

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1972 • ONE DOLLAR

# PLAYBOY

RICHARD RHODES REVEALS  
THE CRUELTY OF  
AMERICAN SEX LAWS

SENATOR PHILIP HART  
PROBES CORPORATE CRIME

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS  
SAM PECKINPAH

THE GIRLS OF MUNICH





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**PLAYBILL** "SO MENTION my name in Sheboygan, / And if you ever get in a jam, / Just mention my name, I said mention my name, / But please don't tell 'em where I am." Those lines, you may be old enough to remember, are from one of 1947's big hit songs; and Richard Rhodes, author of this month's *Sex and Sin in Sheboygan*, was amazed to discover their aptness today. This small Wisconsin city actually enforces its antediluvian sex laws, and Rhodes's article painstakingly re-creates the tragedy of a man busted there for cohabitation. Rhodes is now in Kansas, where he's writing a film script about the Osage River and researching a Time-Life book on the Missouri Ozarks.

Institutional hypocrisy—in this case, that of corporate lawbreakers who rob from the poor and give to the rich—is also a dominant motif in *Swindling & Knavery, Inc.*, by U. S. Senator Philip A. Hart. It's hardly a new concern for the Michigan Democrat, who chairs Senate subcommittees on monopolies and the environment and has led investigations into the prices of drugs, funerals, schoolbooks and auto insurance and repairs. The phony values rampant in the corporation (and in Sheboygan) are also indigenous to the Manhattan milieu described in Herbert Gold's evocation of the literary Fifties, *In the Community of Girls and the Commerce of Culture*; but in this case, the protagonist bends them to his own advantage. Like Gold's PLAYBOY piece *Crazy Kids Cross the Ocean* (December 1971), this memoir will form a chapter of an autobiographical work, *My Last Two Thousand Years*, set for fall release by Random House.

Two respected intellectuals get the critical once-over in this issue. Street-smart Donn Pearce meets the august behavioral psychologist B. F. Skinner in *God Is a Variable Interval*; and Larry Levinger, in *Shut Up and Show the Movies!*, describes how a high-powered guest lecturer from the East—film critic Dwight Macdonald—stumbles into an unexpectedly wide generation gap when he tries to communicate with students in California. Pearce, who is in Florida writing a book about old age and retirement called *Dying in the Sun*, told us about a recent experience with his children: "For each of them we had a punishment paddle hanging on the wall on a nail, with his name on it. After learning all about Skinner and about behavior modification / positive reinforcement, I took down the paddles and told the boys there'd be no more spankings. They let out whoops, ran around like crazy and each one paddled *himself* on the ass." The wry pen-and-

wash illustration that accompanies Pearce's article is the work of Etienne Delessert, internationally known for his children's books. For Levinger, the Macdonald piece—begun shortly after he was graduated from Santa Cruz in 1970—is his "first significant publication of any kind." He is in Los Angeles writing a book on Arthur Janov's primal therapy.

An underappreciated hero of the recent past is resurrected in Terry Galanoy's *Ode to a Bottomless Bathtub*, a profile of the late Ernie Kovacs, the iconoclastic TV comic. Galanoy, who writes for the tube as well as about it, has a book, *Tonight!*, scheduled for October release by Doubleday; it's an anecdotal history of TV's most watched late show. Another celebrated Hollywood maverick—but very much alive, thank you, and with a less lovable reputation than Kovacs—is Sam Peckinpah, director of *The Wild Bunch* and *Straw Dogs*; his bravura performance in our *Playboy Interview* confirms his reputation as one of the baddest and ballsiest dudes around.

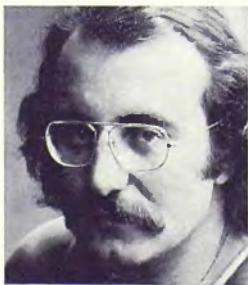
Speaking of movies: Brooklyn writer Norman Schreiber claims that his borough is the former film capital of the world, basing this assertion on a rumor that Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford once lived in his building (apartment 43). Schreiber's first PLAYBOY contribution is *Larry Lives!*, wherein a rock reporter discovers a very heavy accordionist.

Three different modes of travel figure in our short stories for August. Thomas Baum's *Backward, Turn Backward* is about a man who learns how to shift time into reverse; *The Happiest Days*, by Sloan Wilson, tunes in on a radio operator aboard ship; and Robert L. Fish's *Hijack* is an aeronautical thriller. Baum, a free-lance film scenarist and producer, wrote the script for *Hugo the Hippo*, a feature-length cartoon set for release next year. The plastic heads that illustrate his piece were cast by New York sculptor Nick Aristovulos. Wilson, best known for *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* and *A Summer Place*, is working on a new novel, *Love and Money*. *Hijack* is the PLAYBOY debut of Fish, who was recently awarded an Edgar by the Mystery Writers of America.

There's more. Anson Mount's predictions for the N. F. L. season are set forth in *Playboy's Pro Football Preview*. Our pictorials include: *Boxcar Bertha*, the preview of a new film starring Barbara Hershey and David Carradine as proletarian rebels of the Thirties; and *The Girls of Munich*, with text by Franz Spelman and 12 pages of photography by Pompeo Posar and Jan Parik. Plus Michael Ffolkes's cartoon feature *Damsel in Distress*. That's the issue. We hope they like it in Sheboygan.



FFOLKES



ARISTOVULOS



MOUNT



SCHREIBER

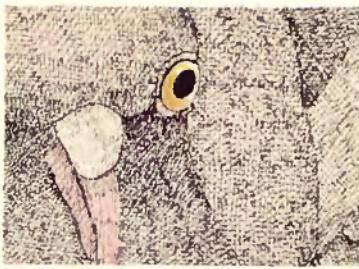


FISH



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# PLAYBOY



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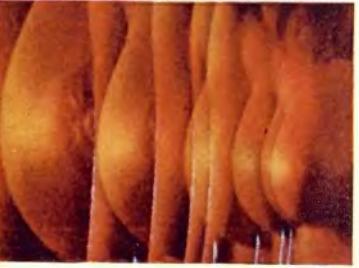
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PLAYBOY, AUGUST, 1972, VOLUME 19, NUMBER 8. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY. IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILL., AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S. \$10 FOR ONE YEAR.



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# CANADIAN MIST

## DEAR PLAYBOY



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### SPEAKING OF SPORTS

Your May interview with Howard Cosell revealed a sports announcer who not only recognizes the natural ability of a Joe Namath and the gut drive of a Bill Toomey but also understands the rights of a Muhammad Ali as a human being. Sport is fortunate to have such an insightful newsman.

C. Roger James  
Memphis, Tennessee

Howard Cosell's categorization of today's sportswriters as "old-world" was close, but just short of the mark. Today's crop of sportswriters, broadcasters and pseudo analysts suffers from what I like to call psychosis of the sphere. In other words, unless it's played with a ball, it's not sport. Take motor sports, for example. In 1971, automobile racing attracted nearly 50,000,000 spectators, yet I'll gladly wager my tickets to next year's Indianapolis 500 that 99 of 100 randomly selected sportswriters could not correctly identify François Cevert, the Wood brothers or Don Garlits.

Mark W. Holdren  
Fairport, New York

For me, Howard Cosell has always come off, on both radio and television, as an unmitigated ass. Your interview proved he is not. I'm happy to be able to revise my image of Mr. Nasty Nasality.

Bob Bethel  
Stockton, California

I agree with Cosell when he slams the dishonesty of college sport. But rather than being overemphasized, as Cosell implies, college sport in this country is not emphasized enough. There is something seriously wrong with our educational system when 50 percent of our young men cannot even pass a simple military physical-fitness test. The development of halfbacks, basketball players and shortstops for the professional leagues is not properly the business of institutions of higher learning.

Avery Brundage, President  
International Olympic Committee  
Chicago, Illinois

Cosell deserves credit for standing up for Muhammad Ali when he was stripped of his heavyweight title, but his

attack on the deceased Sonny Liston is unwarranted. No person, no matter what he has done or what kind of personality he has, deserves to be called a son of a bitch. Liston paid his debt to society and deserved a lot of credit for rising above his past to become heavyweight champion. Parochial attitudes like Cosell's explain why more criminals are not rehabilitated.

Hugh M. Turner  
Oxon Hill, Maryland

Yes, I had Ali ahead six rounds to four at the end of the tenth in the Ali-Frazier fight. If Ali had not clowned away three rounds of that fight, he could have won easily. However, Frazier might have been stimulated to fight harder had Ali been more serious. Ali's clowning, on occasion, had Frazier clowning as well. Ali was not the man of three years earlier; and Frazier had improved remarkably in those three years. So I agree with Cosell: If they had fought three years before, Ali would have won.

Arthur Mercante  
Garden City, New York

*Mercante refereed the Ali-Frazier match in March 1971.*

Your interview with Howard Cosell was sensational. If Cosell had pursued his law career, he would have been the equal of Melvin Belli. If he makes it to the United States Senate, he could be the next Everett Dirksen.

Steven F. Silber  
Pikesville, Maryland

As a Cosell fan, I was disappointed and alarmed at his proposal that the playing of the national anthem be discontinued at athletic contests. He asked: "How is it an evidence of patriotism to sing or hear the national anthem played before a game?" I'll tell you how. Sport, more than any other endeavor in the U.S., represents what America stands for—free competition and the right to seek success on a level limited only by individual desire. It is perfectly fitting to play the anthem before a game, in homage to the way of life the game represents. Why diminish the meaning of sports by eliminating the national anthem, simply because some of the people involved are extortionists and

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profiteers? Instead, why not raise the standards of the game to the level of the anthem by eliminating the corruption involved, especially when sports may be the only unifying force left in this country?

Randall L. Kinnard  
Fort Sill, Oklahoma

I have read your interview and I agree with Cosell's philosophy about sports. But I wouldn't put him on a pedestal just yet. His tough comments are directed primarily at players, not owners. Until management gets equal time, Cosell's journalism will remain substantially one-sided.

Earl Hahn  
Kalamazoo, Michigan

The introduction to your interview left a bad impression that should be cleared up. So please publish this open letter to Howard Cosell:

Dear Howard:  
Listen, pal, I heard you were mad at me. I heard that you heard that I said you were "horseshit."

This is not true, Howard. I have nothing but the deepest respect for you, for your command of the language, your knowledge of the game, your flair for repartee with Dandy Don and Frank, your dedication to truth, your penchant for calling 'em as you see 'em and really laying it on the line, letting the chips fall where they may. Howard, ole buddy (as Dandy Don would say), you and I are the victims of a misquote. You're in the business, Howard. You know how they splice those tapes. What happened is this:

Some radio guy asked me what I thought of Howard Cosell as a football announcer. "He's a horse," I said. Where I come from—the South Chicago mills—we don't usually talk that way, but I went to school with a lot of farmers and picked up their expressions. When they call a man a horse, they mean he's tops. Then the guy asked me if I thought you were a tough interviewer. I said, "Boy, he's tougher than rat shit." That's another farm-boy localism I picked up at college. Then I talked an hour or so about your good qualities—there wasn't time to say everything—and the next thing I know, some moron with a splicing machine cuts the tape apart, and what's left is me saying Howard Cosell is "horseshit."

I hope that clears up the misunderstanding, old pal. No reason we should ruin our friendship because some smart media guy is trying to split up two of America's idols. Good luck, say hello to Frank and Dandy for me, and keep a clear throat when you do our game against the Minnesota Vikings: Monday night, October 23.

Your very good friend,

Dick Butkus  
Chicago, Illinois

Do you mean to say that Howard Cosell really talks like that normally?

Dan Jordan  
New Orleans, Louisiana  
*Ineluctably true, Danderoo.*

#### CAN OF TWERMS

It provides small consolation for those of us who didn't think of it before Arthur C. Clarke, but it's obvious that somebody out there in the great world would look at those numbered Swiss bank accounts, have a science-fictional idea about them and give the idea the only possible title: *When the Twerms Came* (PLAYBOY, May). The whole effect of Clarke's short-short story and the comic-strip art of Skip Williamson is glorious. The narrative is a take-off on the style of the deeply emotional science-fiction of the Twenties, and Williamson's illustrations are bug-eyedly perfect. The result is a gem.

A. E. van Vogt  
Hollywood, California

*Van Vogt's most recent collection of sci-fi stories, "The Book of Van Vogt," was published earlier this year.*

I much enjoyed Arthur C. Clarke's *When the Twerms Came*. Perhaps he could be persuaded to continue the story and tell us what the invaders did with earth once they became our rulers. Or did they share the grim experience of so many humans—that there is nothing worse than getting what you want?

Paul Tabori  
London, England

*Tabori, a frequent contributor to our Ribald Classic page, is a versatile writer of fiction and nonfiction whose latest novel is "Song of the Scorpions."*

As bump and grind and squirm of beastie,

The Twerms, you see, affect me leastie.  
As visual boobs with double whammy,  
They don't compare with Annie Fanny.

Jack Wodhams  
Caboolture, Australia

#### INTERIOR DECLARATIONS

David Dempsey's article *Man's Hidden Environment* (PLAYBOY, May) is fascinating. Our environment does have substantial effects on our emotions and behavior. But it's unfortunate that Dempsey combines the results of carefully controlled experimental studies with subjective evaluation and then gives the same weight to both. In his references to our work at Columbia, he is generally accurate—except for his distorted view of our results. Dempsey writes that men are more severe in a crowded environment, while women are not affected by crowding. In actuality, we found that women are less severe in the crowded

environment, while men are pretty much unaffected. The major point is that crowding seems to have positive effects just about as often as it has negative effects.

Jonathan Freedman  
Professor of Psychology  
Columbia University  
New York, New York

*Man's Hidden Environment* is really about man's unhidden environment. What's hidden in Dempsey's article is any emphasis on the outreaching and expressive qualities of human nature. Throughout history, man has proved that his natural cognitive and progressive human qualities make him more likely to shape his environment than to be shaped by it. In reviewing a new book on animals, a collegiate writer observed that "Under carefully controlled conditions wild animals do exactly as they damn well please." Likewise with people. The dynamic factor comes from within, not from without.

Robert L. Whiteside, President  
Interstate College of Personology  
San Francisco, California

My own experience in applying behavioral research to the design of buildings suggests that the social milieu has far more to do with an individual's feeling of effectiveness (or with the competence of a group) than does the physical milieu of forms and color. It is a common experience that compatible people can be extremely effective in a physical setting no more appealing than an abandoned car barn. On the other hand, the enjoyment of even the most superb environment can be demolished instantly by the appearance of an ex-boss (or ex-wife). Consequently, as an architect, I try to provide enough options in my structures to account for individual behavior patterns and thereby maximize individual choice.

C. M. Deasy  
Los Angeles, California

David Dempsey struck a nerve with his remarkable article. While with the Army, I had reason to visit the Pentagon several times. On one occasion, I served as a guard for a five-day general-staff meeting in which various brass, up to and including the Secretary of the Army, participated. I was assigned the task of standing just outside the main doors of the meeting chamber, more for show than for security. While I was there, I had the opportunity to observe firsthand the atmosphere in which major military policy decisions are made. If atmosphere can affect decision making, the mystery of how military policy has become what it is has been solved. No one, but no one, could ever wish to remain in the Pentagon longer than absolutely necessary. Everywhere you go, maps on the walls show you where you

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are. Offices are drab, typists are lost wandering to and from the rest rooms, cockroaches thrive, the whole place is a dusty museum. This confused environment, combined with the countless miles of red tape that must be unreeled in order to perform the simplest of tasks, explains much about the military. If our generals can't find their way around the Pentagon, how can they be expected to find a way out of Vietnam?

Ronnie G. Brewster  
Lorton, Virginia

## BLACK MAGIC

I read with interest and understanding Nadine Gordimer's introduction to *In a World They Never Made* (PLAYBOY, May). I lived in South Africa for nine memorable years. The poems by South African blacks brought back many happy, sad and unforgettable times. South Africa is a beautiful country with beautiful people of both colors. I thank you for the memories.

William R. Hykes  
San Antonio, Texas

## TERMINAL CASES

The three-part presentation of Michael Crichton's latest novel, *The Terminal Man* (PLAYBOY, March, April and May), is worthy of praise. Crichton's keen understanding of advancements in medical science and his knowledge of the computer combine to create an extremely credible yet frightening novel. Many thanks to Crichton—and to PLAYBOY.

Gloria Lundberg  
Denver, Colorado

The graphs included by Crichton in the text of the March installment of *The Terminal Man* are identical to some that appeared in *Scientific American* a year ago. The graphs actually show the rate of *rho meson* production for the elements beryllium, aluminum and lead. One might infer two things from this: First, Crichton really does read technical articles; second, he prefers illustrations from the real scientific world, rather than fabrications. This illustrates the kind of general research that the science-fiction writer must do to write believable stories.

Ned R. McNabb  
Long Beach, California

I tried to get into Crichton's novel, really I did. But the wafer-thin characters and reworked Frankensteinian plot are gummed together by a writing style so obtuse and rigid that not even a gross excess of technico-medical jargon can redeem it. Each day we are assaulted with 10,000 more words from the pen of Michael Crichton. God help us, can no one stop him?

Al Ottens  
Urbana, Illinois

## RACE FANS

Reg Potterton's *The Great Race* (PLAYBOY, May) was a refreshing and unique experience. His characters were so vividly drawn that after reading the article, I felt I had actually witnessed the burro race and other goings on in Beatty, Nevada. Potterton has illustrated a slice of Americana that is worth remembering.

Don Essary  
American Quarter Horse Association  
Amarillo, Texas

Over the past 30 years I have spent many a day in the semi-ghost towns of Nevada, conjuring up my own visions of the good old days. That fact alone made Potterton's *The Great Race* my kind of reading. The icing on the cake was his reference to the Jack Elam leer. I cannot take credit for creating that look. I just smile my prettiest and it comes out that way.

Jack Elam  
Studio City, California

## ROCK OF AGES

While walking one day near a bluff east of Columbia, Missouri, I found the piece of limestone shown in this photograph. On it, as you can see, is a several-million-year-old rabbit remarkably similar



to the one that serves as the Playboy trademark. I don't know whether this once again illustrates notions about newness under the sun or about art imitating nature. But I thought you might enjoy sharing my find.

William Trodson  
Department of English  
University of Missouri  
Columbia, Missouri

## NEWS VIEWS

I was disappointed with Michael Arlen's comments about television journalism (*You'll Laugh! You'll Cry! You'll Watch Them Die!*, PLAYBOY, May). His article reads like a few thoughts he might have had while watching Walter Cronkite. If I understand Arlen (and

that in itself is most difficult, given his writing style), he would like broadcasters to present the day's happenings in their proper historical perspective. To my knowledge, no one has yet figured out just how this should be done. Journalism in America needs a thorough review before it flatters itself to death. But Arlen has not contributed to this review. He has hardly said anything worth thinking about.

Daniel J. Kaplan  
Staten Island Advance  
Staten Island, New York

News is a salable commodity. One need only watch a TV news show to know that. News shows fight for ratings just like entertainment shows. TV news is an extremely technical medium. These are all reasons, even though they sound like excuses, for the superficiality of today's news. But, God, Arlen is right.

The overwhelming reason for the superficiality of the news is the public's desire to be entertained by it. Couldn't the same rationale be used to make its presentation instructional and educational? The media should stop spoon-feeding the public according to its desires and respond to its need—to be informed of what is going on in the world. But that would be boring. To make broadcast news something "more than chopped-up wire-service copy," the news executives, managers, directors, producers and editors must come to the realization that they serve no one's best interest when they laugh through the screening of starving Bangla Desh refugees, chortle when they get footage of the spectacular fire next door that their cross-town competition missed or congratulate themselves on the engineering competence of a mission to the moon. One answer is to limit the technical involvement of those reporting the news, so they can see the man and hear the voice without having to worry about the mechanical and time limitations of the medium. We must admit that the media are used by politicians, capitalists and others, leading newsmen around by the nose, actually staging news events. Television must admit that it forfeits accuracy and clarity when it attempts to meet the deadlines of daily journalism. Rather than spewing out meaningless facts, television must answer the whys of what's going on in the world with thoughtful reportage.

Steve Littleton  
WWDC Radio  
Washington, D. C.

## ON SPEED

"For My Next Act, I'm Going to Set Myself on Fire" (PLAYBOY, May) was fascinating. I especially enjoyed Craig Breedlove's suspenseful description of his record-breaking run that went amiss. It must take courage to careen into the unknown in a machine that travels at



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such high speed. I wasn't too enamored of writer William Neely's approach, though, because his language seemed slangy and lacking respect. But that may be because I'm a foreigner. Writing aside, the article left me with a tremendous feeling of admiration for Breedlove.

Graham Hill  
Hertfordshire, England

Bill Neely's article on my future speed-record attempts was very fine, but there is one item I would like to clarify. We are not using the lunar-descent engine in either the drag car or the land-speed-record vehicle. The rocket-propulsion systems we've employed are based on the principles of the throttling landing engine, which is just a part of the Apollo lunar-descent engine.

Craig Breedlove  
Torrance, California

In addition to writing a sprightly account of Breedlove, author Bill Neely displays a refreshing modesty. What he did not say in his story about the world land-speed-record smashup is that he was the first one on the scene after Breedlove swam out of the wrecked car and pulled himself up onto the salty bank. Neely seized Breedlove in a congratulatory bear hug and thereby squished about 30 gallons of water out of him before the ambulance arrived. It saved the day and certainly saved a great quote. Neely's other great moment in motor sports occurred when he established himself as the only driver in all of racing history to crank a Hertz-rented Vauxhall Viva into a four-wheel drift—a bold maneuver that started not far from downtown Nassau and ended 20 feet offshore.

Bob Ottum, Senior Editor  
*Sports Illustrated*  
New York, New York

#### NOW AND ZEN

In *The Sound of Rain* (PLAYBOY, May), Alan Watts conveyed with beautiful subtlety the eternal experience of Zen consciousness. If one can realize that the machinations of the human intellect are the source of all worldly despair, deep peace and fulfilling wisdom are to be had forever. The encumbrances of the intellect can be discarded quite easily through the natural awakening of the mind's latent powers in Zen meditation. But Zen in the West beats the drum for nobody—one must seek out the way himself.

Hiroko Nirada  
New York, New York

Alan Watts reveals a few good insights into the nature of Eastern thought. In essence, the Buddhist does not grasp or cling to anything. He treats all things equally, for everything is composed of the same undifferentiated emp-

tiness. Most Western people, in contrast, are too caught up in the old game of opposites. They treat the void as an Olympic sport: something to hurdle over. How can we leap over something that does not exist? We should put away foolish notions that arbitrarily discriminate between "this" and "that." Rather, we should become cognizant of the Buddhist middle path and wipe out the illusion of polarity and the whole Western dualistic tradition that has made life so hard on everyone.

Stephen Schwartzman  
Bellingham, Washington

After reading *The Sound of Rain*, I finally realized where my fist goes when I open it and where my lap goes when I stand up. What more can I say?

John Wallace  
Moscow, Idaho

I've been a serious Zen student for several years and I have studied with several masters. Alan Watts has often been represented as an authority on Zen Buddhism. He is not. Neither am I, but I do know that Watts has barely scratched the surface of the jewel that is Zen. He has a real feeling for the facets of the jewel but no knowledge of its substance. He speaks of the everything and the nothing and is rapt with the nothing, but he has not perceived the something that is beyond everything and nothing—a something composed of both and neither. That is the real Zen. Zen is nothing, true, but it is not nothing and it is not not nothing. In short, Watts could benefit from Lao-tzu's maxim: Those who know don't speak; those who speak don't know.

Todd Sullivan  
San Francisco, California

#### ON THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS

A very hearty well done to John Clellon Holmes for his *In Search of Los Angeles* (PLAYBOY, May). It's true that everyone in L. A. seems to be living in his own dream. It must be a combination of the constant temperature, smog and the ribbons of pavement that makes Tinseltown so unique—and so unnerving to the outsider.

Bruce W. Lovatt  
Toronto, Ontario

I agree with almost everything John Clellon Holmes writes about L. A. I ought to know; I live there.

Jay Simms  
Burbank, California

If John Clellon Holmes would reread his *In Search of Los Angeles*, he might discover that the city had not maddeningly eluded him. Who would not be loath to leave an "awesome, appalling and spectacularly beautiful" place where "whatever was going to happen in

America of the Seventies was happening already"? This article will bring us tens of thousands of new visitors—and all who find jobs will stay, proving once again that everything you've heard about L. A. is true.

Joe Quinn, Deputy Mayor  
Los Angeles, California

Holmes missed the main point. L. A. can't last. The type of life it represents is the ultimate escape from pain. But it is precisely this pain that keeps us real. If dwindling resources or the San Andreas fault or the storming Third World doesn't destroy this utopia, we—or the first unanesthetized generation to come along—will do it ourselves. We'll have to, or the California life style will destroy whatever it means to be human.

Gino Nicodemo  
Sudbury, Ontario

*In Search of Los Angeles* is the most comprehensive list of L. A. clichés I have ever encountered. Agreed, Los Angeles may be seen as a measure of what is happening or may happen to other parts of our society. But when will journalists, especially Eastern journalists, go beyond earthquakes, freeways, Manson, smog, Malibu Barbies, hippies and all the other tired symbols of the transitory, the superficial, the eclectic and the bizarre that constitute their impressions of L. A.? When will someone venture beneath the well-worn veneer of this city and give insight into what's beneath? Only at that level can we see the forces really affecting our country. Oh, it's very clever the way Holmes centers his tour in the archetypal Hollywood opening. But just such a premiere provided the climax for the basic text on Los Angeles, Nathanael West's *The Day of the Locust*, published over 30 years ago. Perhaps the metaphor Holmes seeks exists elsewhere. In New York, maybe—I hear there's decadence there, too. Or, as Peter Bogdanovich suggests in *The Last Picture Show*, in some tiny town out in God knows where. Holmes begins his misguided tour in search of a metaphor for L. A. or America or—who knows? He ends it by questioning our ability to deal with the madness we have created. I must conclude that, along with us Angelenos, Holmes, too, is still searching.

Bill Storm  
Los Angeles, California

I, too, felt a glottis-twisting *déjà vu* recalling my own collision with L. A., otherwise known as the Bronx of the West. If everyone does his bit, we can stamp out the creeping *taco* once and for all—and worry about how to get it off our shoes at a later date.

Tony Hendra  
*National Lampoon*  
New York, New York



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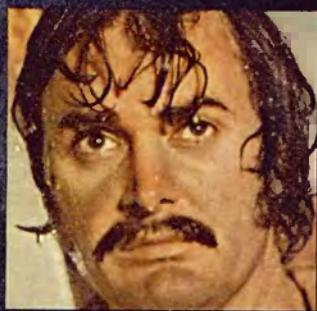
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## PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



In terms of reader participation, no feature in **PLAYBOY** is more popular than our *Party Jokes* page. Submissions recently passed the 20,000-a-month mark, a rate that—naturally enough—involves considerable duplication. Just for the hell of it, and to get an insight into what's currently tickling the nation's fancy, we asked our *Party Jokes* Editor to compile a list of the most frequently submitted gags. He complied, with a vengeance, starting with a cross section of 250,000 jokes, which he categorized by punch line and arranged in order of popularity.

He's so familiar with the material that he didn't provide us with the jokes themselves, but that's no great loss, since, given their overwhelming popularity, everyone must have heard them already. And here they are: the 12 most popular punch lines in America. If you recognize fewer than nine of them, you're not going to enough parties.

1. "Move over, girls, I have to gargle."
2. "Five dollars, Father—same as downtown."
3. "I can't—he's using my hand!"
4. "I know: It's Miss Crunt."
5. "The first time he lost his hat and the second time he got seasick."
6. "So I ended up with a twelve-inch pianist."
7. "I can't understand it, either. He just sits there licking his eyebrows."
8. "Of course, the pickle slicer was fired, too."
9. "P. S. Please excuse the jerky handwriting."
10. "Crunchbird, my ass!"
11. "Now, where's that Eskimo woman you want me to wrestle?"
12. "No, no, nurse. I told you to prick his boil!"

*Crime Does Not Pay Department:* Our condolences to the Chicago crook who tried to cash a stolen payroll check. He obtained it blank, made it out and endorsed it with a name selected at random from the local telephone book,

then tried to cash it at a neighborhood bank. The name he picked, unfortunately, turned out to be that of the husband of the teller to whom he presented the check.

This candid want ad appeared in the Grand Island, Nebraska, *Daily Independent*: "WAITRESS: Immediate opening for an experienced lay. Will consider one with the desire to learn."

Colgate-Palmolive bombed in its attempt to introduce Cue tooth paste in France. No one had told the firm that in French, Cue is pronounced like *cul*, meaning backside.

It turned out to be a hoax, but not before this classified item ran consecutively in the *Berkeley Barb* and the *Sexual Freedom League Quarterly*: "Couple into sadism, masochism, fetishism, pederasty, onanism, necrophilia, macramé and lollipops wants to meet like couple. No weirdos, please!"

Such a deal: Courtesy of the West German tourist bureau, an expense-paid vacation to Germany was offered to Juan Hartmann, a 72-year-old German emigrant now living in Colombia, who was identified—mistakenly—as Nazi war criminal Martin Bormann.

For originality—if not aptness of thought—we applaud the unknown scribbler who thus adorned a vacant billboard in northeastern Illinois: DON'T CHANGE DICKS IN THE MIDDLE OF A SCREW, VOTE FOR NIXON IN '72.

Social dissolution: Marilyn Wong had 70 people over to her San Francisco home to celebrate her divorce from attorney Jeffrey J. Wong. The invitations were inscribed TWO WONGS DON'T MAKE A RIGHT.

A substitute minister got a chuckle out of a Pennsylvania congregation when he announced: "I would like to call your

attention to a slight error in the bulletin. Your regular pastor did not strain himself pushing his paramour—it was his power mower."

Witless alchemy, or how to turn gold into lead: A Tucson couple recently stumbled onto 186 bricks of what they described as a "curious manurelike substance." Concluding it was manna from heaven—or something—they broke up the blocks and raked the counterfeit compost over their lawnless front yard. Well, you take a curious manurelike substance that comes in bricks and combine it with lots of Arizona sun and sweet Southwestern *aguas*, and damned if you don't get one wingdinger of a lawn.

The trouble was that those 186 bricks weren't manure but grass—not Kentucky blue or Dichondra but Arizona brown. When the Tucson police got wind of it (literally), they used everything from rakes to giant Public Works Department vacuum cleaners to strip the lawn of its verdure.

For our Tucson friends—whose horticultural discovery, according to the local press, was worth \$43,000—we have only one question: Where did you find your lawn-fertilizer dealer?

All right, everybody rip this out and frame it: Dr. Eugene Scheinman of Chicago says there is "mounting evidence that sex is good for the heart."

Sorry we missed it: An ad in the "Personals" column of the Long Beach, California, *Independent Press-Telegram* sought the identity of "Man who saw woman rear-ended, Del Amo & Bellflower, Thursday at 12:30 P.M."

Love conquers almost all: A Harvard student and a Radcliffe girl, who were living together, decided to marry, but their tax-strapped parents objected. Under the new tax laws, if the couple remained single, each could earn up to

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P** \$1700 a year without paying any income tax and their fathers could still claim them as dependents.

A compositor's error in a shopper's news ad for a store in Union City, New Jersey, produced this extraordinary description for a consignment of bras: "Porcelain on ironstone. Ideal for salads, soups. Can use as serving dishes. Bowl: seven inches in diameter."

To protect the guilty, we won't name the company—mainly because its chief sin was to circulate a candid private memo that admits to a common business practice. It seems that a major New York publishing house, like most large firms, has a list of fictitious names that are used for signatures on certain kinds of correspondence (executives come and go, but form letters are forever). These names are exclusively WASP. The memo proposes that this policy be changed, explaining: "The reason for the use of WASP names is a historic one. Years ago, when people's prejudices were more pronounced than today, businesses were very careful not to alienate any portion of their market by using 'foreign'-sound-  
ing names on their correspondence. Today, this reason is no longer valid and, in fact, we should consider introducing non-WASP names into our fictitious name list."

Why this sudden liberalism? Alas, because it's good for business. According to the memo writer, a few non-WASP names "would indicate that we employ a mix of ethnic groups"; "it's good public relations to present such a face to our customers"; and "we would be following in the footsteps of other businesses." The memo was routed to persons named Braunstein, Corbeletta, Eisele, Fleck, Garramone, Giordano, Gerlack, Larie, Levine, Prakash and Puri—as well as to eight possible WASPs.

Gourmet morsel found on a Plan of the Day from the Armed Services Y. M. C. A. in Long Beach, California: "7:30 P.M.: Kitchen Kreations is a chance to mix up some cookies with the help of the U. S. O. gals . . . you get to eat them, too."

England's Mid Anglia police force has lost a petition to change the name of the street on which a new £44,000 police station is being built. Magistrates at St. Ives, Huntingdonshire, say it must remain Pig Lane.

Electoral apathy has certainly been overcome in Labrador City, Newfoundland. According to the *Aurora*, the local paper, "The following official figures were obtained from magistrate M. Rowe, returns officer of the Labrador West election: registered voters, 6191; total vote,

6447; turnout, 104.1 percent. The percentage turnout for Labrador West was the highest in this province."

A news release that made us stand up and take notice described an epoxy compound that "sticks on and cures hard as steel on wet and dry surfaces." The brand name for the stuff is Hard-On.

Noted in Herb Caen's *San Francisco Chronicle* column: A local bank is advertising "We've learned a lot in the last 107 years" and "we can sum it up in 10 words—'A lot of little things make a big difference.'" Like learning to count?

"Manager of women's affairs" was the first title chosen by a large company for the head of its new department to combat sex discrimination. According to *The Wall Street Journal*, when employees questioned the title's implication, the firm came up with an even better choice: "manager of sex relations."

In Verona, Italy, justice has finally caught up with two wartime criminals. Zeffirino Berti and Luigi Verrini were fined nine and eleven cents, respectively, for disregarding World War Two black-out regulations.

Do-goodism takes a quantum leap in Philadelphia, where, as reported in a headline in *The Evening Bulletin*, "DOCTORS' WIVES BALL TO BENEFIT HOSPITAL."

It's against the law in California for animals to mate publicly within 500 yards of any school, church or tavern. The penalty is up to six months in jail and/or a \$500 fine.

Big Brother is watching all of us and charging more for his services: A proposed Health, Education and Welfare study to determine why children fall off tricycles is titled "The Evaluation and Parameterization of Stability and Safety Performance Characteristics of Two- and Three-Wheeled Vehicular Toys for Riding." Cost: \$23,000.

Our Tunnel of Love Award goes to the New York prostitute who actually worked the Lincoln Tunnel. Said a city-health-department investigator: "She would stand at one end of the tunnel and proposition the men driving by. When she finished performing her services going one way, she'd turn around and do the same thing coming back from the other end."

When Houston police learned that Peter N. Lazaros, who once boasted in court that he was a Mafia bagman, was coming to town on a business trip, they busted him at the airport on vagrancy

charges. A bum rap, as it turned out. After a free ride downtown, Lazaros dipped into his wallet and produced \$212,000 in cashier's checks and \$368,000 in cash. Case dismissed.

## BOOKS

It's been almost ten years since Frank Capra made a movie, but Fletcher Knebel's new novel, *Dark Horse* (Doubleday), may be just the sort of thing he needs to bring him out of retirement. After all, Capra was the man who got Mr. Smith to Washington, which is what Knebel strains mightily to do with his Eddie Quinn. When the duly nominated Presidential candidate of an unnamed (but vaguely Republican) party drops dead a few weeks before Election Day, the national committee, through a fluke, gives Quinn, the New Jersey highway commissioner, the nod. No one believes he can win, but the party leaders figure he won't do anything too outrageous in the few weeks before the polls open. But Eddie, like a good Capra hero, is full of surprises. He starts midnight walking tours through black ghettos; he advocates setting the minimum draft age at 50; he calls for a human-depletion allowance that would benefit everyone but those who have oil-depletion allowances; he singlehandedly stops a race riot; and he even makes off with the wife of one of his opponent's biggest financial backers. Eddie is first regarded as an eccentric joker, but soon the tide of public favor begins to switch in his direction. And then: crash! *Mr. Smith Goes to Chappaquiddick*. There is a fatal smashup on the Jersey Turnpike involving Eddie with some cronies and a Vietnam veteran. Knebel is an old hand at these Washington yarns. In fact, as co-author of *Seven Days in May*, he did much to reactivate the genre a few years ago. But this time around, when all the signs indicate that the novel should have been a comedy, everyone is just as deadly serious as those generals back during those grim days in May.

Titled with due—and not altogether ironic—deference to Margaret Mead's works on adolescence, Simone de Beauvoir's *The Coming of Age* (Putnam) is a treatise on aging. Earnest, informed, erudite, it links the nature of the aging process to the attitudes of society toward the old, and links attitudes with economics. Everyone ought to read it, but few are likely to enjoy it; man may learn to face death with equanimity, but he has not yet learned to regard the slow decline of his faculties with any emotion more heroic than aversion. As she did in her iconoclastic *The Second Sex*, De Beauvoir has culled from

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ethnology, history, sociology, literature and personal experience a wealth of data about aging. Most of it is unsurprising: The aged are poor, lonely, ignored and made to seem absurd—even to themselves. But her principal thesis, that no society has succeeded in solving the problems of old age, dispels the myth that traditional societies revere their elderly. Where the old have status, it derives from economic power—power purchased at the cost of love. Elsewhere, the aged suffer a fate hardly less cruel than the obligatory suicide demanded of Eskimo elders when food is scarce. Worst offender is the industrial nation—socialist as well as capitalist—which wastes lives in meaningless work, then discards its citizens or offers them the soulless solace of retirement. De Beauvoir calls for radical social reform and pins her hope on the recognition by the young of the fate that awaits them. But who among us is mature enough—or brave enough—to face the ghosts of his future decline and thus begin the process by which they may ultimately be exorcised?

**In A Family Business** (Russell Sage Foundation), anthropologist Francis A. J. Ianni offers a fascinating insider's view of a world in which crime is a business not quite like any other. This is a dispassionate, scrupulously documented analysis of the interlocking network of business activities carried on by four generations of an Italian-American family. Ianni is a sociological accountant, examining the records of the very real but pseudonymous Lupollo family, trying to separate fact from fiction. He has not attempted to prove the existence of a national network of organized Italian-American criminals controlling crime in this country. But the Mafia philosophy is real and dominates the lives of many Italian families; while they may seem to be acting in concert, Ianni claims they are actually reflecting a common code of values rooted in Sicilian history. In the early 1800s, when the state couldn't protect people against roving bands of criminals, families secretly organized themselves along bloodlines so that they could retaliate in force. Loyalty to the family came before life itself; patriarchal orders could not be questioned; and honor required eye-for-an-eye revenge. Sicilians emigrated to the United States with the Mafia code as part of their cultural heritage, and when some of them turned to crime as the first rung up the ladder of success, they united in the only way they knew how—fortified by the bonds of kinship. Ianni's book explains how they operated. He focuses not on crimes but on "a business empire made up of a number of legal and illegal enterprises which mesh into a structure of business corporations, invest-

ments, tactics and personnel like any other corporate enterprise." If Ianni is correct—and he presents a persuasive case—murders such as those committed by the rival Gallo and Colombo gangs in New York are like the last twitches of the tail of a dying prehistoric monster. In the fourth generation of the Lupollo family, honor and respect for the patriarch remain powerful values, but new ambitions—for professional prestige, political influence and legitimate business success—are making it increasingly difficult to recruit clan members for a way of life that requires criminal activity.

Where but in an Eric Ambler thriller is a reader likely to stumble across the intelligence that "one rottol equals two okes"? Ambler (*A Coffin for Dimitrios, Journey into Fear*) has always been given to the Byzantine subtleties of his eastern Mediterranean turf; esoterica and exotica are neatly strung throughout his plot lines. In his latest, *The Levante* (Atheneum), the reader receives a short course on the difference between wet batteries and dry batteries, an essay on old Lebanese ships and numerous insights into the intricacies of business malpractices in an Arab land. The titular hero, a self-described "Levantine Mongrel," is Lebanese, Armenian, Cypriote, "fractionally British"—and all Amblerian. He thrives on intrigue and innuendo, on running and cunning. As the owner of a shipping company, he seeks to forestall the perils of rising Arab nationalism and the nationalization of local business, and so gets involved with a parcel of Palestinian terrorists out to reclaim their homeland. How he attempts to use them as they try to abuse him constitutes the burden of this novel. Ambler follows no formulas, charts his own course and builds to a climactic seascene worthy of his past efforts.

As the only convicted participant in the My Lai massacre, William Calley should find Mary McCarthy's *Medina* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) painful reading. Not that this account of the trial of Calley's commanding officer is likely to stir Calley to remorse. The lesson for him in these pages is that if he had had the sense to hire F. Lee Bailey as his attorney, he might now be as free as Medina. There were other factors in Medina's acquittal, as McCarthy's cool, crisp reportage makes clear. The Army's prosecution was inept and lacked the fervor of Aubrey Daniel (the prosecutor who did Calley in). But it's Bailey who stars in these minor-league proceedings, slicing up the prosecution's key witnesses in ways that make Perry Mason seem hidebound by courtroom procedure. As for villains, they're the same who have appeared in all the other books on My

Lai: most of the men of C Company, their officers and their officers' officers. None of them, Calley and Medina included, were monsters in that they lusted for the blood of the innocent. "The men were to murder a hamlet; on that point, the instructions were clear. A veil was drawn as to what was to become of the population. They were to be disregarded, just as though they did not exist. The next step, to conduct them from virtual to real nonexistence, then became easy." One American did see the people of My Lai to be real—helicopter pilot Hugh Thompson, who evacuated as many civilians as he could, threatening to shoot any members of C Company who tried to prevent him. But he was the exception. McCarthy, capable at other times of savage polemic, ends her account with ironic resignation as she describes the acquitted Medina "appearing on the David Frost show to tell about his new job with Bailey's helicopter plant. Bailey was on the show, too: 'I think Ernie Medina is the right guy to stick in there to make a little company into a huge giant.'"

The trouble with instant books, those breathless documents thrown together to catch a pulse of history while it still throbs, is that they seldom offer fresh information, fresh insights, fresh writing. So it is with *Hoax* (Viking), by Stephen Fay, Lewis Chester and Magnus Linklater, which purports to be "the inside story of the Howard Hughes-Clifford Irving affair." It isn't, although the authors, British journalists from the London *Sunday Times* (one of whom was part of the team that wrote *An American Melodrama*, a good book about the 1968 Presidential election), do try hard. Their big problem in *Hoax* was that none of the principals would talk to them. Clifford Irving was writing his own version of the affair and he was being helped by Edith Irving, sometimes known as Helga Hughes, as well as by coconspirator Richard Suskind. The duped parties from McGraw-Hill and *Life* magazine were too embarrassed to talk candidly with outsiders; and Howard Hughes was in transit—from Las Vegas to Nicaragua to Vancouver, his promised land still not found. Thus, the authors were reduced to borrowing from the reportorial efforts of *The New York Times*, *Time* and James Phelan, whose manuscript of *Howard*, written in collaboration with Hughes's longtime lieutenant Noah Dietrich, was smuggled to Irving and provided the racy authenticity needed to mesmerize McGraw-Hill and *Life*. Occasionally, the authors come up with a live tidbit, something that didn't make the papers. But in most respects, *Hoax* is hoisted on Irving's own petard. The

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You can take a White Horse anywhere

*Times* men, purporting to write an inside story on the case, took the Irving route themselves.

Emmett Grogan, whose band of Diggers robbed from the straights and gave to the hippies, has written a fat autobiography, *Ringolevio* (Little, Brown). Ringolevio is a no-holds-barred street game in which rival gangs attempt to capture each other. Grogan played it in his Brooklyn youth, and now he sees it as a metaphor for existence—"a game of life and death. A game to be fought rather than played." Grogan has been fighting for most of his life: By 16 he was already an ex-con and an operating con man, a master thief who rode dumbwaiters to his victims' penthouse apartments on Park Avenue. Later, if his lusty account is to be believed, he added murder to his litany of accomplishments, polishing off one Squint Laszlo, a punk who had once framed Grogan on a dope rap. "The noise [of the gun]," he reports happily, "was very loud and half of the kitchen was splattered with blood, bone and brains." So it goes in the days of a ringolevio sportsman. Grogan is only 28, but his life thus far has been an unbroken string of improbable exploits: In Italy he stole art treasures; in Ireland he became an instant revolutionary; and in Haight-Ashbury, as an underground Robin Hood, he grew to be a legend. Somewhere along the line, however, both Grogan and his book go soft and ideological. He starts to preach such unringolevioish doctrines as brotherhood and racial integration. He refuses to shake the hand of Stokely Carmichael and, wonder of wonders, eschews violence. It's all very commendable, but Emmett is a better thief than a thinker. In the end, he concocts a scheme to "save our cities": All his hippie comrades—"individuals, families, communes, gangs, who are bound together by the blues life"—will take over the abandoned tenements of inner-city slums. We leave him there, pondering his great solution to urban blight. In the next installment, we shall probably come upon him applying for a grant to the Department of Housing and Urban Development.

The good news about *Black/White Sex* (Morrow) is that Grace Halsell, a white Southerner, has treated an explosive subject in a nonjudgmental way. The bad news is that she has also treated it in an unthinking way. A characteristic example of her approach can be found in her interviews with a black pimp and several girls in his stable. Through a trusted intermediary, a city detective, Halsell arranged to stay for a short while in the apartment the pimp shared with his prostitutes, and thus she could talk to them in a relaxed atmosphere. Unfortunately,

her questioning proves superficial and produces predictable answers. It doesn't contribute much to a reader's knowledge of black and white sexual relationships on a commercial basis to be told that a pimp is a businessman or that white men get their kicks out of despising their black bed partners, and yet think they're more passionate than white women. In the end, the most the author can draw from her research is that black and white penises are of similar size, that most women want men to dominate them and that "in a room, isolated from the social currents, pressures and attitudes of the outside world, the relationship between members of a black-white couple is no different from that between two blacks or two whites."

Three years ago, the nation's number-one nonfiction best seller was *The Peter Principle*, a tongue-in-cheek treatise that held that things usually go wrong because each person ultimately ends up in a job he cannot do. Dr. Laurence J. Peter unwittingly proves his contention with *The Peter Prescription* (Morrow). He offers 66 "Peter prescriptions" as guidelines for becoming a "Humanite"—a happy, competent and fulfilled individual who has moved forward rather than upward. The prescriptions, however, are no more than alliterative tags (Peter Petitions, Peter Peacemakers) for a combination of pat psychology and cornball inspirational clichés. Only rarely does the dry wit of the earlier book flash through, as when Peter sees equal rights for women resulting in women "becoming equally incompetent to men." Inveighing against our obsession with growth and our tendency to look for happiness in the future rather than the present, Peter offers prescription number 35, the Peter Peace—"Be satisfied to stop." Too bad he wasn't.

Noteworthy: Three prominent names in the Movement are to be found on new dust jackets. Julian Bond's *A Time to Speak, a Time to Act* (Simon & Schuster) brings together that estimable young Georgia politician's decent if unsurprising views of what needs to be said and done in this troubled time. *The Love of Possession Is a Disease with Them* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) is Tom Hayden's analysis of what has gone wrong with America; the title is taken from a remark about the white man attributed to Sitting Bull. And Huey P. Newton is represented by *To Die for the People* (Random House), a collection interesting primarily for the light it casts on the history and prospects of the Black Panthers, including the internecine battles among Newton, Eldridge Cleaver and Stokely Carmichael.

PLAYBOY contributor Jules Siegel has assembled a book, *Record* (Straight Arrow

Books), of his short stories, articles, interviews and calligraphy. The anthology includes a fine short story, *Family Secrets*, and *West of Eden*, a personal survey of communal living, which first appeared in PLAYBOY (November 1970). It's an intimate record that leaves the reader with the feeling that Siegel is a new friend worth cultivating.

## DINING-DRINKING

A late, lavish Sunday brunch at one of Manhattan's better open-early restaurants is a great way to get together—for a couple or a crowd. The mood is relaxed, the conversation is convivial and the tab is easy to take. (Expect it to run about half of what dinner would cost at the same establishment.) The atmosphere at *Charley O's* (33 West 48th Street) is clubby and quite informal: green walls, lots of dark-brown wood paneling and beams; lots of bare midriffs, too. Regulars pore over the *Sunday Times* while sipping Irish Milk Punches or Champagne Oranges. A brunch consisting of appetizer, main course, coffee and barmbrack (Irish coffeecake) will set you back about \$5, depending on your entree. Smashing raisin biscuits, called scones here, and salt-crust bread are included in the largess. Among the interesting main dishes are Fish and Chips, Glazed Apple Pancake and three kinds of hash—corned-beef, roast-beef and chicken. The last is exceptional, more an *émincé* in cream sauce. And Charley O's eggs are almost epicurean. Skip the Shrimp, Clam and Scallop Pie, however, unless you're addicted to glutinous, fishy agglomerations. But don't leave without at least one Irish coffee. Sundays noon to 3:30 P.M. (212-JU 2-7141).

The area around Central Park South could reasonably be called Brunch Alley. *L'Etoile* (1 East 59th Street) and the *Essex House* (160 Central Park South) both offer buffet brunches. The latter costs a bit less, \$5.25, and is more inviting. Tables on the raised terrace look out on the park, with no reservations taken. There's no formal menu, either. What you see is what you get: a fruit bowl, cheese board, eggs, bacon, sausages and ten hot and cold entrees in silver chafing dishes—shrimp newburg, veal stew, fried chicken and chilled poached salmon, for example. Coffee and dessert, too. Sundays 10:30 A.M. to 3 P.M.

*The Plaza's Palm Court* (Fifth Avenue and 59th Street), with its marble columns, glass-paneled ceiling, caryatid statuary and open vista, is the most traditionally posh setting in the park area. At \$6.50, however, the menu is rather uninspired. The inevitable chicken crepes (*à la reine*) are good, and so is the seafood in patty shell. But the brioches and *croissants* are

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listless, eggs come off a *bain-marie* and the *quiche tartelettes* are a disaster. Now for the good news. The smorgasbord is a regular *bar mitzvah*: cheeses, cold pickled fish, curried shrimp, a red and white bean salad, cold beef salads, assorted vegetables, excellent smoked salmon, poached salmon with avocado dressing, an acceptable *pâté*—and more. Black Forest Torte—whipped cream and chocolate layers zapped with kirsch—and pear with chocolate mousse and chocolate sauce are dessert standouts. Sundays 11 a.m. to 2:15 p.m. (212-PL 9-3000).

For brunch with a view, there's the *Rainbow Room* (30 Rockefeller Plaza), looking out onto the park and the bay from 65 floors up. Reserve a window table. The room reflects the grandeur that was Hollywood—crystal chandeliers, ornate draperies and thick rugs. You expect to see Fred Astaire waltz in with Ginger Rogers any minute. Service lags, but the menu is generous and varied. Prosciutto with melon or veal *alla Genovese* are among the appetizers, then a hot or cold soup, and a choice of 17 entrees, including tartar steak, excellent seafood crepes, Irish smoked salmon and a frog's-legs-in-truffle-sauce omelet. A mere \$6.75 gets you all this, plus dessert and coffee. The Rainbow Room may be the last place requiring a tie at brunch. Saturdays and Sundays noon to 3 p.m. (212-PL 7-9090).

Perhaps the city's most unusual fast breaker is the Chinese tea lunch, an assortment of steamed filled dumplings, pastries and soft-noodle dishes, served at *Lotus Eaters Fifth* (182 Fifth Avenue). These and other such items at this spacious, low-key restaurant are printed only in Chinese; but language is no barrier here. Waiters are young, bilingual and, unlike most Chinese-restaurant waiters, amiable. Since the aforementioned fare at *Lotus Fifth* is Szechwan inspired (in other words, peppery), it's advisable to start with the tamer dishes: perhaps *Sao Mai*, a gingery pork mélange steamed in translucent dough cups, and *Mandarin Spring Rolls*, which are crisp, delicate variations on egg rolls. Then move on to steamed meat-filled dumplings in a very light chicken broth or spicy-hot *Hong Yu* sauce. A soft-dough *Won Ton* is also available in both broth and sauce, but the chewy little dumplings win, chopsticks down. *Dan Dan*, a sort of Szechwanese soft-noodle spaghetti, is the hottest dish on the tea lunch, so beware. If you have room, sample the sweet-bean-paste *Bao Tse*, or fruity plum wine. Six dollars will cover all that two people could possibly want to eat at *Lotus Fifth*—an exceptional value. Saturdays and Sundays noon to 3 p.m. (212-929-4800).

Other restaurants in New York that serve brunch and have something special to offer include: *Kitty Hawk's* (565 Third Avenue), all the champagne you can

drink, and a special "midnight brunch" every night from 10:30 to closing; *Proof of the Pudding* (First Avenue and 64th Street), cocktail soup; *Feathers on Fifth* (Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street), complimentary *sangria*; *G. J. D'Arcy's* (202 Ninth Avenue), two complimentary drinks, and four kinds of spirited coffee; *The Angry Squire* (216 Seventh Avenue), complimentary drink; *Casa Laredo* (551 Hudson Street), small drink and *Huevos Rancheros* on a \$1.60 brunch; and, for stay-up-late types who need a little sustenance, *The Brasserie* (100 East 53rd Street), open 24 hours, serves the best onion soup this side of Paris.

## MOVIES

The teaming of Steve McQueen and Sam Peckinpah (subject of this month's *Playboy Interview*) looks inevitable in retrospect, for both are prototypically male, American, direct, attracted to other men of action and the dreams or delusions that move them. *Junior Bonner* confirms their natural kinship. (Obviously sharing that opinion, Sam and Steve have begun their second film together, *The Getaway*.) Under Peckinpah—who understands that the leathery and laconic surface manner is by no means the whole man—McQueen gives the most affecting performance of his career as a washed-up rodeo star yearning to win big just one more time at a contest in his home town. The theme is hardly new and has been spelled out in almost identical terms in two recent films (*The Honkers*, with James Coburn, and *J. W. Coop*, Cliff Robertson's intelligent ode to an aging cowboy). *Junior Bonner* outclasses its competition partly because of a fine, spare screenplay by Jeb Rosebrook, but mostly because Peckinpah happens to be a vital home-grown director with a very special sensitivity to the American scene. After the flamboyant violence of *The Wild Bunch* and *Straw Dogs*, even Peckinpah's ardent admirers are apt to overlook his lyrical, shamefully neglected Western *The Ballad of Cable Hogue*, which is much closer to the mood of *Junior Bonner*. Here, Peckinpah etches a gentle, rueful and poetic character study of a dying breed of man. Actual locations in Prescott, Arizona—birthplace of the rodeo—are linked so securely to a day in the life of Junior Bonner that the film's folksy color and action sequences never lapse into mere sight-seeing, a virtue for which ace cinematographer Lucien Ballard deserves substantial credit. Among the performers, Ben Johnson, Joe Don Baker (as Junior's success-oriented brother, a big dealer in real estate) and provocative Barbara Leigh (as the kind of girl who has her pick of the day's winners) are

right with it, though somewhat overshadowed by Ida Lupino and Robert Preston, whose earthy portrayals of Ma and Dad Bonner steal whole chunks of the picture from McQueen. Winning and losing are what it's all about, of course, and Peckinpah takes off his hat to the losers every time. Watching bulldozers flatten a memory-filled family shack to make room for mobile-home sites pointedly sums up one side of *Junior Bonner's* story. Elsewhere, in a hilarious barroom brawl that can't be stopped until a cowboy band strikes up *The Star-Spangled Banner*, Peckinpah catches an image of America that few movie-makers would be able to match in five reels of labored liberal preaching.

Everything you've always wanted to know about ancient and modern Israel—and maybe more—is intelligently summarized in *A Wall in Jerusalem*. With Richard Burton as narrator of an eloquent script by Joseph Kessel, directors Frederic Rossif (whose documentary *To Die in Madrid* was a moving history of the Spanish Civil War) and Albert Knobler use rare film clips to illustrate the 2000-year struggle of the Jews to find their promised land. Though a scholar might scoff at *Jerusalem* as a crash course—particularly when it treats of ghetto life and of pogroms in Europe before World War Two or recalls the Dreyfus case—the directors are merely working up to a memorable series of climaxes in an awesome political drama. While decidedly pro-Israel in outlook, the directors are too honest to ignore the barbarism of Jewish terrorists who wiped out an entire Arab village. *Jerusalem's* most powerful images, though, are the obstinate, angry, hopeful human faces of people who file off ship after ship during the Forties—many to be instantly deported by the British—and kiss the hallowed ground that few of them had ever really hoped to see.

The newest wrinkle in exploitation is to dress up a skin flick in the trappings of a documentary, a kind of plain brown wrapper for material that otherwise might be called hard core. Among the crotch operas in current release, the one with the strongest claim to legitimacy is *Personals*, based on seven interviews with people who actually seek sex partners, in groups or singly, through ads in underground newspapers. "Stunning blonde has tremendous oral hunger for rugged, well-hung males" is a fairly typical text—though the stunning blonde turns out to be a transvestite named Jeanette. "Have you ever felt really depressed because you have a penis?" asks interviewer/codirector Armand Weston, who throws equally disarming questions at a group-sex threesome, a plaster-pussy caster, a Lesbian and a hyperpromiscuous blonde who glumly

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declares that she just never has orgasms. Some of the sex acts preferred by the advertisers are demonstrated for the most part not by the subjects themselves but by stag-film performers whose alleged enjoyment of their work is not highly contagious.

The power of film to promote a cause or create a vibrant memorial is strikingly shown in *Malcolm X*, a documentary adapted from Malcolm's famed autobiography. James Earl Jones speaks a few scraps of first-person narration and Ossie Davis eulogizes the man whom millions of his followers looked upon as "a black, shining prince." But the chief distinction of this filmed tribute is Malcolm himself, during countless public appearances, revealing in his own words his evolution from a hoodlum and pimp, or worse, to a potentially great black leader. Malcolm was emerging as a proud, stubborn, enlightened and brilliant symbol of black power at the time of his assassination in 1965. The autobiography brought home the tragedy of that loss in greater depth—but without the gut impact that makes cinema one of the potent weapons of the age. *Malcolm X* is something to see and hear and feel.

*Ten Days' Wonder* is an Ellery Queen suspense novel, adapted for the screen by Paul Gardner and Eugene Archer and transformed into a pretentious intellectual exercise by French director Claude Chabrol. With Orson Welles, Anthony Perkins and Marlene Jobert co-starred in Chabrol's first English-language film, one expects better things of him on the heels of his current success, *Le Boucher*. The plot of *Ten Days' Wonder* concerns an adopted son (Perkins) in love with his wealthy father's young wife. "Watch me, follow me . . . I'm afraid of killing someone," the boy tells his friend (Michel Piccoli) on the eve of a nine-day binge devoted to adultery, blackmail and murder. All of which might be divertingly suspenseful, except that Chabrol dawdles over the story's religious symbolism and Oedipal complexity instead of getting on with it. The style he uses here is as ritualized as a fugue, with characters making portentous statements rather than talking to one another, and the results are predictably static. Even the imposing presence of Welles cannot convert an Ellery Queen whodunit into a Gallic tragedy.

Shirley MacLaine, as a rather sheltered, snobbish divorcee who lives with her children on Manhattan's Upper East Side, is forced to confront the superstition and animosity of Spanish Harlem in *The Possession of Joel Delaney*. Ever since *Rosemary's Baby*, tales of occult and supernatural phenomena have enjoyed

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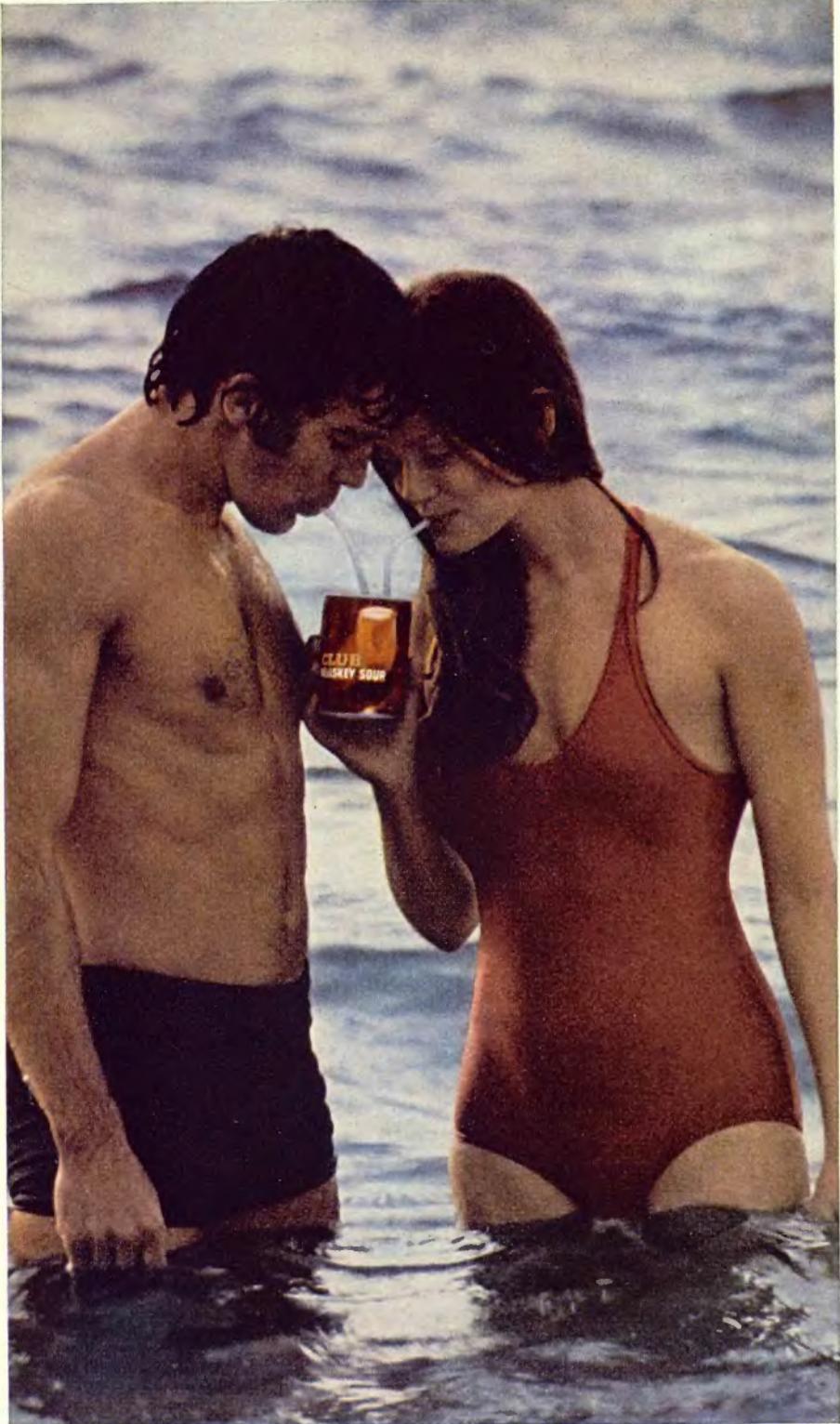
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a boom, and *Joel Delaney*—though it signifies nothing, or very little—ranks near the top as an exercise in absolute evil. Based on a novel by Ramona Stewart, and skillfully directed by Waris Hussein, this odd thriller is a grade-A mind grabber, albeit questionable on sociological grounds—for it dramatizes the plight of a nice WASPish New York boy whose mind and body are taken over by the spirit of a mad, knife-wielding Puerto Rican he befriends in the East Village. Before his death, alas, the Puerto Rican had developed a fondness for chopping girls' heads off and, well, that sort of thing isn't tolerated for long on expensive real estate facing Central Park. Ignore the film's inadvertent put-down of a minority group, and what remains is straightforward sadism, an all-out assault on the nervous system. Playing Delaney's big sister, who delves into black magic in a desperate effort to save him, Shirley achieves credibility, yet defers to clean-cut newcomer Perry King, whose debut in the schizophrenic title role is a double whammy.

