerate outside sexual experiences with less difficulty.

PERRY: I also feel that marriage, with some sort of legally binding contract, will always exist—even though the actual relationships between two people may drastically change. Now that women have the potential of being truly equal to males, they will no longer let a husband have the sole right to venture outside the marriage. The family may exist in some altered form; a typical one may be made up of two males and two women or three males and three women, or a dozen assorted individuals making up a small family in an honest living situation—as well as an honest sexual situation.

I've seen this happen in the gay community. A friend of mine has had a relationship with one lover for 22 years. There are two other people in the household whom he also loves deeply, and he has sex relationships with them. There is a fifth party who doesn't live in the house but has had sexual relations with each of them. Now, all of my friend's sexual needs are met right there in his own household. And he's not some 20-year-old kid; he's a man in his 40s. It can work. It does work.

DAVIS: My hopes get mixed up with my expectations; but I think Lesbianism will become more and more prevalent in the future, as more and more women see the light. Yes, I'm prejudiced. Yes, I'm proselytizing. But I'm not handing out leaflets on the corner—or, as society's stereotype of Lesbians insists, advocating the seduction of children. I simply believe there will be a natural evolution toward women loving women. I just hope it doesn't take too long.

MONEY: I'd like to suggest something that would make a real change in relationships between straight couples. Why not start pregnancies in the early or middle teenage years, whenever it's medically advisable, and get the breeding business finished with while we're still young and resilient? And then spend the mature years doing something that's really more challenging? We've also got to do something about the problem of older people's sexuality—to say nothing of the fact that there are many more older women than older men in our society. I don't know how to provide sexual companionship for elderly ladies, but I do know they're desperate. There's a great market for gigolos in Palm Beach, because men die sooner than women. This, incidentally, is one of the best arguments for men's liberation. If we could liberate men from some of the pressures they're under, they might live longer.

DODSON: I agree, John, and that's one reason I've been experimenting with role reversal. When you reverse roles, it allows you to experience the other person's role, to understand the restrictions of roles. I don't want to be like a man. That's a stupid role, just as bad as the helpless-female role. But this last year, I experimented with the role of a dude. I was walkin' tall and standin' toe to toe. I even bought a cowboy hat, and I always wear boots. If I saw someone I liked, I would initiate the sex and then run the fuck. It was my responsibility to see to our pleasure. I was always very fair. I would say what I wanted to do sexually and we'd do it, and then we would do what *he* wanted to do. The stud role was very heavy, but I learned a lot from it. The pressure of going to a party became anxiety-provoking; I started to feel like I had to "make out." I would walk into the room and start to cruise, and it got to be like work. I also had to cope with getting rejected and with bringing home a lousy lay. I now have a lot more sympathy for men in their difficult role of always having to pursue and initiate sex. The problem with sex roles is the restriction of living half a life—master/slave, passive/aggressive, dominant/submissive. I spent most of my life looking for my other half, and I found my other half inside myself. It's like being a whole person. I think that masturbation is the primary sexual base; it gets us

through childhood, puberty, dating, marriage, heavy work periods and old age. But now that I'm responsible for my own orgasm, I find I'm even more comfortable sharing sex and sensuality with other people.

PLAYBOY: In your estimation, what is the ideal sexual life style—or is there such a thing?

DAVIS: My ideal life style, which will surprise nobody by now, is unadulterated Lesbianism. If I could have my way, I would espouse total homosexuality for at least the next 200 years. We don't need procreation as much as we used to, anyway, and I believe cloning is on its way and artificial insemination would be just fine. Maybe after 200 years apart, the sexes could learn to have the kind of respect for each other and independence from each other that we don't have now. Of course, this is a utopian idea that has little chance of being achieved. But I can wish, can't I?

LOVELACE: I would say the trip I'm into now is the ideal sexual life style. I'm free. When I want to ball, I ball. I don't feel any kind of hang-ups about it. Like, when I want something or someone, I do it, get him or her. And I enjoy myself.

MONEY: Whether we pick Linda's or Madeline's way or some other way, we have no choice but to try to look for a new sexual life style. The human race has to take stock of itself again. It's not an esoteric exercise we're engaged in as we sit here; it's an imperative one. The age at which puberty occurs is going down—no one knows why—at the rate of four months every ten years. In Bach's day, boys quit singing soprano when they were 17. Today they quit at 13. And on the other end of the scale, since the beginning of the century, we've had about 20 years added onto our lives, so that we live to be 70 or 80. Nobody knows where that's going to stop. On top of that, our grandfathers invented birth control—but all we've done since is refuse to talk to teenagers about it. I can give you a parallel as to what all that means: The automobile was invented about the same time as reliable birth-control devices. We've made a few concessions to that discovery, like spending billions of dollars on superhighways, but I don't need to tell you that we're still in a terrible mess, that we didn't design our whole transportation system very well after we got automobiles, and that we're still in hopeless chaos over what would be a better way to design it. Might we not also consider that it's a major challenge of our age to redesign people's mating relationships instead of borrowing them from the Bible?

PLAYBOY: Have you any suggestions on how to go about that?

MONEY: As one possible ideal, I like the bill proposing three-year marriages that was introduced in the Maryland state assembly last year. If either party wanted it, a marriage could be legally dissolved after that period—for any reason at all. So a lot of money wouldn't be wasted on legal fees if a couple mutually decided to end a relationship, while still providing for offspring, if any. We don't need the idea of monogamous marriage for life—till death do us part. Death used to part us much sooner than it does now. I would like to see *more* varieties of life style made available to people, so there's a better fit between the individuals and the styles—not this rather frenetic effort to push everybody into the same mold.

POMEROY: You're right. People are so vastly different from one another. For some people, sex outside the one intimate relationship, for example, would be meaningless or destructive. For other people, it could supply a delightful variety. I don't think you can build up an ideal sex or love life style for people. We should work toward flexibility.

SIMON: Agreeing with most of what Wardell and John have said so very well, I would only want to add that what we are and what we do sexually should be sufficiently connected to the rest of our lives that we are able to recognize *ourselves* when we're being sexual; that our sexuality not be something shadowed by silence; that it be something we don't have to hide from others, and still less from ourselves.

VAN DEN HAAG: It's very true that we cannot isolate sex from the rest of our lives. That's why I don't believe that sexual experimenters are likely to become happy through their experiments; they tend to dissociate sexual sensations from feelings. Sex becomes the technology of generating sensations, and a person who so isolates sex will go in endless search of sensation. His thirst cannot be slaked, because he has repressed the awareness that he wants love, and he has lost the ability to give and receive it, to relate to others. Using this technique on a depersonalized clitoris, or that technique on a depersonalized penis, is a poor substitute. I wouldn't hold up this disturbed behavior as the model of a life style.

E. KRONHAUSEN: To use such labels as disturbed behavior for anything that isn't to one's liking is the new way of saying something is evil or sinful. It contaminates the issue with prejudice. I find your last remark totally malapropos; it simply shows we have not been truly communicating, but talking *past* one another. If I can return to the question we were discussing—which was about ideal sexual life styles—I'd like the future, in many ways, to be like the recent past at a place called the Sandstone Retreat. It was a sexual paradise that could have been. First of all, it was geographically ideal, on a 15-acre site in the Topanga Hills overlooking the Pacific in Southern California. You could see the shimmering ocean over a rim of the mountains. It was really gorgeous. Beautiful grounds. A main house with teakwood floors and walls. A huge Olympic-sized indoor swimming pool. The atmosphere was just perfect. Most of the members were very much into the ideology of extending love relationships outward to many other people. The emphasis was more on love than on passion or sexual excitement as we'd known it among other groups.

P. KRONHAUSEN: Two nights a week were party nights. You would get 200 or 300 transient members up there on Saturdays.

"Really, Mom, there's no need to worry because the dorm's gone coed."

and a lot of them would spend the evening and stay all through Sunday. You could pursue your own interests. You could go downstairs for general sex and fucking—and some dancing—or you could stay upstairs and sit around and talk, or play cards. As in any other good party, it was a nice balance between social contacts.

E. KRONHAUSEN: When you got tired of the sex scene, you could go into other areas, which is not common in most houses, because of the space problem. There it was ideal. The vibes were really marvelous. People's attitudes were basically so positive that you could take just about anybody up there, even a fairly uptight person, and they had to admit there was something nice about it.

DODSON: I was there for a couple of weeks and I loved it. The place was physically ideal. The first party night there, about 60 beautiful people arrived and then sat around nude, having dinner; someone was playing a guitar. I had sex with a lot of people that night and it was a lot of fun. I had some interesting raps with the people who lived there. We disagreed about many things, but we allowed for our differences. John Williamson, who was the founder and director of Sandstone, feels that a sexual community has to be based on the successful pair bond; that people have to know how to relate to one person in a meaningful love relationship before they can have successful group sex. I feel that pair bonding is what keeps us from living in a more sexual community. You find your other half, become dependent and walk off into the sunset of the nuclear family.

RIMMER: When I was staying at Sandstone, I would stand on the fireplace hearth, naked, and lecture about the sexual experience. Some of those sitting around me were actually making love while I spoke. Frequently, I would look down and notice a couple of girls sitting there with their legs open. It was a very casual, interesting, nonhung-up feeling. But I got into some real hot arguments with the people at Sandstone in terms of the validity of the sexual experience they were having there—people making love with strangers—vis-à-vis a long-term experience.

PLAYBOY: Did you see the casual relationships at Sandstone as a cause of problems?

RIMMER: Yes. Let me give you an example. One night while I was there, I met a dentist and his wife. She was in a state of shock at the kinds of activities she saw going on. He had a really open, easygoing sexuality, but she simply couldn't relate to anybody. One weekend in Sandstone was probably enough to blow their marriage apart. The only people who could cope with Sandstone were very liberal in their thinking to begin with, those who were not frightened by the human body or by body contact. What probably brought them there was the conscious realization that none of us gets as much sex of the kind we want as we'd like. We're constantly looking for a kind of sexual nirvana.

VAN DEN HAAG: Which probably doesn't exist. I have never seen a person with difficulties about sex who overcame his difficulties with more sex. If I could tell a patient, "See these five girls and they will liberate you from your hang-ups," it would certainly be cheaper—as well as more pleasant—than telling him to come back to my office next week, and the week after that.

DODSON: There were some things that bothered me about Sandstone. A woman couldn't bring two guys with her, but a man could bring several women. Single men weren't welcome. There weren't very many young people, and the interest in food was exaggerated. But the fact that these people were experimenting with alternative life styles was beautiful.

P. KRONHAUSEN: Still, we felt that Sandstone had the potential of being the center of a whole movement toward greater fulfillment of our sexual and human potential. If you want to help people understand nudity, or group sex, you need a sort of center like Sandstone.

E. KRONHAUSEN: We thought Sandstone was marvelous and we were very sad when it closed. It lasted for only about five years.

PLAYBOY: Why?

P. KRONHAUSEN: One reason was community pressure, which I suspect was politically motivated, against the group nudity. Sandstone was hauled into court on a number of occasions, and the legal fees were mounting, though ultimately the case was decided in favor of Sandstone. But it fell apart, I think, not so much because of pressure as because of certain financial and organizational problems that could have been solved. People's personalities got in the way, so that they didn't want to solve them. Actually, some of us are presently trying to resurrect Sandstone, and this time, having gone through the process of purge, or self-criticism, as the Chinese would say, I think we shall succeed.

GOLDSTEIN: Good luck. But if it's like it was before, count me out. To me, Sandstone sounds like little more than a summer camp populated by retarded postadolescents whose time was running out, whose bodies wouldn't come as often as they used to. We're all getting older, and for many of us, any kind of stimulation that works is great. But some of you, my fellow panelists, need a commune like Sandstone, because you've become desensitized. If you take a certain amount of tranquilizers, you find that you ultimately need more and more to get the same effect. That's one problem with the sex revolution. As we increase the overload of new stimuli, new experiences, new delights, the body becomes insatiable. It says, "More, more, give me more." I can almost conceive of state-run camps where electrodes will be attached to our tits, balls, cocks, cunts and assholes, just to give us superthrills. How's that for Future Shock? There's another possibility, of course, and frankly, I don't know which is more frightening. Perhaps the sexual revolution will bring us so much sex—sex will become so available—that people will get their kicks out of seeking sexual *denial*.

DODSON: Al, I have a more benevolent vision. There are about seven of us feminists living together in a collective. Our ages range from 70 to 90. Every night we gather in front of our closed-circuit TV to watch pornographic video tapes. We light the incense, get stoned, put on our earphones and plug in our vibrators for several hours of ecstasy. The rocking chairs creak, the vibrators hum and we occasionally tap each other, smiling and nodding after a particularly good orgasm.

SIMON: Whatever turns you on, Betty. Seriously, all of the sexual life styles we've been discussing reflect the attempts of individuals to come to grips with their own sexual needs in a society that's still basically antisexual. Furthermore, that society is organized around very narrow gender stereotypes: Boys should be boys and girls should be girls, we're taught. As these aspects of our society change—if they *can* be changed—some of our present sexual life styles will have little basis for existing. What bothers me, given this utopian vision, is that sex may become less significant and/or less fun. For many people, much of its capacity to be powerful still depends upon its tantalizing aura of sinfulness, or at least upon the moral ambiguities it invokes. If we lose our hang-ups, will sex become dull? I hope I'm wrong, because even if I'm not around, I hate to think the world of the future might be one in which we would be doing it more but enjoying it less.

E. KRONHAUSEN: Personally, I think we can damn well do *without* sexual guilt, sin and moral ambiguities.

P. KRONHAUSEN: If anything, our discussion has shown me again how little progress we've made. But then, maybe the mere fact that this kind of discussion is taking place at all is a sign of progress. At least, I'd like to think it is.

RIMMER: My feeling is that we are on the threshold of a world where, instead of putting one another down as human beings, we will recognize our common sensuality. In the next quarter of a century, as a nation, we will have restated our sexual values. Since how we view sex affects our social, political and economic structure, I devoutly hope that we will put the development of an open, free, fulfilling and nonexploitive sexual life, from the cradle to the grave, at the top of the list of our national priorities.

"APE" GIRL

(continued from page 162)

Bean—in which she played Paul Newman's mistress and mother of his child.

"I've been about two feet off the ground ever since the reviews came out," says Victoria herself.

Victoria Principal is her real name. "It's *so* stagy I saw no reason to change it," she says. "Actually, my full name is Victoria Ree Principal. The Ree is for my mother, whose maiden name—honestly—was Ree Veal. Grandmother and Grandfather Veal had a sense of humor. They had to."

She's only in her 20s, but Victoria has absorbed more of life than many women twice her age. That, she feels, has helped her in developing her acting technique. "You've got to have felt love and hate and pain in order to really portray them," she says.

Life for Victoria began in Fukuoka, Japan, where she was born to Sergeant Major Victor Principal, U. S. A. F., and his wife, Ree. "As an Air Force brat, I lived all over, wherever there were bases," she recalls. "We were stationed in Georgia, Puerto Rico, Massachusetts, Florida, England—you name it."

It was while the Principals were living in Georgia—at Warner Robbins Air Force Base—that Victoria began her career. She was taking dancing lessons and a director of TV commercials visited her class, looking for a 13-year-old dancer. Victoria saw her chance, tugged at his sleeve and begged for an opportunity to audition. Result: The director rewrote his commercial around Victoria. She was five years old.

Later, in Florida, she began dramatic studies. Then, in a temporary lapse from her lifelong goal of becoming an actress, she enrolled in premed courses at Miami-Dade Junior College. "I thought I wanted to be a chiropractor," she explains. "But then I was in a bad auto accident—I'd been stock-car racing since I was 15—and had to drop out of school. While I was convalescing, I decided that acting really was what I still wanted to do." So it was off to New York, where she earned her living as a model while unsuccessfully beating the pavements in search of a Broadway part. She heard of a talent hunt in London and flew to England; then came Switzerland, France, and a spate of private lessons with drama mentor Jean Scott, who had been affiliated for 18 years with the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts in London.

It was during this period that Victoria's name began to surface in the press—always linked with that of controversial international financier Bernie Cornfeld. It's a relationship she prefers not to discuss now. "Knowing Bernie was a very complex thing," she explains. "The Bernie Cornfeld everyone knows today isn't the Bernie Cornfeld I knew. It was something rather special, a very good friendship." And it unquestionably furthered her career. "What I got from Bernie," she says, "was that I grew up. It wasn't the easiest way to grow up, but I got a knowledge of the world and of people that has stood me in good stead. But Bernie and I had had a parting of the ways before I left Europe. I felt it was best to leave all that behind."

The other reason Victoria left Europe was that she discovered, after finally winning a role in an English film, that as an American citizen she couldn't get British work credentials. "I was disappointed and depressed," she recalls. "That was New Year's Eve, 1970, and I decided to fly to Hollywood, where some friends had invited me to a party. I had planned to return to London afterward, but what happened was that I never left the party." She phoned a friend to ship her things to California and buckled down to making a life for herself in the film capital.

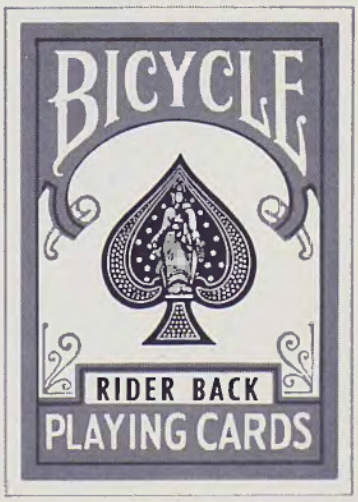
There followed a dreary six months of interviews, drama coaching, readings. But she was used to that. "Over the years, I've done the oddest jobs imaginable to

There are over 1340 card games.

More people play them with Bicycle than with any other brand.

Bicycle Playing Cards. They're the world's leading brand. They play better. Crisper. Easier.

Special Offer. We'll send you the rules to over 200 of the most popular card games. Send 50¢, the top flaps from two packs of Bicycle Playing Cards, and your name and address to: Rule Book, P.O. Box 6777-PB, Cincinnati, O. 45206.



The world's most popular playing card.

THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD COMPANY

Subsidiary of Diamond International Corporation

pay for my acting lessons," she says. "I remember one time I got work in a jewelry store cleaning diamonds. They had a machine that was supposed to do it, through a combination of acids and various chemicals. I was afraid I would get the formula wrong, so I would spit on the diamonds and polish them with a cloth while nobody was looking."

At last she won the lead in a Roger Corman film to be shot in the Philippines; but a couple of days before she was to leave for Manila, director John Huston asked her to read for the part of Paul Newman's Mexican mistress in *Roy Bean*. Huston's decision was instantaneous and agent Michael Greenfield advised Victoria to forget Manila.

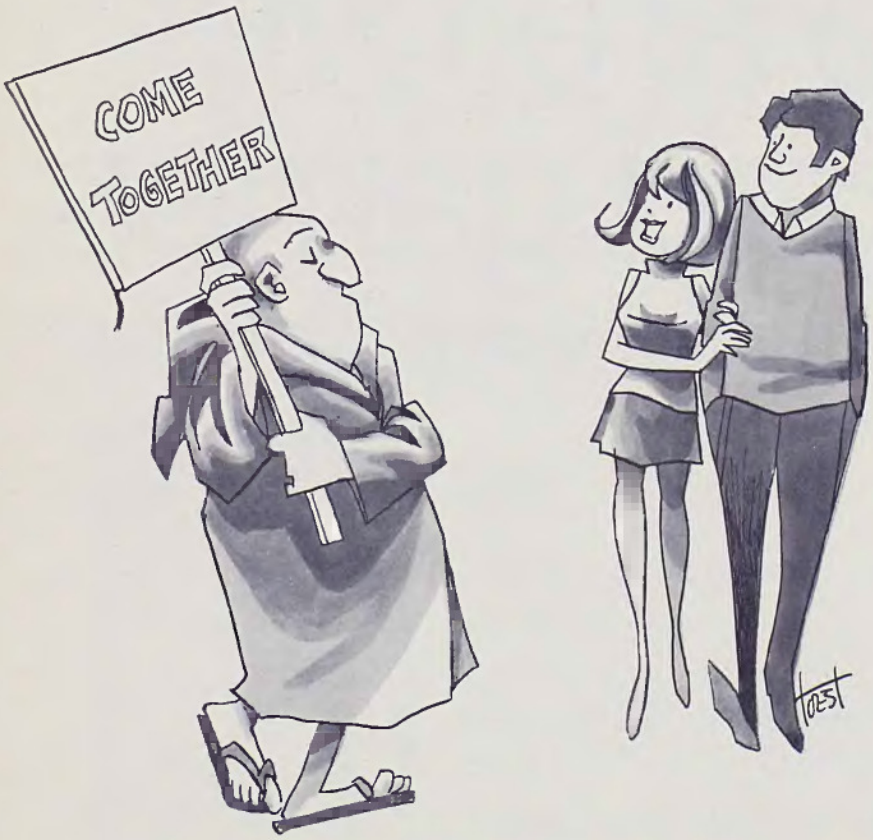
A few days after she finished shooting *Roy Bean*, Victoria read Donald Driver's screenplay of *The Naked Ape*. On her way to the studio for a screen test, she was sideswiped on the freeway by a bus. She made the test, anyway—with 40 stitches in her head.

"I've had to give up stock and drag racing, but something happens when I get on the street. It's instant disaster. I've had two major accidents—neither one my fault—during the past year. One was with the bus and the other time I was hit by a gasoline truck. I wasn't allowed to drive a car during the entire shooting of *The Naked Ape*—and what I pay for insurance is what most people pay for a *car*," Victoria shrugs. "My agent wants me to take up some safer sport, like tennis. But I want to get involved in something I can be passionate about. Nothing like cards or ping-pong. Recently I've discovered gliding. My friends and I go out to the Mojave Desert."

Victoria, who once admitted to a penchant for getting engaged every two years, has had a couple of much-publicized romances recently. First, there was pro-footballer Lance Rentzel, then Desi Arnaz, Jr.

But for the present, at least, Victoria is talking only about her career as an actress. And, perhaps, as a writer. "I write poetry, from a very personal, female standpoint. And I've done pen-and-ink sketches for friends. I've been approached to do a book. I guess it just depends on how things work out."

However they work out, we're sure of one thing: Moviegoers will be glad Victoria changed her mind about becoming a chiropractor.



"I'll buy that!"

THE SARONG COMES FROM SAKS

(continued from page 158)

being gaudily ruined or tackily ruined—Torremolinos, a former Little Spanish Fishing Village, can make one yearn for the sight of Taxco or even of Atlantic City—but a place that is quaintly ruined is still ruined.

A DIRECT FLIGHT IS VERY CONVENIENT, BUT, THEN, THE BUS THE ARMY PROVIDED TO TAKE YOU TO BASIC TRAINING WAS VERY CONVENIENT, TOO.

A number of experienced ruination experts believe in something called the Law of One Block from the Square. It holds that a certain type of traveler will not go one block out of his way for anything—meaning that a bar one block from the square even in Palma de Mallorca might very well be a place in which a man can have a decent, reasonably priced drink without being asked if he has ever been to Minneapolis. A corollary to the Law of One Block from the Square is that people who won't wander a block from the square—known in the trade as One-Blockers—will not bother to go anyplace that requires an inconvenient change of planes. It is an important corollary, since there is universal agreement that One-Blockers have the highest spoilation effect of any travelers. I have calculated that being visited by three busloads of One-Blockers is the equivalent in spoilation impact of being visited for two thirds of a normal-length spring vacation by the junior class of Michigan State University. People who are fanatical about avoiding One-Blockers will, when looking for a beach resort on the Yucatán Peninsula, tend to go to Isla Mujeres instead of Cozumel, since Cozumel has a direct flight from Miami (and an airport shop called Aeroboutique). I have always suspected that the main hotel on Isla Mujeres was run by the Cornell School of Hotel Administration as a final examination—any student who cannot find 85 managerial atrocities in an hour flunks—and it is a good place for anti-One-Blockers to gather with compatible people and gloat over the fact that even a One-Blocker who wandered into the place by mistake would soon leave rather than put up with the lack of air conditioning and the surliness of the help.

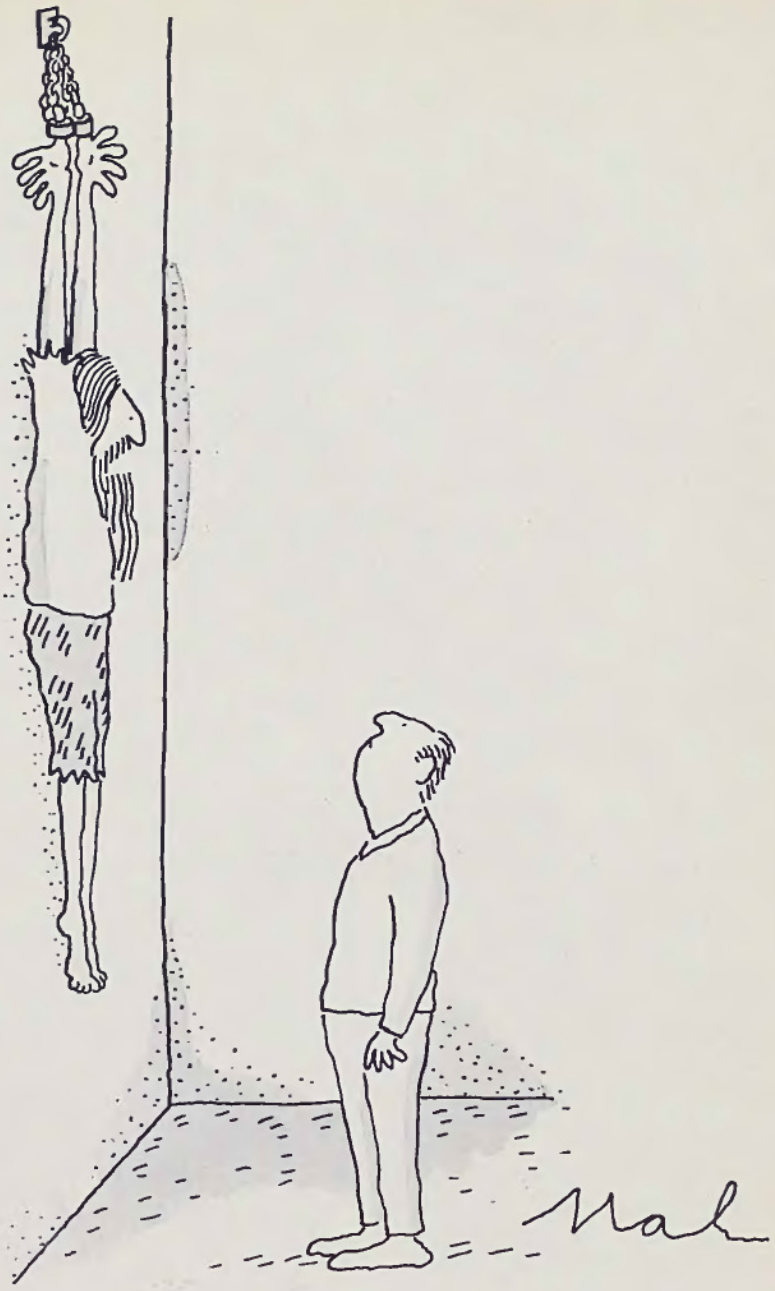
If the direct-flight corollary is true, it would follow that Tahiti was ruined on the day Pan Am announced its nonstop flight from Los Angeles to Papeete. The people in Tahiti who dispute that conclusion tend to argue not that Tahiti is unruined but that it was actually ruined by the filming of *Mutiny on the Bounty*—a protracted filming that apparently had the cultural and economic impact of 14 American naval bases. In fact, among the numerous claims Marlon Brando may have to a place in history is the fact that

there are people who hold him personally responsible for ruining the most important French possession in the Pacific.

IT TOOK A LONG TIME FOR THE RUNNING OF THE BULLS AT PAMPLONA TO TURN INTO THE RUNNING OF THE SOPHOMORES.

A place with a strong culture is difficult to ruin, even with a mass invasion of One-Blockers. There are plenty of tourists now in Oaxaca, the great Mexican marketing city, but the Saturday market is still the same kind of legitimate extravaganza it would be if no tourists got south of Cuernavaca, and the care taken in making the craft articles sold mostly to tourists is consistent with the care a market woman takes in stacking her display of tomatoes. A traveler who in another Mexican town might point out as a symbol of ruin the peddlers trying to hustle souvenirs in outdoor cafés can bargain cheerfully with the peddlers of serapes and *rebozos* in Oaxaca. One reason may be quality: No Oaxacan peddler would be seen in public with one of those straw baskets covered with artificial flowers that people hustle to tourists in lesser Mexican cities.

For years after Hemingway wrote *The Sun Also Rises*, the San Fermin festival at Pamplona remained the wonder of ruination specialists. A shortage of hotels kept down the number of package-tour visitors, but the number of neo-Hemingway college boys in town would ordinarily have been enough to ruin a festival twice the size of San Fermin. Yet it took years for their presence to have a significant ruination impact. The reason, I think, is simply that even the college boys who considered themselves varsity material as drinkers and carousers were so inferior to the local Basques when it came to serious celebrating that they were hardly noticed. They were the equivalent of a few neckers at an orgy.



"Well, except for my thumbs, I'm feeling fine."

ALTHOUGH YOU MAY NEVER HAVE HEARD OF PEGGY'S COVE, IT IS RUINED. ALTHOUGH YOU HAVE CERTAINLY HEARD OF THE EIFFEL TOWER, IT ISN'T.

Peggy's Cove is one of several dozen equally picturesque fishing coves in Nova Scotia, but, for reasons known only to the Nova Scotia Department of Tourism, it is the only one that attracts any tourists. When a tourist in Nova Scotia wants to see a peaceful little fishing cove, he drives straight to Peggy's Cove and only Peggy's Cove—with the result that a list of the dozens of peaceful fishing coves in Nova Scotia would no longer include Peggy's Cove, which is peaceful only on an occasional rainy day in February. If something is built to attract tourists, though—the Eiffel Tower, for instance—it obviously can't be ruined by attracting tourists. American tourists have been able to pull off some minor acts of ruination around Buckingham Palace—the traditionally expressionless Queen's Guards finally had to be taken inside the palace gate when tourists persisted in trying to test their ability to remain traditionally expressionless while being tickled—but a huge crowd of tourists cannot ruin, say, the ceremonial changing of the guard: What's the use of having a ceremony if no one is watching?

What spoils a place obviously has to do with what the place was meant to be in the first place. One more garish hot-dog stand only enhances Coney Island. The strongest argument supporting the theory that Tahiti was ruined by a direct flight rather than by Marlon Brando is that the whole point of Tahiti—the vision its name brings of Gauguin and Tahitian maidens and waterfront bars—depended on its being out of the way. A neon sign does it much less damage than a well-designed airline advertisement telling people in Glendale and Canoga Park what a convenient place it is for a honeymoon. I realize that if ruination depends partly on whether or not a place remains true to the vision its name conjures, a place like Miami Beach is technically not ruined. Appalling, maybe, but not ruined. Liverpool is another city that has remained true to itself.

Also, I must admit, Youngstown.

THE KING IS DEAD

(continued from page 168)

double-knit blazer, light-gray, flared slacks, a pale-blue, buttondown shirt and a wide, bright silk Givenchy tie.

Getting through to Wharton on the hotel phone took four hours; in desperation, he decided, *What the hell?* and used Baskin's name. It couldn't really hurt. The name finally got him through secretaries and excuses to the man himself. "Wharton speaking." Deep Southern voice; tone of command—almost exactly what Baskin had made him expect.

"My name is Schneider, Mr. Wharton. Findlay Baskin told me you might like to play some chess." And then he thought again, *What the hell?* and said, "For money."

"You're not a player of Baskin's strength?"

Even in those few words, the tone of arrogance came through—but the words were also those of a man who never let a challenge go by. He could have said "Screw off" and hung up. So Will tried to sound as affable as he could.

"God, no. My rating is eighteen eighty-five."

"How do you know Baskin, then? He's an international master."

Will had thought one move ahead for that question. He said, "Postal chess."

Wharton snorted. "Baskin must be hard up there in the Ohio State Pen." Will had guessed the man would have that detail.

"Probably. Do you want to play me?"

"For how much?"

He tried not to let his sucking in of breath be heard on the telephone. "Five thousand dollars."

"How do I know you're not a hustler? A master in disguise."

"You can look my rating up in *Chess Life and Review*. And I have identification." And then, "Do you want to play, Mr. Wharton?"

"By house rules. Two hours each on the clock. And the president of the Raleigh chess club will referee."

They would play then. The relief—with just a tinge of fear—was exquisite. "Good. When?" And then, "What are 'house rules'?"

"We'll play Saturday afternoon at one. House rules around here mean things like touch move."

Will hesitated. "I hate touch move, Mr. Wharton. Why don't we let the clock punch make the moves final?"

Wharton didn't even snort. "Touch move," he said.

"OK, touch move." And then, "You have a Staunton set, don't you?"

The voice was plainly scornful. "Of course I have a Staunton set."

"Good. I'll be there Saturday afternoon."

"Flying?"

Actually, he had planned to save money by taking a Greyhound bus; his car was in Cleveland. But he said, "Yes."

"When you arrive, call me. I'll have a car sent."

"Fine," Will said, "fine." But it wasn't fine.

It was Thursday and he had one more night in Columbus. Instead of a whore this time, he found himself a girl. A student. At the art museum. But they drank some kind of foul college student wine and with the dumbness it gave his head—his first liquor in six months—and with the thought of the game coming up, he found making love to her a problem. But he managed, and afterward, naked in the hotel bed, he found himself staring at her good, sound, milk-fed body and abruptly he thought: *What's all this foolishness about hustling chess? A girl, a good, smooth girl like this, is worth the whole goddamn fugue of a game.* But the next day he caught the plane to Raleigh.

• • •

The car was, as he had halfway expected, a chauffeured Cadillac, but the chauffeur was white. They did not talk on the drive.

Wharton's house was big but not enormous. Not particularly Southern, just a rich man's house. Maybe $250,000 worth of Permastone and garage and redwood and deck and fishpond at the side. And a putting green; and a swimming pool.

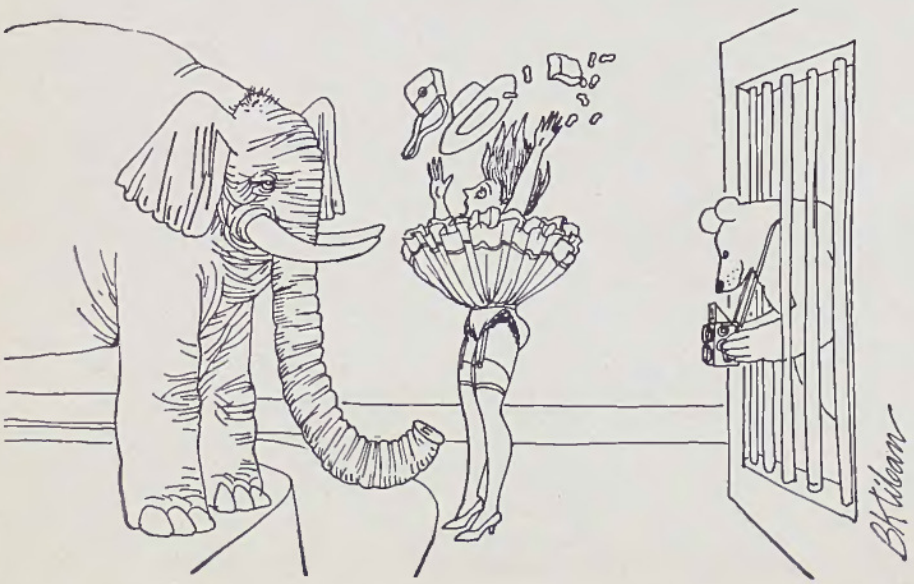
Wharton met him at the door. He looked exactly to be the "fat cat" that Baskin had called him. Big, tall, heavy, with bushy eyebrows, a potbelly. Ban-Lon golf shirt and white slacks. And a tanned, enameled wife in a flowered hostess dress. The wife muttered something about "you men and your games" and whisked off in a cloud of heavy perfume. Wharton took him through several rooms, one of which had a fountain with sentimental, fake-Bernini angels spitting water into a pool. And then into what Wharton called his game room, with—of course—animal-heads and rifles and a trophy case and real walnut paneling and real leather chairs, as though it had all leaped off the front page of a 1953 Abercrombie & Fitch catalog. Including the giant chess set that stood between two black-leather chairs on one of those tables that come from Calcutta or Bombay and have inlays crawling up their curved legs and around their edges. The set was huge, with rooks the shape of elephants bearing round howdahs on their backs, soldier pawns with spears, a queen in a sari and a king with a mustache. It was all ivory and filigreed gold—the kind of thing designed to arouse profound contempt in any serious chess player. The kind a rich *patzer*—a wood pusher—would buy while on tour in the Orient. Except Wharton was no *patzer*; he was a rated player.

Wharton's voice boomed at Will. He must have been staring at the set for some time. "How do you like it?" he said. "It cost me over two thousand. Eighteen-carat gold and heart ivory. It's one of a kind—and there'll never be another one like it, because the maker is dead now."

Will smiled grimly. "I thought you said you had a Staunton set?"

There was just a hint of a sneer in Wharton's voice. "Of course I have a Staunton set, Mr. Schneider. I have three of them. But this is the one I feel most at home with, and it seems appropriate to a five-thousand-dollar game. House rules—we use *this* set."

Will almost said that it seemed appropriate for a whorehouse, but he was beginning already to feel put down by the man: by his size, the edge of irony in his voice, that goddamned *look* of being a born winner. For a moment he thought:



I should get out of this, I'm going to do something dumb and lose my ass.

Wharton then shouted abruptly, "Arthur," and there were footsteps and then a mild, insurance-salesman type, in a brown suit, came into the room. "This is Mr. Schneider, Arthur," Wharton said. "Arthur is president of our Raleigh chess club and will serve us as referee." Then Wharton walked to a sideboard that was made of what looked like elephant leather stretched over some kind of bamboo frame. On it were glasses and about eight bottles of Jack Daniel's. "Whiskey, Mr. Schneider?" he said.

"No, thanks," he answered. He loved Jack Daniel's and could rarely afford it, but it would be stupid of him to risk any chance of fogging his mind now. Besides, he disliked Wharton's arrogance in having nothing else to offer his guests, however good the whiskey might be.

"Oh?" Wharton said, and he poured himself a generous shot into a brandy snifter. He did not offer a drink to Arthur. Then Wharton went over to the board and picked up a white and a black pawn and held them behind his back, switching them back and forth for a moment. "Take your pick, Mr. Schneider."

Suddenly Will felt his stomach muscles tighten. *Here we go.* "Your left hand," he said.

Wharton showed the piece. It was black. "Tough . . ." he said, and then he replaced the pieces on the board. They sat down. "OK," Wharton said. "Now it's touch move, two hours on the clock and five thousand dollars a game. Which reminds me, Schneider, do you have the money? I want to see it."

He had thought that might happen, but he still resented it. He took the book of traveler's checks from his breast pocket and handed it across the table, almost knocking over a seven-inch-high bishop. He cursed himself silently for the awkwardness and for the visible tremor in his hands.

Wharton flipped through the book cursorily and then leaned over the board and handed it back to him, smiling; his hand was as steady as a rock. "Fine," he said. "Do you want to start my clock now?"

Will had hardly noticed the clock before, so overwhelming were the chesspieces, but he looked at it now. It was an oddly effete little thing, in contrast to all the phony *machismo* of the room: porcelain, with pink cherubs and gold buttons to push. He felt rather fond of it. He pushed the button on his side. *Click.* There was a faint ticking.

Wharton moved pawn to queen four. Beginning the queen's gambit, almost for sure. Then he pressed the button that stopped his side of the clock and started Will's.

"Pawn to queen four," Arthur said in an overloud voice.

My God! Will thought. *Must we have this nonsense, too?* But he said nothing and reached out gingerly—nervous of the touch-move aspect of the thing, with these enormous and confusing pieces—and picked up his queen's pawn and set it on the fourth rank. The piece was as heavy as a billiard ball, but he found the weight satisfying.

"Pawn to queen four," Arthur said.

Will pushed the button on the clock and began thinking, trying to see through all those filigree-and-ivory ornaments and imagine the clean pattern of a classic board.

It turned out to be the queen's gambit, all right, and Will accepted it, taking the big, weighty white pawn and setting it on the side of the table. They played the opening routinely, by the book, for about 45 minutes, very carefully, setting up patterns and positions, neither of them trying anything unorthodox.

Then Wharton finished his snifter of whiskey and, coolly ignoring the fact that his own clock was running, got up from the table, went to the sideboard, picked up the bottle and said, "Still afraid to drink, Mr. Schneider?"

It was a cheap ploy, but he could not help himself. "Pour me a double, Mr. Wharton." He said it aloud, and thought *Yes, pour the goddamn fool a double.*

Wharton brought him the drink, sat down, abruptly picked up his white bishop and took Will's bishop's pawn from over Will's castled king.

"Bishop takes pawn," Arthur said.

Will stared at it. It had come as a total shock. It did not look like an ordinary bishop sacrifice; he could not see the follow-up. He stared at it for five minutes, while his clock ticked and he held his snifter of whiskey, untasted, in his hand. And then he saw it. If he took the bishop, there would be the routine check by Wharton's queen. Nothing to worry about there. But he would have

"So . . . if I'm the star, how come he's on top?"

to interpose a knight and then Wharton could move—and this was it—his goddamned *rook* that looked like an elephant. Will somehow had been taking it for a knight, probably because it was an animal figure, because in a serious chess set the only animal figure on a chessboard is a knight. When Wharton moved his rook over three squares, Will would be under direct threat of checkmate unless he began sacrificing pieces like crazy. And even if Wharton didn't get the mate, after it was over he would have such an advantage in material that he could muscle Will out for the rest of the game.

But, astonishingly, maybe because of the anger he felt at these idiotic, ostentatious pieces, he did not panic. Instead, he sipped his drink and then looked at his clock. He had an hour and a half. He would find some way out; the right move had to be there.

And he found it. It took him 25 minutes, while Wharton did several cheap tricks, drumming his fingers on the table, clearing his throat, getting another drink, offering him one and clinking glasses. But he found it: First, of course, he would not take the bishop. That would give him a move to put his king's knight in the space the bishop had vacated, and avoid the check for two moves. Then, if Wharton began to try his combination, Will would be able to threaten a king-queen fork with the knight. Wharton would have to drop the attack and start scrambling.

Before reaching for the king's knight, he sipped the drink again, savoring the idea of the move more than the whiskey itself. His hand was trembling only slightly.

Then he reached forward over several tall pieces to move the knight and his finger brushed against the big, ungainly black queen with her absurd Indian sari. The piece trembled heavily on the board. Wharton's voice came instantaneously, as if the finger had activated an alarm, "Touch move."

Will stared at the referee. "Sorry, Mr. Schneider. You must move the queen."

Jesus Christ, he thought, *Jesus Christ*.

It took him ten minutes to find a move for his queen that wasn't a total disaster. But Will's game was going to be lost in about four moves if Wharton followed the checkmate threat out. Will looked at the man's face, now flushed. Wharton was smiling, pleased completely with himself to be about to take a game on a technicality even after a strong move of his own. For a moment Will wanted to scream, and then he thought, *Goddamn it, Schneider, be like Baskin. Be cool.*

Then, he had an idea. During the past ten minutes, Wharton had been moving around restlessly, making himself a drink or finding a cigar—but always keeping an eye out for Will's queen move. Now, when he came back to the table, Will was squinting intently at Wharton's bishop, a strange Hindu figure of some sort.

"What are you looking at?" Wharton demanded.

"Oh, nothing," Will said. Then he moved his queen as calmly as he could, Arthur announced the move, and then Will said, "I didn't care much for these pieces at first, but now I rather admire them. Wonderful workmanship. But it's a shame about your bishop. I suppose it got cracked in shipping?"

"What crack?" Wharton roared. He reached for the bishop, seized it, stopped cold with realization and remained bent over the table. Arthur, from his chair, made a couple of gasping sounds.

Will said gently, "Touch move."

He had embezzled once, from a crooked and mean-spirited employer, but he had never played a dirty trick in a game before in his life. And the feeling it gave him, looking at Wharton trapped, was simple elation. Because there was no place the son of a bitch could put that bishop where it would not both get in the way of his attack and give Will an extra move.

Wharton looked at Arthur, but there was nothing for Arthur to say. His hand was still on the piece. Then he looked at Will and said, "You goddamned cheap crook," and moved the bishop.

Will made the knight move and then began a slow trading game until he had a pawn advantage at the end game and had the tempo, too, to be able to be the first to queen a pawn and suddenly Wharton reached his big meaty hand out and laid his king on its side and said, "I resign."

Will stood up and stretched. He felt wonderful. Still nervous, but wonderful. Enjoying, for once, the nervousness itself. It might have been better to have won the game on the pure, fuguelike strategy of chess instead of by a trick. But Wharton had asked for that kind of trickery, and Will had beat him at that game, too.

Then Wharton said, "Another game, Mr. Schneider? For ten thousand?"

That caught him off guard, like an unexpected gambit.