Another demonic tale is brought to the screen with greater subtlety but undiminished horror by producer-director Robert (*Summer of '42*) Mulligan, whose movie version of Thomas Tryon's tingly best seller, *The Other*, has so many characters hopping around an accursed Connecticut farmstead back in 1935 that their identities become cloudy at times. Odd questions of identity are essential to the story, however, and one has no trouble picking out Chris and Martin Udvarnoky—the ten-year-old identical twins are chillingly persuasive as brothers caught up in a strange and dangerous game. To reveal more would spoil the film's intricately concocted surprises, but readers who already know too much may derive a bonus of pleasure from veteran Broadway star Uta Hagen, making her film debut along with the boys and coming through handsomely as the Russian-born grandma who originally taught them the game. This shocker is aimed at frightened fans who really like to feel the old adrenaline flow.

Alain Tanner, a Swiss critic who has chosen to practice what he preaches, is a film maker in the Mod European tradition of early Godard and Truffaut. Tanner's second feature, the first to be released here, is *La Salamandre*—overlong by American standards, but nevertheless alive with humor, spontaneity and careless Continental charm. Most of the movie is set in Geneva and concerns two writers, Pierre and Paul (Jean-Luc Bideau and Jacques Denis), assigned to write a TV script about a seemingly ordinary working girl who once allegedly tried to shoot her uncle. The girl, Rosemonde (played with effortless *joie de vivre* by

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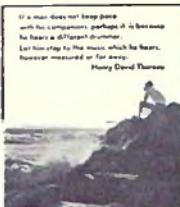
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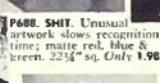
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Bulle Ogier), is also the salamander of the title, a changeling nonconformist whose improved life style at first amuses and finally confounds her earnest biographers. "I'd like people to get off my back," says Rosemonde, summing up her attitude toward the stresses of the modern world. At last she admits that she *did* shoot her uncle, but what of it, since he made her life miserable? There's not much more to the movie than that, but Tanner creates a captivating portrait of a free spirit who resists practically everything superfluous, including the diligent efforts of her writer friends to analyze her. *La Salamandre*'s hip, mocking irony speaks loudest with few words—showing Rosemonde at her first thankless job as a kind of phallic priestess in a sausage factory and, later, in a shoe emporium, where she banishes boredom but is soon banished herself for startling her shoeless customers with a free feel. Tanner calls his work "a black-and-white color film," which sounds like affectation but turns out to be accurate self-appraisal.

The right to privacy is one of the chief topics for debate in *The Groundstar Conspiracy*, an efficient but unexceptional thriller starring George Peppard as a bullheaded U. S. security agent who stops at nothing. "I'd put my own family, anyone, in a spotlight naked to protect this country," snaps Peppard with such ice-cold conviction that one almost believes him—particularly when he plots the ruthless brainwash of a suspected spy (Michael Sarrazin) and plants a very candid camera over the bed of a young divorcee (Christine Belford). An explosion in the computerized nerve center of a top-secret space project gets *Groundstar Conspiracy* under way, but the cast has to work within the limitations of a script that is as preposterous as a James Bond caper, yet totally devoid of humor. The movie's scene stealers are picturesque Vancouver, British Columbia, and the ultramodern campus of Canada's Simon Fraser University, the latter lending a touch of space-age splendor as *Groundstar* H. Q. The rest is trivia.

Like all born humorists, British playwright Peter Nichols has a keenly developed sense of life's tragic absurdity. The wild, angry, often reckless stratagems that human beings devise in order to bear disappointment were etched with acid in Nichols' Broadway and London stage hit *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg*. Black comedy at its most merciless, *Joe Egg* pretends to tell the story of a middle-class English couple whose devotion to their handicapped ten-year-old daughter—a hopeless spastic at the vegetable level of existence—is laced with harrowing sick jokes. Life itself is a sick joke, and God "a manic-depressive rugby footballer," in the words of the hero, brilliantly played by Alan Bates (who at

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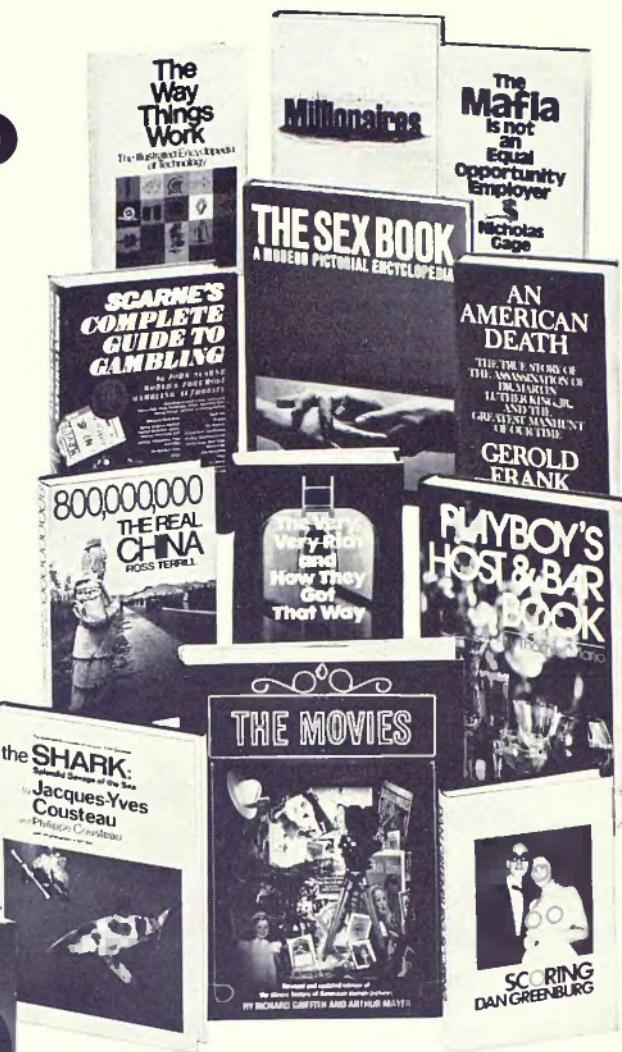


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least equals Albert Finney's flashy performance in the stage version). Janet Suzman's matching tour de force is a bigger surprise, if only because she far exceeds the cool competence that snagged her an Oscar nomination as the better half of *Nicholas and Alexandra*. Miss Suzman makes a deeply touching figure of the tormented wife and mother whose efforts to please call for some bizarre measures—everything from spelling out the details of her premarital promiscuity, bed by bed, to playing straight woman in her husband's caustic vaudeville routines about the child they flippantly call Joe Egg. Though flawlessly acted, *Joe Egg* is only a mediocre job of moviemaking, for director Peter Medak gets literal with fantasy sequences (Mum and Dad wickedly re-enacting how the preacher promised to pray for them) and often becomes camera-conscious at the expense of the play's withering wit. The theme is not the one most likely to fill a movie theater with fun seekers, but as his own scenarist, Nichols maintains his identity by keeping *Joe Egg* mostly intact.

*The Revengers* finds William Holden, Ernest Borgnine and Woody Strode performing by the numbers for director Daniel Mann. Holden plays a rancher who sets off on a quest for vengeance after his family is brutally massacred by a pack of renegade Comanches and pillaging half-breeds. To serve his purpose, he recruits an even more unsavory wild bunch from a Mexican chain gang, only to learn at last that revenge is not so sweet. *The Revengers* is the kind of hack work that nearly always carries in its luggage an overdone musical score indicating precisely where audiences are supposed to laugh or cry or worry. We found ourselves worrying about the wrong things—such as the brogue affected by Susan Hayward for her jittery comeback appearance as an Irish frontier lady who nurses Holden back to health. And about the gimmicky casting of handsome movie newcomer Scott Holden (son of you know who) as the brave young cavalry lieutenant whose courage under fire reminds thick-skinned old Holden, by God, of the lost son he had dreamed of sending to West Point.

*The Trial of the Catonsville Nine*, based on Father Daniel Berrigan's dramatization of courtroom testimony in his own case, generates deep moral fervor and passionate conviction. But those admirable qualities—which prompted the celebrated Berrigan brothers and seven colleagues to burn draft-board files at Catonsville, Maryland, in 1968—are quite enough to make a satisfying movie from facts already drummed into the public consciousness. This re-creation of their trial is stagy and polemical. The

actors (Ed Flanders and Douglass Watson, repeating their stage roles as Dan and Phil) are articulate, humorless and evangelical, wearing invisible halos and an air of simple righteousness that is seldom much fun to watch. To his credit as producer, Gregory Peck reminds us that the U.S. may be one of the few nations left in the world where such an angry antiestablishment work can be made and shown without fear at so anxious a moment in history.

A reasonable facsimile of contemporary soul music swells on the sound track of *The Legend of Nigger Charley*, latest in a new wave of black Westerns. The anachronistic musical score, including the title song sung by Lloyd Price, merely exposes *Nigger Charley* as an attempt to woo black audiences with standard outdoor heroics, albeit in a more fashionable color. Former pro football star Fred Williamson, D'Urville Martin and Don Pedro Colley are cast as a trio of fugitive Virginia slaves who flee West and become unbeatable gun fighters *vs.* hordes of lily-white bad guys. Williamson acts pretty well for a half-back, though his role would hardly strain the talents of those forgotten leading men who used to play *The Lone Ranger* in Saturday matinees. Clear away the blood 'n' guts and gunsmoke, and *Nigger Charley*'s battle cry turns out to be "Ho-hum, Silver."

Women's liberation, anyone? As the heroine of *Stand Up and Be Counted*, Jacqueline Bisset voices her suspicion "that it's all caused by seven women with hairy legs and a positive genius for getting on the Johnny Carson show." There are some stinging topical jokes scattered throughout this glossy comedy, the first of its kind to tackle the women's lib theme, but there are just as many contrived situations and cutesy clichés supplied by TV writer Bernard Slade, who won his wings with *The Flying Nun* and *The Partridge Family*. Under director Jackie Cooper—yep, that Jackie Cooper—*Stand Up* sets out not to explore its subject but to milk it for laughs. Only a few fall to Jacqueline, stuck with the film's least interesting role, as a girl reporter who goes home to Denver to check out the movement's grass roots in middle America, thereby rekindling her romance with a dashing airline pilot (Gary Lockwood)—a male chauvinist, damn it all. The brighter bits go to Lee Purcell as her militant kid sister, Loretta Swit as a tired housewife who seems to have kept her wit honed by watching *I Love Lucy* reruns and pert Stella Stevens as a pampered young matron with activist tendencies. Even Dr. Joyce Brothers appears, doing a gratuitous guest shot in author Slade's over-crowded narrative. And, lest we forget,

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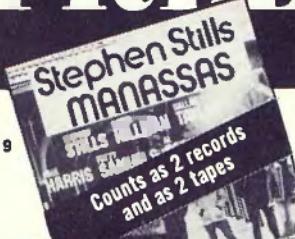


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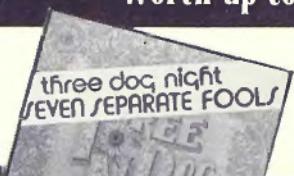
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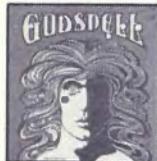
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## PLACES

Imagine, if you will, a little world combining the Tivoli Gardens of Copenhagen, the impacted medieval streets of portside France and Italy, plus a touch of the sooks of North Africa; or, better yet, spend a day—and perhaps an evening—at *The Cannery* and *Ghirardelli Square* near San Francisco's waterfront. Just hop the Hyde Street cable car—a kind of permanent party on wheels—downtown and ride it to the end of the line. Bring appetite, thirst and credit cards, for you will be tempted by shops, a wine cellar, cafés, restaurants. Bring change for the street musicians (baroque, folk-rock, romantic), street actors, street mimes. Bring a tolerant eye, ready with praise, for proof that a carnival neighborhood can be created by men of taste, good will and, uh, money.

Ten years ago, financier William Matson Roth decided to refurbish an old chocolate factory, with its towers and spires and exposed brick, and surround it with fountains, theaters, a movie-house, shops of elegance, sun and salt air, seafood, Mexican food, mandarin food, crepes, wine, cheese, terraces, hot-fudge banana splits. Ghirardelli Square was an instant landmark, and Roth proved something: Money and success can come to the man who rescues as well as to the man who tears down.

While you're meditating on this reassuring fact, you can be buying a \$20 flowered shirt or a piece of Scandinavian crockery, having your snapshot blown up to be a poster, going to see an art film, giving Norbert, the multilingual sidewalk troubadour, your spare quarters. Over a cappuccino at the outdoor Portofino Caffé, you'll see children playing on the beach, a little group practicing T'ai Chi with its Chinese master, a flamenco star flamencking away, sun worshipers at their patient travail. Up and down the pleasant irregularity of steps and levels, stone and brick, unbored feet keep moving—past Eric the Harpist playing a theme by Villa-Lobos. The most beautiful girl in Ghirardelli Square is just around the corner, or perhaps tucked away with a book under a shading parasol.

Across the way, past the Buena Vista—where San Franciscans have been drinking Ramos gin fizzes over brunch for generations—there's The Cannery. Leonard Martin, a courtly White Russian

aristocrat, took not a chocolate factory but an old fruit cannery and imposed his love of the Mediterranean on the architects who rebuilt it for him. Where Ghirardelli Square is all sun and light, The Cannery—which opened in 1968—is all nooks and crannies, ferns and flowers, but sun and light, too. A lutanist is playing under a flowering tree. The fish shack is serving clams. Poets are scribbling at the wooden tables and, as you enter its complex maze of stairways, elevators and escalators, you'll find even more pleasant opportunities to spend money and while away the afternoon.

But it's not necessary to patronize the clothing shops, jewelry boutiques, toy stores, record shops, art galleries or the virtually irresistible gourmet supermarket, which is perpetually fragrant with fresh (and often still warm) loaves of sour-dough bread—which tastes best if you eat it on a bench in the courtyard with a wedge of Monterey Jack and a bottle of Napa Valley red. If you're not hungry—even for East Coast seafood amid the Scandinavian wood and potted plants at the Hungry Tiger or for hearty Elizabethan victuals amid the \$1,000,000 17th Century decor at The Ben Jonson—you can just walk. It's not as crowded as the Ponte Vecchio in Florence, but here, too, a shopkeeper is likely to come out of his store to chat, as one did when we admired a picture in his window: "Like it? That's a portrait of the artist. Why don't you come to the opening of his show tonight? Wine and cheese. You're a visitor? That's OK, come along, just a few of his friends, plus you."

Those who go to The Cannery or Ghirardelli Square looking for the San Francisco freak scene—the gay bar specializing in one-armed black asthmatics, say—will be disappointed. The oddments of merchandise, costuming, street life are well scrubbed, imported and American—yet not dull. Ghirardelli-Cannery, thriving neighbors, triumphs of urban conservation, just plain leave a good taste in the soul. A small detail to sum up the spirit of both places: Leonard Martin owns a parking lot across the street that serves The Cannery. Trees are scattered among the cars. "My architects told me I was losing a lot of spaces," he says. "But people like to park under a tree."

## RECORDINGS

Marian McPartland plays a piano and a half. **A Delicate Balance** (Halcyon) has the lady splitting her time between a concert-grand Wurlitzer and a plugged-in version. In each case, she's nothing short of splendid—whether it's on her own material, Eddie Harris' exuberant *Freedom Jazz Dance*, the pastel-shaded *El*

*Condor Pasa* of Simon and Garfunkel, Alec Wilder's lovely contribution, *Jazz Waltz for a Friend*, or John Lennon's now-classic *Something* (which also has fine bass work by Jay Leonhart, who shares the album's rhythm chores with drummer Jimmy Madison). The LP is available only through the mail: Send \$5.98 to Halcyon Records, Box 4255, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017.

Oscar night, Michel Legrand and Isaac Hayes got all the attention for their movie sound tracks, but for our money the best music man in films is Quincy Jones. Witness his track for *The Hot Rock* (Prophecy), which adds glitter and excitement to what is otherwise a run-of-the-heist cops-and-robbers flick. It's a cool, funky score with enough variety to keep the listener constantly in tow. Quincy's musicians are only the country's top jazzmen—Clark Terry, Gerry Mulligan, Ray Brown, Frank Rosolino, Victor Feldman, Clare Fischer, Jerome Richardson, and on and on.

Mac Rebennack, otherwise known as Dr. John, has done a wonderful album of New Orleans pop music, what he calls "a combination of Dixieland, rock 'n' roll and funk." **Gumbo** (Atco) is a concoction of blues, shuffles, stomps, rags and rumbas, mixed under the guiding hand of Dr. John, who plays piano and guitar and sings throughout. People not entirely familiar with the names Melvin Lastie, Archibald, Professor Longhair, Huey Smith and Poppa Stoppa will learn about these and others from the doctor's notes, a running history of N. O. pop in the Fifties and Sixties. They will also hear, performed by the men who made it, the most vibrant and colorful music that can still be distinguished from the mass of what we call rock and pop. It is a rich feast.

Double your pleasure. What we're talking about is **Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway** (Atlantic). Combining voices and keyboards, the outrageously talented twosome, aided by a group of great backup musicians and not at all hindered by some totally unnecessary strings sawing away behind them, produces some magnificent harmonies on the likes of *I (Who Have Nothing)*, *Be Real Black for Me* and that oldie but very goodie, *For All We Know*. Roberta, of course, has long since established herself as soul royalty, but Hathaway is not too far away from a similar niche. A marvelous recording.

It's always easy to put down Stephen Stills because he has never been afraid to lay it all out in his music—the proficient and the inapt, the sincere and the



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pompous, the selflessness and the ego rants. *Manassas* (Atlantic), a two-LP album, is like that, yet it's the best thing Stills has done in a long time. So, taking our cue from him, here's what we don't like: side two, which indulges Steve's tendency to provide a little something for everyone, here country and Jesus music, most of it hokey. Also, the inevitable song sheet, handwritten by Steve with misspellings ("supurb," "allways") and cute asides, and the inevitable pictures of the group. Also, the fustian, meaningless lyrics that afflict far too many of these songs ("Nonsense is as nonsense does," says Steve in another context). We like: most of the music, which is played by musicians of the caliber of Chris Hillman, Fuzzy Samuels and Dallas Taylor. The typical Stills compositions, such as *Anyway* and *Johnny's Garden*, come off well, but so do some of the more adventurous things, such as the guitar and vocal textures of *Bound to Fall* and the loping country rock of *What to Do*, with its fine piano and fiddle. On balance, *Manassas* shows Stills moving out of the strictures of C. S. N. & Y. into something like his own territory.

Atco has issued a two-disc *History of Eric Clapton* that documents, among other things, Eric's sometimes willful search for anonymity in his bands and, as the notes have it, his "chameleonic changes" of style, even of personal appearance: Look at the astonishingly varied series of portrait photos on the back cover. After the embryonic and dated work of the Yardbirds and John Mayall (in which only Clapton's playing really holds up), three periods emerge: that of his playing with Cream, which stood the rock world on its ear; with Delaney & Bonnie & Friends; and with Derek & the Dominos. The Blind Faith excursion, ill-fated and short-lived, did produce some grand music, here represented by Steve Winwood's *Sea of Joy*. Clapton's curse, as he has known right along, is that he's been praised too much and too often. Yet his playing can be superb and this set is worth having, if only as a retrospective of the career of one of rock's most public fugitives.

*Let's Dance Again* (Mega) was recorded several years ago in London by Benny Goodman with an orchestra and charts of little luster. No matter. What counts is Goodman, his clarinet, a head full of ideas and a tone as liquid as a magnum of Mumm's. In his fifth decade as a musician, Benny still makes it happen. *Yesterday, Liza, I Talk to the Trees*—they all demonstrate that the years have been extraordinarily kind to Mr. G. Praise be.

Not so with Der Bingle, we're afraid. Comparing *Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams*, RCA's wondrous Vintage series reissue

of songs Crosby recorded from 1927 to 1931, with the current *Bing 'n Basie* (Daybreak) is depressing, to say the least. The RCA recording, with Bing singing first with Paul Whiteman and then with Gus Arnheim's Coconut Grove Orchestra, is filled with jazzy exuberance (especially on the Arnheim tracks) and all the best connotations of what the word crooner meant in those days. It's not just musical history; it's fine listening. The album with Basie is another story. It sounds tired and hack, bone-weary and boring—from the motley items on display to the mechanical Basie backups to the no-longer-impressive Crosby vocalizing. Where are the ba-ba-boos of yesteryear?

Ordinarily, we don't much dig the Greatest Hits philosophy of selling serious music. But occasionally an artist makes a selection that is a tasteful and balanced introduction to a body of music. Such is Van Cliburn's choice on *My Favorite Debussy* (RCA). He plays these tone poems for piano in the traditional and classic—that is to say, romantic—manner. Since most of them, including the perfectly realized prelude *Feux d'Artifice*, reflect Debussy's translucent, spare romanticism, the approach makes sense. Even those who know the Debussy piano literature well should find Cliburn's performances expressive; and the recording is perfection.

Five freaky mythmakers call themselves Doctor Hook and the Medicine Show, get a batch of songs (words and music) from our own Shel Silverstein and put together a fine album, *Doctor Hook* (Columbia), under the direction of Ron Haffkine. In due course, we hear about a voodoo witch from the bayou country, rendered in Ray Sawyer's Captain Beefheart manner; about waitresses, hookers, cops, a young man's first lay; about *Makin' It Natural*, a great dope song that ironically sounds like something out of Merle Haggard; about Lady Godiva, who is anatomized in two minutes of choice hillbilly honk. And there are serious songs, all carried off with aplomb by a group that promises to revitalize some of our oldest musical myths. At least as long as it keeps getting Shel's material.

Now even the society bands are combining jazz, Latin and rock. Two groups that you probably wouldn't invite to perform at your sister's debut are Compost and Mandrill, whose very names might be enough to intimidate starchy souls. *Compost* (Columbia) is five basically jazz musicians who achieve a variety of rhythmic and percussive effects that are played off against Harold Vick's tenor sax and flute or Jack DeJohnette's clavinet, organ and vibes. Bob Moses drums very well, sings less well (in fact,

the group vocals are the least successful things Compost does), and Jack Gregg's bass, as on *Happy Peace*, is outstanding. The group brings more subtlety to this kind of music than most jazz-Latin-rock bands achieve. Definitely unsubtle is Mandrill, a powerhouse band, probably the best of this type. *Mandrill Is* (Polydor) points up its willingness to take musical chances and its ability to use variety and differing textures, as on *Git It All*, which highlights the big Mandrill brass sound. Beyond their overblown lyrics and programing excesses (e.g., the incredible dissertation on *Universal Rhythms*), these seven men frequently play with the power and imagination of 17, as on the near-Eastern-Latin fusion of *Kofijahm*.

*Rich in London* (RCA), subtitled "Buddy Rich Recorded Live at Ronnie Scott's," is a smasher. The band's arrangements are rockets, the instrumental work pulsates with a youthful intensity, and all are driven by the man with the fastest wrists in the West. There are two breaks in the instrumental pattern—first, when the band backs up Rich's daughter Kathy and composer Jon Hendricks' girls, Michelle and Carlene, on Jon's *That's Enough* (their poppas can kvell; the ladies are good), and the last few minutes of the LP, which has Rich gassing with the audience and trying to be jazz's answer to Don Rickles. Rickles he's not, but for a musician he's a pretty funny guy.

## THEATER

In *Aint Supposed to Die a Natural Death*, Melvin Van Peebles showed urban blacks confined in a ghetto athrob with passion and life. His people were down and fighting to get up. The play was resonant with the feel of the city, splendidly staged by Gilbert Moses and acted and sung by a resolutely expressive cast. Van Peebles' second musical of the season, *Dont Play Us Cheap!*, is the other, sunnier side of the urban street. These people, joyfully imbibing and joshing one another at a Harlem party, are a generation removed from the blacks in *Aint Supposed to Die*. Their roots are in the South, their humor down-home. Unlike the earlier show, however, *Dont Play Us Cheap!* has a story—first mistake—about two imps, emissaries from the Devil, who try to break up that party. This time Van Peebles—second mistake—has elected to do the staging himself. The book, which is quaint and self-conscious, needs drastic cutting and the action needs regrouping. What the show does have going for it is Van Peebles' enormous musical gift. The score, while not on a level with *Aint Supposed to Die*, is still striking; so

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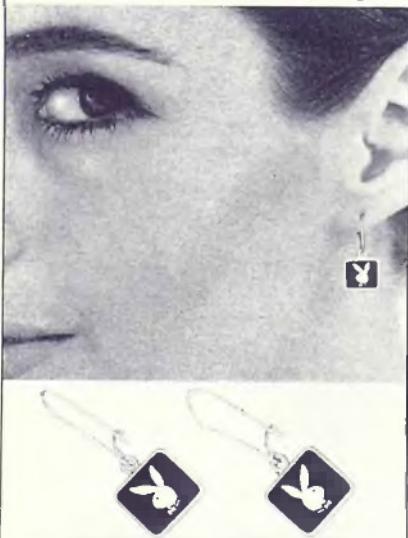
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are two sensational singers, Josie Jo Armstead and George ("Ooppee") McCurn. The characters are written and cast largely to stereotype, but Esther Rolle in the pivotal role of the Harlem hostess is droll—with some of the wry casualness of Pearl Bailey. At the Ethel Barrymore, 243 West 47th Street.

"If you've got to do something, you've got to do it yourself," says Van Peebles in answer to the frequent accusation that he spreads himself too thin with such feats as writing, producing, composing the music for, directing and financing *Don't Play Us Cheap!* The 39-year-old Chicago native has also been a novelist, actor, film producer-director, dancer, editor (of a French equivalent of *Mad*) and gripman on a San Francisco Municipal Railway cable car. It was during these Bay Area days, as it happens, that he decided to become a writer. "I got tired of reading shit one day, and I knew I could do better."

So he moved to France, taught himself the language, wrote plays and novels and finally made a movie, *The Story of a Three-Day Pass*, which he brought back to America as the French entry in the San Francisco Film Festival. Next he directed *Watermelon Man*, over which he quarreled with Columbia and broke a three-picture Hollywood deal. Undaunted, he proceeded to write, produce, direct and star in *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song*—which, although ignored or rejected by the white media, became an enormous money-maker with black audiences.

Something similar happened with his Broadway musical, *Ain't Supposed to Die a Natural Death*. "Most of the reviews were terrible," he says. But single-handedly, putting his own money on the line, Van Peebles kept the show running, bringing in busloads of patrons from as far away as Washington. Slowly, it caught on—in the process getting nominated for seven Tony awards, none of which it won—and, to the astonishment of everybody except Van Peebles, it may even make a profit.

"Forty percent of the people at *Ain't Supposed to Die*," he says, "had never been to the theater before. They didn't even have the word play in their vocabulary. They came out of the theater and said, 'Man, that was a great movie!' My constituency is starved—there is little for them to see in their language."

Van Peebles' theater is, he says, "indigenous—true to its roots." But that doesn't mean it's limited strictly to black audiences. "Unfortunately, critics study kabuki and no, but not something parallel in American culture. Once you get over all that shit, you see the universality in human beings."

Two British drama critics sit in a theater box watching a dreadful Agatha Christie-type mystery. Each has a hang-

up. Birdboot has a fancy for actresses, which gets in the way of his reviewing. Moon, a second-stringer, has an animosity for Higgs, his first-stringer, which gets in the way of his reviewing. The eternal understudy, Moon envisions his epitaph, *HERE LIES MOON, WHERE'S HIGGS?* The two critics plot while the play plods. Suddenly they are enveloped by the mystery, trapped onstage and victimized by their own malfeasance. The play, Tom Stoppard's *The Real Inspector Hound*, deftly impales middling critics as well as muddling theatrics. *Hound* is preceded by a Stoppard curtain raiser, *After Magritte*, a homage to the painter of that name, employing his peculiar mixture of surrealism and nightmarish fantasy in a sleuth spoof. *After Magritte* can be savored for its cleverness, but the evening belongs to *Hound*, a fiendishly funny comedy from the author of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*. At Theater Four, 424 West 55th Street.

Not content to rest on his Tonys (for best play, *Sticks and Bones*, and best musical, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*), Joseph Papp—which is to say, the New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater—has come up with *That Championship Season*, by Jason Miller. This is a play about a reunion of high school basketball stars 20 years after their one triumphant season—the one triumph of their lives. Thematically, Miller is tangling with O'Neill and Albee. The play is supposed to be about truth and illusion and the distortion of dreams; even that basketball championship turns out to have been hollow. But what the author has written is much less complex than its dramatic models, with no revelations about the reunited athletes, no bitter dregs of truth. There is a hot-house atmosphere about their lives, which revolve around the petty politics of their small Pennsylvania city. But as an entertaining five-character study, the play has its merits: These people do live, for a time, onstage. Miller's dialog is muscular, A. J. Antoon's direction is taut and the production is exuberant, yet disciplined. The cast acts like a championship team: Richard A. Dysart as the coach, and Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Charles Durning and Paul Sorvino as his loyal disciples. At the Newman Theater in the New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater, 425 Lafayette Street.

The most dramatic event in the 1971-1972 season at the *Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center* occurred when playwright Ed Bullins walked onstage during a performance of *The Duplex* at The Forum Theater and demanded that the show be stopped. It was Bullins' contention that Lincoln Center

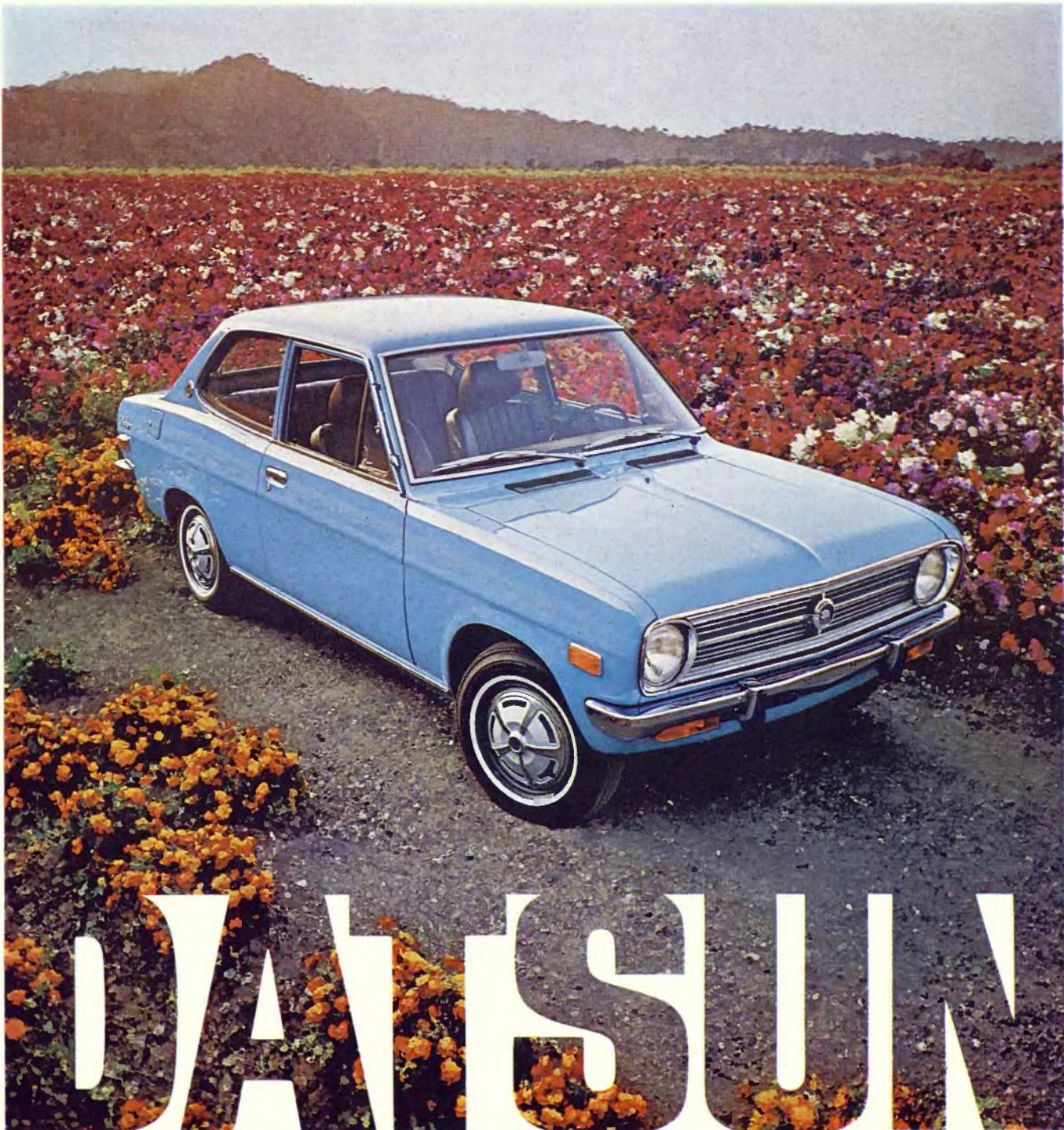
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# DAT SUN

FROM NISSAN WITH PRIDE

is unfair to playwrights, namely Bullins, and had turned his "black-love fable" into "a coon show." Faced with the alternatives of forcibly removing the playwright or quietly removing the play, Repertory Theater head Jules Irving left the playwright onstage to say his piece. Strangely enough, even though *The Duplex* had indeed been broadened and even somewhat coarsened, enough of Bullins' prickling humor and compassion remained to make this production one of the two important presentations at Lincoln Center this year. The other, also in the intimate Forum, was the world premiere of a new comedy, *Suggs*, by a new playwright, David Wiltse. With gentle acerbity, Wiltse charted the awakening and the collapse of a Kansan transplant to Manhattan—and also the collapse of the city itself. The play is small, but sharp and funny—and exceedingly well acted by William Atherton in the title role. The truth is that The Forum Theater—which narrowly escaped a threatened take-over by the City Center and conversion into a movie theater—has presented much more interesting work this season than Vivian Beaumont's "main stage." In addition to Bullins and Wiltse, The Forum staged the American premieres of two plays by influential foreign writers—Athol Fugard's *People Are Living There* and Peter Handke's *The Ride Across Lake Constance*.

Meanwhile, the larger Beaumont was marked by the unadventurousness of its repertory—two war horses, Schiller's *Mary Stuart* and Miller's *The Crucible*, a routine *Twelfth Night* and a disastrous version of Edward Bond's *Narrow Road to the Deep North*. Both *Mary Stuart* and *The Crucible* are stock-company items, and the Repertory Theater gave them satisfactory, if not inspired, productions. Salome Jens excelled as Mary, Queen of Scots, and Robert Foxworth, Martha Henry and Philip Bosco were powerful in the leads of *The Crucible*. Unfortunately, the Schiller play suffers from overexposure (this was a season when one heard more than one wanted to know about Mary and Elizabeth) and Miller's play too obviously wears its conscience on its sleeve. *Narrow Road*, an attempt at a Brechtian parable about the decline of the British Empire, was the season's sole fiasco at Lincoln Center (one is par here). The play isn't as bad as this production made it seem—but the production succeeded in showing up the play. Perhaps there was an ironic truth in Bullins' charge of a plot against the playwright.

Another *Forum Theater* (56th and Harlem, Summit, Illinois) opened this year as an appendage to the Candlelight Playhouse, a dinner-and-show setup flourishing in a nondescript suburb butting onto Chicago's southwest corner. The Candlelight, zeroed in on lightweight musicals

that shouldn't give the patrons heartburn, would seem an unlikely spot to have spawned the theater-only Forum and some of the best hard-nosed drama in the Midwest. Unlikely or not, that's where it's happening under the guidance of owner-producer-director William Pullinsi, a 32-year-old almost-boy wonder who discovered over a decade ago that decent food coupled with decent productions at a price with some measure of sanity to it would go a long way toward curing the fabulous invalid. But obviously fluff was not enough for Pullinsi. The Forum, an intimate (425 seats), thoughtfully constructed (there's even a bar in the lobby) theater, opened last February with Robert Marasco's chilling *Child's Play* to almost unanimous acclaim. It was followed in April by the current production, the first American display of Peter Nichols' incisive look at disease, aging and bureaucratic indifference, *The National Health or Nurse Norton's Affair*—again to raves from the Chicago critics. Pullinsi avoids the usual hinterland/summer stock shtick of using one or two names for box-office draw and surrounding them with local talent (and often something less than that); the cast is assembled from the area, for the most part, and chosen with care. *The National Health*, set in a London hospital ward, is a down-to-the-marrow dissection of physical decay, personal kindness and institutionalized inhumanity—with a *Medical Center* soap-opera burlesque interspersed as a fantasy play within the play. It leaves the audience at once appalled at the tragic waste of lives, amused by the biting black humor and strangely uplifted by its central theme that man—in spite of himself, regardless of the mad superstructure of civilization that surrounds him—somehow survives. Mike Nussbaum and Ronald Bishop, as two of the patients, are superb (in fact, the only weak performances are turned in by the actresses—and there are a number of them—which just may be director Pullinsi's blind spot). Waiting in the wings are *Moonchildren* and *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel* and, we suspect, more accolades for Pullinsi and the Forum. If the theater is dying, this robust Chicagoland experiment in the arts hasn't heard about it.

*The National Playwrights Conference* at the Eugene O'Neill Memorial Theater Center in Waterford, Connecticut, offers a bonanza not only to the fledgling playwrights whose work it presents but also to theatergoers who enjoy scouting untried plays. Since its inception nine years ago, the annual conference (which runs this year from July 9 to August 6) has become the foremost theatrical proving ground in the country. Each year, the O'Neill selects a dozen new plays from some 600 scripts, assembles a pro-

fessional acting company and—removed from the hit-or-flop pressures of the commercial theater—concentrates on its dramatists, all of whom remain in residence for the entire four weeks. They watch plays in rehearsal, exchange ideas and rewrite steadily, in the hope that they'll one day join the roster of the O'Neill's distinguished alumni: John Guare (*House of Blue Leaves*), Ron Cowen (*Summertree*), Israel Horovitz (*The Indian Wants the Bronx*), Leonard Melfi (*The Shirt*), Derek Walcott (*Dream on Monkey Mountain*) and Lanford Wilson (*Lemon Sky*). The 1972 works range from conventional dramas to free-form experiments. The year's crop includes Jane Chambers' *Tales of the Revolution*, Danny Lipman's *Casanova and His Mother*, Steven Shea's *Warren Harding*, Kenneth Brown's *The Cretan Bull* and Charles Kespert's *The Executioners*. Edward M. Cohen's *The Complaint Department Closes at Five* is scheduled for off-Broadway this fall. Most of the authors are in their 20s, but there's no age limitation; Helen Rathje, who wrote *Body and Soul*, a play about Tolstoy, is 76. Founder of the O'Neill center is 36-year-old George C. White, a Yale School of Drama graduate and former TV producer. In 1963, he learned that Waterford firemen planned to set fire to a mansion on a deserted estate so they could practice putting out the flames. White talked the town fathers into an alternative—using the site as a drama center named for Eugene O'Neill, one-time resident of nearby New London. He leased the eight and a half acres of rolling fields and smooth beaches for one dollar a year and has developed a handsome complex, with three theaters, plus workshops and residence halls. His first-season budget was \$1200; now it's about \$1,000,000 annually, funded mostly by the National Endowment for the Arts and the Rockefeller Foundation. The O'Neill center is used throughout the year. In addition to the summer Playwrights Conference, it houses the prestigious National Theater of the Deaf, a troupe that performs in sign language and mime, and the National Theater Institute, an educational program with 33 participating universities. It's also the home of the National Critics' Institute, a conference of working critics, headed by Ernest Schier of Philadelphia's *Evening Bulletin*, who provide morning-after critiques not for publication but for the playwrights and producing staffs. This is in keeping with White's underlying aims. "We're less interested in being a showcase theater than in nurturing works in progress. We want to provide a relaxed atmosphere in which playwrights can succeed—or, if necessary, fail—without being in the glare of the limelight."





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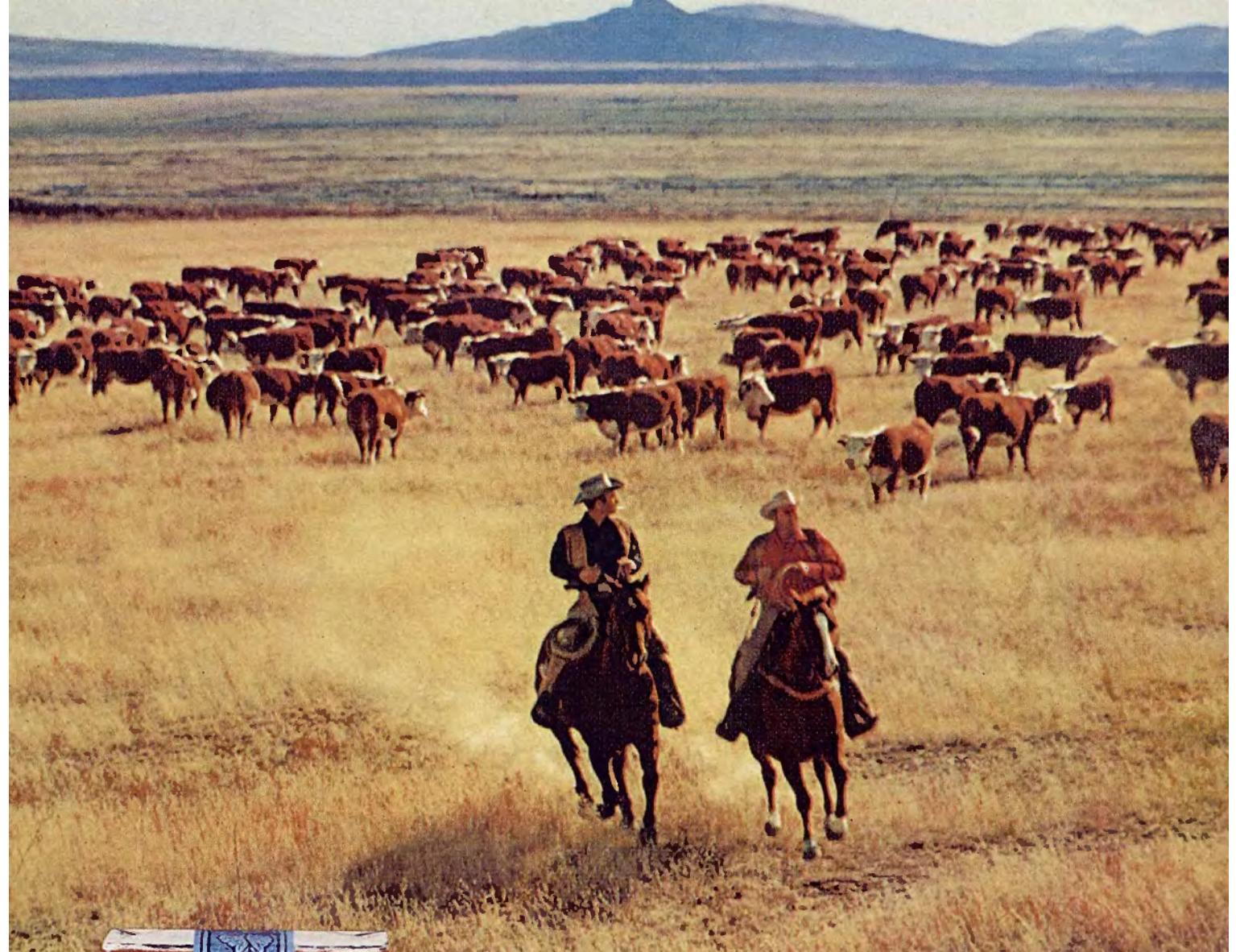
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## THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**M**y girl and I have a splendid thing going in bed, with one exception. From the beginning to the end of foreplay, she loves to talk and wants me to do the same. I find it difficult to think of what to say, and sometimes I get so uptight about my inability that I lose my sexual concentration. What's the solution?—D. M., Providence, Rhode Island.

*Don't talk, whisper. It doesn't really matter what you say—even nonsense will do—but remember singer Lisa Kirk's sage advice, "A brilliant conversationalist is one who talks to you about yourself." But if, even with this advice, you find your concentration being shattered, tell her to shut up while you do the same.*

**D**on't take me for a naïf: I've eaten in some of the best French restaurants in the world. But I should have asked what the words *cordon bleu* I see on menus mean when I first noticed them. Now I'm too embarrassed to inquire. Will you do the honors?—H. D., Los Angeles, California.

*Cordon bleu usually means that the entree (chicken or veal, for example) is stuffed with ham and cheese. The term also refers to a famous Parisian cooking school that goes back to the days of Louis XIV, the Sun King. One of his favorites, Madame de Maintenon, ran a school for the orphaned daughters of titled army officers in her spare time; the most noted course taught was in cooking. Each girl, when she graduated, wore a blue ribbon—un cordon bleu—as part of her graduation uniform.*

**I**n discussing heart transplants with a friend, the question came up as to what other human organs might be transplanted. I ended up betting that only the heart qualified, but my buddy rattled off a list that would make Frankenstein's monster a possibility. Who's right?—P. A., Atlanta, Georgia.

*Your friend. According to the American College of Surgeons, organs that can be successfully transplanted include the heart, kidney, liver, lungs and pancreas. The cornea of the eye and bone marrow can also be transplanted. In addition, Bethesda Naval Hospital has a bone bank and has transplanted jawbones on Vietnam veterans, while Northwestern University Medical School reports success with transplanting the entire middle ear.*

**B**ecause I think I can get a better education there, I am moving to England to attend college. One thing that interests me is the difference between English and American sexual customs.

Are they, as I might assume, more conservative than we are?—T. G., New York, New York.

*Quite the contrary—the English really swing when compared with their American cousins. A study made by researchers at the University of Connecticut, comparing the sexual practices of European college students and American—mean age, 21.1 for males, 20.9 for females—indicates that the English start petting at an earlier age and also have coitus sooner (at the age of 17.5 for the English male as compared with 17.9 for his American counterpart; 17.5 for English females as compared with 18.7 for American). More English males (71.8 percent) than American (58.2 percent) had had intercourse at this age; the same was true of English women (62.8 percent) as compared with American (43.2 percent). In addition, more English college students had had more partners (and more one-night stands), and the English also led their American contemporaries—not unexpectedly—in such practices as spanking and whipping. Surprisingly, more English males than American patronized prostitutes. Finally, far more English girls than American reported that their dates were disappointed if they weren't allowed to go all the way; many more American males were satisfied with a goodnight kiss.*

**I**'ve been putting a lot of my old records on tape recently and for some reason, when my tape deck is on, my receiver picks up background music from a local FM station. Do you have any ideas about what could be causing the problem and what—if anything—can be done about it?—M. M., Elgin, Illinois.

*It's possible that the leads between your tape deck and the receiver are acting as an antenna and picking up the unwanted signal, which is then amplified by the amplifier portion of your receiver—all without benefit of the tuner section even being in the circuit. It's not an uncommon problem, but curing it is something else again. Make sure your components are well grounded; cold-water pipes (not gas pipes—they usually have an insulated bushing inserted near the meter) are best for this. Double check the shielded cables between receiver and tape deck. If they look frayed or broken, buy new ones; you might also try changing their position and length.*

**A**t 23, I am a former drug addict. Having finally gotten myself back together, I am now trying to lead a happy and creative life. Many of my hopes for such a life are tied up with the girl I've been dating the past few years and whom I would like to marry. Unfortunately, she

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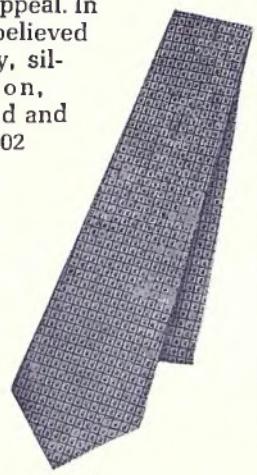
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doubts that I could give her the stability she requires and she continues to date others as well as me. What should I do? —W. A., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

*Your best course of action is to remove marriage as your immediate goal. Continue to date her, if you wish, and also continue your efforts to build a solid, constructive life. As you become more self-reliant and productive, the question of your stability may resolve itself in her mind. Then let your relationship develop without undue stress; it may well lead to the marriage for which you hope.*

**I**n the recent Presidential-primary campaigns around the country, some of the candidates have been referred to as Populists. Will you tell me how the term originated and what it means?—S. T., Denver, Colorado.

*The term refers to one who espouses popular causes. Originally, a Populist was a member of the Populist Party (known in some states as the People's Party), formed in 1891 by delegates from farm and labor organizations. The party advocated free coinage of silver (the Government had stopped minting silver dollars in 1873), Government ownership of the railroads, a graduated income tax, an eight-hour workday, postal banks, pensions, etc. The high-water mark of the Populist Party came when it supported the Democratic candidate for President in 1896, William Jennings Bryan, who lost to Republican William McKinley by 600,000 votes. The party later disintegrated because it failed to attract workers of the Eastern part of the country and high crop prices eroded its support among farmers.*

**I**'ve been back from Vietnam several months now and have discovered that I've acquired a rather weird attitude toward women—or at least one particular young lady. I keep trying to make her fall desperately in love with me to the point of real emotional dependence. I don't really love her—though I tell her that I do—and I expect that when I've had enough of her, I'll simply drop her. I can't understand why I should want to destroy her or why I continue to behave as I do. Before the Marines and my stint in Nam, I didn't feel this way toward women at all. I don't respect myself now and I wonder why I've become like this.—J. O., Phoenix, Arizona.

*Not all the casualties incurred in Vietnam are physical. The brutality and sadism of war sometimes becomes ingrained in the participants and perhaps you're having difficulty "coming down" from that trip. You cannot get even with the Marines nor can you ever get back the time you spent over there nor completely wipe out the memories of everything that happened there. It could be that you're trying to take your feel-*

*ings out on the girl you're dating, and the easiest way to hurt her is to make her love you and then to leave her. It takes but a short time for the Services to honorably discharge a veteran; it often takes much longer to discharge your repressed feelings of rage and anger against the system. Your recognition of these impulses, and admission that what you're doing is wrong, suggests that with some effort on your part and support from your family and friends, you'll eventually become the type of person you can once again like and admire. If, as time passes, it doesn't seem to be working out, you might seek psychological counseling.*

**I**s it true that it's dangerous to eat oysters in the non-R months?—A. S., Santa Barbara, California.

*No, though oysters are smaller and less tasty during the summer, since it's their spawning season. In any event, protective legislation generally makes them unavailable during the warmer months.*

**S**ince my divorce, which I sincerely tried to prevent, I have had several affairs with women of various ages and backgrounds. During and after most of these liaisons, I have felt used. I need love more than sex, but the women I meet don't seem interested in forming meaningful relationships. Should I wear a button that says NEED LOVE, NOT SEX?—S. K., Dubuque, Iowa.

*What you need is to stop considering yourself an invalid looking for devotion among his nurses. It takes time and effort to develop a relationship, and sex isn't an unlikely beginning. If you aren't willing and able to pursue meaning within the framework of intimacy, we think you are really looking for make-believe treasure with a fantasy map to guide you.*

**T**he April *Playboy Advisor* included some good advice for preventing bicycle theft but pessimistically concluded that the only sure way to protect a bike is to lock it inside one's house or apartment at night. As a pint-sized female, I can't get too excited about lugging a bicycle up three flights of stairs to my small apartment, nor do I think it would add to the decor once I got it there. So tell me, please, if there isn't some other way to ensure the safety of my imported ten-speed. I'm willing to spend whatever it will cost.—Miss B. D., Cleveland, Ohio.

*Our April answer elicited several letters telling us about new bicycle-protection products. One is a chain whose three-eighths-inch-thick links have been specially hardened all the way through (as opposed to the ordinary casehardened chain, which leaves a relatively soft core of metal beneath a tough outer shell) and can resist even four-foot bolt-cutters. Although it can be cut with a*

huck saw, that is a time-consuming process and it's almost impossible when the chain is wrapped tightly around both bike and tree. A five-foot length of this chain costs around \$13. There's also a key-operated, motion-sensitive device that sets off a loud alarm whenever the bike to which it's attached is tampered with; it sells for about \$20. A more sophisticated version that includes a radio transmitter capable of sending a warning signal up to 1000 feet is priced around \$90. Finally, there are several insurance plans designed especially for the cyclist. Information about any of these should be available at bike stores.

**F**or years I've noticed that all my striped ties have the diagonal stripes running from upper right to lower left (from my viewpoint when I'm wearing them). They never seem to run the reverse; that is, from upper left to lower right. Is this just custom, or is there a reason for it? —C. W., Chicago, Illinois.

*In the heraldic coat of arms, the right (or dexter) side (from your viewpoint when you hold the shield in front of you) represents the male side of the family, while the female side is the left, or sinister side. The left-to-right slant—popularly known as the bar sinister or, more accurately, the baton sinister—represents illegitimacy. Few tiemakers know the reason but simply follow custom, which is to slant the stripes from right to left.*

**A**fter going steady for almost a year and doing everything (short of intercourse) that can be done in the front seat of my car, my girlfriend and I (both virgins) recently tried balling—same location, different action. It was hardly gratifying and several repetitions since have not enhanced our enjoyment. Right now, I find masturbation more pleasurable. What can I do to improve sex for my girl and myself? —B. P., Pensacola, Florida.

*It's not surprising that you find masturbation more pleasurable—you've probably had years of experience. The pleasure of sex with another person likewise requires learning and practice. More than that, it requires a comfortable setting—where your bodies are not bent into pretzels and your minds preoccupied by fear of discovery. During your initiation into the joys of intercourse, find a place that offers both comfort and privacy.*

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



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## THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

### THE MAKING OF A PRISON REFORMER

An article in *The Raleigh* (North Carolina) *Times* indirectly suggested one means of getting legislators to take seriously the need for penal reform: Let them spend some time in jail. The article was about a former Georgia legislator, William E. Laite, Jr., who spent six months for perjury in a Federal prison. Among the experiences that Laite feels matured him was one that occurred while he was in a county jail in Texas awaiting transfer to the Federal facility. Minutes after he had entered a cell, two other inmates approached him and began discussing him in sexual terms, only to be diverted when an 18-year-old boy was thrown into the cell. "They ripped his clothes off and eight or ten of them raped him," he reported.

Having learned firsthand what prison conditions are too often like, Laite now works for the Georgia Board of Corrections and is a lobbyist for prison reform by the legislature in which he once served. That represents quite a change from his pre-incarceration attitude toward prisoners, which was simply that they must have done something wrong or they wouldn't be in jail. Now, if we could just get a few more lawmakers into prison for a period of time, a meaningful reform of our penal system might have a chance.

G. Smith  
Raleigh, North Carolina

### RIGHTS OF PRISONERS

One of the series of prison uprisings that swept the U. S. and Europe during the fall of 1971 was a rebellion that took place in Smyrna, Delaware. The state of Delaware has indicted two guards for using unnecessary force following the prison rebellion. They have been charged with assault and battery alleged to have been committed after the riot was quelled and security was restored. Newspaper accounts told of prisoners' being forced to run between lines of club-wielding guards, in gauntlet fashion, from their cells to the isolation area. In addition, five of our six prisoner plaintiffs have been indicted on charges of kidnapping, assault and battery and malicious mischief.

As a result of this incident, we're filing a lawsuit dealing with a wide variety of deficiencies in Delaware correctional institutions. One of our objectives is to require Delaware authorities

to adopt a set of regulations dealing with inmate conduct that closely follows the Standard Minimum Rules for the Treatment of Prisoners promulgated by the United Nations Department of Economic and Social Affairs in 1958. We hope this case will set a valuable precedent, and we're thankful to the Playboy Foundation for its generous support.

David A. Leen  
Attorney at Law  
Wilmington, Delaware

### PRISON-STUDY REPORT

Last summer, nine law students, including myself, spent 90 days researching a major Federal correctional institution, under the direction of Professor Larry Kraft and the University of North Dakota School of Law. I was very surprised at the cooperation we received from prison officials—and the administrators had no tricks up their sleeves.

The work we did left me with three strong impressions: First, the conditions of everyday inmate life are deplorable. Second, there is a great similarity between prison life and Army life—both tend to strip the individual of every vestige of self-respect. Finally, many prison administrators are making sincere but, unfortunately, little-known efforts to remedy the situation.

Eric A. DeRycke  
University of North Dakota  
School of Law  
Grand Forks, North Dakota

### LACK OF COMMUNICATION

An article in the *Los Angeles Times* told of a Yugoslavian man who was released from the Eau Claire County (Wisconsin) Mental Hospital after 17 years of confinement. Hospital records indicate that the end of World War Two found the man in a displaced-persons camp, from which he was sent to Mexico, then to a Wisconsin farm. There, according to records, he became lonely and despondent over the lack of contact with fellow Yugoslavs. According to the article:

He . . . went to Milwaukee, where a Serb priest tried to find him a job, and was admitted to a hospital after Milwaukee police found him wandering city streets.

Doctors sent him to Winnebago State Hospital, then to the Eau Claire institution.

That was 17 years ago. Not until

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1971 did the hospital locate someone who could speak Serbian and who could communicate adequately with the patient.

Communication was finally established with the man's aging mother. They exchanged letters and he is now being allowed to return to Yugoslavia.

The hospital superintendent conceded that the man's admission to the hospital was a source of puzzlement to staff members but noted that inexplicable confinement "is the kind of thing that used to happen frequently. I guess that is why his being here was never questioned."

Sanity is defined by each society, so a person can be confined for treatment because he doesn't make sense in trying to communicate within a particular cultural environment. However, it is intolerable that a man should be confined for 17 years because of a simple language barrier.

Stephen Hyde  
Bert Brown  
David Dwiggins  
North Hollywood, California

#### STUDENT NEWS NETWORK

Thanks to the Playboy Foundation for its help in financing our national college radio network to report news of student reaction to the Vietnam escalation. At this writing, the network feeds six regional stations, each of which then supplies 10 to 20 stations. Plans now call for three national summaries of college activities per day. We will divide the Playboy Foundation's grant among the participating regional stations and it will help pay for some of the telephone charges for feeding stations and receiving feeds.

James Lawrence, Business Manager  
Yale Broadcasting Company, Inc.  
New Haven, Connecticut

#### OHIO GUARDSMAN'S VIEW

Having been a member of the Ohio National Guard at the time of the Kent State incident, I am convinced that the actions of the men who killed the four students can't be condoned. I was assigned to the Ohio State University campus—where there also were student disorders in 1970—and I believe I had it just as bad as any of the men at Kent State; however, I never considered firing my weapon.

National Guardsmen are taught that shooting into a crowd during a riot is totally wrong. The only time lethal force is to be used is against lethal force and, even then, a single marksman is to be selected to direct fire.

On the other hand, it's possible that the men who did the shooting at Kent State were in the grip of powerful feelings that overrode their judgment. Whatever happened that day, it's been over two years since the tragedy

## FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

#### THE TIE THAT DOESN'T BIND

TAMPA, FLORIDA—A Unitarian minister with a skeptical view of marriage has offered to perform one-year "spiritually sanctioned" trial marriages for couples who vow to love and honor each other and to practice contraception. The Reverend Adrian Melott termed traditional marriage archaic and too often the result of "youthful infatuation that lasts only a few months—then you have a woman, 20 years old, alone with a child." The minister said the ceremony is purely religious and requires no marriage license. Its legality has not been tested.

#### CRYES IN THE NIGHT

WEST BERLIN—A city court has decided that municipal antinoise ordinances do not extend to the sounds of pleasure a woman may make while engaging in sexual intercourse. Tenants of a thin-walled apartment house had complained that their sleep was unlawfully disturbed by the passionate cries of a 32-year-old unmarried teacher during her enjoyment of sex. The court dismissed the complaint, ruling that further investigation would violate the woman's right of privacy.

#### ABORTION POLITICS

ALBANY, NEW YORK—Despite pressure from anti-abortion politicians, the Catholic archdiocese and even President Nixon, Governor Nelson Rockefeller vetoed a bill, narrowly passed by the state legislature, that would have repealed New York's liberalized abortion law and restored the 19th Century statute permitting abortions only to save the life of the woman. The governor said, "I can see no justification now for repealing this reform and thus condemning hundreds of thousands of women to the dark age once again." Also, he denounced the "personal vilification and political coercion" to which members of the legislature were subjected on the issue, referring to attacks by Catholic right-to-life groups and President Nixon's personal intervention in the battle. Nixon wrote an unsolicited letter to Cardinal Cooke, archbishop of New York, stating his support for the Catholic Church's campaign against abortion.

The President has emerged as a leading foe of abortion as well as sex education. In 1971, he issued an Executive order rescinding liberalized abortion policies of the U.S. military services and, recently, he summarily rejected the Federal Population Commission's recommendation that abortion be legalized nationally. He likewise rejected the commission's stand on contraceptives, say-

ing, "I also want to make it clear that I do not support the unrestricted distribution of family-planning services and devices to minors. Such measures would do nothing to preserve and strengthen close family relationships." The commission found that while almost half of the unmarried girls in the country have sexual intercourse before the age of 20, relatively few have enough knowledge of reproductive biology to avoid pregnancy and even fewer have access to birth-control information or contraceptives. Reporting from Washington, Chicago Sun-Times writer Tom Littlewood interpreted Nixon's anti-abortion, anti-contraception positions as a calculated effort to capture the votes of Catholic ethnic groups in the cities of the Midwest and Northeast.

#### NEW V.D. TEST

The New York State Health Department reports the development of a quick and simple new test for gonorrhea, requiring only a two-hour laboratory examination of a drop of blood. Officials are hopeful that field trials will prove the new test to be highly accurate and a convenient means of detecting the disease in women, who often show no obvious symptoms. Present testing of women requires a vaginal smear and a delay of from two to seven days before results are known.

Other research:

- A Los Angeles County health official reports that low oral doses of doxycycline taken shortly before sexual intercourse will protect against gonorrhea and possibly syphilis. Dr. Walter H. Smartt told a meeting of the California Medical Association that tests indicated that 200 milligrams or less of the antibiotic taken at least 20 minutes before intercourse provides protection for 24 hours.

- Nevada health officials report that a drug tested in the state's legal houses of prostitution appears to be highly effective in preventing venereal infections. The drug, progonasyl, when introduced into the vagina, appears to offer complete protection for one day.

#### PORN IN THE DORM

NORMAL, ILLINOIS—A girls-dormitory director at Illinois State University has been fired because she authorized the showing of stag films as part of an extracurricular-education program conducted by dorm residents. The program involved the study of human sexuality and the girls wanted to include a sample of typical hard-core pornography. The private showing was attended by some 400 coeds

and might have gone unchallenged, but a housewife learned of it and wrote an angry letter to a newspaper. This touched off a flood of letters to the paper and calls to a local phone-in radio show from outraged citizens, who denounced the school for allowing sin and depravity. The administration that fired the dorm director acknowledged that she had secured permission from a higher university official, but said the official had been "confused" as to the contents of the films.

#### FEELTHY POSTCARDS, SOUR GRAPES

NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND—The prettier a woman is, the more likely she is to enjoy dirty jokes, according to a survey conducted by two British psychologists. The surveyors showed "naughty" cartoon postcards to a sample of 97 young women and found that the attractive ones were most often amused instead of offended, and that the unattractive women tended to be idealistic, religious and puritanical.

#### HARD CORE HARD PRESSED

Police in Los Angeles and New York have been conducting full-scale campaigns against pornographers. Proclaiming Los Angeles to be "the pornography capital of the world," topping even Copenhagen, an L. A. P. D. official said the vice squad is changing its emphasis from closing theaters and shops to tracking down the actual film makers and charging them with sex crimes, such as conspiracy to commit fornication, based on the instructions they give to performers in the films. One film maker has been found guilty on 25 counts arising out of acts of oral sex performed by actors in his movies. New York police, by setting up their own dirty-book shop, have obtained indictments against 12 persons and six corporations that authorities believe to be the city's major pornography suppliers. The shop sold only legal soft-core erotica, which proved to be a money loser.

Police in Pittsburgh are using an archaic Pennsylvania law to get girlie magazines off local newsstands. Some of the magazines advertise products to "restore lost manhood," and state laws include a seldom-enforced prohibition against advertising cures for secret diseases.

#### MISSISSIPPI MOVES AHEAD

PARCHMAN, MISSISSIPPI—The Mississippi state penitentiary, which pioneered a program of conjugal visits for married male inmates several years ago, will now extend the same privileges to married female prisoners. Prison superintendent John A. Collier said the decision was based on the success of the earlier program in helping preserve the marriages of inmates.

In another progressive move, the Mississippi legislature has repealed an 1880

law against racial intermarriage and the 1926 "monkey law" that prohibited teaching the theory of evolution in public schools. Both laws were considered unconstitutional under earlier court rulings in Mississippi and other states and were generally not enforced, but efforts to formally repeal them had been beaten back by rural politicians. Said a state representative, "The ones who would create the biggest furor over repealing the monkey law are the ones whom I consider the most direct descendants."

#### POT-POURRI

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN—The city of Ann Arbor has adopted what must be the country's most liberal marijuana ordinance: The penalty for either the use or sale of pot is a mere five dollars, including court costs. Moreover, offenders will not be arrested but issued a summons similar to a parking ticket. The new Ann Arbor law does not, however, offer pot smokers protection from possible arrests and prosecution by state or Federal agents.

Other news:

- Three national organizations have sued the Federal Government to remove marijuana from the "dangerous drug" category by a simple administrative ruling that would require neither judicial nor legislative approval. The petition argues that numerous Government and private studies have not found pot to be dangerous by standards set forth in the Controlled Substances Act of 1970, and that the same law requires the Government to reclassify such a drug or to remove controls altogether. The suit was filed by the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, the American Public Health Association and the U. S. Institute for the Study of Health in Society.

- Quirks in Florida's revised drug law may make it legal to grow marijuana in that state but illegal to possess or use it; also, while the possession of a small amount of pot is now a misdemeanor, possession of a pipe for smoking it remains a felony.

- The Insurance Institute for Highway Safety reports the development of the first "fast, dependable means for determining the presence of marijuana in drivers and in other users of the drug." The test requires urine analysis and has not yet been refined into a quick on-the-spot technique, but it is far simpler than previous detection methods of radio tracing and chromatography.

- The U. S. Justice Department is spending some \$2,000,000 to see if marijuana and poppy fields can be detected by orbiting satellite, and the United Nations is financing research to breed an insect that would eat pot plants and opium poppies.

occurred, and I think it's vindictive to keep condemning the Guardsmen. They probably regret the four deaths as much as anyone.

(Name withheld by request)  
Urbana, Ohio

#### MILITARY DEFENSE

I wish to respond to the letter about the Lawyers Military Defense Committee (*The Playboy Forum*, March), whose author said, "Military lawyers are reputed to be more concerned about the Army's interests than those of their clients . . ." I am a military lawyer and, for the past 14 months, have acted exclusively as a defense counsel at courts-martial. My experiences in the judge-advocate corps hardly justify such an allegation; defense counsels within the Service take an unfettered approach to their cases. The majority of military lawyers on the trial level are reservists with no military-career motivation, and they handle their cases with the detachment and professionalism of civilian attorneys. I, for one, have never sacrificed a client's interests for those of the military, whatever they may be.

While I applaud the Playboy Foundation's support of the L. M. D. C., and while I admit that there are ineffectual lawyers in the military as in civilian life, I must insist that those who view military counsel in general with a jaundiced eye do so from a position of ignorance.

Capt. B. L. Willcox, U. S. M. C. R.  
FPO San Francisco, California

#### BAFFLING STANDS

You people really have me baffled. In the March *Playboy Forum*, you express your disapproval of the Ohio National Guardsmen who killed the students at Kent State. Further on in the *Forum*, there is a letter from a Serviceman requesting information on civilian lawyers in Vietnam. Your answer states that you have given a grant to a committee that, among other things, supplies lawyers to represent soldiers who are being court-martialed for frapping.

Does *PLAYBOY* feel that it is terrible to shoot rioting students at Kent State but all right to kill dedicated Servicemen doing their job in Vietnam?

HT/1 John Yannacci  
Newport, Rhode Island

Yes, *PLAYBOY* feels that it's terrible to shoot students. No, we do not condone frapping. But we fail to see any inconsistency between our opposition to killing and our concern that every accused person be presumed innocent until proved guilty and be granted adequate legal representation and a fair trial. In point of fact, we made no judgments about the Ohio National Guardsmen who did the shooting at Kent State. We think the incident requires a thorough airing in court, but the presumption of innocence would apply to anyone charged with

responsibility for the deaths of the four students. It's because of that concern, and not because we think it's permissible for Servicemen to kill one another, that the Playboy Foundation contributed to the Lawyers Military Defense Committee.

#### WAR AND FETICIDE

I'm struck by the contradiction between your opposition to the war in Vietnam and your enthusiastic support of abortion. I believe that fetuses are just as much human beings as Vietnamese. Furthermore, all the arguments used to assert women's right to abortion can be used to support U.S. involvement in Vietnam. To wit: Both can find a basis in the Constitution; both, it is claimed, protect and preserve the lives and well-being of living people; both save the victims from the misery of growing up in hostile environments; finally, both help ward off the perils of the population explosion.

The people who got us involved in Vietnam were sincere and well motivated. I'm sure your promotion of abortion is equally sincere and well motivated; but, face the facts, PLAYBOY—if you're for abortion, you're for killing. And somehow it seems as if there's too much killing in the world already.

Dr. Thomas A. Schenach  
San Pablo, California

*Much of the argument against abortion seems to be inspired by that line from Lewis Carroll's "The Hunting of the Snark": "What I tell you three times is true." To say over and over again that the fetus is a human being proves nothing. Neither, of course, would the repeated assertion that the fetus is not human. What we're left with is a situation in which people, who are, as you say, sincere and well motivated, disagree. What then should the law do but leave each person free to follow his or her own conscience?*

*The real parallel between restrictive abortion laws and the Vietnam war lies precisely in the fact that both are invasions of individual freedom. In the one case, women are forced to bear children against their will. In the other instance, Americans have been forced to participate against their will in a war whose justifications, we believe, have been totally discredited.*

#### NATURAL RIGHTS

George Harris' assertion that human beings have no natural rights that the state is obligated to protect (*The Playboy Forum*, March) could lead to conclusions that might horrify him. If no natural human rights exist, the Nuremberg trials condemning the Nazi final solution were an injustice to Hitler's minions. Hitler did not let what Harris called "any metaphysical standard of good and evil" deter him. Would Harris applaud?

Does Harris also believe that capital

punishment is permissible? Since the right to life is a myth, there can be no valid argument against the execution of condemned criminals. On the other hand, it could also be argued from Harris' premise that the state is wrong to arrest murder suspects, since the victim had no right to life that the state is obligated to protect, anyway.

There may be valid reasons in favor of legalizing abortion (something I am not ready to admit), but its proponents should not stoop to arguments such as the one Harris put forward.

Ron Rizzo  
Hialeah, Florida

#### FALLING DOWN ON THE JOB

Millions of patients are not receiving full medical care because their physicians exclude certain birth-control procedures from their practice. Some doctors will not insert intra-uterine devices, some doctors will not prescribe the pill, some doctors will not recommend nor perform abortions and some doctors will not recommend nor perform sterilizations. If a doctor wishes to exclude such procedures from his practice, his license should be amended to indicate that he is not fully qualified in that area of reproduction control. I suggest that those doctors who, for nonmedical reasons, will not prescribe recognized reproduction-control procedure be clearly identified. I further suggest that hospitals that exclude sterilization and abortion (in those states where abortion is legal) be identified as limited facilities.

In this era of overpopulation, the time has come to provide all sexually active persons with all methods of birth control, and to cease and desist from accepting as full medical care that which excludes certain procedures in that area.

Lonny Myers, M. D.  
Director of Medical Education  
Midwest Population Center  
Chicago, Illinois

#### NEW FLORIDA ABORTION LAW

Since I wrote the letter concerning the struggle for a liberal abortion law in Florida (*The Playboy Forum*, May), events have moved rather quickly. To head off an abortion-on-demand bill, the anti-abortionists supported a compromise measure that was passed in the final days of an extended session of the Florida legislature. This new law is similar to the "reform" laws in a number of other states, which include mental as well as physical health as grounds for legal abortions (*Forum Newsfront*, July). The new law has all of the defects of similar laws elsewhere, plus flaws of its own.

Holding that the bill is quite unsatisfactory, the Florida Association for Abortion Legislation has been formed with offices in Miami, and a campaign has been initiated to obtain the 175,000

signatures necessary to place on the November ballot the following provision:

A new section is hereby added to Article I, Declaration of Rights, to read as follows:

The right of a woman to an abortion in the state of Florida, performed by a state-licensed physician, at a public or private state-licensed medical facility, shall not be abridged or otherwise denied by the state of Florida or any of its subdivisions.

Edwin H. Wilson  
Executive Director Emeritus  
American Humanist Association  
Cocoa Beach, Florida

#### CONTRACEPTION AND ABORTION

In the February *Playboy Forum*, you state, "PLAYBOY sympathizes with those whose concern for the preservation of life moves them to oppose abortion, but we sympathize much more with women who are pregnant and don't want to be." In the latter case, your sympathy is misplaced. At a time when a myriad of contraceptives is available, no woman has to get pregnant—no woman, that is, who is mature enough to consider the consequences of her actions. Sympathy for women whose irresponsibility creates an unwanted new life probably just encourages continued immaturity.

Georgina Oleniewski  
Depew, New York

*The argument that modern contraception renders elective abortion unnecessary is widely invoked, but these facts about birth-control devices (from a report by a committee of obstetricians and gynecologists to the Food and Drug Administration) should scotch it once and for all: During a one-year period, one woman out of every 1000 using the pill becomes pregnant because the pill failed, while seven out of 1000 pill takers become pregnant because of human error. With the I.U.D., 1.9 out of 100 women per year become pregnant, even though the device remains in place, and there are 2.7 pregnancies out of 100 because of dislodging. Dr. George Langmyr of Planned Parenthood, World Population provided us with the following failure rates on other contraceptives, based on compilations of numerous studies (all rates are per 100 women over a one-year period): diaphragm, 10 pregnancies; condom, 10-13 pregnancies; creams and jellies used without other devices, 2-9.5 pregnancies; foams, 3-10 pregnancies. The high figures are those of populations lacking in motivation or that are poorly instructed. The low figures are for populations that have both strong motivation to use birth control and good instruction in its use; these are factors, incidentally, that have nothing to do with intelligence, formal education or*

# Why we smoke Vantage.



Joan started smoking Vantage about a year ago. I began when you came out with your menthol.

Oh, Lou and I were concerned about smoking a long while before that. You can't read in the papers day in and day out what they're saying about smoking and not be concerned.

I guess we like smoking too much to want to stop. Funny thing about our old brands, though. We felt guilty smoking them.

Well, Lou, the people who are against smoking accomplished that much.

Yeah, we even tried some of those new low 'tar' cigarette brands. They tasted like nothing, so much blah.

And I have 4 children and run around the house the whole day cleaning up after them.

When I sit down for a break, I want a cigarette I can get some taste out of.

Vantage is everything you people say it is. Same flavor I got out of my old brand and I know you can't lie about those low 'tar' and nicotine numbers.

You're right,

Lou, they really are fantastic.

I'm a one man band for them, got half a dozen of the guys who work with me to go over to them. We'd recommend Vantage to anybody who smokes.

*Louis Amato Joan Amato*  
Louis Amato, Joan Amato, Northport, New York



*social class. Even with the best will in the world, then, women have unwanted pregnancies.*

#### KEEPING BOUNTIFUL BACKWARD

Public officials in Davis County, the fourth most populous county in Utah, are thwarting attempts to provide family-planning services to indigent women. Planned Parenthood has been harassed by highly emotional public attacks from the community's elected leaders, moralistic assaults by clergymen and boards of inquiry and the petty enforcement of zoning technicalities. To date, we have not been able to keep our doors open. Though participation in our clinics will be voluntary, self-appointed guardians of morality claim the power to control contraception and refuse to leave it up to individuals or their doctors. The mayor of Bountiful (honest!) is quoted as saying, "No one has the right to stop conception." At a meeting in Clearfield, a local church official described our literature as "nothing but pornography, pure and simple . . . dressed in sheep's clothing to lead you astray." In another hearing, a city councilman suggested that the rise in the venereal-disease rate is directly attributable to the availability of contraceptives. A Bountiful councilman stated that he was happy to be living in a unique city, where Planned Parenthood's services were not needed because of the moral fiber of its citizens. However, Davis County has one of the highest V. D. rates in Utah, is the third-highest county in illegitimacy, has a higher infant mortality rate than the state average and has one of the worst housing problems in Utah.

The most serious result of this struggle is one that could harm the whole country. A U. S. Representative from this county, K. Gunn McKay, and Senator Wallace F. Bennett have introduced a bill in both houses of Congress that would amend the family-planning section of the Economic Opportunity Act. Their proposed amendment states: "No minor will be provided with any information, medical supervision or supplies unless the consent in writing of his parent or legal guardian has first been obtained by the assisted agency."

We plan to keep up the fight, in the firm conviction that no one has the right to force his moral views on another, especially in such a crucial area as family planning.

Fred R. Sylvester  
Program Coordinator  
Planned Parenthood Association  
of Utah  
Clearfield, Utah

#### SHUTOUT

"Private sexual acts between consenting adults do not constitute a crime" was one of my proposed amendments to

the bill of rights for Montana's new constitution at our constitutional convention. Almost symbolically, it failed on a roll-call vote of 69 noes, 16 ayes, with 13 delegates not voting and two absent. In my floor argument, I cited *State vs. Keckonen*, wherein the Montana supreme court said, regarding the state sodomy statute:

The trial court ruled [correctly] in one of the [jury] instructions given that the charges are easily made, harder to prove, and still harder to disprove.

I also cited the Texas case of *Buchanan vs. Bachelor*, in which a Federal district judge declared the Texas statute prohibiting sodomy unconstitutionally overbroad in proscribing private, consensual acts of married couples.

My amendment was designed to treat homosexuality as a medical problem. I further urged that no lawmaking body within the state be allowed to make drug addiction, including alcoholism, a crime. This fared even worse, with 74 noes, 15 ayes, nine not voting and two excused.

In the field of political science, I asked that Montana abandon its antiquated lawmaking system that forces a veto-wielding governor to feud with a legislature usually controlled by the opposite political party. I urged the adoption of a parliament, in which the premier (governor) could cooperate with his own majority. This, too, was lost.

In short, I felt I came out of the convention a complete failure. Hopefully, delegates to future conventions in our sister states will be able to do better.

Robert Lee Kelleher, Delegate  
Montana Constitutional Convention  
Helena, Montana

#### DIVORCE AS A WAR GAME

At its last meeting in New Orleans, the American Bar Association revealed once again the legal profession's vested interest in the present costly system of marriage dissolution. By a vote of 170-72, the association rejected the principle of no-fault divorce laws that would allow a couple to avoid legal fees by dividing their property and settling differences out of court.

As currently practiced, divorce is a war game: The couple are the warring parties, the children are the refugees and the lawyers are the munitions profiteers, whose financial interest lies in using the adversary system to escalate hostilities (not to mention their fees). The judge becomes little more than an onlooker who nods his head in consent to perjury, discrimination against men and the casual consignment of children to the mother (in 90 percent of the cases in Illinois), on a schedule that averages

seven minutes per case here in Cook County.

We of the American Divorce Association for Men (A. D. A. M.) feel that the purpose of divorce should be to preserve, not destroy, human values, and that this goal can better be achieved by a family-arbitration board that would include a lawyer, a professional counselor, an accountant and, ideally, a person who has already been through divorce. The present adversary system just doesn't work.

Lou J. Filczer, President  
American Divorce Association  
for Men  
Chicago, Illinois

#### GOOD JUDGE OF WOMEN

The March *Forum Newsfront* tells of a Texas public school excluding a 16-year-old divorced girl from extracurricular school activities on the ground that she might "talk sex" with other students. As the girl's attorney, I'm happy to report that things have been set straight. An 80-year-old Federal judge has demonstrated that he is both a Southern gentleman and a good constitutional scholar. Writing that "equal protection for the female must meaningfully recognize the frailties, as well as the prowess, that characterize them," he held the girl's exclusion to be unconstitutional, illegal and void.

Incredibly enough, the school trustees will appeal the decision, which forbids the exclusion of all married or formerly married students. The officials, by the way, do not exclude unwed mothers from extracurricular activities; their reasoning is that a girl in that situation would be too ashamed to "talk sex" with the other students.

Ronald Cohen  
Attorney at Law  
Houston, Texas

#### EDUCATIONAL INVASION

The Unitarian Church in Brookfield, Wisconsin, set up a frank and explicit sex-education course for the 12-to-14-year-old children of church members. The course includes photos of persons engaging in heterosexual intercourse, homosexual activity and masturbation; it speaks favorably of masturbation and accepts homosexuality as a valid form of expression. The program also deals with petting, birth control, abortion, childbirth and venereal disease. Parents must take the course before their children are admitted, and the overwhelming opinion of those who have examined the material used is that it is tastefully presented and of great educational value.

After an article describing the course appeared in a Milwaukee paper, several hundred busybodies who are not members of the Unitarian Church and are in no way affected by this sex-education program raised a loud demand that it be

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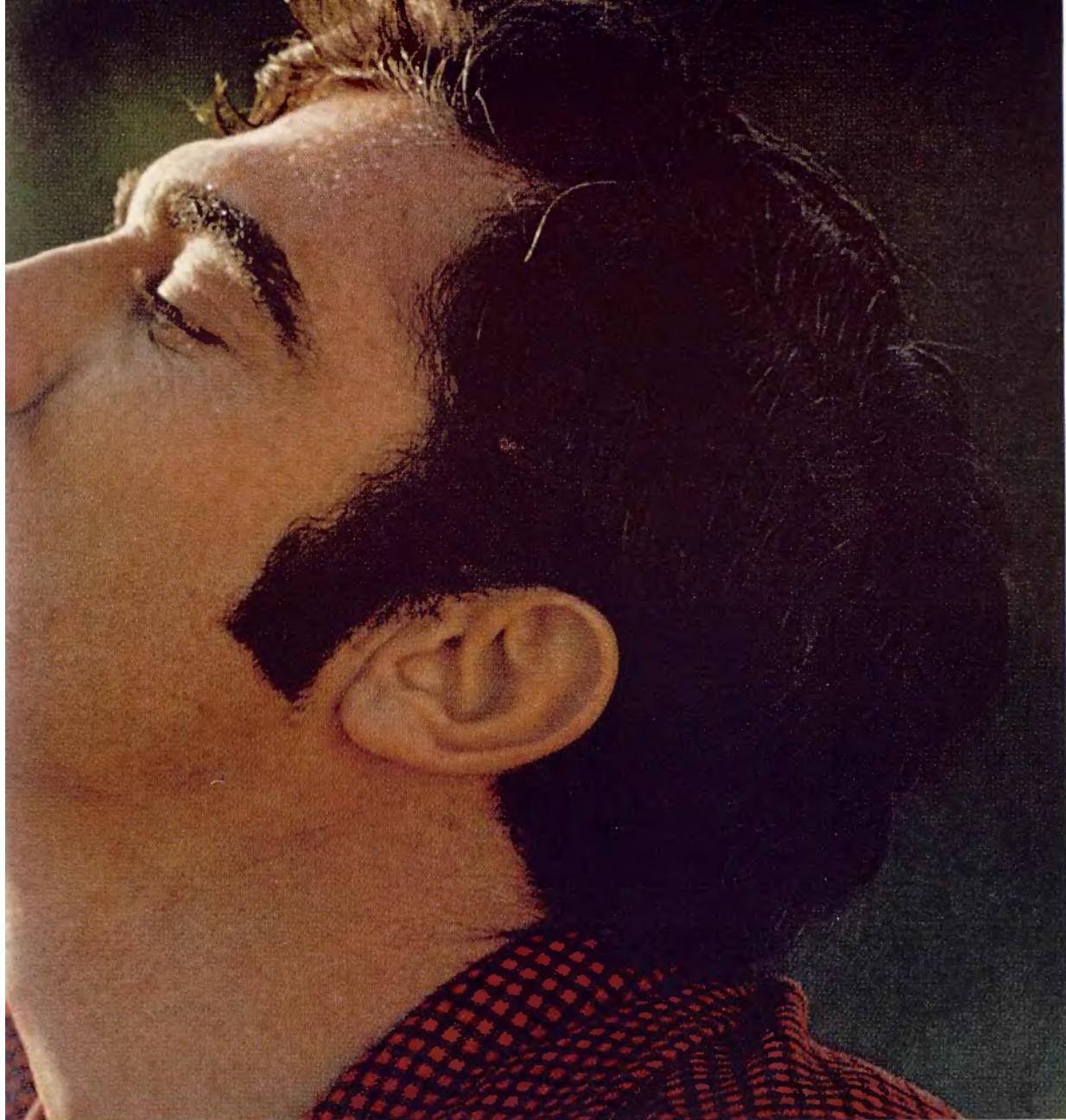
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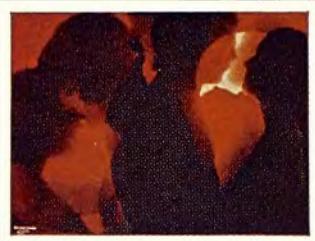
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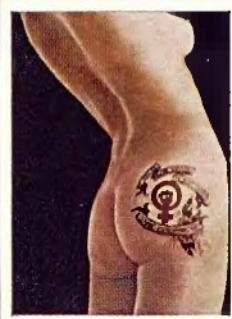
200PBP-09  
I Love You



200PBP-13  
Cethy Rowland (Playmate, 8/71)



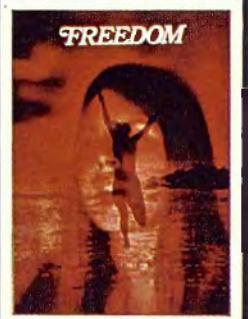
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Marijuana Laws



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censored. Encouraged by all the publicity, the county district attorney threatened the church with criminal proceedings if it presented the course without first getting his approval. The church members voted not to allow the D. A. to preview the material and the church obtained a Federal-court order to prevent the D. A. from interfering. That order has been appealed.

I think it's deplorable that government officials claim the power to interfere in parents' efforts to educate their children, particularly in an area so vital to mental and physical health as sex education.

Sharon Rosenthal Lemley  
Brookfield, Wisconsin

#### **EDUCATOR SMEARED**

A local radio commentator launched a ferocious attack last spring on a course in human sexual behavior that I've been taking at the University of Oregon. He called it part of "a well-directed plan to undermine the moral fiber of our university community" and said the "filth" taught might be all right "for those adults who wish to practice their orgies and pornographic stimuli in their communal habitats. But when one of them crawls out of their hole and—like a maggot out of the rest of the decaying flesh it feeds on—eats away at the minds of our university students, then, well, then it's time to drown it in its own scum." At first, the students were inclined to treat these ravings as a joke, but the associate professor who taught the course felt the matter was serious enough to warrant his asking to be relieved as instructor. A delegation of students then went to the university president and received a declaration of his support for the course. Having the backing of the administration, the teacher then demanded and got a retraction from the radio station.

Members of the class were polled and they overwhelmingly rejected all the commentator's charges as false. Incidentally, one of the textbooks we used was *Masters and Johnson Explained*, by PLAYBOY Assistant Managing Editor Nat Lehrman.

Robert W. Walker  
University of Oregon  
Eugene, Oregon

#### **THE SINGLES-BAR SCENE**

The main fault of singles bars lies in the atmosphere of public, explicit sexual competition that puts no one at his or her best. In a situation where women must stand around looking seductive and desirable and men must act virile and aggressive—role playing that is perhaps difficult for many—I am not surprised that starting human relationships is also difficult. I think that in a less pressured, more leisurely environment, such as a discussion or recreational group



**WHEN MOORE COUNTY**, Tennessee, celebrated its hundredth anniversary last summer, most everyone in Lynchburg turned out.

And, you can be sure, all of us from The Jack Daniel Distillery were on hand. You see, we've been making whiskey in Moore County for every one of its one hundred years (except the ones during prohibition) and even a few before that.

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in which sex is not the explicit objective, it would be easier to attract, meet and understand a member of the opposite sex than it is in one-night-stand singles bars, gin mills and meat racks.

(Name withheld by request)  
New York, New York

#### ACCEPTABLE NUDITY

After opening Pandora's Box Burlesque Club, Ottawa's first theater in the nude, I had an almost immediate run-in with the local authorities. Our ladies were charged with being nude in a public place. Since Canadian law prohibits being "so clad as to offend public decency," my attorney presented in court some issues of *PLAYBOY*, available at all newsstands, as evidence of acceptable nudity in certain contexts. After examining the magazines and other evidence, the judge agreed that community standards of tolerance had not been exceeded and dismissed all charges. Sometimes *PLAYBOY* helps to win legal battles just by the fact of its existence. Thank you very much.

Richard Brown  
Toronto, Ontario

#### DEFINING COMMUNITY STANDARDS

An Evansville, Indiana, judge's ruling in a nudity case represents progress for freedom of expression. The charges involved nude dancing in a local night spot by Valerie Craft, Miss Nude America. The judge ruled that Miss Craft was innocent of committing "any indecent, lewd or filthy act in a public place" because such activity isn't in conflict with "contemporary community standards."

That decision didn't settle the matter for Evansville's mayor, Russell Lloyd. Upon hearing of the court's ruling, the mayor met with the vice squad and the city attorneys and told the latter to "work up an ordinance we can convict somebody on."

Hopefully, *PLAYBOY* and others will continue to fight for individual freedom. At the rate things are changing, you'll have your work cut out for you for many years to come.

Suzanne M. Shuman  
Evansville, Indiana

#### THAT FRIEND OF KEATING'S

A copy of Charles H. Keating, Jr.'s infamous fund-raising appeal for his anti-pornography campaign has turned up in my mail. He says a friend of his asked him to write to me and refers to "my friend who gave me your name." My name on the letter was misspelled in the same way it is misspelled on the Disabled American Veterans gummed return-address stickers, on the genuine Indian orphanage hand-painted-key-chain mail and on all the other junk of that sort that clutters up my mailbox. Keating's friend's name is Mailbox Misuse.

I detest the invasion of privacy that

permits my address to be published and sold by anyone who thinks he can make a buck distributing such lists, including the Veterans Administration, the Department of Motor Vehicles, the registrar of voters, the marriage-license bureau, the state colleges and various other public institutions. Keating's intrusive, deceitful letter is infinitely more disgusting and offensive than some good old-fashioned pornography.

William F. Malloy, Jr.  
Bellflower, California

#### A PILLORY FOR KEATING

As previous letters in *The Playboy Forum* have pointed out, Charles H. Keating, Jr., of Citizens for Decent Literature, is conducting a huge direct-mail campaign to raise funds for his pro-censorship organization. Keating's form letter states, "By the way, your contribution, personal or corporate, is tax deductible." I have written to the Internal Revenue Service challenging CDL's tax-exempt status.

A provision of the Internal Revenue Code makes contributions tax deductible when they are to organizations that exist exclusively for religious, charitable or educational purposes and do not devote any substantial part of their activities to propagandizing or otherwise trying to influence legislation. Income-tax regulations rule out tax exemption for organizations devoted to action. Now, no group is more actively engaged in propagandizing than CDL, and it frequently participates actively in court proceedings against material it considers objectionable. Clearly, CDL should not enjoy tax-exempt status.

Charles McCabe, who writes a column titled "The Fearless Spectator" for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, aptly described Keating's mailing as "one of the most offensive pieces of writing I've ever seen." McCabe added:

The solicitation is an open invitation to censor the moral life of such of your neighbors as may have a taste for dirty movies. Mr. Keating is deeply shocked by the fact that sexual intercourse is portrayed on the screen, and sometimes even enacted in Los Angeles and San Francisco bars. He wants your money for law enforcement, and the passing of new laws, against such things. He wants lots of arrests.

He calls himself Citizens for Decent Literature, Inc., "Dedicated to Decency in the Mass Media." He pretends your name was given to him by a friend who contributed to his cause. Actually, he just bought up all the mailing lists he could find.

His solicitation concludes: "P.S. When I write to more people in California with your contribution, I will not mention your name. But you

can take great pride in the fact that you have helped the children in your neighborhood grow up without having their lives affected by this filth."

McCabe, after noting that this solicitation is "both inflammatory and untrue," states: "People like Mr. Keating, who make it their business to create sexual anxiety on a massive scale, ought to have their head stuck in a pillory, if we still had those things around." A pillory may not be available, but loss of CDL's tax-exempt status would go far toward combating Keating's activities.

Stanley Fleishman  
Attorney at Law  
Hollywood, California

Fleishman is chairman of the First Amendment Lawyers Association and specializes in the defense of film, print and entertainment media in censorship cases.

#### OUR PRECIOUS HERITAGE

In 1970, Richard Nixon rejected The Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, which recommended that pornography be made legally available to adults. I've been fuming about his narrow-minded action ever since, and I was overjoyed when I found a choice quote from one of our statesmen making perfectly clear just how un-American the concept of censorship is:

As this nation approaches the beginning of its third century, we should remind ourselves that nothing in our heritage is more precious than the right to express ourselves freely on any subject and the right of access to the expressions of others.

This enlightened observation comes from the proclamation of 1972 as International Book Year in the U.S. by that champion of free expression—Richard M. Nixon.

Charles Johnson  
Boston, Massachusetts

#### MARIJUANA INSANITY

After I testified as a character and factual witness at the marijuana trial of Tom Shuey (*The Playboy Forum*, July), my wife and I were subjected to surveillance by Muskingum County law-enforcement officials. We were followed by marked or unmarked cars every time we left our rural home, day or night. One evening, I observed the assistant prosecuting attorney stalking about my house. Visitors also reported being followed when they left our home.

In late November 1971, officials of the Zanesville branch of Ohio University, where I am employed, told me they had been informed that I was a drug pusher and I was in imminent danger of being arrested. The apparent purpose of this anonymous tip—to jeopardize my standing at the university—backfired, and,

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ironically, it probably saved my career. Acting on advice from my attorney, I moved immediately out of Muskingum County, a decision endorsed by the university. Since the beginning of December, I have been commuting 50 miles to work, a disagreeable situation but one for which there is no immediate solution, as community tension continues to mount.

Please accept my thanks for the very fine work PLAYBOY has done for those who, like Tom Shuey, find themselves victimized by archaic laws that perpetuate malignant and outdated ideologies.

Jerry P. Trammell, Ph.D.  
Assistant Professor of English  
Ohio University  
Zanesville, Ohio

#### FEDERAL POT BILLS

Senators Jacob K. Javits and Harold Hughes and Representative Ed Koch have introduced bills in Congress that would make two major changes in the Federal Controlled Substances Act: the legalization of private use of marijuana and the legalization of small sales of marijuana when no profit is involved. The introduction of these measures is an important step toward removing marijuana from the criminal realm. If enacted, the bills would undoubtedly be copied in several states, and this would be of enormous benefit, since 93 percent of all marijuana arrests on the state level are for simple possession and two thirds of these are for possession of one ounce or less. The sales provisions would protect the average user who occasionally splits some grass with a friend but isn't a seller in the usual sense of the word.

Still, there are weaknesses in the proposed bills. While recognizing the absurdity of classifying as criminals the estimated 24,000,000 Americans who have smoked grass, they fail to face the question of where all that marijuana is to come from. They ignore the harm done by forcing people to buy marijuana from an illegal source. This no-control situation makes possible the purchase of marijuana by minors, the selling of marijuana adulterated with potentially dangerous substances such as LSD, strichnine or heroin and leaves users with no way to gauge the strength of the marijuana they've bought. These bills could have provided for a legal, regulated source of marijuana, minimizing abuse and harm while still allowing the user his right to smoke.

The most serious omission in these bills, though, is the absence of a provision for amnesty. No one is suggesting that people ignore existing laws, and the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) advises people not to smoke as long as it is illegal to do so. But, as we begin to correct our legislative mistakes, we can't forget the hundreds of thousands of people whose lives have been so badly

scarred by unwise, unjust laws passed in a climate of ignorance and emotionalism. We must recognize that our laws were wrong, not these people. We must restore to them their full rights, including a record unblemished by criminal conviction.

R. Keith Stroup, Executive Director  
NORML  
Washington, D. C.

#### POT AND BRAIN DAMAGE

My local newspaper carried an article that seems to indicate that pot isn't as harmless as those who oppose the marijuana laws tend to believe. The piece starts off with the statement that smoking grass may lead "to irreversible and serious brain damage . . . four doctors suggest in . . . *The Lancet*, a leading British medical journal," and continues with the following:

Their examination of ten heavy smokers of marijuana, average age 22, matched against 13 normal controls, showed evidence of cerebral atrophy of the kind often associated with old age, Parkinson's disease or sleeping sickness, and with symptoms of the last named such as loss of memory, reversal of sleep rhythms, hallucinations and mental changes . . .

All had been heavy pot smokers for from three to 11 years. In no case did the examiners find the occasional or prior use by the subjects of alcohol, amphetamines, LSD or hard drugs significant enough to account for either the physical symptoms of brain atrophy or their ominous mental state of depression, loss of memory, inability to concentrate or to work effectively, apathy and irritability.

I know PLAYBOY has given reliable information on drugs in the past, and I hope that you will comment on this article. Undoubtedly, the anti-pot scary-hairies will use this article to justify the cruel, insane laws we have in this country. It never seems to occur to them that no matter how harmful marijuana might be, going to prison for years is worse.

Bill Weiss  
Sacramento, California

*The Lancet* article, "Cerebral Atrophy in Young Cannabis Smokers" (December 4, 1971), is a tale told by four British doctors who had a suspicion that pot might cause brain damage. They X-rayed the brains of ten marijuana users who had been undergoing treatment for psychological and neurological problems. They ended up with an accumulation of observations that left their suspicion intact but proved nothing.

PLAYBOY asked drug expert Joel Fort, M.D., for his analysis of the article. Fort, founder of the National Center for Solving Special Social and Health Problems,

pointed out, for openers, that it's impossible to generalize on the basis of ten patients who were multiple drug users. He went on to question the reliability of the methodology. The four doctors used an examination technique known as air encephalography to look for shrinkage in certain parts of the subjects' brains. This necessitates study of X-ray photos, which can be interpreted in different ways by different people. Fort is not convinced that the very slight differences in measurements they claim to have found really prove the existence of physical damage, especially since abnormal brain-wave readings were reported in only three out of the ten cases. Every subject had been exposed to factors other than marijuana, such as head injury, serious childhood diseases or use of other drugs (amphetamines, barbiturates, LSD, alcohol, nicotine and caffeine). Yet the authors quickly dismissed the possibility that the psychological and neurological difficulties of the patients could have been caused by anything other than marijuana. But in most of the cases, they didn't even report how much marijuana the subjects used, merely describing dosage in vague terms such as "regular and heavy dependence." They repeatedly refer to the ten men as marijuana "addicts," false terminology that suggests that prejudice may have had something to do with their belief that the results of their study are significant.

The verdict has to be not guilty by reason of insufficient evidence. *The Lancet* itself confirms this opinion in an editorial in the same issue stating, "What is not certain is whether these changes are caused by the use of Cannabis." The *Lancet* mentions another study in which 97 out of 100 patients showed the same type of brain deterioration the doctors claim to have found in their subjects; but 71 of those tested in the other study used no drugs at all. The magazine cautions, "It should not be assumed that Cannabis was the sole cause of the changes demonstrated until other possibilities have been assessed in a wider context."

Neither Fort nor any other serious researcher claims that any drug, marijuana included, is totally harmless. But that's a medical question. What we're faced with in the U. S. is the need to put an end to the social damage caused by treating marijuana smoking as a crime. The tentative implications of studies such as the one published in *The Lancet* shouldn't be allowed to obscure that issue.

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

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SAM PECKINPAH

*a candid conversation with the screen's "picasso of violence," controversial creator of "the wild bunch" and "straw dogs"*

In a scene from Sam Peckinpah's movie "The Wild Bunch," the bunch—a ruthless gang of misfits—is gathered around a campfire after a busy day. They've robbed a bank and killed most of a town while escaping, only to discover that the blood bath had been committed not for the gold they thought they'd stolen but for a worthless bag of washers. Passing a bottle around, they talk about what's to become of them. William Holden, the leader, says to Ernest Borgnine, "This was going to be my last. I was going to pull back after this one." Borgnine replies, "Pull back to what?" This is the theme of Peckinpah's classic film: desperate men with a worn-out way of living locked in a doomed and brutal struggle against a new order.

It's been said that Peckinpah shares this sense of his own anachronism. Dustin Hoffman, star of Peckinpah's "Straw Dogs," has said about him: "I think of Sam as a man out of his time. It's ironic that he's alive now, a gunfighter in an age when we're flying to the moon." And Peckinpah says of himself: "I grew up on a ranch, but that world is gone. I feel rootless." That ranch was in rural Madera County, California, in the foothills of a mountain named for his early pioneering family, and he rode, hunted

and fished all over it. His father was a judge who ruled his family with the same authoritarianism he exercised in the courtroom. Because Sam resisted this discipline, he was sent to military school. After graduation he enlisted in the Marines, spent a tour of duty in China and returned to the U.S. to enroll in college. He left the University of Southern California with a master's degree in drama and, in the late Fifties, began his career as a scriptwriter, then director, of television Westerns. Over the years, he's written dozens of "Gunsmoke" episodes and helped create two TV cowboy series: "The Rifleman," from which he resigned when it became "a children's program," and the short-lived "The Westerner."

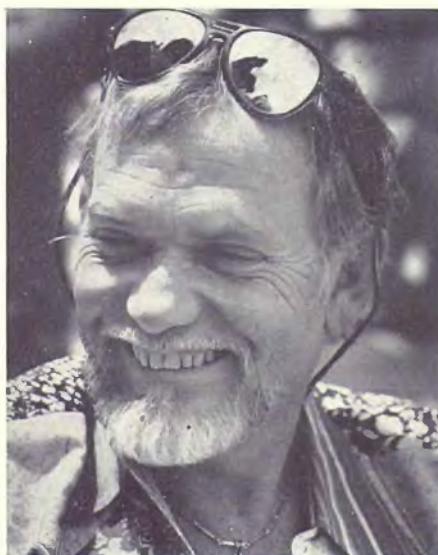
Peckinpah broke into films in 1961, as the director of "The Deadly Companions," and followed that with "Ride the High Country" and "Major Dundee." Although his career seemed to be progressing, he soon established a reputation as a foul-tempered tyrant whose presence was guaranteed to produce quarrelsome sets, out-of-control budgets and absurdly late completion schedules. (His private life has been equally volatile; he's been married a number of times.) As a result, Peckinpah was effectively blackballed from the industry until—after three

years of exile—producer Phil Feldman took a chance and hired him to film "The Wild Bunch," the movie that established his ability as a first-class director and started all the talk about Peckinpah's overindulgence in film violence. The release print of the picture was subjected to more than 3500 cuts, the most from any color film in history. It was still, however, one of the bloodiest films ever made, and its success precipitated a flood of screen violence that has not yet ebbed.

After a much less gory film, "The Ballad of Cable Hogue"—a critical and commercial failure—Peckinpah made "Straw Dogs," the picture toward which the critics felt he had been moving throughout his career; his chef-d'oeuvre of violence. It's the story of a young American mathematician, David Sumner (Dustin Hoffman), who has taken a research grant and is living in Cornwall, England, with his beautiful English wife. Throughout the film, David endures the harassment of five young men from the village whom he's hired to repair his garage. They greet his uncertain work instructions and pathetic attempts at kindness with condescension and sadistic pranks, and smack their lips over his wife, who teases their lust and



"People came up and threw punches at me because they were incensed by the violence in 'The Wild Bunch.' These pacifists came up and actually tried to hit me. They didn't understand who they were."



"True pacifism is the finest form of manliness. But if a man comes up to you and cuts your hand off, you don't offer him the other one. Not if you want to go on playing the piano, you don't."



"I don't want any other son of a bitch making good movies. I detest every film maker except the innocuous ones. I love Ross Hunter. Ross Hunter is my idol. I'd like to be Ross Hunter."

is eventually the rather willing victim of a double rape. David's personal torment builds until the final, 30-minute scene, when, protecting a local mental retard who's wanted by the same men for a suspected sex crime, he denies them entry to his home and the screen fills with blood as David slaughters them all.

The darker implications of "Straw Dogs"—and the level of violence in the picture—provoked contradictory cries from the critics. Writing in *Atlantic*, David Denby called it "a hateful but very exciting movie." The New Yorker's Pauline Kael went further, pronouncing it "a fascist work of art." *Variety* reviled it as "an orgy of unparalleled violence and nastiness . . . a blood bath that defies detailed description." But Time's reviewer, Jay Cocks, hailed it as "a brilliant feat of moviemaking . . . the film perhaps is more cynical than realistic. But if this is not the way things are, then it is a measure of Peckinpah's skill that, in giving voice to his despair, he came to make this nightmare seem like our own."

There's never been any consensus about Peckinpah, even among his friends—most of whom, at one time or another, he has belted in the mouth, usually without warning. Personally as well as professionally, says a still-friendly survivor of his Sunday punch, "Sam's as unpredictable as a snake." To find out just how unpredictable he is, and to learn if all—or any—of the stories about him are true, *PLAYBOY* sent contributor William Murray, who's spent considerable time with Peckinpah, to interview him. Murray reports:

"Sam is a great con man, as well as a bit of a ham, and he's learned how to handle the press by feeding reporters exactly what he thinks they want to hear. He resists extensive questioning by running away from you, forcing you to do your stuff on the lobe. I conducted the interview on the beach in Malibu, in the living room of a rented house, during a party, in various bars, restaurants, trailers and on location in San Antonio and El Paso—where he was directing his new picture, 'The Getaway,' starring Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw. [McQueen is also the star of Peckinpah's recently released film, "Junior Bonner," the story of an over-the-hill rodeo rider. See "Playboy After Hours," page 26.]

"Watching him work can be instructive. He's rarely in the foreground of whatever's going on, but you know, without having to be told, who's in charge. There's something formidable about him. He's usually dressed in Levis, an open-necked shirt and windbreaker—a lean, tightly put-together man with the little black eyes of a gunfighter. His iron-gray mustache, thinning hair and deeply lined features make him look older than his 46 years; he has the face of a man who has fought a lot of

wars—and lost a few of them. When he talks, even while giving an order, he speaks so softly that he tends to draw his listeners toward him. Sometimes they regret it, for what he says, as well as the way he says it, can be intimidating. The trick is not to flinch—as I learned when we sat down to begin taping."

**PECKINPAH:** All right, let's get it on. I promise to do my little number. But I'm not going to talk about violence.

**PLAYBOY:** Then we might as well not begin.

**PECKINPAH:** That's fine with me.

**PLAYBOY:** Why don't you want to talk about violence?

**PECKINPAH:** Because that's what everybody is trying to nail me on. They think I invented it. They think that's what I'm all about. They think I get my rocks off when the people in my pictures get their heads blown off. I'm pretty goddamn sick of it.

**PLAYBOY:** When you say "they," do you mean the critics?

**PECKINPAH:** Who else? You've got a beauty there at *PLAYBOY*, a real windsucker. That review your man wrote of *Straw Dogs* was literary linguini. I didn't know Hefner was hiring *New York Review* groupies, cats who don't know how to write or how to look at a motion picture.

**PLAYBOY:** As a matter of fact, our reviewer rather enjoyed the film. But many critics thought *Straw Dogs* was a work of art, and most of your other movies have been well reviewed. Perhaps it's just that nobody is lukewarm about your work. They hate you or love you.

**PECKINPAH:** Either way, they almost always misunderstand me. To some, *Straw Dogs* was a work of integrity but not of major intelligence. To others it was a work of enormous subtlety and substantial intelligence but failed on moral grounds. Goddamn it, *Straw Dogs* is based on a book called *The Siege of Trencher's Farm*. It's a lousy book with one good action-adventure sequence in it—the siege itself. You get hired to take this bad book and make a picture out of it. You get handed a scriptwriter, David Goodman, and an actor, Dustin Hoffman, and you're told to make a picture. You're given a story to do and you do it the best way you know how, that's all. So what's all this shit about integrity and about the picture not being the work of a major intelligence?

**PLAYBOY:** Pauline Kael has called you a passionate and sensual artist in conflict with himself, and she wrote in her review of *Straw Dogs* that it's the film you've been working your way toward all along. But that's not exactly a compliment: She's horrified by your apparent endorsement of the violence in the film and she claims you've enshrined the territorial imperative and are out to spread the Neanderthal word.

**PECKINPAH:** More, more, I love it!

**PLAYBOY:** She also calls it "the first American film that is a fascist work of art."

**PECKINPAH:** Explain, please.

**PLAYBOY:** She says the movie acts out the old male fantasy that women respect only brutes and that there is no such thing as rape, that women are all just little beasts begging to be subjugated.

**PECKINPAH:** Amy, the girl played by Susan George in the picture, is a young, uninformed, bitchy, hot-bodied little girl with a lot going for her, but who hasn't grown up yet. That's the part. It wasn't an attempt to make a statement about women in general, for Christ's sake.

**PLAYBOY:** But what about the rape scene? Amy is clearly enjoying the experience, isn't she? Aren't you saying, as Kael implies, that that's what women are for—to be used and enjoyed?

**PECKINPAH:** Well, Pauline, I trust that's part of it. But I'm not putting down all women in that scene. Amy is enjoying the experience, yes. At first. Doesn't Kael know anything about sex? Dominating and being dominated; the fantasy, too, of being taken by force is certainly one way people make love. There's no end to the fantasies of lovemaking, and this is one of them. Sure, Amy's enjoying it. At least with the first *hombre* who takes her. The second one is a bit more than she bargained for, but that's one of the prices she pays for playing her little game. There's always a price to pay, doctor.

**PLAYBOY:** Kael compares you to Norman Mailer and says you're both in the same *machismo* bag, but the difference is that Mailer worries about it. For you, she thinks it's the be-all and end-all.

**PECKINPAH:** I like Kael; she's a feisty little gal and I enjoy drinking with her—which I've done on occasion—but here she's cracking walnuts in her ass. Look, what if they'd given me *War and Peace* to do instead of *Trencher's Farm*? I'm reasonably sure I'd have made a different picture.

**PLAYBOY:** But you picked *The Siege of Trencher's Farm* yourself, didn't you?

**PECKINPAH:** I didn't pick anything. I've never picked any of my films. Except one, *The Ballad of Cable Hogue*. That's the only movie I ever picked to do.

**PLAYBOY:** Tell us how it works, then. You're offered a lot of projects—

**PECKINPAH:** I'm looking for a job. I'm a whore. I go where I'm kicked. But I'm a very good whore.

**PLAYBOY:** Whatever material you're given to work on, you then proceed to make it your own picture. There's certainly no mistaking the Peckinpah touch.

**PECKINPAH:** The Peckinpah touch! Jesus! Read the goddamn book. You'll die gagging in your own vomit.

**PLAYBOY:** When you say you're a whore, isn't that a half-truth at best? If you weren't as good as you are, no one would pay any attention to you; there are plenty of whores around.

**PECKINPAH:** Once I'm handed something

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to do, then I take the material and try to work something out of it and, not to sound too goddamn pompous about it, what I put into it is what I see, how I feel about how things are or the way they're going. But I try to tell a story, above all, in terms of the material I'm given, and very seldom have I been given a decent piece of material.

**PLAYBOY:** What interested you most about what became *Straw Dogs*?

**PECKINPAH:** What really turned me on was the amount of money I was given to do it. You start with the money and after you get that into focus, you try to figure out what the hell you're doing. In this case, David Goodman and I sat down and tried to make something of validity out of this rotten book. We did. The only thing we kept was the siege itself.

**PLAYBOY:** David Sumner, the character Dustin Hoffman plays in the movie, is an intellectual who's running away from himself and refuses to take a stand on anything. You portray him as a kind of worm. When he does take a stand, it's an excruciatingly violent one and you imply that he becomes a man through this resort to violence. And that he enjoys the mayhem.

**PECKINPAH:** Totally wrong. I don't know what movie you saw. There's a point in the middle of the siege when David almost throws up, he's so sick, and he says, "Go ahead, pull the trigger." He's sick of it, sick of himself, sick of the violence that he recognizes in himself. I can't believe anyone can miss this in the movie. He's just used a poker to kill a man who's just tried to kill him. He looks at what he's done with despair and absolute horror and he doesn't care at that moment whether he lives or dies.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the last shot in the movie, when Hoffman is driving away from the scene of that carnage? One critic saw a look of enjoyment on his face when he tells the half-wit he doesn't know his way home anymore.

**PECKINPAH:** It's not enjoyment at all. Neither Dustin nor I interpreted it that way. The line was written while driving to location on the last day of shooting. David Warner had cued it off at rehearsal by saying, "I don't know my way home." I turned to Dustin and said, "And you don't either, and that's the whole point of the picture." "Yes," he said, "and I'll say it with a smile, because the irony is too much for him to say it straight." Dustin wanted to do it that way and he was right.

David Sumner had recognized in himself the enormous suppressed violence that he had been living with. And once it had come out, there was no going back. You see, he really set the whole thing up. He could have stopped it any one of a dozen times. He was testing his wife; he was testing himself. He was maneuvering himself into a situation

where he'd be forced to let the violence in himself out, as a lot of so-called pacifists and supposedly passive people do. You remember reading about that kid who shot 45 people from the top of a tower on some campus? Boy, there was the honor student, the good guy, the boy-scout leader who was kind to his mother and small animals. Whether he enjoyed shooting all those people isn't the issue. The issue is that he did it. He had all that violence in him and he went up into the tower and let it out. Now, you hear all this talk about the violence in *Straw Dogs* and in some of my other pictures, as if that violence were contributing to the violence of our society. The point is that the violence in us, in all of us, has to be expressed constructively or it will sink us.

I'm a great believer in catharsis. Do you think people watch the Super Bowl because they think football is a beautiful sport? Bullshit! They're committing violence vicariously. Look, the old basis of catharsis was a purging of the emotions through pity and fear. People used to go and see the plays of Euripides and Sophocles and those other Greek cats. The players acted it out and the audience got in there and kind of lived it with them. What's more violent than the plays of William Shakespeare? And how about grand opera? What's bloodier than a romantic grand opera? Take a plot, any plot—brother kills brother to sleep with the wife, who then kills her father, and so on and so on. Want to have some fun? Read *Grimm's Fairy Tales*. When you point things like this out to the New York cats, they tell you it was all art, which is crap. These plays and operas and stories were the popular entertainment of their day.

**PLAYBOY:** But they weren't as concerned as you are with the physical details of violence. The violence in your pictures is executed lovingly, surrealistically and almost always in close-up.

**PECKINPAH:** You can't make violence real to audiences today without rubbing their noses in it. We watch our wars and see men die, really die, every day on television, but it doesn't seem real. We don't believe those are real people dying on that screen. We've been anesthetized by the media. What I do is show people what it's really like—not by showing it as it is so much as by heightening it, stylizing it. Most people don't even know what a bullet hole in a human body looks like. I want them to see what it looks like. The only way I can do that is by not letting them gloss over the looks of it, as if it were the seven-o'clock news from the DMZ. When people complain about the way I handle violence, what they're really saying is, "Please don't show me; I don't want to know; and get me another beer out of the icebox."

**PLAYBOY:** Many people want to put a stop to whatever, on television or movie

screens, could contribute to the public violence of our time. Are they wrong?

**PECKINPAH:** I think it's wrong—and dangerous—to refuse to acknowledge the animal nature of man. That's what Robert Ardrey is talking about in those three great books of his, *African Genesis*, *The Territorial Imperative* and *The Social Contract*. Ardrey's the only prophet alive today. Some years ago, when I was working on *The Wild Bunch*, a friend of mine came to me with *African Genesis* and said I had to read it because Ardrey was writing about what I was dealing with, that we were both on the same track. So after I finished *Wild Bunch* I read him and I thought, wow, here's somebody who knows a couple of nasty secrets about us. *Straw Dogs* is about a guy who finds out a few nasty secrets about himself—about his marriage, about where he is, about the world around him. Some people don't like facing that sort of thing; it makes them itch. You see, David Sumner gets the blinkers pulled off. The man said you can't go home again and David can't either. He can go on—we all can—but he can't go back to what he was. I don't know what could be clearer.

**PLAYBOY:** What about his wife, Amy? What does she find out about herself?

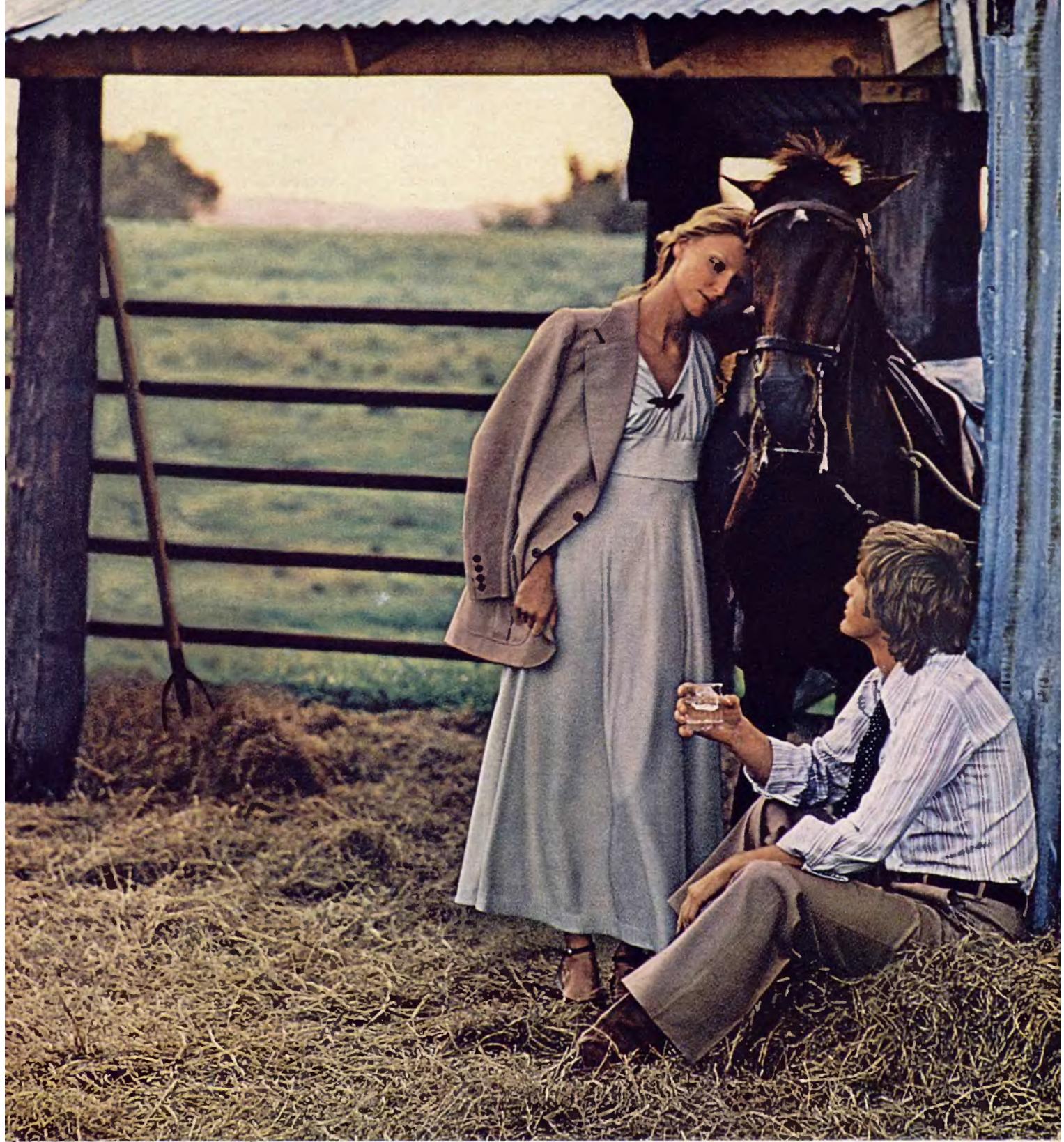
**PECKINPAH:** Well, there are two kinds of women. There are women and then there's pussy. A woman is a partner. If you can go a certain distance by yourself, a good woman will triple it. But Amy is the kind of girl—and we've all seen them by the millions—they marry, they have some quality, but they're so goddamn immature, so ignorant as far as living goes, as to what is of value in life, in this case about marriage, that they destroy it. Amy is pussy, under the veneer of being a woman. Maybe because of what happens to her, she'll eventually become a woman.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you implying that Amy couldn't become a woman until David became a man?