"I hadn't planned. . . ."

"Come on, Mr. Schneider," Wharton said. "You're not going to walk out after winning by a trick."

And he thought, *Damn it, I am better than he is; I think I am. And with twenty thousand dollars. . . .*

"OK," he said. Then he smiled. "Since I play white this time."

Wharton smiled back, "But I play like Bogolyubov."

So he knew that one, too. So what? But it bothered him.

Will began setting up his white pieces, but Wharton said, as if he were talking to a maid, "Arthur, set mine up," and walked over toward the trophy case on the wall. "Perhaps I shouldn't have called you a crook a minute ago, Mr. Schneider. But the term does fit an embezzler, doesn't it?"

Will blinked at him.

"Didn't you think I'd have you checked out?" Wharton said. "I had my lawyer call the warden at the penitentiary. The one where I had Baskin put away."

"Where *you* had him put away?"

Wharton was unlocking the door of the trophy case. "The boy was a paid prostitute. I helped the police set the whole thing up, including the witnesses."

Will stared at him. "But *why*?"

Wharton smiled. "I despise faggots. And Baskin beat me out of some money at chess once." He took a big trophy out of the cabinet; it looked like something one got for hunting or for golf. "I imagine that's why Baskin put you up to all these shenanigans." Then he went over and set the trophy on the middle of the table, as though it were a King Kong of a chesspiece. "But Baskin has been out of circulation for three years. So there are a few things even he doesn't know. Like this, for instance." He pushed the trophy toward Will.

Will looked at it. The figure on top was a large horse's head—a knight from a Staunton set. And the brass plate below read, CHICAGO OPEN, NOVEMBER 1972. FIRST PLACE—T. J. WHARTON.

Will said nothing, but his guts had tightened as though Wharton's hammy fists had taken his duodenum and squeezed it physically.

"I've been studying under Zoravsky for two years," Wharton said. "Every now and then I beat him. Of course, I pay him well."

Jesus Christ, Will thought, *Zoravsky is at least 300 points better than Baskin. My God, he beat Fischer once, in Vienna.* But then he thought, *What the hell*, almost feeling, astonishingly, good about it. *So it'll be one goddamned tough chess game.* And he said, "Let's play chess, Mr. Wharton."

Arthur had finished setting up the black pieces and had reset the clock faces for two hours each.

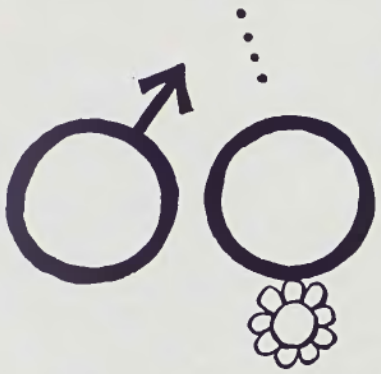
Will opened with pawn to king four. . . .

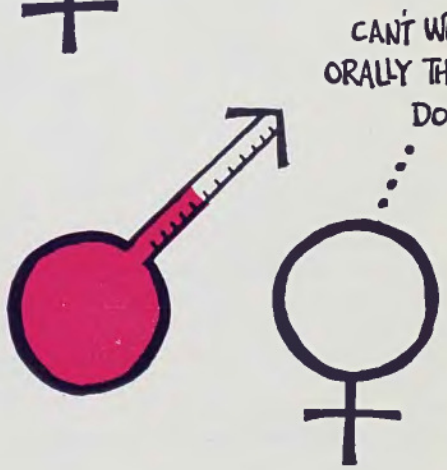
Wharton started with a classic Sicilian defense, but then after a few pawn exchanges in the center, he made two unexpected moves with his queen's knight and, abruptly, Will found himself a pawn down and with his major pieces constricted. He had never seen that one before and it frightened him. It was brilliant. He remembered what Baskin had said about Wharton's intelligence. And when he reached to make his next move, he abruptly caught himself. He had almost touched that goddamn rook-elephant again, thinking it was a knight. It would

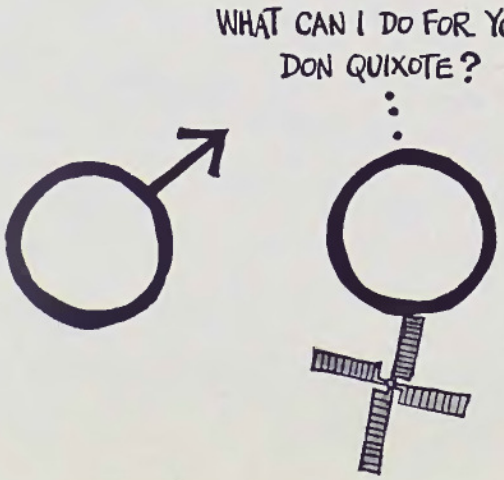
SYMBOLIC SEX

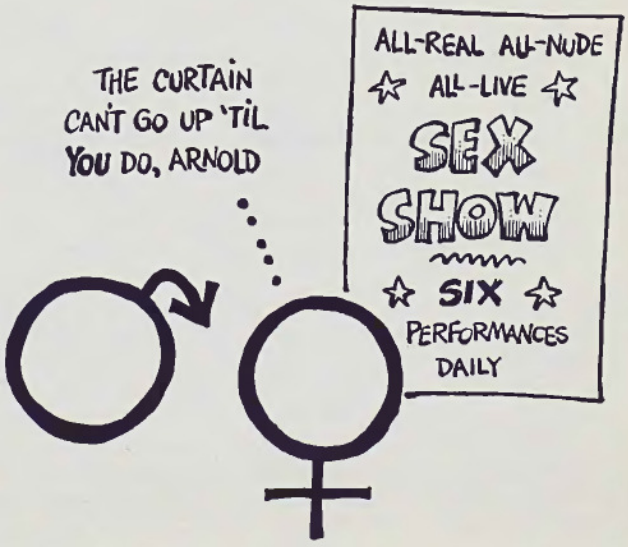
more sprightly spoofings of the signs of our times

humor By DON ADDIS









have been disaster. And he shouldn't have let Wharton con him into drinking whiskey. Not after those dry six months in prison. And, of course, Wharton, knowing about his prison term, had planned to get him high. The Jack Daniel's gambit.

Suddenly he folded his hands in his lap, as if not to contaminate them with these pseudo Oriental-baroque chessmen. *But Wharton hasn't won this chess game.* Then, his clock ticking, he looked at Wharton and said, evenly, "Do your . . . house rules allow the referee to move my pieces for me?"

Wharton stared at him. "What kind of chickenshit . . . ?"

"*Do* they?" Will looked at the big man steadily. *Go ahead, you bastard,* he thought. *Refuse.*

"You're scared of touching the wrong piece?" But Wharton's voice was unconvinced.

Will smiled. "Is that the kind of advantage you want, Mr. Wharton?"

Wharton reddened slightly. Then he looked at Arthur.

"It's all quite legal, Mr. Wharton," Arthur said, lamely.

"I know it's legal," Wharton said, "and I know it's chickenshit. And I know I'll beat his cheap ass, even if he brings in Raquel goddamn Welch to move his pieces for him."

"Thank you," Will said. Then he stood up, took hold of his big leather chair and began turning it around.

"What in God's good goddamn hell are you doing?" Wharton said.

Will had the chair turned facing completely away from the board. "I'm turning my back on you, Mr. Wharton. And on your chess set." Then he thought for a moment, composing himself, and said, "Knight to queen's bishop five."

He hardly heard Arthur making the move for him, or the click of the punched clock. For the pure Staunton set of the brain, that beautiful abstraction as clean as the axioms of Euclid, had leaped before him in all its grace and sharpness. And that was where the game was at. Not in this cheap and tawdry business of tricks and one-upmanship and money and bluster. That was the whole beauty of chess: a lovely abstraction. A game. A trivial, exquisite game.

Wharton played dazzlingly. He whittled Will down by a second pawn—his king's pawn, a bad one to lose. And he had got an open rook file. But Will kept his mind there in that interior space and waited—watched it, the diagonals and lines, and patterns and configurations—and waited.

He managed, by playing with great care, to free up his pieces. But it cost him another pawn. And Wharton—whom he now did not even picture in his mind—had his king safely castled.

But something was beginning to show finally in the pattern. Will was getting only the edges of it into his perception, because it was so overwhelmingly hard to see that far ahead. But it was there. He could feel the potential of it. It would have to start with opening the bishop's file, and then maybe a check. But a check with what? The queen? But that would cost the queen, and you can't afford that. He shook his head, trying to penetrate it. *First I trade knights, and that puts his pawn over on the other file. Then I threaten his rook with my queen. . . .* He shook his head again and tried it the other way. *I don't trade knights, I bring out the queen first, and he'll threaten it with the rook, because he'll be going for the position, and there are at least seven alternatives from there, and I have to know where each one leads. . . .*

And then Arthur said, "You have ten more minutes on your clock, Mr. Schneider. Mr. Wharton has fifty-three." And his whole body seemed to shake in one tremor, as if the ground had quaked. *Had it been that long?* Then his mind pushed itself up and over the hump and it was like the Red Sea opening at his feet and he saw the whole thing. As Isaac Newton must have seen it on that day he wept when he saw how things really *worked. You check with the knight,* his mind told him, *and he must take with the pawn. And then you bring out the queen. And if he doesn't interpose the rook, he loses a piece. And that's as far as he'll see it.* He could almost taste it.

"Knight to king's bishop six, check," he said, quietly. He hardly heard Arthur repeat it.

Wharton took the knight with the pawn. He was forced to.

Then Will said, "Queen to bishop three." And then he waited. He knew it would be a long wait, while Wharton studied, and it was. But it was Wharton's clock that was ticking now—not his. Once he became frightened that Wharton would see what was coming, but he stopped his mind from that thought. Fischer maybe would see it, or Petrosian. He stared at the far wall, at the head of a hapless lion, stuffed, mounted, wasted.

Then Wharton moved and when Arthur called out his own move, Will knew that he had won the game. "Queen takes pawn, check," he said. He heard Wharton draw in his breath.

The wait was almost intolerable. For a moment Will felt, with panic, he had gone insane, like Paul Morphy—that mad New Orleans chess genius—and it was only his delusion that this combination of moves would work.

But then he heard the pieces move and Arthur's voice said, "Rook takes queen."

Instantly, Will said, "Rook to rook eight, check."

Wharton, just as quickly, said, "It's not going to work, Schneider. You've lost your queen for nothing," and the cold, sharp ring in his voice, an edge in it that Will had not heard before, abruptly brought back Baskin's words about the man—about his "frightening intellect."

But his own mind told him, *It's a won game, Schneider. It's a won game.* So he said, aloud, "Mr. Wharton, I'll bet you two thousand dollars against your chess set that it works."

And Wharton's voice shot back, with a contempt that was palpable in the air of the room, "It's a bet, Schneider. It won't work."

His heart was trembling, but there was relief in hearing the other man's words—because Will knew what that move was going to be.

Not waiting for Arthur to announce it, Wharton said, "Rook to bishop one." Loudly. And then, "I *interposed,* you dumb motherfucker."

And then Will's words came out steady and soft. "Bishop to knight three, check," and he stood up and turned around and looked straight into Wharton's face.

Wharton's face, red now with whiskey and emotion, was fierce and confident. For about five seconds. And then it crumbled. Because, finally, he saw what was coming. There was only one legal move and Wharton, not resigning, made it. King to rook one. And for a moment, weariness hit Will's entire body. He pressed his right hand to his forehead. Then he said, "Rook takes rook." He looked at Wharton, dizzily, strangely. "Checkmate."

Wharton said nothing. He merely sat there, staring at the board, his red, fleshy face sagging. Finally he said, "Son of a bitch." The tone of his voice was flat, cold, hardly human. "Son of a bitch."

Something about that tone took some of the weariness out of Will. He looked toward a window and was surprised to see that it had grown dark outdoors. Then he looked back at the chessboard, at those ivory pieces that he hated. *His* pieces now. Then he reached over and picked up the white king and held it in his two fists, while Wharton stared at him, and, twisting with all his strength, he cracked the ivory and filigreed gold into fragments. Then he put the fragments into his coat pocket and said, "You can keep the rest of the set, Mr. Wharton. And after you pay me the money, you can have your man take me back to the airport."

Wharton looked at the chessboard, with its white king gone, as if in profound disbelief. His face was blank.

Then he reached into the drawer, took out the checkbook and a pen and began to write.

TREAT YOUR FRIENDS-TREAT YOURSELF

PLAYBOY CLUB'S HOLIDAY GIFT KEY PACKAGE FOR ONLY $25

A Playboy Club Key for luxury throughout the Playboy world.

$10 Bunny Money* to spend at the Club.

VIP Magazine. A year of the Club's news-packed quarterly.

And inside VIP you'll find certificates* redeemable for 12 consecutive issues of PLAYBOY or OUI magazine.

And your choice of the Playmate Key, to open the world of Playboy to that very special woman in your life,

OR the Playboy Bar Tool Set, custom-made to add Playboy status to home entertaining.

All these holiday gifts plus a whole year of wall-to-wall luxury for only $25. For business or pure pleasure, Playboy Club keyholders are just a whim away from delightful dining, supersize cocktails or an evening's entertainment at any centrally located Playboy Club. For keyholders exclusively, two great all-seasons resorts: Playboy's Club-Hotel at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and the Playboy Club-Hotel at Great Gorge, McAfee, New Jersey, where golf, skiing, swimming, shops, restaurants and big-name shows are the expected.

And your Playboy Club credit Key assures charge privileges at the Playboy Plaza in Miami Beach, the Playboy Towers in Chicago and at our lush Jamaica resort.

Just $25 gives him the ONE gift that becomes uniquely his own. And at the end of his first year as a keyholder, he has an opportunity to renew his Key for a second year for only $10.

All these gifts will be announced in a handsome holiday folder signed in your name. And while you're treating all your lucky friends, why not treat yourself? Order the Holiday Gift Key Package today.

*Bunny Money and certificates redeemable in any North American Playboy Club or Club-Hotel except, for legal reasons, certificates and Bunny Money not redeemable in California and Michigan. Bunny Money not redeemable for drinks in Ohio and New Jersey. Offer expires January 31, 1974.

TO: **PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL,** 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611

I would like to order the Playboy Club Holiday Gift Key Package. I understand that the Package includes a Playboy Club Key, $10 in Bunny Money* to spend at the Club, a year of VIP with certificates* redeemable for 12 consecutive issues of PLAYBOY or OUI magazine, and a certificate* redeemable for the Playboy Bar Tool Set or the Playmate Cash Key. The cost of the Playboy Club Holiday Gift Key Package is $25. At the end of the first year, there will be an opportunity to renew the Playboy Club Key for a second year for only $10.

☐ Enclosed is a check for $_____ for _____ Playboy Club Holiday Gift Key Packages for my friends and/or myself.
or ☐ Charge to my Playboy Club credit Key no. ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐ ☐
or ☐ Bill me later.

Send the Playboy Club Holiday Gift Key Package to:

Recipient's name (please print)

Address

City State Zip

☐ Send the gift card to the recipient signed:

or ☐ I wish to present the gift personally. Send gift card to me.
and ☐ I want the gift for myself.

My name (please print)

Address

City State Zip

AB31A

Use separate sheet of paper to order additional gift packages.

*Bunny Money and certificates redeemable in any North American Playboy Club or Club-Hotel except, for legal reasons, certificates and Bunny Money not redeemable in California and Michigan. Bunny Money not redeemable for drinks in Ohio and New Jersey. Offer expires January 31, 1974.

DIAL A BUNNY FOR SPEEDIER HOLIDAY SHOPPING . . . WE CONFIRM BY MAIL. Atlanta (404) 525-4626 • Baltimore (301) 837-1111 • Playboy of Boston (617) 536-7900 • Chicago (312) PL 1-8100 • Cincinnati (513) 241-8580 • Denver (303) 292-1300 • Detroit (313) 962-0011 • Great Gorge (201) 827-6000 • Jamaica 974-3222 • Kansas City (816) 421-5080 • Lake Geneva (414) 248-8811 • Los Angeles (213) 277-2777 • Miami (305) 751-7543 • Miami Beach (305) 865-1500 • Montreal (514) 288-5181 • New Orleans (504) 523-5001 • New York (212) 752-3100 • Phoenix (602) 264-4314 • St. Louis (314) 652-4700 • San Francisco (415) 434-2550.

CHICAGO AND PROHIBITION

(continued from page 170)

territory. The gangs followed the Torrio dictum of cooperation. Striking back, they killed at least eight of the O'Donnell troops and Spike himself barely escaped a couple of times. In a few months, he had had enough. "I've been shot at and missed so often I've a notion to hire out as a professional target," he sighed and departed Chicago.

The O'Donnells, despite the blood and the expense, had been only an annoyance. Another problem was not so easy. Thompson's term was over and Chicago was about to get a new mayor, a reform Democrat this time, named William E. Dever. He was going to see to it that the laws were obeyed and he told his new police chief, Morgan A. Collins, "I will break every police official in whose district I hear of a drop of liquor being sold."

At first, Torrio refused to believe it; he'd heard the same thing too often to be taken in. But he wanted to make sure, so he offered Collins a $100,000-a-month payoff to forget Dever's orders. Collins, instead, raided and padlocked the Four Deuces. Torrio upped the offer to $1000 a day just to overlook the movement of 250 barrels of beer a day; Collins answered by raiding breweries, speak-easies, brothels and gambling dens around the city and locking up over 100 gangsters (in the process, old Mont Tennes, ruler of the race wire and the city's handbooks, decided it was time to retire and turn the business over to younger hands).

This hurt, but not all that much, for new speaks, new brothels, new gambling houses, new breweries and distilleries sprang up as fast as the old ones were closed. But none of this made Torrio happy, for it was expensive. So he decided to look for a haven, a place from which his empire could be run with impunity, with no worry about official harassment. His eyes turned to the suburban town of Cicero, just west of the Chicago city limits. It would be the first—but not the last—American community to fall completely under the control and be at the total mercy of the underworld.

A lower-middle-class suburb of 60,000, mainly first- and second-generation Bohemians who worked in the factories of southwest Chicago, Cicero was, within its own terms, a relatively free and easy town. Its president, as the mayor was called, was an amiable lightweight named Joseph Z. Klenha; he did nothing without first checking with the Klondike O'Donnell gang, political boss Eddie Vogel and onetime prize fighter turned saloonkeeper, Eddie Tancl, who ran Cicero. The people liked to gamble on occasion, so slot machines, but only slot machines, abounded, the operators sharing the take with Vogel. The people liked to have a beer or two after the day's hard work and, Prohibition or not, they were not to be denied that pleasure. So there were plenty of illegal saloons operating out in the open. As for other vices, there were none.

In October of 1923, Torrio changed all that. Leasing a house on Roosevelt Road, he turned it into a brothel and installed a score of his girls. Cicero citizens were irate and the police quickly raided the house, closed it down and locked up the girls. Torrio said nothing, only opened a second house, with the same result. Again, Torrio did not complain and Cicero officials were certain they had turned back the invasion. It was a mistake they would regret, for they had done just what Torrio wanted. He called his friend and hireling, Cook County sheriff Peter M. Hoffman, and two days later, a squad of deputies moved in and impounded every slot machine in Cicero.

There was no misreading the message, and emissaries went to Torrio to treat for peace. If he would get the sheriff to return the slots, they would open up Cicero to him. Torrio agreed not to bring in his whores; all he wanted was the franchise to sell all the beer in Cicero except for those small areas ceded to Klondike O'Donnell, to run all the gambling—and he would bring in a plethora of games in addition to the one-armed bandits—and the right to set up his headquarters in the town.

The conquest and capitulation of Cicero had been quick and easy, with no violence or bloodshed, just as Torrio wanted it. He decided that now he could afford to take a vacation. With his mother, his wife, Anna, and more than $1,000,000 in cash and securities to deposit in foreign accounts against future need, he sailed for Italy, returned to his birthplace, where he was greeted as a conquering hero, someone the youth of the town should emulate, for he had left poor, returned rich and was even building his mother a luxurious villa for her last years.

Behind, he left his expanding empire and a man to oversee it, a man sometimes known as Al Brown but becoming even more notorious under his real name, Alphonse Capone. Born in Brooklyn in 1899, six years after his family's arrival from the slums of Naples, and one of nine children, Capone made his mark on the streets early, with fists, club and gun. He had worked as a bouncer for Yale at the Harvard Inn and there one night had earned the nickname Scarface Al: A punk named Frank Galluccio took offense at some slighting remarks Capone made about his sister, whipped out a pocketknife and slashed Capone across the face; in an uncharacteristic gesture, Capone not only forgave Galluccio but some years later took him on as a $100-a-week bodyguard. Late in 1919, seeking refuge from a possible murder indictment, Capone had fled to Chicago and gone to work for Torrio as a bouncer in the Four Deuces. But Capone was ambitious. He was soon chief aide to Torrio.

Capone was the antithesis of the soft-spoken Torrio. Though his business was vice and crime, Torrio did not smoke, drink, gamble or womanize—he would remain a faithful and adoring husband until his death; he rarely swore and would not tolerate the use of obscenities in his presence; he spent his nights quietly at home with Anna, except on those rare occasions when he took her to a play or a concert. And he constantly preached against the evils of indiscriminate violence. There were, he said, times when force was inescapable, but such times were rare and when they did arise, only the minimal amount of force should be used (though sometimes, the minimal amount meant a killing). Violence, Torrio constantly preached, only led to more violence and trouble for everyone; persuasion, bribes, deals and compromise when necessary meant peace and prosperity for all.

Capone, on the other hand, was a gross man with gargantuan appetites for food, liquor, gambling and women. His bets on horses, dice, roulette and other games of chance were rarely less than $1000 and sometimes as much as $100,000. And he was unlucky—he would later estimate that he had dropped more than $10,000,000 on the horses alone during his years in Chicago. (One of his bouts with a whore in his charge left him with syphilis, which went untreated, for Capone had a deathly fear of doctors and needles. He eventually died from paresis.) Capone believed in the maximum use of force and violence to gain his ends.

At first, in his initial experience as boss, Capone tried to follow the Torrio maxims. With Mayor Dever continuing to put the pressure on in Chicago, Capone moved the organization's headquarters to the Hawthorne Inn in Cicero, armor-plating it and keeping it constantly guarded. He repelled some attempted incursions by other gangs—with guns, of course, but not with undue force—and he added to the growing strength of the operation, bringing in his brothers Ralph and Frank, his cousins Charley and Rocco Fischetti, Frank "The Enforcer" Nitti and others.

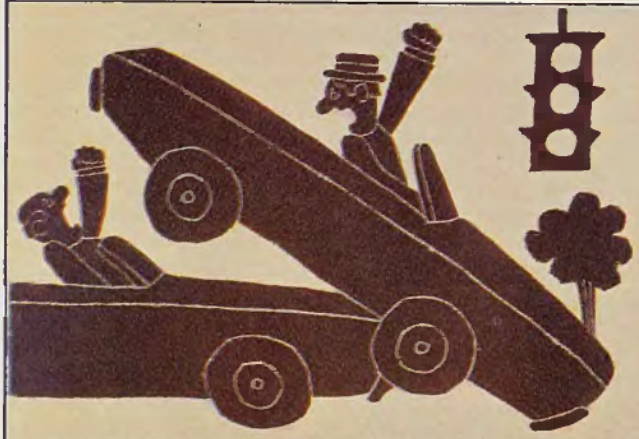
And then events were set in motion that would mark the Chicago scene from that day on, would turn the city and its environs into a bloody battlefield claiming, before the Twenties were over, 1000 lives and causing even Charlie "Lucky" Luciano to exclaim after a visit, "A real goddamn crazy place. Nobody's safe in the streets."

Torrio returned from Italy in the spring of 1924, just as Cicero was about to hold a municipal election. Fearing that the citizens, resentful of the gangster invasion and influenced by the Dever

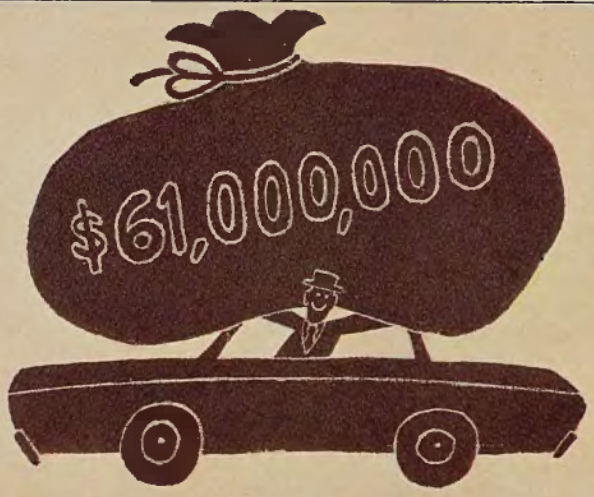
Will everyone who thinks auto insurance costs too much please stand up?

America needs action on No-Fault

Now's your chance to be heard. State legislatures are convening and they're the ones who decide the kind of auto insurance you live with. Many have already scheduled discussions of No-Fault laws.



What's No-Fault? Simple. Accident settlements are based on *loss* instead of *blame*. Your insurance company pays your actual medical costs, lost wages, other economic loss. The other driver's company pays his. It's fast and fair. Lawsuits to decide fault are eliminated. So money is saved.



It works, too. For example, a No-Fault law became effective in Massachusetts in 1971. The first year alone saved car owners more than $61,000,000 on the cost of their auto insurance.

You'd expect an idea this good would spread fast, but only a few states have done anything about it. Where the law is strong and eliminates most lawsuits, insurance costs have come down. When the law doesn't reduce lawsuits, little is saved. Most states have not acted at all.

Ætna
LIFE & CASUALTY

So now's the time to ask for action in your state. You can urge a strong law that reduces insurance costs and returns more of your premium dollar in benefits to you. And when that kind of law is proposed, you'll find Ætna supporting it every way we can.

You get *action* with Ætna

reform movement in Chicago, might throw out the incumbents in favor of Democratic reformers, Vogel and Klenha went to Torrio with a new proposition. If he would ensure a victory for the Klenha slate, the town would be turned over to him. Any operation he wanted, except prostitution, would be granted absolute immunity from any interference, from the law or anyone else. What Torrio understood, and apparently the town fathers did not, was that violence would be necessary to fulfill Torrio's side of the bargain. So he turned that little job over to Capone.

And Capone accomplished it with a vengeance. Democratic candidates were beaten and threatened; Democratic voters were intimidated at the polls by gangsters holding drawn revolvers; ballots were seized and checked before the voter was permitted to drop them into the box. During Election Day's early hours, at least four persons were killed. The reformers sent out a plea for help and squads of Chicago cops poured in. All day, they engaged in running battles with Capone mobsters. At dusk, a squad car pulled up before a polling place at 22nd Street and Cicero Avenue. Standing outside with drawn guns were Al and Frank Capone and Charley Fischetti. A hail of bullets poured from both sides. Frank Capone fell to the pavement, dead. Fischetti was captured—and quickly released. Capone fled down the street, ran into another squad of Chicago cops, held them off with revolvers in both hands until darkness came and he could escape. No charges were ever filed against him. But Al could take comfort in knowing that brother Frank had not died in vain. The Klenha ticket won with an overwhelming majority and Cicero, for a time, was the capital of the underworld. So completely was it dominated that later, in daylight and with a crowd watching, Capone would kick Klenha down the city-hall steps because the town president had displeased him.

Only one lonely voice continued to speak in opposition in Cicero, that of Eddie Tancl, whose hatred of the invaders was boundless, who had refused to go along with the compact, who refused to buy his beer from Torrio or his allies, who ignored their orders to get out of town. But he did not speak for long. Myles O'Donnell walked into his saloon and shot him dead. Myles was prosecuted for the murder—without success.

The guns and the blood in Cicero were only a prelude. The underworld peace that Torrio had labored for and achieved came to an end. The O'Banions and the Gennas were snarling and shooting. The Gennas had been flooding O'Banion's North Side territory with the cheap rotgut and underselling O'Banion. Even Torrio's remonstrances were unavailing. And then Angelo Genna lost $30,000 at a roulette table in the Ship, a casino owned by Torrio and into which O'Banion had been cut for a small interest. Genna welshed on the debt. O'Banion demanded payment. Torrio told him to forget it. Instead, the volatile O'Banion called Genna and demanded that he pay up in a week. When Hymie Weiss and others told O'Banion to cool off, that he was only asking for trouble, O'Banion replied, "To hell with them Sicilians."

So the O'Banion mob and the Gennas were on the verge of war. What was worse for the Irishman was that he had incurred Torrio's displeasure as well. The two had been partners in the Sieben Brewery for some time, and in May of 1924, O'Banion sent word to Torrio that he was going to quit the rackets and retire to a ranch in Colorado. He was, he explained, simply afraid that he had pushed the Terrible Gennas too far and they'd get him if he didn't get out. Would Torrio be willing to buy O'Banion's interest in Sieben for $250,000? Torrio agreed and paid the money. To show how appreciative he was, O'Banion said, he'd help Torrio make one final shipment from the brewery.

That shipment was to be made on May 19. Torrio, O'Banion, Weiss and several others (Capone was in hiding; he had killed a man a few days earlier and was waiting until the witnesses were persuaded to change their stories) were at Sieben watching 13 trucks being loaded under the supervision of two local-precinct cops. Suddenly, the place was a hive of other cops, under the personal leadership of Chief Collins. The chief personally ripped the badges off the precinct cops and then hauled Torrio, O'Banion, Weiss and the others not before a city judge who would quickly spring them but before a Federal commissioner. For O'Banion, this was a first arrest for bootlegging and, according to prevailing practice, he would get off with a fine. But Torrio had been picked up for bootlegging some time before and had paid a fine then. As a second offender, he could expect a jail term. Then, from a friendly cop, Torrio learned that O'Banion had tipped off Collins' office, setting up the raid and thereby not only reserving a jail cell for Torrio but clipping him for $250,000 plus what had been seized at Sieben. And the word got back to Torrio that O'Banion was telling friends, "I guess I rubbed that pimp's nose in the mud all right."

It was just too much. O'Banion had to be chastised and there was only one fitting chastisement for such a double cross. Torrio made common cause with the Gennas. All that held them back was the cautious voice of respected Mike Merlo, who headed the Chicago branch of the Unione Siciliana; he, even more than Torrio, deplored violence and its effect on his underworld friends. But Merlo was dying of cancer and his death would free Torrio and the Gennas. It would also provide the excuse for Torrio to once again call upon Frankie Yale, the Unione's national president.

Merlo died on November 8, 1924 (Angelo Genna was named to succeed him). The funeral was set for the tenth. Yale arrived in town for the ceremonies. And the orders for floral tributes poured into the O'Banion shop. Torrio bought a $10,000 mixed bouquet; Capone kicked in $8000 for red roses; the Unione itself anted up for a huge wax-and-flower sculpture of Merlo to be carried in a limousine behind the hearse. The night before the funeral, Angelo Genna called to order another massive and expensive tribute and told O'Banion he would send around a couple of guys to pick it up.

At noon on November tenth, O'Banion was in the shop, waiting. In walked John Scalise and Albert Anselmi, two illegal immigrants from Sicily wanted for murder there and now working for the Gennas and Yale. "Hello, boys," O'Banion greeted them. "You want Merlo's flowers?"

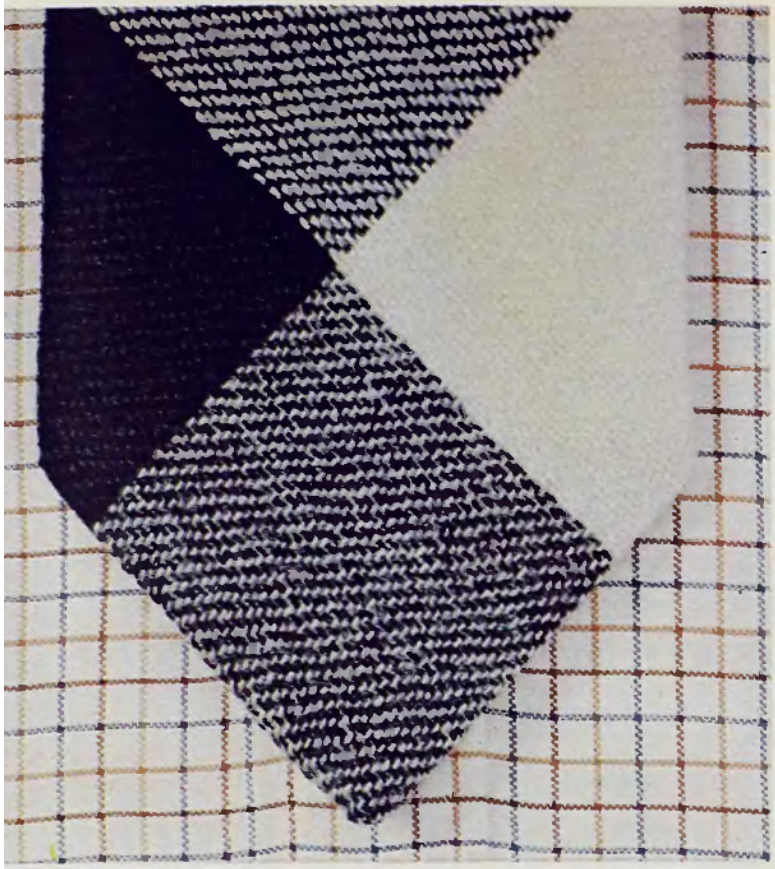
"Yes," one of the men replied. Then, inexplicably, O'Banion held out his hand; it was the first time anyone could remember his offering to shake hands: it would be the last. The hand was grasped. O'Banion was pulled forward, off balance. Before he could recover, guns were drawn and he was shot six times.

The farewell to O'Banion was orgiastic. "It was one of the most nauseating things I've ever seen happen in Chicago," said Judge John H. Lyle, one of the city's few courageous and honest judges at the time. The casket, rushed from Philadelphia, was of silver and bronze and cost $10,000; 26 cars and trucks were needed to carry the floral decorations, including garish ones sent by Torrio, Capone and the Gennas; there were three bands and a police escort; more than 10,000 people marched in the funeral train and 5000 more waited at the cemetery; there were judges, aldermen and assorted other public officials. Hearing of it all, Yale would say to friends, "Boys, if they ever get me, give me a send-off that good." Three years later, they did.

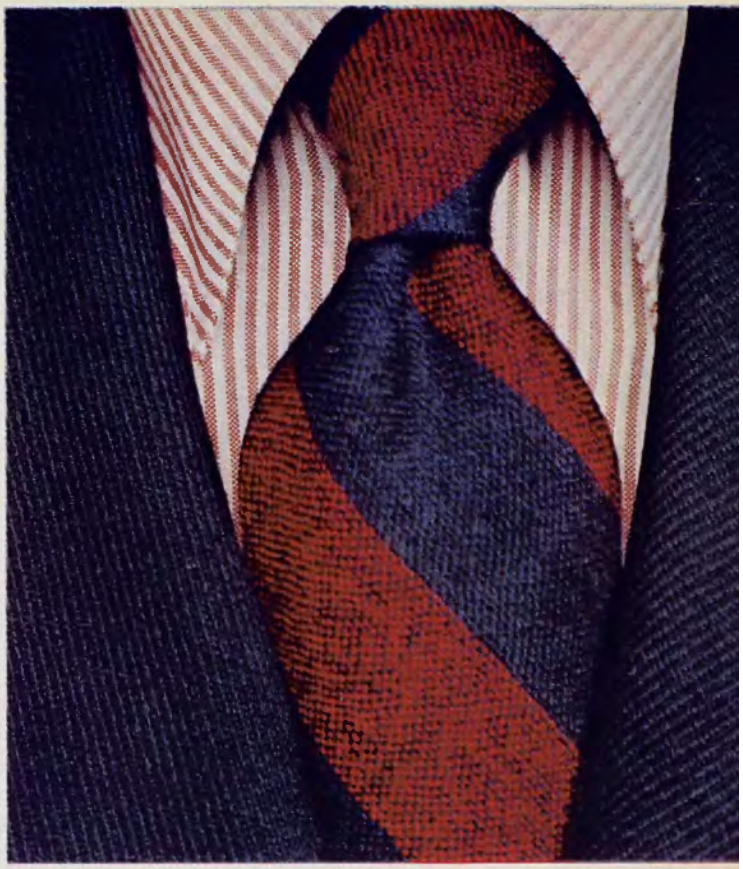
But O'Banion's friend and successor as gang leader, Hymie Weiss, was determined that the fallen leader would be avenged, and he was certain he knew upon whom to wreak that vengeance—Torrio, Capone and the Gennas. Not willing to stand up as a target, Torrio took off for a vacation—unknown to him, he was trailed everywhere by Weiss gunmen, who never got the opportunity to get off a shot. In Chicago, the war was under way. An attempt was made to kill Capone as he drove through the city; it failed and Al promptly ordered an armor-plated, bulletproof car from General Motors. Other members of the gang, however, fell before Weiss's bullets.

By mid-January of 1925, Torrio was back, and he knew exactly where he could find safety. The Federal bootlegging

What makes a Resilio Shetland tie traditional?



width perfectly proportioned.



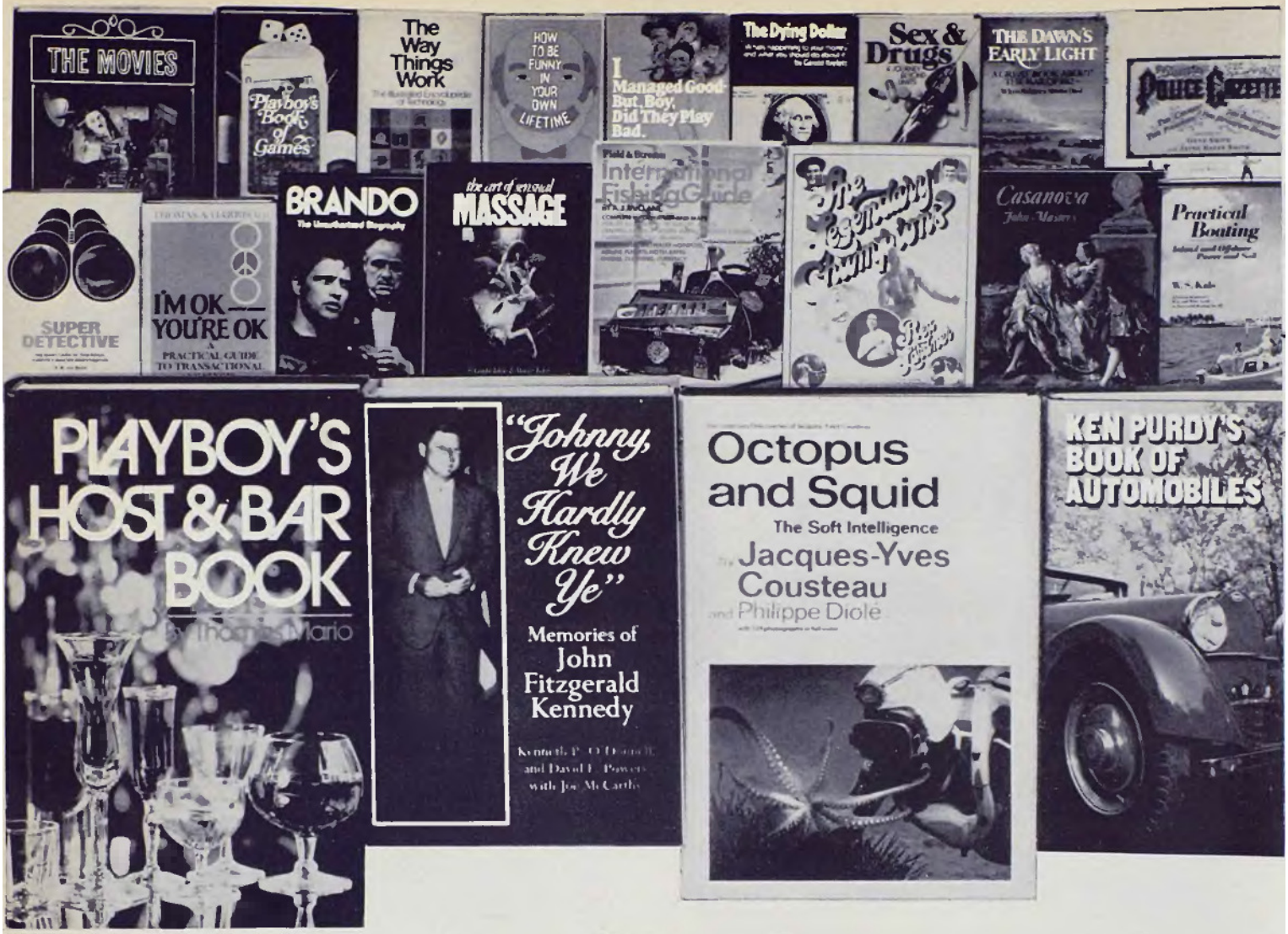
full fashion shaped, in and under the knot.

loop label, keeps small end in place.

medallion point is centered, stays neater.

The unusual beauty of soft hand-woven Shetland woolens, the elegance of subtly blended colors and patterns, and the hearty country look of this entire collection. That's what makes Resilio Shetland ties so traditional. At fine stores. Resilio Neckwear, Empire State Building, N.Y.C. 10001. Gentry Inc. in Canada Lass Co. Ltd. & Sanko Co. Ltd. in Japan Textilart S.A. in Mexico.

Resilio®
CREATIVE AUTHORITY



If you enjoy Playboy, you bel

890 "JOHNNY, WE HARDLY KNEW YE"
O'Donnell, Powers, & McCarthy
(Pub. Price $8.95)
Intimate memories of JFK—Bestseller

911 A TOUCH OF DANGER
James Jones
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Spine-tingling novel about private eye

867 KEN PURDY'S BOOK OF AUTO-MOBILES
(Pub. Price $9.95)
Great new book on cars and drivers—Illustrated

882 A SURGEON'S WORLD
William A. Nolen, M.D.
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Frank, fascinating, eye-opening account

913 SUPER-DETECTIVE
B. W. von Block
(Pub. Price $7.95)
True exploits of Europe's toughest private detective

863 THE ART OF SENSUAL MASSAGE
Inkeles, Todris & Foothorap
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Explicit photographic guide

912 OCTOPUS AND SQUID
Jacques-Yves Cousteau and Philippa Diolé
(Pub. Price $9.95)
Explorations among exotic sea animals—144 exciting photos

903 KILLER
Autobiography of a Hit Man for tha Mafia
Joey with Dave Fisher
(Pub. Price $8.95)
From "muscle work" to murder! Chilling, true story of crime network

892 GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE
Text by Susan Hall
Photos by Bob Adelman
(Pub. Price $12.95)
Private lives of a pimp and his prostitutes (Counts as two books)

898 SEMI-TOUGH
Dan Jenkins
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Super-novel about the Super Bowl—Bestseller

894 THE SUPERCOPS
L. H. Whittamore
(Pub. Price $7.95)
True story of the two toughest cops in the U.S.

910 THE LONGEST COCKTAIL PARTY
Richard DiLello
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Insider's diary of life with The Beatles—32 pages of photos

875 I'M OK—YOU'RE OK
Thomas A. Harris, M.D.
(Pub. Price $5.95)
The No. 1 bestseller

914 SEX NOW
(Pub. Price $5.50)
From The Playboy Advisor, the most provocative questions, answers

906 I MANAGED GOOO, BUT BOY DID THEY PLAY BAO
Jim Bouton, Ed., with Neil Offen
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Best writing about baseball managers—80 unusual photos

905 BRANDO
The Unauthorized Biography
Joe Morella and Edward Z. Epstein
(Pub. Price $6.95)
Uncut, uncensored—Profusely illustrated

902 PAULINE'S
Pauline Tabor
(Pub. Price $9.95)
Famous madam's bawdy house memoirs

889 THE BOYS OF SUMMER
Roger Kahn
(Pub. Price $8.95)
The fabulous Brooklyn Dodger stars—Illustrated

916 SEX & DRUGS
Robert A. Wilson
(Pub. Price $8.95)
Turn-ons, turn-offs, thrills, dangers; the complete picture

818 THE ASSASSINS
Elia Kazan
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Powerful bestselling novel

876 SEX IN THE EXECUTIVE SUITE
H. Paul Jeffers and Oick Levitan
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Shocking, true!