**PECKINPAH:** No. David was always a man. It's just that he didn't see deeply enough into himself. He didn't know who he was and what he was all about. We all intellectualize about why we should do things, but it's our purely animal instincts that are driving us to do them all the time. David found out he had all those instincts and it made him sick, sick unto death, and at the same time he had guts enough and sense enough to stand up and do what he had to do.

**PLAYBOY:** But Amy was the instrument of his self-discovery, wasn't she? Didn't she push and prod him to "act like a man"?

**PECKINPAH:** She didn't know what she wanted. She pushed him, as you say, but not in any constructive way. To start out with, she asked for the rape. But later she could barely bring herself to pull the trigger to save his life. I don't know whether they'll get back together



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again. At least they'll have to deal with each other on a different plane. What I hope he does is keep going in that car at the end—not turn back. He obviously married the wrong dame. She is basically pussy. What I favor is marriages made in heaven, and that's the only place marriages ought to be performed. And speaking of rape, I'd like to point out to Miss Kael and these other so-called critics that rear entry does not necessarily mean sodomy, as they said in their reviews. In the picture, Amy is taken by one guy she used to go with and then she's taken from the rear by another guy she didn't want any part of anywhere. The double rape is a little bit more than she bargained for. Anyway, I guess Miss Kael and her friends have anal complexes. Perfectly justified in this day and age.

**PLAYBOY:** If Amy is pussy, why did David marry her?

**PECKINPAH:** Come on, that's beneath you. Most of us marry pussy at one time or another. A smart, unscrupulous cunt can always use her looks to get some poor slob to marry her. And in marriage, so often, especially if the man is lonely, he will clothe her in the vestments of his own needs—and if she's very young, she'll do the same thing to him. They don't really look at what the other person is but at what they want that person to be. All of a sudden the illusion wears off and they really see each other and they say, "Hey, what's all this about?" Now that David can see himself, too, he can begin to build his life. As for her, probably she'll never change.

**PLAYBOY:** You sound like a man who's had a lot of experience with pussy.

**PECKINPAH:** I wouldn't have it any other way. One of the advantages of being a celebrity is that a lot of attractive pussy that wasn't available to you before suddenly becomes available. Groupies and star-fuckers abound and you certainly don't have to marry them, though a lot of poor fools do.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you account for the mutual attraction of stars and groupies?

**PECKINPAH:** It's the same thing that attracts all men to women, and vice versa. Men are primarily turned on by physical beauty, magnetism, or maybe just the way a woman moves and the kind of atmosphere she surrounds herself with. But what attracts a woman to a man is entirely different. It has a lot more to do with where a man is with his life. I'm not talking about money; I'm talking about success. I'm talking, really, about territory. How much and where and how secure. It's the most basic human urge. Watch the behavior of any herd. Who's got the cows? The biggest, strongest bull. And every year he has to fight off all challengers until eventually someone does him in. But while he reigns, he has it all his own way. It's the most basic and fascinating evolutionary process there is.

**PLAYBOY:** Ethologists might agree with

you, but it's doubtful that women's lib would buy much of what you're saying.

**PECKINPAH:** I ignore women's lib. I'm for most of what they're for, socially as well as politically and economically, but I can't see why they have to make such assholes of themselves over the issue. Those bull dykes and the crazies in their tennis sneakers and burlap sacks—just try to explain a few facts of life to them. Like the fact that I have a penis that thrusts into a woman and she has a vagina to receive me. The basic male act, by its very nature, starts out as an act of physical aggression, no matter how much love it eventually expresses, and the woman's begins as one of passivity, of submission. It's a physical fact. Except to a bull dyke. Not that I'm knocking Lesbianism. I consider myself one of the foremost male Lesbians in the world.

I don't care what goes on in people's heads; we are physically constructed in a certain way and we've been handed a set of instincts to go with the machinery. Tell that to any of these women's lib freaks and they'll swear you're a male-chauvinist pig. What can happen when you deny your basic instincts and drives is what *Straw Dogs* is all about. I read somewhere recently that some cat was having trouble making it with women today because half the ones he took to bed began by making geographical demands. They lay out a whole sexual battle plan before they start. They want this, they want that. You're expected to provide instant satisfaction by delivering like some kind of computerized acrobat. That's logistics, not sex—and certainly not love. In sex, when you do it only for yourself or the other person, you're masturbating either yourself or her. Any good whore knows more about sex than Betty Friedan.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you really like whores?

**PECKINPAH:** Of all the whores I've been with—American, Chinese, English, Mexican, any nationality—I've failed to end up in some kind of warm personal relationship with only about ten percent. I've lived with some good whores. They've taken me home or I've taken them home. We've been human beings together. I never thought of these women as objects to be used. I put a lot of the relationships I've had with whores into the love story of Cable Hogue and his whore, Hildy. They had a relationship that was truer and more tender than that between most husbands and wives. The fact that she was a whore and went to bed with men for money didn't change anything. Most married women fuck for the money that's in it.

**PLAYBOY:** Regardless of your relationship with whores, doesn't the fact that you relate so well to them signify some need on your part to remain either superior or emotionally uninvolved?

**PECKINPAH:** Possibly, but I believe it signifies mostly that I like an honest

woman, a woman who's honest with herself and the people she cares about. Not infrequently, in one way or another, she turns out to be a prostitute.

**PLAYBOY:** Come to think of it, most of the women in your movies have been prostitutes.

**PECKINPAH:** You find something good, you stay with it.

**PLAYBOY:** Like violence. You've always dealt with it, haven't you?

**PECKINPAH:** One of my big themes. But if you want to find out something about violence in this country, you ought to talk to the people in our prisons, as I've been doing lately in connection with *The Getaway*. Those guys'll wake you up. For them it's a way of life, a life lived according to certain codes. There are some things you do and others you don't do. The whole thing is built into the fabric of their lives, as it was for those cats in *The Wild Bunch*. They were people who lived not only by violence but for it. But the whole underside of our society has always been violent and still is. It's a reflection of the society itself. Do you know, people came up and threw punches at me because they were incensed by the violence in *The Wild Bunch*? These pacifists came up and actually tried to hit me. They didn't understand who they were. In George Bernard Shaw's play *The Devil's Disciple*, a preacher discovers his true nature, which is that of a man of action, a man of violence, and the man of action discovers he's really a preacher. Doesn't that suggest anything to you?

**PLAYBOY:** That maybe you're a bit of a preacher yourself.

**PECKINPAH:** Right on. Something to do with my background, maybe.

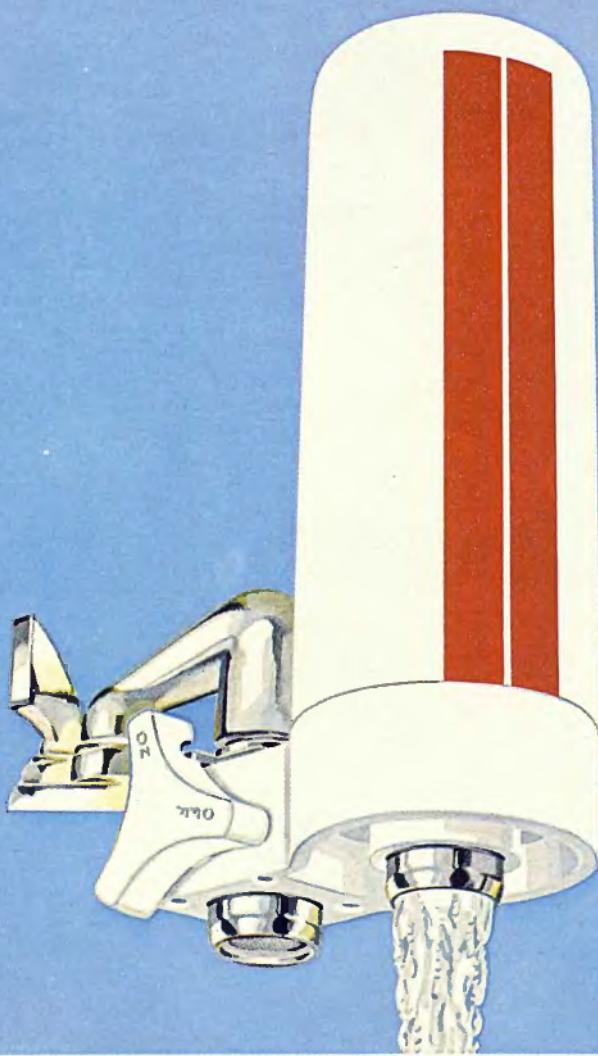
**PLAYBOY:** Do you think pacifists are dishonest with themselves or out of touch with reality? Or just plain unmanly?

**PECKINPAH:** Of course not. True pacifism is manly. In fact, it's the finest form of manliness. But if a man comes up to you and cuts your hand off, you don't offer him the other one. Not if you want to go on playing the piano, you don't. I'm not saying that violence is what makes a man a man. I'm saying that when violence comes, you can't run from it. You have to recognize its true nature, in yourself as well as in others, and stand up to it. If you run, you're dead, or you might as well be.

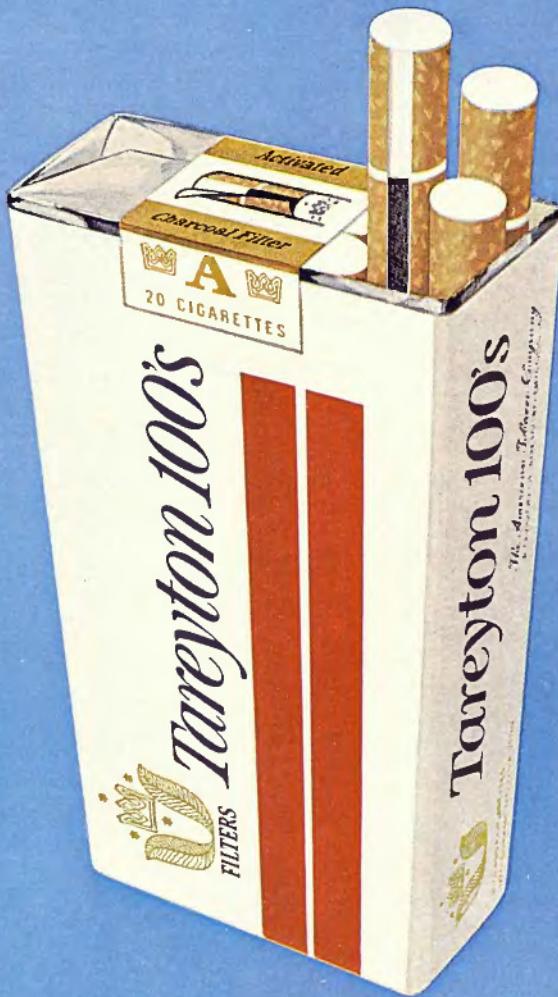
**PLAYBOY:** When you say that someone is a real man, what do you mean by it?

**PECKINPAH:** That he doesn't have to prove anything. He's himself. My dad put it another way. When the time comes, he used to say, you stand up and you're counted. For the right thing. For something that matters. It's the ultimate test. You either compromise to the point where it destroys you or you stand up and say, "Fuck off." It's amazing how few people will do that. So if I'm a fascist because I believe that men are

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not created equal, then all right, I'm a fascist. But I detest the term and I detest the kind of reasoning that labels that point of view fascist. I'm not an anti-intellectual, but I'm against the pseudo intellectuals who roll like dogs in their own verbal diarrhea and call it purpose and identity. An intellectual who embodies his intellect in action, that's a complete human being. But sitting back and quarterbacking from the stands is playing with yourself.

**PLAYBOY:** David Sumner in *Straw Dogs* is the first intellectual you've ever made the hero of a movie.

**PECKINPAH:** He's not a hero. He's a heavy. I'm crazy about heavies.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that how you felt about your characters in *The Wild Bunch*? You've been quoted as saying that you hated Pike Bishop, the Bill Holden part, and his buddies, that they were dangerous and had to go; but the way you handle them in the movie seems to contradict you. It expresses respect and even love for them and what they stand for.

**PECKINPAH:** Sure I loved them. I love *outsiders*. Look, unless you conform, give in completely, you're going to be alone in this world. But by giving in, you lose your independence as a human being. So I go for the loners. I'm nothing if not a romantic and I've got this weakness for losers on the grand scale, as well as a kind of sneaky affection for all the misfits and drifters in the world.

**PLAYBOY:** Aren't your losers and misfits conformists to outdated codes?

**PECKINPAH:** Outdated codes like courage, loyalty, friendship, grace under pressure, all the simple virtues that have become clichés, sure. They're cats who ran out of territory and they know it, but they're not going to bend, either; they refuse to be diminished by it. They play their string out to the end.

**PLAYBOY:** But isn't the hard truth about the frontier that it had no real code—other than survival of the fittest?

**PECKINPAH:** Yep, but I don't make documentaries. The facts about the siege of Troy, of the duel between Hector and Achilles and all the rest of it, are a hell of a lot less interesting to me than what Homer makes of it all. And the mere facts tend to obscure the truth, anyway. As I keep saying, I'm basically a storyteller. I'm not even sure anymore what I believe in. I once directed a Saroyan play in which one of the characters asked another if he would die for what he believed in. The guy answered, "No, I might be wrong." That's where I am. I'm not going to get between my audience and the story. I hate the feeling in a theater of being more aware of what the director's doing than of what's actually up there on the screen.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that why you like doing Westerns, because the West is almost the only mythology we have?

**PECKINPAH:** Hell, no. I came by it natu-

rally. My earliest memory is of being strapped into a saddle when I was two for a ride up into the high country. We were always close to the mountains, always going back to them. When my grandfather was dying, almost his last words were about the mountains. We'd summer in them and some winters I ran trap lines in the snow. We loved that country, all of us. My granddad, Denver Church, had a 4100-acre cattle ranch in the foothills of the Sierras, about 25 miles east of Fresno, and the whole family, the Peckinpahs and the Churches, had been wandering in that country since moving out from the Midwest in the middle of the 19th Century. We even have a mountain named after us.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you used your family as characters in your pictures?

**PECKINPAH:** No, they got too respectable. They went into real estate, politics, the law. My mother, who's still very much around, believes absolutely in two things: teetotalism and Christian Science. My father was a judge. He believed in the Bible as literature, and in the law. He was an *authority*, and we all grew up thinking he could never, ever be wrong about anything. The law and the Bible and Robert Ingersoll were our big dinner-table topics. When I was still a kid, Dad made me go to the trial, in his court, of a 17-year-old boy accused of statutory rape. He thought it would be a good lesson for me. It was, but not for the reasons he thought. In addition to being a judge, my dad was probably the worst cattleman in the business. He went broke 13 times. And in the mountains, he made his own laws. He believed that you didn't hunt unless you ate what you killed. But he claimed that all the animals on his land were his to do what he liked with. I was 20 years old before I knew there was such a thing as a hunting season or a game warden, and I was 30 before I began paying any attention to it.

The people, the places in that area! It's mostly all gone now. Fresno's like a little L.A. today, and the country around it is chopped up with new roads and resort facilities and overrun with all these shit-ass tourists and campers. My brother Denny and I were in on the last of it. A lot of the old-timers dated back to when the place had been the domain of hunters and trappers, Indians, gold miners—all the drifters and hustlers. All that's left now are the names to remind you, and *what* names: towns like Coarsegold and Finegold, Shuteye Peak, Dead Man Mountain, Wild Horse Ridge, Slick Rock. And the old-timers had their stories to tell, too. Denny and I rode and fished and hunted all over that country. We thought we'd always be a part of it. The last few years I haven't even been hunting anymore, but I'm thinking of taking it up again.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you agree with your father

that it's wrong to hunt unless you eat what you kill?

**PECKINPAH:** Yes, and you also shouldn't kill more than you can eat. A deer tastes good, but it's also a beautiful animal. Anyone will kill, though, if he gets hungry enough—even those who refuse to hunt at all, for moral reasons. A gnawing in the belly is a great equalizer of principles. Of course, most men kill *only* out of principle, and then it's usually his fellow man. Nice principle.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think it's possible, as one critic once said about you, that you're really a 19th Century man and that in your work you're living vicariously the period you'd have preferred to live in?

**PECKINPAH:** When you're doing a picture, first of all, the period matters less than what the thing is about. You become all the characters. I've been every character in my pictures. The actors do the same. They wear each other's parts to try them on for size, to test them and themselves, sometimes against each other. But I did like that period in American life. And I liked the period I grew up in, the Thirties. It was a different America. We hadn't run out of ground.

**PLAYBOY:** With your hard-nosed WASP background and your commitment to the outdoors, how did you make the leap into show business?

**PECKINPAH:** By chance. I was just out of the Marine Corps after World War Two and I had nothing very specific in mind. Denny had gone into law. The only thing I was sure of was that I didn't want to do that. I went back to school, to Fresno State, because I had nothing better to do. There I met my first wife, Marie, who wanted to be an actress. Fresno State had a small but active theater department and I tagged along after Marie one day into a directing class. It turned me on right away. I especially dug the plays of Tennessee Williams, and my big project at school was a one-hour version of *The Glass Menagerie* that I adapted and directed. I guess I've learned more from Williams than anyone. He's easily America's greatest playwright. I've always felt strongly moved by him. I've also directed *Streetcar*, as well as most of his one-acts. He's a tremendous artist and I wish him the best of luck, always. I think I learned more about writing from having to cut *Menagerie* than anything I've done since.

**PLAYBOY:** Writing was what opened doors for you, wasn't it?

**PECKINPAH:** Yeah, but it was hell, because I hate writing. I suffer the tortures of the damned. I can't sleep and it feels like I'm going to die any minute. Eventually, I lock myself away somewhere, out of reach of a gun, and get it on in one big push. I'd always been around writers and had friends who were writers, but I'd never realized what a lot of

goddamn anguish is involved. But it was a way to break in. I paid my dues in this business. I was a go-fer, a stagehand. I swept out studios and I watched a few good people work. Then I started writing and finally selling TV scripts. And after a while I decided to try my hand at movies. I always had two or three projects going at a time. I'd put everything into them and I'd sell a few and then they'd disappear.

I wrote two pretty good scripts in those days, and what happened to them was typical. One, *Villa Rides*, was produced with Yul Brynner in the lead. It was awful. I've put in a lot of time in Mexico and I know Mexican history. Brynner said I didn't understand Mexico and *Villa Rides* is the result of the changes they made. It's a phony. The other script became *One-Eyed Jacks*, directed by and starring Brando. I had adapted the thing from a novel by Charles Neider called *The Authentic Death of Hendry Jones*, based on the true story of Billy the Kid. It was the definitive work on the subject, but Marlon screwed it up. He's a hell of an actor, but in those days he had to end up as a hero and that's not the point of the story. Billy the Kid was no hero. He was a gunfighter, a real killer.

But I don't want to knock actors. Some of my best friends are actors. It was Brian Keith, who'd worked with me on *The Westerner* series, who got me my first movie-directing break. He'd been signed to star opposite Maureen O'Hara in *The Deadly Companions* and he persuaded the producer of the picture, who happened to be Miss O'Hara's brother, to take me on. It wasn't the best deal in the world: I wanted to make a picture and this guy wanted to push me around. The script needed lots of work, but I'd get told to go back in my corner. Brian knew we were in trouble, so between us we tried to give the thing some dramatic sense. The result was that all of his scenes worked, while all of hers were dead. I found out about producers, all right.

**PLAYBOY:** You've always had trouble with producers. Are there any you've ever enjoyed working with?

**PECKINPAH:** One, maybe two, and even then not much. I don't work well under people. I think there has to be one person who's making a picture and that person has to be the director. Producers are often only administrators and they're too interested in defending their own prerogatives. I've got a temper and I can't stand stupidity, so I'm always at war with these cats. I want control of everything, from the script to the cutting room. And if I don't get what I want from people, I put them on the bus. The trouble with producers is you can't do that to them. Everybody else comes and goes on a picture, but the producer

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and the director are with it from beginning to end. The best producer is a guy who'll let you make your own movie. There aren't many around.

**PLAYBOY:** What directors have that clout?

**PECKINPAH:** Kurosawa has it. Fellini. Bergman. But no American has it. Some, like Kubrick and Nichols, think they do, but they don't. It's not just a question of what happens to you during shooting and editing: it's what they do to you once the film is entirely out of your hands. Huston once almost had total control, but he blew it on *The Red Badge of Courage*, when he walked away from the cutting of the picture. I'm a great admirer of his, anyway. Every picture of Huston's has tried not only to tell a story but to make some kind of statement. The perfect films of this kind are *The Maltese Falcon* and *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*. I wish I could make a film that good. Compared with John Huston, I'm still in seventh grade—but I'm moving up.

**PLAYBOY:** We've heard that Huston didn't run out on *Red Badge*, that he had another commitment.

**PECKINPAH:** Well, even if he *did* run, I wouldn't blame him at all. This isn't a game. There's too much at stake. And the woods are full of killers, all sizes, all colors. I didn't know about all of this when I was just a writer. I couldn't stand being so alone with myself, and it was very, very hard work; but writing has one very big advantage over directing: You only have to deal with yourself; you can escape into your fantasies and be a king. The outside world, as far as a writer's work goes, is limited to dealing with an agent and maybe a couple of editors, some of whom can be pretty good people. But a director has to deal with a whole world absolutely teeming with mediocrities, jackals, hangers-on and just plain killers. The attrition is terrific. It can kill you. The saying is that they can kill you but not eat you. That's nonsense. I've had them eating on me while I was still walking around. My basic job is dealing with talent in terms of a story and getting it on. I wish the rest of it were that simple. But there's all the shit that comes before and after.

**PLAYBOY:** Now that the big studios don't control the industry anymore, don't you and a few other top directors have much more freedom to make the kind of movies you want to make? Isn't that what the so-called New Hollywood is all about?

**PECKINPAH:** I'm not talking about Hollywood, new or old. What I'm talking about is money, doctor. That's what it's all about. Unlike a novelist, for instance, I'm dealing with a product that costs several million dollars. When you're dealing in millions, you're dealing with people at their meanest. Christ,

a showdown in the old West is nothing compared with the infighting that goes on over money. To get my films made, especially at the beginning, I always had to lie and cheat and steal. It was the only way I could cope with all the muscle that stood behind the weight of the money. And even then I couldn't win. MGM saw *Ride the High Country* as a low-budget quickie they could throw away in the second halves of summer double features, and if I'd tried to talk to them about the basic theme of that picture, which was salvation and loneliness, they'd have fired me on the spot. Even so, they hated what I'd done, and they threw me out before I could finish cutting, dubbing and scoring. *Major Dundee*, which had a good man in it, Chuck Heston, and could have been something, was butchered by the studio and the producer turned out to be a weasel whose real talent was for poisoning wells.

Marty Ransohoff fired me from *The Cincinnati Kid* after only four days. He gave a story out to the trades that I was vulgarizing the picture by injecting a nude scene into it. There was a scene in a hotel room between Rip Torn and this girl who was playing a dreary little hooker. Well, we worked on it and the scene got sadder and sadder. It just happened that the girl turned out to be naked under her coat. It was only one element in a much bigger scene. But I learned one thing about Marty: He had a tremendous hatred of real talent.

It was nearly four years before I worked again. I got by on moonlighting, borrowed money and an occasional script. I couldn't get people on the phone or get through a studio gate. I was out. It wasn't until Danny Melnick, who'd seen *High Country* and liked it, hired me to adapt and direct Katherine Anne Porter's *Noon Wine* on television that I found myself back in business. And when word got out that I was being hired, Melnick got calls from people who not only had never worked with me but who didn't even know me. They all tried to warn him off me.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**PECKINPAH:** A lot of cats in this business are overpaid and guilty about it. To them I'm a threat.

**PLAYBOY:** Or maybe you just haven't gone out of your way to make friends in the movie business. In any case, after *Noon Wine*, you really established yourself. Didn't this make things easier?

**PECKINPAH:** Not much. My next two pictures, *Wild Bunch* and *Cable Hogue*, got made but were practically wiped out. Warner Bros. cut *Wild Bunch* to pieces and you have to go to Europe to see the picture in anything like the version I made. *Cable Hogue* was thrown away in multiple release despite the fact that people had begun to pay some attention to my work and *Wild Bunch* made a lot

of money for the studio. Before I started on *Straw Dogs*, I had five pictures in the can, not one of which was visible anywhere in this country either at all or in anything like the form I wanted it to be in. What I'd done had been butchered or thrown away. The worst that can happen to a novelist is that his book goes out of print, but it survives somewhere, in libraries, at least, in its original form. There are people all over the place, dozens of them. I'd like to kill, quite literally kill. You know, you put in your time and you pay your dues and these cats come in and destroy you. I'm not going to work for people who do that anymore.

**PLAYBOY:** So where are you going from here?

**PECKINPAH:** Logistically or spiritually?

**PLAYBOY:** Both.

**PECKINPAH:** Logistically, all I want out of my work now is health and happiness for my precious family, as Williams puts it in *The Glass Menagerie*. That means I'll keep working. I have two scripts in hand at the moment, but they both need work. All scripts need work.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you feel you always have to rewrite?

**PECKINPAH:** No matter how good a script is, you have to adapt it to the needs of the actors.

**PLAYBOY:** How about your own needs? All your scripts, whether originals or adapted from a book, have a distinctive style, a unique kind of language, that identifies them as yours.

**PECKINPAH:** The Peckinpah touch again? Well, some people think my pictures are pretty dreadful, including your movie reviewer, who I'd like to see cut a tin bill and go out and pick shit with the chickens.

**PLAYBOY:** We'll give him the message. You seem to be pretty vulnerable to what people think of you.

**PECKINPAH:** I think the role of the critic is very important to films, and that's why I get so goddamn angry when the critics don't pick up on good films and go along with bullshit, as they did on Bogdanovich's film, *The Last Picture Show*, which was a crashing bore, and ignore something like *Two-Lane Blacktop*, which I thought was a potential work of art. *The Last Picture Show* was artsy-craftsy, jacksy-offsky and a real pain in the ass. I was supposed to have dinner one night with Ben Johnson, who was superb in it, but I knew Peter would be there and I'd have to hit him right in the fucking mouth, so I didn't go. I really hated that film.

**PLAYBOY:** What films have you liked recently?

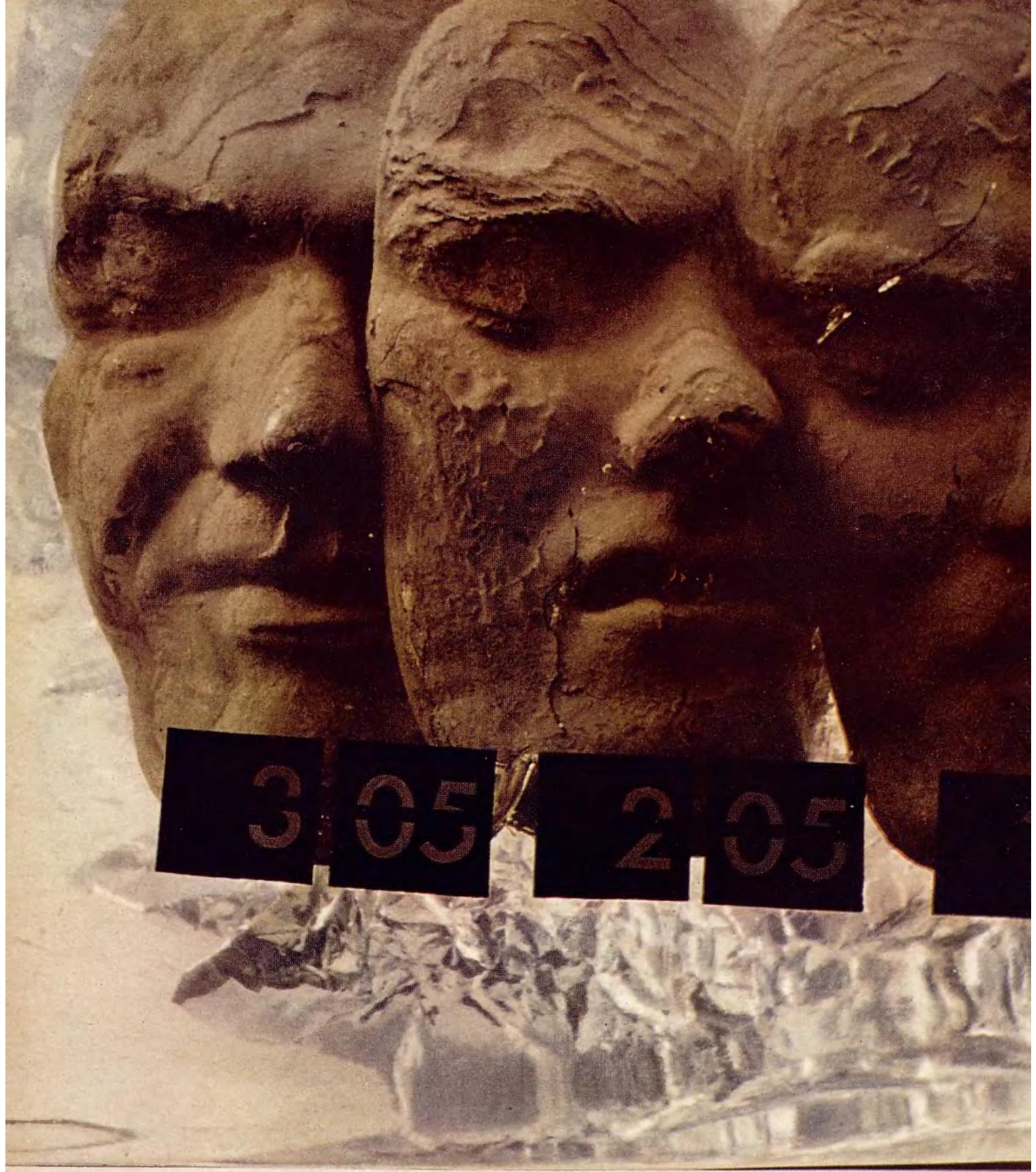
**PECKINPAH:** My own. I make marvelous films. I think *Junior Bonner*, which I shot in 40 days, may possibly be my best picture. I'm truly delighted with it. And

(concluded on page 192)



## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A self-assured young man setting his own course to success. An individualist, he's more concerned with performance than price. The same holds true for the magazine he reads most often. Fact: PLAYBOY readers pay full price for their favorite magazine. PLAYBOY's circulation of 6,600,000 includes over 5,000,000 copies purchased at \$1 each. Want to reach an audience willing to pay top dollar to see your advertising? Go with the leader. Go with PLAYBOY. (Source: Publisher's estimate.)



WE WERE OUT FRONT on our porch, the Kuliks, my wife, Angela, and I, when Sarah Standish returned that Saturday morning. Angela had just put the baby in to nap, we were all having an early drink, Joe Kulik was telling a joke. In the middle of the joke, we saw something across

the street catch Jeannie Kulik's eye.

"Look there," she said.

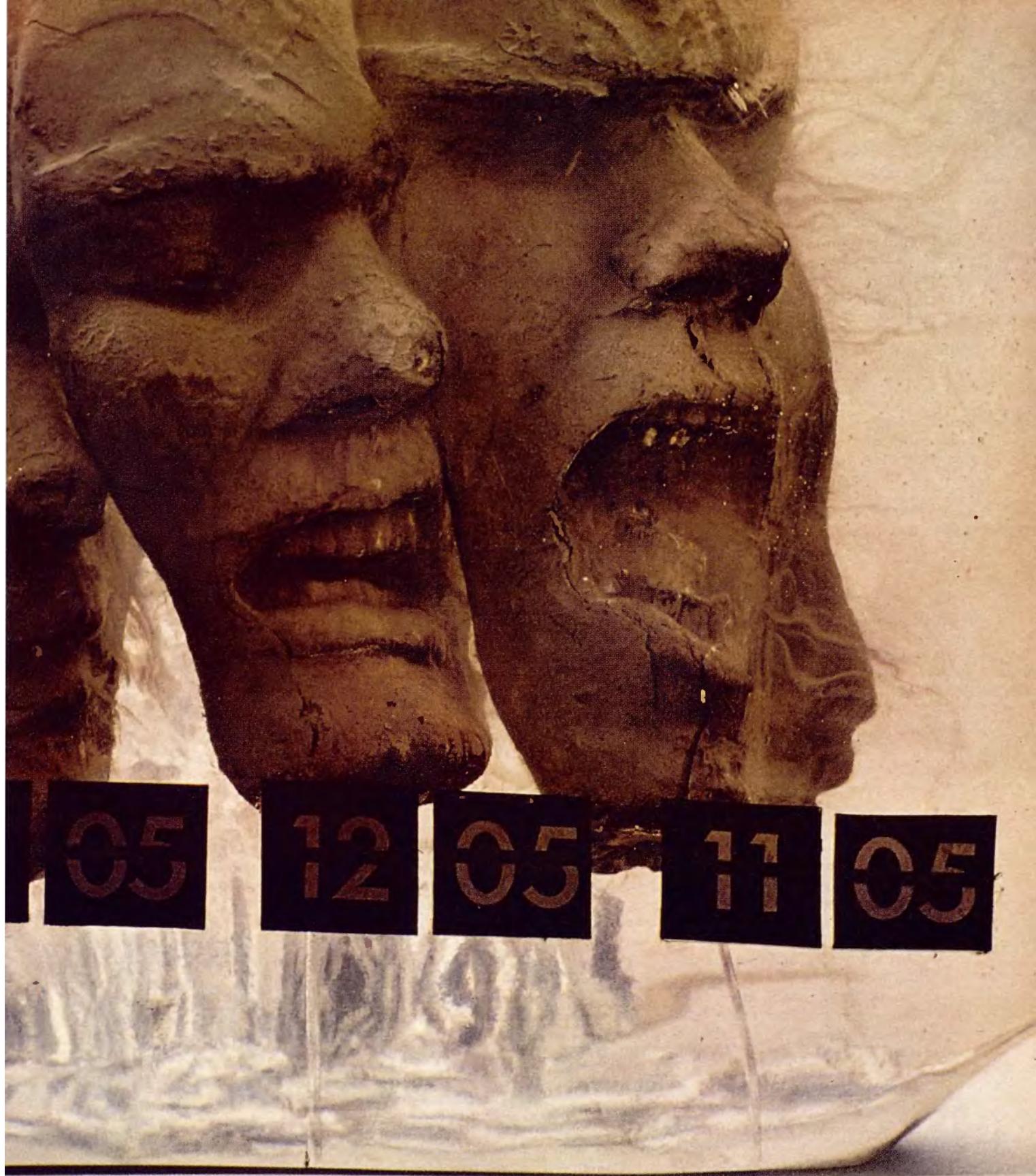
The Standish house was a knight's move from ours across the street, a bishop's move from the Kuliks'. A taxi was pulling up in front.

"A taxi," my wife said, "of all things."

"It's the old witch in her straw tam."

We watched Sarah Standish get out of the taxi, snatch her suitcase from the driver, measure out the fare and turn up the walk.

"She's madder'n a hornet. Where's she been, I wonder?" *(continued overleaf)*



## BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD

*fiction By THOMAS BAUM before you accept roy standish's invitation to visit him, we'd like to offer a neighborly word of caution: his new sun porch is something special*

"Visiting relatives, maybe. I haven't seen her in a while. Or heard her. Which is something. We saw the old man drive her to the station—when was it, Jim?"

"Three weeks ago," I said.

"He must've forgotten to meet her at the bus."

"God help him."

Sarah Standish was at her front door now. She'd set down her suitcase on the steps and was jabbing hard at the bell.

"He has to be home," my wife said.

"Where else would he be? The car's in the garage."

"Probably busy on the sun porch," said Joe Kulik.

The Standish house was the oldest on our block, a fair-sized Victorian gingerbread with a big lawn that none of the kids dared cross. Early that spring, Roy Standish had begun to add on a sun porch. It was mid-May and the porch was just about finished. Three weeks ago, Joe Kulik and I had watched Standish nail the shingles.

"Come to think of it," I said, "I haven't seen the old man since his wife left that day."

"Look, she's hunting in her bag for her key. And making a big show of it."

"In case the old man should come to the door."

"Now she's got it. She's going in. We'll hear some yelling now."

We watched Sarah Standish lift the suitcase over the threshold and set it down in the vestibule. A light went on in the Standish front hall. We couldn't see into any room, because of the shades and lace curtains and drapes that covered every window three times over—everywhere but on the new sun porch. Then we heard a scream.

"Good Lord!" said Jeannie Kulik.

The light went off again in a hurry. The front door opened, and the screen door, and Sarah Standish was out on the front steps. Her hand was over her mouth. Behind her we could see the suitcase still in the vestibule. Twice she glanced back at the open door, then turned and re-entered the house. The screen door slammed.

"Somebody call the police," my wife said.

Joe Kulik went inside. In a moment, he was back. "She called already. Ed Banks is on his way. We'd better see, meantime. Jim?"

I nodded. "Let's go." We got up and headed across the street. It was a sharp, cloudless mid-May morning, with just a bit of breeze in the elms. Screen doors were banging all the way up the block. We all had heard the scream. Tom Schroeder, his dog beside him, and Bill Shackleford were jogging toward us, and George McAlister, the Standishes' next-door neighbor, followed by his daughter, Cheryl. As we all started up the walk,

the noon siren, and the church bells, began to sound.

"Tom? Watch your dog there." Schroeder's Dalmatian was sniffing the base of one of the Standish elms. The spring before last, Bill Shackleford's dog had had a fatal dose of the dog repellent Sarah Standish sprayed around all their trees. With a whistle, Tom called his Dalmatian back to the sidewalk. We went up the steps. Downstreet, the church bells struck the 12th chime. I peered in the screen door.

"Mrs. Standish?"

She was the only woman on the block any of us would fail to call by her first name. We could just about make her out in the front hall. She had seen us and was coming to lock the door. I opened it before she could get to the latch. We stepped into the vestibule.

"Get out," she said. She was pushing on the door.

"What's wrong, Mrs. Standish?"

"All of you. Get off my steps. And get that dog out of here. You've all been tramping on my lawn!" She stepped in front of us, I saw, to block our view of the living room to our right. McAlister, Kulik, Schroeder, Shackleford and I, we all saw this, and then we saw what was lying on the Standishes' living-room floor. McAlister put an arm out to shield his daughter, Cheryl, steering her back toward the front door. Kulik and I went on past Sarah Standish into the living room.

"Good God!" Joe Kulik said.

The body was lying face up across a bare stretch of floor between an antique chair and a fancy carpet. It was the dead, naked body of a young boy. The eyes were open, staring up from the bottom of two sockets like pieces of black foam. The body, all over, was bony, starved, the upper arms no thicker than the wrists, eggshell white except where the blood had settled. He had been dead some time. There was an odor around the body, mixing with the odor of unfinished wood drifting in from Roy Standish's sun porch. The light through Roy Standish's sun-porch windows lay across the dead boy's face and chest.

"Who is it, Jim?"

I shook my head. I was trying to imagine the bones with more flesh on them, but still it was no face I had ever seen.

"He's been dead awhile."

"Couldn't be more than fifteen years old."

"Who is it, Mrs. Standish?"

She was standing there, furious, with no intention of answering anything. The screen door banged just then and Ed Banks came in. Sarah Standish wheeled around.

"I insist that you order these people to leave."

Ed just flipped up his black glasses,

staring past Sarah into the living room. I recalled how Ed's youngest boy had put a softball through the Standishes' kitchen window last summer and how Sarah Standish had called Ed Banks's superior to complain.

"You give us a minute, now, Sarah," he said. He bent over the body of the dead boy. He gave it a long look, without moving it or touching it, and then took out a pack of cigarettes, offering it around. "What do you make of this?" he asked. "Who is it, Sarah?"

She eyed him coldly. "My name is Mrs. Standish."

"You recognize this body, Sarah?"

"You're that policeman from up the street," she said.

"Is your husband around, Sarah?"

"Officer, I am not obliged to answer your questions, so long as you refuse to enforce the privacy of my home. And I find you insolent."

"We're all neighbors here, Sarah."

"I do not consider you my neighbor, nor any of these people." She looked around as she said this and her cold eyes came to rest a moment on George McAlister. It was George who had come closest to dealings with the Standishes. Last winter, a branch of his big oak had fallen on the Standish lawn and the Standishes had sued.

"What was the last time you saw your husband?" asked Ed.

She folded in her lips. "I have been visiting my sister for the last three weeks."

"Your husband is retired?"

"I imagine you know everything about us, the way you permit people to barge in here—"

"Was he in the habit of leaving home for any length of time?"

Her lips tightened. "My husband never leaves the house without me." She looked around accusingly. I felt Joe Kulik nudge my arm; he was pointing to the sun-porch door, just beyond where the dead boy's legs lay twisted on the dark floor. Cheryl McAlister was looking through, too, at the sun porch. Joe and I had watched Roy Standish build. A power saw and sander lay in one corner, along with a vacuum cleaner for the sawdust and a pair of shoes. Bare wood shelves ran along one wall, empty except for a neatly folded pile of work clothes and a homemade digital clock. The windows were large, designed, it appeared, to let in all the light that Sarah Standish's drapes, blinds, shades and curtains kept from the rest of the house. In the center of the sun porch was an easy chair.

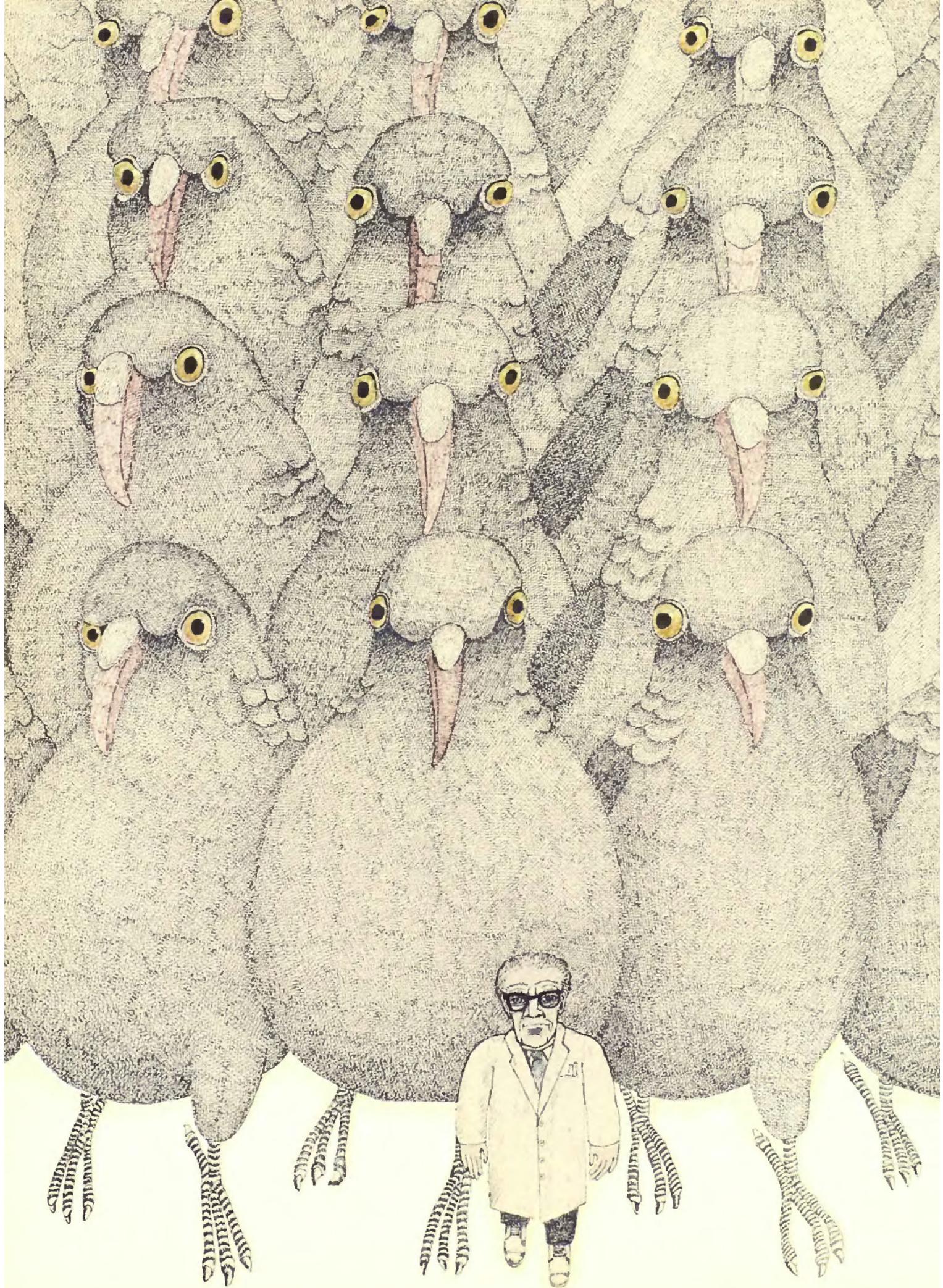
"The hermit's retreat," Joe whispered.

I nodded, looking at the easy chair. In the living room, where we were, there was no large or comfortable chair, just

(continued on page 154)



*"We have, Akira, nine of the twelve danger  
signals of a sailing marriage."*



*article* By DONN PEARCE HARVARD. Brick sidewalks. Old cemeteries. Black picket fences. Traffic jams. Granite. Money. Umbrellas. Two Halloween pumpkins on a Victorian porch. John Kenneth Galbraith reading the paper while getting a shoe shine at the cafeteria. Paul Revere. Longfellow. Freaks with beards in country overalls. Professors with ties and raincoats, hair short and gray. Political posters. Student centers. Memorial plaques. Bicyclists wearing safety vests of Day-Glo orange. A lighted window. A face bent over a book.

My feet are slow and stealthy as I limp along those dark and rainy streets. I am cold. I am worried. I have been sent to do a guy named B. F. Skinner. Mister 1984. The Brainwasher. The Pigeon Man. The guy who wants to do away with our freedom and our dignity. Professor of psychology, author of ten books, inventor of the air crib, designer of the teaching machine, architect of communes, recipient of 15 honorary degrees, visiting lecturer, high on the best-seller list, darling of the talk shows, winner of a hatful of awards, grants and fellowships. He has already been attacked by the church, by *Time*, by the Freudians, humanists and existentialists, by Spiro Agnew and the *New York Times Book Review*. Now it's my turn.

Psychology. The great pseudo science. A few phenomena explained, a few theories advanced. But no predictions. Because nobody really knows. The tool has not yet been invented that enables scientists to peer into the mind, the personality, the brain, the soul or whatever it is that makes us tick. Until the microscope was invented, man could only speculate about the nature of disease. Until the telescope, we knew nothing of the universe. And until their fantastic gadget does come along, psychologists will remain, in effect, witch doctors.

We have had Freud, whose frame of reference was the past; Adler, who dealt with the present; Jung, who looked to the mystic future. The psychoanthropologists believe man is the product of his evolutionary instincts. Piaget thinks it is all a matter of development. As for therapy, there has been psychoanalysis, electric shock, surgery, drugs, ice packs, hypnosis, sexual tutoring, psychodrama, group confession, electrodes implanted in the brain, dream interpretation, massage, touch exercises and marathon encounters. Carl Rogers says the only thing that counts is the self. Rollo May says a cause-and-effect science cannot be applied to human psychology. R. D. Laing says we should all go crazy in order to become sane. Thomas Szasz says there's no such thing as crazy.

And then there is B. F. Skinner. He denies the very existence of the mind. Since it cannot be measured, it cannot scientifically exist. Only behavior itself can be observed and measured, only behavior can be modified. Skinner is a determinist. He is an empiricist. He is an atheist. To him, all meaningful behavior is a unique, personal set of responses that are contingent upon the individual's environment. The rest is pretension and vanity. The idea of an autonomous inner man with a free, responsible soul is merely old superstition. Skinner assumes that human behavior is orderly. To control human behavior by controlling man's environment is what Skinnerism is all about.

And this would be the key to (continued on page 86)

## GOD IS A VARIABLE INTERVAL

*this distinguished, gentle man has a vision—today pigeons, tomorrow the world*

# BOXCAR BERTHA

*teaming up in a  
provocative new film,  
barbara hershey and  
david carradine make war  
on the railroads and  
love on the run*



**I**F you got the idea from *Bonnie and Clyde* that the life of an outlaw in the Thirties was a rip-roaring game of cops and robbers, the just-released film *Boxcar Bertha*, starring Barbara Hershey and David Carradine, should set you straight. The story of a legendary woman train heister who terrorized the South Central United States, *Bertha* depicts the bitter struggle between labor organizers and the railroad companies that oppressed employees with threats of lock-outs and withheld wages. "I think the movie's more real than *Bonnie and Clyde*," says Carradine, who portrays Bertha's cohort and lover, Big Bill Shelley. "The people aren't romantic; they're just lowly workers fighting a corporate tyrant."



Between train holdups and confrontations with the law, Bertha (Barbara Hershey) and Big Bill Shelley (David Carradine) find time for more intimate encounters. "But they have a few sex problems at the start," says Carradine. "For example, when they first meet in a boxcar, they have some trouble getting it on. It's only later, in an abandoned shack, after Bill's started caring about Bertha, that their sex gets good."

Besides their rebellion against railroad czar H. Buckram Sartoris (played by John Carradine, David's father), Bertha and Bill also share a common desire—for honest love and good sex. And if their passionate scenes seem more true to life than most screen encounters, it's no accident: Barbara and David have been sharing bed and board for several years and, what's more, she's now pregnant with his child. "Doing the sex scenes with David was very good," says Barbara, who starred in TV's *The Monroes* and several films, including *Last Summer* and *The Babymaker*. "We wanted to really make it, though it was hard with the camera crews around. But we sure didn't have to fake anything." Obviously not.



"To me, the film's more about Bertha as a woman than about her career as an outlaw," says Barbara. "Sure, she robs trains with Bill as the only way to fight the railroad's strangle hold over workers' lives. But that's not as important to her as being with him. She might seem pretty tough, but life's forced her to be that way. There's nothing women's lib about her; all she really wants is to fuck with her man."



our salvation, a means to circumvent the cycles of wars and personal aggressions, the competitions, the struggles for territory and status, the constant, dark anxieties about security. These are not inevitable, inborn traits but are merely responses to the various contingencies to which man has been traditionally exposed.

Skinner would thus set us free from ourselves. At the negligible cost of our ancient delusion of self-sovereignty, we could gain an eternal guarantee of universal community, a denial of the evils of jealousy and vicious gossip, a world of harmony, of meaningful work, of joyous certainty in having enough food, enough clean air and water, a removal of the nuclear overcast. There would be culture. There would be peace. And there would be love.

He is emphatically insistent on the one basic point, that human behavior is not an insoluble mystery and it is not too complex to be studied as a science. It can be measured. It can be studied and formulated. It can be modified and even controlled to prescription.

In his current best seller, *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*, he goes further. The human species is now headed for its own destruction, atomic and polluted. We must learn to control ourselves. We must learn to behave. But the necessary technical knowledge for a true science of human behavior is not yet complete and it is being thwarted and blocked by our own hang-ups, the traditional concepts of personal freedom, of personal blame and credit, of personal responsibility. We must give up these archaic notions, so that the scientists can get on with the job. And we must do it now, because there isn't much time.

It all came from the Skinner box (a term that others coined and which he himself hates), a laboratory invention that enabled him to study the behavior of rats and pigeons. The animal moves or pecks at a button and food drops into a cup. But then you adjust the mechanism and it gets fed every other time or every fifth time or every ninth, 11th and 33rd time. Or it must hit the button, wait and hit it again. Or it must hit the button twice when the red light goes on without the green light. By changing the environment, that is, the conditions of the box, you can change the behavior. You can make it happy or crazy. You can even make it refuse to respond at all.

And it works. In ten minutes Skinner can teach an ordinary domestic pigeon to dance a figure-eight pattern. In just five minutes he can teach an ordinary dog to walk across the room and put his nose against the leg of a chair. Any leg of any chair, any dog. And he will never touch the dog.

Even more important, he will never punish the dog. His system is one of rewards only. The old-fashioned technique of aversive control for desirable social behavior is not good enough. It never works very well and often doesn't work at all. What we need is something utterly new and much more efficient, a grand design of control by benevolent reinforcement. In other words, we must accentuate the positive and eliminate the negative.

So Skinner's proposal is very simple. Let's be scientific. Let's redesign the whole social order. No more punishment, only rewards. Money. Food. Security. Whatever you like. The whole world will be a grand Skinner box planned for the maximum benefit of all. What if you don't want to get into that box? You'll want to. You'll like it.

Yes. But what guarantee is there that some Big Brother may not get hold of this "operant conditioning" and make brainwashed zombies of us all? Atomic energy was originally designed for peace. DDT was designed to get rid of insects, detergents to get rid of dirt, heroin to relieve pain. The whole phenomenon of the lobotomy procedure from inception to disgrace lasted only five years. There are human vegetables tucked away in institutions everywhere. Yet the guy who started it all was given the Nobel Prize.

\* \* \*

Skinner's house. Quiet street. Shade trees. Pleasant, modern and unpretentious. The house is light, small, neutral in color, impeccable, air conditioned, comfortable. The slate flagstones in the foyer are waxed to a hard glow. There is a clavichord with Bach music on the stand. The wall behind the Steinway piano is solid books. His wife is apologetic about the missing sofa, which has gone off to be reupholstered.

There is little eye contact between us at first. I suspect he is embarrassed by my over-the-collar hair, love beads and shark's tooth. Maybe not. There are plenty of freaks at Harvard. But his fragile, 68-year-old mannerisms, his erudition and vocabulary certainly intimidate me. I feel obligated to confess that this assignment might be a little bit over my head. Not only am I not a specialist in psychology but I dropped out of high school when I was 15. On the other hand, I think I know a little something about freedom and about dignity. Skinner looks at me, briefly, then looks away. I feel like something chalked up on the blackboard that has just been erased.

He is a perfect image of the country WASP grandfather. He gets up at five to write and later walks two miles to his Harvard office. He doesn't tolerate much nonsense. He says it's not true that he rails against sex; it's just that the hippie

idea of lying around having sex all the time is simply not productive. For their own sense of integrity, he believes people on welfare should be given some kind of work to do. Except for certain preachers, Skinner is the only man I ever heard who uses the word sloth.

Yvonne Skinner is a handsome woman of 60, smiling, warm, pleasant and quite liberated. She makes it clear that she doesn't like the concept of communal living, described in her husband's book *Walden Two*. She likes her privacy and she likes to cook for a small group. She also likes to travel, having just returned from a trip to East Africa.

For eight years they were both chess fiends. Lousy losers, they yelled at each other and kept careful records of wins, draws and losses, and then went right back at it every night as soon as dinner was over. They read chess books and belonged to chess clubs, memorized defenses and gambits, made excuses to each other about losing. They finally gave it up in exhaustion.

I find Skinner to be talkative but distant and shy. A perfect academic, he has always been isolated from the street and the market place. That means he is conscious of rank, intellectually snobbish, competitive. He does have a sense of humor, but it is genteel and restrained. Me, I like people who laugh from the ground up. Somehow, I can't imagine him enjoying the sense of touch or smell. Yet he is a nice, pleasant old guy, charming and cordial. And then, too, he has another kind of passion, the deep, smoldering devotion of the laboratory, the love of fact, statistic, insight and thesis. And I have to remember that he labored for decades with no public recognition. Now he is overwhelmed by violent personal attacks.

We move to his office downstairs, a very plain workroom, full of files and shelves and stacks of manuscripts. There is a framed photograph of his famous experiment with two pigeons, teaching them to play ping-pong. Skinner considers it a mere classroom demonstration of the principles of competition, nothing very complicated. They batted the ball back and forth across a miniature table. When one pigeon got it past his opponent and into the opposite slot, his food cup was filled. And those pigeons really went to work, developing spins and English and furious volleys. Another photograph shows an example of cooperation. Two pigeons were in adjacent cages, sharing a common wall of glass. Each had a food cup and each had a vertical series of buttons. In order to get fed, each pigeon had to peck at each button in the same sequence at precisely the same time.

In the rest of the basement, he has a workshop with all sorts of hand and power tools. In another room, he has

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# BLACK MAGIC

*an all-season offshoot of the blazer*

**attire By ROBERT L. GREEN** No, that's not Dick Butkus; it's artist Roy Carruthers' fanciful rendering of a rather substantial fellow in a black brushed-cotton single-breasted two-button jacket with notched lapels and patch pockets, \$125, that's worn with a multicolor striped silk shirt with long-pointed collar and two-button cuffs,

\$65, both by Jackie Rogers; and a pair of natural-color brushed-cotton jeans with Western pockets and straight legs, by New Man for Jackie Rogers, \$25. Real tough!

Roy Carruthers

# ode to a bottomless bathtub

*personality* By **TERRY GALANOY** ernie kovacs was the first to make the little screen tilt, ripple and tell video lies—all this and the nairobi trio, too



TELEVISION has been made manageable in the past ten years or so. What we're fed from the box are rarely live events, only yards of tape with all the true, imperfect moments clinically eliminated. But before TV was given over to marketers and technicians, it aroused in us

a sense of wonder. It was this sense that fed the imagination of the first, and still the only, comic genius of the medium, Ernie Kovacs. His recognition of television's limitless potential to fool, compel—even unnerve—an audience was the key to his humor. Kovacs' compe-

tion performed club acts before a camera or, like Red Skelton, Lucille Ball and Sid Caesar, merchandised continuing characterizations. Henny Youngman brayed, "Take my wife, young man," while George Burns and Groucho Marx leaned on cigars, straight ladies and even used a



drop-down duck for their punch lines.

While television showcased comics, it overexposed them, too. Routines that took years to develop were destroyed in minutes by the camera's interrogating gaze. Quitting in 1958, Sid Caesar muttered, "The novelty of comedy on television has worn off and we need new writers to supply the jokes and a new breed of people to enjoy them."

\* \* \*

*CAMERA SEES flutist spraying water out of flute holes. Water then spills down onto the neck of the cellist sitting below him. Two violins are oozing pizza dough, which is dripping into the kettle drum. The drummer drops his sticks for the final chord and drumsticks and arms disappear into the dough-filled drum.*

Kovacs never stood up to tell a joke or deliver a monolog; he had no inclination to learn how. He never performed to an applauding studio audience or a laugh track. A snicker from his cameraman was the precise appreciation he wanted. It was just another touch, part of the effect: this small sound of response breaking an otherwise ponderous silence.

Kovacs poked buttons and prodded lenses and zoomed when he shouldn't have, used split screens and dissolves, double images and superimpositions, filters, outlines and matting to speak from the camera to his audience. He was the first to show wavy lines coming from a perfume bottle, water spraying from the top of a man's head, a girl vanishing on camera as she undressed, a beard disappearing just as it's touched with a razor, a miniature woman climbing up an arm, a man with a bullet wound out of which smoke is pouring; once he even threw a lighted match at a camera, knowing that the bright flame would burn out the camera tube—which it did.

\* \* \*

*MEDIUM SHOT of burglar kneeling and working on safe combination. He carefully clicks last number and opens door. Matted perfectly into the opening is another burglar opening another safe.*

Kovacs coupled his technical trickery with props—magic props, breakaway props—sometimes real, sometimes merely sketched on a studio backdrop by Kovacs or his crew. He put himself into a giant water-filled bottle one day, breaking it from the inside and wading out. He put fake rubber arms on a weight lifter that stretched when he tried to pick up a bar bell. He built a syncopated office containing a water cooler that bubbled, a typewriter that clacked, a clock that ticked, a file drawer that opened, a radiator that steamed, a switchboard that lit up with dancing plug-in cords, a desk that opened, a

telephone that rang, a pencil sharpener that turned, a carafe that poured, a desktop spindle stacked with papers that jiggled and ten paper clips that piled up by themselves—all on cue and perfectly in rhythm with background music.

Many more Kovacs bits depended upon the ear. A wrist watch ticked like Big Ben. A cannon roared like a lion. Germs gossiped. His Hungarian soul liked sobbing Danube violins, waves of blaring bugles, heavy and schmaltzy middle European rounds and marches. For other effects, he probed the dissonant musical forms of Bartók, Darius Milhaud and Villa-Lobos. *Mack the Knife* from Kurt Weill's *The Threepenny Opera* often underscored sight gags that had no dialog.

Kovacs had a surreal preoccupation with disembodied anatomy. Ears popped through walls, a hand came out of a diary to slap the person who was peeking, a pair of hands emerged from a piano to choke the inept player, a referee held up a winner's hand with no boxer attached.

He created characters, some long forgotten, such as Irving Wong, the Chinese songwriter, and some who are a permanent part of television lore, such as the Nairobi Trio. The trio was made up of Ernie, his wife, Edie Adams, and an assistant, Peter Handley—all costumed as apes in Edwardian suits. With stiff, windup-toy motions, they played a haunting, unforgettable piece of music called *Solfaggio*. Kovacs also created Skodny Silsky, the Hollywood columnist; Rock Mississippi, the rock-n-roll singer; Howard, the invisible ant; and his most famous character, Percy Dovetonsils. Dressing gown-wrapped, martini-sipping Dovetonsils read poetic epics like *Ode to a Six-by-Sixteen Tire* and *Love in Hightstown, New Jersey*. Dovetonsils looked out at the world through oversized, myopic eyes painted on his glasses. He constantly interrupted his readings with coos and gurgles about the martini in his hand. One time he complained that his drink had turned brown because its taste was so beautiful it had made him cry, and his mascara had run into it.

When one felt he had Kovacs pinned down—and began to recognize and anticipate the big electronic trick, or the breakaway-props shtick, or the characterization gimmick—he'd invent something so singularly outrageous that it fit no existing category of his humor. He did the first commercial using classical music as the only sound. He did a *Swan Lake* ballet with apes. He created a satire of panel shows called *Whom Dunnit?*, in which the panel tried to guess the identity of the assailant by asking the victim questions like, "Is your wound bigger than a breadbox?"

One of his lasting satires (thanks to

two comics who are using it uncredited) was an interview with The Man with the Unforgettable Experience who can't remember it.

He created a commercial for the Gummed Label Institute, which built to a curtain opening on a 125-voice chorus that sang only one phrase: "BUY GUM!" The sponsors, the director, the network all pleaded with Kovacs to use the chorus more in that week's show—at least once more. But Kovacs firmly refused. The total shock of all that buildup and expense for two words was the effect he wanted.

Kovacs was also the first to make fun of show credits. One time he had the cast names printed on a leg cast. On another show, he credited the music to "Bubbles" Bartók and "Hank" Haydn.

If all this sounds recently familiar, it's because Kovacs lives on today in talk-show sketches, in skits on network specials, in scores of sight gags on *Laugh-In* and its imitators.

\* \* \*

*Girl in bathtub piled high with suds . . . diver climbs out of tub . . . periscope emerges from suds and looks at her . . . shark fin goes by . . . water burns after she lights cigarette . . . sailor, woman and dog come out of suds and walk away . . . outboard motor goes by.*

Kovacs' father had emigrated from Hungary at the age of 13 and worked for nine dollars a week in the Trenton, New Jersey, Police Department to support his wife and two sons. But when Prohibition came along, the Kovacs' living standards changed. Ernie's father left the police department to go into the beverage business—supplying his own enterprise and others equipped with peepholes in their doors. Soon the Kovacs moved from their drab little house in Trenton to a 20-room suburban estate with a four-car garage, tennis courts, dog kennels and horse stables. Ernie was shipped off to a private school.

The wealth lasted until he was 16, when the family business faltered and he returned to Trenton High School. Kovacs showed such promise in school drama productions that his instructor suggested him for a scholarship to the New York School of the Theater. He often appeared at the John Drew Theater on Long Island, where he lived in a four-dollar-a-week tenement room and subsisted on a loaf of bread a day.

This routine inevitably led Kovacs to a hospital bed. His lungs were filled with fluid and it appeared doubtful that he would live. They drained the lungs then and continued to treat him for over a year. Kovacs stayed on the critical

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### **memoir by herbert gold**

IN 1956 I WROTE A NOVEL, *The Man Who Was Not With It*, destined, of course, to change the world and put my picture on the five-cent stamp. I had made the real unreal and the unreal real. Amid the Eisenhower doldrums and the new beatnik mongering of self, I committed an act of magic—drawing the meaning of life out of the jabber of those carnival wildballs I loved in my adolescence and still love. Well, it got some good reviews and some bad ones. First I suffered the paranoia of I Wrote a Book disease, and then the thought: *Is this all? Is this what it's about?* I wrote a book and it was published and it speaks to some and not to others. Is that all there is?

Brood with buzzing head over coffee, and then, like a spider, spin a web from my own body that might catch a few flies? Not a proper history for a man and a member of the community of men. This work I do, these dreams I have, should not define a life. I knew I had more to do on earth, but for the moment, I defined the *more* as girls for my soul and money for my obligations. Of such curious substances Manhattan helped me define reality. It, too, is a spider. I'll not apologize too many times. Since marriage and the conjugal life did not

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*adrift in manhattan, a dead marriage in his wake, our hero seeks literary fame and score-card fornication in the community of girls and the commerce of culture*

*"Well, doctor, aren't you glad that  
one of us still makes house calls?"*





THE VARGAS GIRL

## in the community of girls

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make the community I sought, I had decided a divorce and the nervous gaming of ambition and pleasure in Manhattan would be my alternate fate. So I let it seem. Greedily I embraced the competition and fun and stroking of the self that I had glimpsed from my miseries as a spouse. What joy not to be in hot little rooms with a wife, rending and being rent! What release to make my own silences! I was unready for possibilities other than varieties of isolation. I thought these were the options of pain and liberation.

I took lodging in a furnished maid's quarters, with Goodwill end tables and a tufted green couch that heaved and groaned like some ancient domestic beast when I sat on it. The widow whose apartment it was, at West End Avenue and 101st Street, sometimes left fried potatoes wrapped in newspaper at my door to indicate that her will toward me was of the highest and best. She left me undisturbed in my two nervous domestic activities, bringing girls home and running my writing factory.

The girls were a function of some pay-me-back overload. I had missed out on the fun. I was catching up and taking revenge. I'm not proud of it. I was impure. The factory was to support my daughters in Detroit: to make the profession of writing do a work it was not made for. Once I dreamily gave myself to words. Now the dreamy words had to pay the price of divorce. Well, no complaint. It was better than not paying the price.

Just living from day to day seemed a much more demanding assignment than writing, and the hard work of writing—was it hard work? I made it desperately easy work—was done in an exhausting state of somnambulism, images brooding in head all the time and then rushed onto paper while my head spun around; the body a bit behind the head; the head and heart's dreaming inviolate, it seemed, despite the soiling exigencies of surviving day to day. I was wrong about that. Not inviolate. My landlady, hiding behind the door, listened to the typewriter jump on her Goodwill table. What the devil kind of factory am I? My shoulders hurt after I hit the machine as if it were throwing rivets onto steel.

I found my way by an aggravation of energy, spattering out hashmeat articles and heartfelt horror stories. "Down and Out in Paris and Shaker Heights." Tales of disc-jockey ideals. Hopped-up refugees from the GI Bill. Then I began a novel, *Salt*, about the worn-out young men of New York— bachelor masturbators and divorced night wanderers and their girl fodder. They were the ones who mortgaged love and sold liens on their desires. A stockbroker, an advertis-

ing copy writer, a Village chick who decorated fashion windows. It was too close for more discomfort; I came to love them. Their greed was mine.

During my hours of work I lived with this greed and hope. They were real people, my brothers and sisters, discovering their destiny in my furnished flat as I made marks about them in spiral notebooks. The rest of the days and nights I smiled among the speedy psychopathic charmers of Manhattan, maladapted and secretly OK, just making out fine.

I wrote to my daughters, wondered if they received my letters, and then, like a spoiled brat myself (no reply), fretted at the strength they drew from me, strength I needed to survive in this distant city. Assigning blame for their failure to reply, their puzzled hurt at my absence and silence, I wanted to kill; and then a glimpse of a woman with a child on Riverside Drive and I fell in love upon sight with both child and unknown mother; and then telephoned to say I was leaving right now for Detroit, where I invariably caught the flu and two weeks later had a fever blister (herpes dwelled in the same spot on my lip, a nest of virus; there's a scar forever).

I resented their claim on me. I adored them. I was responsible for their fate. I wished I could be free of claims. I did the work of the world to get the money demanded for them. I couldn't blame them, no matter what. I had a powering fury to write for them, even to explain to them. I was alone in my bondage, it seemed, despite all the East and West Side fathers taking their children to Disney matinees—no community in this collection of stony escorts with wild charges.

Arrangements were made for my daughters to stay with me in New York. Rights of visitation. The dangers of flight, train and escorts were all negotiated with the help of stubbornness and insistence. My daughter Ann said about my apartment: "It's so small." And then Judy: "But we like your so-small house, Daddy." Empire State Building, Automat, Statue of Liberty and The Cloisters. The house they liked was my factory. I didn't really live in it. I lay awake in the dark, comforted by the echo of those words: "Daddy, I like your so-small house."

The city was full of writers who began their lives full of doubts about themselves and others. They resolved the problem by continuing to mistrust others but also by learning to love themselves with extraordinary passion in order to make up for the faults of the world. They burned with tenderness for the only pure heart in town. In their books they spoke of love, faith, generosity and trust, fractioning off pieces of self-devoted sweetness; but it was their

own hurt, the healing of their own hurt, themselves as doctors to themselves, for whom they were writing prescriptions.

All love begins with self-love, we are told by the human-heart experts, pediatrics division. True enough, I guess; but somehow we are supposed to move on from childish self-love and arrive at the love of others as ourselves. The professional charmers settled for seeming. The witty, cynical or deeply pressured ones found styles—hipness, elegance, violence—to signal the presence of the lack. They were serious; therefore they settled for evasion and fame. The serious writers.

The trivial ones were just trying to make out. The pretentious ones were trying to sell off pieces of the serious ones. The sickness of Grub Street in the metropolis came partly because so many suddenly got what they wanted; it was the beginning of boom times for writers (prizes, advances, fellowships, money). They were stuck with what they craved. Writers from Brooklyn, Texas or Chicago were introduced to the style of the steamed-clam eaters, men like the poet Morgan Delaney's father, now directors of foundations, shifting in and out of tax-exempt operations, bringing novelists and poets into clubs with smiling bartenders and Christmas funds, memberships passed on through the male line, wives welcome in the downstairs bar. "Well, it's a nice place to meet, a little refuge from the city. Now, tell me: Your new book—"

It's about Duluth. It's about the Industrial Triangle. It's about the decay of the inner city.

"Would it profit from being written, say, in the Villa Castiglione? Would you learn from visits to Silone, Sartre and the Old Vic?"

And as in all boom times, in basements nearby, others waited in anguish for some of the success of which they had heard rumors to trickle down. They choked on their bile, they cracked up, they awaited their turn. In the meantime, they listened to the geniuses of the season telling about the apocalypse on talk shows: "In my new book, David, where I rip open the existential malaise of my generation—"

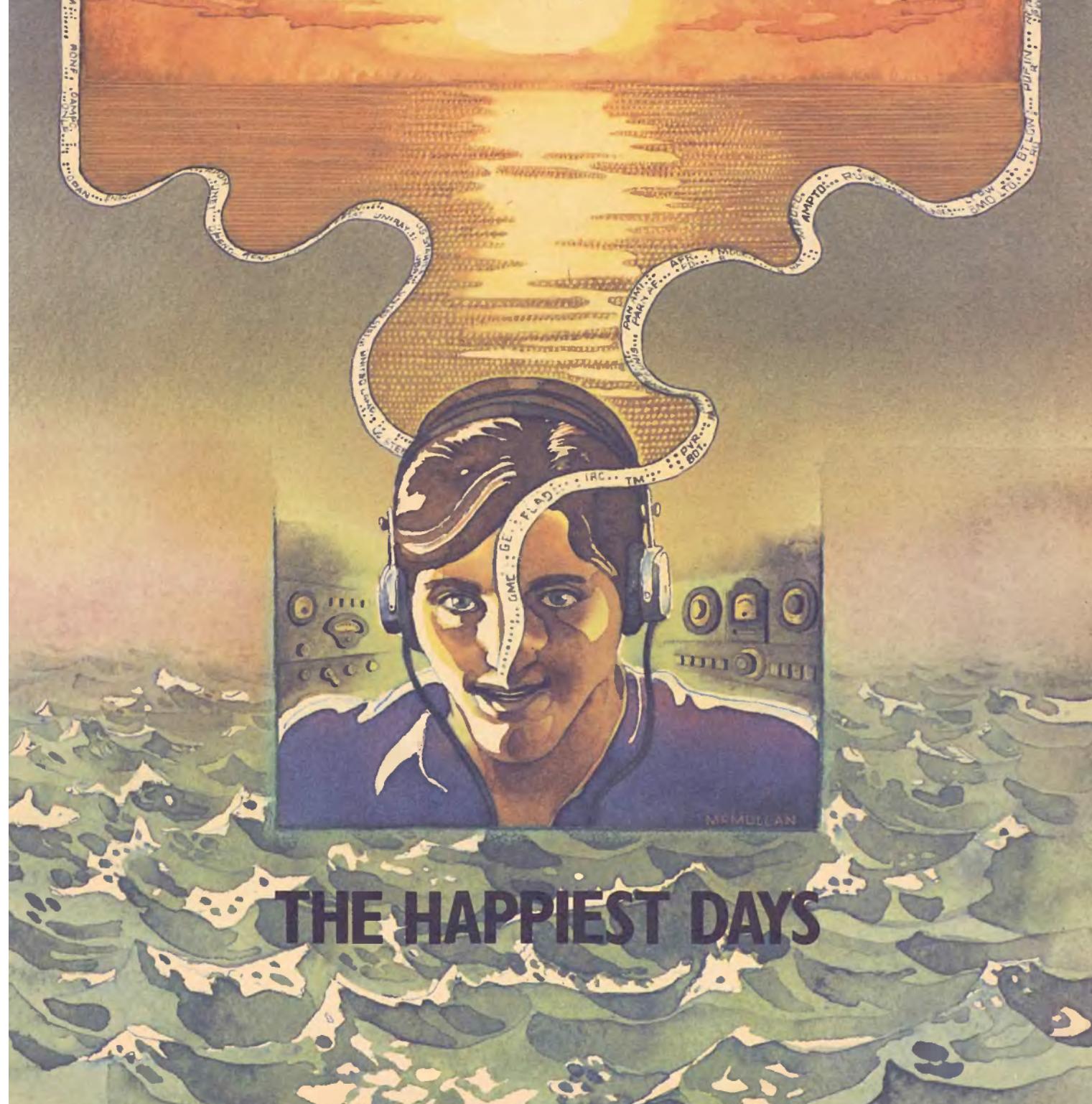
In this rising flood of conquest and gaming, I confused power over women with power over myself. I cared not so much for the world. The community I had sought receded into dimness. The Manhattan of my student days was a village on Morningside Heights; the Manhattan of careering was a game preserve in which I stalked Miss Right, all of us ready to stab her in the heart if we had the bad luck to find her. I made sure to find nothing but Miss Wrong. I courted a solemn intellectual model who wrote for *Commonweal* and hated to crack her face for laughter. I

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*he kept everyone ecstatic on that slow boat to china with a web of wonderful lies*

*fiction* By SLOAN WILSON

***fiction* By SLOAN WILSON** FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS, I met a man I shall here call Morris Rich aboard a yacht that I am afraid I must call the Happy Ness moored in Hudson Harbor off 79th Street in New York. The boat was one of those fat floating fiberglass apartments that somehow make me feel both envious and contemptuous at the same time. Her name, the like of which is dismally common around marinas these days, did not increase my admiration for her owner, a man whom I shall call Carl Ness to conform with the change I have had to make in his boat's name. He was a guy with an ugly but luxurious \$200,000 vessel cutely named after himself and for business reasons I had to go to a party he was giving aboard. The boat basin is beautiful from a distance when many handsome craft are moored there, but ordinarily I do not like to go near it. The Hudson River is, to put it most mildly, unclean there. Perhaps because of indecision about plans for marinas in the city, the place has not been improved much over the decades and somehow retains most of the inconveniences with few of the charms that it had 40 years ago. The wash from large ships often sets yachts rolling against wharves in an unnerving way. Electrical connections and water supplies are uncertain. The outraged complaints of



yachtsmen are turned comic by the rows of ragged black children and ancient paupers of all colors who stand at the rail of the adjacent park and solemnly stare at the 100-ton toys gleaming in the sun. The atmosphere of the place never cheers me up much.

On the day I went aboard the Happy Ness, I was in an even worse mood than I usually am when I visit that pier, because Carl Ness made me feel like a precious snob for disapproving so heartily of his ugly boat with the cute name. Carl was, after all, a movie producer with undoubted courage and talent. He did not know as much about yachts as I did, but he sure knew more about motion pictures and money. Although very young by my standards, about 35 compared with my 50 years, he had followed a string of critical successes with a good picture that was also a financial triumph. With his Happy Ness, he was riding the crest of quite a wave, whether the yacht was seaworthy or not.

Carl met me at the gangway of his boat with considerable courtesy. He was dressed in white bell-bottom trousers, which I don't think he associated with the sea, a lace-ruffled shirt and a lavender jacket. His blond hair was done in what I used to call a pageboy bob, but I had seldom before seen it on a person who looked so much like an Elizabethan page boy. The dozen or so guests who were gathered around an elaborate bar on the afterdeck of the yacht were also young, beautiful and dressed in extreme styles—all except for Morris Rich, who was sitting in an armchair near the stern. A distinguished-looking man in his early 60s, Morris wore white-flannel trousers and a navy-blue jacket. With his close-cropped white hair and handsomely tanned face, he looked as though he should have been sitting aboard a graceful yawl built of teak and mahogany back somewhere around 1930.

I had met Morris before and had heard a lot about him, but had never known him well. An urbane man whose confident Harvard accent was made charming by the suggestion of a diffident stutter, he seemed to combine the best of several worlds. He had been a brilliant teacher of drama at Yale. He had been a sailing companion of President Roosevelt, some of whose ebullient charm apparently had rubbed off on him. The son of a banker who had left him a lot of money, he had started at the top in the business of producing plays and had created some memorable successes in the late Thirties and early Forties. Recently he had become interested in producing movies, I had read. He seemed to combine the charms of a gentleman of the old school with those of, as my children would say, a really turned-on character. Despite the fact that he was nearly twice their age, he was perfectly at ease with this new crowd of Broadway and Hollywood people.

He was also, as it turned out, quite a raconteur and had lived an even more varied life than I had suspected. That evening as the setting sun made the Hudson glitter deceptively shining and clean, he held the whole ship's company spellbound with the story that follows. Afterward he gave me permission to retell it if I would change his name and the circumstances a little, as I have dutifully done, although I hope I have preserved the rather elegant essence of the narrator. Before starting, I should also add that Morris would

not say whether his story was entirely true or entirely false. He simply smiled and replied that his business was the creation of illusion and that he had long passed the point where he could tell precisely what was fact and what was illusion in his own grab bag of memories.

His story began when Carl Ness asked him point-blank how he had gotten into the business of producing plays. Morris never really answered that question directly. Staring out over the opalescent waters of the dirty river, he said his first loves had been the sea and radio communication, which had been his ticket to many voyages. After graduating from a small boarding school in Massachusetts, where he had become an enthusiastic ham radio operator, he had gone to sea as a radioman and had traveled all over the world on merchant vessels for three years, starting in 1927.

"The happiest and strangest days of my life came during my voyage on a slow ship from New York to Hong Kong," he said. "The trip started miserably. I was very shy during that period of my life and my stutter was so bad that I was lucky to be able to communicate almost entirely by telegraph key on the radio. I must have seemed a strange bird to my shipmates, for I looked even younger than I was and wore an elaborate wardrobe of supposedly seagoing clothes that my mother had ordered from Brooks Brothers. On this particular voyage, which proved to be my last, we had a great burly captain who was bitter because he had just lost his life savings and his home in the crash of 1929. He and his crew had sailed together for several years and the captain had talked many of them into investing in stocks that had plummeted. They were a disgruntled and tough bunch of men who felt cheated by both the world and one another. You can imagine how they felt toward me, who appeared boyish, almost totally unable to speak and rich on Daddy's money."

"When we sailed from New York, the captain had been reading financial reports that gave him hope that the stock market was going to rocket up again. By asking me direct questions, he learned that my father was a banker and kept asking my opinion on the future of Wall Street. All through the Depression, my father always said that things would get better soon, and I echoed his optimism. The captain liked this and told me to forget receiving weather reports. The one thing he wanted from my radio shack was stock-market reports, which he told me to type up in as much detail as possible and to deliver to his cabin at breakfast time every morning. I soon found that when the market went up even the smallest amount, he became a cheerful man and went around deck reassuring the crew as though he were taking them safely through a fearful gale; but when the stocks dropped, he confined himself morosely to his cabin and yelled at anyone who intruded. When I brought disappointments for him to consume with his breakfast, he gave me almost the Greek treatment for bearers of bad news and viciously mimicked my stutter as he ordered me to return to my shack and listen for new developments."

"My ordeal worsened when we were about a week out of New York. After a day of slightly encouraging news from Wall Street, the ship's radio receiver broke down. The vessel was a run-down *Hog Islander*, a relic of World War One, and much of her equipment had been



*"Forty years ago you would have been burned  
as a witch, Miss Marchpane."*

pawned in New York by the previous radio operator, who also had gone broke by taking his captain's advice. I had few tools, fewer spare parts and no alternate receiver, but this was not considered a sufficient excuse for silence. The captain accused me of gross incompetence and the men became so vicious toward me that I grew afraid to go to mess. When the captain finally ordered me to stay in the radio shack until I could make the receiver work, I was hardly sorry at first, despite the fact that we had a grueling monthlong voyage ahead.

"For about a week I remained in the shack, trying to construct a new receiver out of cannibalized parts from the transmitter and bits of wire. I worried about putting the transmitter out of action, but the captain said we had nothing to send but much to receive. The whole attempt proved futile, for I lacked the training to construct a receiver from so little. Soon I gave up trying and lay miserably in my bunk, just outboard of which a generator chattered and rattled endlessly. As we entered the tropics, the radio shack became almost unbearably hot, and I was afraid to open the door because knots of men would gather and swear at me unless I gave the appearance of working very hard. Condensed moisture dripped from overhead. The constantly increasing heat gave me an intense form of claustrophobia. I soon believed that I actually would suffocate if I didn't get out, but no matter how cravenly I begged the captain for a chance to take a walk on deck, he told me that I would stay where I was until I got the radio receiver to work or we got to Hong Kong, where he planned to discharge me for my failures and send me home without pay. He even had the chief engineer put a padlock on the outside of my door.

"The panic of my claustrophobia made some solution necessary, and I could think of only one. I knew that it was cowardly and that in the end it would almost undoubtedly make my disaster worse, but there are times in a man's life when he simply cannot afford to think of the long-range effects of his actions. One broiling noon shortly after we had crawled through the Panama Canal, I simply decided to pretend that the receiver had been fixed. I could still make it emit sounds of static and buzzing. If I kept my earphones on, no one could tell that I was receiving nothing. That night I typed up the list of the captain's stocks to show that they had gained slightly.

"The captain was so happy that he gave me a bottle of Scotch and a regular bear hug. At dinner that night, the crew treated me like a hero. A good many of them had been waiting for various kinds of news and they pressed their requests upon me. Bets on baseball games remained to be settled and the boatswain

wanted to know the details of a tornado in the area where his family lived.

"The temptation to continue my deception and to step it up became irresistible. I knew that eventually there would have to be some horrible day of reckoning, but I could not help myself from putting it off as long as possible. The next day I had the stocks inch up again irregularly and I had the tornado give southern Illinois a thrilling, non-destructive near miss. The baseball bets were harder to work out, because I couldn't make everybody happy. Shamelessly I allowed people I liked to win bets with those who had been most unkind to me, and when I had no feelings on the matter, I flipped a coin.

"Two days later, I got cold feet and had my radio break down again. Everyone soon became furious at me and the captain once more confined me to my shack until I made repairs and he promised to fire me when we got to Hong Kong unless I got the news damned fast. It grew so hot that my whole body was stinging with sweat, so the next morning I obliged all hands by reporting that I had rebuilt the receiver successfully. I gave myself a measure of revenge by having the stock market dip sharply and I rained out their favorite ball games.

"That was the day that I forgot my conscience and the day of reckoning in the future for a little while at least and the whole deception became fun. Once I realized how completely the emotions of the entire ship's company were under my control, I could not resist playing God for the remaining weeks of the cruise. There was hardly a man aboard whom I could not cause to weep or jump with joy. The power I had over them made me compassionate. The very men I had feared and hated now seemed pitiable to me, poor wretches condemned to poverty-stricken wandering aboard rusty hulks for the rest of their lives. Why not give them a few weeks of happiness that we could all enjoy together?

"My sense of omnipotence temporarily erased fears of my own future. After all, the captain had been going to fire me when we got to Hong Kong anyway, so nothing would be lost if I jumped ship before the men discovered my lies. The kindness of my power grew so great that I worried mostly about the damage I might be doing my shipmates. To prevent them from going on wild spending sprees the moment they got ashore, I resolved to return the stock market to its depression shortly before we moored. If I got a chance, I might be able to get some facts from a passing ship by blinker lamp and leave my shipmates with some grasp of reality. Before confronting them with such sadness, I decided to give myself the pleasure of creating for them as beautiful a world as possible.

"The sports news gave me a chance to

be really creative. Never did a ship's crew enjoy such stirring baseball games. Favorite players pitched no-hitters or scored record numbers of runs. Underdog teams won by enormous scores, always by dramatic comebacks in the last inning.

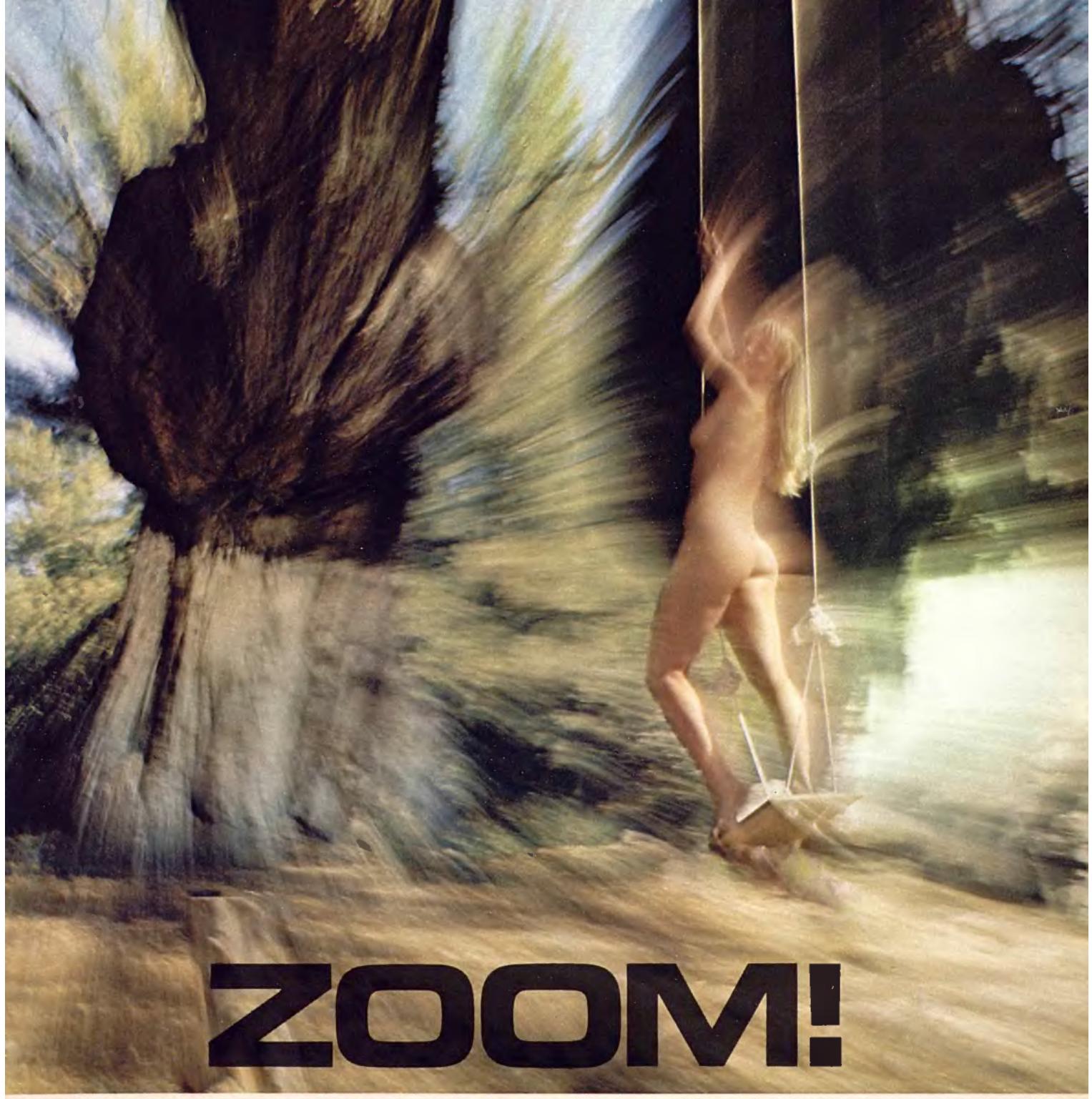
"In godlike fashion, I had a flood threaten the captain's home in Alabama and an earthquake shake the timbers of the chief engineer's house in San Francisco, but at the last moment I took pity on them and saved them all. I allowed a poor oiler to become a runner-up in the Irish Sweepstakes.

"All this was fun to make up, but it had small effect compared with the happiness created by my rampant bull market. As his fortunes soared, the captain, who had been an ogre, turned into a gentle king who regarded me as his fair-haired prince. The poor man's whole appearance changed. Gone was the mean, hangdog look. His very jowls seemed to tighten; his leaden complexion rosied and he walked with the spring of youth. All the officers had their beards shaved off and got their hair trimmed. The chief engineer and the mates to whom the captain had given financial advice treated him as a savior instead of as a malignant fool. They stood around the bridge all day excitedly making plans for buying new automobiles, farms and homes for aged parents. Children were sent to college in those conversations; debts were paid and the bachelors among us talked of marrying beautiful young girls. The married men kept giving me jubilant messages to send to their wives, and I had to remind them that I had been ordered to cannibalize our transmitter. They didn't seem to mind much. Good news could wait, the captain said, and undoubtedly it had traveled fast by itself anyway.

"Their jubilation caused me to worry more about the effect the great letdown of truth would have on them, but I told myself that they had been so unhappy anyway when I found them that they couldn't be plunged much deeper. Sometimes I even found myself hoping that some of my news, at least, might turn out to be reasonably true. My father, after all, had always said that prosperity was just around the corner. Perhaps my spirit was in touch with God and the facts were getting through to me without a radio receiver. Perhaps that was the reason I felt suffused with compassion, not guilt.

"My only immediate problem was to keep my bull market and my athletic extravaganzas within the bounds of credibility, but I soon found that these men, who had witnessed the big boom of 1928 and the gaudy sports of that period, would believe anything. They even got mad when my stock market started to jump only about ten points a day. They wanted their holdings to double and

(concluded on page 210)



# ZOOM!

**I**t's the last half of the ninth in a crucial Mets-Cubs game, with the Mets leading three to two. Don Kessinger is on second and Billy Williams is set at the plate. Suddenly, as Mets pitcher Gary Gentry releases a change-up, Kessinger is streaking for third. In the stands, other camera buffs are desperately juggling lenses and camera bodies in a vain

*playboy focuses in on the lenses that give you the long and the short of it*

Above: A lensman's-eye view illustrating the technique of blurred zooming.



Lens at right is a Hexanon Auto-Zoom with a 65-135mm range, by Konica, \$299.95.

Long lens at left is an Auto Tamron Zoom (200-500mm), from Scopus, \$574.95. Standing: Hexanon Vari-Focal lens, which allows for extra-tight close-up focusing, by Konica, \$499.95.



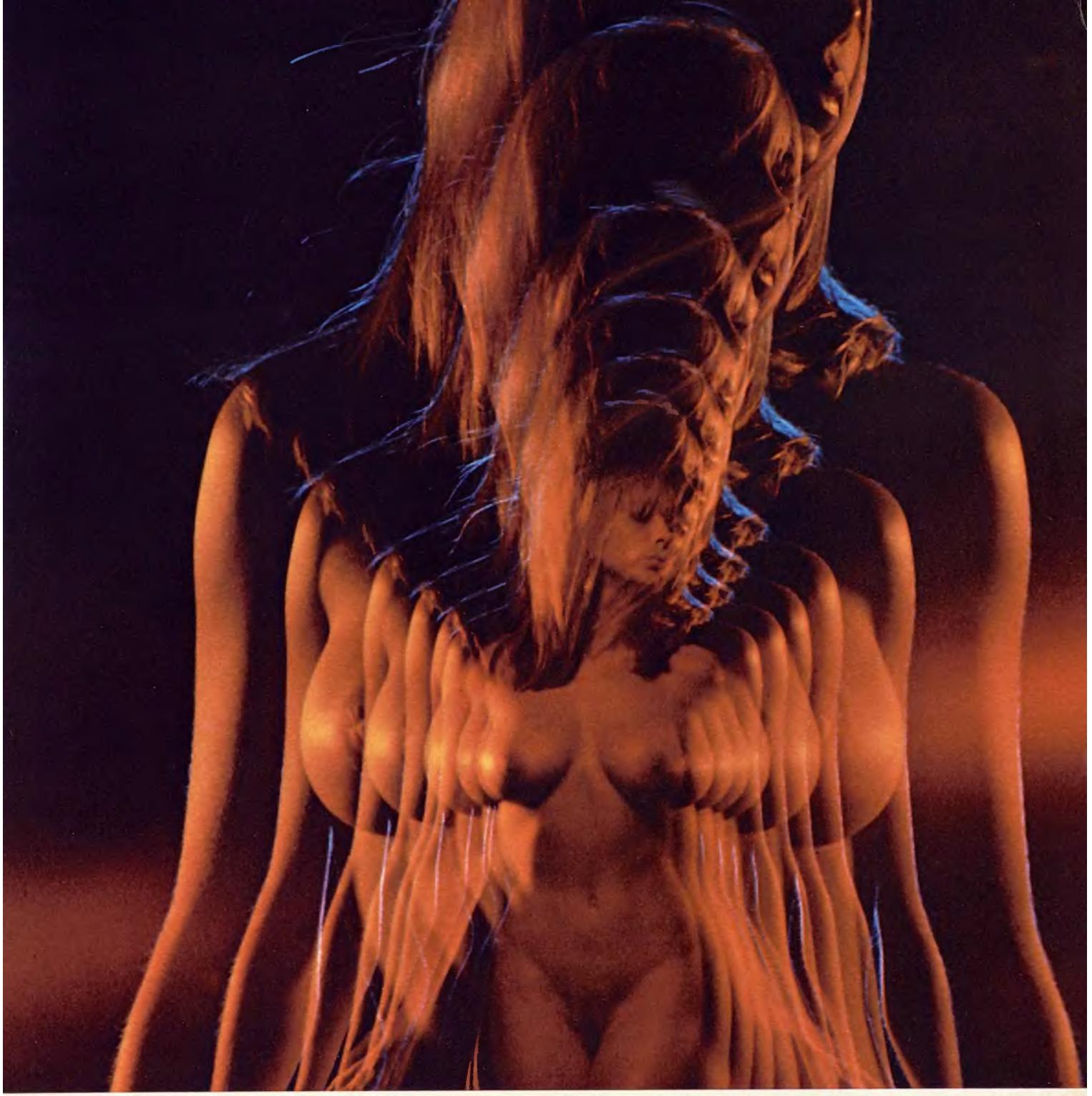
Above: By quickly changing the focal length of his zoom lens, the photographer can record a three-part study in free-spirited motion.

Below: Canon FL 100-200mm zoom, from Bell & Howell, \$219.15.



Above: Canon FL 85-300mm zoom, also from Bell & Howell, \$629.90. Right: Hexanon 80-200mm zoom, by Konica, \$450.

effort to get a close-up of the play. You, however, have already rotated your zoom to bring in a crisp telephoto image of the action and, just as Kessinger dives into third, you snap the shutter. It's a close call. The umpire says Kessinger is out and the Cub fans howl. Among the loudest are those fellow photographers who



Above: Repetitive images, echoing Duchamp's famous *Nude Descending a Staircase*, can be created by firing electronic flashes while zooming.

neither saw the play nor got the shot. But you did; and when you see the photo a few days later, you find you have a perfectly composed, in-focus telephoto close-up of the play and, sure enough, the umpire called it right. But zoom lenses are for the pros, you say. They're too complicated. They cost a small fortune—and don't you need a tripod to use one? Not so. First, the manufacturing of a precision zoom is very complex, but operating the lens couldn't be simpler. All you do is attach (concluded on page 179)



Auto-Nikkor  
50-300mm zoom (above),  
\$795, and an 80-200mm model  
(right), \$549.50, both from Nikon.

Below:  
Auto-Nikkor  
43-86mm  
zoom lens,  
also from  
Nikon, \$209.50.

## bottomless bathtub

(continued from page 90)

list, improving, then slipping back, never recovering quite enough to leave the hospital. Still, he clowned around the ward, cutting letters out of chewing-gum foil and pasting them on his body. Startled technicians read OUT TO LUNCH and WHAT'S UP, DOC? over X rays of his lungs and stomach.

When he finally left the hospital, Kovacs looked for a job, and after a time as a newspaper columnist, he started to develop his comic talent as a night-show disc jockey on radio station WTTM in Trenton. On those broadcasts, he took listeners "into" sound with spot broadcasts from a steam-shovel crane, from the cabin of a dirigible, from under a roaring train and from a burning building while firemen fought the blaze.

It was during this time that he began smoking cigars, which were to become part of his face—like his mustache or his hair. Kovacs smoked 20 or more cigars a day. They were Dunhill-imported seven-and-a-half-inch-long black Havanas and cost two dollars each. He spent over \$13,000 a year on cigars and they gave him \$1,000,000 worth of publicity. Legend has it that he asked ladies not to wear perfume or cologne around him because he couldn't bear any aroma competing with his cigars. Another maintained that George Jessel offered Kovacs a house complete with cigars festooned on the trees, saying, "See, Ernie, they grow wild here." Kovacs often said he would rather walk in the rain than ride with a cabdriver smoking a bad cigar. The cigars were so much a part of Kovacs' look that he did an entire week of live cigarette commercials holding his cigar before the sponsor finally noticed and complained.

While working in New Jersey, he learned of an opportunity to do a morning wake-up show on WPTZ-TV in Philadelphia and got the job. He did a two-hour show five mornings a week, working as the host, comic, newsman and weather caster. In addition, his schedule demanded five half hours in the afternoon and evening as replacement for the *Kukla, Fran and Ollie* network broadcast. He was on the air 13 hours a week and would often leave the station at four A.M., only to go back three hours later to begin another workday. He did his own typing, ran contests, wrote scripts, made up weather charts, selected music and, when he found a spare moment, tried to learn everything he could about television from the station's TV technicians.

Kovacs asked questions, stared, poked, plugged together, punched up and

switched on. He began working black against black to make things disappear. He reversed film. He shot a baseball-game sequence in a Philadelphia park in which he played all nine positions and batter.

Not all of his humor was lighthearted. Sometimes the macabre would show through. One black-out from this period showed a strong man dressed in a leopardskin pitting his strength against four horses onstage. The next thing viewers saw was Kovacs' face saying, "All right, whip up the horses!" There would be the crack of a whip and the sound of horses running, and the camera would cut back to Kovacs turning his head away with a shudder.

From the Philadelphia Navy Yard to the campus at Bryn Mawr, Kovacs became a morning must. Thousands wrote in to join his Early Eyeball Fraternal Marching Society. Word spread. Soon television gagwriters from New York began tuning in. Kovacs found his material on network television a day or two after he had created it in Philadelphia.

Helping him in the morning, in the afternoon and later at night, too, was a pretty, pert-faced blonde singer named Edie Adams. Kovacs taught her how to work skits and black-outs with him ("If I flare my upstage nostril at you, that means I have a finish for the skit. If I don't, you think of something to say."), and finally spent \$3500 he had saved on a Jaguar to court her with.

Edie was terrified of him for months. She had been raised in a genteel Pennsylvania family named Enke, in a home that had antimacassars on the chair arms. She'd sung in the Grove City church choir and once, on a bet, had belted down a glass of claret-spiked lemonade. Divorced men with large black mustaches and long black cigars were not what girls took home to Grove City.

All over Philadelphia, people fell in love with Kovacs, and eventually Edie Adams did, too. When Ernie received a \$1500-a-week offer to go to New York, she went along but refused to marry him. Ernie kept after her, bought her charming presents, did lovable and clever things on his shows for her, and finally managed to get her to say yes on a long-distance call from Paris.

Kovacs wanted a nice nest for his bride, so he rented a complete tower on Central Park. It had 17 rooms, eight baths and seven servants.

\$25,000. Two beats after we read this, we see a man's feet come into the scene. He steps on the violin and stands there.

Kovacs went to New York as replacement for the late Fred Allen on *What's My Line?* and he put in a full summer as the substitute for the *Sid Caesar Hour*. When fall came, he also worked as the host on the *Tonight Show* two nights a week.

When he wasn't working, he indulged in private creativity. He started a gun collection that ended up with 75 valuable pieces. He signed an 11-month contract with Doubleday to do a novel and finished it in two weeks. It was called *Zoomar* (for the close-up lens used in TV) and received mixed reviews. (He later produced two more books: *Please Excuse Da Pencil* and *How to Talk at Gin.*) He had cut the book short because his toughest TV assignment to date had arrived. At the time, television specials—spectaculars, they were then called—ran 90 minutes. Jerry Lewis decided to do one but insisted it be only 60 minutes long. The network was looking for a volunteer to follow Lewis for the leftover half hour.

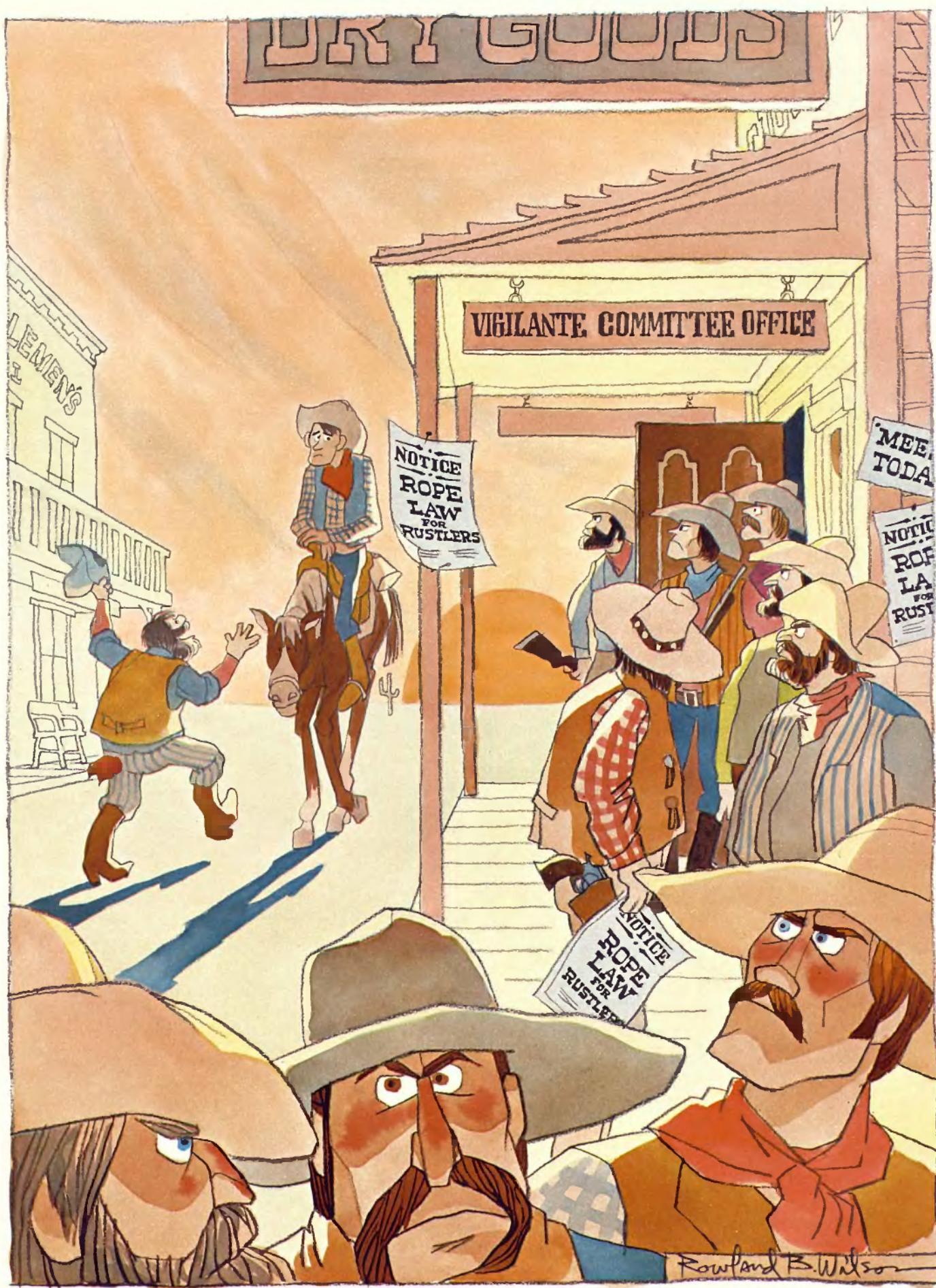
"We all thought Ernie was nuts," said one of Kovacs' staff. "Jerry Lewis is a loony. He hollers, jumps around, knocks things over, sings loudly. Following him is like following Ringling Brothers."

Ernie took the job and quickly decided what to do: television's first full half hour of comic pantomime. Kovacs created Eugene, the eternal schlemiel. His shoes squeaked, a stuffed moose ate his hat, and when he looked at a picture of Washington crossing the Delaware, the boat sprang a leak and sank. On the show, Eugene wandered into an exclusive men's library and began thumbing through books. When he peered into a book by Von Richthofen, the World War One ace, the sound of an airplane came out of it. When he opened *The Old Man and the Sea*, water dripped. And when he sneaked a look into *Camille*, a sad little cough was heard from the depths of the book.

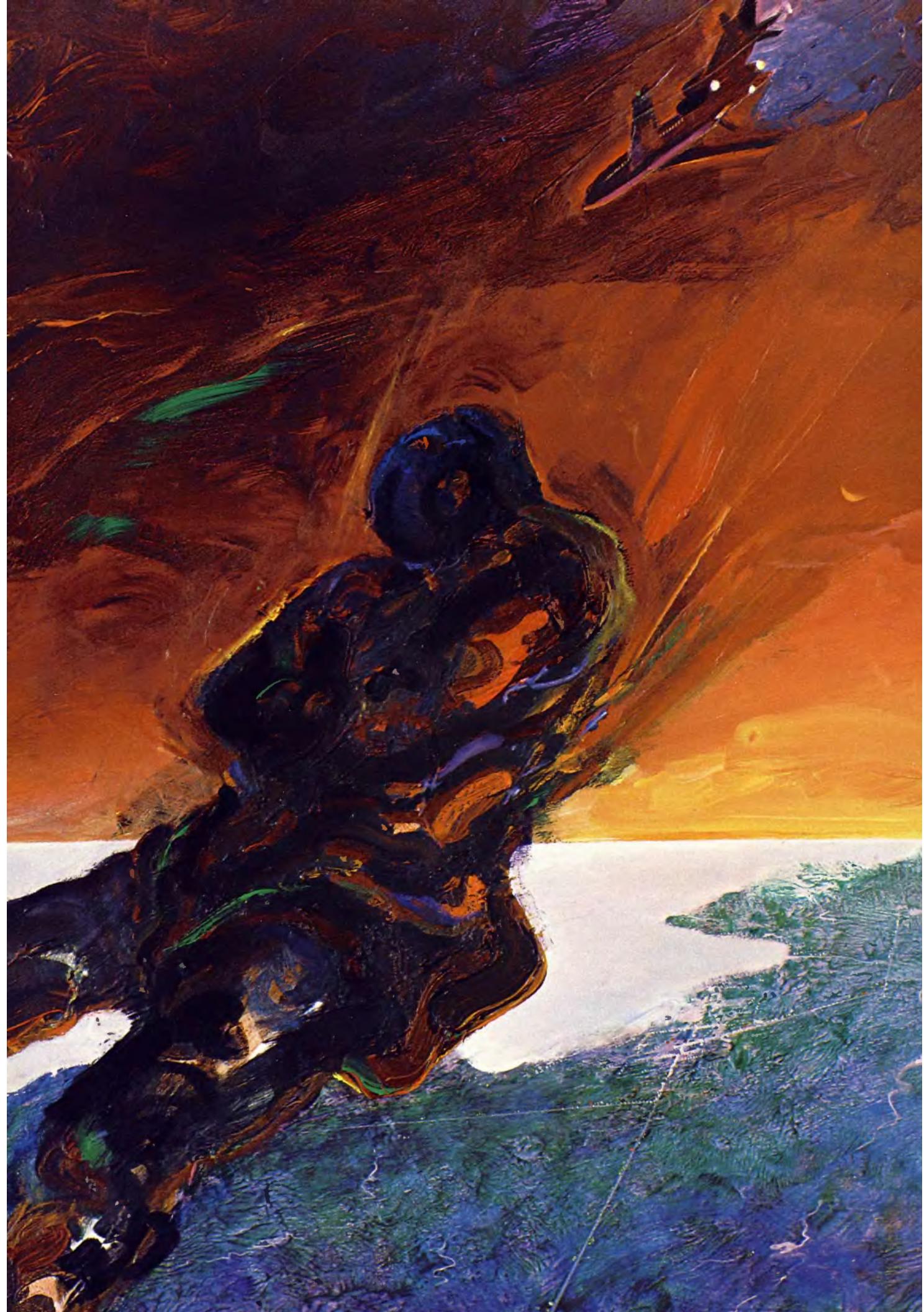
The most newsworthy part of the show was the set Kovacs had constructed: a table, a chair and a backdrop all slanted 15 degrees from the horizontal. Then Kovacs tilted his camera 15 degrees, also. The result was that the scene looked perfectly level on home TV screens. Kovacs had Eugene sit down and open his lunch pail. Eugene had olives, a salami and oranges. They all rolled away from him and off the table. Eugene tried to add milk to his tea, but it poured irregularly out of the Thermos onto the table, some distance away from his Thermos cup. Eugene then hung a heavily weighted plumb bob and it swung 15 degrees off vertical. All over

(continued on page 212)

SPOTLIGHT AREA. Violin is sitting on gray velvet. To the right of the violin is a card that says, ANTONIUS STRADIVARIUS,



"Why, Harley Weaver, you old hoss thief!"



# HIJACK

*fiction By ROBERT L. FISH at twenty-eight thousand feet, a man with a bottle of nitro can call all the shots*

FIVE O'CLOCK on a late-summer afternoon, a warm hazy day with only a faint cloud line at the distant horizon hovering over the low Tennessee mountains sloping toward flatness to the west, and the plane—a 727 tri-jet—at 28,000 feet approaching the Tennessee River Valley on a south-southwestern heading from Kennedy in New York to New Orleans, with the sun quartering in on the copilot, sinking fast.

The radioman pushed himself into the cockpit through the narrow door from the cabin, adjusting his trousers, nodding comfortably to the captain. He settled himself at his desk again, putting his earphones back in place, reaching to fiddle with knobs. The captain studied him a moment, reading nothing in the even expression, and then glanced over his shoulder, looking below. Sunlight winked from water. The captain reached for his microphone, switching off the soft cabin music to gain priority, pressing the button that transferred the intercom system from tape to voice.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking. To the right of the plane and almost directly beneath us is Watts Bar Lake, a part of the TVA project. Those passengers on the left can see the Watts Bar Dam and Lake Chickamauga beyond. In the distance to the east, for those with sharp eyesight, there are the Great Smoky Mountains. . . ."

He replaced the microphone neatly and flipped the switch; the music returned. Almost in the same instant a light flashed on his intercom panel. The captain leaned over and pressed a button.

"Yes?"

"Captain, this is Clarisse. We've got trouble."

"Trouble?"

"A passenger is locked in the washroom with Milly." The stewardess' voice hurried on, anxious to avoid misunderstanding. "It isn't a pass, Captain. It's a hijacking." Her voice, striving for steadiness, echoed metallically in the crowded cockpit.

The radioman stared; the copilot started to come to his feet. Captain Littlejohn's restraining hand motioned him to sit down again.

"Where are the air marshals?"

"One of them is here with me now——"

"Before you put him on, what about the passengers?"

"They don't know a thing yet."

"Good. Let's keep it that way. Now, let me talk to the marshal."

There was a brief pause and then a man's low voice was heard in the cockpit.

"Hello, Captain. Apparently what happened was the man walked back to the lavatory, nobody paying any attention to him, and when he got there he pulled a gun on the girl and forced her into the washroom. I've spoken to her through the door. So far she's all right, but she says he's got a gun and a knife, and also a bottle he claims is nitro. She says it looks oily and yellow." The sky marshal cleared his throat. "What do you want us to do?"

"Nothing," the captain said quickly and firmly. "Go back to your seat. He's having Milly talk because he has her between him and the door. Go sit down. Let Clarisse handle any communication. I'll get through to New Orleans for instructions."

The radioman was already at work, calling the New Orleans tower. The captain's face was stiff. He spoke into the microphone.

"Clarisse?"

"Yes, Captain?"

"Put an OUT OF ORDER sign on that washroom door. And keep the curtain drawn. Is Milly still all right?"

"Yes, sir. Wait a second—she's saying something"—there was a pause. "Hello, Captain? She says he wants the plane diverted to Jacksonville. To refuel."

"Where does he want to go? We have more than enough fuel for Cuba. Better have Milly remind him this isn't a 747, however."

"Yes, sir. She didn't say anything else."

"Who is he, do you know?"

"He's on the seat chart as a Charles Wagner from Hartford. He was in seat sixteen C, on the aisle. I served him lunch when we left Kennedy——"

"What did he look like?"

Clarisse sounded unsure of herself. "Like—like anybody, I guess. Middle thirties, hair a little long but getting thin. . . ."

"How much did he have to drink?"

"Just a beer. I'm sure he wasn't drunk. What should I do?"

"Nothing. Try to look busy back there, in case anybody wonders why you're hanging around there. Get that sign up right away. And remember the curtain. And let me know if——"

The radioman swung around. "New Orleans tower. I've already identified."

"Mayday here," the captain said into

the microphone. "We've got a hijacker on board."

"What condition?"

"He has one of our stewardesses locked in a washroom. Armed. Several times. Maybe with nitroglycerin, too. It sounds like it."

"Where does he want to go?"

"So far, just to JAX. For refueling, he says."

"Hold it," said the voice. "I'll contact higher up and be back."

The captain stared ahead, his face a mask. Under his hand the wheel held steady. The shadows ahead deepened. The wait seemed endless, filled with niggling static. Then the static cleared; a different voice was on the radio. It sounded more assured, more authoritative.

"Captain Littlejohn? This is Security, New Orleans. Permission granted to change course to Jacksonville."

The copilot was already digging into his map bag for routing maps. Captain Littlejohn's hand was already swinging the wheel, banking gently. A thought came to him to explain away any of his passengers' doubts.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said into the cabin intercom, "to give the people on the other side of the plane a chance to see what little can be seen of the TVA project at this late hour. . . ."

He continued on a wide banking circle, coming out of it gently with the nose pointing now to the southeast and the growing darkness there. The voice of Security came on.

"Good work, Captain. Eventually, of course, they're going to have to know. In the meantime, tie into Jacksonville Security. They've been informed. We'll be on, too."

"Roger," Littlejohn said, and he peered over the copilot's shoulder at the air map. Clarisse's voice came back.

"Captain?"

The captain straightened up from the folded map almost reluctantly.

"Yes?"

"He wants money. A ransom for the passengers and the plane. He wants it waiting for him when we get there. Otherwise, he says he'll take Milly first and then blow up the plane."

"How much ransom?"

Clarisse swallowed. "A—a quarter of a million dollars."

Captain Littlejohn's expression didn't change in the least. He picked up his microphone. (continued on page 207)



# PICTURE OF HEALTH

*playmate  
linda summers  
turns people  
on to  
natural food—  
and practices  
what she preaches*

AN ELDERLY WOMAN with a lined face asks where she can find "some nuts without salt in 'em." A middle-aged lady wonders about organic beef. "It's not raised with hormones," explains the girl at the counter, "like stilbestrol, which is used to fatten up beef for economic reasons and is really a bummer. It throws your body chemistry out of whack and it's known to cause cancer." A couple of young kids are waiting to buy some licorice, and one says, "You sound just like my aunt; she used to run a health-food store." After they leave, the girl remarks that it's been a slow afternoon: "At least there haven't been any of the usual daily tragedies. Have you ever tried to clean up after somebody drops a jar of honey?"

If you live in San Diego, the counter girl at the nearest health-food store just might be our August Playmate, a chestnut-haired 21-year-old named Linda Summers. Linda's stepfather owns a chain of five such establishments, and she has been his full-time employee for almost a year—



For the past nine months, Linda's been working full time for her stepfather, who owns a chain of health-food stores in the San Diego area. For Miss August, who was raised on raw liver and brewer's yeast, natural dieting is a way of life—and she's her own best argument in its behalf. The whole family is involved in the business; below left, one of Linda's sisters gives her a hand, after which they leave together.





Above: Linda's truly the farmer's daughter as she feeds the fowl on her parents' ranch, then collects the chicken eggs. The ranch, which has a two-acre avocado grove and many other fruit trees, plus a pond that Linda describes as "more like a mud puddle," also supports cows and ducks. She enjoys tending to the animals, but not dining on them: "We have killed them," she admits, "but I've never approved of it."



(wo)manning the counter, cash register and telephone and advising customers with problems; every now and then, she reaches under the counter for her copy of *Let's Get Well* to see what Adelle Davis, guru of the natural-food movement, has to say about rutin, bioflavonoids and the like. Sandwiched between a loan company and a beauty shop in the middle of a shopping center, the store we found her in is a weird combination of the exotic and the mundane. On the shelves, between the fluorescents above and the vinyl tile below, are such items as vegeroni, bone meal and soyameat, and a freezer in back contains raw milk, unpasteurized and unhomogenized. In the tea section, you'll find such offbeat entries as bladder wrack, kelp powder, buchu leaves and anise seed ("The Indians used to use some of these things as remedies," says Linda. "They're supposed to cure colds and relieve arthritic pain; and some teas are natural sedatives").

Health food is more than just a job for Linda. Like her mother, step-father and father—a dentist who's also located in the San Diego area—she believes in it. "I was raised on raw liver. Really. Because when you cook anything, you change its chemical composition, and my parents wanted me to have lots of iron."

Linda grew up—and still lives—on a modest ranch in La Mesa that includes a two-acre avocado grove and lots of fruit trees; the family is large enough—three girls and a boy—to consume all the oranges, limes, figs, strawberries and water cress they produce. Linda, whose concern with health and fitness goes beyond considerations of diet, does a lot of jogging, mostly on the beach, and recently completed a four-month course of swimming, bicycling and working with weights and belts at a local gym. As you can imagine, she doesn't favor tobacco, alcohol or coffee ("They kill the vitamins in your body and neutralize your power to rebuild tissue"). For R&R, Linda likes to strum the guitar and sing folk songs and, on occasional weekends, to drive her Capri down to Rosarito Beach in Baja California for some motorcycle and dune-buggy riding.

The world she inhabits is small but organic, and she's satisfied with it. She was surprised when we told her the Republican Party had been considering San Diego as a site for this year's convention. "I've given up on politics," she says. "It's just a rat-race. I'm a small-town girl, involved with my own life, trying to make it mean something and to maintain my peace of mind. And that's a full-time job."



With a little help from her mother, Linda bakes stone-ground whole-wheat bread, then samples her creation. Baking is one of the skills she acquired growing up on the ranch, where self-sufficiency is essential; she also knows how to make mayonnaise and yoghurt.



MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Linda changes into evening dress in preparation for a date. She and her escort start with a visit to Winecraft, a La Mesa shop that is also owned by her stepfather. Wines are made, tasted and sold there, along with equipment for the "home beverage maker." Linda claims her stepfather's wines are made "with organic ingredients and less sugar." It's the sugar in wine, she says, that causes hangovers.



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The secretary had spent her vacation camping with her boyfriend on the shore of an isolated lake. As she stepped out of the shower on the morning after her return, her roommate said, "My goodness, you're tan all over! Whatever have you been doing?"

"Everything under the sun," sighed the secretary.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *closet queen* as a male fraud.



Pierre, the great canal-race swimmer, had finished a disappointing fourth. Interviewed by the press, he explained his poor showing: "At one point, there is a shout from ze left bank, and there is Marie in bra and panties only! 'Win for me, Pierre!' she cries, so I swim harder, but I become harder, too. Soon I hear a call from ze right bank. It is Yvette, also in bra and panties, and she removes ze bra! 'For ze winner!' she yells. I increased my stroke, but my erection, it increases, too, and I am dragging in ze mud. And then a voice from above. Denise, on a bridge over ze canal—and she has already removed ze bra and is removing ze panties! 'If you win, Pierre,' she calls, 'if you win!' Ahoy, I did my best but could not even place."

"But, Pierre," asked a reporter, "your famous backstroke, why did you not then use it?"

"My backstroke? But consider, *mon vieux*, ze bridges, ze bridges . . . !"

We know a fellow who consulted a marriage counselor because he and his wife were slowly drifting apart. He wondered if the expert could suggest a way to speed things up.

"Is that young man of yours there yet?" the mother called downstairs as midnight chimed.

"Not quite," gasped the daughter, "but he's getting there."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *vasectomy* as conversion from a working model to a sports model.

A novice nun complained to the mother superior about the foul language being used by the construction workers building an addition to the convent. "Don't be upset, my child," said the older nun. "Those men may be rough, but they're good and honest and God-fearing. They simply call a spade a spade."

"No, they don't," replied the young nun. "They call it a fucking shovel!"

A sportsman had invited several friends on a fishing trip in the Maine woods and wired his regular guide to reserve two punts and a canoe. Some days later, he received a telegram in reply that read: "YOUR MESSAGE PARTLY GARBLED. HAVE MANAGED TO PERSUADE TWO LOCAL GIRLS, BUT WHAT THE HELL IS A CANOE?"

The newly hired female social worker interviewing an aging prostitute asked if the woman had any regrets about the life she led. "Indeed I do!" replied the old pro with feeling. "Most nights I take ten or twelve drunken men from filthy waterfront dives to my sleazy room in the cockroach-infested attic of a fleabag boardinghouse."

"Gracious, that's terrible!"

"It sure is. Those stairs are killing me!"

Twin boys, aged eight, were full of the news that they had just discovered the facts of life. When they saw Mary, aged seven, playing in her yard, they rushed over to tell her all about it. "Hey, Mary, we learned about sex!" blurted one.

"So what?" replied Mary.

"We know all about moms and dads and babies!" added the other. Mary shrugged.

"Do you know where babies come from?" asked the first. Mary looked bored.