758 PRACTICAL BOATING
W. S. Kals
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Power and sail guide

742 MIRROR OF VENUS
Paina, Sagan & Fellini
(Pub. Price $22.50)
Women explored—Magnificent photographs (Counts as two books)

765 SINKINGS, SALVAGES AND SHIPWRECKS
Robert F. Burgess
(Pub. Price $6.95)
Sea sagas—Illustrated

877 PLAYBOY'S BOOK OF GAMES
Edwin Silberstang
(Pub. Price $8.95)
Handbook for the sophisticated gambler

900 THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT
Walter Lord
(Pub. Price $8.50)
Exciting, gripping story of War of 1812

840 THE COMPLETE IMMORTALIA
Harold H. Hart
(Pub. Price $12.50)
Bawdy belly-laughs: jokes, verse, songs (Counts as two books)

883 THE POLICE GAZETTE
Gene Smith & Jayne Barry Smith, Eds.
(Pub. Price $12.50)
Crimes, passions, disasters, sports of Gay Nineties—Illustrated (Counts as two books)

907 EVENING IN BYZANTIUM
Irwin Shaw
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Drama-packed novel of film producer by master storyteller

874 CASANOVA
John Masters
(Pub. Price $15.00)
His extraordinary exploits—182 illustrations (Counts as two books)

853 COSMOPOLITAN'S LOVE BOOK
(Pub. Price $5.95)
A guide to ecstasy in bed

899 FIELD & STREAM INTERNATIONAL FISHING GUIDE
A. J. McClane
(Pub. Price $8.95)
For jet-age anglers—over 350 photos; 36 maps

784 THE SEX BOOK
Goldstein, Haeberle & McBride
(Pub. Price $9.95)
Pictorial encyclopedia—"revolutionary" bestseller

809 PLAYBOY'S HOST & BAR BOOK
Thomas Mario
(Pub. Price $12.95)
For the Superhost—Illustrated (Counts as two books)

879 THE DYING DOLLAR
Gerald Krefetz
(Pub. Price $7.95)
How to protect yourself against inflation

737 THE MOVIES
Richard Griffith & Arthur Mayer
(Pub. Price $19.95)
Movie history—1300 photos (Counts as two books)

870 THE PLAYBOY GOURMET
Thomas Mario
(Pub. Price $14.95)
Delighting the sensuous palate—Illustrated (Counts as two books)

896 RABBIT REDUX
John Updike
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Searing, explosive novel—Bestseller

827 THE WAY THINGS WORK
(Pub. Price $9.95)
Illustrated encyclo-pedia—International bestseller

771 BLUE MERIDIAN
Peter Matthiassen
(Pub. Price $8.95)
White shark hunt

915 HOW TO BE FUNNY IN YOUR OWN LIFETIME
Bill Adler
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Over 1000 jokes; wit sharpener for every occasion

869 THE LEGENOARY CHAMPIONS
Rex Lardner
(Pub. Price $12.95)
Boxing's Golden Age—Remarkable illustrations (Counts as two books)

ong in the Playboy Book Club

Introductory offer: Choose any 4 books* for only $1.95

(Value up to $42.45) when you agree to become a member of the Playboy Book Club

Just as PLAYBOY is different from all other magazines, Playboy Book Club is different from all other book clubs. It is a book club designed by our editors to match your tastes, your life-style, your point of view.

In the pages of PLAYBOY we bring you the finest and most provocative articles and fiction by many of the world's most prominent writers. Now we will make available to you—at significant savings—what we consider the most candid, contemporary, swinging and thought-provoking books of permanent value published this year.

And we'll offer you a wide choice of books at savings up to 33% under retail prices. The best from the publishing world selected for you by PLAYBOY editors.

Playboy's Choice, an illustrated monthly bulletin, will describe our editors' selections. Your only obligation is to add as few as four Club Selections (or Alternates) to your library during the first year. (Sorry, but orders from outside the U.S. and Canada cannot be processed.)

Remember, if you enjoy PLAYBOY, you *belong* in Playboy Book Club. Fill in the application today—and embark with us on a reading adventure that knows no boundaries.

Double Bonus: PLAYBOY'S GIFT PACK of three provocative paperbacks (a $2.85 value) and a special paperback featuring highlights from PLAYBOY (a $2.50 value) yours FREE for prompt action.

*Deluxe volumes count as two selections. Publishers' prices quoted are U.S. prices. Canadian prices may be slightly higher.

PLAYBOY BOOK CLUB **A-804-09**
Playboy Building
919 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Please enroll me as a member in the Playboy Book Club and send me the books whose numbers I have listed below, billing me only $1.95. I understand that some deluxe volumes count as two selections.

I understand that for $1.95 I may choose books worth as much as $42.45, and that you will also send two free bonuses: *Playboy's Gift Pack*, a $2.85 value, and a special paperback featuring highlights from PLAYBOY, a $2.50 value, for prompt action.

I understand that you will send me *Playboy's Choice*, the publication describing the Selections and Alternates, at three to four week intervals, together with a dated Member's Instruction Card which I may mail back, by the date shown on the card, to reject the Selection or to choose any of the Alternates. I understand that if I wish to receive the Selection, I do nothing and it will be mailed to me automatically AFTER the date shown on the card. I understand that *Playboy's Choice* is mailed in time to allow me at least 10 days to decide if I want the coming Selection. If, because of late mail delivery of *Playboy's Choice*, I should ever receive a Selection without having had the 10-day consideration period, that Selection may be returned at Club expense for full credit.

My only obligation as a member is to accept four Selections or Alternates during the coming year from the many titles offered. My membership is cancelable any time after buying these four books. In all cases, I will receive books identical to the publishers' editions. A modest postage and handling charge is added to all shipments.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ (Please Print)

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

3-22

"Be careful of the couch. If you press down the arm and pull forward while lifting the seat, it turns into a bed."

charges, growing from the Sieben raid, were finally before the court. Torrio pleaded guilty and, almost with a grin, heard himself sentenced to nine months in jail and fined $2500. He was given, as a prominent businessman, five days to clean up his affairs.

On January 24, he went shopping with his wife. At dusk, they returned to their Clyde Avenue apartment. Ann started for the apartment-house door. Johnny hung back to remove some packages from the car. A black Cadillac stopped across the street. Inside were four men holding pistols and shotguns. Two leaped from the car (one was later identified as George "Bugs" Moran, killer and sometime clown prince of the O'Banion mob). They dashed across the street and began firing at Torrio and his chauffeur. The chauffeur was hit in the leg. Torrio was hit four times—one bullet shattered his jaw, the others struck his right arm, chest and groin. Simultaneously, the two men in the car began firing across the street, lacing the Torrio limousine with bullets and shotgun pellets. One of the killers bent over to put a bullet in Torrio's head. His gun misfired and before he could fire again, a warning blast of the Cadillac's horn sent him hurrying away.

Within minutes, racked with pain, Torrio was in an ambulance on his way to the hospital. In the hospital, guarded by the best troops the shaken Capone could round up, Torrio proved to be not as seriously wounded as first thought, though he would bear scars on his jaw for the rest of his life and would never be without a scarf to hide them. He mended quickly. But when questioned about the assailants, he would say only, "Sure, I know all four men, but I'll never tell their names."

Then Torrio went to jail. He was treated with the respect his wealth and power called for. Special furniture was brought in; the warden's office was his for the asking; he could make all the phone calls he wanted and he could have all the private conferences he desired. During these months, he came to a decision. All that he had built up so carefully was now coming down in violence and death and could easily mean his own death. He summoned Capone. "It's all yours, Al," he said. He was leaving Chicago, leaving everything behind, turning it all over to Capone to do with as he wished. All Torrio wanted was the peace and quiet of a retired businessman.

So Johnny Torrio, the mastermind of the Chicago underworld, left jail and was driven in a three-car motorcade to meet a train, a train that would take him to New York, where he would meet quietly with old friends and talk about the future, then board a boat for a long trip to Italy. But he would be back, and when he returned, his arena would be the whole country, for he would play a major role in forging a nationwide criminal alliance.

Now Capone was the boss. But not, as Torrio had been, of a semipeaceful and cooperative underworld. There was war in Chicago and Capone was ruler of only one army, albeit the biggest and strongest, numbering between 750 and 1000 troops. Arrayed against him were the remnants of the O'Banion gang, led now by Weiss and joined by other Irish, Jewish and Polish gangs who proclaimed their hatred of Italians. Their number and firepower nearly matched Capone's.

But Capone's gang was tightly knit. And he had the drive and ambition that others lacked and the unscrupulous amorality to see him to victory. He was determined to be Chicago's master.

To achieve his goal, Capone knew, he would have to smash his opposition unalterably, not with the Torrio technique of persuasion, treaties and compromise but in the manner he knew best, with violence. Initially and unwittingly, Weiss was of help, for with Torrio's departure, he turned his guns on the Gennas, sometime allies of Capone but more often a threat. In a series of street-corner shootouts, motorcade battles and lonely ambushes during the spring and summer of 1925, Weiss's men gunned down Angelo, Mike and Tony Genna and a small army of their followers. It was the end of the Terrible Gennas. The surviving brothers fled the city, and when they returned a few years later, it was to a life of obscurity as importers of cheese and olive oil. The demise of the Gennas, and the murder in a barber's chair of their protégé Samuzzo "Samoots" Amatuna soon after, put the Unione Siciliana in Capone's pocket, for his *consigliere*, Tony Lombardo, succeeded to the presidency, all of which brought Capone new power and new troops.

He needed them, for the city rocked to the sound of gunfire in a seemingly endless battle between Capone and Weiss. In the summer of 1926, Weiss and one of his top gunmen, Vincent "Schemer" Drucci went to pay a call at the new Standard Oil Building on South Michigan; they were going to make a payoff to political ward boss Morris Eller and assistant state's attorney and gangland funeral director John Sbarbaro. Instead, they met a carload of Capone gunmen. The street in front of the building, filled with people, was suddenly a war zone as bullets flew from both sides. The only casualty: a clerk grazed in the thigh. Later the same day, as Weiss and Drucci drove along Michigan Avenue, their car was strafed by a passing Capone car, but again, there were no casualties.

Weiss struck back. About a month later, he set up an ambush for Capone at a restaurant Al frequented near the Capone-controlled Hawthorne Race Track. A ten-car motorcade sped by. From each car protruded gun barrels. And from those barrels came the spit of bullets into the crowded restaurant. One Capone aide was wounded, and so, too, were three innocent bystanders. One woman's injuries were severe, and generous Capone paid the entire $10,000 hospital bill. He also paid for repairs to the restaurant and adjoining stores.

It wasn't that Capone minded the shooting; after all, he did it himself and it was one of the risks of the business. What he minded was all the bad publicity. Maybe the Torrio way was best, after all, he thought. So he sent word to Weiss, asking for peace and cooperation; there was enough for everyone. Not, Weiss replied, until Capone turned over to him O'Banion's killers: Scalise and Anselmi.

"I wouldn't do that to a yellow dog," Capone snapped back.

The only thing Weiss would listen to, Capone decided, was gunfire, and gunfire that would end his career. An ambush team rented a room next door to the O'Banion flower shop, which Weiss still used as headquarters. On October 11, 1926, as Weiss and four companions left a car to enter the shop, two waiting gunmen opened up with tommy guns and shotguns. Hit ten times, Weiss was dead before he fell to the pavement. A Weiss aide was also killed instantly. The two others, though wounded, recovered. Directly in the line of fire was the Holy Name Cathedral. On its cornerstone was written: A.D. 1874 AT THE NAME OF JESUS EVERY KNEE SHOULD BOW IN HEAVEN AND ON EARTH. The fusillade that killed Weiss nearly obliterated the text, chipping off all but: EVERY KNEE SHOULD . . . HEAVEN AND ON EARTH.

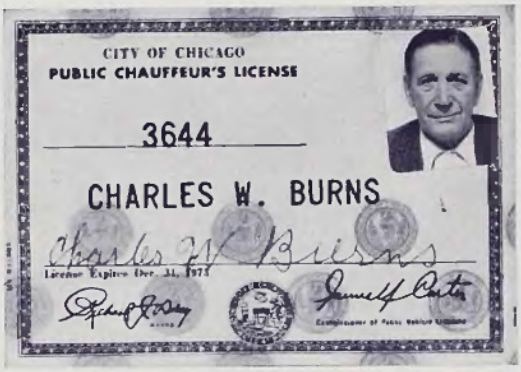
So Weiss went to the cemetery, where he would soon be joined by Drucci, the victim of a policeman's bullet. And Capone said, "Hymie was a good kid. He could have gotten out long ago and taken his and been alive today."

And then, for a time, there was a

"it was a hell of a wide-open town"

a short chicago cab ride back to the roaring twenties

Charles W. Burns is 73 years old, looks closer to 50, lives like he were 30 and talks like Anthony Quinn. He drives a cab one or two days a week to supplement his $77 Social Security and $58 welfare checks, but only when the horses aren't running at Arlington Park. The horses are Charley Burns's first love. His others are poker, craps, driving around Chicago and talking to people. Any willing passenger gets the benefit of his long experience at living the good life without ever holding a job. As PLAYBOY *Associate Editor William J. Helmer discovered recently, this includes a lively narrative of Chicago in the good old days, which, for Charley Burns, began when the Volstead Act took effect and ended with its repeal.*



I never worked for a living. Never had to. I was born in Frisco in 1900, and even when I was a kid—I didn't have no schooling—I learned to make my money gambling. Cards and craps, from Seattle to L.A. I came to Chicago about the time they outlawed booze and it didn't take much to figure out the angles. If there's anything people like as much as gambling, it's drinking. That's why I opened up speak-easies.

What I'd do is rent myself three or four apartments on the North Side, somewhere around Broadway. I'd open up one of them and keep the others in reserve. If there was a pinch, I was open the next day at another address. I did that for years and made a hell of a bundle, because I always ran a good place. Hell, we had girls, gambling and booze—anything you wanted. Some guys would come into town and drop maybe $1000 or $1500 in 24 hours. That was big money in those days and everybody had fun. Even the coppers.

One time I remember, these two state coppers brought me in a load of alcohol and stayed around to play. One of the coppers went down on this broad and bit her cunt. I just got him to hell out of there before he got in trouble, because you had to stay friends with the cops. There was a police station right across the street, and they were always coming over. They didn't give you no trouble. They wanted a place to go like anybody else, and they even got a few bucks out of it. More than a few. Hell, I supported some of those guys. 'Course, I got pinched now and then. There's always some nigger in the woodpile doing his goddamn duty, but the next day I'd beat the rap and he'd be out in the goddamn woods. Bill Thompson—he was mayor then—he didn't want us closed down. Nobody did. Close the speaks and nobody would have come to Chicago. It was a hell of a wide-open town.

I was never part of the Mob, but I didn't argue with them, either. It worked like this: You got a few bucks together and opened a joint on your own, and sooner or later, when you were going good, some guys would come around and ask where you got your booze. They didn't care, you understand. It was just a polite way of telling you that your next shipment would come from them. And, by God, you smiled and you bought the stuff.

I never had any bad run-ins with the Mob except once, and that was a misunderstanding. I was out of my regular neighborhood, the North Side, and two guys with guns figured me for a finger man setting up to heist the crap game they were protecting. They took me out in the alley and kept asking me where my men were, and I kept telling them not to shoot me before they called some people and checked me out. They told me that the guys running the game were friends of theirs and I shouldn't take their money, and I kept saying they were making a mistake. I was scared, because they were trigger happy as hell and really wanted to give it to me. That's how guys got ahead in those days; they got a good reputation for killing people. But one of them finally checked me out, and after about an hour they let me go. That was the closest shave I ever had. I like to shit my pants.

Now, those guys were tough. That's the way guys were back then, because that's the way they had to be or they didn't last long. It's not like now. Now all you've got is sissies.

I wasn't ever violent myself. I ran my speaks and gambled and drank and fucked. That's all. The coppers were always shaking me down and trying to catch me carrying a pistol, but they never did. That wasn't my style. I never wanted to hurt nobody and I never did. I only helped 'em. You know the stories about Al Capone opening up soup kitchens after the crash? Hell, I used to know Capone. Actually, I didn't know him. He was just one of the guys you saw in the places I hung out. Anyhow, I did the same thing. I didn't open no soup kitchens, but I looked after people and helped them out, got them jobs. Like I said, I never worked for a living, but I had contacts and back then I could get anybody a job doing something. That's the way I like it. I like to see everybody work but me.

And for me, cabbing isn't work. I only drive this cab when I've got nothing better to do and when I feel like getting back on the streets. That's the only way you can meet new people and see all the old places. I'm over 70 going on 60 and I'll last to 150, because I'm one of the few people you ever met who knows how to live. Most people, they work, they get old and they die, because they never learned how to live. I'm at the track four, five days a week; at night I hit the bars where I know people; and I still gamble like hell. The reason I'm still alive is because I never worked and never settled down and I spent my life doing what I enjoyed. You know, that's what I'm doing right now. Chicago's not as easy as it used to be in the Twenties, but a man can still get by.

semblance of peace. On October 21, 1926, Weiss's allies, frightened now of Capone's firepower, sued for peace and Capone granted it to them. He generously permitted the other gangs to split the spoils north of Madison Street, while everything south, and all the suburbs, would be his—a territory containing more than 20,000 speak-easies, uncounted numbers of gambling dens, brothels and other rackets. "I told them," he would later say, "we're making a shooting gallery out of a great business and nobody's profiting by it."

Peace came at the right moment. For Big Bill Thompson was coming back. He campaigned on a platform of "What was good enough for George Washington is good enough for Bill Thompson. . . . I want to make the king of England keep his snoot out of America! America first, last and always!" and asserted that "I'm wetter than the Atlantic Ocean. When I'm elected, we'll not only reopen the places these people have closed but we'll open 10,000 new ones." He was backed by a huge war chest, including a $260,000 contribution from Capone, who also supplied plenty of bribes, terror and multiple votes. Thompson was swept back into city hall and Chicago was wide open again. Capone would later say that his payoffs to the police in the Thompson era averaged $30,000,000 a year and that half of the force was on his payroll. "Chicago is unique," said Professor Charles E. Merriam, University of Chicago political scientist and civic reformer. "It is the only completely corrupt city in America."

Thompson was good for business; the campaign investments paid off. But any hope of a lasting peace was bound to be an illusion in Chicago. No sooner had one group been conquered than another rose to take its place. As the O'Banions regrouped, under Bugs Moran, and the Gennas disappeared, Capone was faced with a new challenge, from the nine Aiello brothers and their countless cousins who had succeeded the Gennas as bosses of Little Italy and who, unlike the Neapolitan Capone, were Sicilians and so full-fledged *mafiosi* with lines around the country (Capone was eventually made an honorary member of the honored society but never a full member). The Aiellos chafed when Capone's choice, Tony Lombardo, became president of the Chicago branch of the Unione over their choice, elder brother Joseph. They determined that both Lombardo and Capone, and anyone supporting them, had to go. They forged an alliance with Moran and they spread the word that they'd pay $50,000 to anyone who killed Capone.

All through 1927, there were takers. But most fell victim to the weapons of Capone's chief bodyguard, James Vincenzo De Mora, who went by the name of "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn. The Aiellos even tried poison, offering to pay the chef of a favorite Capone restaurant, Diamond Joe Esposito's Bella Napoli Café, $35,000 if he would put prussic acid in Capone's minestrone. The chef told Capone.

It was just too much, especially when Capone learned that Joe Aiello had brought in some outside gunmen to take care of both him and Lombardo from ambush. The police stumbled across the plot, finding first one stake-out, then another, and finally being led to Aiello. He was jailed. While in his cell waiting for bond to be posted, cars filled with Capone gunmen drove up and surrounded the jail. One of the gunmen was arrested and thrown into the cell adjacent to Aiello's. He whispered in Italian to the *mafioso* that his first step outside would be his last. The terrified Joe Aiello pleaded for police protection and got it, all the way to the railroad station and a train that carried him and several of his brothers to safety in the East. (Joe Aiello would return a few years later and at last succeed to the presidency of the Unione that he had always craved. But he would be no more fortunate in that office than his predecessors: Within a year, he would be caught in a cross fire from two machine-gun nests prepared by Capone.)

By the end of 1927, then, it seemed that Capone, from his luxurious and guarded headquarters, could look out over a city he ruled, having conquered it and achieved more by guns and violence than had Torrio by soft words and treaty. And Capone was famous. Torrio had never been more than a shadowy figure whose power and influence few realized. He had shunned publicity; the garrulous Capone wallowed in it. He loved it that every schoolboy knew his name and face. That wherever he went—in Chicago, Florida, anywhere—he was the center of attention. He gave interviews, trying to explain, but not apologize for, his actions. He had power and he was certain that to Chicago, at least, he was essential. When Thompson got virtuous—deciding when Calvin Coolidge announced he would not run that he would make a damn fine President and the way to get the Republican nomination was by showing he was honest and was cleaning up Chicago—Capone just took himself off to Miami, Florida, where he bought his Palm Island retreat. "Let the worthy citizens of Chicago get their liquor the best way they can," he announced. "I'm sick of the job." Once Thompson renounced his White House dreams, the heat came off and Capone returned to pick up his life as Chicago's master and benefactor.

And benefactor he was, indeed. From the huge roll of bills he always carried in his pocket, he would peel off ten-dollar tips for newsboys and bootblacks, $20 for hatcheck girls or chambermaids, $100 for waiters. There was no end to his generosity. But then, he could afford to be generous. He was earning, the Federal Government would later estimate, more than $105,000,000 a year by 1928.

Capone had expanded far beyond liquor, gambling and prostitution; he had a lock on just about every racket in the city. By the end of 1928, according to the state's attorney's office, at least 91 Chicago unions and trade associations had fallen under the rule of the racketeers. They controlled everything from retail food and fruit to city-hall clerks to plumbers to bakers to carpetlayers to kosher butchers to movies and beyond. They collected initiation fees and monthly dues; in return, they offered employers protection from unions, unions the right to organize and to all, protection—from themselves. The cost to the public was enormous. When Capone moved in on the cleaning-and-dyeing industry, in order to raise the protection money, the merchants had to raise the price of cleaning a suit by 75 cents; when he moved in on the kosher butchers, the price of corned beef went up 30 cents a pound. By the end of the decade, the Mob's control was costing consumers in Chicago $136,000,000 a year, or $45 for every man, woman and child.

It was a good racket, and others besides Capone realized it. Bugs Moran, regrouping the shattered O'Banion-Weiss forces, was back on the attack. Trucks carrying liquor for Capone from the Detroit Purple Gang were repeatedly hijacked. Though dog racing was then illegal (Florida, in 1931, would be the first state to legalize it), dog tracks, dominated by Capone, flourished. Moran went into competition and even tried to burn down a Capone track. He tried to muscle into the Capone-dominated cleaning-and-dyeing industry. He set up ambushes and tried to kill Capone favorites like McGurn. And he never lost a chance to taunt Capone in public. "If you ask me, he's on dope," Moran said. "Me, I don't even need an aspirin." Capone, Moran would say, was "the beast."

By early 1929, Capone had had enough. He took off to Florida. But he was constantly on the phone with Jake Guzik in Chicago and several of his aides made quick trips down to see him. On February 14, Capone rose early, had his customary swim and then took himself down to the office of Dade County solicitor Robert Taylor, for a chat about what he had been doing in Florida.

While Capone talked away the morning hours, it was Saint Valentine's Day in Chicago. At the S-M-C Cartage Company warehouse at 2122 North Clark Street, members of the O'Banion gang were waiting for a truckload of whiskey from a hijacker in Detroit. They were waiting, too, for the arrival of their leader, Bugs Moran. They were six hoodlums—Johnny May, Frank and Pete Gusenberg, James Clark, alias James Kashellek (he was Moran's brother-in-law), Adam Heyer and Al Weinshank. With them was Reinhardt H. Schwimmer, an optometrist

and friend of Moran's who, though not a gangster, enjoyed the company of gangsters. And there was a dog.

A long black Cadillac, a police gong on its running board and a gunrack behind the driver, pulled up outside. Moran, late for his appointment, was just turning the corner; he spotted the car, noticed its accouterments and, certain that a raid or a shakedown was about to take place, turned and hurried away.

According to witnesses, four men, two in police uniforms and two in civilian clothes, emerged from the car and started for the warehouse. A fifth man remained behind the Cadillac's wheel. The four disappeared inside.

One resident of Clark Street thought he heard the sudden clatter of a pneumatic drill going on and off in several short bursts, then the sound of an automobile backfiring twice. Two neighborhood women, drawn by the noise, looked out their windows and saw two men in civilian clothes leave the warehouse, their hands in the air, followed by two policemen with drawn guns. They got into the Cadillac and drove off. The women shrugged. It was just a raid.

And then the dog started to howl, a sad, mournful cry cutting through the silence. The dog would not stop. A neighbor went to investigate and fled, sick, to call the police. As best anyone could reconstruct it, the seven men in the warehouse had been disarmed and lined up against the wall, and then cut down by submachine guns; all had been riddled in the head, chest and stomach. Two, May and Kashellek, had also been blasted in the face at close range by shotguns. There was blood everywhere, on the floor and all over the brick wall against which they had stood. Only one man could have described what happened. Somehow, Frank Gusenberg had survived. He would last a few hours. But all he would say was, "Nobody shot me. I ain't no copper."

No one was ever convicted of the Saint Valentine's Day Massacre. But Moran knew who was behind it. "Only Capone kills like that," he said. To which Capone, brought the news at a gala party at his Palm Island mansion, replied, "The only man who kills like that is Bugs Moran."

Capone could joke, but the jokes had a gallows ring, not just for his victims but for himself. The slaughter on Clark Street had solved little, for Moran, the intended victim, had escaped. And the slaughter, at last, stirred a wave of public revulsion and disgust. And a cry for vengeance from Moran. The Aiellos had put a $50,000 price tag on Capone and, despite their flight in disarray, they had never withdrawn it. Now Moran said he would guarantee payment. And he found recruits willing to do the job. In 1928, Tony Lombardo had been gunned down in a crowd of shoppers on Madison Street, a fate that seemed destined for the Unione's Chicago leaders. (Joe Aiello, it was theorized, was behind that one.) After others who tried to hold down the job met the same fate, the new president became a Sicilian gunman named Giuseppe "Hop Toad" Giunta, and as his vice-presidents he named the O'Banion killers, Anselmi and Scalise. They decided to collect the Aiello-Moran bounty. But Capone, with spies everywhere, was quick to hear of their treachery. On May 7, at the Hawthorne Inn in Cicero, he gave them a banquet and when they had eaten and drunk to satiation, his aides suddenly surrounded them and tied them to their chairs. Then Capone personally picked up a baseball bat and with slow and cool deliberation, beat each one to death.

It might have seemed, then, that despite the constant threats and the steady guerrilla warfare of his enemies, Capone still ruled with impunity. He dealt with his foes mercilessly and had little fear of official retribution—between 1927 and 1930, there were at least 227 gangland killings in Chicago, but only two assassins were ever tried and convicted.

But the times were changing, and so was the public temper. An era was coming to an end. For years, the public had read of the exploits of Capone just as avidly and with just as little moral concern or overt outrage as it had read of the exploits of the other public heroes of these years of wild wealth and moral stupor—Babe Ruth, Charles Lindbergh,

The great impostor.

It is not a cigarette. Nor is it everybody's idea of a cigar.

It's an A&C Little Cigar. Slim, filter-tipped and devilishly smooth tasting.
It tastes great because it's made with a special blend that includes imported cigar tobaccos. Cured for mildness and flavor.
And it looks great!
Naturally, it all adds up to a very satisfying smoke.
An A&C Little Cigar.

Regular or Menthol.

There are twenty A&C Little Cigars in the elegant crush-proof pack.

Jack Dempsey, Red Grange. But the blood that stained Chicago's streets, the innocents—and there were many—who were caught in the cross fires, the indiscriminate and unconcerned violence, the mounting revelations about official complicity and corruption were beginning to have an effect on the city's and the nation's conscience. And the sudden end to that giddy era on the black Wall Street afternoon in October of 1929 did even more. Who had time any longer to be amused at tales of Al Capone and his millions when there was no money to pay the rent or put bread on the table, or even to buy a newspaper to read about him?

When Jake Lingle, a *Chicago Tribune* crime reporter, was shot down on June 9, 1930, and it was soon learned that he had been something else in addition to a reporter, that he had been a paid ally and an active member of the Mob with spreading interests in the rackets, even the kind of detached amusement with which the press had viewed Capone and the mobs (as long as they were around, there were plenty of good stories that would sell papers) ended. The press began to look harder and with more concern at the doings of the underworld, to demand action. And the wrath increased, and so did the demands for a wholesale cleanup.

Less than a month later, Jack Zuta, the Moran mob's expert on whorehouses, barely escaped assassination as he rode in a police car under official protection, and then was executed by five Capone gunmen. When Zuta's papers were examined, among them were found letters from a host of politicians asking for loans, thanking Zuta for favors and asking for more. Perhaps a few years earlier, in good times, it would all have been dismissed. But with the Depression flattening the land, it was too blatant; the cries increased.

By the last years of the Twenties, even racketeers around the nation were becoming distressed by the Chicago odor; it was giving the whole underworld a bad name. And that odor, and the man responsible for it, was one of the subjects under discussion at a major national underworld conference from May 13 to May 16, 1929, at Atlantic City. There, under the protection of Atlantic City's supreme ruler, the bootlegger-gambler-racketeer-politician Enoch "Nucky" Johnson, gathered the criminal powers of the nation—Frank Costello, Meyer Lansky, Lucky Luciano, Dutch Schultz, Louis "Lepke" Buchalter and others from New York, Max "Boo-Boo" Hoff and cohorts from Philadelphia, representatives from Cleveland, Kansas City, Detroit, Boston, everywhere. And Torrio, back home from Italy, operating now in cooperation with New York rulers, was an omnipresent figure, a respected elder statesman of the underworld. The conference dealt with cooperation and syndication in the bootlegging business, began charting a course for the day they all knew was coming, when Prohibition would end. And there was the problem of Capone and how to stem the mounting public outcry against the violence that had marked Chicago. There was, it was agreed, only one way. Capone would have to go, at least temporarily, and he would have to go with official connivance.

Though Capone at first resisted, he at last agreed and soon realized that the arrangements might actually suit him. Where better could he be protected from the vengeful Moran and his followers than in jail for a short spell? Arrangements were made with cooperative Philadelphia police. On his way home from Atlantic City, Capone was picked up for carrying a concealed weapon. The only thing that shocked him was what he got. He expected a vacation of a couple of months. Instead, he was given a one-year sentence in Holmesburg County Prison and served ten months in luxury.

But when he left prison in March of 1930, the world had changed. Prosperity was gone and Depression had arrived, and with it a contraction of the income from the rackets. Worse, the Federal Government was now after him. If local officials would not deal with the underworld and if most Federal laws were ineffective, there was. Washington realized, one way of getting the mobsters—for violation of the income-tax laws. Under Elmer L. Irey, head of the Treasury Department's Enforcement Branch, the Government took aim first at Chicago and, initially, at those under Capone. Ralph Capone got hit with a three-year sentence and a $10,000 fine for income-tax evasion; Jake Guzik got five years and $17,500; Nitti got 18 months and $10,000.

Then it was Al Capone's turn. The pressure on Irey to get Capone had come from as high as the White House itself. President Hoover kept pressing Treasury Secretary Andrew Mellon: "Have you got that fellow Capone yet? Remember, I want that man Capone in jail." And Mellon was passing the orders down to Irey and others in the IRS.

But it was no easy task. Capone never maintained a bank account, never signed a check or a receipt, never bought property in his own name. He paid for everything in cash and he kept his horde in a strongbox under his bed. So the tactic was to go after him on the basis of his net worth and net expenditures, to show that he had income, undeclared and on which no taxes had been paid. Stores were scoured to get records of purchases; hotels' and caterers' records were examined to see how much his parties had cost; the brothel operations were studied—even the towels that went to the laundry were counted in order to estimate income.

With the heat growing, Capone's lawyers went to the Government and offered to settle up on back taxes on a reasonable basis. No deal. Then Capone, against the advice of everyone, hired five gunmen to kill the tax agents on his trail. The plot was discovered and a message was sent to Capone to call the gunmen off or they would be shot down on sight. Reluctantly, he did so. Next, he tried bribery, sending a message to Irey that he would hand over $1,500,000 in cash if the case against him were dropped or rigged in his favor. Again, no deal.

In the spring of 1931, Capone was finally indicted for failing to file tax returns and for evading taxes for the years 1925 to 1929. The Government said it could estimate and prove only a fraction of his real income, but that fraction came to $1,038,655.84, on which he owed $219,260.12 in back taxes and $164,445.09 in penalties.

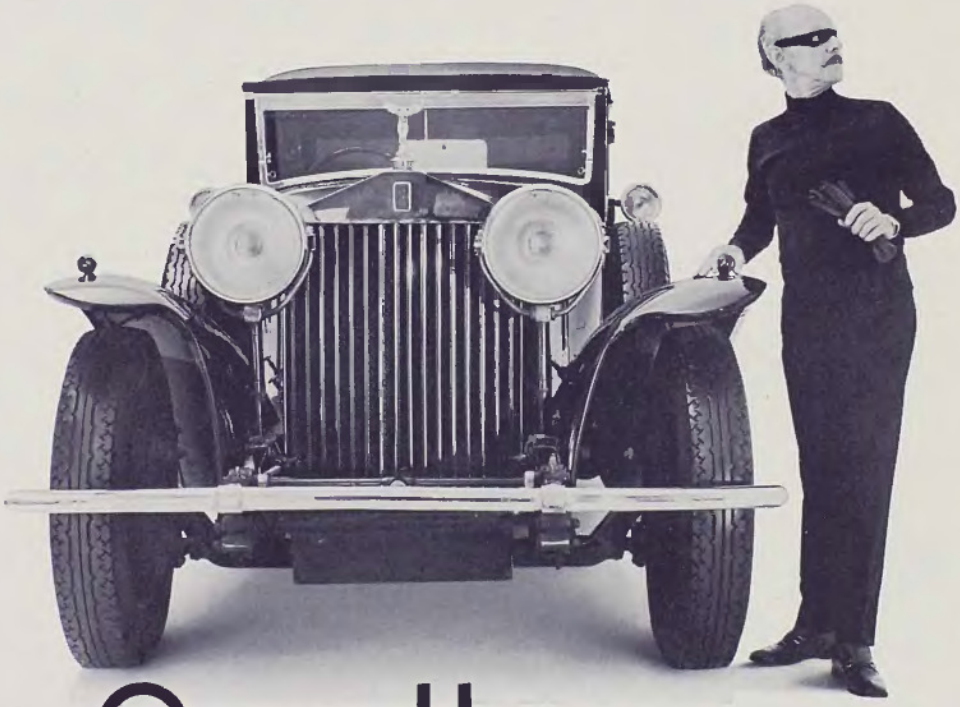
Capone's trial began on October sixth and lasted for ten days. The jury was out for eight hours and returned with a guilty verdict on five of the 22 counts against him. On October 24, Judge James H. Wilkerson sentenced him to 11 years in prison, fined him $50,000 and an additional $30,000 for court costs—the harshest penalties handed out up to that time for tax evasion. "You won't see me for a long time," said Capone as he was led away. He was right. First, he was jailed in Chicago, then, when his appeals had been turned down, he was transferred to Federal prison in Atlanta and finally to Alcatraz, where he remained until 1939. He was released a shattered man, his brain destroyed by the ravages of syphilis. He spent the remaining seven years of his life in guarded isolation on Palm Island. He would never return to take up his rule in Chicago. "Al," said Jake Guzik not unkindly, "is nutty as a fruitcake."

But though Capone had gone—at first to prison and then to death—his organization remained and flourished. There were successors who adapted to new times, men like Charley Fischetti, his brother Ralph, Jake Guzik, Nitti, Sam "Momo" Giancana and others. For soon after Capone departed, a new world began. Franklin Roosevelt entered the White House and the law that had made Capone and his era was about to die.

The Prohibition era in Chicago, which was to be the model upon which all the Hollywood movies of gangsters were based, had, however, been an exception, and a garish one. There had been other men, particularly in the East and New York, who had seen the gold in illegal booze and seized it. But they had done so without the flair for violence that had marked Capone and eventually brought his end. They had adapted to changing times with greater circumspection and so would last longer. And it would be they who came through the world of the Twenties to lead crime into a new world of organization.

This is the second in a series of articles on organized crime in the United States.

Foil petty theft.



Or grand larceny.

Craig Quick Release and Floor Mount car stereos are available with 8-track, 8-track with FM Stereo, Compact 8-track, Quadraphonic, Cassette/FM with Dolby* system, auto-reverse Cassette, auto-reverse Cassette with FM.

*Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

From our least expensive Under Dash Quick Release ...to our top-of-the-line Floor Mount...they're all removable. So you can lock yours in your trunk. Or play it in your Home Unit. By removing it yourself, you beat them at their own game.

Fun to be with CRAIG® CAR STEREOS

Craig Corporation, 921 West Artesia Boulevard, Compton, California 90220

217

Use REACTS Card — Page 61.

CHEESES *(continued from page 127)*

preserve and transport the perishable product. Word must have got around, because that primitive cheese has begot a staggering array of offspring. They come in all shapes, sizes, hues, tastes and smells—made from the milk of cows, ewes, goats, yaks, buffaloes, mares, reindeer, camels and even donkeys.

Cheese names sound a roll call of gustatory delight, as varied in origin as they are in taste. Many, such as edam, emmentaler, gorgonzola and bleu de bresse, honor the town or area from which they come. Others, including stilton and limburger, call attention to the place where they became renowned. La grappe and kümmelkäse take their names from an added ingredient; brick and pineapple, from their shape. Monterey jack and petit suisse pay tribute to those who helped originate them—respectively, David Jacks and the little Swiss herder who suggested adding an extra measure of cream to the mix. Liederkranz celebrates Liederkranz Hall, where a choral society sampled the prototype and demanded encores.

It's estimated that there are about 2000 cheeses in the world, counting minor local variations. Exploring this tantalizing profusion can be as much of an adventure as learning about wine. Cheeses exist for every taste, every purpose, and the fun is to discover those *you* like. The United States Department of Agriculture classifies this gastronomic trove into 18 distinct types of natural cheese, according to technicalities of production. A breakdown into six family groups based on similar sensory traits makes more sense and is definitely more enlightening.

CRÈME CHEESES

The richest and most delicate cheeses are the *crèmes* and gournays—smooth and velvety, ranging from clotted cream to semifirm in texture. *Crème* types are meant to be consumed quickly. The uncured often have a refreshing tart undertone, because they're coagulated by lactic acid. The cured are lightly fragrant, occasionally blended with herbs and spices. Belletoile, a ravishing triple *crème* called the millionaire's brie, comes either mildly ripened or unripened—laced with herbs and garlic or pepper. It's an excellent cocktail cheese. Petit suisse is an uncured double-*crème* type that eats like whipped cream. Try it over ripe strawberries, topped with brown sugar. Tartare, boursin, boursault and caboc (rolled in oat flakes) are others in the cream family. There's also montrachet, a rich, creamy uncured goat cheese. And don't dismiss the native American cream cheese, a gournay type that rates with any of its kind in the world.

(If your favorite French or Italian cheese doesn't taste quite the same at home as you remember it did abroad, there's a reason. The taleggio you ate in Italy was a raw-milk product. But Federal law requires that imported cheeses either be made from pasteurized milk or be aged 60 days. The softer imports, therefore, are made from pasteurized milk, which affects the rate of curing and, according to some, the flavor.)

SOFT-RIPENED CHEESES

Our most familiar gourmet cheeses are those in the soft-ripened family—brie, camembert, coulommiers and dozens more. They are generally small and ripen quickly after being rubbed or inoculated with a curing agent. Ripening progresses from the outside in and ceases when the crust is cut, so be attentive and patient. If the exterior is white, the cheese will probably be waxy and bland. A fully ripe brie is soft to the touch and shows reddish-tan mottlings on the chalky crust. The inside will be lustrous, pale yellow and will have the consistency of cold honey. A slightly depressed crust and ammonial odor suggest that the cheese is past its prime and should be shunned. Brie de meaux and brie de melun are good names in brie and consistently dependable.

Coulommiers, a smaller, satiny brie type with a hint of hazelnuts in its flavor, is gaining adherents. So are the rich, oval-shaped caprice des dieux and purecrem–extra-cream camembert types. Crema danica is silky, mild and pleasant but lacks real distinction. To answer the universal question, crusts are edible, but the option is with the eater. The French usually gobble them up.

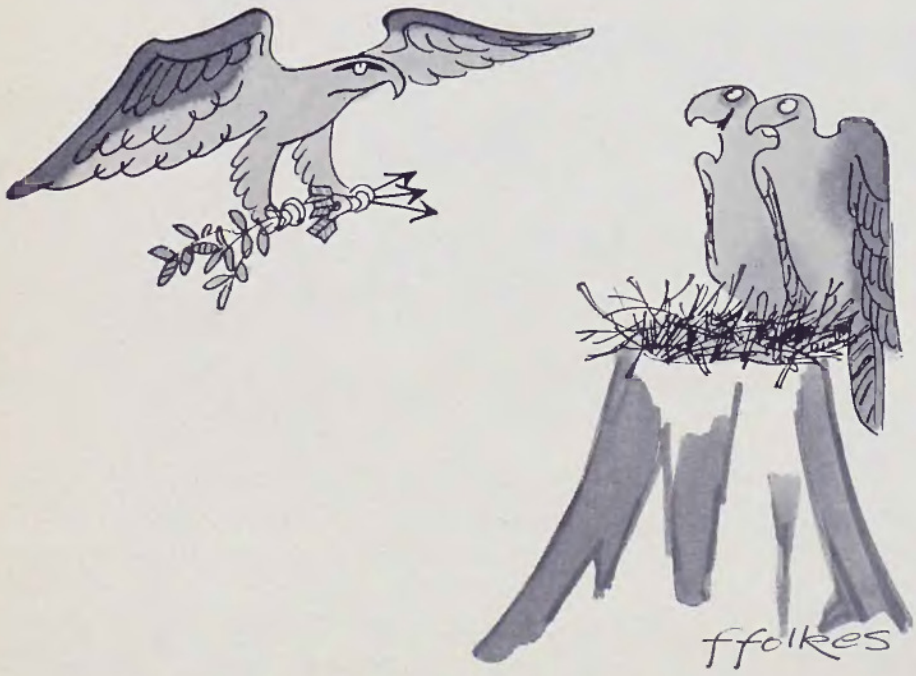
Soft cheeses go well with fruit. For a blissful, light summer luncheon, it's hard to improve on a runny brie with ripe Comice or Bartlett pears. Brie also makes a party spectacular with very little fuss. Get a ripe, oozy brie and brush the top to remove loose particles. Spread lightly with sweet butter, then coat generously with chopped toasted almonds. Outasight!

For a more intimate occasion, try this unusual way to serve vacherin mont d'or or ripe camembert. Chill thoroughly, then remove top crust, leaving the remaining crust as a bowl. Sprinkle with caraway seeds and bake until heated through. To eat, scoop out cheese with teaspoons and spread on plain crackers, bread or apple slices.

While there's room for debate, limburger and Liederkranz seem to fit in the soft-ripened group rather than the semisoft category. Some people can't get past the smell, but both are robust, satisfying cheeses. Just keep them refrigerated and tightly sealed when not in use.

SEMISOFT CHEESES

One treads on holy ground when entering the realm of semisoft cheeses. The most renowned of the breed, port du salut, was originated by Trappist monks. Indeed, the name translates as "port of salvation" and commemorates the monks' return to France in 1815, after a period of exile. Today, port-du-salut types are made in Europe, Canada, United States and other countries. A Danish port-du-salut



"Here comes my country right or wrong."

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

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

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

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

It's the water. And a lot more.

Olympia Brewing Company, Tumwater, Washington. *Oly*®

FOR INSTANT ROOM RESERVATIONS— WE'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER.

(800) 621-1116

...YOUR **TOLL-FREE** NUMBER FOR ROOM RESERVATIONS ONLY AT ALL PLAYBOY CLUB-HOTELS AND HOTELS. **IN ILLINOIS, (312) PL 1-8100.**

PLAYBOY CLUB-HOTEL
Ocho Rios, Jamaica

PLAYBOY PLAZA
Miami Beach, Florida

PLAYBOY CLUB-HOTEL
at Great Gorge, McAfee, New Jersey

PLAYBOY TOWERS
Chicago, Illinois

PLAYBOY CLUB-HOTEL
Lake Geneva, Wisconsin

Outside of the United States, call your local Travel Agent.

The Playboy Club, Bunny, Bunny Costume and Rabbit Head symbol are marks of Playboy, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. © 1972 PLAYBOY

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

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

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

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

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

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

Anti-pollution device.

Conoco All-Season Motor Oil helps your engine run cleaner.

Our environment is one of our most precious resources. And it's important that each of us do those things that we can to help clean it up. One way is to help control automobile emissions.

One of the ways to cut down on exhaust pollution is to change your motor oil regularly — as often as the vehicle manufacturer recommends. The oil filter, too. And when you do change your oil, make sure that it's a *premium quality* oil. Like Conoco All-Season Motor Oil.

Today's cars run hotter. The added stresses of emission control equipment, air conditioning, power options, and higher speeds make your engine work harder. If motor oil breaks down under these severe conditions, your car's emission control system cannot function as effectively. So, you not only run the risk of damaging your engine, but also damaging the environment.

Conoco All-Season Motor Oil helps keep your engine clean and running smoother, even at extreme temperatures. Conoco's exclusive Oil Plating® prevents metal-to-metal contact, and the resultant wear and rust. And All-Season helps your car's emission control system do what it was designed to do . . . help prevent excessive pollution.

Conoco All-Season Motor Oil. A little change can make a big difference.

conoco

ENERGY AND THE ENVIRONMENT: TOGETHER WE CAN WORK IT OUT.

type, esrom, is quite full-flavored and resilient and is a good value.