"All right, smarty-pants," the kid fumed. "Tell us who made you."

"Lately?" answered Mary.



Perhaps you've heard about the new instrument of credit especially designed for use in singles bars. It's called BangAmericard.

Three brides, all married to elderly gentlemen, met for lunch one afternoon and complained about their husbands. "We haven't made love once this month," wailed the first. "Armand must be at least eighty percent gone."

"You're lucky he's got twenty percent left," remarked the second. "My husband is one hundred percent impotent."

"That's nothing!" the third wife moaned. "Stephen is two hundred percent impotent!"

"Two hundred percent! How is that possible?"

"Simple. Last night he bit his tongue."

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.



*"Well, if that's what you call sowing your wild oats,  
you just had a crop failure!"*



Artist Roy Schnackenberg's vivid painting shows the final play of the first quarter in the 1972 Super Bowl: Miami quarterback Bob Griese circling back from his own 38-yard line in an effort to escape Dallas' Bob Lilly and Larry Cole. Moments later, Lilly caught Griese for a 29-yard loss, a play that augured a long and frustrating afternoon for Miami.

**sports** **By ANSON MOUNT** SID GILLMAN, one of pro football's great offensive tacticians, stood in the cool sunlight of a February morning on Los Angeles' Sunset Boulevard and reflected upon the current state of the art. Gillman, a man of mercurial emotions, only some weeks before had walked away in disgust from his job as head coach of the San Diego Chargers after a heated dispute with owner Eugene Klein. Now he was working for a television station, spending his spare time listening to classical music, tending a lush arboretum in his back yard and insisting he was through with football forever.

"Very few fans understand how much the character and personality of the owner of a football team affects its success," Gillman said. "He's the man who makes the crucial decisions. He has to be a hardheaded businessman, but

*an early line on the teams and players in both conferences of the n.f.l.*



he also must have the sensitivity to know when to stay in the background and not interfere and when to step in and rectify a situation that maybe his coach or general manager can't handle. Two of the best and most successful owners in the business are Clint Murchison of the Dallas Cowboys and Lamar Hunt of the Kansas City Chiefs. They're both intelligent, rational, sound businessmen. And there are others. They have the good sense to hire first-rate managers and coaches, give them the authority and freedom that matches their responsibility and then leave them pretty much alone.

"Just look at the Dallas Cowboys," Gillman said with awe in his voice. "They are a fantastic organization: no other club in pro football can even approach them in research, scouting and organizational efficiency, let alone in the quality of their coaching and player personnel. You just listen to what I'm saying: The Dallas Cowboys are in the process of putting together a football dynasty the likes of which we have never seen before. Even the Green Bay Packers of the Lombardi years didn't approach the power of the empire that's being built in Dallas."

He thought about his words for a moment and then said, "Boy, what a great organization they would be to work

## PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

## THIS SEASON'S WINNERS

NFC Eastern Division:	DALLAS COWBOYS
NFC Central Division:	MINNESOTA VIKINGS
NFC Western Division:	SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS
NFC Play-offs:	DALLAS COWBOYS
AFC Eastern Division:	BALTIMORE COLTS
AFC Central Division:	CINCINNATI BENGALS
AFC Western Division:	KANSAS CITY CHIEFS
AFC Play-offs:	KANSAS CITY CHIEFS
Super Bowl:	DALLAS COWBOYS

## THIS SEASON'S TOP ROOKIES

(In approximate order of value to their teams)

Lionel Antoine	Offensive Tackle	Chicago Bears
Sherman White	Defensive End	Cincinnati Bengals
Walt Patulski	Defensive End	Buffalo Bills
Bill McClard	Kicker	San Diego Chargers
Riley Odoms	Tight End	Denver Broncos
Willie Hall	Linebacker	New Orleans Saints
John Reaves	Quarterback	Philadelphia Eagles
Terry Beasley	Wide Receiver	San Francisco 49ers
Bobby Moore	Wide Receiver	St. Louis Cardinals
Willie Buchanon	Defensive Back	Green Bay Packers
Craig Clemons	Defensive Back	Chicago Bears
Tom Darden	Defensive Back	Cleveland Browns
Greg Sampson	Defensive End	Houston Oilers
Franco Harris	Running Back	Pittsburgh Steelers
Tommy Casanova	Defensive Back	Cincinnati Bengals
Larry Jacobson	Defensive End	New York Giants
Jerome Barkum	Wide Receiver	New York Jets
Herb Orvis	Defensive End	Detroit Lions
Chester Marcol	Kicker and Punter	Green Bay Packers
Tom Reynolds	Wide Receiver	New England Patriots
Royce Smith	Offensive Guard	New Orleans Saints
Mark Arneson	Linebacker	St. Louis Cardinals
Glenn Doughty	Wide Receiver	Baltimore Colts
Clifford Brooks	Defensive Back	Cleveland Browns
Mike Siani	Wide Receiver	Oakland Raiders
Mike Kadish	Defensive Tackle	Miami Dolphins
Bob Kuziel	Center	New Orleans Saints

for!" A month later, Gillman was surprised by a call from Tex Schramm, general manager of the Cowboys. Schramm didn't have to do much arm twisting. Next day Sid Gillman was on his way to Dallas to join the Cowboys' "think-tank," and thus help fulfill his own prophecy.

### EASTERN DIVISION

#### NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Dallas Cowboys	.....	11-3
Washington Redskins	.....	9-5
St. Louis Cardinals	.....	5-9
Philadelphia Eagles	.....	5-9
New York Giants	.....	1-13

Last year, the Dallas Cowboys were first among the 26 N. F. L. teams in total offense, third in rushing, second in passing, third in total defense and second in defense against the rush. It is true that the pass defense ranked 19th, but that was more a matter of ennui than of ineptitude.

The Cowboys tend to loaf a bit, playing only as well as they feel they need to in order to win. Thus some of last year's midseason defeats. But in the play-off games and the Super Bowl, they were indomitable. Even the pass defense played to near perfection.

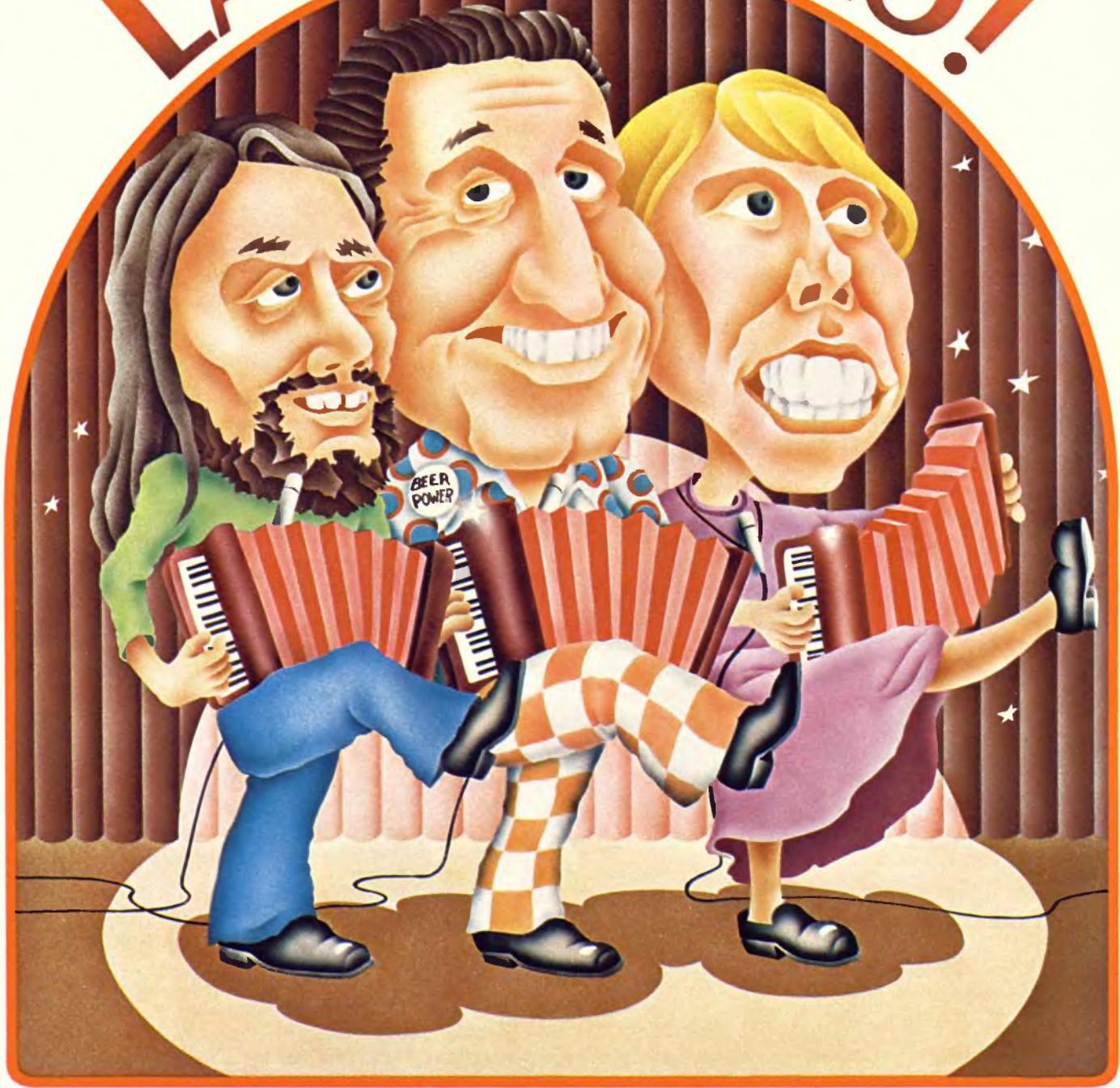
There will probably be very few changes in the Dallas line-up this fall. With 13 starters over 30, age could become a factor, but coach Tom Landry feels, like Washington coach George Allen, that this is more of an asset than a liability. Defensive lineman Tody Smith and free safety Charley Waters could crash the starting line-up, but, like last year, there isn't a rookie in camp who has a chance of becoming a starter.

The Cowboys have this wealth of talent because their front office is one of the smartest in professional football. Tex Schramm, the father genius of the organization, is responsible for most of the creative innovations in pro football during the past ten years. The junior genius is scout Gil Brandt, whose encyclopedic knowledge of college talent enables Dallas to get the best group of rookies in the country almost every year. Coach Tom Landry has fashioned an offense that uses almost nothing but single-wing plays run out of multiple formations. That's why the Cowboys play nearly faultless football: Mistakes are made with tricky plays, not with tricky formations.

Coach Bob Hollway arrived in St. Louis last year preceded by press trumpeting and predictions that he was going to lead the Cardinals out of the wilderness of squad dissension and morale breakdowns. Hollway's first decision was that squad morale was inversely proportional to the length of the players' hair, so he ordered them to chop it off. And shave. His Spartan approach won few games and little player support. The

(continued on page 126)

# LARRY LIVES!



*from out of the past he came—the fastest fingers in the midwest*

*satire* **By NORMAN SCHREIBER**

IT HAD ALREADY HAPPENED in a few other places; but when it happened in Los Angeles, Larry cried for joy. First Michael Bloomfield, wearing a crushed-velvet bowling shirt and jeans, made his way out to the Troubadour mike.

"I guess you all know why I'm here," Mike began. "I want to introduce the next act. While we were all screwing around with blues and country music and that other shit, this man was getting into the only sounds that really mean anything. We've all listened to his records when we thought everyone else was asleep and we've all learned something about music and maybe even about life from him. Aw, shit, you know who I'm talking about, so let's give him

**►** a real Troubadour welcome."

Larry walked uncertainly onto the Troubadour stage. He smiled his beautiful smile and the entire audience rose and applauded. He just stood there, wrapping himself in the blanket of applause. Finally, he picked up his beautiful mother-of-pearl-inlaid accordion, blew into the mike and announced: "Enough of this beeswax. Let's get it on."

"Right on," came the audience response.

"Do you want to boogie?" he asked.

"Yeah," the people responded.

"I said, 'Do you want to boogie?'"

"Yeah!"

As he ran through the opening chords, he told the audience, "I want you all to get real outrageous with this. You can speak loud, snap your fingers, whatever you want to do."

They were all dancing in their seats to the *Boogie Polka*.

"Far out," one long-haired kid confided to another. "He's still the fastest accordion player there is."

Part of the audience was dancing to Larry's music. Others shook their fists and chanted, "A vun and a two and a vun and a two."

Larry asked for requests and got a chance to play all the cuts on *Dues*, his new Reprise album. Understandably, the chants for "More! More!" were particularly loud when he did his two underground hits, *Foxy Foxy Fox Trot* and *Lady of Spain Boogie*.

After the set, his dressing room was crowded with the usual assortment of groupies and music people. Yet somehow the atmosphere was different. For a second, I couldn't spot him; but all I had to do was see Joni. Her blonde hair spilled onto the shoulders of her burgundy dress and she was smiling at her old man.

Larry was still wearing his accordion. Standing near him, also wearing an accordion, was Leon Russell. Leon was clearly pleased as he watched his own fingers make a stab at the *Malagueña Boogie*.

In a corner of the dressing room, the Lennon sisters were getting into a heavy "Doo-wop doo-wop," which provided a pleasant Gospel undertone. Larry's manager, Lance Feldman, and I found each other. Lance was wearing a tie-dyed bowling shirt, baggy brown pants with a belt in back, white socks and suede bowling shoes.

"Glad you're here. Glad you're here," Lance chanted. "If there's anything you want to know for your story, you let me know, because Larry is *it* and everybody ought to know about him. I tell you, man, my whole life has changed since I met him. I'm not too proud to admit it. I guess you want to know how I met Larry. Huh? For your story, I mean."

"Well. . . ." I hesitated.

"That's what I thought." He closed

his eyes and started into the same rap he gave every interviewer. "I was passing through Milwaukee and I went into this bar because I had to pee. And I'm standing there, see, and I'm looking in the mirror and then I hear music like I never heard before. It was real friendly and the vibes from the audience were real friendly. As soon as I dry my hands, I step out of the men's room and there's one guy onstage, playing an accordion, and if that isn't far out, the place is filled with kids whispering, 'A vun and a two.' You know.

"Who is that guy?" I asked one kid.

"That is Larry," he replied. "Larry Welk."

Lance looked at me significantly. Out of the corner of my eye I spotted Jerry Garcia. His nimble fingers moved up and down the rainbow-colored keys of his accordion to create a very heavy *Humoresque*. But still Lance continued.

"The name Larry Welk struck a bell, but I didn't associate it with, you know, him. So, after the gig, I rapped with him. I told him who I was and how I thought he ought to make records, you know, get his music to the people. Well, Larry just laughed and explained he had no intention to go through that star trip again. And then I recognized him. Blew my mind. Well, I hung out in Milwaukee for a couple of weeks so I could rap to him without doing any kind of high-pressure numbers, and I'd call the Coast every day. Well, finally we worked it out so that Larry would call the tune on his records and appearances and everything. I offered to be his manager and he thought that was kosher. I don't mind saying I got him a lot of bread up front."

I was getting tired of Feldman, so I told him to fuck off. I wanted to talk to Larry. He mumbled something and walked away. A minute later, I was looking at the wrinkled face of Larry Welk.

"Sit down, man," he said, pointing to a folding chair. "I understand you want to rap. Nothing I like better than rapping and talking."

Larry reached beneath his chair and came up with a couple of paper cups and a bottle of mountain red. He poured for both of us and then returned the bottle to its place.

"Wow," Welk murmured. "This sure ain't like the old days. I used to own this town. All those gigs at the Hollywood Bowl. The TV-star thing. I remember when Frankie and the Rat Pack challenged me and the boys to a touch-football game in Forest Lawn Cemetery. Big Tiny Little really came through that time."

"But I was doing a lot of champagne in those days and—well, you know what they say—a champagne head rides the bubbles and they take him up and down. When I think back to those days, I think I'm watching a horror movie

and I'm both the hero and the monster. That's why I wrote my song *Horror Movie*."

When Larry mentioned his song, the chords rushed into my mind immediately. It was played on all the underground FM stations last spring.

*I think I'm watching a horror movie  
And I'm both the monster and the  
hero.*

*How could one human being be  
Both Eisenhower and Nero?*

*Horror movie boo boo boo  
Horror movie boo boo boo  
Horror movie boo boo boo  
Horror movie a vun and a two.*

Only an artist like Larry Welk could draw so dramatically from his experience. I asked him if in that period when he did that whole number he realized that a lot of people hated him.

"Yeah," he said, taking a sip of wine. "With all those bad vibes aimed at me, I had to feel something. But, you see, I thought it was my music the people hated.

"I used to have horrible temper tantrums, jumping and screaming for hours. I used to line up all the cats in the band for a hair inspection. But now I know that doesn't mean anything. People have got to be free. Hair can come down to the collar line. I don't care what it looks like as long as the guy can take care of it. Right, Jerry?"

Jerry Garcia had sidled up to us.

"Sure, man," Garcia mumbled. "As long as it's neat."

We were approached by what appeared to be a choochoo train. Actually, it was a Reprise promotion man, followed by a man in a blue double-breasted suit with a burgundy turtleneck and brown shoes, a woman with shellacked hair and a sequined jump suit and an 11-year-old girl brat who was obviously wearing a tie-dyed trainer bra. The caboose was a photographer.

"Hey there, Larry, sorry to interrupt," said the promotion man. "But I want you to meet Vinnie. He's a local distributor and he's done a super job getting your LP out to the one-stops."

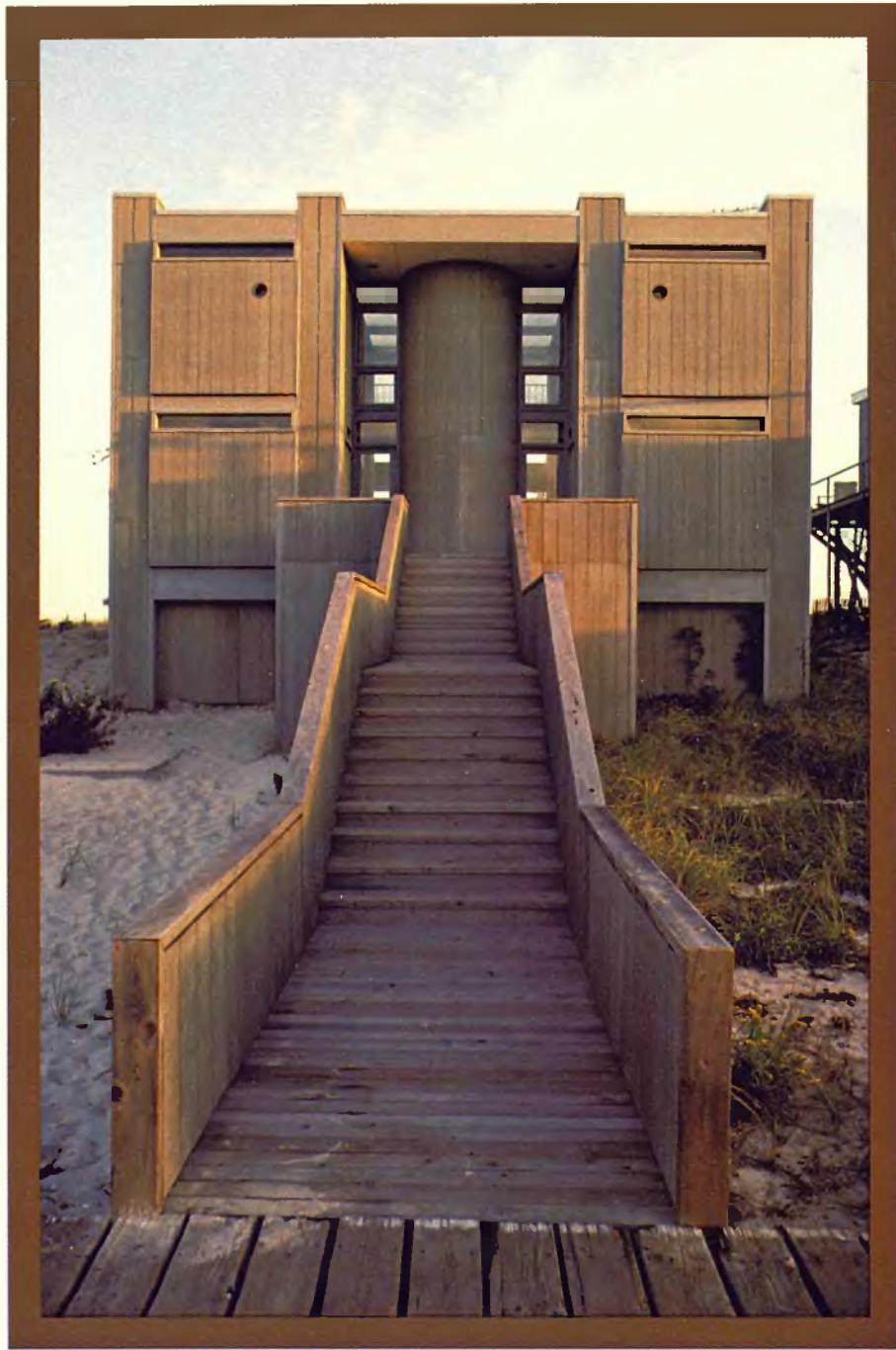
"Pleased to meetcha, Mr. Welk. This is my wife, Frieda, and my daughter Melody."

The photographer moved in and as the men shook hands, he slashed at them with clicks and flashes. After the pictures were taken, the choochoo train huffed and puffed away. Larry reached under his seat for the wine bottle.

"To think," he said as he refilled our cups, "that I used to be into champagne—"

"Larry," I cut in. "You obviously have gone through very heavy changes. What made you do it? Acid? Meditation?"

*(concluded on page 167)*

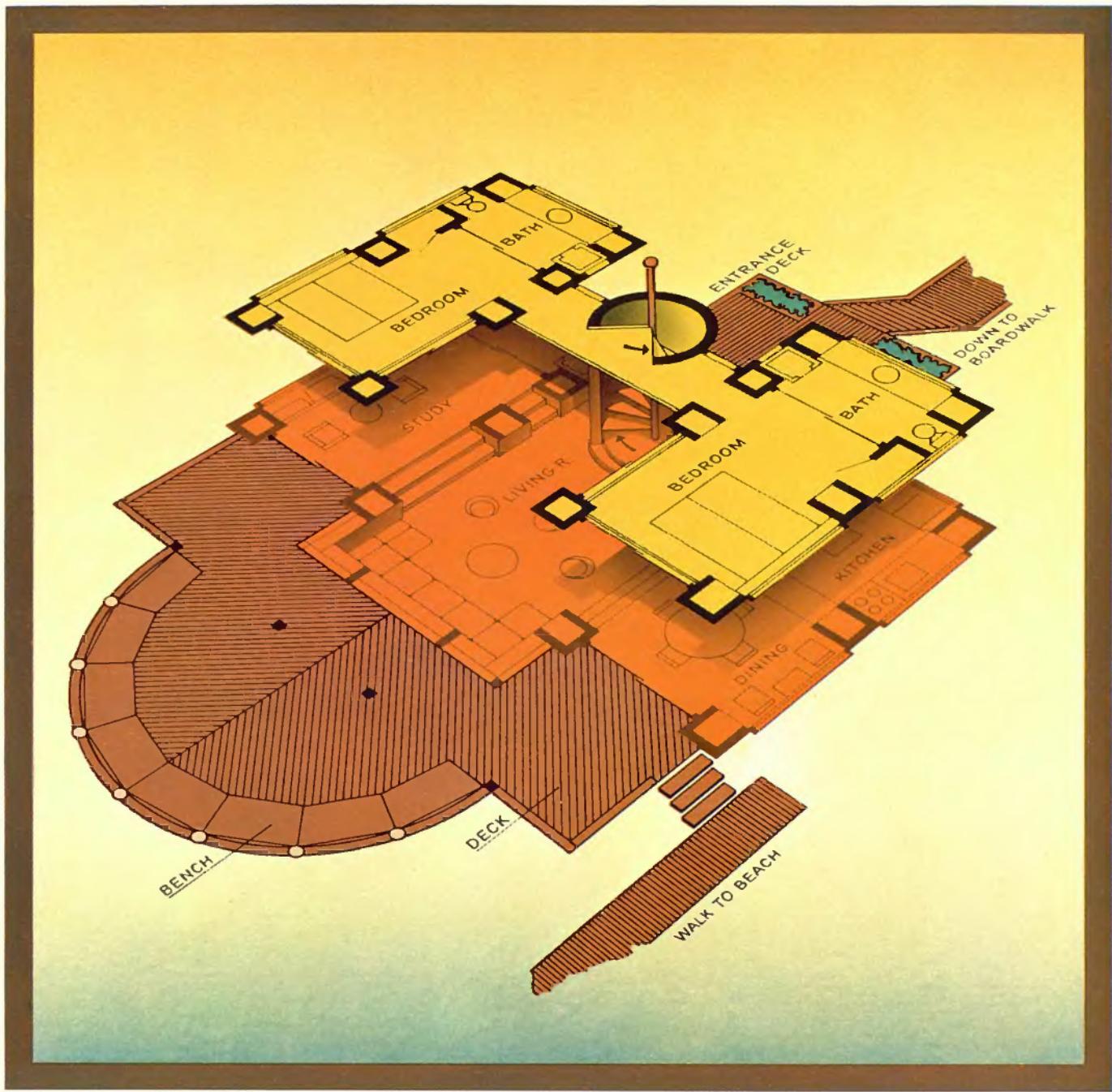


# A PLAYBOY PAD: SURPRISE PACKAGE

*box-shaped and fortresslike,  
this long island beach house  
conceals an airy interior  
that's anything but square*

*modern living*

AN EARLY CHRISTIAN SECT, the Neoplatonists, believed that the universe was a musically harmonious system, symbolized and made visible by light, which came directly from God. Architecturally applied, this concept gave their cathedrals an ethereal quality; the walls, instead of sealing off interior space, appeared to link it with infinity. A welcome throwback to Neoplatonism is this Long Island beach house designed and built by architect Earl Combs for Steve Ostrow, the 39-year-old proprietor of a chain of luxury health spas (one of which, the Continental—nicknamed The Tubs—has lately become one of Manhattan's most "in" night clubs). Don't be misled by the somewhat cloistered entrance (above); that's the boardwalk side. The other façade, facing the sea, is so open as to create a seemingly symbiotic relationship between the dwelling and its setting. That side of the house is almost entirely glass, in the form of tall panels and large sliding doors that enable Ostrow to open his place to the elements, and it embraces an outdoor dining area shaded by a sun screen. During the day, light streams in that side of the house, and through slits in the bedroom walls and portholes in the bathrooms and kitchen. The sea, reflected by mirrored doors in the kitchen, bedrooms and bathrooms, is ever-present. And, just as the sea provides a sense of unlimited dimension, so does the interior of the house—which, like Oriental boxes carved one within

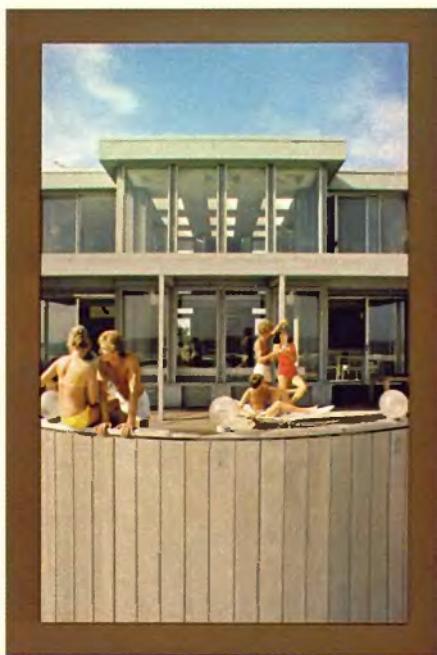


the other, is an ingenious exercise in spatial economics. Reflectors, such as mirrors placed between study and dining room, subdivide and circulate the space. Each area seems to flow into the next, and the guest's eye is never trapped. When the bedroom blinds upstairs are open, you can see clear across the house, including the skylighted, coffered ceiling that overhangs the two-story living room, which is reflected below in the geometries of the dining table, coffee table and built-in furniture. The general feeling of weightlessness is countered by the 14 square columns, which, in addition to providing support, house such essentials as wiring, plumbing and a four-speaker hi-fi system—thereby combining structural, aesthetic and utilitarian roles. Completed in August 1970 at a cost of \$60,000, the house admirably fulfills the objectives of architect Combs: "On a fine site directly facing the beach and the ocean, to create an enclosed space that would look to and reflect the views of the beach and sea; to handle the very strong light and glare without losing the view and a sense of openness; to provide a plan that would balance and organize the interior space, while maintaining visual privacy and sound separation when desired; to utilize low-maintenance materials." A rather tall order; but the musicality of Combs's ingenious design transformed a relatively confined area into a piece of architectural wizardry—and one hell of a place to spend a weekend.

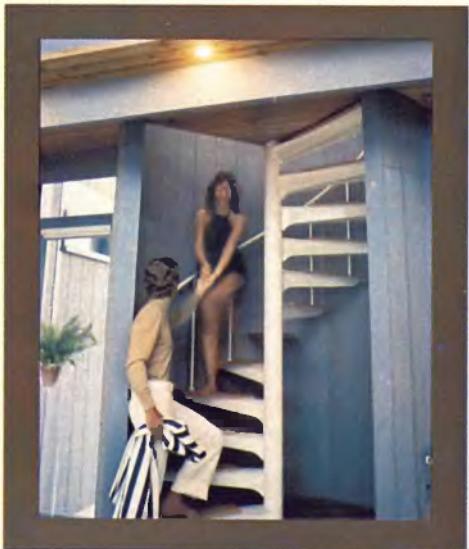
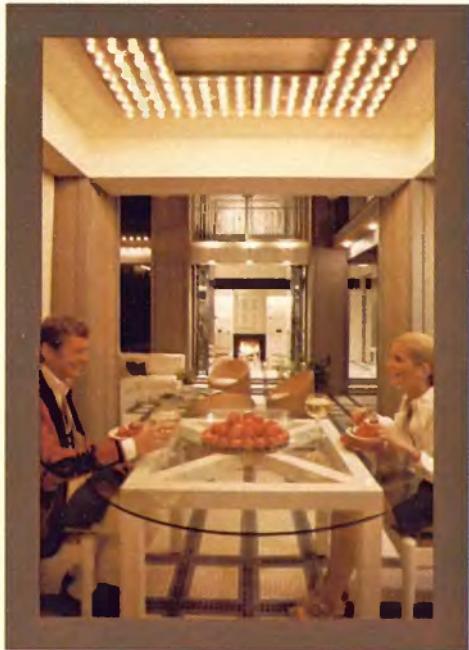
Architect Earl Combs planned and built the weekend hideaway of Steve Ostrow, a Manhattan entrepreneur. The land side of the building is made of wood; the sea side is mostly glass. Inside, the visitor's eye is kept in motion so that the rooms appear to partake of one another's space. A unique quality of the post-and-beam structure is that the uprights take the form of square columns—14 of them, indicated in the floor plan above by heavy black lines—which are covered with plywood, outfitted with touch-latch door panels and bolstered by posts in their corners. In addition to their structural and visual value, the columns provide an abundance of storage space; concealed in them, among other things, are the chimney flue, a roof drain, a ladder for cleaning high windows, pipes, wiring, medicine cabinets, pantry articles, tools, games, linen supplies and clothing.

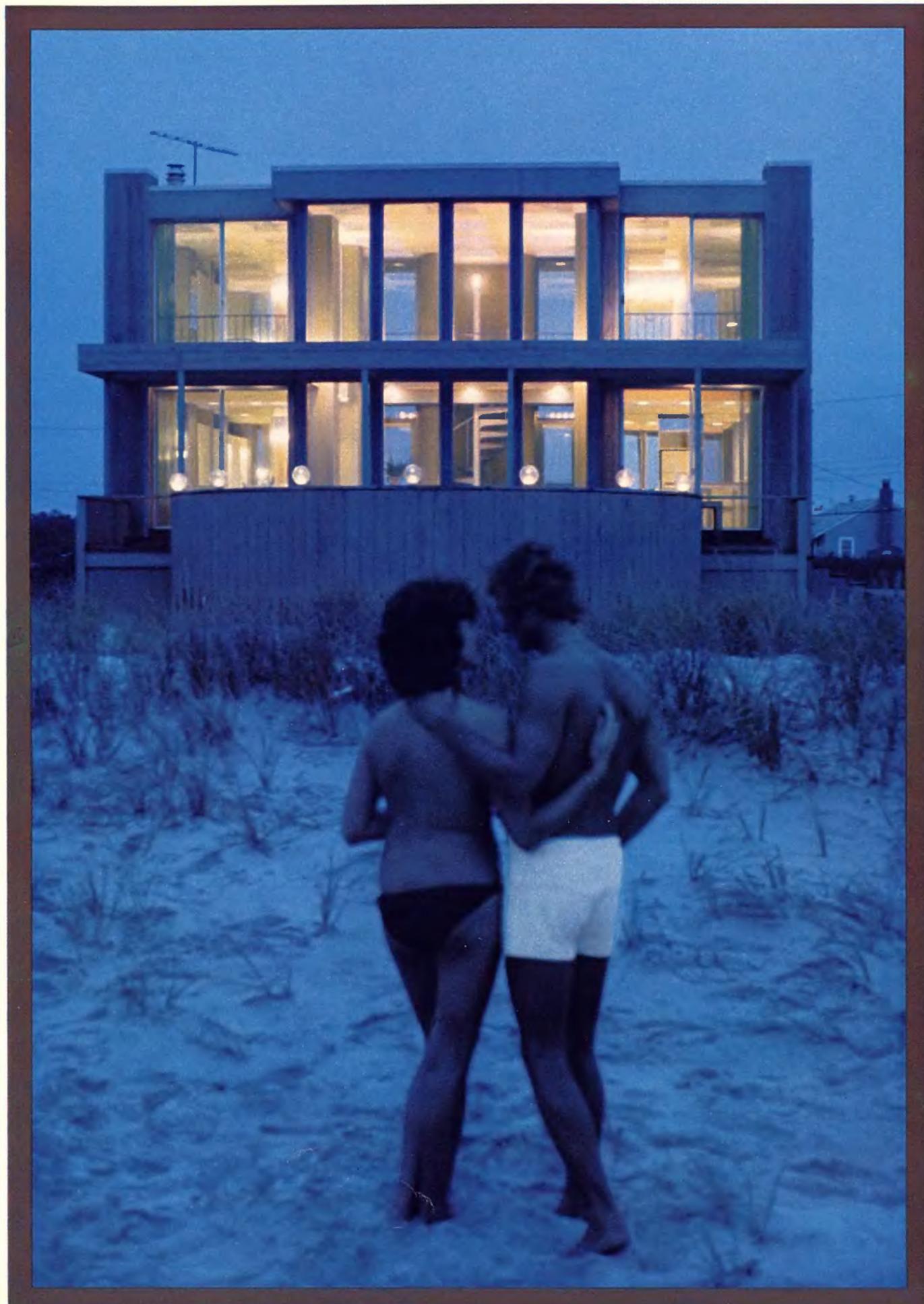


Clockwise from left: Once inside the house, you're face to face with the sea. The two-story living room, shown from the balcony, is topped by nine skylights and fronted by a wall that's almost all window—vertical panels and glass doors that lead to an open area shielded by a sun screen and incorporating a built-in bench; it's used by guests to relax and dry off after a swim. Breakfast in bed, bloody mary included, is the happy lot of one weekender. The bedrooms, which are connected by a romp, are equipped with sliding glass doors and blinds that can be drawn for privacy; the headboards of the beds contain storage space and the walls, slit to admit extra light, are decorated with metallic and molded-acrylic panels. When the bedrooms are open, one can see clear across the house. The bathrooms are separated from the bedrooms by sliding, mirrored doors that enable one to view the ocean at all times, and portholes (also used in the kitchen) that help let the sunshine in.



Clockwise from right: The living room, here enlivened by a party, is floored with ceramic tile designed by architect Combs; Ostrow says it reminds him of the health spas he owns. A couple retreats to the study—which, with its own bath, a pull-out bed and storage space, converts to an additional bedroom; the furniture needs little caretaking and the mirrors seal off the room, giving occupants a sense of intimacy. Another couple reconnoiters on the staircase, which, inside a cylindrical sheath, leads to the balcony and the bedrooms on the second floor. The dining room, where meals are served informally, is highlighted by its galaxy of rheostat-controlled bulbs, set in a special fixture made by Combs; the design of the tabletop reflects the pattern of the roof beams, to which plywood has been bonded and baxed in a coffer system. Opposite page: Contrasting sharply with the boarded-in entranceway, the sea side of the house—viewed from the water's edge at dusk—casts a warm, inviting glow.





leading dissenter on the squad was running back MacArthur Lane, whose public remarks got him traded to Green Bay—even up—for the Packers' resident malcontent, Donny Anderson. Anderson is joined by big Leon Burns, a runner of enormous potential who came from the San Diego Chargers. Also on the scene is Steve Worster, the bruising fullback from the University of Texas. Whether or not these new players can turn last year's nonexistent ground attack into a usable weapon depends upon the further development of a young but talented offensive line. The most exciting new addition to the Cardinal roster will be Bobby Moore, who could become a brilliant wide receiver in his rookie year. If the Cardinal defense is up to its usual standards and if Hollway wins the confidence and loyalty of his players, St. Louis could be a surprise team this year.

Cynical observers are saying the same thing about Washington coach George Allen and his team that they were saying this time last year: Ancient age may be good in a distillery but not in pro football. In '71, Allen did an instant rebuilding job on what had been the worst defense in football and gave journeyman Bill Kilmer the confidence to become one of the most effective quarterbacks in the country. At season's end, Kilmer destroyed the Los Angeles Rams with three touchdown passes, knocking them out of the play-offs and avenging his coach, who had been fired by Los Angeles the year before.

There will probably be as few changes in the Washington line-up as there are in Dallas', but for a different reason. The draft was a dry well for the Redskins this year. When Allen finally found a draft choice he had forgotten to trade away, he used it to pick up Moses Denton, an appropriately aging running back who has been playing in Canada. Although the Redskins won't have the advantage of sneaking up on any opponents the way they did last year, they could be even stronger—provided Sonny Jurgensen, Larry Brown and Charley Taylor are recovered from injuries that largely incapacitated them last season.

The Philadelphia Eagles, under new coach Ed Khayat, have regained their almost forgotten respectability. Khayat—who smokes whiskey-flavored stogies, wears an American flag in his lapel and is another molder of men who doubts the character of players who wear long hair—has worked wonders with a previously inept squad. The best features of the new Eagles are a young and reckless defense and long-range field-goal kicker Tom Dempsey. Prospects look even brighter this year with the arrival of John Reaves, a gold-plated quarterback pros-

(continued from page 118)

pect who should be a starter before his rookie season is over. The Eagles' running corps was mediocre last year and probably won't be much better this time. Top rusher Ron Bull has retired and the only bright prospect obtained in the draft, Ron "Po" James of New Mexico State, will have to break in behind an offensive line that is still very young and inexperienced. The brightest new star this season will probably be sophomore receiver Harold Carmichael, a 6'8" wonder who could team with Reaves to give the Eagles the best "bomb squad" in football.

The New York Giants have arrived. Their headlong rush to the bottom has come to fruition with the trading away of quarterback Fran Tarkenton to Minnesota. They now have one of the least impressive collections of player talent outside Chicago. Presumably, owner Wellington Mara is still sifting his player roster, trying to find some other talent on his squad to trade away to championship teams. The Giants' best hope of winning a couple of games this year lies in the person of strong-armed Randy Johnson, who came to the Giants for the same reason Tarkenton originally did: to get away from coach Norm Van Brocklin. At least Johnson will have an excellent receiver for his passes; Bob Grim, who came from Minnesota as part of the Tarkenton trade, will probably become the newest darling of the Giants' fans. They won't have much else to cheer about.

#### CENTRAL DIVISION

##### NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Minnesota Vikings .....	11-3
Detroit Lions .....	9-5
Green Bay Packers .....	5-9
Chicago Bears .....	1-13

Along with Dallas, the Minnesota Vikings seem to have the best chance among N. F. C. teams to get to the Super Bowl this season. Since there is very little difference in the potentials of the top teams in professional football, luck and injuries should prove determining factors. The big games are usually lost rather than won. That's what happened at Minnesota last year. The Vikings, as usual, made defensive football their own specialized art, allowing only 14 touchdowns in 14 regular-season games. All season long, the Vikings turned patience into victory, playing so that the offense wouldn't get the defense into trouble. And when the other team made a mistake, the Vikes came pouring through. But in the conference championship game, the Cowboys played it Minnesota style, and coach Bud Grant was left to ponder the mixed blessings of defense-oriented football.

Viking fans will notice a difference this year. Grant is less a theory coach than a "what's best for what you've got to work with" coach. Now he has Tarkenton at quarterback, a healthy Gene Washington to catch Fran's passes, two superb runners in Dave Osborn and Clinton Jones (who, after five years, has at last reached his potential), plus a new bulldozer-type runner in heralded Ed Marinaro. It all adds up to a Viking offense that will be much less conservative.

Tarkenton, of course, will be the key. Opinions on Tarkenton's ability are amazingly diverse. Nearly everyone agrees that, with his incredible scrambling, he is the most exciting quarterback in the country. But while Tarkenton was still in New York, Atlanta coach Norm Van Brocklin said, "If Jesus Christ were the coach, Vince Lombardi his advisor and Fran Tarkenton the quarterback, the Giants would be a seven-seven club." It is our guess that Tarkenton will excel beyond all expectations at Minnesota, largely because he will be operating behind the kind of offensive line he needs.

The Detroit Lions are a mirror image of Minnesota: an excellent offensive attack and a decrepit defense. The backfield is one of the best in football. Quarterback Greg Landry was superlative last season and should improve. Steve Owens and Altie Taylor are a pair of exceptional runners. Owens not only led his team in rushing last year, he also wound up as the Lions' number-one pass catcher.

The defense is another story. The pass rush will still be anemic, despite the arrival of rookie defensive end Herb Orvis, who, at the age of 25 years, should have the maturity to be a starter his first year. Nearly half the defensive unit will be first- or second-year men. Although several of them—including Orvis, defensive tackle Bob Bell and linebacker Charlie Weaver—have great futures, the inexperience probably will again cost the Lions some close games.

After Donny Anderson had been traded from Green Bay to St. Louis, someone asked him how long he thought it would be before coach Dan Devine would take the Packers back to the Super Bowl. "About 25 years," Anderson said. "I'm not the only Packer who was disillusioned. It's hard for a professional to put up with a junior high philosophy."

Anderson's comments were more sour grapes than objective analysis. No coaching philosophy could have won with the Packers' weaknesses last year: a crumby pass rush, a slow and aged secondary and an incompetent kicking game. The pass rush will be juiced up this season by transferring Fred Carr to defensive end, and the draft helped answer the two other questions. Rookie Willie Buchanon is said

(continued on page 163)

# SHUT UP AND SHOW THE MOVIES!



article

By LARRY LEVINGER

*a noted film critic finds that athens is overrun by barbarians*

FEW KNEW who Dwight Macdonald was. Along the winding road to Stevenson College at the University of California in Santa Cruz, a VW stops to pick up a bearded hitchhiker, his woman and a dog. The girl sits in the back with the dog. The boy sits up front, offers, "Hi, man," and the rest of a joint to the driver, who takes a toke and passes it over his head to the girl.

"We're going to Stevenson," the boy directs.

"Going to the film class?" the driver asks.

"Mmmmm," the boy responds. "Who is that cat—you know, the dude they got from back East?"

"Dwight Macdonald."

"Who?"

"Dwight Macdonald."

"Who's he?"

"Famous dude. Writer, film critic for *Esquire* for maybe ten years."

"*Esquire*? What's that?"

"A magazine, man. Haven't you ever seen that magazine?"

"We don't read many magazines." The boy looks back at the girl. She smiles, shakes the hair from her face. The dog stares out the window, fogging it with its breath.

It was to be a film class, the first at Santa Cruz. It would be called *The History of the Cinema* and would be

held evenings in the gigantic, cathedral-like dining hall. Macdonald would be paid some absurd sum, derived from some obscure fund, of which there were many put to more innocuous uses than a course in film. Macdonald would be given a private guest apartment in a grove of redwoods, an office and the general celebrity treatment, including freedom from organization and paperwork. For six weeks he would lecture, show films, stroll among the redwoods, shop at the freak shops and Indian import houses, entertain and be entertained by a wealth of British Academy-style intellectuals recruited from the East and abroad, who were something like socioadministrators, functioning as academic organizers and professional cocktail men, secretly seeking a more liberal, with-the-times Eton.

The name Dwight Macdonald, though relatively unknown to students, did have a kind of phonetic ripple to it, a ripple at once attractive and suggestive. Beyond the solid sound of the name was the anticipation of what might be an educational experience above the drudgery of most. Somehow, among all those stuffy literati, somebody had conjured up the vision and the bread to call in an expert from all that abounding expertise of the East, who might let loose some secrets about a medium that had become, for most students, one of the few "relevant" art forms on the American scene.

It was this anticipation that brought a capacity crowd to the dining hall, an anxious but aloof crowd, unfamiliar with the stormy career of Macdonald but much attuned to its own needs. Film was, for most students, the art of the present; without time and touch and circumstance, it moved and made sounds and seemed just like life. At its worst, it reinforced a multitude of abstractions about American life; yet when film was good, really good, it evoked a profound clarity and depth of feeling, for it touched the intellect by way of the senses. In an age when life is clothed in speech and concept, when the spirit and action of man are often invisible within the word, the young respond readily to the fluid, rhythmic reality of the film experience. When that experience was treated as a legitimate art form, appearing miraculously in the college catalog as a course of instruction for credit, anticipation moved to the edge of faith, for there was an implied possibility that the university had begun to make the learning process more relevant to the lives of its students.

So they came. They stuffed the dining hall, put their elbows and notebooks on the bread crumbs and blobs of pudding. Three hundred seeking the relevant. Dwight Macdonald? Sounds cool. Like Miles Davis or Arthur C. Clarke. Has a ring. Must be *somebody*.

"Which one is he?" said the girl to an older-looking student with barbershop-quartet sideburns.

"The one in the suit."

"Hey! They all have suits."

There was a cluster of pale, elderly men and women, dressed in navy blues, blacks and browns, near the stage. They were self-conscious, full of small talk, hands in pockets or behind backs, as though they were riding an elevator in an office building. The dining hall was rumbling with a steady chatter, broken occasionally by a "Which one is he?" Finally, a tall, white-haired man with white mustache and goatee,

gray pleated pants, tie and plaid lightweight jacket, walked with an awkward gait toward the cluster of men and women. There were introductions, faceless smiles. He joined them in putting his hands behind his back, tipping himself up and down on his toes.

"Is that him?"

"Man, that *couldn't* be him."

"I think it is. It *must* be him."

"No, man. He wouldn't be dressed like *that*."

"He looks like Colonel Sanders!"

It was him. The plaid coat he was wearing was the type a Scarsdale high school student would wear to the senior prom. He was to wear this coat throughout his stay. It was buttoned all the way up, Ivy style. Descending from the top button was the peak of a gut—not a rolly-poly beer belly but a long, flowing, dignified gut that ran down symmetrically and cupped the bottom edge of his belt. Below the cup hung the two plaid flaps of the coat, breaking away in a graceful V releasing the long, gray trousers and meticulously shined shoes. He looked not like Colonel Sanders but like the maître de at the Palm Springs Holiday Inn. He stood next to a somewhat enchanting woman known later to be his wife. She had long, flowing hair, with signs of unmanageability. Her dress was young for her, somewhat hip, but did her well. She had a combination of hope and freshness in her face that worked a gentle line into the more evident carvings of time, intelligence and conflict. She carried that face with the open wisdom of a one-man woman who had been present throughout the long, harsh development of her husband's splendid belly.

After much delay, including the last-minute cleanup of debris by a few frantic bus boys, "The History of the Cinema" got under way. The provost of Adlai E. Stevenson College began a rather long, lighthearted introduction of the man in the plaid coat, ending with a cordial plea to dog owners that they remove the more than 20 dogs sniffing about the dining hall. Then Macdonald stepped up to the microphone, and with an ease of bearing that seems always the private stock of the old, he slid into a brief account of the structure of his course and a few remarks about D. W. Griffith, the Eisenstein vignette, montage, the commercialism of Hollywood and the importance of the wide-angle lens. Then the lights went out and many saw Orson Welles's *Citizen Kane* for the first time in their filmgoing lives.

There was a degree of excitement following that first night. Though Macdonald was a bit vague on his design for the course, certainly from another, more linear age and obviously less than magnetic in his presence, the audience was willing to believe he knew something about cinema that it didn't. *Citizen Kane* had been an intense and interesting film and a good place to start. If Macdonald proved to be less interesting than the films, the audience could always form its own impressions where the gaps were, a common procedure in the experience of higher education. And there were always the films themselves; watching them was admittedly one of the more pleasant ways to spend class time.

In the weeks that followed *Citizen Kane*, the audience was baffled by Cocteau's *Blood of a Poet* and Fellini's *8½*, delighted with the (continued on page 194)

# SEX & SIN IN SHEBOYGAN

*when the crime is  
loving someone,  
is there a  
fitting punishment?*

*article By RICHARD RHODES*

Sheboygan, Wisconsin. The name of the town is borrowed from the name of the river that winds through it. Sheboygan, an Algonquian word, means a passage connecting two bodies of water. It also means a hollow bone. When Sheboygan was a village, its inhabitants called it "the mouth." The Sheboygan River rises in the hills only a short portage away from Lake Winnebago and flows north and then bends eastward, and on the shore of Lake Michigan halfway up the Wisconsin coast at the river's mouth lies the city of Sheboygan. It is not a



picturesque city, but it is located in a picturesque place. Kettle moraines, hills with kettle-shaped holes ground out between them by the Lake Michigan glacier, mark the land westward, and in the winter the river freezes like a miniature glacier to break at the shore line jaggedly into the huge unfrozen lake. Indians fished here and steamboats docked pioneers to settle the wilderness West. Yankees came to girdle the trees and grow corn. Germans came to escape religious and political persecution and settled and started dairy farming and built exercise halls. Serbs and Croats came to work in furniture factories and mills. Yugoslavs came, and Lithuanians and Luxemburgers and Russian Jews. Fourierist utopians such as those who founded New England's Brook Farm came and established a short-lived socialist colony, a phalanx, but their crops failed and reluctantly they moved on.

Sheboygan is possessed of two other picturesque distinctions. Its main industry today is a toilet-and-bathtub factory. And, although it is a city of only 48,484 people, it annually prosecutes more adults for fornication, adultery and lewd and lascivious behavior than any other city in the United States. (Detailed records in these matters are scarce, but all available evidence suggests the statement is true. Sheboygan police investigated 118 cases in 1971 of class-two sex offenses, excluding rape. In 1967, the only year for which a statistical breakdown is available, Sheboygan arrested 35 people for adultery, 27 for lewd and lascivious behavior, 11 for fornication, ten for intercourse without consent, four for bigamy and one for sexual perversion. In contrast, New York City has prosecuted two people for adultery and none for fornication in the past 50 years; Boston in 1966 reported six arrests for fornication and seven for adultery.)

A few years ago, a young man named Jim Decko came to Sheboygan. He had been an exceptional student. He was an exceptional athlete. The Sheboygan school system had hired him to direct the city's extensive public-recreation program. It was a responsible job. Decko supervised more than 200 part-time employees, and because he was outgoing and handsome and athletic, people in Sheboygan soon came to recognize him on the streets of the city. He played semi-pro football. He was married to a beauty queen and had two small daughters, but the marriage wasn't going well. Decko began to look around. He met a girl and started divorce proceedings. He got the divorce.

Wisconsin winters blow long and cold. Decko shared an apartment with his girl. Stories of convictions for cohabitation turned up in *The Sheboygan Press* alongside stories of robberies and record snows. A police captain lived next door, and the sister of a detective

down the hall. Decko moved out but continued to visit on weekends. Someone whispered into a phone. The young director of public recreation got a call and drove to the police station downtown.

Cohabitation is a crime in Wisconsin, as it is in many other states. The crime is defined in section 20 of chapter 944 of the Wisconsin Criminal Code. The chapter is titled "Crimes Against Sexual Morality" and the section, "Lewd and Lascivious Behavior." The law provides:

Whoever does any of the following may be fined not more than \$500 or imprisoned not more than one year in county jail or both:

(1) Commits an indecent act of sexual gratification with another with knowledge that they are in the presence of others; or

(2) Publicly and indecently exposes a sex organ; or

(3) Openly cohabits and associates with a person he knows is not his spouse under circumstances that imply sexual intercourse.

The first clause protects the public from swingers and live sex shows, the second, from exhibitionists. The third is less precise. "Circumstances that imply sexual intercourse" is a phrase that requires of law officials an act of imagination. For example, the presence of 15 adult males, a German shepherd and a tin whistle in the home of a matron would not imply sexual intercourse, though the dog often barked and the whistle often blew, if the home were a licensed boardinghouse. The presence of a man in a woman's apartment overnight would, if they were known not to be married to each other. The statute does not forbid sexual intercourse. It forbids two people from "openly" behaving as man and wife. Wisconsin maintains the creature comforts of home and hearth under license and treats failure to obtain that license as a crime.

To establish that Jim Decko was behaving lewdly and lasciviously, the Sheboygan Police Department observed the behavior of the lights in his girlfriend's apartment and the behavior of his car. On August 27, 1970, Sheboygan police officers Frederick Zittel and Howard Durow filed a report:

"The area of ----- was checked periodically during the night and this blue Ford, license R96-240, was parked at this location throughout the night."

The following night, Officer Durow and Officer William Eichmann filed a similar report. Other reports chronicled times when the apartment lights were on or off. From such facts the Sheboygan police could draw rigorous conclusions.

In 1970, the Sheboygan Police Department apprehended four windowpeepers,

a fact mentioned prominently in its annual report.

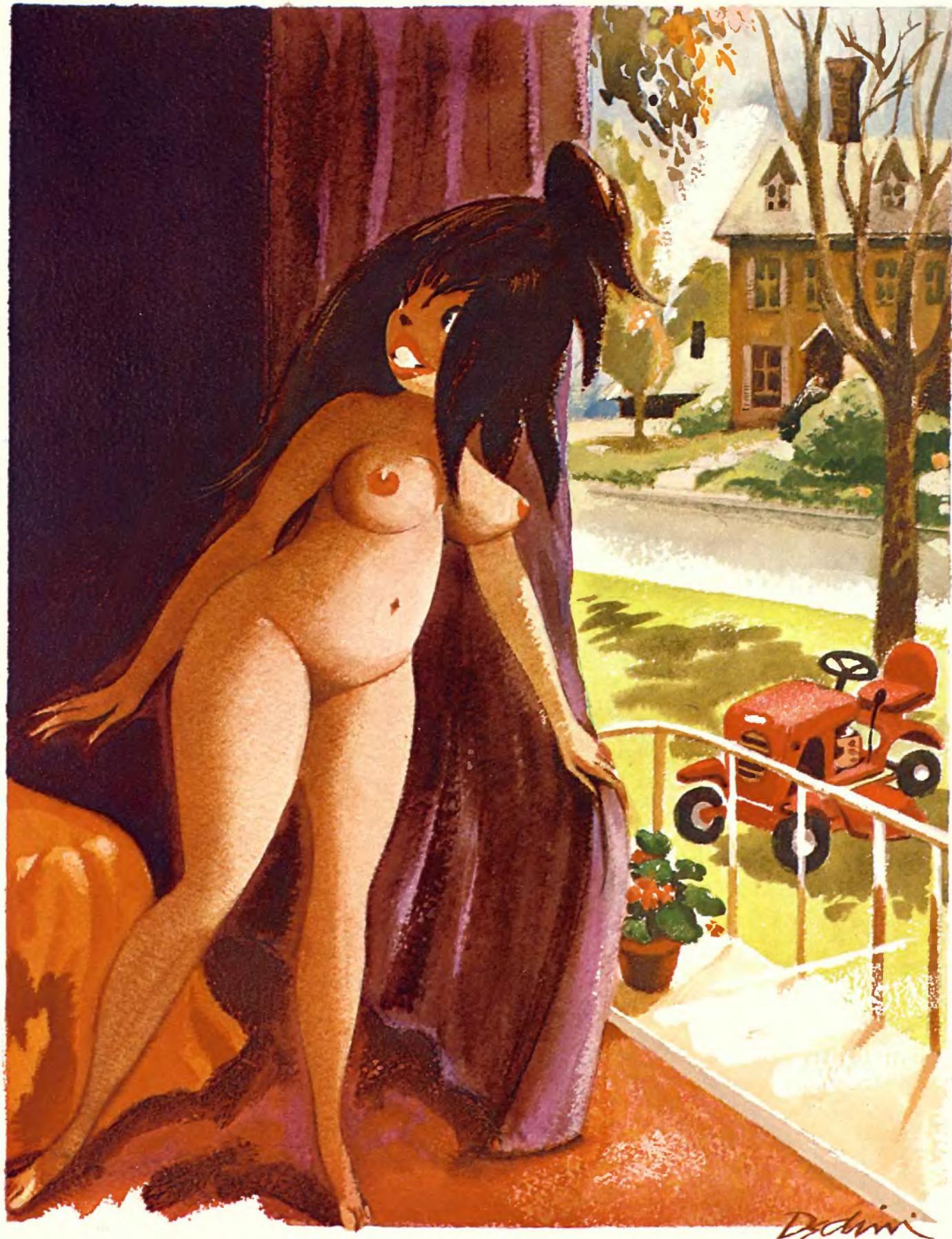
Two detectives interviewed Decko. They asked him if he stayed overnight at the apartment. They asked him what the sleeping arrangements were. Decko answered some of their questions and evaded others. He asked the detectives what they thought to be logical hours. He asked if he could visit the apartment at all and they said yes. He asked how late he could stay and they said, well, 12 or one o'clock. The exchange reminded him of college. He said that after he left the station he felt ridiculous. He felt as if he had been placed under curfew. He continued to visit the apartment, but surreptitiously, leaving his car at home. Sometimes his amused friends, galvanized by the quaintness of a challenge to young love, dropped him off. Two weeks after Decko's interview, he was issued a summons and his world fell apart.

He was a talented and successful young man. He had been an all-state linebacker. His job required enthusiasm and a good measure of skill. When he was summoned by the state he should have been angry, but instead he was mortally afraid. Later, some would remember that he seemed a man inordinately concerned to please. He opened car doors for ladies and wrote "I love you" in the white Wisconsin snow.

When he got his summons, he called the Sheboygan chief of police, a man named Oakley Frank, and arranged to talk it over. He said, Look, I've been in this town a long time. What can we do? Can we keep this out of the paper? Can we settle this out of court? Chief Frank said he had come too late. He said he would like to help Decko, but the matter was no longer in his hands. He said he had the problem of the people who had encouraged him to prosecute. He said that if he didn't prosecute he would get the entire department in trouble.

Oakley Frank doesn't love the press. It hasn't done him honor. He consented to an interview reluctantly. He is a stocky man with graying hair combed back from the temples. He has a heavy face and a firm, forceful voice. He grew up in the same neighborhood I did in Kansas City, Missouri. That is most of what I know about him, except that his signature, printed on his glowing annual reports, is surprisingly immature for a man of his age and position, the letters round as babies' eyes and drawn without conviction leftward and vertically and leaning right. I asked Chief Frank if I could use a recorder to take notes. He said I might not have any notes to take, so I left the recorder off. One of his men entered the office then and sat beside me, a silent witness.

Chief Frank said that Sheboygan had been maligned. In 1968, *The Wall* (continued on page 186)



*"Won't your wife be getting suspicious, Fred—your lawn mower  
is always parked in front of my house?"*

*a look at the  
stunning fräuleins  
whose beauty and  
charm help energize  
germany's most  
magnetic city*

# THE GIRLS OF MUNICH

*pictorial essay*  
By FRANZ SPELMAN





**B**EAUTIFUL WOMEN are heading for Munich today much as they journeyed to Hollywood during its golden era. Unlike their California predecessors, however, the girls of Munich aren't seeking fame or wealth; they simply want to be part of the action. Contemplating this state of affairs, a city official recently observed, with a mixture of pride and exasperation: "Every venturesome girl, once she's sampled Katmandu, New York, Tangier, Rome and Hong Kong, now decides to try Munich—at least for a while."

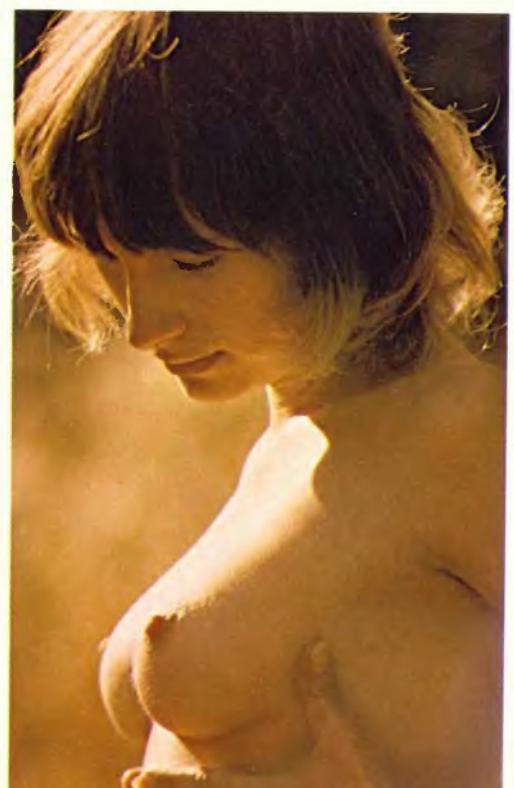
The city's growth has outpaced its reputation. Since the end of the war in 1945, the world at large has remained relatively unaware of Munich's emergence; but the former Bavarian capital has been largely rebuilt and its population has doubled. The resultant city is a complex blend of the medieval and the modern, a marriage of plate glass and gingerbread that produces a curious unpredictability best described as civic schizophrenia. One day, perhaps, Munich may revert to its origins as a dull commercial center on a par with Frankfurt, Manchester, Antwerp or Zurich. But for 1972 and some years beyond, no such destiny seems in store.