Others in the large semisoft family are pont l'évêque, livarot, maroilles, royaldieue, bel paese, tomme de savoie, the Portuguese goat- or sheep-milk cheese queijo de serra and the American products, brick, baronet and monterey jack. Teleme, originally from the Balkans, is favored in California as a breakfast cheese, on toasted English muffins. (If you have difficulty locating good jack or teleme, The Cheese Factory, 830 Main Street, Pleasanton, California, will ship. They also make a savory salame cheese that combines jack and chips of Italian salami.)

All these cheeses are fairly mild to robust in aroma, intensifying with age, as is the usual case. They're supple, buttery-waxy, and should yield to finger pressure at room temperature.

Semisoft cheeses go well with bread and beer. Soft pastes star on a cheese board, complement fruit handsomely and are equally tasty as snacks and desserts. A suave, slightly nutty reblochon or a rich, pungent delicado rahmkäse served with crackers and a glass of chilled amontillado, can turn a rainy fall afternoon into a painting by Renoir.

Soft-ripened and semisoft cheeses should be eaten at room temperature, but should be stored in the refrigerator. Remove a half hour to one hour before serving. Wrap tightly in plastic wrap or foil for storing. If you're buying a whole small cheese, check to see that it isn't shrunk, sweaty or discolored. Cut pieces should be *au point*; they will ripen no further. If mold appears, just cut it away. The remaining cheese is palatable.

FIRM CHEESES

There's a gargantuan group of fairly solid, well-flavored cheeses between the semisoft and the very-hard designations. For want of a better name, they're classed as firm. Firm cheeses are generally bacteria cultured and they ripen all over simultaneously. Ripening continues as long as the temperature is favorable, so longer aging thus produces a bigger, zestier flavor. A subgroup of the firm family forms "eyes" when ripening. The foremost representative is emmentaler (from the Emme Valley), generally called Swiss cheese in this country. Ripe emmentaler is somewhat elastic and sweetly nutty. It's beautiful with smoked salmon on black bread or melted on a hamburger instead of American cheese. The Swiss prefer their emmentaler about a year old, but they ship it aged from 60 days to six months to the United States and at various stages of aging to other parts of the world, depending on local tastes.

Natural gruyère, not to be confused with the foil-wrapped, triangular processed cheese, is another Swiss type. It's a bit sharper, nuttier and firmer than emmentaler and the eyes are smaller. White wine is occasionally rubbed in to intensify the flavor.

Emmentaler, gruyère and white wine are combined in the traditional recipe for Swiss fondue. A more interesting fondue can be made with gruyère and Italian fontina from Aosta. Fontina is rich, nutty and brown-crusted, resembling an oversized cheesecake. It's unusually subtle and pleasing, combining the tang of gruyère with a whisper of port du salut and an undertone of butternut. Fontinas are made in many places, but none equal that of the Valle d'Aosta.

Holland's fraternal twins, edam and gouda, rank high among the firms. They're almost identical, edam containing a slightly lower proportion of butterfat and a slightly higher amount of protein. That's the reason edam is able to hold its droll cannonball shape while curing. Provolone and caciocavallo from Italy are similar, but provolone is smoked. For full ripe aroma, there's tilsiter from Germany and Denmark. The Greek gift is feta, a piquant cheese, kept moist in brine. Mimolette from France is fairly new on the American scene. It is roundish, orange-colored, resembling both cheddar and edam, with a mild sharpness.

Cheddar is, of course, the most familiar of the eyeless firm types. The cheese takes its name from the English town of Cheddar and from a critical step in the manufacturing process. Curds are packed against the sides of the vat and then trenched, to drain the whey. When the curd particles adhere and form a mass, it is sliced, stacked and restacked until most of the whey is expelled. The stacking technique, called cheddaring, accounts for the characteristic fairly close, flaky-crumbly cheddar body. Fine cheddars crumble rather than paste when rubbed between the fingers. Commercial buyers look for a minimum of small openings and want those to be roughly triangular, not circular. Early summer cheddars made from the milk of grazing cows

"I still have an alert, inquiring mind, but heaven only knows what interests you these days, Marvin."

are said to be best. Although some are marketed as young as two months, good cheddar deserves at least five or six to develop. Aging beyond 18 months, however, tends to be counterproductive. English, Canadian and American cheddars are all excellent and there's not much to choose among them. New York State Mohawk Valley and Herkimer County raw-milk cheddars or Wisconsin pippin also don't suffer by comparison. Colby, of American origin, is similar to cheddar, though milder and not as dense. Other cheddar-like cheeses, developed in the United States, are pineapple, tillamook, longhorn, cooper and the sharp, crumbly coon.

Cheshire is blander and more open than cheddar, with a distinctive salty nip derived from the local salt-marsh pasture, once covered by the sea. Dr. Samuel Johnson was a cheshire *aficionado*, usually ordering it at Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese pub. You can have it yourself, at the same establishment, next time you're in London.

Perhaps the best English melting cheese is lancashire—white, smooth, loose-textured and clean-tasting. It is probably the one Ben Gunn dreamed about, "toasted, mostly," in *Treasure Island*.

Most firm cheeses keep well in a cool place such as a root cellar but require refrigeration in an apartment. Chunks hold up much better than slices. They should be eaten at room temperature, of course. If you buy a large chunk or a small wheel, it may be convenient to keep a small quantity under a cheese bell in a cool place. Wrap the balance tightly in plastic wrap or foil, to keep it from drying out. Cheeses kept at room temperature for a while may soften or exude fat. They are not spoiled. Just wipe lightly and refrigerate. Any mold that appears may be scraped away. An old home remedy suggests wiping with a damp cloth wrung out of vinegar, to retard mold development.

BLUE-VEINED CHEESES

Blue cheeses are mainly firm and could be listed with that family. But there are so many—more than 50 types sharing the distinctive blue marbling—that we've grouped them under a separate heading. Blues are piquant, peppery, spicy and often salty. Their texture is pebbly—crumbly when cold but smoother at room temperature, which is how these cheeses should be served. Blue types continue to ripen even after they're cut, so don't lay in too big a supply.

The Roquefort region of France gave birth to the blues. This oldest and most famous of the blue-veined types is still made from ewe's milk and is still ripened in the limestone caves of the Aveyron region. It is gritty, rather sharp and saltier when exported than at home.

The greenish-blue veining can be discouraging at first sight. Even a stalwart such as Charlemagne attempted to devein the cheese on first encounter. Assured that the marbling was the best part, the king tasted the cheese and pronounced it superb. He even ordered some delivered to his palace at Aachen, specifying that each be cut open to verify that it was abundantly veined.

Roquefort, stilton and gorgonzola are the hallowed blues. All are full-flavored and assertive. Gorgonzola is creamier than roquefort; stilton is drier, with a suggestion of cheddar in the flavor. When aged, they become firmer, brown around the edges and sharper. The tradition of porting the stilton began as a practical measure to restore moisture to dried surfaces. Connoisseurs deplore the practice, saying it is used to mask poor quality.

In recent years, Danish blue has caught on, outselling the big three. While price is an inducement, Danish blues sell on their quality. They're highly flavored and heavily veined, but not too bitey or crumbly. Bleu d'auvergne (a milder cow's-milk version of roquefort), normanna-ost (a Norwegian blue) and the rare blue cheshire all have their fans among the *cognoscenti*. Sausage-shaped, creamy pipo crem' and soft, spreadable bleu de bresse are more delicate *fromages persilles*, which still offer authentic blue taste. Bleu de bresse comes in a handy eight-ounce size but doesn't keep very well. If the package sends strong, ammonial messages or the foil wrap sticks to the cheese, try another box.

Blues are often blended with cream cheese or butter for dips, stuffed in celery, crumbled into salads, served on crackers with cocktails. They're delicious with Golden Delicious apples and other fruit. The Spanish have a novel way with the native blue, queso de cabrales, serving it with sweet, golden honey for dessert.

VERY HARD CHEESES

The very hardest cheeses are called *granas* in Italy for their characteristic sandy-granular body. Hard cheeses take long curing, two years or more, and they're very low in moisture, therefore firmer. Flavor and color deepen with age and the cheese becomes even more granular and brittle. *Granas* are rubbed with grapeseed oil, wine and lampblack to seal out the air—like corking a bottle. Cheeses are auditioned by light thumpings of a hammer to test for maturity. A skilled tapper can tell by the tone when a cheese is ready.

The classic *grana* is parmesan. Parmesan reggiano (from the Reggio district) is without peer. Other place names are emiliano, lodigiano, modena and a grana padano from the Piedmont region. Parmesan was popular back in Boccaccio's time. One of the *Decameron* tales is about rolling plump pillows of ravioli down a mountain of grated parmesan, to coat the pasta. A tempting vision—it almost reads like a Restaurant Associates spectacular.

Romano or sardo romano is sharper and saltier than parmesan. Pecorino romano is made with sheep's milk, caprino romano with goat's milk. These days, we're seeing more and more asiago substituted for parmesan, because of price. Asiago is a piquant table cheese when young and an acceptable replacement for parmesan when fully aged. Young parmesan, incidentally, is often served as a table cheese in Italy, but it's hard to find in the States.

Switzerland is known for several very hard cheeses. The jade-colored sapsago is flavored with clover and may be grated into an omelet. Spalen, or sbrinz, is hard, pungent and richer in butterfat than parmesan. The cheese is so indurate it is often cut with a wood plane, the shavings sprinkled with pepper and eaten with vegetables.

All the very hard cheeses are primarily grated and used as condiments in soups, pastas, sauces, eggs and to gratinee casseroles, fish and baked vegetables. Dry monterey, an aged American jack, is used as a grating cheese on the West Coast.

CHEESE AND WINE

Cheese and wine are represented as the ideal gastronomic alliance and, indeed, they're a happy combination. But cheese is not a proper palate cleanser at a wine-tasting. If you're a serious sipper, you know that cheese makes wine appear better than it is, because it desensitizes the palate. Paul Kovi, savvy director of New York's prestigious Four Seasons restaurant, does not encourage his patrons to nibble strong cheese with his great vintages. For support, he cites the Bordeaux wine merchants' creed, "Buy on bread, sell on cheese."

Traditionalists want only red wine with their cheese, the stronger the cheese, the heavier the wine. Being candid as well as astute, Kovi has some definite recommendations in this area, not all of them classic. He prefers one of the medium-sweet Sauternes, a Barsac or Château Suduiraut, to accompany roquefort, a sturdy white Burgundy, perhaps a Meursault, with *crèmes* and creamy spreads, mature Bordeaux with brie and an extra-sec champagne with gourmandise or rambol. He regards Trappist cheeses as ideal mates for full-bodied Chambertins and caraway-flavored kuminost a fine foil for flowery Gewürztraminers.

Cheese has been described as milk's leap toward immortality. There's something for every palate in the multitude of varieties now on the market. Those who prefer rosé wines will probably opt for the mild-ripened or fresh-milk cheeses. However, if you've a touch of the swashbuckler, have a fling at the rowdier types, such as livarot and maroilles. But whatever way you go, you'll have a great time along the whey.

BEE ON THE FINGER

(continued from page 141)

Buckingham has the hands of a man. Like these." He turned up his palms. They were heavily callused. "Once, using nothing but a brass candlestick fashioned into a crude digging tool, these hands tunneled through forty feet of masonry and dirt to freedom. Yes, along with health, family life and fortune, I've sometimes even had to sacrifice my freedom for you and your generation. This ring is among the few things left to me. Must you take that, too?"

Bunting stared at the ring as though it were a malignant growth on his finger. "But when we reach Toronto, I'll get it cut off," he promised.

The man shook his head. "How do I know you won't make a break for it when we land and try to escape through the crowd? Oh, I have ways of stopping you. But they would attract attention and I don't want that. No, be realistic. There's only one way." He opened a small, pearl-sided penknife whose blade showed the mark of the whetstone. "The finger has to go at the knuckle," he said.

"The hell it does!" insisted Bunting loudly. "I——" But his mouth snapped shut and his eyes became large buttons of terror when the man seized the ring between his thumb and forefinger.

"It won't hurt as much as you might think," he said, signaling with the knife for Bunting to sit down on the commode. "Because of the shock, you see. Later it will hurt like the blazes, but not now. And if you get to a doctor soon enough, sometimes he can even sew the finger back on." The knife poised for the cut.

"I'll buy it," whispered Bunting quickly. He nodded his head. "I'll buy the ring."

"You'd pay two thousand dollars for a finger?" said the man with a twinkle in his eye. "Why, that's ten thousand dollars a hand. That's forty thousand dollars just for a set of fingers and toes. Come, young man, where's your sense of humor? Why, my profession places less value on a whole human life than you do on one of your little pinkies or piggies." He waved the knife. "Let's get the messy business over with."

"Sold for two thousand dollars," gasped Bunting. "I'll write you a check."

"No checks," said the man quite firmly. "A British secret-service major and I, both feeling our whiskey and sodas, once bet to see who could hang the longest by his hands from the battlements of Hdratyi Castle. I recall, incidentally, that as the major's fingers started slipping, he muttered 'Oh, bother' and fell without another sound into the dry moat. Unfortunately, his stake was in the form of a check and his estate stopped payment. So no checks. Just my luck, by the way, that after the body and effects had been shipped home, I learned the major always carried twenty gold sovereigns sewn into his belt."

"I've only got three hundred and seventy-two dollars on me," said Bunting hoarsely. "Honest." He pulled his belt out of its loops and handed it over. The man gave him a skeptical look and sawed through the belt with the knife. Nothing. He smiled regretfully and tossed the pieces into the corner.

"My watch," remembered Bunting, struggling to get the expansion band over his hand without touching the bee. "I paid four hundred dollars for it."

The man looked at the watch. "Ah, what a coincidence, it's a Labelle. I'm afraid you were cheated. The Labelle movement is counterfeit Swiss made in Albania. The Albanians smuggle them abroad to finance their espionage operations." He laughed. "What a joke if you turned out to be the Big Bad Wolf and I, Inspector Buckingham. But, of course, you're not. Why, you're positively trembling like a leaf and you're all clammy. No, Colonel Marco might be terrified, but he'd never show it. He has flair, has Marco."

"My grandfather's lucky cuff links,"

Our disposable is not so disposable.

The Rogers Disposable. It lasts longer. A lot longer.

One reason it's not so disposable is that it's made with extra fuel. (Enough to last about a month longer than the disposable you may now be using.)

It's not so disposable looking, either. In fact, it looks more like the higher-priced lighters than any other disposable you can buy.

It doesn't even work like other disposables. (It has a flip-top that makes lighting easier, and doesn't wear out your thumb.)

The Rogers Not-So-Disposable is also not so expensive. It costs just $1.29, in any of six colors.

The Rogers® Not-So-Disposable.
Butane Lighter.
$1.29

pleaded Bunting, working them out of his shirt. "Solid silver with garnets."

The man frowned. "You youngsters are really something," he said. "You'd bargain away your grandfather's lucky cuff links?"

Bunting was almost in tears. "I never even knew my grandfather," he insisted.

"All the more reason to treasure his cuff links!" shouted the man. "Doesn't the past have any value to you people at all?" He gave Bunting a contemptuous look. "So your finger means that much? All right, I accept your offer, just to be done with you." Bunting heaved a shuddering sigh of relief. The man pocketed the money, watch and cuff links. Then he pointed to the ring. "Since it's yours now, let me show you how to trigger the bite."

"No," said Bunting abruptly, squeezing his eyes shut. "I don't want to know."

"I thought perhaps you wouldn't," said the man. "Maybe it's just as well. Let's go back to our seats, then."

Horrified, Bunting shook his head in wild arcs. "I'm staying right here. If anybody bumped me, I could be a dead man."

"But this is a public toilet," said the man disdainfully. "Try not thinking of yourself all the time." Then he paused and tapped his chin. "Well, maybe I can help you out." He poked his head out the door and spoke to a stewardess. A moment later, she handed through to him a short-necked plastic baby bottle and a roll of adhesive tape. With Bunting sucking in his breath apprehensively, the man inserted the trembling finger with the ring on it into the bottle. Then he taped the bottle securely to Bunting's wrist. "A bit makeshift," he said. "But better than nothing." When Bunting looked down at the bottle unhappily, the man added, "I've just saved you from spending the rest of your life in a toilet. But don't thank me."

"Thank you," said Bunting meekly.

The man helped Bunting up onto unsteady legs and out the door. "Now, pull yourself together," he said. "People will be watching. Be a man." Bunting tucked the bottle close to his body and staggered stiffly down the aisle, holding his pants up with his elbow. He took the seat by the window and huddled there, guarding the bottle between his legs. The man sat down in the seat by the aisle. "Do you want your magazine?" he asked.

Bunting was breathing through his mouth. "No," he whispered.

The seat-belt sign came on. "We're landing," said the man, buckling Bunting's seat belt for him. "All you've got to worry about now is customs."

Bunting swallowed. "Customs?" he asked.

"A bottle taped to a wrist is bound to interest them," said the man. "And unless you have a convincing story, they'll probably start poking around the ring."

Bunting groaned helplessly. "A story? What kind of story?"

"How should *I* know?" said the man impatiently. "After a lifetime of concocting tall tales to get me into this country or out of that tough scrape, my imagination's exhausted. Now, let's see what the much-touted younger generation can do." He folded his arms and then he laughed. "We were talking before about the Big Bad Wolf, the Albanian master spy," he said. "Well, they say he started the rumor that concealed somewhere on his person—say in something like that ring—was a quantity of lethal, airborne bacteria powerful enough to destroy entire cities. Maybe it was a lie. Who knows? But it really discouraged people from searching him too closely. That's why the World Health Organization is so anxious to get its hands on him." He jabbed Bunting in the ribs mischievously. "WHO's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf," he said. "Get it? W-H-O. The World Health Organization."

Bunting squeezed his arms across his stomach and rocked back and forth in his seat. Except for moist and windy sobs, he made no sound until the plane had taxied to a stop.

As the other passengers crowded down the aisle, the man stood up. "It would be better that you not be seen with me, so I'll go on ahead," he said. "But you really must get ahold of yourself. Frankly, I'd have to say that so far, you haven't stood up well at all. This is your last chance to redeem yourself. Walk through customs like you owned it. Come, I'll meet you in the terminal. We'll laugh about all this over a drink." He frowned and put his hand on Bunting's shoulder. "There, now, young man, don't cry."

• • •

Customs was a medium-sized room with a baggage-delivery area on one side and four aisles and counters manned by customs officers on the other. The man located his bags, two old-fashioned belted suitcases of dark leather worn tan at the corners, and took his place in the longest line. But baggage inspection moved briskly and he was soon apprehensive. There was still no sign of Bunting. With a courtly bow, the man allowed two little old ladies to precede him in the line.

Suddenly and with a loud moan that blended terror and the desperate challenge of a cornered animal, Bunting burst through the door. Wild-eyed and holding up his pants with one hand and with the other balled up in his raincoat and carried in the crook of his arm like a football, he dashed across the room. In a bound, he was up on one of the counters and might have high-stepped his way past the startled customs officer if he hadn't tripped over an open suitcase. The customs officer grabbed him by the ankle. But Bunting kicked him on the side of the head and scrambled on all fours to the end of the counter. There he was tackled by another customs officer and dragged to the floor. Bunting—his howl had become a roar—fought his way to his feet. But the third customs officer brought him down from behind, while the fourth scurried off for reinforcements.

Picking up his two suitcases and excusing himself as he went, the man moved quickly up the line as though going to help subdue the lunatic. Instead, when he reached the tangle of arms and legs on the floor, he turned and passed unobserved through the door and out into the terminal. The plastic baby bottle must have been torn from Bunting's finger in the struggle, for as the door swung closed behind him, the ring was triggered and he heard a tinkling, music-box rendition of *Be My Little Baby Bumblebee.*

A haggard old limousine was waiting at the curb. The man threw the bags into the back seat and followed them.

"Any trouble, Colonel Marco?" asked the chauffeur, a young man with hair the color of flax.

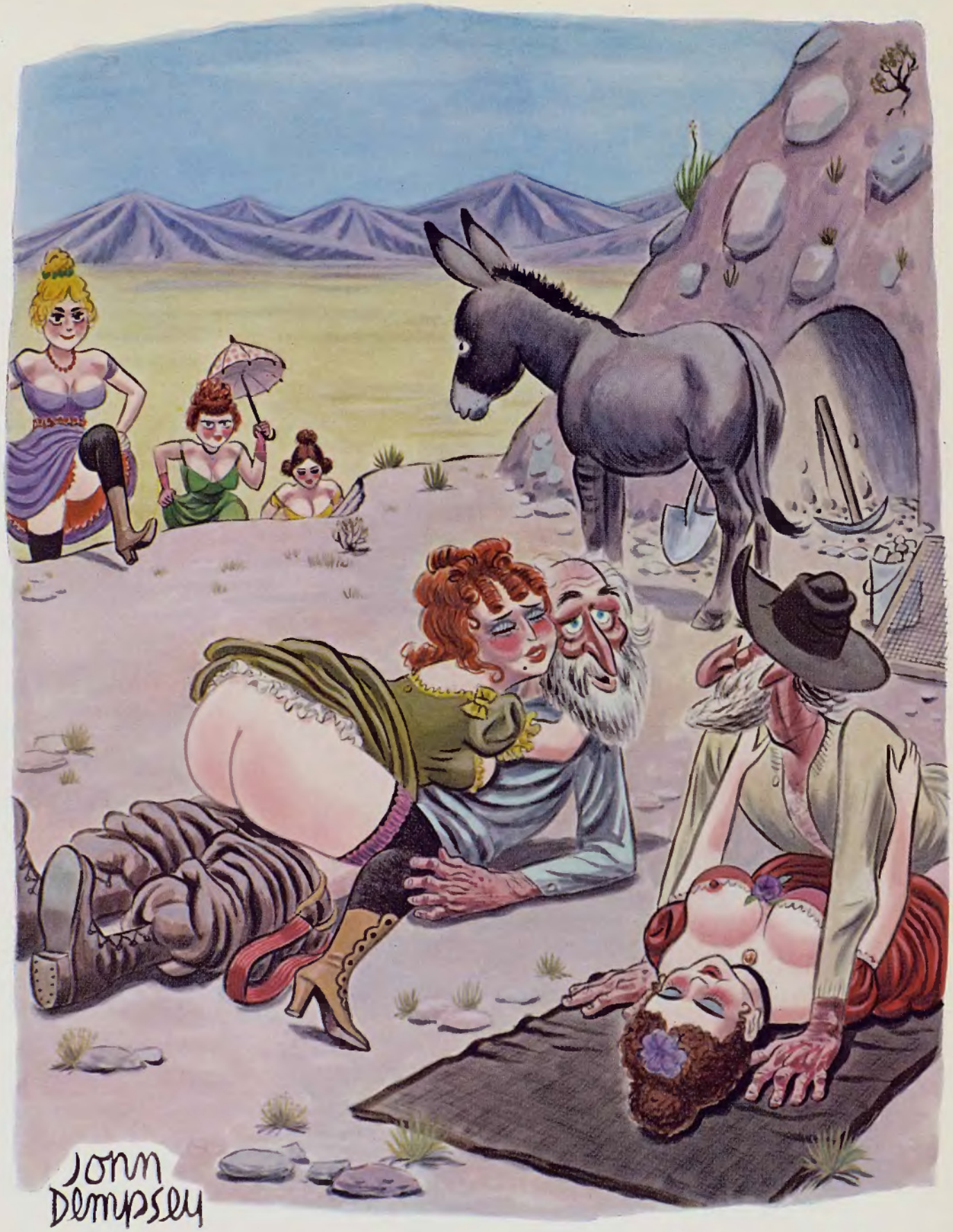
"I was afraid I'd been recognized on boarding," said the man. "A little diversionary action was necessary in case they wired ahead. It worked out just fine." He tapped a suitcase. "Another nine thousand counterfeit Swiss movements beneath the trusty false bottoms, Yanek." Still, he wished his people would find a handier way of financing their ventures. But at least now they were ready to move. The man smiled to himself. Watch out, Bucky Beaver and your precious Royal Canadian Naval Magneto. Here comes the Big Bad Wolf! Out loud he said, "Yanek, someday soon Albania will dominate the Adriatic."

"I hope so, sir," said Yanek, pulling out from the curb.

"By the way," said the man, relaxing against the seat, "that new receptionist, the shy, plump one who had just arrived at the consulate on my last visit, what was her name again? I bought her a little trinket. Unfortunately, I had to use it for my diversion."

"You mean Nadia, sir," said Yanek. "Nadia and I were married last week, sir."

"Congratulations, Yanek," said the man heartily, forcing a smile at the rear-view mirror. Then he sighed to himself. Well, the spoils from Bunting he would transfer from the Nadia Entertainment Fund to the Colonel Marco Retirement Fund. Indeed, all of a sudden he did feel old. He stared at the flaxen whorl of the back of the driver's head. Ah, you young people, he thought, won't you ever leave us anything?



"I don't know how they found out so soon that we struck pay dirt, but, Lordy, I'm not asking any questions."

city wheels *(continued from page 123)*

there, expecting to get rich, in spite of the fat boys in Detroit and all those Florence Nightingales in Washington. No matter how large the middle, there is always a fringe area, and here is where Gates and O'Donnell have chosen to stake their claims, although their approaches to the problem are hemispheres apart. Gates, a former resident engineering genius at General Motors, is heading a company that is manufacturing a PPV—a *people*-powered vehicle—that will sell for less money than you could tie up in a stereo system for your Caddy. James D. O'Donnell, on the other hand, is producing a far-out, American sports car that you can jump into for about 30 grand a copy. Gates in his search for the bottom line in basic transportation and O'Donnell with his high-buck luxury car are both seeking new ways to exploit the national fascination with vehicles and to counter the march toward homogenized automobiles.

Gates looks like a company man. Slope-shouldered and modestly sized, his manner is owlish and quietly precise, as befits his schooling at General Motors Institute and his 17 years of service in the engineering legions of the world's largest corporation. Now he occupies a small, white-walled office in a one-story factory in a Sterling Heights, Michigan, industrial park. His desk is an inexpensive steel model, cluttered with papers and engineering manuals. One end of the room is occupied by a drawing board as large as a billiard table. It, too, is piled with professional books and schematic drawings. It could be the office belonging to any one of a thousand senior engineers who labor quietly in the labyrinths of the Big Three. Now Gates is free of such duties and is the leader of a tiny, eager band of associates that has managed to be the first on the market with a PPV—a vehicle powered by . . . human beings. Out back, the 45 employees of EVI (Environmental Vehicles, Inc.) are hard at work fabricating part of the 40,000 PPV's they expect to produce this year.

O'Donnell, in the meantime, sits in a wood-paneled office on the 39th floor of the Time and Life Building in Manhattan. He is a sharp-featured man of middle age, with puffy, rather tired eyes and expensively cut, graying hair that falls stylishly over his ears. He is an investment banker, and he has the relaxed confidence of a high-dollar gambler who is used to winning. On a wall of his office hangs a painting of a prototype of his car—the Stutz—resurrected in name only from the limbo of the Depression and now being marketed by O'Donnell as the ultimate in vehicular extravagance. O'Donnell is no car nut like Gates. He has spent no lifetime in apprenticeship, preparing for his leap into the world of making cars. Automobiles stimulate little interest in him, by his own admission, except that he sees in them a source of revenue through the use of the once magic name of Stutz. While the clatter of Gates's factory is separated from him by a thin plaster wall, O'Donnell seldom connects physically with his cars. They are being fabricated thousands of miles to the east, in the northern Italian village of Cavallermaggiore, 35 kilometers down the road from Turin. Scanning his ledgers high above the bustle of Sixth Avenue, Big Jim hopes that the 35 craftsmen at Carrozzeria Saturn will one day soon sort out the endless production bottlenecks so that he will be able to import 10 to 20 Stutzes a month.

The contrasts between Gates and his pedal car and O'Donnell and his cryptoclassic need no belaboring. The two men are only similar in that they are trying to produce road vehicles for the American market—an endeavor that has had a mortality rate higher than the trench warfare at Verdun. Thousands of small firms have tried to nibble at the market of the auto goliaths and, save for a few—Avanti and Excalibur are the best known of a select lot—they have failed. But Gates has a clear chance. His product is hardly in direct competition with the major auto makers, primarily because his PPV isn't an automobile—at least in the classic sense that an automobile is powered by some sort of engine. Riding into the market place on the crest of such concerns as air pollution, the energy crisis and the need for physical fitness, his PPV has elicited major enthusiasm from investors. "I can't believe it," says Gates. "A guy just offered us a sum for a five percent piece of the company that was more than our total investment to date."

The People-Powered Vehicle just happened one day after lunch. Gates and Mike Pocobello, Ziggy Obidzinski and Dick Rutherford—his partners in Antares Engineering, a contract engineering firm the four ex–G.M. employees had started—had just returned from a quick sandwich to resume work on a special-project electric delivery truck when Gates blurted, "You know, the next great trend in transportation will be people-powered vehicles."

"You're crazy," said Pocobello.

But they spent the rest of the day at the drawing board, making sketches of a lightweight, pedal-powered machine that would transport two people at speeds up to 30 miles per hour. Within hours, the basic concept was clear. Their machine would be a tricycle configuration, to reduce the rolling resistance and to minimize the frontal area. Steering would be by a tiller connected to the front wheel. The body would be molded plastic. The prototype was built with an infinite-speed transmission that was a failure. "We made another mistake on the first one," says Gates. "We used a semilinear pedal motion, which meant that you pumped the thing like an organ. That was about 30 percent less efficient than the normal circular-rotation motion that is used on conventional bicycles. We changed it immediately." Early models appeared with a bicycle-type *dérailleur* five-speed transmission, but this, too, had limitations and finally Gates, Pocobello and Obidzinski developed and patented their own three-speed transmission that could be up-and-down-shifted while standing still, under way or coasting—something that could not be done with the *dérailleur*. Once this problem was overcome, the PPV was ready for production—provided the necessary capitalization could be found.

Antares Engineering was a shoestring operation. Gates and his associates had a solid reputation in automobile racing, primarily due to their major efforts with the famous Chaparral cars of Texan Jim Hall. These vaunted machines were for the most part creations of the research and development section of Chevrolet Engineering (although G.M. had an official nonracing policy) and it was Gates who did much of the basic design on the Chaparral 2J "vacuum cleaner"—the boxy Can-Am car that Hall and Jackie Stewart proved was the fastest road-racing machine ever built. It was so fast, and such a radical departure from normal race-car design—with its suction system that kept it glued to the track in corners—that the international racing authorities ruled it illegal. While the 2J was never seen on the race tracks again, Gates's reputation inside the sport was made, which in turn encouraged him and Pocobello (who was also a major factor in Chevrolet racing projects) to leave the company and start Antares.

While they were working on the PPV and other research efforts, they undertook the construction of three radical Indianapolis cars for the 1972 "500." They were weird, canoe-shaped machines that employed far-out streamlining theories. A shortage of development time doomed them to failure and caused Gates and his associates to plunge back into the PPV project with even greater zeal. If the Antares Indianapolis cars had been successful, it is possible that the PPV might have been shelved indefinitely. As it was, they carried on with the project, which will probably prove to be substantially more profitable than 100 Indy cars. A Michigan sportsman named U. E. "Pat" Patrick, who has made a fortune in oil and natural-gas exploration, provided the initial financial backing. "Actually, we were going to take the PPV idea to a big camera manufacturer in Chicago," says Gates. "Dick Rutherford, who handles Antares publicity and promotion, had written a 40-page proposal and because we were

(continued on page 228)

YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT AN AIR FORCE SKILL WILL SPARK.

We can't swear you'll hit it big after you've been in the Air Force. But what we can say is that we'll see to it you get the thorough technical training that will help you get the most out of any career opportunity that comes along.

We figure anybody can give you a job. But you want more than a job, you want a future. That's where we shine. The Air Force gives you a combination of both practical skill and sound theory. That's the combination that helps a man go up the ladder. Or helps him run a company of his own.

If you've got a bent for electrical work, for example, we've got dozens of different skills you can learn. If you lean more toward accounting, engineering, plumbing, or mechanics, we have those too. Take your pick before you sign up. If the one you want is available, the Air Force guarantees you'll get it. If it's not, we'll help you pick another one that best suits your aptitude.

Sleep on it. Then call 800-447-4700, toll free. (In Illinois 800-322-4400.) You'll get the full story on Air Force skills, and the paid vacations, good steady pay, and other benefits you'll get while you're mastering the one you want. Or mail in the coupon, and get the facts in black and white.

Air Force Opportunities 1-P-93
Box A
Randolph AFB, Texas 78148

Name_____
(Please Print)
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____
Soc. Sec. #_____ Age___ Sex___
High School_____
I understand there is no obligation.

FIND YOURSELF IN THE AIR FORCE.

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

MAN ACTS

It's been 40 years since British couples had the pleasure of dancing to the strains of the Duke Ellington band. Come this September 9–15, the intermission is over as the first Isle of Man jazz festival swings to life. Duke will be joined by Woody Herman, Wild Bill Davison, the Thad Jones–Mel Lewis Orchestra and the New Orleans Preservation Hall Jazz Band, among other American groups; they'll jam and joust with a variety of European performers, including the Merseysippi Jazz Band and Mr. Acker Bilk. The price for seven days of spectacular sounds is $110–$170, and that includes travel from London, accommodations. (Write Jazz-Man 73 Ltd., 51a Victoria Street, Douglas, Isle of Man.) Sorry, the Isle's casinos aren't part of the package.

FOR KENTUCKY-BLUE KILLYS

So there you are, the king of the mountain, buckled into your best pair of Hansons, about to begin a long, graceful schuss to the valley below. However, what you're about to ski on isn't white stuff but good old terra firma, and instead of Heads, those Hansons are affixed to a pair of weird-looking skate-board-type contraptions called TurfSkis. Manufactured by TurfSki, 976 Highway 22, Somerville, New Jersey, each ski contains seven barrel-shaped rollers set in an arc, with a rear skid plate that ensures maximum control. You just pick a grassy slope, grab your poles and shove off . . . so to speak. TurfSkis sell for $60 a pair without bindings, $80 with; both plus postage. Turf's up!

COLLECT APPROACH

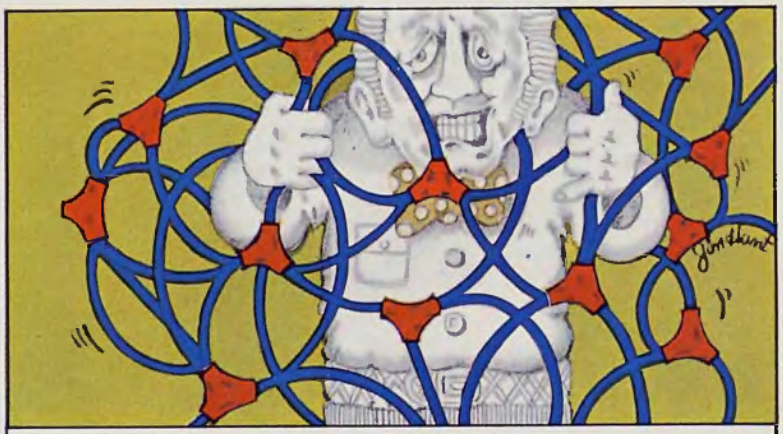
Somebody had to create it—a handsome new, subscription-only slick magazine dedicated to the accumulation of *things*. Yes, connoisseurs and trash-men everywhere, *Acquire* is your rag—and all for only $10 for ten issues sent to Acquire Publishing Company, 170 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010. Articles include "GI Collectibles," "The Beer Can Mania," "Collectors' Cars" and "What Happened to Bottles?" Do they *really* want to know?

MC AND MAC

A while back, it was Howdy Doody who turned college auditoriums into screaming peanut galleries. Now this fall it's Laurel and Hardy time as two fine actors, Chuck McCann (the "Hi Guy" in Right Guard ads) and Jim MacGeorge, take to the stage (and utilize original film footage) to present a whole evening of L & H. For more info, contact Another Fine Mess Company, 230 Park Avenue, New York. They've done it again, Stanley!

SINPOSTS

Planning a trip to Germany this fall? Companionship in West Berlin is only about six marks away with Dülk Publishers' *Stadtplan für Männer* (city map for men)—a nifty Baedeker to just about every naughty diversion your sinful heart could desire. Although the guide is printed in German, there's almost nothing lost in translation, as cartoon characters indicate on what byways you can expect to find specific types of action. A redhead beckoning from an open window says there's *Bordellbetrieb* on Münstersche Strasse. Along other boulevards of kinky dreams you'll find *Transvestiten*, *Homos* and, for the truly jaded, even a night club *mit* show.



CLUSTERS' FIRST STAND

They tried to tell us all the scientific things it's good for, such as illustrating the building principles of nature and grasping relationships between objects, but we know Space Clusters (from Master-Evans, 100 N. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois 60602) is really an intriguing technological toy. For $4, you receive a packet of 96 struts and intersects with which you can bend and build what-have-yous, letting your enormous creative talent run the show. The final configurations are ideal to hang up and stare at.

NEW BANG FOR A BUCK

Although the importation and sale of Chinese firecrackers came to an end this past July Fourth—courtesy of Uncle Sam—the demand for the large, colorful Oriental cracker labels is hotter than ever. To get six different 6" x 10" beauties, just send a buck to Rothman's, Box 167, Downingtown, Pennsylvania 19335. You'll receive Werewolf, Big Bomb, Grenade and/or other brands—plus a list of additional pyrotechnic ephemera available from West Germany and England. One tradition bites the dust, another rises from the ashes. Ka-boom!

YOUR MASCARA IS RUNNING, ED

If you think rock star Alice Cooper performs an animal act onstage, you should have seen him prior to showtime frantically searching for his eye shadow. But no more. Alice has turned entrepreneur and the resulting product is Alice Cooper Whiplash Mascara, available from Alive Enterprises, 155 W. 13th Street, New York, New York 10011. A tube goes for $2.95, plus 50 cents postage, and so great has been the response that other products are forthcoming. Soon, we're told, you'll be able to bubble bathe with Alice and, well, there's also an Alice Cooper deodorant in the works. Thank God.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

Now, what would be an appropriate symbol for a new swingles' complex going up on Chicago's Near North Side? A stallion? A pussycat? A turkey? No, some randy genius hit upon a satyr, and why not? Each pad will be a sybarite's delight, with open-balcony sleeping area and wrought-iron spiral staircase. Topside, a Plexiglas-enclosed pool with adjacent Bacchus bar will keep the goings on wet and wild. Rents at The Satyr are expected to range from $250 for a studio to $400 for a two-bedroom job. But best of all, on nights when residents are otherwise sated, there's always the Playboy Theater down the street.

city wheels *(continued from page 224)*

doing some aerodynamic-design studies on Pat's Indianapolis cars, we took a copy out to his home in Jackson. We just wanted him to read it and offer his comments. He called back the next day and said he was so impressed with the idea that he'd cover the capitalization."

Antares' new spin-off company, EVI, immediately moved into its 25,000-square-foot factory in Sterling Heights and began production. A majority of the young staff were Vietnam veterans, working on a liberal profit-sharing plan. Within months, a number of wildly enthusiastic distributors had been signed to handle a 30-state area. Most of the sales territory is in warm, Southern areas, although demand for PPVs in the affluent Eastern Seaboard suburbs is expected to be brisk.

The PPV is an impressive machine. Light (125 pounds), cheap ($389, fully equipped and assembled) and tough (space-age plastics), the PPV takes no experience and a minimum of strength to operate. "People can develop about one quarter horsepower for long periods and up to two horsepower in short bursts. With our transmission, a pair of pedalers can run all day, once they've found their pace," says Gates. Rolling along on 20-inch tires, two average males can cruise a PPV at 20 mph and can hit nearly 30 with frenzied, flat-out pumping. Operating in bottom gear, two men can crest a 15 percent grade without suffering cardiac arrest. Considering its three-wheel configuration, the PPV is amazingly stable. It will generate a cornering force of .8 *g*, which is better than most passenger cars. Its special drum brake is superb and really reckless maneuvering can tilt it up on two wheels with no danger of overturning.

Driving a PPV is something like being in a Grand Prix car designed by Schwinn. The seats are plastic buckets, with raked backs that give one the impression of being in the ground-hugging cockpit of a racing car. The plastic windscreen adds to the competition flavor of the machine. As in conventional American automobiles, steering is done from the left-hand seat, which faces a small control handle similar to that employed by light aircraft. This is gripped by both hands while under way and the hefty front-wheel drum brake is activated by a lever mounted on the right handle grip of the steering bar. The gearshift lever is mounted, sports-car fashion, on a console between the two seats. The passenger faces a solid, chromed grab bar on the cowling, which is handy during the prodigious cornering feats the PPV is capable of accomplishing.

No matter how sophisticated the PPV's system of gears might be, the end product of the mechanical-advantage chain remains the leg muscles of the passengers, and there is no sense kidding around about the fact that pumping a PPV over hill and dale can be hard work. While efficient, the semireclining position is not as effective as the upright posture required by a normal bicycle, and drivers contemplating serious travel are advised to seek out husky passengers. Nevertheless, people with normal strength, operating in relatively flat terrain, such as in most cities, can have a fantastic time with a PPV. It sails along in complete silence, save for a subdued, metallic hum from the drive chain and the gentle scrubbing noises of the three tires against the pavement. Establishing a cadence between driver and passenger as to when to pedal and when to coast is simple enough, and the sensation is one of freedom and motion.

"We have to keep upgrading our sales estimates for the PPV," says Rutherford. "For a while, we looked at a maximum yearly production of 280,000 units. But now that seems obsolete, especially with European markets beginning to open up. What makes this thing really beautiful is that it isn't a toy. It *works*. People of all ages can use it for all kinds of errands and short-haul travel and recreation. The possibilities were unlimited, we thought, before the energy crisis. But now, with people predicting that gasoline may reach one dollar a gallon in a few years, the PPV's potential is breath-taking."

It is sufficiently breath-taking so that several other manufacturers have already entered the field. EVI's most serious short-term rival is probably the Environmental Tran-Sport Corporation of Windsor, Connecticut, which hopes to produce its Pedicar for about $500—as soon as sufficient financial backing is obtained. The Pedicar, designed by Robert Bundschuh, a 38-year-old aircraft engineer, is a four-wheel two-seater, complete with a roof (the PPV is open, although a surrey top is optional). It utilizes a "linear-torque drive system" (the organ-pedal-pusher system rejected by Gates), operating through a five-speed transmission. The Pedicar, due to its greater frontal area, higher rolling resistance and theoretically less efficient propulsion method, does not seem—at initial glance—to be as sophisticated a machine as the PPV, but Gates does not discount it as a rival. "If they get into production, they'll be a factor, but it won't in any way affect our goal to become the largest light-vehicle manufacturer in the United States."

Gates and Pocobello have already completed the prototype of an electric-powered version of their PPV. Four other radical, zero-pollution vehicles of various configuration are also under development at EVI and Gates candidly admits that some will work, some won't, but all will be tried. "Like they say, experience is a hard school, but fools learn in no other," he muses over the rumble of the assembly line beyond the wall.

While the little band at Antares seems to have solved its basic production problems and is preparing to open a second, larger manufacturing facility while thinking in six-figure annual outputs, O'Donnell would be delighted if his tiny Italian factory could provide him with half a dozen cars a week. "Our major problem is production," he says. "During the first three years we were in operation, we were able to build only 25 cars. We had been hoping for that many a month. We had unbelievable problems with strikes, labor shortages and supply difficulties. The Italians are great prototype builders, but they don't like steady production work. Finally, last September, we had to gather up our own group and organize production our own way. Since then, things have been improving."

O'Donnell's entry into the car business was through the back door. It rose out of the abortive attempt by a group of Indianapolis businessmen to resurrect the fabled Duesenberg during the middle Sixties. Operating in the vanguard of the great nostalgia craze, a number of speculators and car freaks decided during that period that what America really wanted was updated versions of famous but defunct car marques. A Tulsa designer created a plastic-bodied, Corvair-engine-powered version of the Cord (much modified, it remains in limited production), while others rushed into the market with everything from a replica Model A built on a pickup-truck chassis to bogus updates of Auburn Speedsters and Type 35 Bugattis. "The Duesenberg firm was in financial trouble from the start and my investment firm was called into the case. After diligent study of their situation, I could see that the concept had real potential, except that their particular operation had incurable management and financial problems. What impressed me was the number of signed purchase orders from important people. It seemed to me that the idea of taking an American-built chassis and giving it handmade steel coachwork of exclusive design had real merit."

Operating with his head, not his heart, O'Donnell created the Stutz Motor Car Company of America with one idea in mind: to make money. Unencumbered by sentimentality, he set out with a financier's pragmatic aim of turning a profit. He immediately engaged two men who had been involved in the Duesenberg project: Virgil Exner, the former chief stylist of Chrysler Corporation remembered for his swooping, winged, rococo Dodges, DeSotos, Plymouths, Imperials of the late Fifties known as the Forward Look; and Paul Farago, a veteran of

"We're a fun-loving monarchy."