The special flavor of Munich reaches back to the year 1158, when it was founded—as its name should reveal to readers with a smattering of German—by monks. No hair-shirted ascetics these: The youthful frater depicted (*text continued on page 180*)

Convent-educated Anulka Dziubinska (left) upstages Munich's best-known civic attraction, the Rathaus Glockenspiel, whose animated figures ring the bells each morning. Model Marlene Appelt (above) prefers more bucolic surroundings, near Kochelsee in the Bavarian Alps.

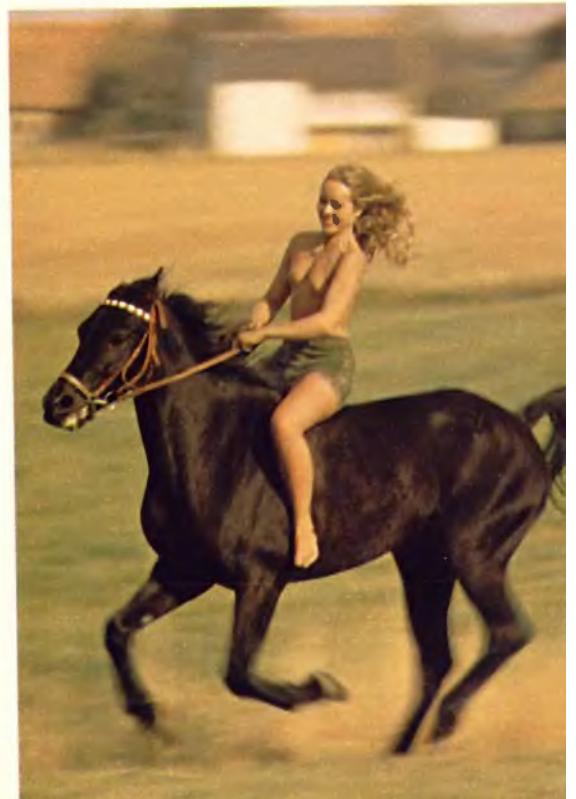


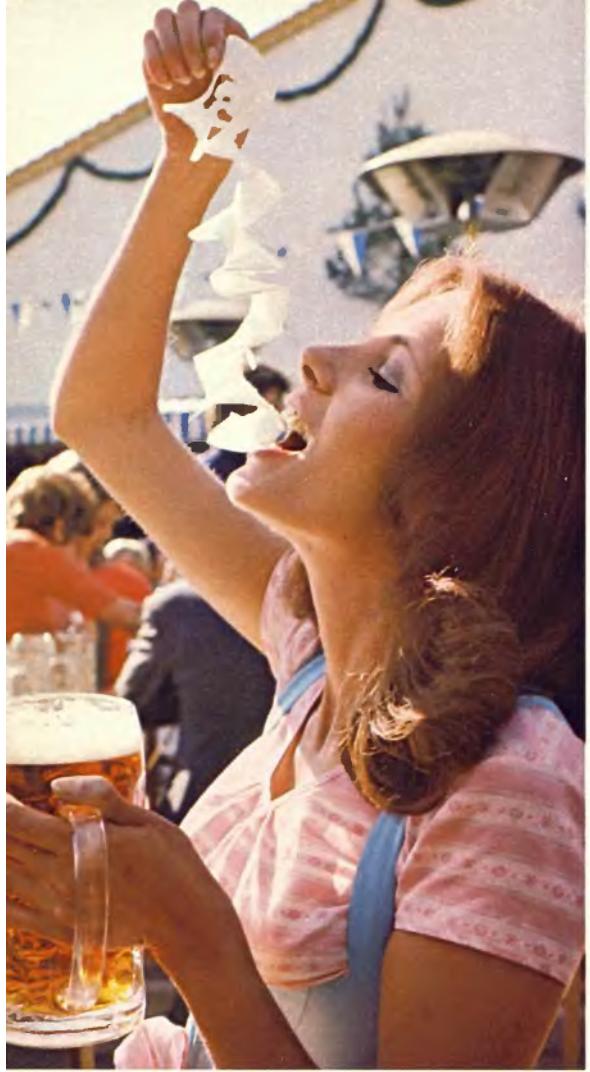
Alberta Brandenstein (above), sitting pensively in her city flat, models to supplement her schoolteacher income and expects to run a kindergarten someday. At left: Mia Schroeter, an ardent skier, hoists Waldi, the Summer Olympics' toy dachshund mascot, before the stadium where the 1972 games will be held. Barbara Karger (below) is an industrial designer whose hobbies include "cooking and flirting."





An actress with 28 films and many TV shows to her credit, Christa Linder (left) pauses on the Leopoldstrasse. Stewardess Hildegard Kuhlbach (above) soaks up a rainstorm in the Englischer Garten, an oasis in central Munich. The Lady Gadiva below is Hansi Lohmann, a professional stunt girl who's also a champion parachutist, a competitive car racer—and a belly dancer.



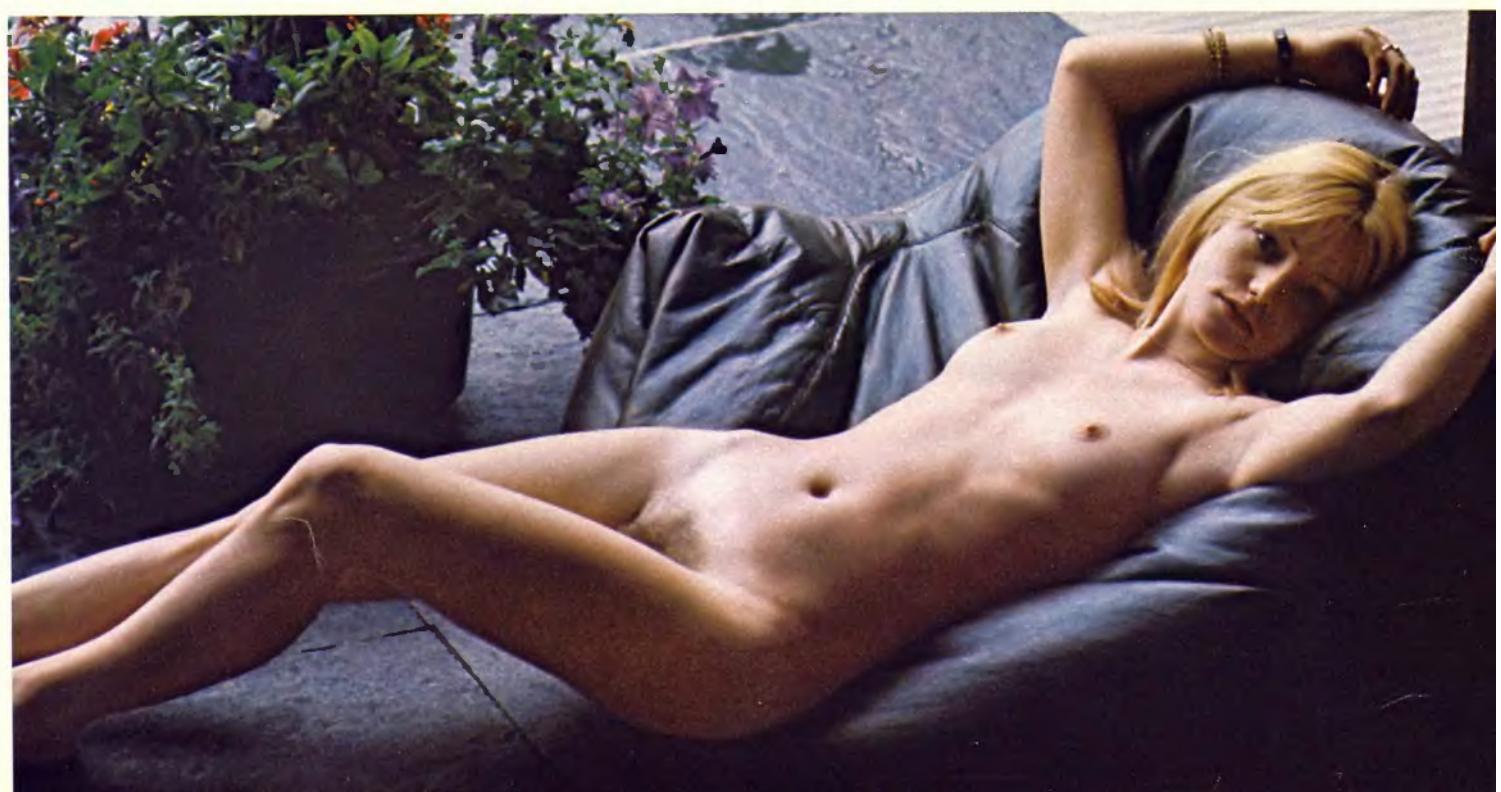


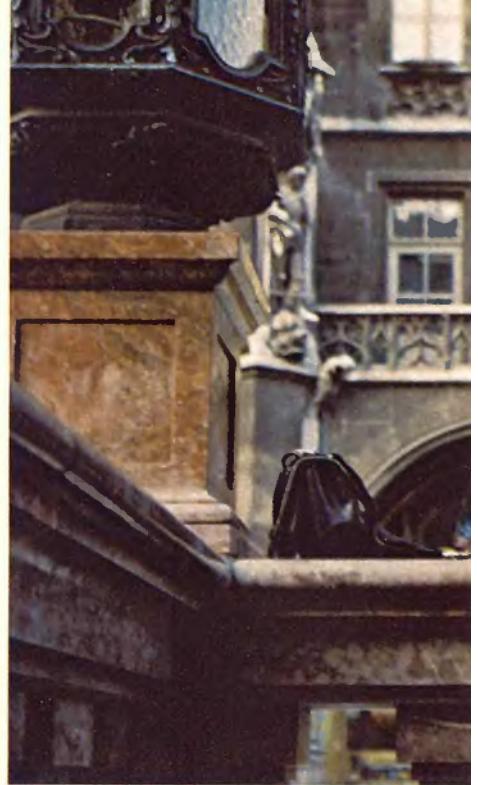
Anticipating the opening of Oktoberfest, Sigi Patt-Von-Babo (above) downs a Munich delicacy, the spiral-cut Bavarian radish, locally considered the perfect accompaniment to a stein of beer. Sigi is a medical assistant, big on swimming and tennis. Below: Sunny-haired Monica Fleischer, a drugstore clerk, samples new styles at Lord Jahn, one of Munich's many boutiques.





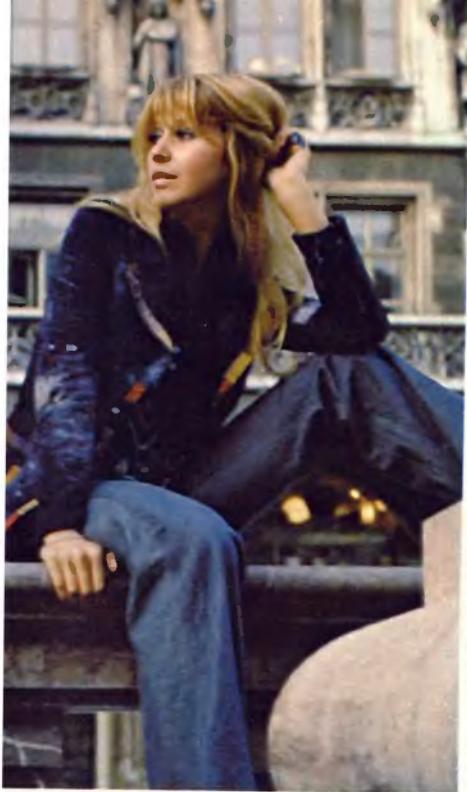
A quartet of *Fräuleinwunder*: Doctor's helper Marlene Wiese (left) complements a pedestal in the gardens of historic Nymphenburg Castle. Iris Gros (above) is a railway man's daughter who dabbles in painting and also collects old clothes and antique chairs; here she displays some ornamental crochetwork, among other adornments. Aspiring attorney Helga Blaha (right), still in law school, likes to spend her spare time in the outdoor cafés that dot the Leopoldstrasse. Below: Accountant Margie Ferstl, who hopes someday to leave the ledgers and take off for India, lounges in suburban Grünwald.





Interestingly named Eva Garden (left), a journalist, actress and popular German cover girl, gets away from it all at a fog-blanketed lake outside Munich. Above: Switzerland's Heidi Ulmer-Hartberger, who commutes regularly from Zurich in search of merchandise for the three shops she runs, relaxes on the Marienplatz.



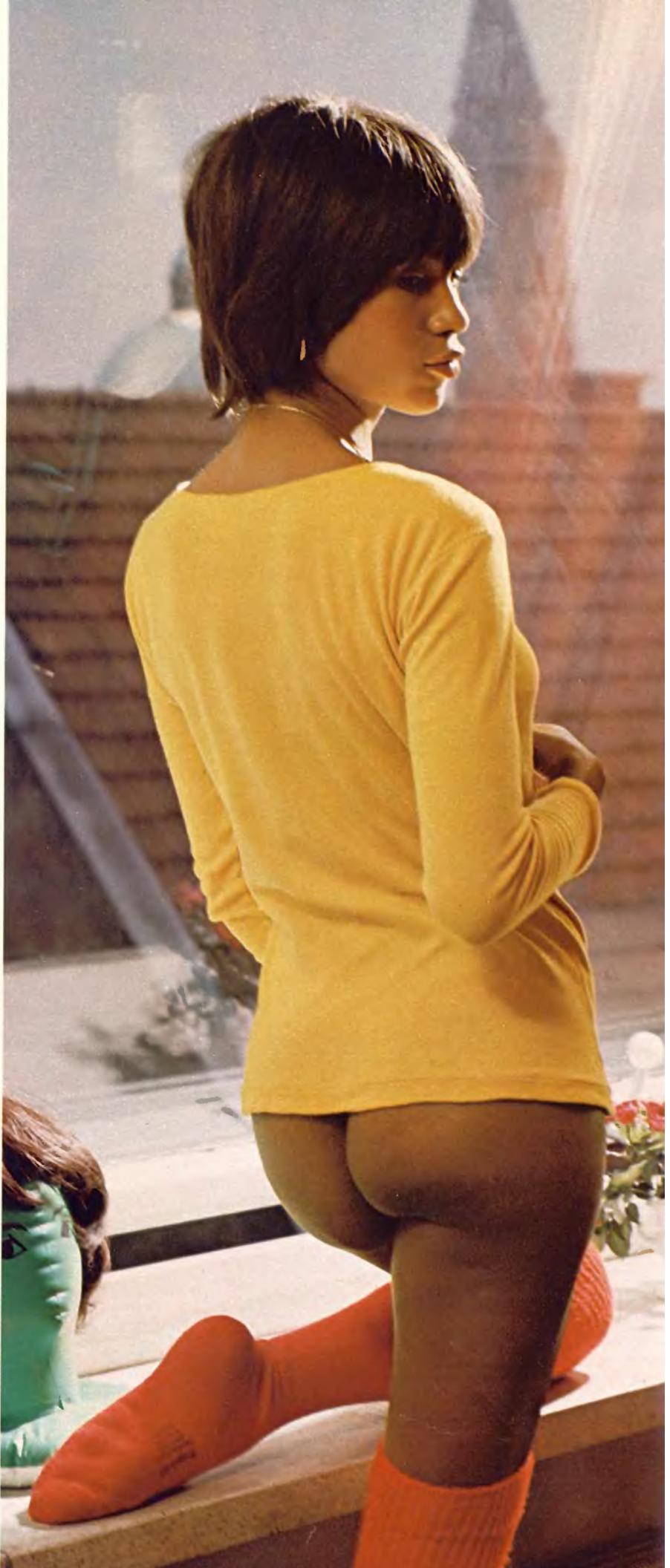


Here washing fresh grapes near the Viktualienmarkt, an open-air food market behind St. Peter's church, flower-laden Karin Müller (below) spends most of her time studying to be a medical technician. Christiane Rücker (right), the daughter of a professional wood carver, hopes to cut her niche in the European film industry.





Poolside at the Arabella Hotel, model Kiki Golz (above) shows why the Arabella is one of Munich's most popular singles hangouts. Residential apartments take up most of the hotel, but the top two floors are available to transients, and highly recommended. Below: Regina Baar, a native of Hanau-on-Main, near Frankfurt, epitomizes the two-fisted beer-drinking form that characterizes Oktoberfest.





In a reflective mood, TV bit player Eva Maria Bohn-Chin (left)—at her flat in the Schwabing district—confesses a desire "to be the ideal of other black German girls." Jazz lover Evelyn Wilczek (above) loosens up at Tiffany's, the local branch of a European disco chain. Below: Monique Ofner, the German equivalent of an Avon lady, displays a complexion that defies cosmetic enhancement.





Taking a break from the books are two charming representatives of Munich's burgeoning student population: Nicola Schlubach (left), a psychology major who has studied in South Africa and Paris, encounters an abandoned Citroën near a busy highway; and Gisela Lange (above), a political-science student, lets down her hair for a sun-bathing weekend near the mountain village of Penzburg. Junior high school teacher Hella Rütz (below) is a native of the rat-free village of Hamelin. Right: A bautique called Anna Spaghetti's, specializing in second-hand memorabilia, provides a striking showcase for foreign correspondent Birgit Zamulo. When she's not filing dispatches, Birgit enjoys Munich's wide range of art films, ballet and opera.







JOHN  
DEMPSEY

*"By God, I'm financing the show, and whether you like it or not,  
it's going to have an all-girl seven-piece band."*

IF YOU HAD HAPPENED to be a muscular, headstrong young Provençal nobleman in the year 1248, nothing would have appealed to you more than the thought of cutting off Saracen heads in Egypt. Thus, if your name had been Vicomte Jean de Puysaurin, you would have been preparing eagerly to sail with King Louis IX on his crusade. Among the happy visions of battle against the infidels, only one small, persistent idea would remain to trouble your mind.

This was a lively, shapely, warm-blooded idea. It was a dark-eyed, roses-and-cream, curved-lip idea. Under certain obstructions of silk and velvet, it was a firm-breasted, trim-bellied, round-buttocked idea. It was an idea that always brought to mind the scent of a most wonderful perfume that, though it may have imitated the aura of a lilac bush blooming in May, was actually the natural scent of a young woman.

To tell the truth, all these things were quite real and all were combined in the person of Perdigonne, Vicomtesse de Puysaurin. It was simply the idea of leaving this tempting combination alone and unguarded that troubled the mind of the young noble.

He might have put this anxiety aside had he contemplated the fact that his lady was as modest and virtuous as she was lovely. In a country of easy manners and many predatory men, she was known as Lady Naysayer because she discouraged every amorous approach. That scent, sweeter than all the spices of Araby, she preserved for her husband alone. Still, the *vicomte* worried over the long months of separation ahead and his mind was soured with jealousy.

In the foothills of the Alps, there lived at this time an old woman who was reputed to be a witch. For a few gold coins, she could be prevailed upon to produce love philtres, visions, charms, prophecies and curses upon the head of an enemy. One day, at last, when De Puysaurin's forebodings had overcome his better judgment, he set out to visit her.

In the forest, he came across a charcoal burner and asked directions. "Ah, you seek *Mère Noiraude*," said the man. "You must follow this track to the left, then. But when you speak with her, you must remember to talk loudly, because she is sore hard of hearing." The nobleman thanked him and went on, coming at last to a lonely hut guarded by two half-wild dogs.

When he had summoned the old woman, had shown her some gold and had begun to explain his difficulties in a loud voice, she croaked, "Don't shout so, young man. There may be listeners in these woods."

De Puysaurin lowered his voice, even though he could see nobody except the

two fierce hounds. "And thus, to be assured of her constancy, I require some magic charm," he finished.

The witch was mumbling and nodding her head all the while. "I understand," she said impatiently. "Closed. Locked up. Tight as a seam."

"Well," said the *vicomte*, "with just a little allowance for nature. But secure enough to prevent mishaps. The charm must last exactly from my day of departure to the day of my return. Can you bring that about?"

"I have powers to close horrible fissures in the earth! I can seal up the craters of the most violent volcanoes!" said the old woman wildly.

"This really isn't a formidable matter like a volcano," the nobleman said. "It's just a small—"

"Consider it done," said the witch. "Go home, young gentleman." She snatched the gold pieces from his hand and disappeared into her hut.

The glorious deeds performed by the Vicomte de Puysaurin against the infidels are somewhere recorded in history. It is possible that he fought more boldly in the confidence that his home portal was guarded by magic. In any case, he made his way back to France after two years in a mood of curiosity. It would amuse him to hear stories of baffled suitors, angry wooers and dejected gallants. Thus, he disguised himself as a pilgrim with a long robe and a broad-brimmed hat and approached his castle on foot. When he came to an inn beside the road, he entered and asked for wine. As he drank, he listened to the discourse of some young squires who were sitting at a table near the fireplace.

One of them was saying, "In my opinion, it was like the perfume of lavender with perhaps just a soupçon of red pepper thrown in."

Another said, "During my own intimate acquaintance with the matter, it seemed to me rather like the wild, sweet odor that arises from a bonfire of rose-wood. I can tell you that it was very hot."

"Not at all," said a third. "It was like the scent of wild honey gathered on a sunny mountain slope."

"Wrong," said a young man who had something of a poetic look about him. "Immersed in that fragrance, I could think only of an ebony tree where two doves were together upon a warm nest."

The *vicomte* was so troubled by the drift of this conversation that he soon left the inn. He managed to reassure himself a little by thinking that what he had heard was no more than the bragging and chattering of foolish boys. As he walked farther along the road, he saw several wandering troubadours sitting under a tree and sharing a meal with



some young shepherds. He approached to listen, being careful to keep out of sight.

"I would swear," said one of the singers, touching his lute, "that it was like the powder of sandalwood Mary Magdalene used to brush upon her hair."

"I thought I was lying on a field of wildflowers," said a shepherd, "except that it was a lot more springy."

"To me," said another troubadour, "it seemed the divine odor that King Solomon inhaled when the Queen of Sheba knelt before his throne and bared her breasts. . . ."

But the unhappy *vicomte* could bear no more. He set out down the road at a furious pace and soon reached his castle. He found the lady Perdigonne, as beautiful as ever, just coming from her bedchamber.

She rushed into his arms, crying, "Oh, my lord, you have come home! How happy I am to see you! Do you know that now for the first time in two years I have recovered my speech?"

"Your mouth was closed?" he asked in consternation.

"I was unable even to say no," replied his wife.

All of which is a stern warning to any gentleman planning to go off on a crusade: It is risky to employ the first witch who may come to hand, especially one who is afflicted with loss of hearing.

—Retold by Paul Tabori



*modern living* Back row, left to right: Suede attaché case, by S & S Leather Goods, \$155. Canvas and leather bag with brass hardware, \$36.50, and 19-inch canvas and leather tennis bag, \$31.50, both by Harrison. Italian-made cowhide Pullman

suitcase with solid-brass hardware, \$235, and matching smaller model, \$200, both by Mark Cross. Front row, left to right: Canvas and leather 24-inch jumbo tote, by Harrison, \$52.50. Cawhide weekender bag with removable shoulder strap, by Mark Cross,



WAY  
TO  
GO!

\$185. Skai vinyl bag comes with briefcase and shaving kit, by Samsonite, about \$100. Suede suitcase with adjustable rope handles, by Hartmann, \$85. The guy making his great escape carries a canvas and leather bag with shoulder strap, by Atlantic, \$60.

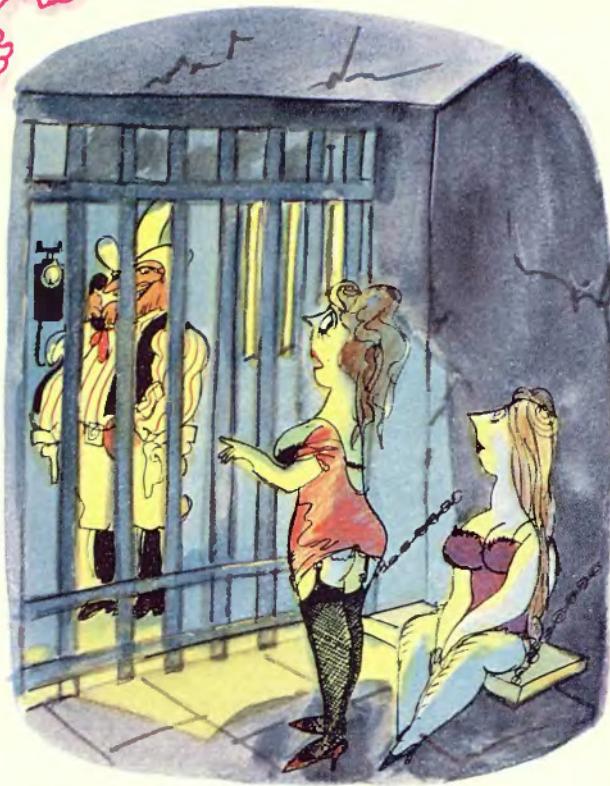
*luggage that makes traveling a soft touch*

ffolkes'

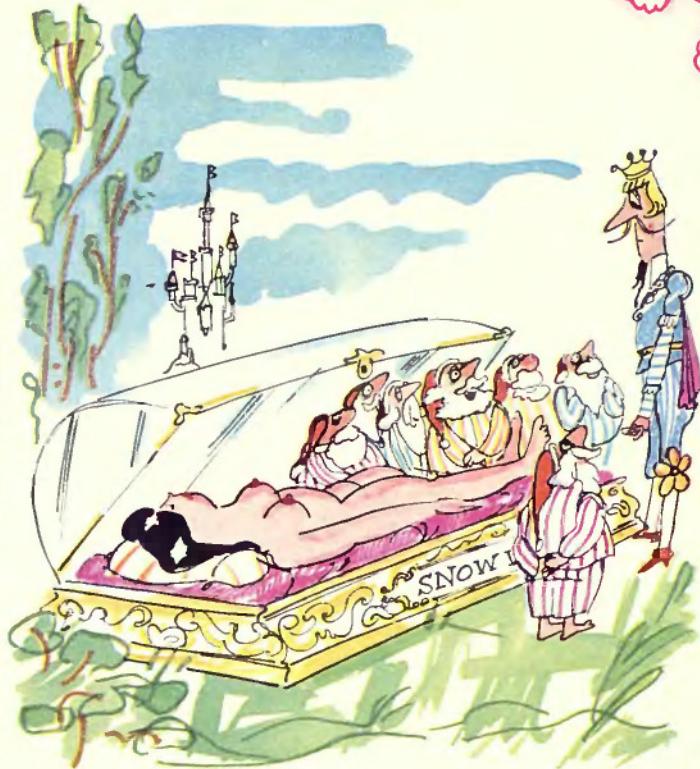
# Launched in Distress



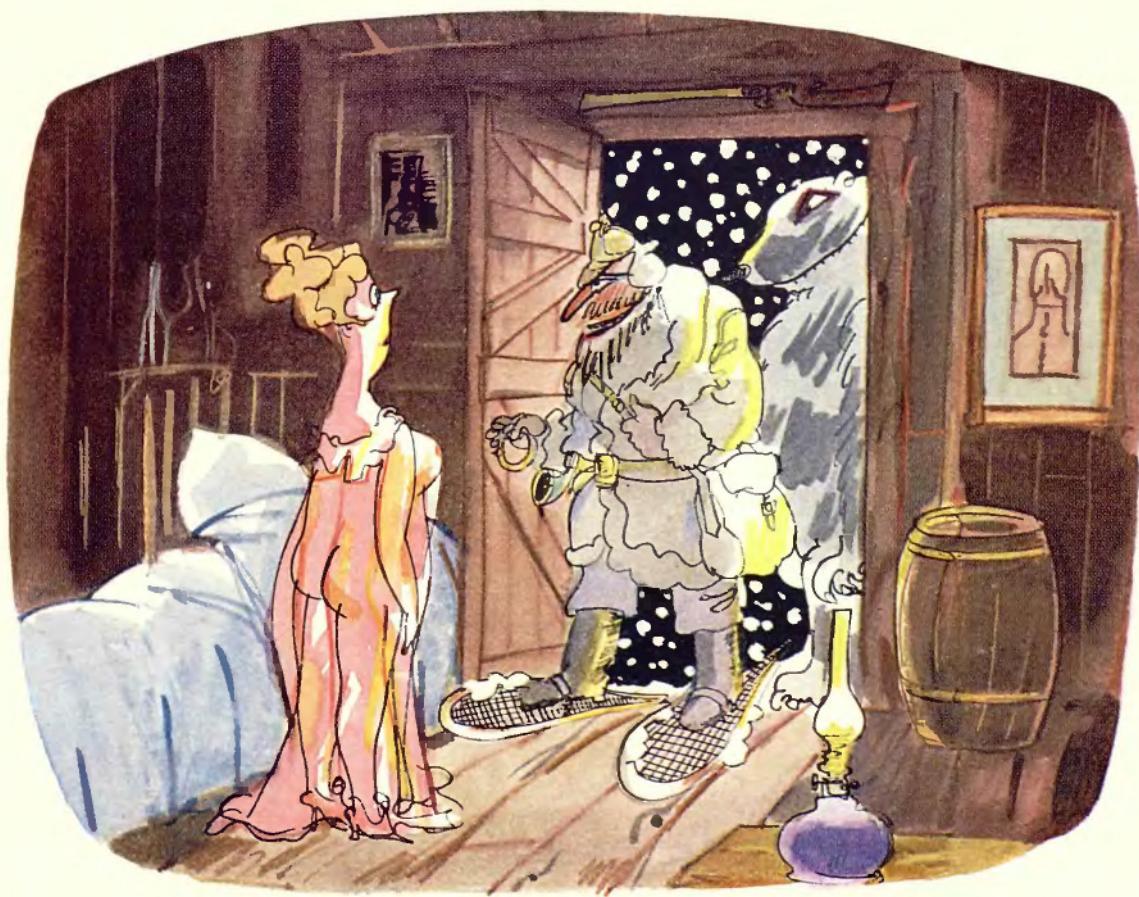
*"I've never met a real marquis before."*



*"My God, he's forming a posse!"*



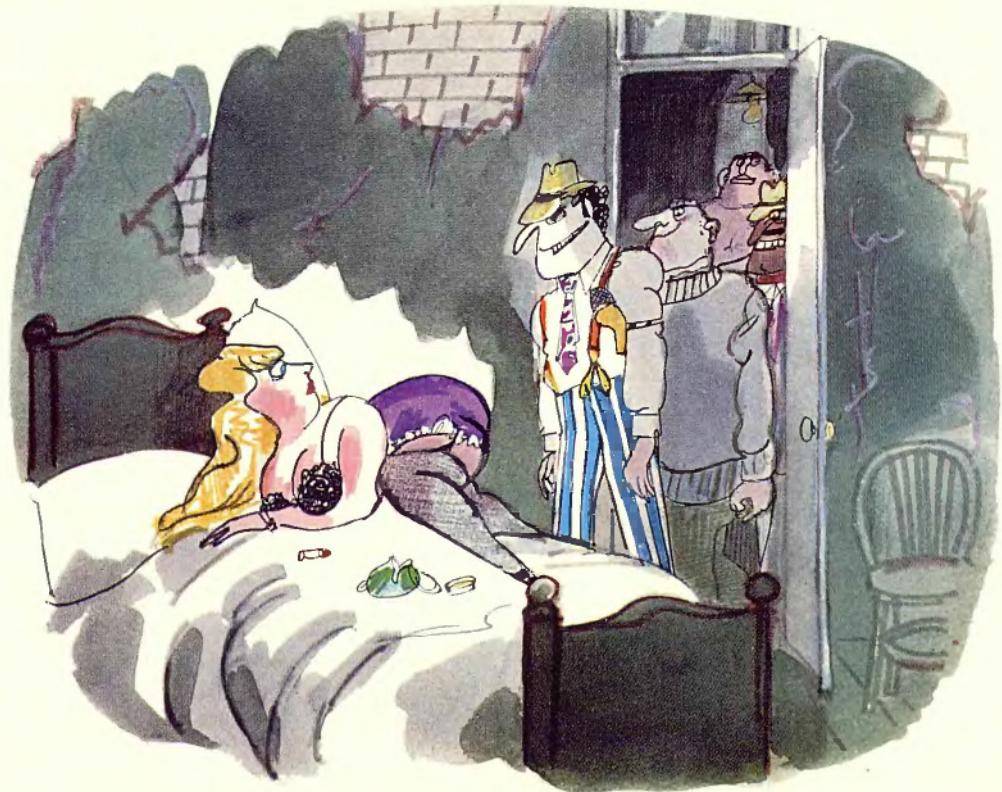
*"It doesn't wake her up, but it's a lot of fun."*



*"Lady, it ain't a fit night out for man nor beast."*



*"I told you, Captain. Dames on ships are just unlucky."*



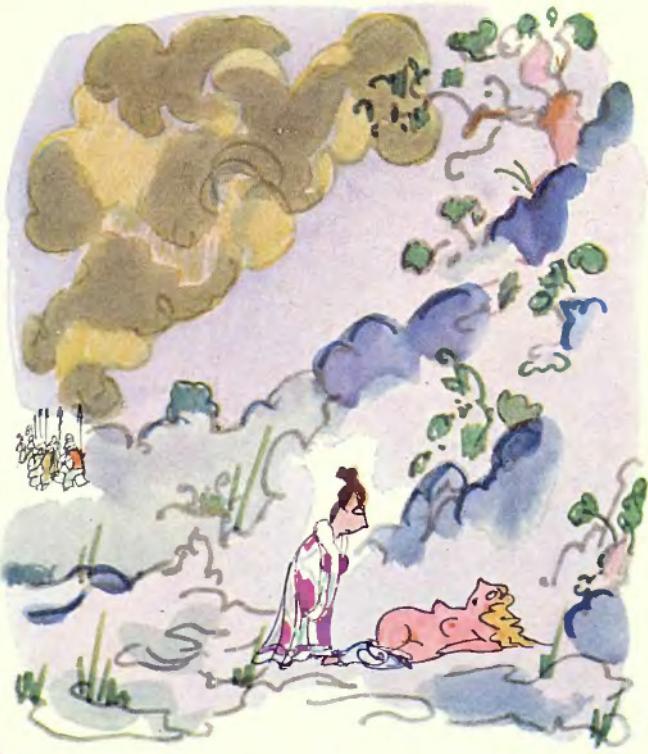
*"Ransom note, Lady Caroline? We're not sending any ransom note."*



*"Can't you find some other way of keeping  
your marriage alive?"*



*"But how do I know you'll  
turn into a prince?"*



*"Then, after Genghis Khan, came his horde."*



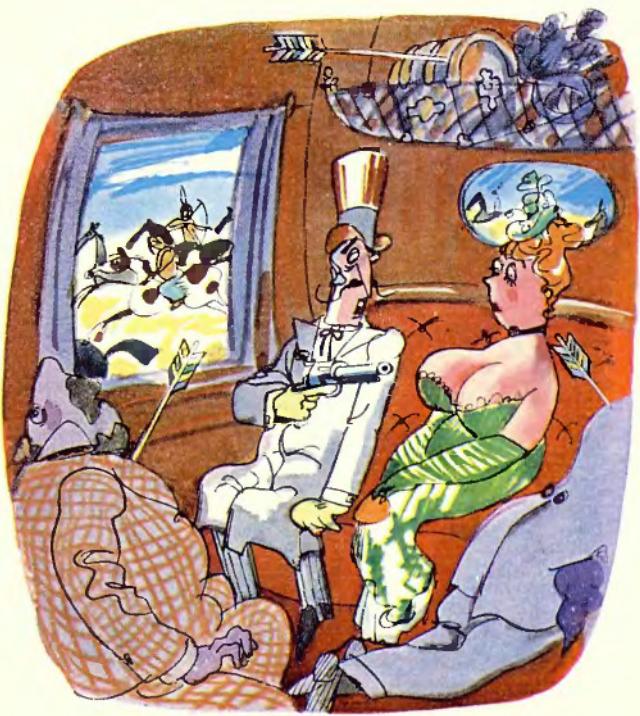
*"It's like everything else; there are good  
Samaritans and there are bad Samaritans."*



*"You had better flee, Henriette. I think I'm getting a hernia."*



*"But Mr. Esterhazy,  
I don't see any marble. . . ."*



*"I'm saving the last two bullets for you."*



*"O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?"*

# TURN BACKWARD

harp-backed chairs without cushions, a fan-backed chair with a doily pinned to each thin arm and four Biedermeier chairs set side by side under a wall hung with old plates. If the sun porch was the retreat, here was the museum—the shawled rosewood table, the dead fireplace, the Saruk rug, the gilt-edged mirror, the tasseled shades keeping out the fabric-fading light. A chill went through us as we looked at the body of the unknown boy sprawled face up on the floor in front of the Biedermeier chairs, with the noon sun, whose angle had changed a degree or so since we'd all come in, bisecting his white, bony face. I turned to Ed Banks.

"It looks to me," I said, "as though Roy Standish hasn't been here for quite a while."

"Why do you say that?"

"Clock on the sun porch says five after eleven. And we just heard the noon siren."

"And so?"

"Daylight saving started—what?—three weeks ago. Last Sunday in April. Meaning he might not have been here to set the clock ahead."

"Or had other things on his mind," said Ed Banks. He was staring down at the body. "He's been dead about forty-eight hours. If I'm not mistaken, we'll find two kinds of prints in the house, the old lady's and the old man's, and one kind on the boy."

"What are you driving at, Ed?"

Ed Banks flicked his ash into a dish. "It's funny," he said. "If a kid was missing from these parts, I'd have heard by now." He took a long inhale. "Appears to me there's a hell of a lot we might not know about Roy Standish. You boys ever actually speak to him?"

"Not me. I don't believe any of us ever has."

"When your tree fell across their yard, George?"

"Not even then. You know as well as we do, Ed. None of us has ever set foot inside this house."

There was a rustling behind us. "I talked to him."

We all turned around. Cheryl McAlister was standing there apart, in her light-bulb T-shirt and bikini bottoms.

"When?" asked her father.

She was gazing off through the sunporch door. "Three weeks ago," she said. She brushed some hair back from her face. "The day Mrs. Standish left."

"And?"

"And nothing." She unfastened her gaze from the sun porch, turned, shrugged. "We talked. Mr. Standish invited me over. He showed me the house."

"That is an outrageous lie." Sarah Standish stepped between Ed and Cheryl.

(continued from page 78)

"My husband is on no sort of terms with any of these people. Least of all this"—she hesitated, discarding a word—"this girl."

"Mrs. Standish, I believe you're saying my daughter is a liar."

"If that's all she turns out to be," said Sarah Standish, drawing herself up, "you can all count yourselves fortunate. Since she has been raised, or rather not raised, by people without a shred of consideration or decency, who let a perfectly good tree go to ruin until it endangers the safety of everyone and who permit their children to strut around naked in full view of their neighbors."

Among all of us there was a peculiar silence. I don't suppose any of the men had actually seen Cheryl McAlister naked, but we had opinions of our own about George's child-rearing practices, and Sarah Standish's little speech had caused a few feet to shuffle. Cheryl might be a good-looking girl, with more than her share of assets sliding around under those T-shirts, but none of us had much use for her snug, mysterious manner. She knew the effect she had, now and then, on us taxpayers, but was always surly to George's friends. George, I'm sure, was aware of how we all felt. Right now he was struggling with his dignity.

"Mrs. Standish," he said, "if my daughter says she was in this house, she was in this house."

"And I," said Sarah Standish, "know she was not."

George looked at his daughter. "Cheryl?"

The girl moved some hair back from her face and shrugged.

"She's right," she said.

"Cheryl, did you tell us the truth or not?"

She shrugged again. "She's right. I'm right. We're both right."

"Cheryl, you cut out the games, now."

"I think you can *all* cut out the games," said Sarah Standish. "I think you can all leave, immediately, so I can begin to clean up the mess you've made."

"Mrs. Standish, that's a dead boy lying there on your floor. It's not something somebody tracked in."

"And that is not an ashtray!"

She grabbed the china dish Ed Banks was holding under his cigarette, and then the cigarette itself and Joe Kulik's. Dangling the cigarettes at arm's length, as if they were a pair of dead, stiffened caterpillars, she swept out of the living room, headed for the nearest trash can. She was gone so fast none of us had a chance to say anything. Ed was staring at Cheryl, trying to think of another question to put, and all of us were gazing around the room. Well, we had

come in and the first thing that caught our eye was that body on the floor, so we'd looked at it and not at the room itself, until some moments later, and when we did, it had seemed like a second sight. But how did I know that? And how did I know we were all feeling the same thing?

In the kitchen, Sarah Standish screamed again.

We all turned toward the sound. She returned, mouth agape, weak in the legs, clutching two articles of clothing in one hand. In the other, she had something else. We moved toward her; she stumbled forward, on the edge of the carpet: the clothes spilled onto the floor and two pieces of paper fluttered down. Two photographs.

Ed held her up. Her face was white as chalk. The two articles of clothing, a T-shirt with a picture of a wall socket and a pair of jeans, lay on the carpet. George McAlister picked them up, turning toward Cheryl. Joe and I each picked up a photograph. They were Polaroids, the edges yellow with glue. In the photo Joe was holding Cheryl McAlister was standing in front of a door mirror, holding up a long dress with large flowers and a lace ruff. In each picture, the Polaroid flash was reflected in a mirror. The man who had snapped the photographs, also reflected in the mirrors, was Roy Standish. In the picture I was holding, his face was tiny and somewhat beyond the plane of focus, but there was no mistaking him. Clear enough, too, were the faces of the other people in the photograph: Joe Kulik, and myself, and Tom Schroeder, and Bill Shackleford, and our wives. The camera had caught us unawares. We were talking with one another; we were drinking beer; we were at a party. We could even make out the Biedermeier chairs, the Saruk rug and the door to the sun porch. We couldn't take our eyes off that group picture of all of us, snapped in a house we had never entered, by a man some of us had never seen.

"Listen," said Joe Kulik.

We turned. The sun was pouring through the windows of Roy Standish's sun porch; the lower half of the dead boy's body was hidden in shadow, the head and face bathed in light. Through those windows, drowning Sarah Standish's sobs, came the wail of the midday siren. On the sun porch itself, the wheels of Roy Standish's digital clock slipped into place; for the second time that day, the bells of the church at the foot of the block were tolling noon.

The 10:46 bus was ready for boarding at 25 minutes to, but he had to sit in the waiting room for the few minutes while she went over the instructions.

"There's five packages of chicken  
(continued on page 214)

# SWINDLING & KNAVEY, INC.



*corporate lawbreakers have achieved the american dream—crime without punishment*

**article By U.S. SENATOR PHILIP A. HART**  
 ONE OF THE civil rights outrages of our century is the way the rich have been systematically—one almost believes deliberately—excluded from public institutions called prisons. Prisons are social necessities. They are built at taxpayer expense with the affluent sometimes contributing the larger share toward their construction and maintenance. Yet white-collar criminals are rarely allowed admis-

tance and then only for the briefest of intervals.

No matter how well they have qualified as lawbreakers, the wealthy are discriminated against at every turn. They're even separated administratively from low-income criminals, who find their way to prison swiftly and routinely. Most violations of laws governing business never go to the criminal courts at all, even when detected. More often than not, they are dealt with by a far gentler disciplinary

system composed of inspectors, hearing examiners, boards and commissions. Any corporation executive who actively wanted to go to jail would find his way blocked by red tape, confused jurisdictions and administrative tangles.

For the affluent, loopholes in the law are so abundant that it takes determination to avoid them. If stricter regulatory legislation is proposed, only inept and unreasonable lobbying will fail to dull its cutting edge. Big-business lawbreakers who do manage to ensure themselves of criminal convictions are confronted with a host of quiet settlement procedures that the Government never employs to keep a burglar out of the penitentiary. And even if the rich offender remains unyielding and gets the conviction, he is unlikely to see the inside of the penal institution that his dollars helped build. More likely, a discriminatory legal system will inflict only a fine—and probably a light one, at that.

But the rich are docile. While others have tried periodically to make the system more equitable, the wealthy have never really entered into the spirit of the thing. Worn down by centuries of status quo, they have become listless and apathetic about corporate crime, even though they themselves are often the victims of it. I don't want to sound paternalistic, but in many ways it's their own damn fault that the rich fail to share in tax-supported prison systems.

First of all, the rich are usually deep in dealings that involve large amounts of money. With one blow of his fist, a saloon debater can break the law and everyone will know it. But a businessman's opportunities are seldom that clear-cut. There are just too many loopholes. It's not uncommon to find some corporation that appears to be determinedly breaking the law, only to discover when you get up close that, technically, the firm has merely succeeded in being unethical.

Not all loopholes are deliberate. Many are accidental and remain harmless until discovered by a skilled, enterprising lawyer. After that, some astounding things can happen.

In this country, hundreds of drugs have been taken off the market by the Food and Drug Administration—either because they are found to have no effect on the ailment they are claimed to cure or because they carry side effects that can cause permanent injury or death.

But the law only prohibits the sale of the condemned drug in this country. It doesn't prohibit continued manufacture. As a consequence, Marsilid, a Roche Laboratories antidepressant that was banned in the United States after reports of 53 liver-damage fatalities, is freely available in Latin-American countries. And the Upjohn Company, which can no longer sell an antibiotic combi-

nation called Panalba in the U.S., still makes it and peddles it abroad as Albamycin-T.

The Parke-Davis drug Chloromycetin must be sold in the United States with a printed warning that it can cause a fatal blood disease in some patients. But Senate testimony indicates that the drug is sold abroad without any warning.

These practices are hardly calculated to convince people in less fortunate countries that America is concerned about their health and well-being. How can an Italian, Mexican or African be expected to greet the news that his country is the profitable dumping ground for drugs that are too dangerous for Americans? Doesn't this promote precisely the cynical, dollar-grubbing image that our opponents abroad must enjoy painting?

But even if an influential industry finds itself in *clear violation* of the law—with no loophole available—and the industry is indeed influential, forgiveness can come quickly. A deal that appears illegal one day might become legal the next.

In 1969, the Supreme Court upheld lower-court decisions that previously competing newspapers are in clear violation of the antitrust laws if they merge their business operations and fix prices on advertising rates.

In 1970, Congress passed a law that gives an exemption from the antitrust laws to previously competing newspapers that merge their business operations and fix prices on advertising rates. The bill passed the Senate 64 to 13 and the House 292 to 87.

It began with a joint operating agreement entered into by two Tucson papers, *The Arizona Daily Star* and the *Tucson Daily Citizen*. The courts said it was all right for the papers to share accountants, composing rooms and printing presses. But they objected to monopolistic price fixing that eliminated competition for advertisers.

The Newspaper Preservation Act was introduced in the Senate shortly after the legal troubles began. A number of important publishers appeared at the hearings to praise its merits—each courteously accompanied into the hearing room by one or both of his home-state Senators. The bill's supporters argued that newspapers—pressed by television and radio competition—needed the bill for financial survival.

But the publishers of small weeklies and suburban dailies generally opposed the bill. Bruce Brugmann, editor of *The San Francisco Bay Guardian*, testified: "If you plant a flower on the University of California property or loose an expletive on Vietnam, the cops are out of the chutes like broncos. But if you're a big publisher and you violate antitrust laws for years and you emasculate your competition with predatory practices and

you drive hundreds of newspapers out of business, then you're treated as one of nature's noblemen."

There were, of course, sound arguments for the newspaper bill. (I voted against it in committee and on the floor, because it seemed to me that these arguments were greatly outweighed by the case against it.) But even those who believe that the newspaper exemption is good for society should find this episode instructive. How many other classes of citizens, found guilty of legal transgressions by the courts, could hope to find an energetic Congress ready to reverse the decision within 16 months?

Swift Congressional rescue of the publishers must make fascinating reading for blacks, who, until the 1964 Civil Rights Act, had waited decades for relief from court convictions for eating in certain restaurants and hotels.

But any regulation that bottles up profit, whether it is a legal code or a professional one, is a likely object of tinkering. Until 1955, for example, the American Medical Association Code of Ethics forbade a physician from profiting from the sale of medication he prescribed; that is, he could charge for professional services, but he couldn't make money by retailing to his patients. The rule was a good one, because it discouraged overprescription and the prescription of unneeded drugs.

However, the rule was relaxed, almost coincidentally with the booming popularity of doctor-owned pharmacies and doctor-owned drug-repackaging plants. The doctor-owned pharmacy, of course, was a natural. Few sick people are likely to ignore their doctor's casual suggestion, "Just take this down to the drugstore in the lobby and they'll take care of you." It's still against the ethic to steer patients to a store in which the doctor has an interest, but there's no enforcement procedure and, even if there were, policing would be almost impossible.

One independent druggist testified that his business declined 90 percent after a group of doctors opened its own pharmacy. And the doctor-merchants have very little incentive to prescribe the low-profit brands.

The drug-repackaging plant is another ingenious device. Typically, a group of doctors become co-owners of a company that buys drugs in quantity at low generic prices and bottles them with its own trade names and higher prices. A common tranquilizer such as reserpine, for example, will be relabeled Carr-Serp, Deserpine, Anquil or almost anything that an imaginative doctor can dream up.

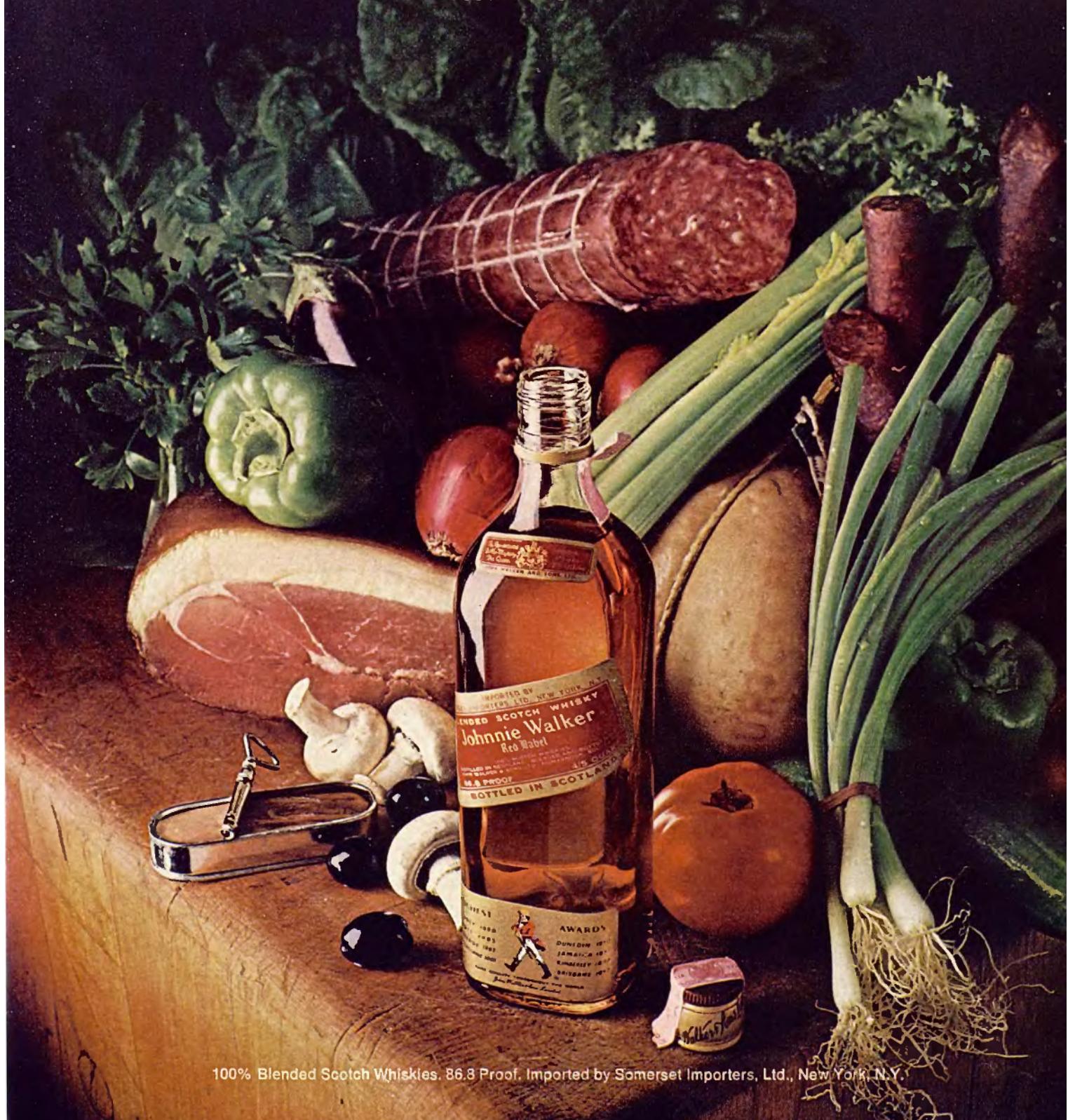
Druggists are required by law to fill a prescription with the trade name the doctor has written. They cannot substitute. So if a doctor owns stock in a company that sells reserpine as Carr-Serp, it's easy for him to guarantee his

# Think of it as the world's leading ante-antipasto.

First, cocktails.

Hopefully, made with Johnnie Walker Red, so smooth and satisfying, it's the world's favorite Scotch.

Then, everything else in the world that feeds the soul as well as the mouth. Chances are, if your party has this wonderful beginning, a happy ending is inevitable.



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

firm a sale—because the druggist must shake the pills out of a bottle labeled Carr-Serp, even though he has reserpine at half the price in other jars on his shelf.

The pressures are obvious. In 1961, the Carrtome Laboratories Company of Louisiana complained to its 1200 doctor stockholders of rigging sales. The report concluded: "JUST IMAGINE if each doctor stockholder would have written three 'scripts' each day—sales would have been a walloping \$168,000—profits for November over \$65,000."

And Dr. Boyce Griggs was writing his fellow Carrtome stockholders: "You have great influence with several colleagues and could interest them in both the stock and the use of the product. . . . Let's push the pen for Carrtome together and make it grow."

Meanwhile, the antitrust subcommittee, using once again the common drug reserpine as an example, tested prices from seven doctor-owned pharmaceutical companies. Carrtome sold it to the druggist for \$30 per thousand pills. Prices listed by the other doctor-owned companies were \$10, \$17, \$20.16, \$27.20, \$30 and \$31.56. The drug was available to druggists from five national manufacturers for from 65 cents to \$2.75 per thousand.

Doctor ownership in a repackaging plant, by the way, is still against the A. M. A. code of ethics, strictly speaking. But the repackagers simply mix up a few drug combinations of their own, thereby qualifying as manufacturers. And there is no ethic against owning stock in a drug-manufacturing firm.

Congress, of course, could replace the stove-in A. M. A. code with a statute, and two years ago I introduced the Medical Restraint of Trade Act, which would, in most cases, forbid physicians from profiting on the products they prescribe. The bill is having hard going. However, from all reports, Carrtome and the other repackagers are doing quite well.

But let's go a step further. Let's say your corporation has indeed been operating on the wrong side of the law. You've advertised fraudulently or rigged prices or otherwise conspired in restraint of trade. The Justice Department or the Federal Trade Commission has investigated thoroughly and they've got the goods on you. You've made it. You have gotten on justice's transmission belt by being apprehended.

Actually, justice has two transmission belts, one for the rich and one for the poor. The low-income transmission belt is easier to ride without falling off and it gets to prison in shorter order.

The transmission belt for the affluent is a little slower and it passes innumerable stations where exits are temptingly convenient. The first one is called the consent decree.

The consent decree is a negotiated

instrument whereby a firm, in effect, says it has done nothing wrong and promises never to do it again. The agreement is filed in court and that's the end of it, unless the firm is caught doing it again.

Just as agreeably, the enforcing agency's investigative files are stamped confidential and locked away. Thus, they're not available to any victim of the conspiracy who might be contemplating a civil damage suit. He's on his own and he'll have to dig up all the evidence on his own—and he'd better have unlimited funds to do it.

One of the more controversial consent agreements of recent months was the one granted the major automobile companies after the Government charged they had illegally conspired to delay development and installation of air-pollution devices. The Justice Department had spent months collecting evidence that the manufacturers had agreed to eliminate competition among themselves in the production of the devices. It was preparing to prove an illegal agreement on patent purchases.

The consent decree that the Justice Department and the manufacturers worked out was court approved over the protests of New York City and seven states, which wanted the Justice Department to go to trial. They were eager to sue the manufacturers for the damages caused by smog during the delay in installation and, of course, wanted all the Justice Department evidence on record. It didn't happen that way.

And since consent-decree negotiations are conducted privately, big business has one more incentive for cozying up to the political leaders who make the judgments on out-of-court settlements. The I. T. & T. investigation, after all, erupted from a memo that suggested a link between an antitrust consent decree and a \$400,000 gift to help finance the Republican National Convention. Despite all the subsequent denials that the Justice Department action and the convention donation were connected, the episode certainly has contributed nothing toward increased public confidence in Government.

Now, there is a case to be made in favor of the consent agreement. Price riggers and big-money conspirators are usually not lacking in cash for lengthy trials and appeals. The consent decree, its defenders argue, stops abuse of the consumer early and saves the Government time and money. But in any other area of jurisprudence, such an arrangement would be unthinkable. A consent agreement is roughly comparable to probation. And probation would be conceivable in the case of, say, a first-time burglar of a liquor store. But can you imagine the furor if the Government, by deliberate policy, refused to do anything to help the store owner recover his booze?

Anyone who neglected to get off the belt at consent decree needn't despair. Big tax violators riding the justice line will find opportunities for meeting and negotiating with Internal Revenue. And if you're a corporate lawbreaker whose victims are gathering with damage suits in their fists, you still have an escape hatch.

It's the *nolo contendere* plea, meaning simply that you don't contest the charges. It's very convenient, because the *nolo* plea creates no statutory presumption in favor of subsequent damage suits. All those people you cheated will have to start from scratch to prove that you violated the law—just as if the Justice Department had never spent all that time and money to catch you.

In 1964, the department caught up with six corporations that were rigging prices on 75 percent of all pressure pipe sold in the Western states. The rigged-bid sales amounted to hundreds of millions. Yet when the case went to court, all were allowed to plead *nolo*.

All the way to prison? Well, some have made it. Doubtlessly the most celebrated corporate criminals in recent American history were those executives who contrived the electrical conspiracies uncovered in 1960.

Twenty-nine corporations, the suppliers of almost all the nation's heavy-voltage electrical equipment, were indicted for illegally carving up markets and rigging prices. Fines totaled \$1,857,000. Of the convicted executives, several were deacons of their churches, one a president of a local chamber of commerce, one a Community Chest fund raiser. Seven, including a \$135,000-a-year General Electric vice-president, went to jail for 30 days.

Meetings among the "competitors" had gone on for years. The names of those attending were recorded as "Christmas-card lists" and the meetings were referred to as "choir practice." Calls were carefully made from pay phones. Contracts were rotated, with each firm having a prearranged share of the total market. When one company's turn came to capture an order, it would submit an inflated bid and the other conspirators would courteously submit bids that were even higher. The conspiracy cost electrical-equipment customers, and subsequently the paying public, some 1.2 billion dollars in inflated prices.

Following the convictions, outraged customers began filing civil suits for recovery of the money the conspiracy had cost. They included utility companies, states and even the Federal Government. Under the Sherman Antitrust Act, victims of illegal price fixing can collect treble damages. If you can successfully prove, for example, that a price-fixing scheme cost you \$100,000 in



*"But, Mummy, you don't understand. He's eating my negligee."*

extra charges, then you collect \$300,000. It's a device that was calculated by Congress as an added deterrent.

Yet, even in their hour of defeat and disgrace, the electrical firms found an understanding agency willing to soften the blow. As the treble-damage suits piled up, the Internal Revenue Service in 1964 reversed its previous policy and ruled that treble-damage payments assessed to delinquent companies could be deducted from taxes as a legitimate business expense. The Government offered, in effect, to pick up part of the tab. Commodore Vanderbilt used to say, "You don't suppose you can run a railroad in accordance with the statutes, do you?" He was wrong. It's easy to stay within the statutes if they are subject to friendly interpretation.

The shock of the electrical-conspiracy convictions did have an efficacious effect, however. All those deacons in jail affected a wondrous new awareness of, and familiarity with, the antitrust laws.

Afterward, Gordon Spivack, the operations director for the Justice Department's Antitrust Division, wrote: "No one in direct contact with the living reality of business conduct in the United States is unaware of the effect the imprisonment of seven high officials in the electrical-machinery industry in 1960 had on the conspiratorial price fixing in many areas of our economy; similar sentences in a few cases each decade would almost completely cleanse our economy of the cancer of collusive price fixing, and the mere threat of such sentences is itself the strongest available deterrent to such activity."

Spivack's views were backed up by a task-force report issued by the National Crime Commission. "The imposition of jail sentences," the report said, "may be the only way adequately to symbolize society's condemnation of the behavior in question, particularly where it is not on its face brutal or repulsive."

But the report, issued six years after the electrical-conspiracy cases, also noted dryly: "Despite the apparent effect of the electrical-equipment cases . . . since [then] no antitrust defendant has been imprisoned."