Italian-American custom-car construction who was responsible for the Dual-Ghia, a Dodge hybrid that gained limited cache a decade ago when it became standard-transport issue for the so-called Rat Pack of Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis Jr., Peter Lawford, et al. After O'Donnell had discovered that the Stutz label was public property and legally made it his own, Farago and Exner created a car under which they would slide the trademark. Realizing that the major expense of an automobile lies in the drive train and chassis, they decided to use the Pontiac Grand Prix as the basis for the new Stutz. It was chosen, says O'Donnell, because of its relatively narrow frame rails and the rearward placement of the engine, which permits a long, rakish hood. One can only speculate how Harry C. Stutz would have reacted to his name's being used on a custom-bodied Pontiac Grand Prix. His Bearcat two-seater open sports car of 1914–1919 is synonymous with the flapper era and remains one of the milestone automobiles. When the Depression finally destroyed the great marque, its Black Hawks and superlative DV-32 high-performance, luxury machines ranked with the best in the world. Today, the few remaining Stutzes are among the rarest and most desirable cars for wealthy and discriminating collectors. In contrast to these marvelous automobiles, which featured double overhead camshafts, straight-eight engine, four-speed transmission, centralized chassis lubrication, massive hydraulic brakes, etc., the latest version's automotive excellence is only label-deep. The Pontiacs are bought in complete, ready-to-drive form and shipped to Italy, where O'Donnell's crew strips away the Grand Prix body and refits a steel version designed by Exner and overseen by Farago. Aside from the attachment of Koni shocks, new wheels and tires, precious little is done with the original General Motors hardware. In fact, Federal emission regulations forbid tampering with the stock 455-cubic-inch Pontiac engine, and the G.M. Turbohydramatic automatic transmission is excellent as it is, so that, too, is left stock. In essence, all the basic mechanical components of the Stutz are pure, undistilled Pontiac.

The body itself, which utilizes Pontiac window-lifting mechanisms, door hinges and latches, window glass, instrumentation, air conditioning, etc., is well made of heavy-gauge steel, with the proper amount of traditional Italian coachbuilder's attention to detail, including superb English-leather upholstery and a multicoat lacquer paint job. The styling itself is debatable, both in taste and in execution. Because many of the inner panels of the original Grand Prix have been retained, it has been difficult for Exner to conceal the original over-all contours created by G.M. chief stylist William Mitchell and his staff. He has, however, succeeded in adding a number of organic accent lines and filigrees, so that at first glance one is given the impression that the new Stutz has been molded from ice cream and is beginning to melt. Such effluvia as fake exhaust pipes beneath the doorsills add to the over-all impression that the Stutz is a rich man's answer to the Kalifornia Kustom Kar Kraze. O'Donnell is fond of saying that his car has "an Italian body with an American heart" and justifies the use of so many G.M. components on the basis that designing and building an original engine, transmission, etc., alla Lamborghini or Ferrari, would be prohibitively expensive. "Besides, under our system, a Stutz owner can have his car serviced at any Pontiac dealership and it gives a billion-dollar parts inventory without any expenditure on our part."

This close relationship with General Motors has an added bonus: Should you want to find out what it is like to drive a Stutz, a road test is no farther away than your nearest Pontiac dealer. A drive around the block in a new Grand Prix will give you a reasonable impression, although the added bulk of the Stutz—much of which is insulation and sound-deadening material—makes O'Donnell's

device seem more sumptuous. The claimed weight is in the neighborhood of 4500 pounds, but the car creates a feeling of the inert bulk of perhaps three tons. It is quiet and the thick odor of the English leather and the lacquered wood paneling give one an initial impression of luxury, but this elegance is slogging along on the suspension of a mass-produced Detroit car with the inherent limitations of this relatively primitive species. The addition of high-priced shock absorbers and first-class tires cannot conceal the reality that the Stutz is sluggish and clumsy when compared with the thoroughbreds in its price range.

With the present instability of the dollar, a new Stutz will cost you nearly $30,000. Over 100 have been delivered in the United States, while several others have been delivered in Europe and the Middle East. However, over 90 percent of all Stutzes have been sold in Los Angeles, the nutball car capital of the world. There, Jules Meyers, a bright, hard-hitting young car dealer, takes his allotment of the cars and makes them even more elaborate than O'Donnell's original. He spends an extra $5000–$8000 on carefully modifying the engine for additional smoothness and power, improving the suspension, adding thicker insulation, plus some 14-kt.-gold interior trim and a leather spare-tire cover. One might think that this addition of frosting to the fruitcake would make the dessert too sweet for anybody's taste, but recently, Meyers claimed that he had 67 orders for new Stutzes, each with a $10,000 deposit. Most of those sold have been purchased by the Hollywood showbiz crowd—a group hardly renowned for its taste. Stutz press releases constantly harp on the fact that such celebs as Elvis Presley, Dick Martin, Lucille Ball, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis Jr., Robert Goulet and Arthur Willey, Jr., ex-director of Lubrizol Corporation, are owners. After the Dual-Ghia passed out of fashion, the Hollywood crowd glommed onto the Excalibur, a quasi reproduction of the SSK Mercedes-Benz, for its status vehicle, then leaped into Mercedes-Benz 250SL sports cars for a while. Now the trendies are driving Stutzes, not because the Stutz has any particularly redeeming features as an automobile but because it is exclusive, ostentatious and expensive. Anyone who understands the strange workings of status in Hollywood can see that Dean Martin and the Stutz mate like diamond pinkie rings and white-on-white shirts. With Rolls-Royce and Bentley expected to produce nearly 2800 cars this year, thereby reducing their exclusivity, and Ferraris difficult for a nonexpert to drive, and *everybody* owning a Mercedes-Benz, what is one to do—aside from buying a Stutz?

The Stutz is the Hollywood cult car of the hour, and for O'Donnell, that is all he needs. He has the field to himself at the present time, aside from the limited threat imposed by something called the Bugazzi—a gussied-up Lincoln Continental Mark IV, being manufactured in minute quantities in Hollywood by an organization called California Show Cars. Despite his protests that his Stutz is a completely original car fabricated with uncompromising attention to detail, with the finest materials, O'Donnell is a perceptive man who understands that true quality is a strange amalgam of tradition and craftsmanship, and that his car's "American heart" badly compromises his product. But he is a businessman, not a car connoisseur, and his automobile is perfectly aimed at a specific market.

So Jim O'Donnell and Don Gates are forging ahead in their own distinct worlds of automotive extremism, which is a debatable virtue but, on the other hand, is hardly a vice. Each understands that no matter how far the mass-market standardization is carried, there will be those who will continue to seek—even crave—vehicles that are unique, if nothing else. As long as we have wheels, man will be coming up with offbeat conveyances to roll on them.

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 174)

be aided by backs Tyrell "Hurricane" Hennings and Rudy Green, both of whom are skilled blockers.

The absence of Dartmouth from its accustomed place as pre-season Ivy favorite is explained by the graduation of 15 starters. Although the Big Green are crying poverty, we are skeptical. It's true that the quarterbacking will be unexceptional and the defensive line will be conspicuously lean, but many of the incoming sophomores are extremely good football players. Also, Jake Crouthamel is a cagey coach and—best of all—the Indians play Penn, Yale and Cornell in Hanover.

The Columbia passing attack will probably be its only major strength in 1973. New quarterback Jose Rios, a transfer from Miami (Florida), who looks like a gem, will be throwing to supersoph receiver Dexter Brown and tight end Mike Telep. The Lions' offensive line will be anchored by huge (255 pounds) center Jorge Rodriguez.

Brown will be the most improved team in the Ivy League, but that's not saying much. It's won only one game in the past two seasons. Still, new coach John Anderson will have more talent at his disposal than has blessed the Brown squad in many years, including an impressive collection of sophomore linemen and dazzling runner Hubie Morgan.

Princeton has been in the doldrums for several seasons, and this year looks no better. Defensive depth will again be the major problem. At least the offense, with sophomore halfbacks Bob Reid and Kevin Kaufman, will score more points than last year.

Harvard will have an outstanding collection of sophomores (especially 6'5", 250-pound offensive tackle Dan Jiggetts) but not much of anything else. The entire offensive backfield and nearly the whole defensive unit graduated, so the Crimson will switch to a ball-control strategy and hope for the best.

Delaware will again dominate the smaller Eastern schools. The only difference, as the Hens try for their third consecutive college-division national championship, is that their strong suit will be offense.

After spring practice, Holy Cross coach Ed Doherty seemed happy with his charges for the first time in years. If the Crusaders can assemble a decent offensive line, they'll have their best season in a decade. Nine freshmen lettered last season, so there will be some good young talent on hand. Also, two incoming freshmen, defensive end Dave Frenette and fullback Mark Cannon, are good enough to start immediately; and safety John Provost and defensive tackle Lou Kobza could be future All-Americas.

Rookie coach Paul Kemp has taken over a Boston University team that won only two games in '72 because of inexperience and lethargy. Neither problem will remain this fall. Sixteen starters return and during spring practice, Kemp knocked heads together with such intensity that fistfights broke out. All this lethal enthusiasm will likely produce a winning season. Rutgers will have more good players than in many years, especially runner Jim Jennings, who appears to be the best athlete on campus since Alex Kroll graduated. However, Rutgers' schedule may preclude improvement over last year's 7–4 record.

Temple suffered severe offensive graduation losses, but the replacements are top-grade, especially quarterback Steve Joachim, a transfer from Penn State. If a good defensive unit can hold out until the offense jells, the Owls will finish strong. Colgate claims to have the best wishbone quarterback in the nation in Tom Parr. If their soso defense—returning virtually intact—improves enough, Parr and strong fullback Mark van Eeghen won't have to score more than 30 points in order to win a game.

Lehigh was one of the more improved teams in the East in 1972 and, with quarterback Kim McQuilken returning, it will be even stronger this season. With one more year to play, McQuilken already holds every Lehigh passing record.

Both Gettysburg and Bucknell hope their young defensive units can mature quickly enough for them to win some games. Lafayette will be much improved, because the Leopards will finally have a decent passing game to go with the dazzling running of Tony Giglio.

• • •

Michigan and Ohio State, for the fifth time in six years, will fight it out for the Big Ten championship in the final game of the season. Both squads are deep in talent, experience, speed, size and good coaching, and both will probably enter their showdown game without a loss. It will be played in Ann Arbor, which, if history is any guide, will give the Wolverines a strong edge. The Rose Bowl game, with Southern California, will be a replay of Agincourt.

Michigan seems to have one important

"Well, I'm not sending him any thank-you note, if that's what you mean!"

advantage over Ohio State: quarterback Dennis Franklin. He will throw more often this year and, with a good set of receivers, led by tight end Paul Seal, should be devastating. At Ohio State, incumbent quarterback Greg Hare is being pressed by sophomore Cornelius Greene. Going into fall practice, coach Woody Hayes declares the job still open. If Woody gives the position to Greene, the Buckeyes will have one of the youngest starting backfields in the country, with junior Harold Henson at fullback and sophomores Archie Griffin and Brian Baschnagel as the running backs. The Buckeye running attack, as usual, will be fearsome, but Michigan's two prodigious fullbacks, Ed Shuttlesworth and Bob Thornbladh, will make the Wolverines nearly as overpowering on the ground as the Buckeyes. The defensive units of both squads are built around PLAYBOY All-Americas, tackle Dave Gallagher at Michigan and linebacker Randy Gradishar at Ohio State. The top athlete on either team, though, is PLAYBOY All-America offensive lineman John Hicks at Ohio State.

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

Michigan	11–0	Indiana	5–6
Ohio State	9–1	Michigan State	5–6
Iowa	6–5	Minnesota	4–7
Illinois	6–5	Northwestern	3–8
Purdue	6–5		
Wisconsin	5–6		

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Northern Illinois	10–1	Miami	5–5
Toledo	9–2	Western Michigan	4–7
Bowling Green	7–3	Ohio University	2–8
Kent State	7–4		

INDEPENDENTS

Notre Dame	9–1	Xavier	5–6
Marshall	6–5	Dayton	5–6
Cincinnati	5–6		

TOP PLAYERS: Seal, Gallagher, Shuttlesworth, Brown, Franklin (Michigan); Gradishar, Hicks, Henson, Griffin, Baschnagel (Ohio State); Penney, Douthitt, Jackson (Iowa); Roberson, Perrin, Kogut, Uremovich (Illinois); Capria, Pruitt, Peterson (Purdue); Webster, Lick (Wisconsin); Barzilauskas, Sukurs, Buckner (Indiana); Simpson, Shinsky, Brown, Nester (Michigan State); King, Herkenhoff, Simons (Minnesota); Craig, Varty, Boykin (Northwestern); Kellar (Northern Illinois); Swick (Toledo); Miles, Polak (Bowling Green); Lambert, Kokal (Kent State); Hitchens (Miami); Riggio, Cates (Western Michigan); Bevly (Ohio University); Casper, Pomarico, Townsend, Neihaus (Notre Dame); Henry (Marshall); Harrison (Cincinnati); Dydo (Xavier).

Iowa coach Frank Lauterbur says much progress was made in spring practice toward rebuilding his offensive line. If his assessment is correct, the Hawkeyes will enjoy their first winning season since 1961. They have a wealth of good runners and Butch Caldwell appears capable of providing consistent quarterbacking, an element that was missing in 1972. Fifteen freshmen saw much action last season. Among these, the most pleasant surprise was walk-on linebacker Andre Jackson, who became the Big Ten's leading tackler. He and end Dan Dickel will head a formidable defensive unit. So Iowa should be a powerhouse next year, if the final spring depth chart is any indication. Only four seniors are listed number one in their positions.

"Screwed any good light bulbs lately, Ed?"

Both Wisconsin and Illinois will be much improved. Each school has a number of talented freshmen and few graduation losses. Nine of Wisconsin's offensive starters return, giving the Badgers a rugged, seasoned line to protect new passer Gregg Bohlig, who is also an elusive runner. He will be helped by supersoph runner Billy Marek. A freshman receiver, Randy Rose, looks like a sure bet to be a starter his first year. A strong group of sophomores, best of whom is tackle Terry Stieve, will more than make up for defensive losses. The Badgers play some of the nation's top teams this year (Colorado, Nebraska, Ohio State and Michigan). Don't be surprised if they beat one or two of them.

Coach Bob Blackman seems finally to have completed his rebuilding job at Illinois. Except for quarterback Mike Wells and defensive end Tab Bennett, there were no serious graduation losses. Tom McCartney, Wells's heir apparent, will face severe competition from sophomores Jim Kopatz and Terry Ormsbee and freshman Mike McCray, a prep All-America from South Bend, Indiana, who somehow got away from Ara Parseghian. Halfbacks Lonnie Perrin and George Uremovich will provide a forceful running attack, with much help from rookies Steve Greene and Tracy Campbell. The defensive line may be weak, but gigantic (6'3", 260 pounds and still growing) freshman tackle John DiFeliciantonio could provide the needed help. Illinois' schedule is a bit relaxed compared with the past two seasons', so it should enjoy its first winning season since 1965.

Few teams have suffered such severe graduation losses as Purdue did last spring. Fifteen starters have departed, eight of whom were taken in the first seven rounds of the N.F.L. draft. This year's squad is green but talented, and new coach Alex Agase is a master at getting the most from limited material. It boggles the mind to consider what Agase

could have done at Purdue had he been its coach last season, but the Purdue campus is a talent magnet and it should take Agase no more than three years to capture the Big Ten championship.

Indiana's 1972 campaign was wrecked by a midseason injury to quarterback Ted McNulty. New coach Lee Corso has no fewer than seven promising candidates for McNulty's job this year. Best of the group appear to be 6'4" Willie Jones and freshman Terry Jones, both of whom will fit perfectly into Corso's pro-style offense. Runners Ken Starling and Ken St. Pierre are capable, also, so the Hoosiers will have little trouble moving the ball. The defense will be questionable, except for two massive linemen, Carl Barzilauskas and Greg McGuire, and Quinn Buckner, who was one of the best safeties in the country last year as a freshman. Four members of a windfall freshman class, defensive linemen Dave Knowles and Elmer Burton, linebacker Robert Roberts and defensive back Phil Yancey, are good enough to be immediate starters. Under Corso, Indiana will be a daring, loose, entertaining team. Corso has a reputation for being a bit flaky, because he is a colorful, spontaneous coach with a tendency to try something unexpected. But his gambles have a way of paying off and he'll make some big waves during his first year in the Big Ten.

Graduation depleted both Michigan State lines. On offense, that was no great loss. The new front wall, even though inexperienced, will be better than the old one. The same goes for the new coach, Denny Stolz. But unless some of last season's reserves mature quickly, the defensive line will be weak and undermanned. State's running game will be built around David "Indiana" Brown and the Spartans will at last have a dependable passer in Charles Baggett. PLAYBOY All-America Bill Simpson will give the Spartans excellent punting. They'll need it.

Minnesota will field an even younger team than in 1972—when it was the youngest in the league—because many freshmen and sophomores are good enough to beat out older reserves. Offensively, rookie John Lawing has the inside track at quarterback and runner Rick Upchurch, a junior college transfer, will add blazing outside speed to fullback John King's inside power. King, working behind a huge and agile line, will account for much of the Gopher offense. Since many of the squad's positions will be filled by freshmen (the recruiting campaign last winter was the most successful in school history), miscues may be a major problem; but look for the Gophers to come on late in the season.

An inexperienced defense undid Northwestern last fall, and the situation won't be much better this year. New coach John Pont will search the incoming freshmen for speedy feet to help the thin, young line. The offense, however, could be as powerful as any seen in Evanston since Ara Parseghian departed. Last fall's two running sensations, Greg Boykin and Jim Trimble, return and will be joined by sophomore Rich Boothe, who could turn out to be the best of all. Mitch Anderson, one of the better passers in the league, will team with tight end Steve Craig to give the Wildcats a productive pass attack. One thing for sure, Northwestern will be an entertaining team to watch. Pont is always willing to gamble and surprise plays are part of his game plan. It should be a fun year, at least, in Dyche Stadium.

This is Northern Illinois' first year in the Mid-American Conference, and the Huskies, with plenty of seasoned talent, should win it. One thing helping them is the fact that they play neither of the M.A.C.'s other favorites, Kent State or Toledo. The Huskies' main offensive weapon will be Mark Kellar, a 232-pound fullback.

Toledo, after a year of rebuilding, is back in the thick of the M.A.C. championship fight, since last year's major liability, inexperience, has been helped simply by the aging process. Bowling Green will have a senior-dominated team. Unless last season's anemic passing attack can be fixed, tailback Paul Miles will provide most of the offense.

Kent State will be as strong as last season's surprising team, but, unfortunately for the Flashes, the opposition will be stronger. Greg Kokal, an outstanding quarterback as a freshman, has presumably improved with age and Olympic gold-medal winner Gerald Tinker will again provide a large share of the thrills with his breath-taking punt returns.

Miami has had four straight 7–3 seasons, but the fans are muttering because the Redskins can't seem to nail down a Conference championship. This year, Miami still has top runner Bob Hitchens, plus a new quarterback, Steve Sanna, who can both run and pass. Western Michigan's success will depend on an offensive line that was annihilated by graduation. Running back Larry Cates looks like the league's best. Ohio University, thin at most every position, is overscheduled against such teams as Northwestern, South Carolina and Penn State. The first-stringers are good enough to make a run for the Conference championship, but a few injuries will destroy any chance. If the Ohio schedulers are going to throw their athletes to the Lions (Nittany), they should at least provide reinforcements.

With an easy schedule and more talent than a year ago, it will be a major disaster if Notre Dame loses more than one game. The Irish will have more running speed than in the past six years and a superb offensive line, anchored by PLAYBOY All-Americas Frank Pomarico and Dave Casper, will give all those runners plenty of daylight. Casper, the best athlete on the team, can play any position in the offensive or defensive line, but will probably spend the season at offensive tackle and tight end. Tom Clements, a good roll-out quarterback, should be much improved with a year's experience. However, defense, last year's weakness due to injuries, is still a problem. If a few freshmen can break into the line-up like awesome tackle Steve Neihaus did last year, the Irish will have a shot at the national championship.

It will be three years this November since the air crash that killed most members of the Marshall football team, so this year's seniors are the freshmen who carried on after the tragedy. They will still be a young squad, but some fine freshmen should provide the depth so painfully lacking the past three years. With a little luck, the Thundering Herd could have a winning season. Xavier, with added depth, should avoid last year's crippling injuries. The major problem is to put together an offensive line to protect passer Tim Dydo. New coach Tony Mason took over a Cincinnati team that was dispirited and lethargic and its transformation in spring practice was nearly miraculous. Available talent is respectable and the schedule is less backbreaking than a year ago, so Cincinnati should show vast improvement in Mason's first season.

The Dayton Flyers, who have historically ignored the pass, will now feature an aerial-minded, pro-set and veer offense installed by new coach Ron Marciniak.

• • •

This should be the big year that Florida fans have been waiting for since Doug Dickey returned to coach at his alma mater three years ago. The Gators were a very young team in '72, starting nine sophomores and two freshmen. But they were also talented, some ingenuous mistakes notwithstanding; better, in fact, than several Florida teams that have gone to bowl games. This year, 38 of last season's top 44 players return. The offense will again be led by phenomenal Nat Moore, a PLAYBOY All-America who seems to run sideways as fast as forward. The defensive unit will be very tough, so if some adequate receivers can be found and freshman runners Alvin Cowans, Larry Brinson and Robert Morgan can relieve the pressure on Moore, Florida should be the best team in the South. With this likely prospect in mind, we've chosen coach Dickey as PLAYBOY's 1973 Coach of the Year for his masterful rebuilding job.

Unyielding defensive platoons are a tradition at Tennessee. No one can remember when defense was a Vol weakness, but that appeared to be the case during spring practice as several young players who were supposed to replace the seven graduated defensive starters failed to come through. Fortunately, the offensive unit was proportionately improved,

Hitachi brings automatic shift to cassette recording.

The difference between Hitachi's TRQ-340 cassette recorder and conventional types is the difference between automatic and stick shift.

Hitachi's new TRQ-340 runs on two motors instead of one so you can perform instant review and cue.

For instance, if you want to review a portion of the tape you just press rewind. When you release it, play continues. No need to press the stop button. No need to re-press the play button.

Simple. And to make it even easier, the buttons are placed in logical order.

The new TRQ-340 gives you a lot of other features you'd expect on much larger and higher priced machines.

Like durable ferrite heads, the kind you find on expensive tape decks.

A built-in Sensimatic condensor microphone that picks up even faint sounds.

Hitachi's Levelmatic for perfect automatic recording level control.

An Auto Stop which cuts off both the drive mechanism and power at the end of the tape.

A pause button which keeps the motor running so the tape starts instantly once the pause button is released.

A ¼-inch output jack so you can use headphones.

A three-digit tape counter. So you'll know exactly how far along the tape you are.

A "kangaroo pouch" for easy cassette loading. And a 1500 milliwatt amplifier to cut out "tinny" sound.

Ask for a demonstration of the new TRQ-340 and other Hitachi recorders at your local dealer's. Or write for information: **Dept. P-5, Hitachi Sales Corporation of America, 48-50 34th Street, Long Island City, New York 11101.**

Quality always comes first at

HITACHI

The Hitachi TRQ-340. The tape recorder with instant replay. It sells for under $90. But it works like the expensive models.

all of which means there should be some high-scoring games in Knoxville this fall. PLAYBOY All-America runner Haskel Stanback and versatile quarterback Condredge Holloway lead a deep and skilled offense. There is an impressive assortment of runners behind Stanback, the best receiving corps in years and an improved offensive line. If the defense can be patched in fall practice, the Vols could be unbeatable.

If Alabama is to repeat last year's championship season, coach Bear Bryant will have to find replacements for the core of his offensive line, his quarterback and three fourths of his defensive secondary. Three fine passers (Gary Rutledge, Robert Fraley and Richard Todd) showed up in spring practice, with Rutledge emerging as the slight favorite to win the starting berth. Whoever does the throwing will have top-grade receivers: The Bear says split end Wayne Wheeler is one of the best anywhere, and supersoph tight end George Pugh could be the most pleasant surprise of the year. An exciting new runner, Willie Shelby, will add zip to an already strong ground game so the major problem area as fall practice opens is the defensive secondary, which, according to the Bear, "is where you win or lose games."

How can a team graduate 15 starters and still be as strong as ever? It must have Louisiana State's depth. LSU is so loaded with good football players that, amazingly, even passer Bert Jones may not be missed, because the two quarterbacks fighting for his job, Mike Miley and Billy Broussard, have the potential to be as good as he is. Unlike Jones, however, both Miley and Broussard are sprint-out quarterbacks, so the offense will have to be somewhat reprogramed for them. Coach Charley McClendon compares tailback Brad Davis (a straight 4.0 student, incidentally) to former LSU great Jimmy Taylor. A sleeper on the Tiger squad could be splitback Norm Hodgins, who was switched from the defensive backfield and was spectacular during spring practice. The defense, keyed by sterling linebackers Warren Capone and Bo Harris and cornerback Mike Williams, will be even stronger than last year's solid team.

Ole Miss will feature two exceptionally talented quarterbacks whose combined talents should make the Rebs' offense dangerous in any situation. Norris Weese is a great runner and a good passer. Kenny Lyons is a great passer and a good runner. Their top receivers, split end Bill Malouf and PLAYBOY All-America tight end Butch Veazey, are spectacular. Robert "Gentle Ben" Williams is a superb defensive tackle, the first black to play for Ole Miss. Williams lettered last year as a freshman and is a certain superstar. If key injuries can be avoided, Mississippi will be a factor in the S.E.C. championship race.

Georgia will enjoy a vital asset that was missing last season: an experienced offensive line. It will block for a splendid backfield, including quarterback Andy Johnson and runners Jimmy Poulos and Horace King, and if Johnson should falter, fabulous freshman passer Ray Goff can take over.

Last year, Auburn surprised the football world with a 10–1 season. Its success formula consisted of (A) an amazingly effective transition from a passing to a running offense, built around no-name players, (B) a typically lean and hungry defense, (C) good kicking and (D) a year free of costly errors or crippling injuries. This year, the most notable no-name (runner Terry Henley) has graduated, as have most of his better blockers and both regular kickers. The defense, with the best linebackers in the league, will again be rugged, but the Tigers will have to repeat last year's avoidance of errors and injuries to have another winning year. We fear the odds are against them. In fact, their schedule is so murderous that the Tigers could finish with fewer wins than some weaker S.E.C. teams.

Mississippi State's happy dilemma in

THE SOUTH

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Florida	11–0	Georgia	6–5
Tennessee	10–1	Auburn	4–7
Alabama	10–1	Mississippi St.	5–6
Louisiana St.	7–4	Vanderbilt	6–5
Mississippi	7–4	Kentucky	4–7

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

North Carolina State	8–3	Virginia	6–5
		Duke	5–6
Maryland	7–4	Clemson	3–8
North Carolina	6–5	Wake Forest	2–9

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

East Carolina	9–2	Furman	5–5
Richmond	7–3	The Citadel	4–7
William & Mary	6–5	Virginia Military	2–9
Appalachian State	6–5	Davidson	2–8

INDEPENDENTS

Georgia Tech	8–3	Southern Mississippi	6–5
Tulane	6–5	Virginia Tech	3–8
Miami	6–5	Florida State	2–9
South Carolina	6–5	Chattanooga	5–6
Tampa	9–2		

TOP PLAYERS: Moore, Revels, Hitchcock, Starkey, Anderson (Florida); Stanback, Townsend, Pulliam (Tennessee); Wheeler, Jackson, Beck (Alabama); Capone, Williams, Davis, Cassidy (Louisiana State); Veazey, Weese, Lyons (Mississippi); Johnson, Poulos, King, Jones, Appleby (Georgia); Langner, Taylor, Sivley, Jackson (Auburn); Buckley, Jones, Barkum (Mississippi State); Ilgenfritz, Galbierz (Vanderbilt); Bishop, Collins (Kentucky); Yoest, Burden, Fritts (North Carolina State); Vellano, White, Carter (Maryland); Pratt, Vidnovic (North Carolina); Ambrose, Glassic, Merritt (Virginia); Corders, Clark, Snyder (Duke); Williamson, Pengitore (Clemson); Ramsey, Hardin, Harsh (Wake Forest); Crumpler (East Carolina); Smith (Richmond); Montgomery (William & Mary); Haugabrook (Appalachian State); Griffin (Furman); Dean (The Citadel); Schultze (Virginia Military); Walker (Davidson); Rhino, Robinson, Stevens (Georgia Tech); Hall, Foley (Tulane); Cristiani, Harrah, Carter (Miami); Carpenter, Grantz (South Carolina); Wakefield, Solomon (Tampa); Cook, Orange (Southern Mississippi); Shirley (Virginia Tech); Mitchell, Sparkman (Florida State); Brokas (Chattanooga).

"Do you have a Chinatown?"

Converse Coach and Jack Purcell.® For guys who want to keep playing after the game is over.

Converse has built a reputation for making great athletic shoes for the greatest athletes in the world.

And that's the idea behind our Converse Coach and Jack Purcell. Great performers. But they look great, too.

A terrific all-around athletic shoe like Coach (right), that looks good enough to play the field off the field, too. And a great tennis shoe like Jack Purcell, that feels just as at home partying as playing tennis.

Two tough-playing, sharp-looking leisure time shoes from Converse. Because some guys are out to build a reputation for themselves.

Converse Coach and Jack Purcell.

★converse®

Introducing **MAN&WOMAN**

the most frank and revealing pictorial library of the sexual and psychological aspects of love and adult relationships.

Including . . .

The Silent Language
Sexual attraction is communicated not by words but by "body language." What are these telltale signs?

Positions for the Adventurous
Here are beautifully illustrated ways to introduce a new excitement into love-making.

Must Friendship Lead to Sex?
Is there really such a thing as "platonic friendship" between the sexes? Does close friendship between a man and a woman always lead to bed? The answer may surprise you.

The Art of Kissing
A kiss can be many things, from a sign of affection to a highly erotic act. What is the art of kissing?

How Permissive is the Permissive Society?
Changing attitudes are calling for fresh approaches to moral problems. Sex before marriage is now common and accepted. But are other changes as great as we think?

The Psychology of Orgasm
Is orgasm a simple matter of physical stimulation—or is it more? How far do emotions control our orgasms?

Can a Man Love Two Women?
Is it possible for a man to be in love with two women at the same time, or must he be deceiving himself?

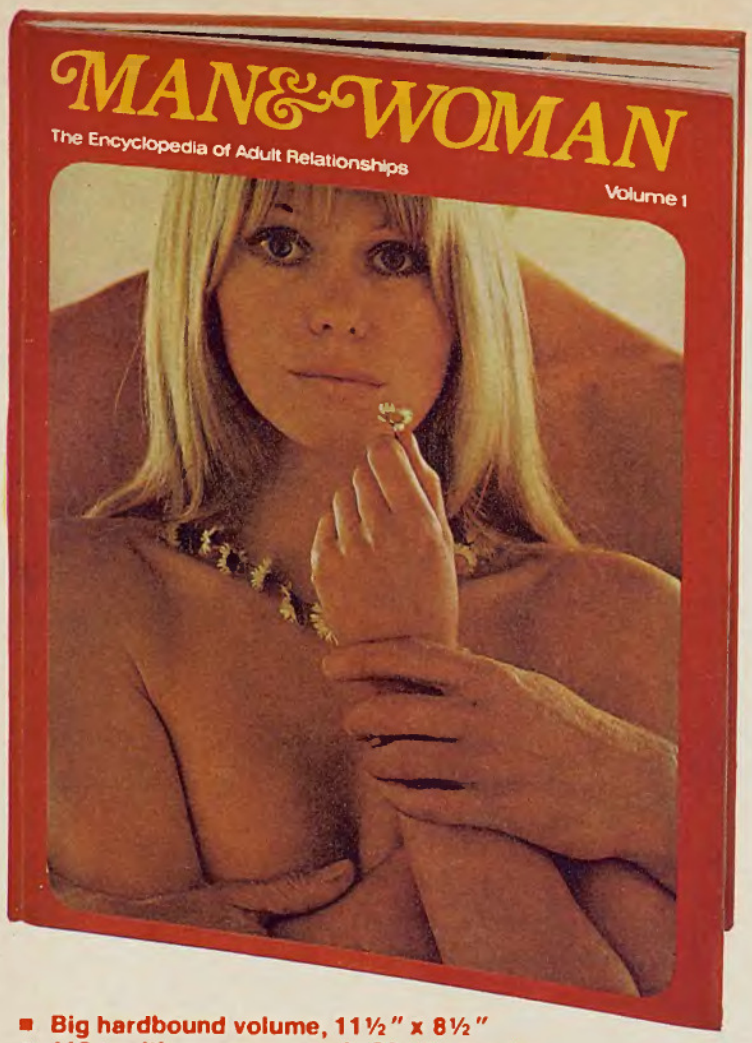
Sexual Capacity
No one has a "normal" sex life. Sexuality varies; near-abstinence for one may be satisfaction for another.

The Sensuous Lover
Imagination, initiative, and a sense of adventure are the most effective aphrodisiacs. How can a person acquire the skill that will make him or her a confident sensuous lover?

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

Girls Who Tease
Why do they do it? An eminent psychiatrist explains what motivates them and what teasing can lead to sexually and psychologically.

How to Cope with a Jealous Mate
A jealous person's fears may be irrational. Yet, if not allayed, they can destroy a relationship.



MAN&WOMAN

is a frank and sensitive work that deals with the complex and fascinating world of sex—and with hundreds of other important adult relationships.

To acquaint you with **MAN&WOMAN** *accept*

Volume 1 Free

with a stop-when-you-please subscription that does not obligate you to buy even one volume.

Complete and mail postage-paid card today!

- **Big hardbound volume, 11½" x 8½"**
- **112 exciting pages; nearly 80,000 words**
- **Over 120 superb illustrations, 60 in full color**

Subscription Terms

Your subscription on the following terms to the twenty-four-volume "Man & Woman: The Complete Encyclopedia of Adult Relationships" will be entered, subject to acceptance, if you complete and mail the accompanying order certificate:

1. Send me Volume 1—FREE!
2. If, after examining my free volume, I decide to cancel my subscription, my only obligation is to notify you within 7 days of receipt of the volume. I keep Volume 1 as a gift no matter what I decide.
3. If I do not cancel, send me 1 volume on approval each month for the next 3 months and the balance of the Encyclopedia, also on approval, the following month. I may cancel my order for any or all of the remaining volumes at any time within 7 days after receiving any shipment.
4. If I accept the entire 24-volume Encyclopedia, I will pay for it in 23 consecutive monthly installments of $4.45 each ($3.98 plus $.47 for shipping and handling per book). The Cash Price of $91.54 plus $10.81 for shipping and handling charges is the Deferred Payment Price of $102.35. There is no FINANCE CHARGE or down payment. If I fail to pay an installment within 1 month after the date it is due as shown in the payment book you will send me with the balance of the Encyclopedia, then you may declare the entire unpaid balance due and payable at your option. New York residents—4% tax plus any local tax will be added to each installment.

College Marketing and Research Corporation

What is "normal" in lovemaking? What are the secrets of a deeply satisfying relationship between a man and a woman? Is marriage obsolete? Is sex a physical necessity?

Today there is a new freedom in intimate relationships between men and women and in public discussion of love and sex. Adults of both sexes are demanding that the dark secrets of the past be opened up and exposed to the sunlight and fresh air of loving knowledge.

In recognition of this healthy new freedom in attitudes about love, sex, and human relationships — and available in America only in the last few months — here is a complete set of 24 matched volumes about MAN & WOMAN.

And to acquaint you with the breathtaking scope and honesty of this landmark series — without obligating you to buy even one volume — the publishers would like to send you Volume One FREE.

Browsing through this free sample volume, you will discover for yourself how MAN & WOMAN examines in depth thousands of areas of adult human life—the joys, heartaches, ecstasy, and problems that arise when a man and woman live together closely and intimately.

Prepared by a team of experts in the fields of psychology, medicine, sociology, and philosophy, MAN & WOMAN answers hundreds of provocative and highly personal questions that most people wonder about all their lives but are usually too embarrassed to ask.

Nearly 3000 beautiful, tasteful pictures, most photographed in full color, portray with sensitivity, yet utter frankness, all the intimate aspects of adult relationships.

The Editorial Advisory Board includes distinguished British physicians, university professors, and marriage counselors. And in addition to helpful insights into all the physical aspects of lovemaking, each volume deals with hundreds of important psychological problems in relationships. Can a man love two women? What causes a woman's "moods"? What breaks up marriages? How can jealousy be dealt with? Can a man or woman be single yet happy?

Find out for yourself how these books can help you achieve a richer, more fulfilled and contented life. Accept this special offer just by completing the accompanying order card. If card is missing, write to:

MAN & WOMAN
Dept. CMR 973
225 Park Avenue South
New York, New York 10003

1972—having to choose between two superb sophomore quarterbacks—has been solved by new coach Bob Tyler. Since Rockey Felker is a great passer and Melvin Barkum is a great anything, Barkum has become a combination tailback and wide receiver, where his multifaceted talents can be fully utilized. Look for him to hurt opponents, not only with his receiving and running but also with a few halfback passes. So the Bulldogs, with fullback Wayne Jones and a fine group of receivers, will field a very good offense. Almost all the defensive unit, especially the backfield, graduated, but there are some freshmen who may provide the necessary manpower.

Vanderbilt and Kentucky have much in common. They are the traditional Southeastern Conference door mats. Last season, both suffered through 3–8 seasons and both begin this season with young new coaches bearing fabled reputations. Both Fran Curci of Kentucky and Steve Sloan of Vanderbilt had bountiful recruiting seasons, which means that several freshmen will see game action.

The new look at Vanderbilt, the only non-state-supported school in the S.E.C., will be especially apparent. For years, it has tried to field a competitive football team on the cheap. But Sloan agreed to accept the coaching job only if he got adequate financial and recruiting support, and he's getting it. So Sloan could make a big splash his first year. His squad will be young (at least ten starters will be sophomores or freshmen), but it will have more talent and depth than any Commodore team in years. Two sophomores (nose guard Tom Galbierz and runner Lonnie Sadler) and two freshmen (center Paul Palumbo and runner Adolph Groves) show promise of future greatness.

The Atlantic Coast Conference is rapidly regaining lost respectability. The whole Conference will again be stronger this season, but the relative positions of the teams won't change much: When the poor get richer, so do the rich. North Carolina State will still be the class team of the Conference. Thirty-four of the top 44 players who walloped West Virginia in the Peach Bowl return. The effectiveness of the offense depends on whether last year's sensational freshman quarterback, Dave Buckey, recovers from a detached retina suffered in spring practice. A superb offensive line, led by Bill Yoest and Rick Druschel, should open enough holes to give runner Willie Burden a chance to compete for All-America status. The Wolfpack schedule features such intersectional powers as Nebraska, Penn State and Georgia, however, so it will be difficult to improve on last season's record.

Coach Jerry Claiborne is in the midst of a nearly miraculous job of turning Maryland's football team into a winner. The Terps were mired in lethargy and indifference for years before Claiborne took over a year ago, and his motivational ability and his penchant for organization and hard work have infected the whole squad. Besides enthusiasm, the Terps have a couple of supersophs (linebacker Kevin Benson and runner Rick Jennings) and two superb freshmen (linebacker Ralph Fisher and quarterback Larry Dick) to join a veteran squad. If the inexperienced offensive line comes around early enough, the Terps will enjoy their best season in decades.

North Carolina will be somewhat weaker this year, since 13 starters, including six All-Conference players, have departed. The offensive line was especially impoverished by graduation. Even so, the Tarheels will depend largely on a passing attack featuring quarterback Nick Vidnovic and receivers Jimmy Jerome and Ted Leverenz.

Virginia coach Don Lawrence has been stockpiling talent for the past two years, but an erratic offense that's been sometimes great, sometimes dreadful has kept the Cavaliers from achieving their potential. However, Lawrence garnered the best crop of recruits in the league last winter (he considers 17 of his 36 signees to be blue-chip athletes), so look for a few freshmen to displace some of the 17 returning starters. Freshman passer Scott Gardner looks like a future star and junior linebacker Dick Ambrose could reach that status this year.

With three strong recruiting years under his belt, Duke coach Mike McGee will field his strongest team since coming to Durham. But the schedule is so tough that fans might not notice the improvement. They *will* notice Maurice Corders, a gigantic rookie defensive tackle who is destined for greatness.

New coaches Red Parker at Clemson and Chuck Mills at Wake Forest begin tedious rebuilding jobs that won't show much progress this year. At Clemson, Parker is installing a veer offense that may not veer very much, with a shortage of good running backs. Its most impressive newcomer is gigantic (6'5", 248 pounds) sophomore receiver Bennie Cunningham, from that breeding ground of athletic excellence, Seneca, South Carolina. At Wake Forest, Mills intends to use a passing offense, even though he has no proven quarterback. Incongruously, the Deacons' main weapon will probably be sophomore fullback Frank Harsh, who led the team in rushing last season.

East Carolina will again be the power of the Southern Conference, with an attack featuring runner Carlester Crumpler and a defense, one of the most exciting in the country, called the Wild Dogs, because it pursues in packs. If East Carolina is dethroned, Richmond will do it. Only five starters graduated and last year's weaknesses—slow running backs and green quarterbacks—have been eliminated. Richmond has also added a couple of speedy junior college–transfer wide receivers. William & Mary will be as good as East Carolina or Richmond, but its predictably ambitious extra-Conference schedule will hurt its won-lost record. The Indians, with a wealth of backfield talent, may surprise some of the prestige teams if they can finally master the subtleties of the triple-option offense. Appalachian State, still in the throes of a major rebuilding program, will have better depth, but the Mountaineers' announced goal of a championship team is at least a year away from realization. Furman enjoyed a banner recruiting year, so as many as eight freshmen could start. Best of the frosh is quarterback David Whitehurst.

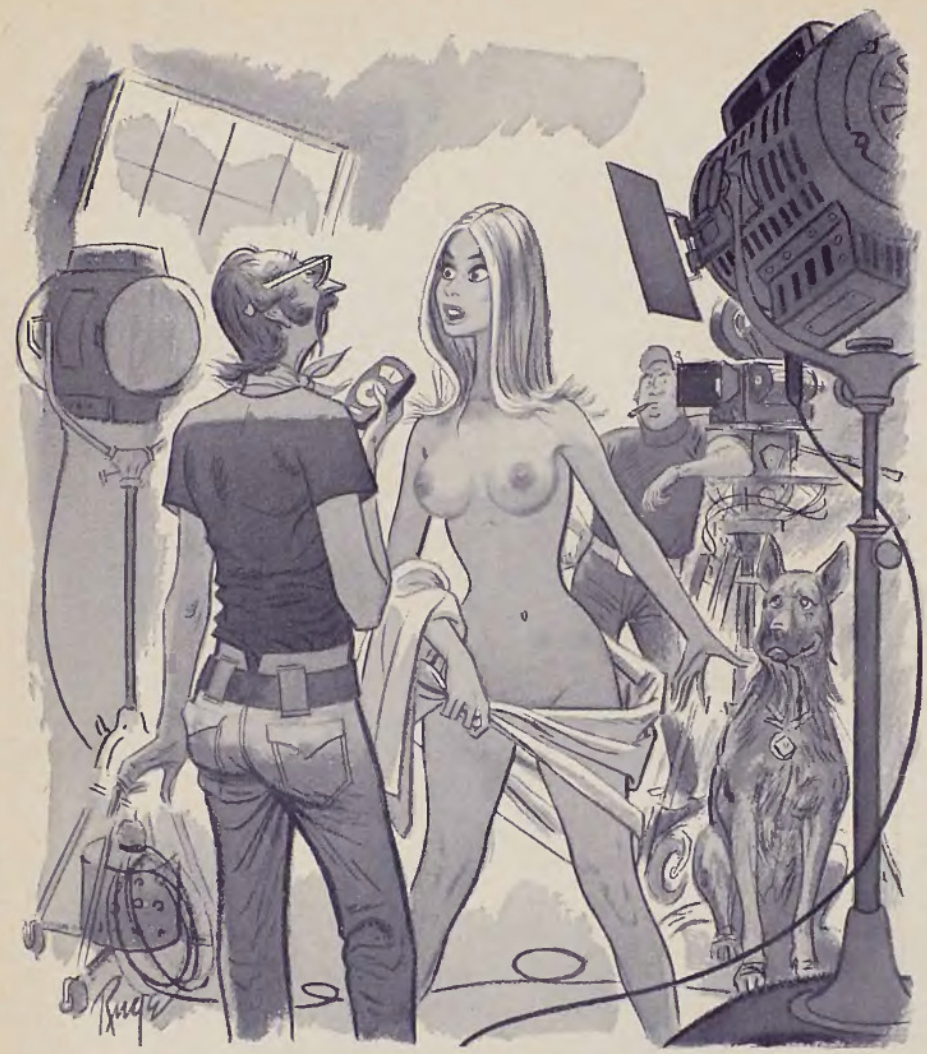
Despite the graduation of record-setting passer Eddie McAshan, Georgia Tech's passing attack will be even stronger. Reasons: Jim Stevens, his replacement, has a better arm than McAshan, there are more good receivers and the offensive line is stronger. The running attack, very weak most of last year, looked better in spring scrimmages. The star of the defensive team is diminutive safety Randy Rhino, who seems to materialize from nowhere to make implausible interceptions. He'll be helped by two sophomores, defensive end Rick Gibney and safety Scott Whitmer, making the Yellow Jackets one of the South's more stubborn teams.

Tulane has been rebuilding for ten years. Last year's potentially triumphant campaign was scuttled by a weird loss to Miami on a fluke fifth-down play and the squad never quite recovered psychologically. This season, the Greenies have their best depth in ten years, a solid quarterback in Steve Foley and a quick defense. If a large contingent of talented young players matures quickly, Tulane could wind up in a bowl game.

Pete Elliott, one of the more widely traveled head coaches in recent decades (he's been at Nebraska, California and Illinois), now assumes responsibility for Miami's fortunes, and he really lucked out. His predecessor, Fran Curci, a fine recruiter, left Elliott a number of talented sophomores to upgrade the defensive unit and a new quarterback, Kary Baker, who looked so good in spring practice he'll likely beat out incumbent Ed Carney. But then there's the schedule. The Hurricanes face—would you believe?—Texas, Oklahoma, Houston, Alabama, Florida and Notre Dame. For all his inherited fortune, Elliott will have a lean first year.

Preacher Paul Dietzel has taken his lumps since he descended upon South Carolina a few years ago. He has not led his team to glory, as he announced he would, and Columbia critics grumble that he is more adept at building character in his players than at teaching them to play football. Were it not for a tough schedule, this could be Dietzel's most successful

"I didn't hear anyone call for a measurement, Simkins!"



"You mean it's not a dog-food commercial?"

Gamecock squad. Sixteen starters return. Jeff Grantz is the best of three good quarterbacks to run the veer offense and the offensive line is much improved.

Dennis Fryzel is the fourth head coach in as many years at Tampa and such a turnover inevitably hurts recruiting. Also, Tampa has joined the N.C.A.A., so it is no longer a haven for misfits and dropouts from other schools. Consequently, the squad is thin—only 52 players suited up for the spring game—yet it contains some talent. Quarterback Fred Solomon may be the best in the South and he'll have excellent receivers, but a new line may not give him much protection.

Southern Mississippi has a new nickname (Golden Eagles), four new assistant coaches, an abundantly talented rookie kicker to take over for All-America Ray Guy and a strong running attack built around elusive Doyle Orange. All of this should produce a better year than last season's disappointing 3–7–1.

Virginia Tech's offense will be less impressive this year. Fabled passer Don Strock left and there's no replacement of remotely comparable quality around. Also, both lines are questionable.

Florida State has started to rebuild. The most likely replacement for departed passer Gary Huff is senior Billy Sexton, who transferred from Alabama when Bear Bryant decided to use the wishbone offense. If he falters, soph Mark Orlando will try. Otherwise, there's no depth in Tallahassee this fall, so several freshmen probably will step in.

Chattanooga has hired a new coach, Joe Morrison (the former New York Giant great), to bring the Moccasins football respectability. It will take a few years.

• • •

Nebraska will have a new coach, Tom Osborne, and many new faces, but little else will change—least of all the Cornhuskers' winning ways. Incredibly, the arrival of two sophomore running backs, Tony Davis and John O'Leary, will make the ground attack even stronger than in 1972. Quarterback Dave Humm should reach the peak of his ability this season and a flock of fleet receivers will ease the loss of Johnny Rodgers. Two PLAYBOY All-America tackles, John Dutton (defense) and Daryl White (offense), will anchor the best lines in the league.

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

Nebraska	10–1	Iowa State	7–4
Oklahoma St.	9–2	Missouri	6–5
Colorado	8–3	Kansas	5–6
Oklahoma	8–3	Kansas State	3–8

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Texas	8–2	Southern Methodist	5–6
Texas A&M	8–3	Texas Christian	4–7
Rice	7–4	Arkansas	2–9
Texas Tech	7–4		
Baylor	5–6		

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

Louisville	9–1	Tulsa	3–8
Memphis State	8–3	New Mexico State	2–9
Drake	8–3	North Texas State	1–10
Wichita State	7–4		
West Texas St.	5–6		

INDEPENDENTS

Houston	10–1	Air Force	6–4
Utah State	8–3		

TOP PLAYERS: Dutton, White, Humm, Davis (Nebraska); Boatwright, Palmer, Vann (Oklahoma State); Cain, Davis, McDonald, Matthews (Colorado); Selmon, Shoate, Washington, Burget, Owens (Oklahoma); Blair, Strachan, Krepfle (Iowa State); Anderson, Reamon, Cherry (Missouri); Jaynes, Towle (Kansas); Clarington (Kansas State); Wyman, Crosslin, Minnick, Leaks, Gaspard (Texas); Osborne, Simonini, Roaches (Texas A&M); Henley, Coleman (Rice); Tillman, Barnes (Texas Tech); Luce, Turnipseede, Rogers (Baylor); Kelcher, Maxson, Morris (Southern Methodist); Terveen, Davis (Texas Christian); Morton, Rhodes (Arkansas); Bishop, Smith, Gitschier, DePaola (Louisville); Harris, Thompson, Bruner (Memphis State); Stevenson, Heston, Sears (Drake); Dvorak, Potts, Speck (Wichita State); Pritchett (West Texas State); Colbert (Tulsa); Cook, Pisarcik, Baker (New Mexico State); Davis (North Texas State); Nobles, Johnson, Mitchell, Baugh (Houston); Manning, Rosa (Utah State); Morris, Heil, Hansen (Air Force).

If new coach Jim Stanley can effectively guide the gifted and experienced squad left by David Smith (who's now at SMU), Oklahoma State could be the surprise team of the Big Eight. Stanley has 34 of last year's top 44 players, who produced the first Cowboy winning season since 1959. Their offense will certainly be able to score. The running game will again resemble a stampede and the passing—last year's major weakness—looks better. In fact, Brent Blackman could become the finest wishbone quarterback in the country. Linebacker Cleveland Vann heads a defense that will be especially strong against the pass.

Colorado will be basically the same as last year's 8–3 team, minus its defensive backs; and coach Eddie Crowder solved that problem in spring practice by switching wingbacks Jon Keyworth and Ozell

Collier to the secondary and tailback Gary Campbell to linebacker. This was possible because Crowder found two exciting sophomore tailbacks, Horace "Bullets" Perkins and Nelson Laneheart (both 165-pounders with amazing speed), who will push veteran star Charlie Davis for a starting berth. Another sophomore runner, fullback Jim Kelleher, will back up Bo Matthews. Consequently, Colorado's running attack, operating behind a good offensive line, will be devastating. Overall, this Colorado team will be more consistent and tougher than 1972's. And it will need to be, for it plays a grueling away-from-home schedule.

Both of Oklahoma's starting units were nearly wiped out when diplomas were distributed in June. The Sooners also lost their head coach, to the New England Patriots, and their sensational sophomore quarterback, Kerry Jackson, to N.C.A.A. eligibility rules. But don't weep for Oklahoma. Some of last year's reserves just might be better than those who departed. This year's defense, featuring PLAYBOY All-America middle guard Lucious Selmon, will be the Sooners' strong point. It's the offense that's a question mark. If Jackson wins his way back onto the squad (as we go to press, he appears to have an excellent chance), Oklahoma could be a fearsome team. If he fails? Says new coach Barry Switzer, "We'll be capable of beating anyone, but it'll be scary."

Iowa State, as is the fashion in the flatlands this fall, has a new coach. Earle Bruce inherited most of the talent assembled by departed Johnny Majors, with the major exception of a proven quarterback. Rookie Wayne Stanley appears to be the prime candidate for the job and he'll have good help: Six of last fall's seven top rushers are back and the receiving corps is one of the best anywhere. Lawrence "Big Daddy" Hunt has been moved to linebacker, where he will team with PLAYBOY All-America Matt Blair, giving the Cyclones a murderous defense against the rush. Blair, as a rover, will also help an inexperienced pass defense. If last year's injury plague can be avoided, 1973 could be the year that 1972 was supposed to be.

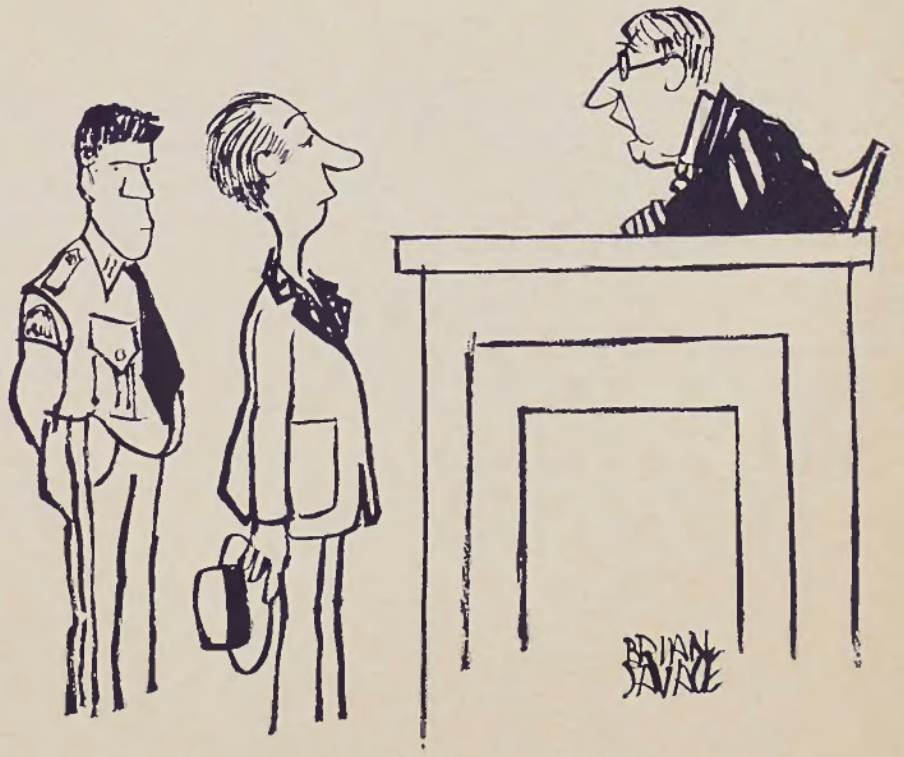
Missouri, after a dismal 1–10 season in 1971, nearly blew the Big Eight apart last year by beating Colorado and Iowa State; they also upset Notre Dame. On other Saturdays, however, the Tigers played like tranquilized kittens against supposedly weaker teams. Some of the inconsistency was blamed on their wildly erratic wishbone attack, so it is being abandoned this season for the power I. Another reason for discarding the wishbone is Steve Pisarkiewicz, a sparkling sophomore passer who—with veterans John Cherry and Ray Smith—will give the Tigers their first quarterback depth in many years. A seasoned offensive line, built around PLAYBOY All-America center Scott Anderson, will make the offense more consistent. Another asset is the return of place kicker Greg Hill, whose accurate toe was largely responsible for all three of last season's big upsets.

Last fall, Kansas had an excellent quarterback, David Jaynes, but not much of anything else. More quality football players are now on hand and if the offensive line can give Jaynes some time to throw, he'll engineer some upsets, because he has fine receivers. He'll also rely on some promising running backs, particularly Delvin Williams. If Williams can stay healthy, the Jayhawks will score a lot of points.

The big task at Kansas State is to rebuild a weak defense. However, it looks like the line will still be undermanned. Perhaps coach Vince Gibson's new veer-T offense will take some of the pressure off the defenders. In any event, quarterback Steve Grogan, who can run as well as pass, should make the new offense work. He'll be supported by Don Calhoun and Isaac Jackson, two of the better running backs in the league.

A season when Texas loses two football games is considered a fiasco in Austin. This looks like such a year, for only a skeleton of the '72 offense remains. Fullback Roosevelt Leaks will still terrorize opposing tacklers, rookie quarterbacks Marty Akins and Mike Presley looked great in spring practice and the new offensive line is promising. But there's no way the youngsters can replace last year's seniors. Texas' principal needs as fall practice opens are adequate runners to help Leaks and some good defensive backs. However, even with these unaccustomed problems, the Longhorns should be strong enough to retain their Conference championship.

If Texas falters, Texas A&M appears the likely winner. The Aggies have had many grade-A players on campus for most of the past five years, but assorted misfortunes and morale problems have kept them from playing up to their potential. Emory Bellard, the inventor of the wishbone offense, is now in his second year in College Station and he has had two fabulously rewarding recruiting years, so his team looks ready. Opposing coaches are crying wolf because Bellard signed the eight top high school prospects in the state of Texas last winter and most of them may start before the season is over. Any of three freshmen quarterbacks—David Shipman, Carl Menger and David Walker—is capable of winning the starting berth from incoming transfer Mike Jay. Ten of A&M's 18 returning lettermen were freshmen in '72 and the best of them was linebacker Ed Simonini, a certain superstar. Five incoming freshmen linemen average more than 250 pounds, and they're still growing. Considering all these factors, the Aggies seem to have one of the youngest and most talented squads assembled anywhere. They may make a lot of mistakes this year trying to implement Bellard's new invention (something



"Did it ever occur to you that the people on the bus might not want to see your vasectomy scar?"

he calls the T-bone offense), but the Aggies will be awesome in 1974.

Whether or not Rice can improve on last year's .500 record depends mostly on who coach Al Conover can find to play quarterback. So far, it appears to be Fred Geisler, who was Gary Huff's backup at Florida State before transferring; and if he doesn't make the grade, freshman Tommy Kramer, one of the most coveted high school quarterbacks in the country last year, could take over. Four good wide receivers return and they'll be joined by fabulous freshman Bruce Wooldridge, so the Owls' pass attack is potentially fine. Most of the defenders also return, and Conover has installed a 5–2 alignment in order to fully utilize Cornelius Walker's talents at middle guard. Sophomore fullback John Coleman will do most of the running.

Texas Tech will be weaker this year, because graduation stripped both lines and, except for defensive tackle Ecomet Burley, the line replacements don't look nearly as good as those who graduated. Most of both backfields return, though, and quarterback Joe Barnes has a stable of good receivers.

Baylor wasn't supposed to win a single game last fall, according to many Southwestern sportswriters, but the squad caught fire under dynamic young coach Grant Teaff and wound up winning five. This year, the Bears should be even stronger. For one thing, they have an unaccustomed plethora of backfield men, including an exciting junior college transfer, wingback Phillip Kent, whose incredible speed will make the Bears' passing game lethal. Two defensive stars, linebacker Derrel Luce and rover Tommy Turnipseede, will make it difficult to run against the Bears.

Last fall, Hayden Fry, a canny and resourceful coach who has the ability to fashion winning teams from limited talent, brought Southern Methodist its first winning season since 1968. But it wasn't good enough for SMU's more influential alumni: Fry was fired. One disgruntled Mustang fan, who makes an avocation of studying SMU athletic policy, told us, "Southern Methodist is committed to athletic mediocrity. It wants to get an instant winner on the cheap, and it can't be done. The big problem is some of the big-mouthed, oil-rich alumni. They bitch, but they won't cough up any money for the athletic program." A more dispassionate explanation is that SMU, like other privately funded universities, finds it difficult to compete against state-financed universities without large amounts of outside money, and alumni, rich or otherwise, don't contribute to a losing team.

When Fry moved to North Texas State, most of the better SMU players wanted to give up a year of eligibility and move with him; but Fry talked them out of the idea for the sake of their own athletic futures. Even so, new coach David Smith inherits much less material than he left at Oklahoma State. Only 72 players took part in spring drills and there is no depth anywhere. The new wishbone offense will feature halfbacks Alvin Maxson and Wayne Morris. Magnificent tackle Louie Kelcher, a PLAYBOY All-America, will seem like half the defensive unit.

Texas Christian's defense, featuring PLAYBOY All-America tackle Charlie Davis and linebacker Dede Terveen, will face a lot of pressure this season, because its offense is crippled by a line that looked horrible in spring practice. Games against Ohio State and Tennessee, added to the regular Southwest Conference schedule, will make it a long autumn.

It will be a bad year in Fayetteville, Arkansas, even worse than last year, when the Razorbacks were supposed to contend for the national championship but played poorly. There are no more fanatic football fans anywhere than those who follow the Hogs, but they'll just have to wait a year. Only two offensive and four defensive starters return, so the bulk of the squad will be inexperienced sophomores. If Arkansas gets through its first three non-Conference games (against Southern California, Oklahoma State and Iowa State) without too many injuries, it could win a couple of Conference games.

Few new coaches ever walked into a more enviable situation than did T. W. Alley at Louisville. The Cardinals will be stronger than they were last year, when they missed an undefeated season by two points (against Tulsa) but didn't get a nibble from the status-conscious bowl committees. Only the graduation of quarterback John Madeya poses a possible personnel problem and new passer Lennie DePaola should solve it. Talent abounds everywhere: Rookie runner Walter Peacock, if you can believe it, is said to be even faster than graduated Howard Stevens, and Richard Bishop and Marty Smith may be the best pair of defensive tackles anywhere. If the Cardinals win their first game against Memphis State, they will likely be unstoppable.

But winning that first game will be a problem. Memphis State has had a year to adjust to coach Fred Pancoast's methods. The Tigers will be blessed with two dandy quarterbacks, David Fowler and 6'5" Joe Bruner, a transfer from Auburn, who will throw to two great receivers, James Thompson and Steve DeLong. The defense will be as mean as usual, but the schedule is meaner, so the Tigers may not win many more games than last year.

Drake moves into the major college rankings and could easily surprise some of the supposedly stronger teams on its schedule. The Bulldogs are a gambling, exciting team: "We'd pass from the goal line if the officials would spot the ball there," says coach Jack Wallace. Transfer (from Missouri) quarterback Mike Zelenovich and runner Jerry Heston will be the big guns.

Wichita State appears to have some depth for the first time since its disastrous air crash in 1970. Eighteen starters return and are joined by a superior group of freshmen. Sophomore Fred Speck could develop into the best runner in the conference. Tackle Rick Dvorak is the defensive anchor.

Eighteen starters also return at West Texas State, which means that the Buffaloes could be in the thick of the Conference championship race, provided last year's inept passing attack improves. Coach Gene Mayfield switched from the wishbone to the I formation in spring drills and if 240-pound fullback Billy Pritchett recovers from his knee injury, the Buffaloes will have a ground game befitting their name.

New coach Hayden Fry didn't find much good material to greet him at North Texas State, but there is good news: Many of the high school athletes he had been courting while coaching at SMU have followed him to Denton, giving North Texas State its best freshman group in history, and five or six of them could be instant starters. More good news: Fry has injected the squad with an enthusiasm that hasn't been seen at North Texas in years. Give Fry three years and the eyes of Texas will be looking north.

It was a dreary year at New Mexico State in '72, and this season may be even bleaker. Inexperience and lack of depth will be the problems. The passing game may be spectacular, however, because reserve quarterback Doug Baker was so sensational in spring practice that he challenged Joe Pisarcik, who has had pro scouts drooling for two years. Receiver Hank Cook, whom the same scouts tag as another Fred Biletnikoff, may break every pass-catching record in sight.

Houston's very young team missed greatness in 1972 by just a few points. With 17 starters returning, expect the Cougars to arrive this year. The '73 squad will have a fortunate mixture of quality seniors and promising youngsters, and that's the formula of which winners are made. Their speed will be tremendous, especially Marshall Johnson's, who has the tools to become one of the nation's best running backs. But the major strength will be the defense, perhaps the finest in school history. Only excessive injuries in the offensive line or defensive backfield can keep the Cougars out of a major bowl game.

At Utah State, new coach Phil Krueger is busy trying to find an adequate replacement for graduated quarterback Tony Adams. At the end of spring drills, junior college transfer Chris DeWan seemed likeliest. Supersoph Brian Longuevan

and Rod Rosa give the Aggies vicious linebacking and Dave Manning will again be the mainstay of a premier offensive line. Kicker Al Knapp could provide the crucial points in close games.

Air Force will be the strongest of the three Service teams, as it should have been last season. Presumably, they won't fall asleep against Army and Navy this year. The offense should be as productive as it was last year (quarterback Rich Haynie may own every total offense and passing record in Air Force history by December), but defensively, there are questions, since almost the entire line graduated. Fortunately, the new one looked good in spring drills.

• • •

It's hard to imagine a college football team richer in talent than Southern California's 1972 football team. Yet there is one: *this* year's Southern California football team, despite the graduation of many great players. You name it, the Trojans have it, including a couple of fabulous freshmen, tackle Gary Jeter and tight end Marvin Powell, who are good enough to crash the varsity. A few players who'll attain stardom this season have merely been waiting for older athletes to graduate. One is senior offensive lineman Booker Brown. Says coach John McKay, "If Brown doesn't make the post-season All-America teams, it would be like leaving Bill Walton off the basketball All-America team." Yet Brown was an unobtrusive alternate starter last season. McKay also says, "If tackle Mike McGirr [recovering from knee surgery] and tight end Jim O'Bradovich play up to their abilities, our offensive line will be as good as it was last year." Overwhelming, that is. McKay's major concern during spring practice was replacing fullback Sam Cunningham. Ken Gray, who was PLAYBOY All-America linebacker Richard Wood's backup man last year, is too good to sit on the bench, so he'll be the new fullback. McKay says that quarterback Pat Haden needs only a little more polishing. If breath-taking runner Anthony Davis is fully recovered from an Achilles' tendon injury (he seemed fine in the spring), he'll be one of the best in the land. Concludes coach McKay, "We have more proven players now than a year ago. But those people we weren't sure of last year came through for us. We hope the same happens this time." McKay needn't worry too much. If anyone falters, there will be several like him sitting on the side lines.

Last autumn, UCLA surprised everyone, including itself, with a deadly wishbone offense that often seemed unstoppable. This year's problem is to replace five starters in the offensive line. Runners James McAlister and Kermit Johnson (both likely first-round draft choices next February) return, along with skilled wishbone quarterback Mark Harmon. Coach Pepper Rodgers insists the passing will be sharper this fall to enhance an already formidable running attack. Ten starters return to the defensive unit, including PLAYBOY All-America Jimmy Allen, probably the best defensive back in the country.

Despite the lack of a top quarterback, Oregon will be a strong factor in the race to determine who's second best in the West. Last year, the Ducks had a strictly home-run offense; but with a good front line and four quality runners, they will be more methodical in 1973. The defense, mediocre last year, could be the best at Oregon in seven years. Sophomore defensive tackle Reggie Lewis and freshman tight end Jeff Butts are both potential superstars.

California is under N.C.A.A. penalty for recruiting violations, which means the Bears can't go to the Rose Bowl. But that isn't exactly a stunning blow this season and the Bears can still enjoy sneaking up on some of the other teams, and they probably will. They have the ingredients, and if coach Mike White can put them together, California could be the surprise team in the West. Quarterback Vince Ferragamo could wind up being an All-America after his sophomore year and freshman fullback Mark Bailey should be an instant sensation. Help is needed for the defensive crew, so last winter

White recruited at junior colleges and got five prime transfers.

Stanford's mediocre 6–5 showing in '72 can be explained by the fact that PLAYBOY All-America quarterback Mike Boryla was dropped for a net loss of 213 yards by blitzing linebackers and linemen. Compare that with the year before, when passer Don Bunce gained 248 yards rushing. Yet three members of that obviously inadequate offensive line were drafted by the pros, so one wonders, if the coaches can't make passable blockers out of such good talent, how well will they succeed *this* year? Boryla is the best college quarterback in the country, though, and he'll win a few games with his deadly passing. Rod Garcia, a prolific field-goal kicker, will probably win a few more games.

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC EIGHT

Southern California	11–0	Washington St.	5–6
		Stanford	5–6
UCLA	9–2	Washington	4–7
Oregon	6–5	Oregon State	3–8
California	6–5		

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

Arizona State	10–1	New Mexico	3–8
Arizona	6–5	Colorado State	3–8
Brigham Young	6–5	Wyoming	2–9
Utah	4–8	Texas at El Paso	2–9

PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE

San Diego State	10–1	Long Beach State	7–4
Pacific	9–1	San Jose State	6–5
		Fresno State	5–5

INDEPENDENTS

Idaho	6–5	Hawaii	7–4

TOP PLAYERS: Swann, Davis, Wood, Sims, Brown (Southern California); Johnson, McAlister, Allen, Harmon (UCLA); Boryla, Poltl, Winesberry, Stillwell (Stanford); Swenson, Ferragamo (California); Arnold, Francis, Reynolds (Oregon); Osterman, Johnson (Washington State); Hayes, Andrilenas (Washington); Petersen, White (Oregon State); Green, White, Breunig, Malone (Arizona State); Terrell, Hill (Arizona); Atkinson, Coon (Brigham Young); Van Galder (Utah); Bradshaw (New Mexico); Miller (Colorado State); Cockreham (Wyoming); Crittenden (Texas at El Paso); Freitas, Boyer, Thompson (San Diego State); Viney, Bailey (Pacific); Nathan (Long Beach State); Armstrong (San Jose State); Holworthy (Fresno State); Hall, Van Duyne (Idaho); Holmes, Stanley (Hawaii).

Washington State has abandoned its long-held private enclave in the basement of the Pacific Eight Conference. Talk to any other coach in the Northwest and he'll point out the clean sweep Washington State coach Jim Sweeney has made in the recruiting wars the past two years. The Cougars could be even stronger than last season's 7–4 team, but they will win fewer games, because the opposition, with Arizona State and Ohio State added to the schedule, will be much more rugged.

There's a new look to Oregon State football. OSU suffered a 2–9 season in '72, only the second in coach Dee Andros' nine years in Corvallis. And he didn't like it. So he has thrown out the traditional power T he once used so effectively and replaced it with a wide-open pro attack. He brought in 13 junior college transfers during the spring and had a productive recruiting year. Among the new bodies, Andros found an excellent passing quarterback, transfer Alvin White, to run his new offense. At Oregon State, only the uniforms will look the same.

It will be a bleak year in Seattle. Only five of 22 Washington starters return and no passer of even somewhat comparable quality has arrived to make people forget Sonny Sixkiller. A new offensive system (sprint option) is being installed to utilize the good backfield speed and the new quarterbacks, who are better runners than passers. The defense, last year's strength, will again have to carry most of the load. There *are* some prime prospects, among them sophomore middle guard Dan Lloyd, but the inexperience will show in this very young squad.

A spokesman for Arizona State assured us that the Sun Devils will be stronger offensively and weaker defensively this season. If that's a correct assessment, their games will be three-ring circuses. Why? Because the Devils scored an average of 47 points per game last year while giving up 24. So PLAYBOY All-America running back Woody Green has a chance to score more points than any runner in history. There's more backfield talent: Fullback Ben Malone would be the star runner on most other teams and sophomore Mike Haynes is so good he may play both ways, as a wingback on offense and as a cornerback on defense. Coach Frank Kush's prime worry is the lack of a good second-string quarterback behind Danny White. Freshman Fred Mortenson, who was slated for that job, quit school to become a Mormon missionary in Ireland.

The University of Arizona, annoyed by the recent spectacular success of the Sun Devils, has announced an effort to dethrone the upstarts in Tempe. This year, the Wildcats have a new coach (Jim Young), new uniforms (primarily blue), a new offense (pro-set), a new defense (five-man front) and a new quarterback (supersoph Bruce Hill). The Wildcats should have a winning season.

Thirty-two lettermen return from a Brigham Young team that surprised the Western Athletic Conference in 1972. Unfortunately, Pete Van Valkenburg is not among them, but his replacement, Dave Coon, is a good one. If a good quarterback can be found, the Cougars will be as strong as last year.

With quarterback Don Van Galder, all his receivers and most of his blockers returning, Utah will again be a pass-oriented team. Van Galder broke most of the school passing records last year and will probably rewrite them again this fall. The kicking game, featuring Dan Marrelli, will be superb, as usual. The Utes have two impediments to a winning season: a weak defense and a tough schedule.

With 30 lettermen and some promising transfers on hand, prospects at New Mexico are bright. One of the transfers, Don Woods, a strong-armed quarterback, will give the wishbone offense more striking power. His prime receiver will be Ken Lege, another transfer.

Sark Arslanian, twice selected as the national Armenian Coach of the Year by the *Hairenik Weekly* (presumably, his only competitor for the honor was Ara Parseghian), becomes the new coach at Colorado State. He greets 18 starters from last season's team that won only one game, plus 60 new players. About 15 freshmen will make the varsity and as many as six of them could be starters. Look for several of last year's first-stringers to wind up on the third team.

Wyoming has a good quarterback, Steve Cockreham, but he may not have anyone to throw to. Graduation gutted the offense, leaving little except Cockreham and some good running backs. Capable reserves are scarce, so injuries could be devastating.

Like Wyoming, Texas at El Paso will call this a rebuilding year. Two transfer quarterbacks, Frank Duncan and Greg Cockayne, team with receiver Lonnie Crittenden to give the Miners plenty of scoring potential. A revival of the freshman program, with 42 young athletes on campus, ensures a brighter future.

San Diego State will again be the top team in the Pacific Coast Conference, with such stars as passer Jesse Freitas and wide receiver Tim Boyer. New coach Claude Gilbert, an Aztec assistant in '72, watched the team being demolished by the Houston veer attack last season and decided to mix some veer tactics with his pro-set system. A massive offensive line should make it work. The top defensive player is Alan "Cookie Monster" Thompson, a tackle who, the San Diego publicist tells us, bears a remarkable resemblance to his namesake. State's schedule is a killer. So if the Aztecs come through with fewer than two losses, they deserve to wind up in the top 20 at season's end.

San Diego State's strongest Conference competition will come from Pacific, whose usual horde of junior college transfers brought enough talent to strengthen an already formidable ground game. Watch new runner Don Padilla; he could be great. Offensive lineman Willie Viney is a one-man wall of blockers. The Tigers will pass more often this year (last fall they won three games without completing a pass).

Long Beach State also should have a better running game, with back Tommy Nathan, plus the fact that last year's small offensive line has been reinforced. Senior

"Gosh, I never dreamed that one day I would be sitting in the president's chair."

Gary Wann, a good long thrower, will take over at quarterback.

Last season, San Jose State was the biggest, least explosive team on the West Coast. The Spartans had the cloud-of-dust part of it down pat but couldn't get the three yards that are supposed to go with it. New coach Darryl Rogers will solve that problem with the help of fabulous freshman running back Mike Gill.

Fresno State also has a new coach, J. R. Boone, and the best crop of junior college transfers in 25 years. Fourteen of them will be starters, so Bulldog fans will hardly recognize the team.

Idaho will presumably avoid a repeat of the injury plague that claimed 11 starters last year. Also, the squad is the deepest in school history. Best among the new players are sophomore tackle Mike Kramer and freshman linebacker Kjel Kiilsgaard. Offensive guard Bob Van Duyne is a star, and so is cornerback Randy Hall.

Hawaii, well into its building program to become a major football power, enjoys a distinct scheduling advantage. Most teams are delighted by the prospect of spending an extended weekend in the islands, so the Rainbows no longer have to spend much of the autumn scurrying back and forth to the mainland. The 'Bows will play nine games this season in Honolulu Stadium. Quarterbacks Casey Ortez and June Jones lead a team that will feature, among others, All-America tackle candidate Levi Stanley and stellar sophomore offensive linemen Charles Aiu and Adrian Kahoohanohano.

Finally, a closing note. While Stewart Udall was sending shock waves through last winter's N.C.A.A. convention, members were feverishly discussing preliminary details of a plan termed, for lack of a better name, the Poll Bowl. It calls for the top two college teams in the nation—selected after the regular bowl games by an as-yet-undecided process—to play for the university division national championship on the Saturday before the Super Bowl game. The idea, of course, is to compete with professional football, not only for public attention but also for a big chunk of the television bread. From the fans' point of view, it sounds like a good idea. Southern California *vs.* Oklahoma probably would have been infinitely more entertaining last January than the stifled yawns inspired by the Super Bowl.

But if *that's* what the N.C.A.A. officials were thinking about during their meeting last winter, it appears, not surprisingly, that no one was listening to the refreshingly naïve sentiments expressed by Mr. Udall.

"Sorry, Fred. Maynard has shown me a world that I never knew existed!"

MATH GOES MINI

(continued from page 142)

ounces and sells for $149.95, making it almost worth its weight in gold and more than twice as expensive as the simple machines with which it competes.

Other electronic slide rules, comparable to Hewlett-Packard's original model, will come onto the market later this fall, in hopes of appealing to the back-to-school crowd, with prices starting around $200. (The cost reduction is due to simplification of circuitry.) Bowmar and Lloyd's Electronics will be among the first manufacturers to offer such models.

Pocket calculators have developed so quickly that advertising copy writers have yet to catch up. The problem is exacerbated by the fact that many pocket calculators are sold by retail department stores, whose newspaper ads read like they're written by underwear salesmen. As a consequence, vast sums of money are being spent on calculator advertisements that are either misleading or unintelligible. For the record, here is a brief glossary of pocket-calculator phraseology:

Four function: No calculator can have fewer functions, since the four are addition, subtraction, multiplication and division.

Algebraic logic: This means that problems are punched into the calculator algebraically, in the order you would do them in your head. Specifically: $2 \times 3 = 6$ or $24 \div 6 = 4$. This method is easy to learn and is used by virtually all new models. Machines that don't use algebraic logic should be avoided.

Chain calculations: This simply means that you can add, subtract, multiply or divide in a series ($4 \times 4 = 16 - 6 = 10 \div 5 = 2$). Again, this is something that nearly every calculator can do, so you should avoid those that don't.

Floating decimal: Almost all new pocket machines have this feature, which automatically moves the decimal point (in multiplication and division problems) to the position that produces the most exact answer the display screen can handle. Earlier models came with a fixed decimal point; this was fine for dollars-and-cents calculations but could be inaccurate when more than two decimal places were needed for an answer.

Constant factor: A button marked K locks in the first number entered—useful when you want to use the same number to multiply a series of others. For typical personal use, a constant is nice to have but far from essential.

Advertising copy is especially hazy when it comes to describing memory and percentage features. Every calculator has a memory for permanently storing the instructions that tell it what to do. But when a memory is advertised, it should

mean that the result of a calculation (or a subtotal) can be stored temporarily, by pressing a button rather than writing the number down. This frees the machine for other calculations, and the stored number can be called out of the memory and used over and over again without your having to re-enter it.

The percentage key is a quick way to figure taxes, discounts, markups or other percentages automatically. To figure a seven percent tax or discount on a $100 purchase, enter 100 x 7 and then hit the percentage key. Pressing the plus key gives the total *with* tax ($107) and the minus key provides the discounted total ($93). For most individual uses, the percentage key is more desirable than the memory feature. Needless to say, both raise the retail price of the machine.

In fact, a calculator's price tag should reflect only one thing: what it can do. The more functions it performs, the higher the price. Unlike many other products, lower price doesn't necessarily mean lower quality. An inexpensive model doesn't work any slower or any less reliably than its higher-priced competitors. The tiny integrated circuit that is the calculator's brain is made and tested to the same specifications (most likely by the same manufacturer), no matter what the model sells for.

Still, there are two things to watch for when considering the purchase of a discount-priced machine. Given the intense competition, a few pennies can sometimes make the difference between a manufacturer's making or losing money. Designers in some instances have resorted to cheaper cases and keyboards to squeeze out those last few cents. Most keyboards have moving, or "snap-action," keys. These give a tactile feedback but are too expensive for the lowest-priced machines, many of which employ nonmoving keys. These do the job, but they don't give the response to which most people are accustomed when using a keyboard. Try before you buy.

Very low-priced models may also be close-outs. This usually means the model didn't sell, but it also could signify that a company is leaving the market, a not infrequent occurrence these days. In the latter case, a buyer would have no recourse should anything go wrong during the warranty period (usually one year) or afterward. *Caveat emptor.*

One of the more difficult tasks facing a buyer is choosing a company that promises to be around for a while. Many of the companies that specialize in calculators are small ones, and Wall Street observers are expecting a shakeout. So the longer you wait, the easier it should be for you to pick a winner, or at least a company that will stay in the race.

Already, a handful of companies dominate the business: Bowmar, Rapid Data, Rockwell, Commodore and Texas Instruments. These five will account for 80 percent of the total U. S. production of consumer calculators this year and two out of every three machines sold here. Large manufacturers such as Craig and Hewlett-Packard, even though their calculator sales represent only a fraction of total consumer purchases, can also be expected to endure.

For all the action the minicalculators have generated in their brief two years of existence, the next two years should be even more eventful. Prices of the cheapest models are not going to drop another 50 percent, but they will continue to soften. One knowledgeable industry executive predicts that by Christmas 1974, a simple eight-digit machine should be selling for under $50. By Christmas 1976, he sees the same device under $40. At the top of the line, he looks for more specialized applications, at comparably lower prices. As manufacturers continue to learn how to print more and more circuits on ever-smaller pieces of silicon, they can build more functions into existing hardware. Already, the same chip array that provides multiple functions for the jazzy electronic slide rules can be programmed for other specialized jobs. In the next two years, look for hand-held calculators designed for stockbrokers, machinists, students, economists, surveyors and businessmen, with price tags dropping to the $100–$250 range.

After that, who knows? The message should be clear: If you don't see a calculator that meets your needs right now, hang in there. There's bound to be one in the works, no matter who you are or what you do.

POCKET CALCULATORS: MINI, MIDI, MAXI

in three broad categories, a random sampling of the 100-plus hand-held machines currently available

RANGE	MANUFACTURER AND MODEL	DIGITS OF READOUT	WEIGHT (in ounces)	DIMENSIONS (in inches)	PRICE	REMARKS
Low range: to balance your checkbook and free you from long division	Rapidman 800	8	7	½ x 3½ x 5½	$59.95	fixed decimal
	Commodore MM-3	8	5½	1 x 3 x 4	69.95	constant feature
	Garrett 2020	8	24	7 x 6	69.95	spherical housing
Middle range: extra keys for special purposes	Summit KO9V	8	8¼	1 x 2½ x 4	79.95	no bigger than a pack of cigarettes
	Texas Instruments 2500	8	12	2 x 3 x 5½	99.95	two-function constant
	Bowmar MX50	8	9	1 x 3 x 5½	99.95	percentage key, automatic constant
	Commodore US-4	8	10	1½ x 3 x 5½	99.95	memory
	Rapidman 801	8	8	1 x 3½ x 5½	109.95	automatic constant
	Berkey 350	8	9½	2 x 3 x 5	119.95	percentage key
	Craig 4505	8	9	1 x 6 x 3	149.95	memory and percentage key
Top range: slide-rule features for engineers and mathematicians	Texas Instruments SR-10	10	8	1½ x 3 x 6	149.95	squares, roots, reciprocals
	Hewlett-Packard HP-35	12	9	1 x 3 x 6	295.00	exponents, trig, log
	Hewlett-Packard HP-45	12	9	1 x 3 x 6	395.00	jazzier version of HP-35

NOTE: New models appear frequently and prices keep declining. This information was accurate at presstime, but comparison shopping is recommended.

(continued from page 120)

medical schools, it is one of the busiest medical facilities in the nation. County has no room for gift shops selling pink peignoir sets and white-satin eyeshades. There is only a vending machine offering panty hose in ten colors. Circling the complex, I got the impression that County's architect gave up after sticking a few pillars, cherubim and filigrees on the eight-story main building. Unrelieved yellow brick dominates in every direction. Most of the 1600 patient beds are located in structures built between 1909 and 1926. Yet, according to a 1972 analysis, the facility manages to handle 7.2 percent of all Chicago's hospital medical-surgical patients, 15.1 percent of all its pediatric patients, 14.4 percent of all its maternity patients and 30.4 percent of all its emergency patients.

Ghetto patients turn to County because they have no place else to go. In 1970, just 70 of the Chicago area's 7000 physicians handled half of Cook County's 265,000 medical-assistance recipients. Many physicians who used to serve the inner city have fled to affluent North Shore and Gold Coast communities. Pierre de Vise, director of the Chicago Regional Hospital Study, reports that there are more private physicians in a single North Shore medical building than in the entire West Side ghetto of 300,000 blacks. The Near South Side community of Kenwood-Oakland had 110 physicians serving 28,000 whites in 1930. Today, five physicians serve 45,500 blacks in the same area. More physicians live in suburban Evanston than in all of south Cook County.

Because many ghetto residents can't find a doctor, they must look to hospitals for primary medical care. Private hospitals in their own neighborhoods cater to middle- and upper-class patients from outlying areas. These facilities don't like to load themselves up with welfare patients, because government reimbursement is slow and inadequate. De Vise found that in 1970 roughly 18,000 emergency cases refused admission to private hospitals were forced to go to County. Hundreds of these transfers were unsafe, resulting in about 50 deaths. Some fatalities occurred because patients were sent cross-town from another hospital without resuscitation. Others transported on their backs simply drowned in their own fluids.

Since they have not had preventive care, County's patients arrive with more advanced medical problems than the general populace. According to De Vise, infant mortality in the poverty areas inhabited by County's patients is double that of the rest of the city. The age-adjusted mortality rate in Chicago's ghettos is twice as high as in the nonpoverty areas. These statistics are translated into an axiom taught new interns when they arrive at County: "Every one of our patients has three surgically operable diseases. Your job is to find them."

Looking at the hospital today, it is hard to believe that just 25 years ago County was considered one of the best teaching institutions in America. Interns and residents from all over the country took competitive exams to win $15-to-$30-a-month staff positions. County's special facilities became world famous. The hospital developed America's first blood bank and Chicago's first intensive-stroke-care unit. The trauma unit became a model for a state-wide emergency-care system. Hospitals as far away as Latin America sent patients to the superb burn unit.

But obsolete facilities, an overwhelming patient load and a fund shortage caught up with County. By 1969, a visitor could find screaming mentally ill patients lashed to their beds in more than half the general wards. Patients slept in their own excrement, with no nurses to change their bed linens. Urine and intravenous fluid puddled on the floors of the open wards, where an average of 50 acutely ill patients lay. Each 60-bed ward was equipped with only one bathtub.

Surgeons were forced to ventilate their non-air-conditioned operating rooms by opening windows, giving rise to the famous cry: "Nurse, scalpel! Forceps! Fly swatter!" The surgeons swallowed salt pills on warm summer days and canceled operations when the humidity became unbearable. Unfortunately, there was nothing anyone could do for stroke patients on 90-degree days; they simply sweated.

Dr. Dean Waldman, who was a medical student at County during this period, found the laboratory particularly tough to deal with: "They would only perform tests specifically related to a diagnosis they understood. So if you wanted to do a series of tests looking for some rare disease they knew nothing about, you had to make up a conventional diagnosis for each piece of lab work. I needed 14 different tests on one 34-year-old patient, so I made up 14 common diseases. According to my lab requests, she had liver failure, hepatitis, infectious mononucleosis, a pulmonary embolism, pancreatitis, a heart attack—she had everything. But at least I got the tests done and found out what was wrong."

Supplies ran out routinely. Dr. Waldman recalls: "At one point, a note went up on the bulletin board listing 25 commonly used items that were not available. Among them were penicillin, oxygen masks, Talwin—an antipain medicine—and toilet paper." A shortage of night nurses often resulted in patients' receiving only emergency medications. And doctors found day-shift nurses frequently reversing their prescriptions unilaterally. Modernization efforts often caused more problems than they solved. Construction of new facilities in the intensive-care unit forced critically ill patients to put up with noise, dust and falling plaster for 15 months.

By 1970, key medical personnel were beginning to quit in disgust and the politicians finally decided it was time to reorganize County under an independent governing commission. This unit's first move was to hire Dr. James Haughton, a handsome black administrator, to take charge.

The Panama-born hospital director came in from New York City at a starting salary of $60,000, making him the highest-paid public servant in Cook County. The hospital's new leader moved decisively, thanks to substantial new funding. He increased the public-relations budget from roughly $20,000 to $113,000 annually. Work crews were sent out to paint the walls and scrub the floors. Air conditioning went into such areas as surgery, trauma, emergency, intensive care and nursery. The radio pager system was doubled, nurses received call buttons, while patients picked up ward curtains and an ample supply of toilet paper. Assuming diffuse powers formerly held by the medical staff, Dr. Haughton cut County beds from an estimated 2300 to 1600. Two buildings were closed, with some patients being transferred to nearby hospitals and others simply sent home early. Today, declares the director, County is no longer a medical dumping ground. Other community hospitals must now begin meeting their obligations to Chicago's poor.

On paper, the plan seems admirable. In practice, it is a disaster. New junior administrators are shutting down wards capriciously and scattering patients all over the hospital. Doctors come to work and find that their patients have literally disappeared. Dr. Nick Rango, president of County's Residents and Interns Association, says recently it has taken three or four days to locate the missing patients. Seriously ill heart patients end up in wards where nurses do not know their names, diseases, medications or attending physicians. Obstetrical-gynecological patients end up in surgery wards. Dermatology patients are shifted to obstetrical-gynecological wards. One night not long ago, the entire rectal-surgery ward disappeared.

The 15 rectal-surgery patients were eventually located in two new wards. But finding patients is only one current challenge facing County's doctors. Equally difficult is admitting patients, because the administration prefers to accept only medical emergencies. Although many doctors oppose this policy, County's officials have ways to win compliance. Tall, high-strung Dr. Rango says the anti-admission posture disturbs patient care: "I recently arranged for one of my clinic outpatients with high blood pressure, obesity and diabetes to be admitted to the hospital. When I went to find out what

ward she had been admitted to, I discovered she was transferred to another hospital. No one could tell me which one she went to or who her new doctor was. The whole continuity of care was completely disturbed."

Pressure to turn away patients has some tragic consequences. On March 25, 1972, 45-year-old Sammie Brown was referred to County for "emergency hospitalization" by a private physician. He was taken to the hospital by police. X rays at County showed pneumonia affecting about 80 percent of his lungs; he also suffered from acute diabetes. The foreign resident who examined Brown had been warned earlier that week about admitting too many patients. At 4:35 P.M., he decided to send the man home over the protests of a sister who had accompanied him to the hospital. An hour later, Brown was brought back to County and pronounced dead on arrival. He had suffered a fatal heart attack while waiting for a subway to take him home. The resident subsequently quit the hospital under administrative pressure.

"There is no way to estimate how many County patients have died in similar situations," says Chicago's leading hospital analyst, De Vise. "We figure that five to ten percent of Cook County's patients get tired of waiting for care and leave without being seen. It's impossible to guess how many of these people died for lack of medical attention. And now that County admissions have gone down, that number is bound to increase. Many of these people consider County their doctor; they don't want to go anywhere else. When County turns them down, they just go home."

The departure of six out of ten medical-department heads and 16 senior attending physicians since 1971 has seriously hurt the quality of care at County. Medical director Dr. Quentin Young is gradually finding replacements for most of these jobs. But domestic intern recruiting has been more difficult. Of 128 new interns hired in 1972, 120 came from abroad. This embarrassing situation has prompted some staff members to jokingly suggest that Dr. Haughton bring in George Halas to set up a domestic intern draft. Until that happens, serious communications problems will continue between foreign-trained doctors and nurses, who often have trouble understanding one another's English, let alone the unfamiliar dialects of patients. County unit administrators are understandably nervous about being treated amid this confusion. That is why some of them take their personal medical problems to other hospitals.

• • •

Shortly before I left County, one of the facility's most persistent critics told me: "Bad as this place is, I can name you at least 40 hospitals in Chicago that are worse. It's shameful for us to be turning sick patients away. But it's even worse for them to be hospitalizing healthy patients." That's because the overmedicated patient in the suburbs can be exposed to as many risks as the undermedicated one in the ghettos. Doctors who routinely prescribe unnecessary drugs, hospitalization and surgery are exposing their patients to potential iatrogenic—or physician-caused—disease. Nearly every major advance in medical technology has brought new patient complications along with it. Thick medical school texts describe these frightening iatrogenic problems by the hundreds. Cumulatively, these hazards manage to offset much of the progress made by medical science in recent years. Consider:

• Sixty-six hundred patients die each year due to hospital-administered anesthesia.

• An estimated 1000 patients die each year from adverse penicillin reactions.

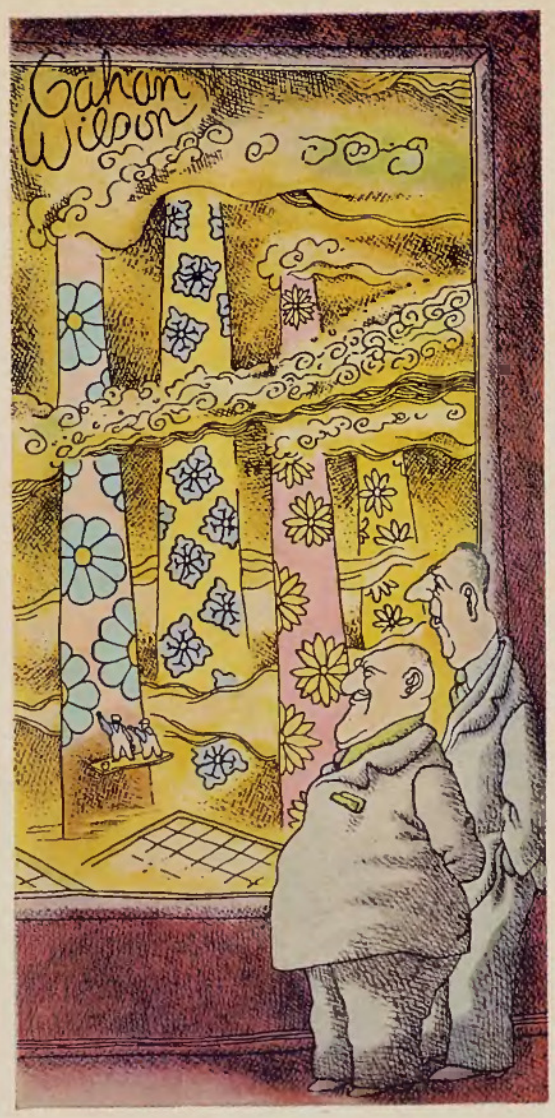
• A study showing that five to ten percent of all hospital admissions are caused by adverse drug reactions.

• A classic Yale–New Haven Hospital analysis showing that 20 percent of all patients were made ill by medical treatment.

• These complications contributed significantly to ten percent of all Yale–New Haven Hospital deaths.

• Extrapolated out, these conservative figures indicate that iatrogenic disease contributes to the death of 100,000 Americans every year—some experts think the figure is closer to 200,000.

These figures have persuaded many conscientious doctors to begin drastically limiting hospitalization, drugs and surgery. Dr. Waldman, who is now a resident at Chicago's leading pediatric hospital, says: "The other residents call me Old Iron Door, because I'm always the last one to agree to hospitalization. For example, we admit kids with infectious hepatitis only if they are unable to keep liquids down. Otherwise, the child is better off at home, because there is nothing we can do for him here. The minute you let a



"It probably isn't going to pacify them, Chief."

patient in the door, you are exposing him to at least five new risks. He can be infected by another patient. The staff can administer the wrong medicine or the right medicine in the wrong dose. They can perform the wrong procedure or the right procedure on the wrong patient. Do you know what a common mistake has been in eye surgery? Operating on the wrong eye.

"A lot of our work here," says the 29-year-old resident, "consists of undoing the mistakes of other doctors. We throw out about 80 percent of the medications prescribed by patients' family doctors. Recently we were seeing a number of serious infections started by some doctor who gave kids injections through their pants. He ran a shot mill, where every patient got an injection whether he needed it or not. Apparently, he didn't have time to remove their pants. He was tracked down and persuaded to revise his procedures.

"We have to spend a lot of time teaching mothers that a vast majority of all pediatric illness is self-limiting. The child will usually recover with no special medical treatment at all. When my kid got gastroenteritis, I took her off all solid foods and milk and put her on clear liquids with no medicine. She cleared up fine. But many private doctors will prescribe penicillin for gastroenteritis, even though it's completely worthless. The big problem is that we doctors have gotten so good at so many things that the public has come to expect an immediate solution for everything. If one doctor refuses to give the kid a shot, his mother shops around until she finds a doctor who will administer an injection. These physicians do the child a disservice. Ten years ago, kanamycin was commonly prescribed for a kind of sepsis in a newborn. As of five years ago, roughly 75 percent of the organisms were resistant to the drug."

Some busy suburban doctors obligingly hospitalize children in behalf of overwrought parents. One afternoon I drove out to Evanston Hospital, a first-class facility equipped with chapel, public cafeteria, gift shop and hordes of eager volunteers. The hospital is so well staffed that nurses actually have free time to keep up with their knitting. Dr. Joel Schwab, a pediatric resident, showed me patient after patient who had no business being there. On a tour of the pediatric ward, he told me: "Some of our admissions are of the 'get the mother off my back' variety. We get things like 'stomachaches to observe,' with the family doctor showing up once a day to write orders for eggnog."

Among the patients in the ward was a young girl recovering from a bunionectomy, another with a mild urinary infection and a third with laryngitis. A teenager, who could have been handled as an outpatient, was present because her parents' insurance covered only inpatient treatment of her muscular disorder. "I think we should be discouraging many of these admissions," Dr. Schwab told me. "Hospitalizing a child is a very heavy thing. I wish we could get the parents to understand these kids are safer at home."

• • •

"Eleven pounds of organic pork!"

Dr. Wallace H. Livingston looked at the Boulder, Colorado, allergist's bill a second time and blinked. He turned to his secretary and asked: "Is this right? This physician is billing his bronchial-asthma patient $13.20 for 11 pounds of organic pork?" She nodded and Dr. Livingston broke out laughing.

The Denver internist had spent a long, hard morning going over insurance claims on behalf of the Metropolitan Denver Foundation for Medical Care. As chairman of the foundation's peer-review committee, Dr. Livingston had been busy knocking down the bogus claims of the shot doctors, fat doctors, rubber-stamp doctors, whiplash doctors and other local charlatans preying on defenseless patients. He had seen the normal run of nonsense diagnoses like "cellular metabolic insufficiency" and "prehypoglycemia." The doctor had winced at charges for urine cultures that had no applicability to the patient's ailment. And he had blown up over totally unjustifiable steroid and antibiotic injections. But this allergist was really dreaming.

When Dr. Livingston stopped laughing, he looked out over the conference table full of insurance claims and said: "Doctors are my worst enemy. They are mean, ornery prima donnas who like to run around playing God. They are arrogant, stubborn and slow to change their ways. But this is the first one I ever heard of who tried to run a butcher shop on the side." Turning to his secretary, he declared: "Disallow the pork charge and see that this guy appears before the regional review committee."

Traditionally, doctors have been able to escape meaningful quality controls. Unlike airline pilots, who must go through semiannual physicals, regular retraining and check flights, most medical men are home free after they take their degree, complete internship and receive state licensure. That explains why ambitious general practitioners across the nation perform difficult surgeries without the benefit of specialty training. It also explains why an elderly Santa Clara County, California, physician could be found using arsenic on his venereal-disease patients in 1972. He just hadn't realized his colleagues had been using penicillin for V. D. over the past few decades.

Of course, most hospitals have peer-review committees designed to make sure, for example, that surgeons aren't taking out too many healthy appendixes. But even when a hospital takes the radical step of kicking an unscrupulous physician off its staff, no warning letter goes out to his patients. The doctor merely moves to another hospital. In California, I learned of one doctor suspended from two hospitals for malpractice who simply went out and started his own hospital.

Many doctors believe this lack of quality control is the most serious problem in American medicine. After all, they reason, an airline is only as good as its worst pilot; a hospital is only as good as its worst doctor. Good physicians worry about their inability to drum bad men out of the profession. During my trip, I met numerous doctors who told me about flagrant malpractice cases they wanted to see brought to justice. In Chicago, a pediatrician discussed a doctor who had failed to do a routine blood transfusion on a kernicterus case (jaundice of the newborn). The jaundice got into the infant's brain, leaving him severely retarded. In Denver, a cardiologist told me about a cardiovascular surgeon who wrote brilliant articles on surgical technique. Yet when he went into the operating room, this man butchered patients to death. The surgeon simply could not handle a scalpel. Both physicians who told me about these cases said they had thought of giving the victims' relatives the truth so they could sue for malpractice. Neither did.

Although doctors have no way to run these bad actors out of business, new economic controls are beginning to curb some of the most outrageous chicanery. Denver is a case in point. Four years ago, the California-based Kaiser Medical Foundation moved into town and set up shop. Kaiser, a prepaid group practice, uses peer review to drastically reduce expenses for 2,500,000 members concentrated in the West. Because its doctors all work on salary, there is no incentive to overmedicate. Well-structured review mechanisms eliminate needless treatment. Thus, Kaiser patients end up with 50 percent less surgery and 30 percent less hospitalization than the national average. These cost savings enable Kaiser's doctors, hospitals and clinics to offer full inpatient and outpatient coverage for 25 percent less than the services cost on the private medical market. Naturally, the cost savings enable Kaiser to offer attractive rates to employees for group health insurance.

When Kaiser arrived in Denver, physicians realized they would begin losing patients to the economical prepaid plan unless they began cutting down on excess costs. In self-defense, they organized the Metropolitan Denver Foundation for Medical Care, one of 89 such groups across the country. The foundation oversees claims on 180,000 patients who acquire health insurance through conventional

What do European men know that you don't know?
Say "OUI," and find out.
OUI is a whole new outlook on life for the young American man. An international point of view. A Continental sense of humor. Fiction, fact and photography by trend-setting contributors from around the world. And the women. Truly unique. Truly beautiful. And quite unlike the girl next door.
Become a man of the world. Subscribe to the new magazine that will show you how. Say yes—to OUI.
Please enter my subscription for
☐ 1 year $10 (save $2.50 off $12.50 single-copy price)
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later
☐ Charge to my Playboy Club credit Key no.
Name (please print)
Address
City State Zip
Rates and credit apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, APO-FPO addresses only.
9102
oui
A NEW PUBLICATION FROM PLAYBOY
OUI, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611

plans paid for by their employers. Cooperating health-insurance carriers write policies giving foundation patients broad coverage at a discounted rate. In return for this discount, the foundation agrees to establish fee ceilings and to police insurance claims of 1050 member doctors.

I spent some time in the foundation's busy office watching hundreds of claims go through the processing mill. Clerks scan all physician bills, pulling out those that look imaginative. They keep an eye peeled for claims from about 50 M.D.s on the foundation's "watch list." This highly confidential record carries the names of men who persistently hospitalize, operate, medicate and charge excessively. Some of them have enormous practices and most cater to affluent patients.

During my visit, Dr. Livingston showed me some of the day's claims. One came from a g.p. who had performed tonsillectomies on three children from the same family in the same week. Discharge summaries indicated no history of tonsillitis for any of the children. The tonsillectomy is America's favorite operation. About 1,100,000 are done annually and most of them are unnecessary. Between 200 and 300 children die each year because of tonsillectomy complications. Nearly all of the deaths are needless, because informed medical opinion views the operation as a useless cure for a nondisease—or a self-limiting condition at worst. Scores of medical-journal articles as far back as 1885 document the case against tonsillectomy and respected doctors nationwide have given up the operation.

These are some of the reasons Dr. Livingston disallowed the entire $433 bill for this tonsil triple-header. Neither the doctor nor the hospital received a penny. "This is one of our biggest problems," he told me. "One out of four tonsillectomy claims involves a second member of the family. The doctor says it's time for one kid's tonsils to come out and the mother figures she might as well have the whole brood taken care of at the same time. At least the kids can keep one another company in the hospital. A number of doctors encourage this, because that's the way they make their living."

Dr. Livingston showed me another bill from a doctor who favored a handful of diagnoses that he always stamped on claim forms. This particular bill covered a husband-and-wife team afflicted by "endocrine dysfunction with obesity": "Here we have a stamp doctor who treats all his patients with four bogus therapies and charges them all $367.50. We routinely knock all his claims down to $114.50. I'm thinking of rejecting his claims with a stamp of my own." The utilization review chairman turned to another form: "Every one of these guys seems to have a favorite diagnosis. Here's one who always comes in with 'menopausal syndrome and bronchitis.' It seems like every one of his female patients comes down with these two things simultaneously.

"We also have a great deal of trouble with shot doctors. Look at this claim: $562 for a yearlong series of 250 vitamin shots for a patient with 'cellular metabolic insufficiency.' That isn't a diagnosis, it's just a catchall, it's just garbage. There's no justification for treatment at all. Generally, we frown on injections when things can be given cheaper and safer orally. A lot of doctors are putting their kids through school with bogus injections."

When I finished talking with Dr. Livingston, I spoke with one of the claims clerks. She told me: "Working at a place like this sure changes your ideas about doctors. Let me show you this bill from a neurosurgeon who performed four craniotomies on the same patient. He had some technical difficulties the first time around and had to go back in three times to clean things up. We're disallowing three out of the four surgery charges, which will cost the doctor about $1500. He wrote us a long letter defending himself. It was really incriminating. If the patient could see it, she'd have a good malpractice case against him."

Later, the foundation's operations director, Dean Russman, quantified what his co-workers had been showing me: "From our analysis here, we figure about five percent of the doctors in this community are practicing bad medicine. It would be helpful if consumers would do a little investigation on a new doctor like they do when they buy a new car. Of course, there's no way we could warn people about bad doctors without legal reprisal. But even if we did, many patients would keep going to the quacks. People choose doctors for their personality, not for their ability. We can dock the bad guys financially. But as long as the public remains medically ignorant, they'll have all the business they can handle."

• • •

Three years ago, a delegation of Richmond, Indiana, physicians got in touch with the town fathers of nearby Liberty (population 1814) to ask if they could do something about that horrible sign in the village square: THIS TOWN NEEDS A DOCTOR. It was downright unethical, they said, for a town to advertise like that. The Richmond men promised to find Liberty a doctor if the community removed the sign. Liberty's leaders thought it over and decided to comply. Unfortunately, they've never heard another word out of the Richmond delegation.

Few, if any, of America's doctorless towns have searched longer and harder for a physician than have the people of Liberty. Over the past six years, residents of this prosperous community, situated in prime eastern Indiana hog-farming country, have done everything short of kidnaping a doctor. They have raised $40,000 for a clinic, traveled to such cities as Cleveland, Cincinnati, Dayton, Indianapolis and St. Louis, while making hundreds of long-distance phone calls in pursuit of an M.D.

Liberty's problem is one that afflicts nearly every rural sector of America. It is rooted in the nationwide doctor shortage. Our country has 345,000 physicians, or one for every 589 potential patients. This ratio actually puts us behind such nations as the Soviet Union, where the doctor-patient ratio is one to 420. Federal authorities want one doctor for every 500 patients, which means we are short about 61,000 physicians. Aggravating the shortage is the fact that M.D.s tend to concentrate in big urban centers like Boston, Chicago, Denver and Los Angeles, where the best hospitals, medical schools and cultural opportunities are located. Thus, rural counties with fewer than 10,000 residents average only one doctor per 2000 patients. About 500 communities with populations between 750 and 2500 have no physician.

Actually, Liberty's residents are better off than they would be in most other doctorless towns. Those who take sick between seven P.M. and nine P.M. Monday through Thursday can visit a temporary clinic. It's run by a moonlighting physician who goes there after finishing his daytime duties at the Philco-Ford plant in Connersville. Unfortunately, he is unable to accept cases involving hospitalization. Some elderly Liberty residents get periodic attention from a 77-year-old semiretired physician living in town. This man doesn't take hospital cases, either.

Since few residents can get treatment in town, they drive a cumulative total of 173,000 miles annually to visit doctors in Richmond, Connersville and Oxford, Ohio. Many have no regular doctor and end up paying $50 for a routine emergency-room visit. Elderly residents who don't drive must spend $25 for an ambulance ride to the hospital. Even filling a prescription means an out-of-town drive, because Liberty's only drugstore closed in 1968.

Residents of the town's handsome white frame houses, fronted with broad porches and shaded by towering maples, tend to put off their medical needs. In the spring of 1972, Mrs. Thomas Lawson, a local sixth-grade teacher, was hit by a bad cold: "I didn't have a family physician, so I figured I'd doctor myself. On the last day of school, I was so sick I could barely walk without losing my breath. A couple of days later, I woke up and found I couldn't breathe. So I got on the phone and collapsed. When I came to, I told the operator to send an ambulance to the post office, which is located across from my house. I went out and sat on the curb at 5:30 A.M. until the ambulance arrived and ran me in to the Richmond hospital. When I got to the hospital, the emergency-room physician asked who my doctor was. I told him: 'My doctor died three

"I don't have a question. I just said I'd like to put it to Miss Hotchkiss."

years ago, you be my doctor.' So they admitted me for respiratory failure, pulmonary congestion and a heart condition. I spent five weeks in the hospital, including two on oxygen.

"My former Liberty doctor would have caught the whole thing in time if he'd been alive. The poor guy, we worked him to death. The town tried to find another doctor to help him out after his first heart attack in 1967. He practiced with a pacemaker for his last three years. Sick as he was, that man saw patients right up to the weekend of his fatal heart attack."

Mrs. Elaine Stubb, a nurse who operates the Park Manor Nursing Home with her husband, told me about some of the special problems of caring for geriatrics in a doctorless town. Pajama-clad patients wandered past her office door as she talked. "There are times when we can't find any doctors willing to drive over and see our critically ill patients. I can't tell you how many might have been saved by a local doctor with a defibrillator and medications to keep them out of shock. It's more patients than I care to think about.

"We end up taking patients to the hospital at great expense for conditions any local physician could treat on the spot. The emergency rooms become unable to take care of real emergencies, because their facilities are crowded with patients who should have been seen in a doctor's office. The hospitals get down on us about this. Recently, I was certain one of our patients had suffered a stroke, so I called McCullogh-Hyde Memorial Hospital in Oxford. They told me not to bring her in, because they were full. I took her in anyway and they finally accepted her. Hospitals really aren't interested in elderly patients like ours. They feel it's better to let them die. So now I don't call ahead on patients like that. I just take them in."

At the nearby trust department of Union County National Bank, Ted Montgomery, Liberty's handsome young chamber-of-commerce president, offered an economic analysis: "It's the damnedest monopoly you ever saw. If any company had a strangle hold on a market the way doctors do on medical care, every politician in the country would be out to break it up. You know, most self-employed physicians in this country average $42,000 a year. With that kind of income, it's not hard to see why none of them want to move to a place like this. They'll probably have to work harder for the same money. But there ought to be one doctor willing to sacrifice a bit. Life here has advantages you can't put on a ledger. Frankly, I can't understand why a community that supports seven attorneys is unable to support one doctor. Twenty years ago, Liberty had three doctors who made house calls. Today, it's nearly impossible to get a doctor in to check us out."

Despite the frustrations, townspeople continue searching diligently for a doctor. Not long ago, the Ernest Millers drove to Indianapolis during the annual state medical exams. They took a two-room suite at Howard Johnson's, where many examinees were staying during the tests. State examiners promised to send over 10 to 15 doctors for interviews. Signs soliciting candidates were posted around the motel. The Millers fiddled patiently about their expensive suite for two days. Unfortunately, a motel mix-up on the Millers' room number kept away doctors seeking them out. Not a single interview took place. The couple returned to Liberty furious and filed a long letter of protest with Howard Johnson's. The motel never replied.

• • •

When the doctor returned to his office from morning rounds at Houston's Hermann Hospital, a letter awaited him on the desk. Opening it, he read of his temporary suspension from Hermann's staff for failing to keep patient records up to date. Then the young physician tossed the communication into his wastebasket.

"Nothing to get upset about. I get suspended all the time. It's routine. Whenever a doctor gets behind on three patient records, they do this. It's impossible to keep up. To tell you the truth, I'm not even sure how many patients I have in the hospital right now. I don't have as much time to devote to patients as Marcus Welby. I'll just admit patients under another doctor's name until I get my records cleaned up."

The doctor, a cancer specialist, keeps so busy he's not even sure how many cases are under his care: "It's somewhere between 2000 and 3000." At any given time, he has 15 to 20 patients in nonprofit Hermann and ten-story Diagnostic Center Hospital. The latter is a proprietary facility linked by a parking ramp with the eight-story Diagnostic Clinic of Houston. This clinic, a partnership of 45 physicians, is his home base.

What distinguishes this slim, fast-talking M.D. from his colleagues is a complete lack of bedside manner. He regularly runs through the wards at a rate of ten patients per hour. His brusque manner disturbs many who expect the kind of compassion dispensed by TV doctors. Just today, a patient's relatives fired him for his coldhearted attitude. The doctor, whose brown hair is thinning noticeably after six years of practice, recognizes the problem but refuses to change his ways: "Good doctors don't have time to take a personal interest in their patients these days. I'm seeing a lot of really sick people. There are days when two or three of my patients die on me. I don't have the patience to sit around holding hands, telling jokes and giving needless shots for psychosomatic problems.

"Some guys limit their practice so they can have more time for each patient. I'm never going to do that. This place is like a bank. We're open for business every day of the week. Anyone who can afford us can come here. Our clinic doesn't exclude anyone except gypsies. They just run up too many bad debts."

Diagnostic Clinic and Center bask in the international reputation of Texas Medical Center across the street. Thanks to air conditioning, this 210-acre site has surmounted Houston's Liberianlike climate to become America's fastest-growing health-care complex. The mélange of buildings in half-a-dozen clashing architectural styles houses a scene that would drive Liberty, Indiana, visitors wild with envy. Over 900 physicians work at seven hospitals, three research-and-rehabilitation institutes and two medical schools. Other units include a nursing school, a dental school and a religious institute, where chaplains learn how to comfort the grieved. Nearby, the city's reigning surgical superstars, Drs. Michael DeBakey and Denton Cooley, run their open-heart assembly lines.

Largely because Diagnostic's men are associated with this prestigious medical center, 500 new patients a week flock to the modernistic beige-brick clinic and hospital. Patients from 25 nations on five continents visit the flourishing group practice. Among them are the vice-president of Guatemala, the head of the Mexican secret police, bishops, generals, Congresswomen and numerous Texas millionaires. "You have to be very careful how you judge new patients around here," the doctor says. "Guys worth $40,000,000 or $50,000,000 show up in jeans and work shirts."

Between 1971 and 1972, Diagnostic's hospital census and surgeries went up more than ten percent. Profitability of the hospital (owned by Hospital Corporation of America) is enhanced by its failure to offer maternity and major emergency-room services, both of which lose money. The success of similar ventures nearby is the main reason four major hospital corporations are building or expanding facilities in Houston. Biggest of these will be Doctors Center, a $200,000,000 complex dominated by a 26-story professional building. This one is a joint venture between Hilton Hotels and Bud Adams, owner of the Houston Oilers.

Services at these new medical facilities aren't cheap. At Diagnostic, basic consultations are $50. Physicals average $250 and can run to $500. With computerized multiphasic screening, 40 patients a day can be given complete checkups. Results from E.K.G.s, urinalyses, hearing tests, eye exams, blood-pressure readings, blood-sugar checks, etc., feed directly into the clinic computer. The lab has highly automated machines that can perform 12 blood tests in just eight minutes. Radiologists can punch X-ray results directly into

patient records via computer link. The president of a Houston-based oil company was so impressed by his recent Diagnostic physical that 250 other executives of the firm subsequently went there for checkups of their own.

"What we are doing here," the doctor says during a guided tour, "is gearing up for socialized medicine. The Government will throw out the best of what we have and keep the worst. Federally sponsored clinics will treat people like they are V. A.-hospital patients, forcing them to wait all day to see a doctor. Pretty soon everyone who can afford it will be running back to places like ours. That's why doctors and private corporations are building these proprietary hospitals and affiliated clinics. We're going to clean up, and I'm not ashamed of it. I was 31 years old before I started making a decent salary and I deserve every penny of it. Actually, doctors like me are really underpaid. Insurance companies won't pay us what we're worth, so we have to make it up on lab and X-ray charges. You know, this is a business, just like anything else. I'm in the black and that's all I care about."

He had underscored this point the night before in the room of a breast-cancer patient hospitalized at Hermann. A sunburned visitor paying his respects told the physician about his wife's bleeding ulcer: "I want her to come in and see you, but we can't afford it."

The doctor thought about that for a second while examining his cancer patient: "Don't you have insurance coverage?"

"She's a substitute teacher and ineligible for the school board's group plan."

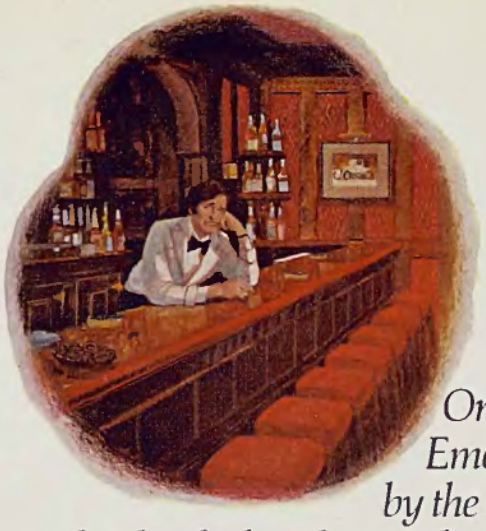
"Well, you should dig up the money somewhere, friend. If you don't bring her in soon, she's really going to bust loose one of these days. Then it will cost you a whole lot more to fix her up."

"I know; sure wish we could afford you."

Later, as the doctor jumped into his Buick to rush home for a P. T. A. meeting, he reflected on the couple's problem: "People are really careless about their health. If you don't have your health, you don't have anything."

This physician doesn't lose much sleep over people who refuse to take care of themselves: "Sooner or later, they'll have to come see us. We're like food and booze, everyone needs us." Today, for example, the doctor is one of the busiest men in the clinic. His patients are backed up in the waiting room. New ones can catch a rare glimpse of him standing still. A full-color portrait shows him posing at home. Similar pictures of his colleagues line the reception-area walls.

The doctor is moving faster than usual this Friday morning, because he plans to take off early for a weekend of R & R in San Antonio with his wife. "We'll get a big room at the St. Anthony, listen to



On October 28, 1972, Emerson Chipps stopped by the Candlelight Lounge and ordered a bourbon and soda.

Just as he has every Thursday evening since 1953. For 19 years the Candlelight Lounge served Emerson Chipps, Early Times.

On October 28, 1972, they did not.

Goodbye, Mr. Chipps.

Early Times.
To know us is to love us.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky • 86 Proof • Early Times Distillery Co., Louisville, Ky. ©ETDC 1973

some jazz down at The Landing, carry a bottle back to the hotel and unwind," he says wistfully. "No phone, no kids and no patients."

Right now, though, he must examine a middle-aged oil-company mechanic with terrible pains in his left leg. For the past seven months, this man has been going to the M. D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute down the street. At Anderson, one of America's leading cancer-research-and-treatment centers, the problem was diagnosed as bursitis and treated with an anti-inflammatory agent. Unimproved by Anderson's treatment, he had come to the doctor, who immediately ordered a xerogram and an arteriogram (two sophisticated X-ray procedures involving xerography and dyes).

Next he examines an elderly woman, discovering a fistula (hollow area) between the bowel and the colon. The internist orders her hospitalized immediately at Diagnostic and rushes back to his office to phone a surgeon: "She is big and old and fat and you are going to have one hell of a selling job on the colostomy." As the M.D. hangs up, a nurse comes in with a fresh E.K.G. He glances at the report and dials another number: "Dr. _____ here. Just wanted to tell you your E.K.G. looks OK. Now, when did I tell you to come back—in six weeks or six months?"

Then the physician dictates a letter to a Mexican doctor about a breast-cancer patient who had flown up for consultation. On signing off, he boasts: "We do $1,000,000 worth of business with Mexican patients alone." After looking in on several other cases, the doctor heads for lunch in the staff dining area–lounge. While he nibbles at a chili dog, a colleague wheels in a patient allergic to his own red blood cells. The medical men all put down their food to cluster around the patient for a closer look.

In the afternoon, the doctor's first patient is an amputee. He recently underwent a modified hemipelvectomy, severing of the right leg at his pelvis, to remove a sarcoma. Aside from some difficulty sitting on his stump and swollen testicles, the elderly patient has no complaints. The internist couldn't be more pleased: "For a while there, we didn't think you were going to make it. When that artery broke loose from the suture, you lost 17,000 c.c.s of fluid, went into shock, heart failure, kidney failure and pneumonia. If those nurses hadn't kept a careful eye on you after the surgery, you wouldn't be here today. You know, we used the best man in Houston doing that surgery, Dick Martin. Afterward, he told me that was the first time anything like that had happened in over 100 patients. Dick felt awful, because that was his first surgery at Hermann and he was trying to make a good impression."

After examination of half-a-dozen other clinic visitors, the doctor walks through the parking ramp to reach Diagnostic. After authorizing the release of one patient who suffered a temporary memory loss following a bad fall, he returns to the nurses' station and phones central records. First he dictates a discharge summary with a final diagnosis of "transient ischemic attack." Then he dictates an admission summary on the same patient with an entering diagnosis of "transient ischemic attack." As we walk over to see a kidney-stone patient, the internist laughs. "You come out looking pretty smart when you do it that way."

When he finishes examining his kidney case and seven cancer victims, the physician heads over to radiology for a look at the mechanic's leg X rays. A quick check shows he has a sarcoma in the left hip. The doctor quietly tells the radiologist: "Looks like he's going to be my second modified hemipelvectomy. Guess I'll bring in Dick Martin to ruin his career as a mechanic." Just before walking out, he laughingly asks the radiologist: "What else can you do for me today?"

As he heads down to break the bad news to his newest cancer patient, the doctor sounds proud of himself: "That's the fastest consult I've ever done. I found that sarcoma in six hours. Boy, wait until they hear about this one back over at Anderson: bursitis, my ass. He was probably seen by one of the junior men who didn't give a shit. I guess this is going to be one of their notable misses. Heads are really going to roll. The irony is that the surgeon who will chop off his leg is based at Anderson."

When he emerges from the mechanic's room, the doctor says: "I told him he had a tumor, that we needed more tests and that it may involve radical surgery. I didn't lie. I just understated the facts to get him thinking about it. That way, he'll be psychologically ready for amputation by the time we're set to cut. If I had told him the truth, I wouldn't be able to go to San Antonio this weekend. I'd have to stick around, keeping an eye on him, to prevent a psychotic break. It's what we doctors call patient management."

Rushing back to his office after rounds, the physician cleans up a few pieces of paperwork. Then he changes into a brown-hopsack sports coat and heads off for the long weekend. Unfortunately, the M.D.'s path is blocked by his nurse, who has a form for him: "I need your autograph, Dr. _____."

He signs it quickly, hands back the form and tells her: "Hang on to that signature. Someday it will be worth $1000."

(Six weeks later, I checked in with the doctor to see how his second modified hemipelvectomy had gone. "Well," he told me, "that turned into a real interesting case. The surgeon reviewed the X rays and agreed it was a sarcoma necessitating amputation. We broke the bad news to the mechanic, who went home for two weeks to quit his job, which involved oil-company work world wide. After his affairs were in order, he checked into Anderson for surgery. But a biopsy showed no sarcoma. He simply had recurrence of a testicular seminoma, a germinal tumor that had been taken out in 1971. We canceled the operation and knocked the cancer out with X-ray therapy. The mechanic is back on the job. You just can't be sure of anything in this business.")

• • •

"We don't care about the kind of patients we get," says Dr. Donald Kelly. "With the law of large numbers, we can take care of any populace anywhere—California, France, India, you name it."

The 40-year-old leader of Los Angeles–based HMO International, a mushrooming prepaid-group-health plan, hasn't begun negotiations in Calcutta yet. But his firm does have 110,000 California patients and is talking with French health leaders about a contract that would cover 30,000 to 40,000 Parisians. Dr. Kelly believes his company and others like it offer the final solution to America's health-care crisis. With the help of foreign governments, he dreams of revolutionizing medical treatment in the slums of Rio as well as in the streets of San Francisco—all at a reasonable profit.

His primary focus and major challenge right now is the American market. How does he plan to turn around a sickness-oriented health-care-delivery system that eschews preventive medicine in favor of last-minute technological solutions? Can he adequately handle new patients who lack medical histories because the nation has no central patient-file system? Will he be able to find new physicians to handle doctorless inner-city patients victimized by the absence of comprehensive national health planning? Is there a way to curb M.D.s who overmedicate? Can he establish effective peer-review mechanisms for doctors who have traditionally been able to enjoy life tenure from the day they completed their internships?

"With the law of large numbers, we can do anything," says Dr. Kelly in his 15th-floor Century City suite. His lawyer and public-relations man nod. They are sitting on his maroon-corduroy couch beneath the crescent-shaped mirrors framed by English griffins. The president, who likes to go barefoot about his office in jeans and sport shirts, is wearing his three-piece pinstripe suit from Chipp of New York. The doctor privately calls it his "stockholder's suit."

This actuarial axiom Dr. Kelly has been spouting from his English partner's antique desk is vital to the company's success. It is largely why HMO's subsidiary, California Medical Group (CMG), has been able to profitably enroll 50,000 Medi-Cal (public-aid-recipient) patients

during the past year. Under this plan, CMG contracts with the state to provide complete medical services for each Medi-Cal case at a fixed fee of around $20 a month.

Dr. Kelly, sunburned from a recent ski trip, says that these poor patients' acute medical needs are offset by their underutilization of certain costly services: "Take physical exams, for example. Our coverage includes free checkups. If every one of our Medi-Cal patients came in for an annual physical, we would be out of business. But, in reality, only about 20 percent actually come in for complete checkups each year, so we're OK. That's the law of large numbers. Out of any patient population, only a fraction is going to use any given medical service. With our prior patient experience, we can set up an actuarial basis for determining costs and fees. You take the number of patients times the estimated annual cost of service per patient, divide by 12 and there's your monthly premium. Using this formula, we can provide prepaid health coverage for any group in the world."

With CMG's patients, Dr. Kelly can work out the medical economics that will carry HMO across the country and around the world: "The key to our business is keeping people out of the hospital. The average hospitalization stay in the U. S. is eight days. Kaiser is six and we are four. Every one of our hospitalizations requires approval from supervisory personnel. We can do many things like biopsies, tonsillectomies, dilatation and curettage without overnight hospitalization. We've got a fine surgeon who can do some hernia repairs under local anesthetic. When our hernia patients do have to go to the hospital, they come out in two days. Most other places, it's four or five."

CMG's mellifluous medical director, Dr. Toby Freedman, who has just joined the conversation, says: "We encourage our doctors to be a little more imaginative, a little freer. They know they are supposed to transfer patients out as soon as they can. If someone doesn't have anyone at home to take care of him, that's his problem, not ours. We have very efficient doctors. Recently, Don had a lipoma on his back that looked like it could be malignant. We decided to take it off. The growth was very deep, but not malignant. The doctor sewed him up and Don was out playing tennis the next afternoon. Isn't that right, Don?"

"You bet," says Dr. Kelly.

Finding good doctors is crucial to the future of Dr. Kelly's organization. An assistant medical director says: "The challenge is getting the best men. Our salary is no problem. We start out many of our specialists at $50,000. They all like coming to work for an outfit that has a 40-hour week. Everyone looks forward to having a month off for vacation and medical leave each year. All of them are interested in joining the company's tax-shelter plan. But you know what really sells them? The car: we throw in a free car. They get their choice of a Cadillac or a Mercedes. That's really our most potent recruiting weapon; we always hold it out for last. There've been a number of doctors right on the fence who completely flipped out when we told them about the Cadillac or the Mercedes. As soon as they heard that, they were totally sold on our kind of medicine. You see, a lot of doctors won't treat themselves to the things they deserve. Many doctors would love to drive a Cadillac or a Mercedes, but they won't indulge themselves. However, if the car is shoved in their face, they'll say shit, why not? Of course, they don't have to take a Cadillac or a Mercedes. They can have another luxury car, such as a Porsche, if they want one. But that costs us more, because we don't get the volume discount we enjoy on the Cadillac and the Mercedes. For a Porsche, they have to chip in $20 a month out of their salary. Hell, I mean, we're not made of gold or anything."

Dr. Kelly's corporation is only one of half-a-dozen Los Angeles group-health organizations with eyes on the national market. All these companies are among the 25 contractors recently selected by California to enroll up to 464,000 Medi-Cal patients on a prepaid basis. State costs are expected to run ten percent less than the old fee-for-service reimbursement

Introducing the Elegant Shave

New Rapid-Shave Cologne Scent just gave your face a whole new outlook on shaving. Elegance. Because this Rapid-Shave surrounds your face with the scent of expensive cologne. A classy fragrance. In a classy shave cream.

So tomorrow morning, give your face what it deserves. Elegance. With new Rapid-Shave® Cologne Scent.

One more reason we can say . . .
we never met a face we didn't like.

©1973, Colgate-Palmolive Company

system. In a desperate effort to sign up Medi-Cal patients, the contractors (located primarily in Southern California) began bombarding ghetto communities with letters and solicitors during the summer of 1972. With contractors footing the bill, the state obligingly mailed out official-looking envelopes to Medi-Cal recipients eligible for the new prepaid program. On the outside was a Sacramento postmark and this announcement: IMPORTANT MEDICAL BULLETIN ENCLOSED. On the inside was sales literature. One enterprising contractor sent recruiters wearing white nurses' uniforms into prospective neighborhoods. Some aggressive solicitors signed up patients 10 to 15 miles from their medical group's nearest clinic. Recruiters representing different contractors competed with one another block by block, sometimes door by door.

Local doctors and pharmacies were understandably dismayed about losing patients and customers to these prepaid groups. Physicians began posting signs in their waiting rooms telling Medi-Cal patients not to sign with contractors. Pharmacists put similar notices in with their prescriptions. And doctors across Southern California began flooding the Los Angeles County Medical Association with documentation on numerous cases of patient mistreatment at the hands of their new prepaid competitors. In an unprecedented display of candor, the medical association made about 100 of these stories public.

The state stood by all contractors but one, Comprehensive Health Services. This group was supposed to provide full coverage for 20,000 Medi-Cal patients in Orange County. Several exposés by Robert Fairbanks of the *Los Angeles Times* revealed how this company actually started out in the discount-wine business. Two state legislators enjoying direct financial relationships with Comprehensive had done the company big favors. One helped nudge a special bill through the legislature that permitted wine companies to own hospitals. The other helped set up the firm's Medi-Cal contract. State officials tried to ignore these revelations until it was disclosed that one of Comprehensive's hospitals, Broadway General in Anaheim, was substandard. This facility had been disapproved by both the California Medical Association and the Joint Commission on Hospital Accreditation. This meant the state had violated its own rule requiring contractors to send Medi-Cal patients to hospitals that had been approved by at least one of the two groups. The Comprehensive contract was canceled in January of this year. In February, the firm filed for bankruptcy and was hit by a $47,860 IRS tax lien.

No one feels worse about the bad publicity than Dr. Bruce Frome at Marvin Health Services. Here he is, working 14-hour days in his Los Angeles office, taking a red-eye flight to the East Coast for meetings and then catching another sleepless flight back to work on Wilshire Boulevard. Here he is, peddling prepaid group-health care in New Jersey, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois and several other states. Here he is, hoping to push business up tenfold to $100,000,000 annually in one year and the clowns are messing things up.

"Changing America's health-care-delivery system is not an easy job," the boyish-looking doctor tells me. "There are bound to be growing pains for companies like ours. I knew that from the beginning. Making money in prepaid health care is a real challenge. To tell you the truth, I didn't even want to get into this business. In the old days, I rose in Bel Air and drove down to the largest practice in Watts. There I was running the Marvin Clinic with two other doctors, working hard and making a fortune. But when the state announced it was going to enroll Medi-Cal patients in this prepaid program, I realized my kind of practice was through. Sure I could move, but in five years this prepaid thing will be all over the country. That meant starting Marvin Health Services or losing all my patients to someone else's group plan. I decided to form the company and get the state contract for up to 30,000 Medi-Cal patients."

Dr. Frome pauses and reaches into his office desk for a cigar. "Sure I ran into recruiting problems at first. I was idealistic, my first inclination was to hire 20 of my welfare patients and let them do solicitation. Naturally, I expected them to go next door and enroll their neighbors. Instead, they hung around the office all day and just signed up my regular patients. In the first two weeks, they enrolled 1576 patients. Of course, those were the sick and pregnant ones. God, in the first month we had to deliver six babies under the prepaid plan. We'd gotten only $21 from the state for each of these women and they were hitting us with $400 deliveries. It was terrible. We just got killed that first month."

Cigar smoke clouds the room as Marvin's leader continues: "We decided to shift to a professional enrollment organization that sent 300 people out door to door. Well, you can imagine any time you have 300 people going door to door selling anything on commission, there is going to be a certain amount of misrepresentation. Especially when they are competing with other companies. I'm sure some people were confused when they signed up for Marvin. Some of them probably thought they were signing petitions to recall Governor Reagan."

Suddenly, Dr. Frome is compulsively shoving a stack of private-investigation reports off his desk into my arms. "Check some of these out. We discovered so many employees with drug convictions and felony arrests we had to turn to this. Look at some of these people who want to work for us." I see that several applicants have police records two and three pages long. "Half the girls who apply for pharmacy work have been arrested on pushing charges.

"Pioneering is tough. In December 1971, at the old Marvin Clinic in Watts, someone put a bullet hole in my Cadillac's windshield. One of the doctors working there had his throat slit when he walked out the door a couple of weeks later. He lived, but things like that would never have happened before this corporation got going."

Dr. Frome firmly believes the future of his company, the burgeoning prepaid-health-care business and American medicine itself lies in keeping patients well: "We have 20,000 people enrolled right now and 85 percent don't bother us much. The problem is that the other 15 percent are monopolizing our 29 clinics and emergency centers. Obviously, the trick is to keep that 15 percent away. We're doing that now with our computer. It's kicking out the name of every patient who uses more than $500 worth of medical services in 90 days. In a few months, we hope to put each of them through a behavioral-adjustment system designed to keep hypochondriacs away. The whole thing is really very simple. These patients are isolated in booths and bombarded with unintelligible sounds for 20 minutes. This noise shuts down their central cortex, making them brainwashable. Then all we have to do is feed in a cassette full of suggestions: Stop drinking, sleep more, stop worrying, eat right, take your pills, stop visiting the doctor. We can do patient recruiting simultaneously by telling them to bring friends in to enroll. Thus, we get rid of expensive patients and attract new members at no cost. Obviously, a system like this could be dangerous in the wrong hands, but we know what we're doing."

Six weeks later, I checked in on Dr. Frome and found that Marvin Health Services was doing fine but that he had run into trouble. One of his consultants in Chicago had attempted to sell the Marvin concept to Teamster president Frank Fitzsimmons through an intermediary. "Everything was going fine," says Dr. Frome, "until one morning in late February, when two FBI agents picked me up outside my office.

"They took me across the street to a Nibblers restaurant and told me this intermediary was connected with a Mafia front. I was shocked, of course, and we cut off talks with the Teamsters right away. But the state Department of Health Care Services panicked when they heard the story. They were frightened about bad publicity that might come from public disclosure of the fact that one of their prime Medi-Cal contractors had been

"I'm the monster's wife . . . can I help you?"

dealing with Mafia types. We got the message that unless there was a big shake-up in my company, they might not renew our Medi-Cal contracts."

Dr. Frome resigned from Marvin Health Services in March and resumed private practice and work at the Marvin Clinic in Watts. He figures to lose roughly $250,000 due to his untimely resignation from the company. "That's life; sometimes you get bumped off," says Dr. Frome philosophically. "Well, at least I got a free Nibblers breakfast out of the FBI."

• • •

When I returned home from my odyssey through America's medical empire, a large packet awaited me from Gilbert Martin of the A.M.A.'s magazine-relations division. Handsomely laid out books, pamphlets, brochures and surveys in purples, oranges, blues and greens popped out at me. There was even a 185-page guide to the A.M.A.'s stand on 250 issues of the day, ranging from accident prevention (pro) to zoonoses (con).

I was particularly taken by a summary of a recent Harris Poll measuring confidence in the leadership of 16 national organizations. Medicine ranked first; the press was 13th. Had Martin slipped that in as a hint, I wondered? Was that supposed to be fair warning to fourth-estate members who might try to shake public faith in American medicine?

Sensing a threat, I decided to scan the A.M.A. literature, looking hard for the bright side. Here is a taste of the good news the A.M.A. has for those who think something might be amiss with America's health-care-delivery system:

• Only 311,000 Americans suffered medical injuries due to drug, surgical and hospital treatment in 1968.

• Of these victims, a mere 2872 died because of "medical or surgical complications or misadventures."

• Fewer than 50 percent of all adverse incidents occurring in hospital patient treatment now result in malpractice claims.

• A mere 6160 doctors lost malpractice suits in 1970.

The A.M.A., which represents 60 percent of the nation's doctors, is also quick to point out that medical men don't make as much as everyone thinks. That average yearly salary of $42,000 is based on a typical 62-hour work week. Scaled down to a standard 40-hour week, that works out to about a paltry $27,000 annually. If the A.M.A. sounds a little defensive here, that's understandable. After all, this is the organization that persuaded medical schools to reduce their class size during the Depression due to an imaginary oversupply of physicians. The association promoted the view that America had 25,000 more physicians than it needed. Prospective medical students were warned that the profession was overcrowded. This policy wasn't reversed until 1951, and the public is still paying for it in terms of today's doctor shortage and consequent inflation of fees.

Today's A.M.A. fights hard to retain doctor control of the nation's health-care system. But when defects of this system are pointed out, organized medicine absolves itself of responsibility. Dr. Max H. Parrott, chairman in 1971 of the A.M.A.'s board of trustees, speaks for his profession when he claims: "No matter how drastic a change is made in our medical-care system, no matter how massive a program of national health insurance is undertaken, no matter what sort of system evolves, many of the really significant causes of ill-health will remain largely unaffected. We should keep in mind that medicine is relatively powerless before many of the major health concerns that trouble us all."

I thought about this professed inability of the medical profession to improve public health one night while leafing through copies of *Rx Sports and Travel*, a handsome leisure magazine sent free to physicians. It's the kind of publication you probably won't find lying around in your doctor's waiting room. That's because it gives such a vivid view of the tortures today's M.D.s are subjected to. Looking through the magazine, you see all the terrible decisions he is forced to make. How shall he do the Caribbean this year? Should he go "posh" at $3600 per week on a 72-foot ketch or economize on a "first-class" 41-footer at a mere $968 weekly? What about this American Revolution bicentennial-collection chess set with each piece a different symbol of liberty? Should he spend $1440 for the sterling-silver edition or spring $19,200 for the 14-kt.-gold set? Perhaps he would be better off with a $1500 porcelain bobolink sculpture or a $2000 reproduction of the 1873 trap-door Springfield used exclusively by members of the Seventh Cavalry at Custer's last stand.

Surveying the ads for the $350,000 Colorado ranches and the articles on physicians building private water-skiing lakes, I got the feeling that doctors have taken better care of themselves than of their patients. I found it hard to believe that the same men who had made medicine the most affluent profession in the country were "relatively powerless" when it came to improving the nation's health-care system.

It seems to me that they are about as powerless as the auto makers who boast of their superb engineering ability until the Government asks them to put effective pollution-control devices on their cars. They remain powerless by choice—not wanting to break up a monopolistic medical empire oriented toward their own financial health, not their patients' well-being. While perpetuating America's second-rate health-care-delivery system, physicians use the A.M.A. and the rest of organized medicine to spout lip service about the need for such things as better preventive medicine and patient education. But in day-to-day practice, they work against these much-needed reforms.

Solid economic reasons lie behind this strategy. Preventive medicine is very time-consuming for the doctor and not particularly lucrative. Why should he devote half an hour to teaching a patient how to avoid illness when he can give six sore-throat patients penicillin shots in the same amount of time? No matter that the injections are worthless because none of the patients has a positive strep-throat culture. The physician still comes out ahead financially.

M.D.s prefer keeping their patients in substantial ignorance about medical practice for similar reasons. Educated patients can cost them money. Consider just a few of the countless examples. Over the past decade, the Roswell-Park Research Institute in Buffalo has conclusively established that postoperative radiation treatments for breast-cancer patients are of no lifesaving value and may actually be injurious. Yet radiologists nationwide continue irradiating women following breast surgery. If these cancer victims knew about the Roswell-Park work and refused to accept treatment, radiologists would lose a major source of business. Similarly, surgeons would be substantially deprived of their largest single supply of patients if parents knew about the dubious value of most children's tonsillectomies. If informed patients began consulting the *Physicians' Desk Reference* to weigh a proposed injection series' side effects against its benefits, they might cancel treatment.

Certainly, there are some conscientious doctors who do place proper emphasis on preventive medicine and patient education. But most of them are not treating the patients who need them most. In Chicago, for example, most of the top specialists are not devoting their careers to the multiple-disease problems rampant among ghetto residents. Instead, they are out in middle- and upper-income areas, tending to overmedicate a much healthier populace. Modern American medical technology is simply not being effectively applied where it is most desperately needed. Instead, it is being overutilized among patients who often do not need it—sometimes with iatrogenic problems the result. Neither the rich nor the poor get the balanced care they need. The results are evident in our stagnant mortality statistics that put us behind many less advanced nations. But there is no point in being discouraged by the fact that we rank 23rd in male life expectancy, seventh in female life expectancy, 11th in maternal mortality and 14th in infant mortality. After all, American doctors continue to rank first in per-capita income.

CALLOWAY'S CLIMB

(continued from page 104)

rather be up here with. Do you believe that?"

She shook her head.

"Don't do this, Nils," she said. "Those boys need our help. If you're ready to go, you better go."

He felt angry that he had opened himself to her and a need now to be cruel.

"All right, fine," he said, already beginning to climb. "Try not to cry, will you, because if you do cry, you'll have trouble handling the rope."

"Don't worry about how I handle the rope," she replied, as if he were no longer a central fact of her life, no longer worthy of her anger. "Look," she said. "There he is."

"What?" he grumbled. "There who is?"

"The one I told you about. The one who took our place by the stream."

He glanced over his shoulder and down. Five hundred feet below the place where he stood balanced now on two small outcroppings of rock, a lone figure in an orange parka waved up: a figure that had materialized, it seemed, out of a void. Johnson blinked. A speck under his left eyelid had troubled him since he and Elizabeth had made love.

"Is he a climber?" he asked, moving up again. He had not bothered to return the wave.

"Yes. I think so. He's got a rope."

"Well, that's not going to do us much good, is it?" he said.

"It could," she said.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

She was silent for a moment and Johnson, in an awkward position on the wall, his confidence threatened subtly by the fact that now, as he climbed, he was being observed, swore softly.

"Give me some slack, will you?" he said. "What do you mean, it could?" Then he heard her laugh, as if she were relieved, as if her instincts about the stranger had been correct.

"Nils, he's coming up," she said. "By himself."

• • •

The afternoon breeze gentled finally along the surfaces of the range and higher winds began to fill the visible sky with cloud. The lead boy's body, which had bumped against the wall while the breeze had been strong, now hung motionless again from the rope, which had been jerked by the fall from his waist to a point just under his arms. On the belaying ledge, some 70 feet higher, the other boy's legs dangled and were also motionless except when, from time to time, he would bang his boots together as if to restore circulation, creating as he did an alien, helpless sound. Johnson heard it as he stood with his wife, together now on a small ledge 200 feet below the body of the fallen boy, watching as the stranger made his lone ascent.

"He's over halfway," she said, peering intently down. "He's fantastic."

Grudgingly, Johnson agreed, aware that at the rate this stranger was moving up, unencumbered as he was by a second, by *piton*craft and belay, he would very likely reach them before they reached the boys. He climbed almost jauntily, his orange parka tied around his waist, a small green lump of a pack bouncing against the back of what looked from Johnson's perspective like a white dress shirt with the sleeves rolled up, its tails tucked into a pair of combat trousers. He carried a coil of rope over his shoulder and had a way of leaning out from the nearly vertical wall, studying the route for a while, then making half a dozen consecutive moves, some of which would carry him as far as 15 or 20 feet at a time. In his own history as a climber, Johnson had seen no more than a handful of men who moved as well as this man moved, and none that he could remember who had moved any better. It was a performance he respected and envied, for in it was written a talent that he himself had never had; and while he was relieved that he would now have this standard of help in carrying out the rescue, he could not

It's true. 10,000 retail stereo shops swear we don't exist. They don't want to admit that the Warehouse Sound Co. offers music systems and single components (of every major brand) at such remarkable savings. Our new Warehouse Sound Co. catalog features sixty pages of the best equipment, righteous prices, and much useful information. The people pictured above will be glad to answer your letter, phone call or request for a price quote on any equipment you may need. Write or call, we'll zip it to you fast and free, 805/543-2330. You'll be happy to know we DO exist.

WAREHOUSE SOUND CO.

Railroad Square, Box S, San Luis Obispo, California 93406

WRITE OR CALL FOR FREE CATALOG.

name

street address

city

state zip PB/9-73

Use REACTS Card — Page 61.

quite put aside a sense of threat that seemed for him to emanate from the simple fact of this man with whom he had not as yet exchanged a word and for whom his wife had expressed a frank, even provocative regard.

"Has anyone ever soloed this face before?" she asked.

"No. I don't think so. I haven't heard of anybody."

"You must know who he is; he's not just anybody."

Johnson wiped his spectacles, which, during his hours on the wall, had become covered with a pumiceous dust.

"I don't recognize him. There are plenty like him these days."

"We're lucky to have him," she said.

"And his rope."

"Of course, Nils. His rope, too."

Johnson went up another 100-foot lead, moving with conscious deliberation, as if, in what had become an atmospheric intensity, he might otherwise be impetuous. He brushed his handholds free of grit, settled his fingers onto them, tested his footholds fussily with the rigid soles of his *Kletterschuhe*. He balanced carefully up in clean motions, assuring himself by the care he was taking that he would not be embarrassed by a fall. Then he found a good stance, a deep, cavelike pocket in the rock from which he could belay comfortably, and leaning against the stone behind him, sitting with his legs straight out, he brought in the slack rope and called for her to join him. Halfway through the pitch, she had trouble removing one of his *pitons*. He could hear her banging it stubbornly with her hammer and, when he leaned awkwardly out from his position, he could see her small hand clenched around the carabiner, yanking it fitfully back and forth.

"Leave, it, why don't you?" he called. Scarcely 100 feet below her, the lone man was coming up, moving swiftly now, for here the face was somewhat less steep and offered a variety of holds.

"I'm going to get the goddamned thing," he heard her say. "Give me some tension, will you?"

He took up the slight belly of slack that had developed between them until the rope was taut and she could use both of her hands in her attempt to loosen the jammed *piton*. Finally, with an odd sense of relief, as if it had been driven into his own heart, he heard it spring free, heard her snap it to the collection that hung from her shoulder loop.

"All right, climbing," she called.

"Climb ahead," he said.

The north face was in shadow again, the air cool out of the sun; he had a sense that dusk would come rapidly and that rain would fall. A swallow swept by the place where he sat; he heard the subdued, jetlike hiss of its passing. He was hungry and quite tired now and knew before he could begin the next and final lead the lone man would reach this place.

That lead boy is dead, he thought. *I'm sure of it.*

When she reached him, her familiar face rising suddenly in front of the opening of the recess in which he sat, he drew his knees to his chest in order to make room for her; but instead of changing places with him, as he had expected her to, she kept her position on the steep wall, turning, resting an arm along the threshold of the recess and, in doing this, whether deliberately he could not tell, she blocked his egress from the cave.

"I'm ready to climb," he told her.

"Let me rest a minute, Nils," she said tiredly. "I wore out my arm pulling that damn *piton*.

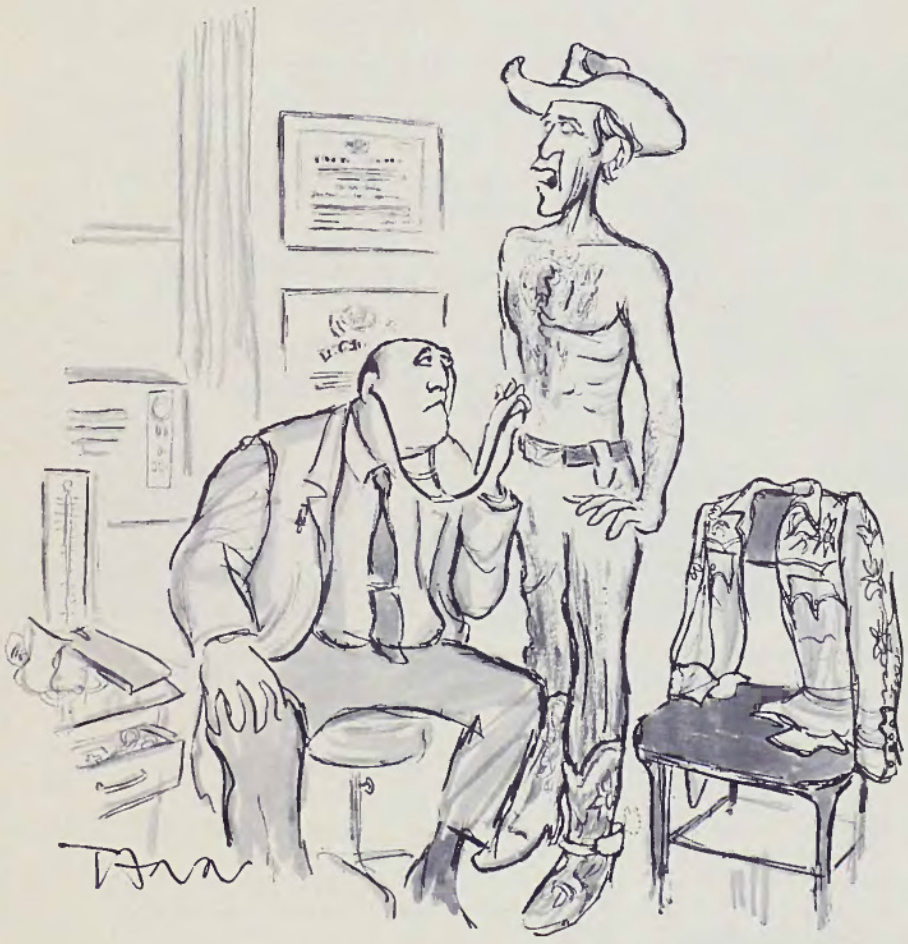
"You should have left it. We've been doing fine; we've got enough to finish."

"It always seems like a defeat to me to leave one. Hi," she said. She was looking down and had, apparently, spoken to the man who was coming up from somewhere below her. Johnson guessed from the little volume she had used that the man must be close now, and there had been a shyness in her tone that he recognized but had not heard her use in a long time. He caught the distant jingling of the *pitons* and carabiners the man carried, but as yet had not used, and heard his reply, friendly, he thought, but muffled to incoherence by the cave. Johnson moved restlessly, sensing what would be his disadvantage if the man suddenly arrived.

"Come on, Betty," he said.

"I don't know," she said, not speaking to him but to the one who was coming up. "Yes," she said. "I know. My husband saw the fall."

Then the man was standing next to her, keeping his easy balance with a careless touch of his hand to the outside edge of one of the walls of the recess, looking in to the denlike place where Johnson sat. He was a young man, mid-20s, Johnson guessed, and though he had been climbing steadily for a long time now, he showed no evident signs of fatigue. His hair was wavy and brown, fashionable in its length but also, Johnson observed, professionally trimmed. His strength was evident in his hands and wrists and forearms where they showed below the rolled-back sleeves of his shirt; and in his blue eyes, his friendly but unyielding expression, across the tanned surfaces and well-shaped planes of his face, Johnson thought he read privilege: private schools, perhaps, trips abroad, easy and useful connections in high places; and these assumptions seemed to gain validity as, when the young man spoke, his tones



"It hurts when I yippee!"

warm yet at the same time sober and carrying with them the confidence of one who has not only managed to survive his life so far but also managed to prevail in it, Johnson caught the cultivated accents of the East.

"Hi," he said. "My name's Calloway." And before Johnson could reply, the young man added, as if they had all just met on the approach to a tee on a busy golf course: "Do you mind if I go by?"

• • •

The lead boy, in fact, was dead. It appeared he had died instantly in his fall, his neck broken, his blond head jutting unnaturally above the bright color of his parka, a weal of blood congealed at one corner of his mouth. Calloway was removing the equipment the boy had carried, adding it impatiently to his own as if it might prove useful—the *pitons*, carabiners, web stirrups and slings—as Johnson came up, belayed by Elizabeth some 90 feet below now in the cave. The sky had darkened with cloud, the air was quite still; already, he had heard thunder.

"How's the other one?" he asked, pausing tentatively on his holds, for he had seen Calloway climb up to the ledge.

"Psyched out. He won't say anything. I tied the rope off for him."

"Does he know about this?"

"I told him," Calloway said. "I don't know if it registered."

Gnats were moving near the dead boy's eyes. Johnson looked away. The meander of the stream was lost in distant shadow now. Soon, he knew, a breeze would rise; almost surely, the late-afternoon rain would come. Below, he saw Elizabeth lean out from the cave, look up, her face a pale, expectant wedge above the fabric of her jersey. He shook his head. She would be saddened, he knew, but not surprised: Though she had not said so, he thought she had intuited from the beginning that the boy had not survived his fall.

"We don't have enough daylight left to get the other one down," Johnson said. "Even if we get lucky and the storm misses us."

Calloway agreed. He seemed to be waiting for the older man to make a decision, perhaps out of deference to his age, perhaps because he had been first on the wall. Johnson, keeping one hand on the rock, removed his spectacles, wiped his brow with the sleeve of his shirt. The urgency of reaching this place had given him an adrenal strength that now was rapidly ebbing away as if to follow what had been his last fragile hope for the fallen boy. Tired, hungry, balanced gingerly on his holds, he felt his legs begin to shake; slight cramps had developed in the lower muscles of his calves.

Calloway looked up in the direction of the summit that towered above them, merging now into what had become a granite-colored sky. He seemed disgruntled, impatient to be on his way, to separate himself from this death and the failure of which it spoke. When he brushed back a shock of his brown hair and looked intently at Johnson again, Johnson sensed the younger man had reached the far limits of whatever refinement had prevented him so far from simply taking charge; and even out of his exhaustion and reluctance to state a position the younger man might challenge, Johnson discovered in himself a need to preserve his place.

"We'll have to bivouac," he said.

"Right."

"There's room on that ledge for two——"

"I think we should do the overhang," Calloway cut in—and it was clear he had worked it out, was sure of himself. "According to the book, that's the standard site. There's room enough up there for six."

"We'd be burning our bridges——"

"We can go on up and finish the face in the morning."

"I don't know," Johnson said.

"I've read the route description," Calloway said. "It doesn't sound bad; I'm frankly not worried about it. We can go one rope of four or two ropes of two: whichever you like. Once we're up there, we can walk down the east ridge. No problem.

"Look," he said. "There's no point in spending a rotten night."

"Do you think that other boy will be up to doing the overhang?"

"He'll do what we tell him to do," Calloway said. "What about this one? We'll need the rope. We can tie him off here or cut him loose."

Johnson poked a finger to his eye where, under the lid, a speck still burned. The younger man had spoken without feeling, and it was not so much this fact that troubled Johnson (he understood it as a logical and useful attitude to hold) but the fact that he could not quite do the same, that when he spoke he knew he would hear along the edges of his voice traces of the pulse of loss he felt.

"I guess there's not much point in tying him off," he said finally. "Not if we're going on. One of us should be up there with the other one, though."

"Go ahead," Calloway said. He seemed more relaxed now that they had reached a decision. "I'll take care of it. What about your wife? Will it bother her?"

"She won't like it, but she's been through this kind of thing before. She'll be all right."

"She's lovely," Calloway said. He had fished a clasp knife from his pocket. Johnson watched as the younger man drew the long blade out with the disk of his nail. The compliment had struck him as gratuitous and he did not respond to it.

"Give me a couple of minutes up there," he said. Then, as he turned to climb, he realized he would not have

OURS ARE MACHINE WASHABLE
NOW 12 LUSCIOUS COLORS

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

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

Twin sets $17.00 Queen sets $22.00
Double sets $18.00 King sets $25.00
(For Full Size Beds)

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

REGAL SATINS, INC.
46 Broadway Dept. P
Long Branch, N.J. 07740

Add a new dimension to your enjoyment of the great out-of-doors. Learn all about archery. Send for your free catalog featuring new, low-cost Bear '76er magnesium bow. Let Fred Bear Show You How! Write: Bear Archery, Dept. PB9 Grayling, Michigan 49738.

Now Order Contraceptives with complete privacy

Family planning is a very personal thing. It's not easy to learn of the types and brands of condoms—or to check costs in a crowded drug store or where you are personally known. Thousands of people make it their personal business to order male prophylactics directly from Federal Pharmacal Laboratories—one of the nation's oldest mail order sources. All the famous brands are available, Trojans, Shieks, Ramses, Protex, etc. guaranteed fresh . . . and you will truly be surprised at the money you can save! Shipped in a plain package for privacy. Our free mini-catalog will bring you up to date on the many types, brands, and discount prices. Or send $5.00 for our large variety sample kit—a $12.00 value at more than 55% discount!!!

FEDERAL PHARMACAL LABORATORIES Dept. P 9
6652 N. Western Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60645
☐ Please send sample kit and catalog. (Enclose $5.00 cash, check, or M.O.) Age.
☐ Please send FREE mini-catalog
Name
Address
City, State, Zip

"Ironically, Mrs. Fenwick, two things that have traditionally bugged a movie producer are stage mothers and kid actors!"

enough rope to reach the ledge. Calloway saw the problem at once.

"I'll give you a belay," he said. Folding the blade back into its handle, he returned the knife to his pocket and began to uncoil his rope. Johnson could not help feeling a little embarrassed, Calloway having so recently climbed unprotected to the same ledge. He called to Elizabeth, told her the plan, and then, the belay established, Calloway paying out rope from an easy, slouching stance, he went up.

The surviving boy sat on the ledge, in his blue parka, gazing vacantly out. His hands were placed on his lap in such a way that Johnson could see where the rope, during his efforts to stop the fall, had scorched the leather of the palms. He was a red-haired, freckled boy, and Johnson tried talking to him, tried to comfort him as best he could, but the boy would not speak, only nodded his head or shook it or simply gazed out at the visible horizon of high mountains and dark, lightning-illuminated cloud.

The ledge was rough, even smaller than Johnson had remembered. When he removed his pack and sat next to the boy, he felt their shoulders touch. The rope, anchored to the wall behind them, bent sharply over the edge of the shelf; and although Johnson did not wish to look at it, he forced himself to, watched it unblinkingly until, suddenly freed of its burden, it sprang lightly up. He wondered then how long it would take for the body to fall and whether or not the sound of it striking the earth might be heard at a vertical distance of almost 1000 feet. He felt an oppressive sense of inevitability. Removing his spectacles, closing his eyes for a moment, he was grateful for what had become a remote yet persistent rumble of thunder.

"I'm sorry about your friend," he said quietly, repeating what he had said before.

"He's my stepbrother," the boy said. And during the time it took for the others to come up, and even after that, these were the only words he spoke.

• • •

In reduced light, from a standing belay position established by Calloway just below the ledge, Elizabeth payed out rope to the younger man as he climbed on a bold diagonal to the overhang and then, with astonishing swiftness, built a near catwalk of stirrups from the wall to its outer lip. He trailed the belay rope behind him as if it were nothing more than an obligation, and when he stood in the last of the stirrups, his left fist balled into a crack at the edge of the overhang, he leaned out and peered up in what had become his familiar reconnaissance of route, and then, without hesitation once he had hauled up a great belly of slack so as not to be impeded by the rope behind him, he reached up with his right hand, kicked his foot free of the last stirrup, swung out over 1000 feet of space, hung there for a fraction of a second, then went cleanly up and over.

Johnson shook his head. He looked at Elizabeth, saw across the pale, tired planes of her face her frank regard for what Calloway had done. It would be easy for the rest of them to follow, protected from above by the young man whose confident cry of "Climb!" they heard already come indistinctly down.

Elizabeth went first, moving surely to the overhang itself, pausing, then going out from stirrup to stirrup until she stood in the last stirrup and Johnson, who sat on the small rough ledge, belaying her from behind, felt a clutch of fear as he saw this woman who had been his companion through all his adult years and who was the mother of his sons poised in a place almost identical to that where the lead boy had stood just prior to his fall; and when Johnson heard her familiar voice call for tension on the upper rope and saw her scrabble finally up and safely out of sight, he felt such relief as to make him weak, and he sighed and wiped his face.

"Go ahead," he said hoarsely to the surviving boy, once the ropes were secured. The boy was brave, possessed of a courage not buttressed by experience or any special skill. He went awkwardly up and out and over, his wash-blue eyes still traumatized with shock, his legs shaking badly all the while he stood in the stirrups under the dusky overhang, his hands stuttering from hold to hold, trailing obediently behind him the rope from which less than one hour ago the body of his stepbrother had been cut away.

Wearily, Johnson stood. His own legs were unsteady, his shoulders sore where the straps of his pack had chafed them. By the time he had knotted the rope around his waist and ascended to the overhang, the sky had grown so dark he had to wait for flashes of lightning in order to see clearly the ghost-white webbing of the stirrups that advanced outward from the cliff, appearing now as if they had been driven into something as insubstantial as the air itself that eddied indecisively against the face, agitated by what he

guessed would prove a quick rising of the wind.

He moved cautiously from stirrup to stirrup, taking them and their carabiners with him as he went, hearing the clink and jingle of the metal as it collected around him, sensing through his finger tips the building charge of atmospheric electricity, straining his ears to hear the warning buzz, hearing only the still-distant roll of thunder, calling to Calloway for tension at last, feeling the rope pull swiftly and hard against him, hoping briefly that it would, in fact, hold him as he let it take his weight, leaned back against it out over the dark void, its engulfing dimensions clear only in the flashes of lightning that would illuminate the sky and earth for several seconds now before they flickered out and the artillery of thunder would boom along the distant range; reaching awkwardly in under the overhang to unclip the last of the stirrups, groping tiredly for some purchase on the sharp-edged rock as, from above, Calloway applied his strength to the rope; kicking and thrashing until at last he managed to deliver himself in the absence of all grace to the abundant area above the overhang where Elizabeth sat next to the younger man, combing out her long brown hair as if she were at the dressing table in the bedroom of their Denver home, and the surviving boy gazed vacantly out, and Calloway popped up and stretched and said, in his cultivated accents: "Good show. Fine. Now let's eat."

• • •

For a while, the lightning played along the far peaks, then the storm collected itself and moved off into the east, leaving behind its unfulfilled promise of rain and the light of a luminous moon. The temperature of the air began to drop, and by the time they had eaten their rations of food and Calloway had brewed tea for them all on the small Primus stove he had fished from his pack, the surfaces of the rock around them were damp to touch. Elizabeth sat next to the younger man in the area of what had become their kitchen. Johnson, separated from her by the surviving boy, watched as she applied fresh lipstick, a rust red he knew, close in color to that of the parka she now wore. He could read nothing in this old and feminine gesture except her habit of paying attention to her appearance wherever she happened to be; and yet when she pulled her lips together and recapped the small gold tube, he was surprised by a desire to have her sit next to him and sensed at the same time how awkward it might be to change positions, how she, or even Calloway, might be amused. Briefly, out of some as-yet-indistinct kinship of soul, he put his hand on the knob of the surviving boy's knee.

"How are you doing?" he said.

"OK," the boy replied, but he was half-hearted.

"We were lucky we missed the rain."

"I know."

"My name is Nils," he said. "What's yours?"

"Perry."

"Where do you live?"

"Durango."

"Have you done much climbing before this?"

"No."

Johnson nodded. Over the hiss of the stove he could hear the others talking. They talked easily, as if instead of just having met during this encounter on the wall, they had known and liked each other awhile. In his relationship with Elizabeth, played as it had been until now to the beat of his own drum, he had never experienced anything more than the most innocuous sort of jealousy. She had been so doggedly loyal to him that he had more than once in the privacy of his thoughts charged against her a lack of imagination. Now, in the context of her recent efforts to assert herself and the presence of this young, able and magnetic man, he felt a rising threat and she, whom he had taken quite for granted these many years, seemed to become more desirable, even precious, as she moved in spirit away from him.

Later, when Calloway suggested to him they begin next morning in two ropes of two, Johnson, his own practical judgment arguing against it, found that he had agreed. A consecutive rope of four with Calloway in the lead would, in spite of its slowness, he thought, be almost perfectly safe. But the younger man had made his suggestion in such a way as to cast no doubt upon Johnson's ability to lead his own rope; and, therefore, to argue against the suggestion once it had been made would have been, it seemed to Johnson, a confession of inadequacy. In spite of his fatigue, he thought he had climbed well in the first 1000 feet and was reasonably confident that he and Elizabeth could manage to complete the wall, if not with Calloway's finesse, at least with competence. It was only after a general agreement to proceed in two ropes of two that the surviving boy, for the first time, ventured a comment of his own.

"Can I go with you?" he asked Johnson, his voice still unsteady but loud enough for the others to hear.

"Fine," Calloway said at once, as if he sensed the boy did not quite trust him. "Elizabeth and I will lead. We'll take the spare rope. If there's any problem, we can all join up."

"Is that all right with you, Nils?" he heard her ask.

"Sure. Fine," he said. But he felt as if in a game of chess he had been tempted by his opponent into making a move the consequences of which he could not quite anticipate; and he wondered if his voice had betrayed his uncertainty.

Three of them lay down then and tried to sleep in their respective places on the

Send 25¢ for Preston's new 144 page

Authoritative Catalog of SHIP MODELS & Decorative Nautical Ideas for the Home

OUR 92ND YEAR

Fully Illustrated; Historic Ship Models and Kits; Ships' Striking Clocks; Figureheads; Full Color Reproductions of famous Marine Paintings; Scrimshaw; Ship's Wheels; Copper Ships' Lights; Hundreds of Decorative Nautical Items.

Send 25¢ for Catalog to: PRESTON'S

112-Y Main St. Wharf, Greenport, N. Y. 11944

share with the one you love...

The luxury of SATIN SHEETS

Experience the intimate, inviting elegance of satin! 7 sensuous colors: Black, Red, White, Gold, Royal Blue, Avocado Green, Plum Purple. Washable Satin Acetate. FREE BOOKLET with each order, "Sex, Satin Style."

Sheet set (1 straight sheet, 1 fitted sheet, 2 cases)

Twin Set ..... $15.00 Queen Set $20.00

Full (Obl. bd. set) ..... $17.00 King Set $24.00

Send Chk. or M.O. 50% dep. on COD. We pay postage. Retail Sales 10 to 4, Mon. thru Fri.

Royal Creations, Ltd.

Dept. P93 330 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001

PHOTO BLOWUP IN B&W OR COLOR

Full color posters from any color photo or slide. Great gift, or gag, or room decoration.

1½x2 Ft.—$7.50

1x1½ Ft.—$4.50, 2x3 Ft.—$9.50

B&W POSTERS from any b&w or color photo, Polaroid, cartoon or magazine photo. For slides and negatives, add $1.00 per poster. Better originals produce better posters.

2 x 3 FT.-$3.50

1½x2': $2.50, 3x4': $7.50

RUSH SERVICE: Shipped 1st class in 1 day. Add $2 per poster. No rush on color.

Original returned. Add 50¢ pp. & hd. for EACH item. N.Y. res. add tax. No C.O.D.

PHOTO POSTER Dept. PL93 210 E. 23 St., N.Y. 10010

EROTIC JEWELRY

Full color brochure of other items, 50c from E.R.I., 1027 4th & Pike Bldg. Seattle, Wn. 98101

RINGS INTERNATIONAL

MERMAID RING

Designed with 1/3 carat (9 stones) of brilliant full cut diamonds uniquely set to highlight the hair and complement the beautiful face of this piece of art. $289.50

½oz. of Antiqued 14K Gold boldly crafted according to nature's finest tradition. $89.50

Antiqued Sterling Silver $22.50

Washington state residents add 5.3% sales tax.

50% Deposit on C.O.D.

ledge. The last thing Johnson remembered seeing was the silhouette of Calloway, who continued to sit cross-legged, gazing out where the moon rose, sipping his tea.

• • •

It went well in the first 400 feet. Then, perhaps no longer concerned, Calloway and Elizabeth began to move ahead. At 500 feet above the bivouac ledge, they were one full lead beyond Johnson and the boy; at 600 feet above the ledge, they were no longer in sight. An early wind had risen in the northeast and was blowing hard against the face. The surfaces of the rocks were cold to touch.

Johnson blew on his finger tips, squinted through his spectacles at the route above. He had reached a difficult section and was having trouble making his moves. He guessed the angle of the rock to be 80 degrees here, the small holds it provided infrequent and awkwardly distributed, so that twice he had found the only way he could shift his position and advance was to move down several inches and then reascend, placing his left foot where his right had been. He had tried to protect himself as well as he could, but the wall here was smooth and the few cracks it provided were shallow and he had used up all of his smaller *pitons*. Eighty feet below, anchored to the wall and belaying from stirrups, the surviving boy handled the rope indifferently, as if to him it was not conceivable that a man like Johnson could fall.

He closed his eyes, pressed his cheek against the rock. Transmitted through it he could hear the remote sound, no louder than the ticking of his watch, of Calloway banging a *piton* somewhere into the face above. He wanted to call for help, his pride would have allowed for that, but he knew he would not be heard in this wind and at this distance, knew if he did call he would alert the boy below to the fact they were in trouble, and that could only make things worse.

He looked up, hoping to catch a glimpse of the others, but where the wall tilted toward a less acute angle, he saw only a blue sky full of racing cloud, which, in this perspective, gave him the giddy sense that the mountain itself was toppling forward. Elizabeth had left *pitons* in all the most difficult pitches so far and here, 15 feet above the reach of his hand, he could see two web stirrups tossing like bunting in the wind. To reach these stirrups, he would have to negotiate a section of rock that appeared so steep and generally faultless and barren of holds he could not imagine how Calloway had done it, or he himself had done it a decade earlier, as he must have, though he held no specific memory.

He hugged the wall, felt its harshness against him. He lifted his right foot to a nubbin, slowly let it begin to take his weight, moving up an inch at a time, searching with his left hand, finding a shallow striation into which he could place the pads of his finger tips. His heart beat rapidly. When he made his next delicate move up, he felt the rope tug at his waist, and he angrily called for slack and felt the pressure ease slowly and then saw the rope belly out on the wall below his right foot and knew the boy, who had previously given him too little, now was giving him too much, but he was hoarse and more afraid than he had been since his first years as a climber, and so, without trying to communicate any further with the boy, he committed himself to yet another slight move up this sheerness of rock, found at last a thin crack with his right hand, jammed his fingers in to the second joints, felt the skin rip away, the pulse of blood, a terrible relief to have gotten even this much purchase here, moved his left foot then to a nutlike nubbin of rock scarcely large enough to take the extreme edge of his shoe, felt the wind hurling itself against him as if to dislodge him, heard it wail and sigh in the large pockets and crevices above, saw the rope belly out along the wall below, as if the surviving boy had simply payed out all the slack he had and was waiting passively for this pitch to be over.

Johnson swore, felt a sudden brutal anger that she had left him here alone, had climbed on out of sight and sound with Calloway, who must have passed this way without effort. Why had she not waited as had been their plan? Why had she not left a solid *piton*, thought of him, remembered him? He closed his eyes against the wind, guessed in the irrationality of his anger and fear that she would be Calloway's now, and then someone else's, and someone else's after that. He knew how it went, how insubstantial a bond fidelity was once it had been breached a single time and knew for the first time, felt, even, how she must have felt: the humiliation, old, ancient, of the one betrayed.

He opened his eyes, swore. He was in a half-crouched position now, his right arm stretched at full length above him, his right hand jammed in the thin crack, his left hand flat against the wall, his right foot scraping uselessly, his left leg trembling as he let it take his weight and began to rise out of his half crouch, pushing down on his left foot, pulling up with his right hand; and he had drawn himself to almost a full standing position when the nutlike nubbin broke suddenly and cleanly away under his left foot and he fell abruptly, the right side of his face scraping along the wall, his spectacles tugging up from his ears, bobbling, his left hand flashing up too late to stop them as they swept away from him, buffeted and joggled by the wind to fall the 1600 feet to the ground above which he hung suspended now by the fingers of his right hand, his inarticulate cry cut off by the clutching dryness of his throat. Vision blurred, he felt the strength ebb quickly from his arm, and just as quickly, in what was left of the time he would have, he began to pull himself up, testing the wall with the edges of his shoes until he found at last a small lip that would take his weight, and he balanced gingerly up until he stood pressed flat, his face close to the bloody fingers that had saved him. Then, for five long minutes, with the wind slamming against him, its banshee sound in his ears, he did nothing more or less than breathe.

• • •

The crack was shallow. It took just over two inches of the six-inch *piton* he drove, but that much of it was tightly wedged and when he slipped a loop of rope over it, down the exposed shaft of the *piton* to the place where the *piton* entered the crack, and clipped a stirrup onto that loop of rope, the stirrup held his weight and enabled him then to step up slowly and reach the stirrups she had left, and from that point forward, the wall was pleasant again and he and the boy finished it without incident.

Elizabeth and Calloway were waiting at the summit, sitting together in the lee of an upthrust slab of rock.

"Hello, Nils," she said offhandedly. But then she noticed the blood on his hand and the fact that he was not wearing his glasses and she seemed concerned, he thought, when she asked him what had happened.

"I was in the middle of a scramble," he told her. "The wind took them."

"Are you all right?"

"Yes. I'm fine."

"They weren't right for you, anyway," she said.

He smiled tiredly. She seemed like an old friend, the impassivity of her expression familiar, welcome; but she had left him, he sensed it, had gone farther away than she had ever gone before.

"He used to wear horn-rims," she explained to Calloway. "They made him look dignified."

Calloway laughed.

"Let's get out of here," he said.

It was then they heard the sobs of the surviving boy, whom they had overlooked as they talked. He was sitting on a rock with his face in his hands as if somehow he were ashamed. The wind was blowing his red hair. Johnson went over, sat next to him, put a hand on his shoulder.

"It's all right," he said quietly. "We know how you feel."

For a while, the boy's shoulders continued to shake, and Johnson felt a tightness in his own throat and a gathering sense of loss. He looked up at the sky, where the clouds sped by under the impetus of the quick wind. It would be near twilight, he guessed, by the time the four of them got down. Then he and Calloway would go and together they would bury the dead.

"We meant no harm, sire. We figured that since the princess was put into this deep sleep by a tiny prick. . . ."

PLAYBOY
READER SERVICE

Write to Playboy Reader Service for answers to your shopping questions. We will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in PLAYBOY. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

Acoustic Research Electronics 50
Akai Cassette Deck 187
Amity Body Billfold ... 66
The Fox by Audi 8-9
Audio Devices 71
Broomsticks Slacks by Glen Oaks Mfg. ... 207
BSR Turntables 62
Buxton Belts & Billfolds 61
Campus Sportswear 43
Clarks of England 40
Converse Athletic Shoes 237
Craig Car Stereo 217
Dexter Shoes 91
Dingo Boots by Acme .. 7
GTE Sylvania Entertainment Products ... 77
H.I.S. Cotton Corduroy Slacks 61
Hitachi Cassette Recorder 235
Honda Car 28-29
Jamian Shoes 63
Johnston & Murphy Shoes 63
Kenwood Components .. 60
Konica Camera 34
Lee Insbruck II, Flares & Jacket 27
Levi Corduroys by Cone Mills 2
Levi's Panatela Slacks.. 35
Magnavox Pre-Matched Components 13
Man & Woman Card ... Between 238-239
Merit Clothes 68
MGB Sports Car 56
Minolta SR-T 35mm Reflex Cameras 16
Nunn Bush Shoes 66
Paris Belts 65
Pedwin Shoe 36
Playboy Book Club Card ... Between 210-211
Playboy Club Card ... Between 204-205
"Rappers Sportswear" by Washington Mfg. . 95
Reacts Card ..... Between 60-61
Resillo Ties 209
Sony Electronics ... 83, 245
Time/Life Card ..... Between 32-33
Toyota Car 46-47
Triumph TR-6 1
U.S. Army Card ..... Between 16-17
U.S. Pioneer Stereo Components .. 64
Volkswagen 69
Warehouse Sound Co. Components Catalog . 263
Wolverine Walking & Sports Boots 51
Wrangler Sportswear . 18-19
Yashica Camera 64

Use these lines for information about other featured merchandise.

_____

_____

_____

We will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, stereo, etc. If your question involves items you saw in PLAYBOY, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write. 9-73

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

SEND **PLAYBOY** EVERY MONTH

☐ 3 yrs. for $24 (Save $15.00)
☐ 1 yr. for $10 (Save $3.00)
☐ payment enclosed ☐ bill later

TO:

_____
name (please print)

_____
address

_____
city state zip code no.

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

7310

NEXT MONTH:

BUNNIES

RACER

PROMOTERS

SACHEEN

"SEX IN THE SEVENTIES"—A PLAYBOY FOUNDATION SURVEY UPDATING THE KINSEY REPORTS SHOWS HOW THINGS HAVE CHANGED AFTER 20 YEARS—BY **MORTON HUNT**

PETE ROZELLE, N.F.L. CZAR, DISCUSSES THE GAME—AND THE BILLION-DOLLAR BUSINESS—OF PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL IN AN EXCLUSIVE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"BURR: PORTRAIT OF A DANGEROUS MAN"—THREE DRAMATIC SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF THE MAN WHO GUNNED DOWN ALEXANDER HAMILTON—BY **GORE VIDAL**

"BURT REYNOLDS PUTS HIS PANTS ON"—A VISIT TO THE SITE OF THE GILA BEND BROUHAHA UNCOVERS A FEW STRANGE CHARACTERS—BY **BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN**

"BUNNIES OF 1973"—A TEN-PAGE PICTORIAL TRIBUTE TO SOME OF OUR COMELIEST COTTONTAILS

"I LOST IT IN THE SECOND TURN"—A COUNTRY-BOY STOCKER HAS THE RACE OF HIS LIFE—BY **"STROKER ACE"**

"THE PROMOTERS"—PROFILES OF SEVEN GUYS WHO CAN TURN ANYTHING INTO A BUCK—BY **STEVEN YAFA**

"WHEN THE AMERICANS CAME"—SHANGHAI, 1945, AND WHITE RUSSIAN EMIGRES LOOK TO AMERICA TO MEND THEIR TATTERED DREAMS—BY **ANTHONY AUSTIN**

"THE 1974 PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP POLL"—YOUR PERSONAL BALLOT FOR OUR EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL MUSIC SURVEY

"SACHEEN LITTLEFEATHER"—A CLOSE-UP OF THE INDIAN LASS WHO PINCH-HIT FOR BRANDO ON OSCAR NIGHT

"THE FALLOUT FOLLIES"—STRANGE CREATURES, HALF BEAST AND HALF MACHINE, STALK THE EARTH AFTER WORLD WAR ELEVEN—BY **SCOT MORRIS** AND **WAYNE McLOUGHLIN**

"PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST"—NEW DIRECTIONS IN MENSWEAR—BY **ROBERT L. GREEN**

If you want to win friends, use our influence.

Old Grand-Dad. The good stuff.®

Head of The Bourbon Family.

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

Come to Marlboro Country.

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

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