Probably the reason the electrical-conspiracy convictions gave the nation such a jolt was that, in this case, white-collar criminals were not administratively separated from other criminal classes. As criminologist Edwin H. Sutherland has pointed out, in our society white-collar crime is not greeted with the kind of emotional revulsion that is accorded crimes of violence. Among the lower classes, crime is handled by policemen, prosecutors and judges armed with the power to fine, imprison or execute. Upper-class crimes generally result in civil damage suits or are handled by inspectors and commissions who issue warnings,

cease-and-desist orders, license revocations and fines.

And the upper classes—simply because they have easy access to Government decision makers—can often influence the development of the very statutes that regulate upper-class business activity.

When the Auto Safety Act was before Congress, the auto makers were particularly upset by a section providing fines and imprisonment for any executive who knowingly sent out cars with safety defects. That provision unnecessarily maligned them, they maintained, by implying that they might be contemplating criminal action. Moreover, such sanctions would leave the impression that they would willingly obey the law only under threat of imprisonment. In any company depending on mass sales, it was argued, no deterrent need be added to the threat of bad publicity.

I remember acquiescing to that point of view. Now I think I was wrong—even though history has proved that the criminal sanctions, had they remained in the bill, would never have been employed. There has never been the slightest indication that the auto makers have not striven to observe the statute since its enactment. But the failure to provide criminal sanctions does have a symbolic importance in that it reinforces the notion that corporate violators are to be treated under a different system than are ordinary citizens.

Nowhere is that different system more evident than in the laws governing false advertising and merchandising. The agency with the principal policing powers in this area is the Federal Trade Commission, but its only weapons are cease-and-desist orders that can be easily held in abeyance by appeals while more damage is done.

A classic example is the Crowell Collier case, which was finally settled by a Federal circuit court in 1970—ten years after the FTC brought charges against the firm for conducting door-to-door flimflam sales of encyclopedias. During those ten years, the company's national sales organization remained free to go on cheating, lying and defrauding—and court testimony indicated that it did just that. Here's how the company worked it: In 1960, Crowell Collier and MacMillan was publishing encyclopedias of doubtful merit and selling them through a wholly owned subsidiary that it called P. F. Collier and Son Corporation. Collier and Son recruited a national sales organization that operated largely in working-class neighborhoods, where parents put a high premium on a good education for the kids.

The phony sales pitch went like this: The company is introducing a new product and needs testimonials from satisfied customers. It has selected a special list of people (you lucky guy!) who will

get the set at a reduced price, provided they'll write an admiring letter about the product for use in ads and brochures. At this point, the salesman flutters a copy of a "national advertisement" putting the price of the set at \$389, a generously inflated figure, in the FTC's opinion.

By this time, the salesman presumably has sensed how much of a "reduction" would be needed to close this particular sale. And he also mentions that the special deal includes updating supplements mailed every year at an additional low cost of only \$3.95 a copy. Just sign this contract authorizing us to use your name and everything will be taken care of. Of course, the contract took care of a great deal, including commitments to make monthly payments over an extended period.

On January 18, 1960, the FTC ordered Collier and Son to stop all this fakery and a few months later—puff!—Collier and Son disappeared, dissolved as a corporation. Soon the sales operation, unchanged in technique, was assumed by a new corporation, also a subsidiary of the parent company, and called this time P. F. Collier, Inc. While sales proceeded smoothly under the "new" subsidiary, the parent firm solemnly requested that the FTC charges be dropped because the delinquent corporation had "gone out of business" and therefore could no longer be perpetrating fraud.

That generated a legal tangle that kept the cease-and-desist order hanging fire until three Federal judges ruled that the charges placed against P. F. Collier and Son were indeed transferable to P. F. Collier, Inc.

At the very end, Crowell Collier was still protesting the part of the FTC order that forbade its salesmen from "using any plan, scheme or ruse as a door opener to gain admission into a prospect's home, office or other establishment which misrepresents the true status of the person making the call."

This order, the company argued, would put it at a competitive disadvantage with other book peddlers who hadn't yet been caught. Happily, the court upheld the FTC all the way. But how many citizens were taken during the ten-year interim?

Crowell Collier isn't an isolated case. It took 16 years to get the makers of Carter's Little Liver Pills to stop selling their laxative as an effective treatment for sluggish liver function and an antidote for that "down-and-out" feeling. Back in 1943, the FTC filed its first case against Geritol. But it wasn't until 1965 that a final order came down prohibiting a long list of false-advertising claims, including statements that Geritol is an effective remedy for tiredness and "that run-down feeling"; implications that tiredness, loss of strength and nervousness



*"I'll have what he's having."*

are generally reliable indications of iron deficiency (they hardly ever are); suggestions that Geritol will promote convalescence from a fever, cold or other winter illness.

Probably as a consequence, Geritol—I note from my television set—has gone to a new technique: Find people who look younger than their age and get them to say oncamera that they take the product.

But the system is nutty. Why shouldn't unscrupulous manufacturers embark on fake advertising if the only sanction is an order to stop doing it—and a delaying order, at that?

Moreover, the cease-and-desist system does nothing to expose advertising's decision makers. They are not threatened with personal humiliation or punishment. Their names are not read on television and they face no out-of-pocket loss. If hearings are held, they send their

lawyers. The corporation is the target of the charges and those behind the corporate wall are neatly insulated from serious discomfort.

That a corporation provides protection for those in charge of its affairs was amply demonstrated during Chevron Oil's 1970 well blowout in the Gulf of Mexico. The blowout spilled 20,000 barrels of oil in the Gulf because the well had no safety choke to cut off runaway flows automatically. The safety chokes are required by law, but oilmen are aware that the devices sometimes get clogged with sand and diminish production.

Violators are subject to a six-month jail term and to a \$2000 fine for each day the well pumps without the safety valve. So Walter Hickel, then Secretary of Interior, got a lot of attention in the industry when he announced that he had "found the guy, the very guy" re-

sponsible for ordering the removal of chokes. At last it seemed that a face was going to emerge from those mysterious corporate depths. At last, maybe the public was going to have a look at the enemy.

But "the guy, the very guy" was never heard of again. Instead, only a fine was imposed—and against the corporation. The fine was \$1,000,000. Sound impressive? Well, remember that Chevron is a division of Standard Oil of California, and Standard Oil of California has assets of ten billion dollars. The fine was far from crippling.

Most importantly, this episode shows how our legal and social systems provide some very special shields for lawbreakers with money and status.

The recognition that there are essentially two systems of justice in operation does nothing to generate a more 161

law-abiding citizenry. The rich have little reason to fear the system and the poor have little reason to respect it.

Young blacks in prison, we read from their innumerable diaries, regard themselves as political captives and are convinced—not totally without justification—that they would still be on the outside if they had had the good luck to belong to a whiter race and a richer class. They find no corporate executives in the cell blocks but do not accept this as *prima facie* evidence that there is no corporate crime.

Their suspicions are corroborated by a study undertaken in 1949 by Sutherland, the white-collar-crime expert. He examined the nation's 70 largest corporations and charted their compliance record under the antitrust, false-advertising, patent, copyright and labor laws. In a 45-year period, he found 980 adverse decisions by courts and regulatory bodies. Of the 980, 779 indicated that crimes had been committed.

Very few in the nation are aware of the pervasiveness of white-collar crime. Indictments and convictions rarely make page one. One reason is that corporate crime is complex and hard to explain. It's often difficult to trace the precise effect a corporate crime has on the consumer, so that is rarely part of the story.

Moreover, as we have seen, news organizations are often run by businessmen who would find it difficult to work themselves into an honest outrage about some antitrust violation. And a businessman's instincts are not likely to demand that he expose and defame real or potential advertisers.

Sutherland grows uncharacteristically harsh when he writes about the media. He charges that the communications agencies do not organize the community against white-collar crime because "those agencies are owned and controlled by businessmen who violate the laws and because those agencies are themselves frequently charged with violating the

law. Public opinion in regard to picking pockets would not be well organized if most of the information regarding this crime came to the public directly from the pickpockets themselves."

One thing we can be sure of is that a jail term usually draws more attention than does a fine, especially if the offender is otherwise a pillar of the community.

There is much in what Spivack says about the deterrent effect of seeing a peer locked up. One businessman—or politician—can watch another get fined without feeling serious psychological discomfort. But to see your counterpart from across town or across the aisle marched away in blue denims with black stenciling is highly unnerving. Most white-collar criminals are first offenders, so sentences wouldn't be very long in most cases. But they wouldn't have to be. The crimes to which I'm referring almost always involve long deliberations, lengthy planning sessions, with time for reflection in between. They are undertaken by intelligent people who have standing in the community. Under these circumstances, the prospect of even 30 days in jail can have a remarkably sobering effect.

On the other hand, the threat of the same jail term would likely be wasted on an unemployed ghetto youth with an impulse to burglarize a record shop. So why not allocate some of our prison space to where it will do the most good? This might be the only way we can adequately illustrate society's condemnation of this behavior. And jail might be the only penalty available that would serve as an adequate deterrent. This is almost certainly true if we don't jack up the maximum fines that our courts are now allowed to impose for business violations.

The maximum fine for a violation of the Sherman Antitrust Act is \$50,000—hardly a figure to strike terror in the board rooms of the nation's top corporations. Fines are usually passed on to the consumer, anyway. Moreover, there is a growing corporate practice of buying insurance against the possibility of criminal fines or damage suits.

Other remedies are obvious: Remove the veil from the *nolo* plea, make Government investigative files available to the public even after a consent decree is filed. Give the FTC power to shut down unfair and fraudulent business practices while appeals are being heard. And above all, let's start implementing those sections of our laws that authorize jail terms for corporate violators.

If we are to reduce white-collar crime, there are many doors to be closed. And among the more effective ones will be those that slam shut with a loud clang.



*"We may not control Southeast Asia, but I'm rather pleased about the pacification of the U. S. A."*



## PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

to be the best defensive back to come out of college ranks in many years. Chester Marcol, a Polish-born soccer kicker from tiny Hillsdale College in Michigan, is a field-goal kicker of immense talent and an adequate punter.

The Packers will look better on offense, too, with John Brockington, MacArthur Lane and Dave Hampton running aggressively and gifted rookie Jerry Tagge backing up a much-matured Scott Hunter at quarterback. Now that Devine has weeded out most of the cynical older players left over from the Lombardi era and surrounded himself with younger talent less involved with the past, the '72 Packers should be considerably improved.

The Chicago Bears will wind up this season where they finished last year—nowhere. With no offense, not much defense and a lot of luck, the Bears looked surprisingly good in '71 until the law of averages caught up with them at midseason. The Bears need just about everything, but perhaps the most critical needs are in the offensive line, at running back and at quarterback. Although first-round draft choice Lionel Antoine will be a great help in the front line, we suspect that his most attractive feature for the Bears was the fact that he did not employ an agent to negotiate his contract. Said head coach Abe Gibron,

(continued from page 126)

"I admire the boy for negotiating on his own and not hiring an agent. This shows the character this boy possesses." We fail to see the logic. Negotiating a contract with the Bears without an agent is like being tried for murder without a lawyer.

The Bears also hoped to help fix a sorry running game by drafting Alabama's great Johnny Musso. Musso, however, had the good judgment to opt for Canadian football. Rookie cornerback Craig Clemons will undoubtedly be a starter his first season, but prospects for the all-important quarterback position are as dismal as ever. Bobby Douglass is easily the *strongest* quarterback in the country. If footballs weighed as much as cannon balls, he would probably be the best. He could be switched to tight end, where his talents would be put to better use.

The Bears' best hope for improvement lies in new head coach Abe Gibron, an old-fashioned tough-minded mentor who can terrorize his players into excellence if necessary, and who has the strength of character to overcome many of the disadvantages of working for George Halas. But any improvement in the Bears' fortunes will be in the future. This year's team will undoubtedly look much like last year's edition. Tackle Steve Wright

summed it all up thusly: "There's one basic thing that keeps this team together—misery. The problems can't be solved by changing coaches."

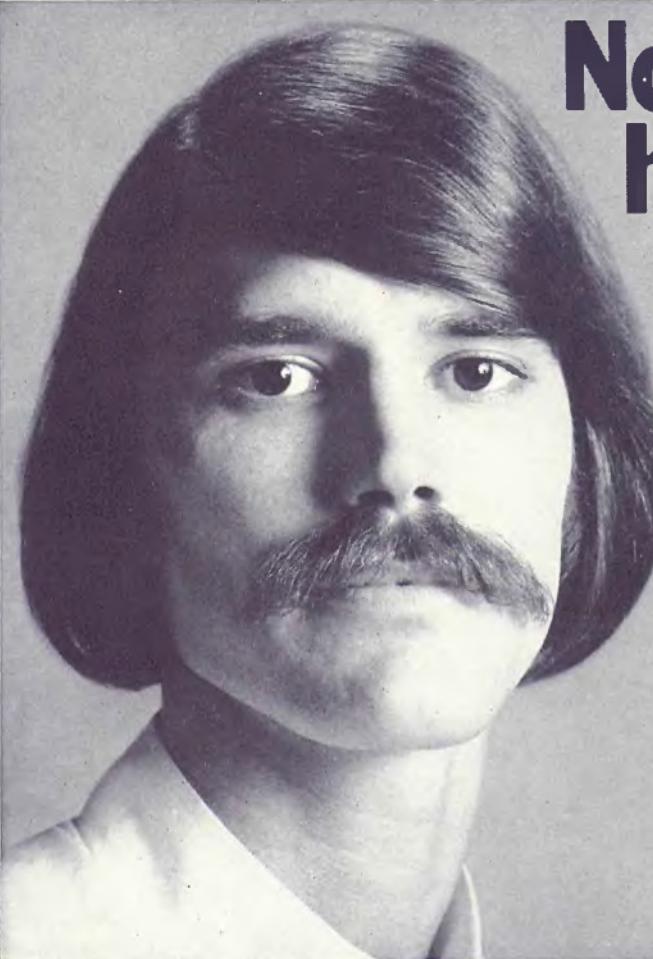
### WESTERN DIVISION

#### NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

San Francisco 49ers .....	11-3
Los Angeles Rams .....	9-5
New Orleans Saints .....	7-7
Atlanta Falcons .....	7-7

San Francisco is a team with no discernible weaknesses. The 49ers are so deep in talent that they were even able to survive last year's serious injuries. As training camp opens, the only possible cloud on the horizon is defensive end Cedrick Hardman's knee, which underwent surgery in the off-season. If it heals by September, the 49ers should have the best pass rush in the country. Along with Hardman, the player most responsible for the emergence of the great 49er defense is middle linebacker Frank Nunley, who dominates the defensive unit with both his play and his personality. Nicknamed Fudgehammer by his teammates because "he looks so sweet but hits so hard," Nunley is a bundle of enthusiasm with a high-pitched voice that sometimes breaks up his teammates when he yells audibles on the playing field.

The 49ers are young and should return



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**RAMS** this season with few changes except for back-up defensive tackle Stan Hindman, who has retired in order to devote his full energies to sculpture and painting. The only prominent new faces on the scene will be receiver Terry Beasley, the All-America from Auburn, and runner Joe Orduña, who moves up from last year's taxi squad. In short, about the only thing that can keep the 49ers out of the play-offs is bad luck—or maybe Los Angeles.

Tommy Prothro did an exemplary job his first year at the Rams' helm and he expects nothing but improvement this year. His players adjusted to Prothro's "big play" offense without losing their winning habit. Prothro—who brought many of the fancier wrinkles of college football to the pros—is the only N. F. L. coach who flip-flops the offensive line and isn't above springing surprise formations and trick plays at unexpected moments. Reversing the current trend in pro football, Prothro wants to show his competitors that offensive football is the way to win, and he has turned the Rams into an attack-oriented team. The results were not unexpected. The Rams made too many mistakes last year, often fumbling at the wrong time or incurring a penalty when it hurt most. If Prothro's charges can cut down on the errors, polish the passing attack and improve the defensive consistency, the Rams could challenge San Francisco for best in the West.

Despite the presence of Roman Gabriel, who considers himself one of only two "complete" quarterbacks in football (the other quarterback who is allowed to share this honor is Bob Griese of Miami), the Rams will be primarily a running team. Rookie Jim Bertelsen of Texas and veterans Larry Smith and Willie Ellison should provide an explosive attack.

Second-year man Jack Youngblood has the best chance at moving into a starting berth; he's scheduled to take over the traded Deacon Jones's defensive-end spot unless he loses out to Fred Dryer, recently acquired from the Giants via New England. Dryer mouthed off at Giant owner Mara last year and got himself traded to the Patriots for his trouble. Despite—perhaps because of—his acid temperament, Dryer has the makings of one of the best defensive linemen in the country.

Many fans thought J. D. Roberts should have been the Coach of the Year in 1971 for the way he turned the New Orleans Saints from a forlorn bunch of losers into a team that pulled off a couple of the more impressive upsets of the season. Roberts has suddenly become one of the most respected coaches in the business—an interesting development, because for years he was regarded by fellow coaches with extreme disaffection, a sentiment that stemmed from his al-

leged role in blowing the whistle on the University of Houston for illicit recruiting practices shortly after he was booted out as an assistant coach at that school in 1964. Roberts was ostracized for six years, taking whatever jobs he could find in football's Siberia. Finally, in the middle of the 1970 season—when the situation at New Orleans had become desperate—the Saints' management brought him up from a coaching job in the minor Atlantic Coast League. Roberts immediately ordered his players to chop off all excess hirsute adornments (what, another one?) and ran off or traded all players who even faintly resembled hippies or who didn't demonstrate suitable fanaticism. He worked the remaining players to the brink of collapse in the sweltering Mississippi summer of '71, finally fielding a squad with 15 rookies—a quantity of inexperience that is supposed to spell doom in the N. F. L. But with quarterback phenom Archie Manning at the helm, the Saints knocked off such toughies as Los Angeles, Dallas and San Francisco and tied Oakland long before the '71 season was over.

One of Roberts' best efforts was in rebuilding the offensive line. The Saints now have one of the premier forward walls in the country and it will be even stronger this season with the addition of super rookie Royce Smith of Georgia and center Bob Kuziel from Pittsburgh. A new offensive star will be receiver Marlene Adkins, obtained in a trade with Dallas. With a healthy and more experienced Archie Manning, the Saints' point production should be greatly increased in '72. The defense still needs some heavy rebuilding, a job that will be helped along by the arrival of rookie linebacker Willie Hall.

Another vastly improved team last year was Atlanta. The Falcons enjoyed a winning season for the first time in their history, and prospects look even brighter for '72 if a couple of the running backs obtained in the draft come through. For the past four years, coach Norm Van Brocklin has been looking for a blazing runner to give an outside threat to the ground game. Last year's hopeful, Joe Profit, carried the ball only three times before he was knocked out for the season with a knee injury. Profit is healthy now and rookie Les Goodman from Yankton College in South Dakota looks even more promising. The most interesting competition in training camp will be between veteran quarterback Bob Berry and rookie passer Pat Sullivan. Berry, who is theoretically "too short" to be a pro quarterback, somehow manages to be one of the best in the business. He is certainly the most accurate. We doubt if Berry can be dislodged, at least not this year.

Atlanta's trouble is defense. Rookie tackle Roosevelt Manning has talent

and should help stiffen the line. The secondary will be helped considerably with the arrival of Clarence Ellis from Notre Dame.

If the new running backs live up to their billing and if the Falcons' offensive line, anchored by George Kunz, continues to improve, Atlanta could be one of the surprise teams of the year.

#### EASTERN DIVISION

##### AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Baltimore Colts .....	10-4
Miami Dolphins .....	9-5
New York Jets .....	7-7
New England Patriots .....	7-7
Buffalo Bills .....	5-9

Although the Eastern Division of the American Conference is rapidly becoming the toughest circuit in pro football, the Baltimore Colts have the talent and depth to win the division championship again this year. Over the past decade, the Colts have probably been the most consistently successful team in football, and the two people most responsible have been quarterback Johnny Unitas and owner Carroll Rosenbloom. Unitas has been a peerless leader on the field and Rosenbloom has provided stability and shrewd guidance in the front office.

Baltimore lacked only receivers last year, a problem that seems to have been solved by good luck in the college draft. The Colts wanted a top college wide receiver, but all had been taken by the time they got their first pick. Gambling, they took Glenn Doughty of Michigan. The coaches couldn't believe their eyes when they got a look at him last March on rookie indoctrination day. He looked like he had been playing the position for ten years.

Another new face on the Baltimore squad will be Jack Milden, who is projected as an eventual replacement for Jerry Logan in the defensive backfield. However, look for a surprise: Coach Don McCafferty is toying with the idea of installing a few wishbone-T plays and saving them for the right time. Why? Because Jack Milden is a master wishbone quarterback and fullbacks Norm Bulaich and Don Nottingham are built to order for the wishbone offense. It is inevitable that sooner or later the wishbone offense will be adopted by the pros. It just might make its first appearance at Baltimore this year.

The knottiest problem for Miamians this summer is getting tickets to Dolphin games. Before coach Don Shula walked across the waters of Biscayne Bay to lead the Dolphins out of the wilderness, ticket hawkers managed to peddle only 17,478 season tickets. By May of this year, more than 65,000 were already sold.

The Dolphins' main hope for repeating last year's success lies in their continuing good fortune with injuries. Last

# The Gimlet

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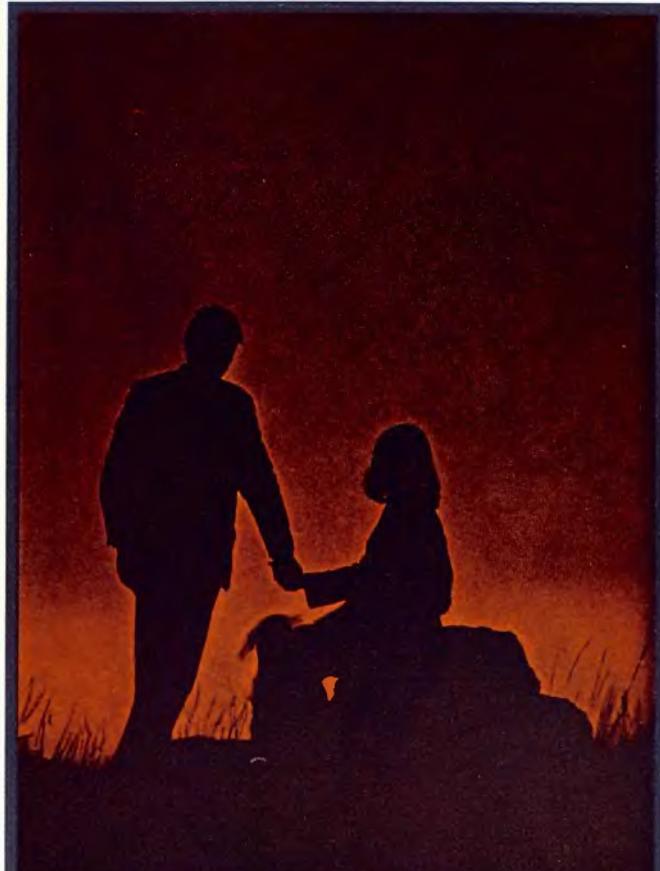


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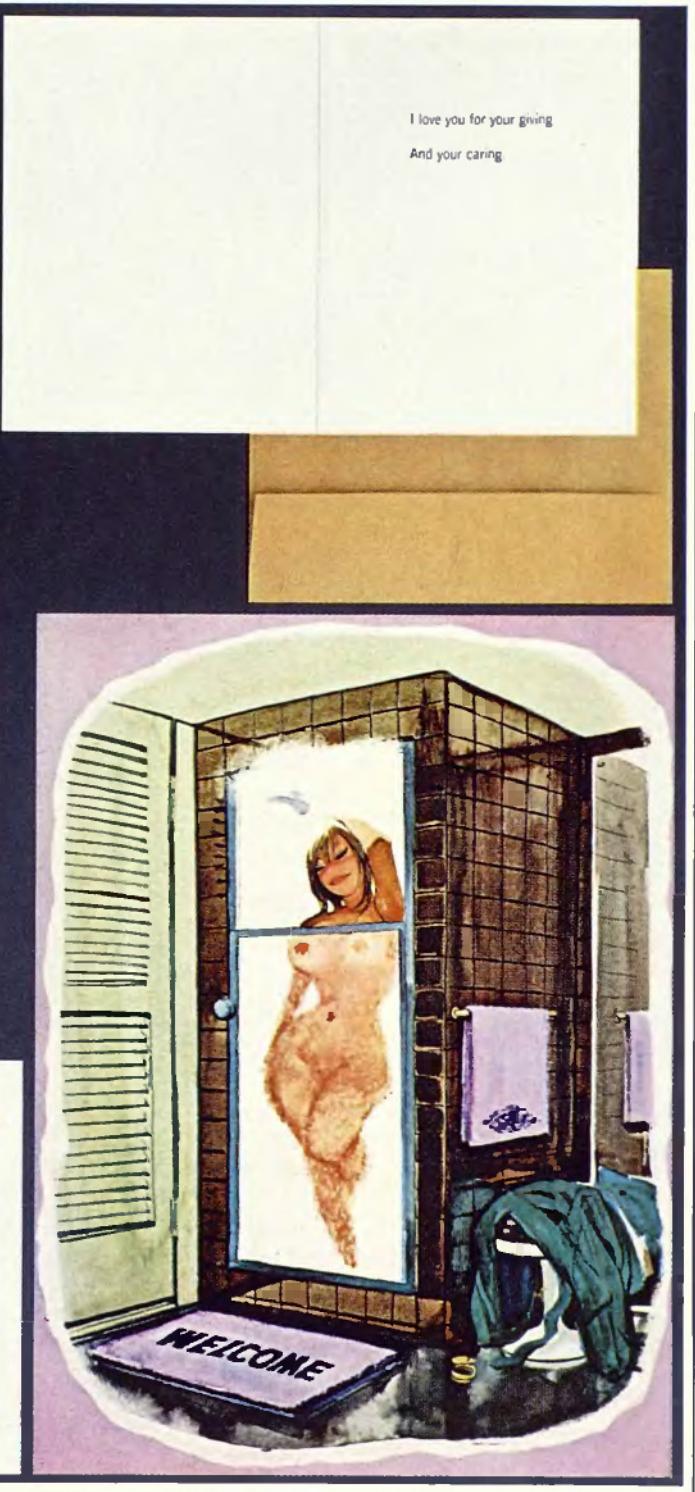
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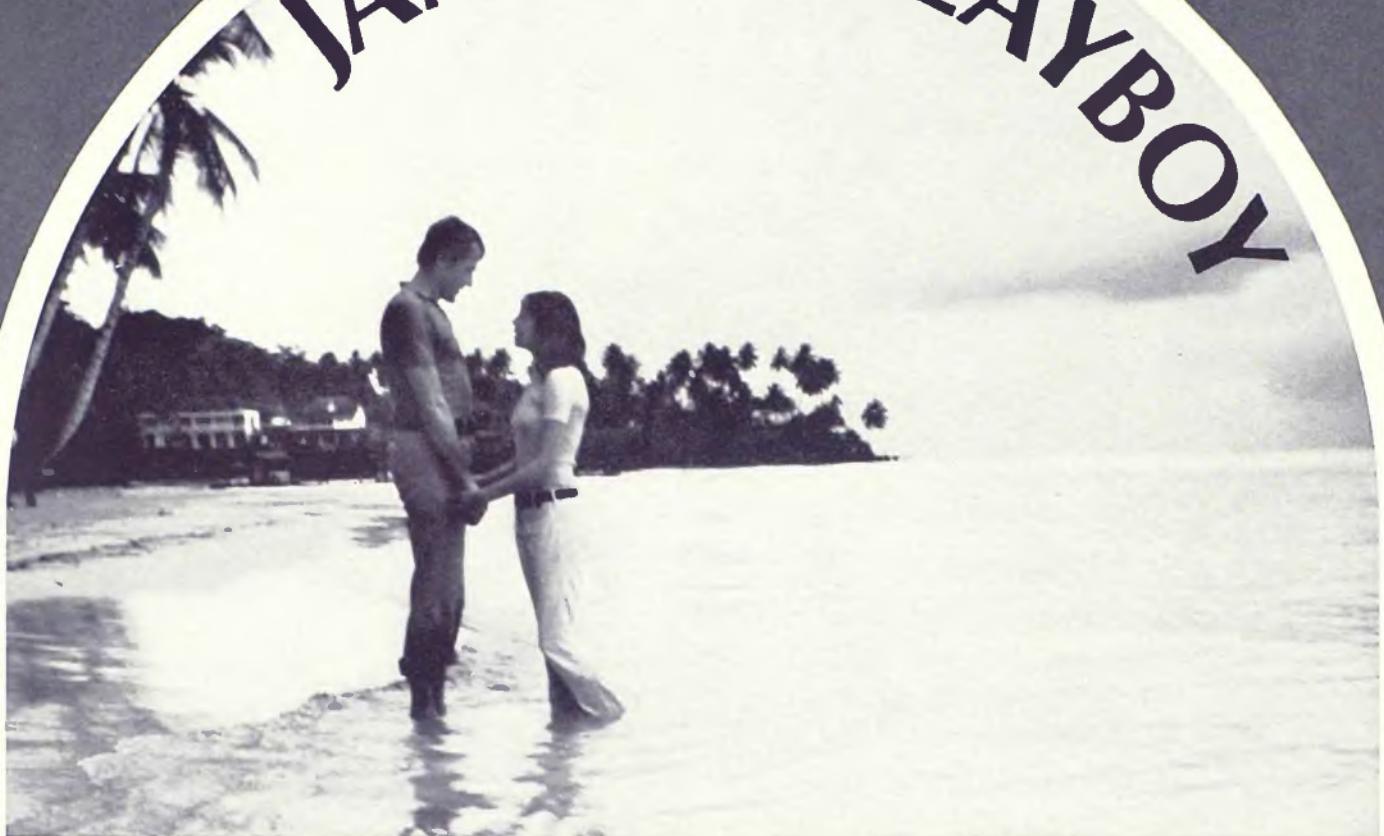
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year's two top teams, Dallas and Miami, were probably the healthiest in the country, while a few other promising squads, such as Cincinnati, St. Louis and Denver, were nearly wiped out by injuries. The Dolphins are blessed with one of the most talented backfields in the country. Bob Griese is a first-caliber quarterback and Larry Csonka and Jim Kiick are a perfect combination of outside speed and inside power—but there is little depth behind them. Mercury Morris should get some starting time and that will help. Receiver Paul Warfield could be the best ever at that position. If they all stay healthy, the Dolphins could be back in the Super Bowl next January. The Miami squad is young as well as talented, so the only rookie who should break into the starting line-up this fall is defensive tackle Mike Kadish from Notre Dame.

The New York Jets suffered devastating injuries the past two seasons. If all the injured return to health—especially Joe Namath—the team can make a run for the title. But it depends on how well Jerome Barkum develops at wide receiver and whether Rich Caster can work out at tight end, a position that has been a serious weakness. John Riggins, Emerson Boozer and Matt Snell (if his knee heals) will provide a potent running attack to balance Namath's passing. The defensive platoon, where most injuries occurred last year, must return to health and the kicking game must be improved.

The most important "if" is, of course, Joe Namath's knees. If they hold up, the Jets will give Miami and Baltimore a strong run.

There is optimism in both Boston and Buffalo. New England was rated with New Orleans as the most dramatically improved teams in the N. F. L. last year. Like New Orleans, the Patriots benefited from a phenomenal rookie quarterback. Jim Plunkett ran every play from scrimmage all year and—unlike many seasoned quarterbacks—called every play himself. Also like New Orleans, the Patriots hung a couple of stunning upsets on supposedly much stronger teams, notably a 34-13 rout of the Miami Dolphins at season's end. This year, Plunkett will be throwing to a flashy new receiver, Tom Reynolds from San Diego State. He and Randy Vataha, Plunkett's teammate at Stanford, should drive opposing pass defenders crazy. Josh Ashton, lately of Vancouver in the Canadian League, should give added velocity to the running game.

Six years ago, Lou Saban left Buffalo to take the coaching job at the University of Maryland, moving the next year to the Denver Broncos. It was a regrettable separation for both Saban and Buffalo. In those six years, the Bills have lost 60 games. Endless misfortune—mostly in the form of player injuries—turned Saban's sojourn in Denver sour. Now he returns



*"Oh, she's a charmful little armful, all right—unfortunately, she's also a dreadful little bedful."*

to Buffalo and he couldn't have picked a better time. Abundant talent from recent drafts is available to Saban this season. His first job will be rebuilding a sad offensive line so that talented quarterback Dennis Shaw can spend more time on his feet and O. J. Simpson can at last reach his potential. In the past couple of years, Simpson has had to make some of the most brilliant runs of his career just to get back to the line of scrimmage. Defensive help is also desperately needed and appears on the way in the persons of Notre Dame All-America tackle Walt Patulski and two veteran defensive linemen, tackle Greg Lens and end Randy Marshall, obtained in a trade with Atlanta. Saban also thinks he may have gotten a talented sleeper in the college draft—tackle Karl Salb, an Olympic-caliber shot-putter at Kansas who didn't play football his last two years in college.

#### CENTRAL DIVISION

##### AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Cincinnati Bengals .....	9-5
Cleveland Browns .....	7-7
Pittsburgh Steelers .....	7-7
Houston Oilers .....	2-12

Few football teams have ever been so totally wiped out by injuries as were the Cincinnati Bengals in 1971. All the injured will report to summer camp fully healed, however, including invaluable quarterback Virgil Carter. No other professional quarterback, except Joe Namath, is so vital to his team's success. Carter makes up with intellect and leadership what he lacks in height and strength.

Even without Carter, the Bengals would have won several more games last season if they hadn't suffered last-minute breakdowns on defense. So coach Paul Brown went into the draft looking for prime defensive beef and picked up defensive end Sherman White of California and safety Tommy Casanova of LSU. Both should be starters their first year. Brown is so confident of Casanova's potential that special practice schedules are being worked out for him so he can attend medical school during the season.

The Bengals' fine runners will be joined by rookie Bernard Jackson. He and Lemar Parrish will give Cincinnati the best pair of kick returners in the country.

With the new defensive help and the probability that an injury epidemic won't strike two years in a row, the Bengals look like the cream of the Central Division.

Three factors will determine the Cleveland Browns' fortunes this season: the quality of a revamped defensive backfield, the maturation of Mike Phipps and Bill Nelsen's aching knees. Last year, Phipps was supposed to replace Nelsen as the starting quarterback, but it was a case of too much too soon. An added year should make a big difference for the extremely talented young passer, but, ready or not, Phipps will have responsibility forced upon him if Nelsen's shaky pins give way. Phipps has all the equipment; now he needs to win his teammates' confidence.

The Browns may have solved their severe problem in the defensive backfield

by drafting Tom Darden of Michigan and Clifford Brooks of Tennessee State.

The Pittsburgh Steelers have become a stable team. The Pittsburgh tradition of tearing the squad apart and rebuilding it each year has been abandoned. Chuck Noll is only the third coach in the Steelers' 40-year history to direct the team through four consecutive campaigns, and he has managed to give his players a reasonable sense of security. Having a perennially good position in the draft, the Steelers' squad is loaded with good young talent. Last year's weaknesses—notably, a leaky pass defense—were mostly a matter of immaturity and could be solved with an added year's experience. The Steelers' major assets this year—as last—will be the fast-developing abilities of quarterback Terry Bradshaw and a gutsy defense anchored by Joe Greene, a devastating tackle who seems to play best when the stakes are highest. Rookies who should see a lot of action this year are running back Franco Harris, offensive tackle Gordon Gravelle and tight end John McMakin.

The Houston Oilers' major liability the past few years has been owner Bud Adams. Last year, Adams fired an assistant coach in midseason without bothering to tell the head coach, then fired the head coach in a dispute over whether or not to fire an equipment manager. That kind of chaos in the front office has kept squad morale at an abysmal level. The problem may be solved, however, by new coach Bill Peterson, a smart and tough winner who isn't the sort to brook any interference from Adams. Peterson has a "lifetime" contract, so in Houston he should last at least two seasons. To improve the Oilers' won-lost record, Peterson and his staff will have to find some creditable runners and totally

rebuild the worst offensive line in the league. Roy Hopkins and Willie Armstrong, who didn't play last year because of injuries, along with rookie Lewis Jolley, may punch up the running game. Unfortunately, an efficient offensive line can't be constructed in a single season, even by a coach of Peterson's caliber, so any games the Oilers win will be won by the defense. Defensive teams, however, don't score very often.

#### WESTERN DIVISION

##### AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Kansas City Chiefs .....	10-4
Oakland Raiders .....	10-4
Denver Broncos .....	5-9
San Diego Chargers .....	3-11

Kansas City's ground defense was so vicious last season that the only way opponents could move the ball was through the air. Since coach Hank Stram is a compulsive perfectionist (a trait most obviously expressed in his dapper dressing habits), fans can expect a retooled pass defense by the opening game. If quarterback Len Dawson repeats last year's best-ever performance and the receiving corps stays reasonably healthy, the Chiefs will win a lot of games. The squad's depth is such that the only new man who has a chance to see much action is Jeff Kinney, an experienced I-formation fullback from Nebraska.

The Oakland Raiders were confidently expecting a fifth straight division championship last year, but their hopes were wiped out in the exhibition season by injuries to runners Charlie Smith and Hewritt Dixon and a jail sentence for receiver Warren Wells. Nevertheless, the Raiders' excellent depth kept them in the running until the 13th game. Both runners are healed, but Wells's future is still cloudy. Consequently, the Raiders went for receivers in the draft,

the prize catch being Mike Siani of Villanova. The Raiders' only other problems are quarterback Daryle Lamonica's throwing hand and a defensive line that needs shoring up. (The draft also brought some promising fresh tonnage for the defensive line in the persons of Kelvin Korver and Mel Lunsford.) Lamonica's hand underwent surgery in February and the prognosis is optimistic. If Lamonica doesn't return to his previous excellence, Ken Stabler, a future great, is now mature enough to take over permanently. Ageless George Blanda is still around and extremely popular with Oakland fans. They cheer when Lamonica gets hurt, because it means Blanda will come in.

Denver's long-suffering followers are understandably impatient. In their 12-year existence, the Broncos haven't had a winning season. Coach Lou Saban's failure to produce a winner last year—largely because of a disastrous rash of injuries—cost him his job. His replacement, former Stanford coach John Ralston, is a certified Dale Carnegie instructor and an advocate of the power of positive thinking. Ralston has an ineradicable grin that features several dozen pearly teeth and a handshake like a used-car salesman's. His enthusiasm and positive thinking ("Getting to the Super Bowl . . . correction . . . winning the Super Bowl is our goal, and it *will* come to pass") are apparently contagious; by mid-February, all available season tickets had been sold.

Last season, the San Diego Chargers had a brilliant offense and a sad defense. Things will be different under new coach Harland Svare. In the off-season, he traded for two super defensive linemen, Deacon Jones from Los Angeles and George Wright from Baltimore.

But former coach Sid Gillman's offensive genius will be sorely missed, and San Diego's schedule is perhaps the toughest in the conference. The Chargers will have to wait until next year for a crack at a winning season.

Finally, a suggestion to the 26 owners of professional football teams: a way in which they can return some of the bounty showered upon them by an insatiable clientele, a way in which they can prove they aren't completely blinded by avarice. After all, professional football is an essentially parasitic business, getting all its raw material preprocessed and refined for free.

So let the owners take ten percent off the top of their gross gate receipts and give it to the N. C. A. A. for distribution to colleges and universities to support their athletic programs. It would be a small price to pay for the world's best athletic farm system. It would also be tax deductible.



*"No, I don't want to arm-wrestle to see  
who buys the next round!"*



## LARRY LIVES! (continued from page 120)

Mescaline? A suicide attempt? What was it?"

"Beer," he replied.

"Beer?"

"Yes, beer. The cat who supplied me with champagne was out of town and I was really irritable. It was really a bad time. My Imperial wouldn't start. I was having trouble with my ratings. I was having trouble in the recording studio. My producer wanted to overdub with loads of clarinets.

"I was really freaking out. I remember racing through the studio over at Dot records, looking for a bottle of champagne. I checked out every refrigerator. I remember beating on the janitor's door, screaming, 'Gronowski, my contract stipulates I always have champagne. Where is my champagne?' I fell to my knees and he opened the door.

"'I have no champagne,' he told me. 'But I can give you a brew.'

"'A brew? What are you talking about, you crazy Polish human being?' I screamed at him.

"'A brew. Suds. Beer. I can give you a can of beer.'

"'I don't want it,' I told him.

"'It has got bubbles like champagne.'

"'Gimme!'

"He went to the fridge and took out a six-pack. He moved so slowly. He took a can for himself and one for me. I grabbed mine out of his hand. I was so anxious I cut my finger on the pop-top. I just poured that amber liquid down my throat. It tasted awful. A lot of beer heads will boast about how bitter that first hit of beer in your mouth is. But I didn't care. I had to have more. Before that first can had a chance to really hang out in my belly, I took another can and another and another. I told you I was in a weird mood. Gronowski just watched me. He was waiting for something. And then it happened. I had a mystical experience. I belched and I understood everything. I understood every single thing. I looked at myself in disgust. I remembered screaming at my valet because he didn't give me a white-on-white tie to match my white-on-white shirt. I remembered screaming at my producer because he wanted to put in all those clarinets. Heck, man, clarinet players are part of the cosmos. Well, all kinds of thoughts like that went through my mind and then I just sort of passed out.

"When I woke up, I was looking at the bottom of Gronowski's table, but that was OK, because it was part of the cosmos. I thanked that wonderful Polish human being and I split. I went into the parking lot and then I saw my car. I shook my head. I knew I could never again travel in a chrome-plated accordion with fins.

"I just went to the Strip and I stuck my thumb out. A lot of people didn't want to pick me up. I must have looked very disreputable. I hadn't shaved all day. But I finally got a lift and I kept going until I hit Milwaukee. That was where I started from and that was where I had to be. Nothing much happened there except that I spent a lot of time in the woodshed getting together with my ax. And when I was ready to play my new music for the people, I asked a friend if I could sort of work out in his club and he said righto and that's where Lance found me."

Larry smiled and poured some more mountain red into our cups.

"To think," he mused, "that I used to do only champagne. Wow."

I knew I had time to ask only one more question and I asked him what he thought of the old days, and his changes.

"Well, I'll tell you," he told me, taking a pull at his cup. "I thought the old days were really fine, until I had that mystical experience; but the day I had that fast beer-belch flash, I knew I could never play rip-off games again. So I dropped out. I did reading that I never did before. By the way, did you see the latest issue of *The Hulk*? He's really heavy. Anyway, it turns out that now I'm financially better off than I used to be. Not that I care. I've had three gold LPs within a year. I don't have to pay the expenses of a band. But more important, I have a lot of good friends and

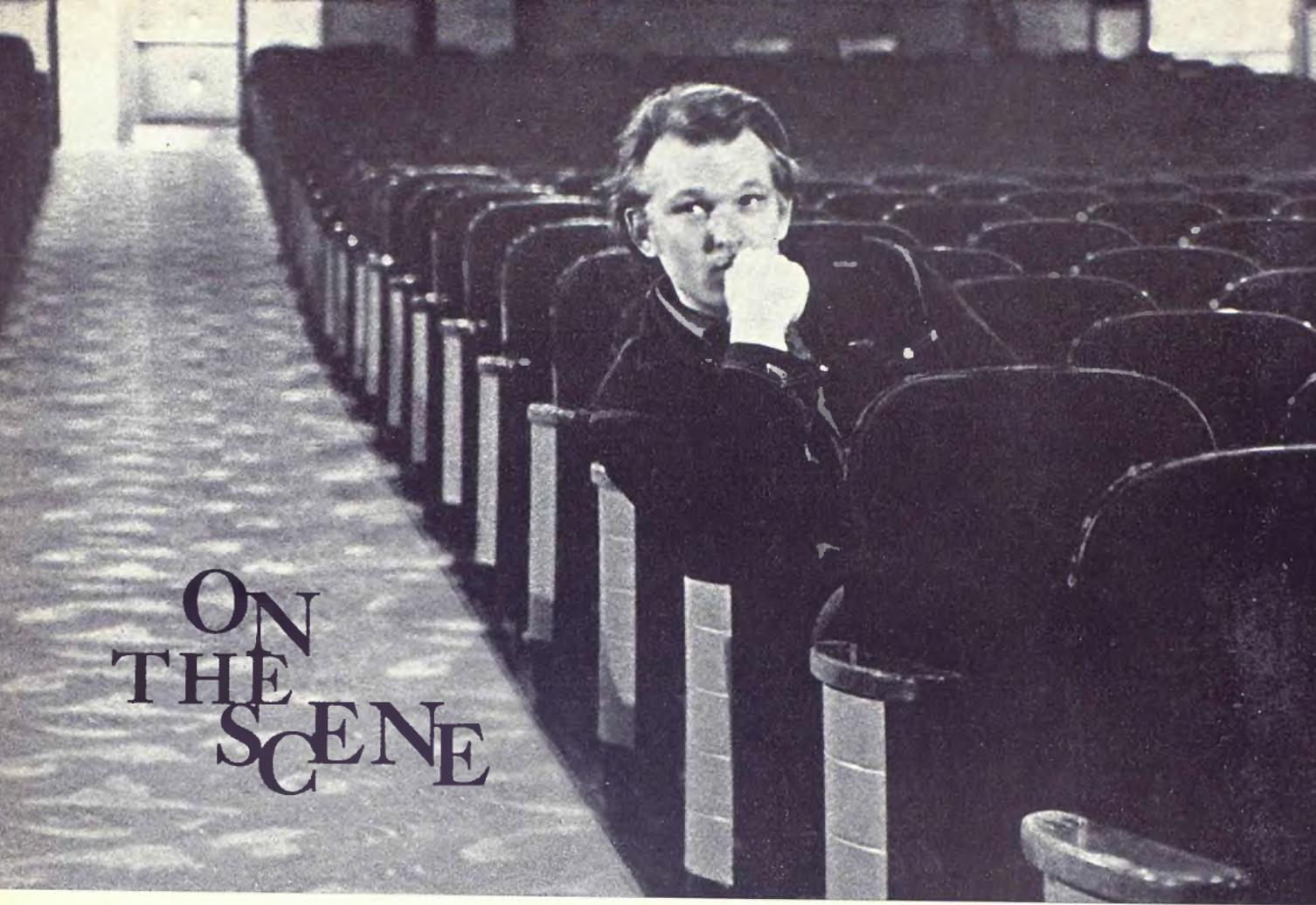
good times. In fact, we're all going over to my trailer after the show tonight, man. All of us." He pointed one of his lightning hands at the dudes in the room. Garcia was getting on down with *Humoresque*. After Larry, it sounded kind of lame, but the vibes were good. The Lennon sisters were sitting on an old couch, flipping through a copy of *Family Circle* in time to the music, and Leon Russell stood in a corner quietly combing his beard. It was then that I really understood the word *together*. "And," Larry added, "why don't you come? Leon's holding some dynamite stuff—real Roma Rocket. We're gonna take off on that and get it on. Can you dig it?"

Being a reporter for *Bowling Stoned* means you don't get off on much, because you've *been there*. Doing Coke with David Cassidy. Rapping with Bucky Fuller. Window-shopping with Abbie Hoffman. Whistling at girls with the Stones. But I couldn't pass up a free trip on the Roma Rocket with some of the best fingers of our time. It was a scene they'd be talking about for years. It was a scene I'd be writing about for years. So I patted Larry on the back of his snakeskin bowling shirt and said, "Sure, man, I can dig it."

Larry grinned and led the way to his trailer.

As we filed out the door, Jerry Garcia leaned his well-kept halo of hair toward me and whispered with a beatific smile: "Feel like getting into some champagne, man?"





# ON THE SCENE

## **PAT FLANAGAN** *patently inventive*

IN 1962, *Life* magazine published a list of the 100 most important young men in America. They were mostly scientists—prodigies with computer minds whose genius would lift our technology and maintain it at a reassuringly advanced level. One of them was Pat Flanagan, a 17-year-old Texan who'd just invented something he called a "neurophone," which, he claimed, "transmits electrical messages—identical to those sounds generate—directly to the brain," allowing totally deaf people to hear. Ten years after this publicity, Flanagan's elfin face has aged almost imperceptibly and there remains a vestige of Texas in his voice, although he's lived in California for the past few years. Otherwise, much has changed. During the decade he's gotten married, picked up a Ph.D., patented his neurophone, established a deaf children's clinic, founded Laser Sound Systems, his manufacturing outlet, and, working in his cluttered office lab, has been issued 200 more patents. One went for a device he calls the Stereo Conference Recording System, a machine "that can separate sounds in a room full of people so that, if more than one person talks at once, a stenographer can replay the tape and transcribe every voice, one at a time." He's also invented another sound system that allows the human voice to be recorded at a speed 200 times faster than normal with absolute clarity; and he was retained by the Navy as a consultant in the field of communication between humans and dolphins. Flanagan is currently developing a theory that "the pyramid shape generates a peculiar kind of energy because it has five corners. I call it biocosmic energy and I believe it delays organic decomposition. This means that our bodies would age more slowly inside a pyramid." He isn't disturbed that all this sounds slightly incredible: "Lots of inventors have been scoffed at"—many, of course, with good reason. But Flanagan's impressive track record suggests that the wisest attitude should be one of patience rather than skepticism.

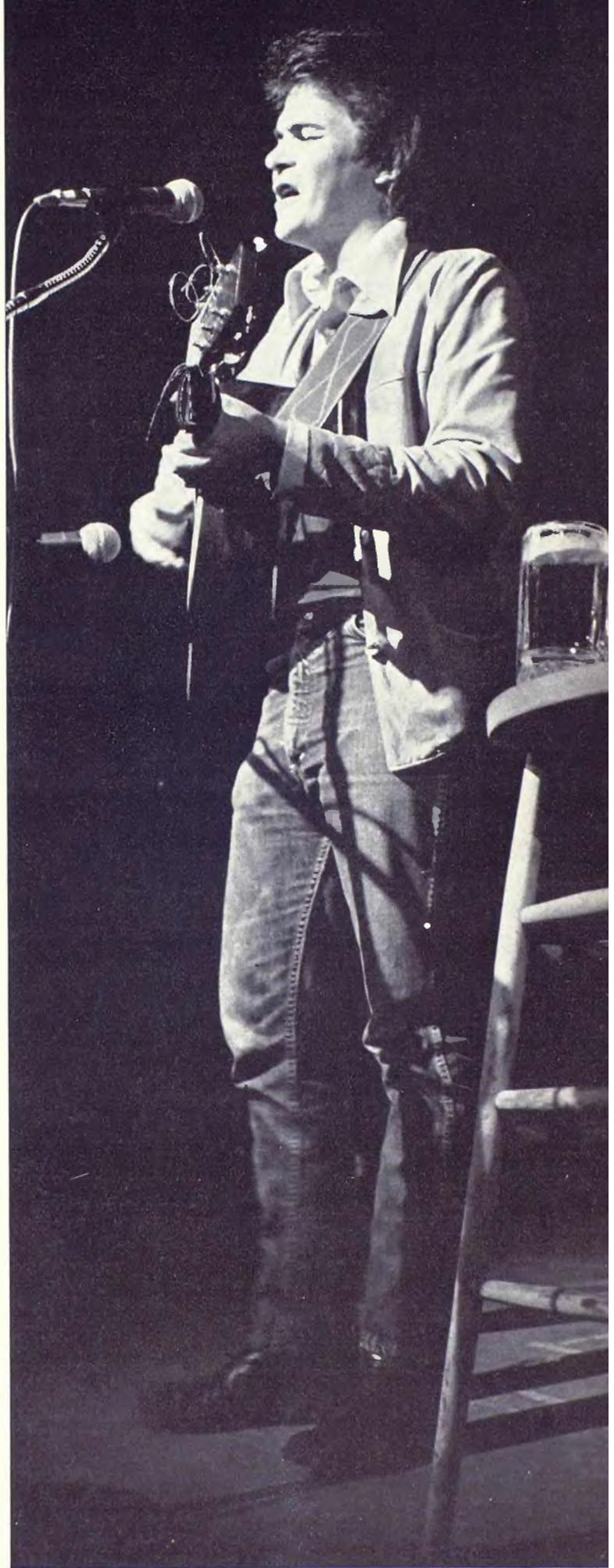


## DAVID RABE *all the war's a stage*

WHEN THOSE Vietnam veterans, many maimed and crippled, threw their medals onto the Capitol steps in April 1971, they struck a responsive chord in a lot of Americans who'd been unmoved by previous protests. Veteran David Rabe didn't march in Washington, because that wasn't his way of raising the public consciousness. But the next month, at Joe Papp's Public Theater, he gave New Yorkers an equally gut-wrenching view of the war in his play *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel*, about a green kid who learns some bitter lessons in Vietnam. Five months later, Rabe stirred them again when *Sticks and Bones* also came to Papp's stage. The poignant drama of a blind vet's homecoming, it won him a Tony Award as best play of the 1971 season. Completing what he calls this "thematic trilogy" is a "more metaphysical" war play, *The Orphan*, which Papp will produce early next year. It would be easy to label Rabe's work antiwar—too easy; for, unlike most message plays, his convey deeply felt emotions, mostly pain. The 32-year-old dramatist, who served with a hospital support unit at Long Binh in 1966, doesn't know where that pain comes from, but, he says, "It can't be just the war." Yet nothing in his background would seem a source of suffering. Home to Rabe was Dubuque, Iowa, where his schooling was Catholic. He wanted to play pro football but settled for playwriting at Loras College in Dubuque and later at Villanova in Philadelphia, where he now teaches. While in Vietnam, however, he found writing impossible. "I tried, but it resulted in a double vision that made everything too intense. If I hadn't been there, though, I wouldn't have written the plays later." Nor would he be writing now a novel on Vietnam. "Maybe the war's all I can write well about," Rabe says. But he's starting to concentrate on other things, such as the production of his "leaving-home" play called *Burning*. Though he'll never be able to leave Vietnam completely behind, he says, "Finally, I'm more here than there."

## JOHN PRINE *special delivery*

EARLY ONE SPRING morning in 1971, John Prine's music was discovered by a couple of guys who could really help him. Prine had finished his weekend set at Chicago's Earl of Old Town and was napping under a table when his friend and fellow musician Steve Goodman arrived with Kris Kristofferson and Paul Anka. Wake up and sing, Goodman told Prine. And a star was born. Anka is now his manager and Kristofferson sings his songs. Not bad for someone who's been singing professionally only since 1970; until last summer, he was also a mailman. Prine, who is 25 and married, grew up in Maywood, Illinois, but his family roots are in Kentucky and country music has always been a part of his life. The songs he's been writing since he was 14 are stories, laced with humor, about people trying to make it. There's no moralizing, though. Prine explains, "I want to give the audience a feeling more than a message, by trying to look through someone else's eyes." It works. Among his characters are Donald, a lonely Pfc., and Lydia, who "hid her thoughts like a cat behind her small eyes sunk deep in her fat." Donald and Lydia make love—in their dreams—and the song, according to Prine, is "a little bit about masturbation—but not a lot." Another number is ironically dedicated to the Reverend Carl McIntire; *Your Flag Decal Won't Get You into Heaven Anymore*, he writes, because it's "already overcrowded from your dirty little war." His best-known song, *Sam Stone*, is about a Vietnam vet who comes home "with a Purple Heart and a monkey on his back. . . . There's a hole in Daddy's arm where all the money goes." Songs about illegitimate babies, old people and marijuana fill out Prine's first album. This summer brought another record and some prestigious club dates and festivals. Although recognition has come quickly, Prine's lyrics remain simple: "Blow up your TV, throw away your paper, go to the country, build you a home, plant a little garden, eat a lot of peaches, try and find Jesus, on your own." Now go find Prine on your own.



some of his old, primitive teaching machines. He also has a mock-up of the warhead of a missile he was trying to perfect during World War Two. It was to be guided by three pigeons pecking at control disks whenever the target moved off the cross hairs of an aiming device. The experiment was called Project Pelican. It was a failure. The detecting and steering mechanisms were so large there was no room for explosives.

We talk about the rebellion at Attica, which is in the news. He says the biggest problem of the convict is total boredom. He should be given positive reasons for behaving well and positive skills for use outside. Attica was a signal flag of warning. But improvements shouldn't be merely physical. Life should be given a pattern by redesigning the contingencies of reinforcement.

I haven't mastered the jargon of Skinnerese, but that comes through loud and clear. I ask him about gambling. He says all casino games have a variable ratio schedule. Experiments have already proved how the gambler is rendered broke and a compulsive psychopath at the same time. But the systems in use are very crude. Skinner could achieve both ends much more efficiently, but he won't discuss how, afraid the Las Vegas interests would use it immediately. He doesn't approve of gambling nor of state lotteries.

The publicity director of Alfred Knopf, his publisher, calls. He has fallen from third to sixth place on the list. He asks that question that all writers have agonized over, "How can you have a best seller if there are no books to sell?" He is assured that a new printing is on order.

Skinner goes on, speaking rapidly and well, every semicolon neatly in place. It has all been thought out and written and memorized many years ago. He can recall names and details and quotes very easily. With wit and disdain, he puts down a few more of his critics with a volley of references to philosophers, theologians and scientists, citing books and tracts and essays, poems, plays and papers.

There is no question I can ask that has not already been asked and arch-asked. Skinner has a polished answer for everything. I begin to get bored by the erudition, all this dusty wit and profundity, hopelessly overwhelmed by those smooth, incomprehensible words, every third one of which ends in isic, ology or ism.

Skinner is tired. It is four o'clock. His doctor has advised him to get more rest. He lends me a book to study and a cassette he is eager for me to hear.

association or memory. I listen to the tape of Skinner's appearance on William F. Buckley's show. He said he was not yet ready to design a new culture, but he is "ready to interpret certain features of our present culture in the light of laboratory practices." He admitted that *Walden Two* was very theoretical, but problems in certain areas of society can be solved now, particularly in schools and in production labor.

Suddenly I realize how I got this job. I was chosen as the quintessential opposite of B. F. Skinner. Me—Joe Gorilla. Mr. Competition. Individualist. Thief. Hunter. Nose puncher. Muscle and hard-on, laughter, anger, wild-crazy. And now they've made me a journalistic pigeon, locked away in an editor box labeled #514—CAMBRIDGE, pecking away like mad whenever I see a light flashing in my head. If I get the right answer, I will be given a positive reinforcement. I will respond to my program. My writer schedule will be fulfilled. They will accept this article and I will get paid. I will eat. My kids will eat. I will survive to be reprogrammed and put into yet another box.

I go on with my studies, trying not to listen to the song of Bacardi, listening instead to Skinner's lecture *On Having a Poem*, which opened with a skillful dismantling of some of his critics. The audience loved it. He went on to deny credit to creative people. Does a hen lay an egg or does an egg hatch a hen? Does a woman really deserve credit for having a healthy baby? She is merely the stage for a creative process. She neither originates nor creates nor adds but simply bears the congenital product. Inventors are merely the happy recipients of the fruits of serendipity and a poem is merely the result of a poet's environment. There is a great variety of living things on this earth, but "they make a contribution to the world only by mediating contributions of the past."

I go back to *Walden Two*. Skinner's design for an ideal social unit—an actual prototype for present-day communes. Families as we know them would not exist. Children would be raised by the group at large. But he doesn't mention sex. The book was written 24 years ago, but he still stands behind it, admitting, however, that all the discussions about drinking tea do seem a bit square today. But the squareness is a great deal deeper than that. Skinner reveals himself to be a reactionary of the left. He wants to use futuristic techniques in order to return to the safe familiarity of the agricultural past.

Classed as a novel, it is really a running dialog except for a few interruptions, spasmodic and involuntary, like

taking deep breaths. As a novel, it is terrible. As a blueprint for a perfect community, it is wildly inadequate. But as a futuristic position paper it may be something else.

I reward myself with an oatmeal cookie, and think about a world without competition, without violence or deprivation. No acquisition of property? No rank or promotion? No rich and no poor? No big, no little? And Skinner even tells us what to do with our spare time. We can either stay in our private little rooms (where we are even allowed to be untidy if we like) or take up painting, sculpture, listen to classical music or join a string quartet.

Another cookie. I'm trying hard to groove on this trip, but it sounds like the credo of one of the acid-freak revolutionary tribes. It also sounds like the voice of the Angel Moroni back in New York State when he talked to Joseph Smith. Skinner comes from the same neck of the woods.

Another cookie. How could a crusty old psychopath like me survive in a neat, cozy little neighborhood like this? Separate rooms for spouses? The babies all in air cribs? No family? No territory?

Nowhere, at any time, does Skinner tell us exactly how all this is going to be brought about. Nor does he tell us who is going to do the job. And yet others have been pure theorists—Marx, Einstein. What's wrong with stating the principles and letting others design the details?

I start to doze off, catch myself and go on reading. Then I give up, put out the light and roll over, listening to the clicks of the radiator and thinking about the one thing I have learned for sure. In Greek, utopia means nowhere. And Erehwon is the same place, only backward.

• • •

Skinner's office. Phone ringing. Secretary typing. The sun is beating fiercely through the sealed windows. Skinner is sorting stacks of fan mail, hate mail, business mail. Occasionally he turns on a Dictaphone machine for another terse letter. He tells me to go right ahead and interrupt whenever I think of a question. I try hard to think of one. It does seem to me that he could have avoided a lot of controversy by not meeting the freedom-and-dignity theme head on. Instead, why not speak of the need to circumvent man's destructive instincts?

His answer is quick and glib. It is not just a matter of semantics. The English vocabulary for the concept of freedom is so limited, all of it entirely mentalistic and leading to overreactions. He goes on. I pretend to be taking notes, but actually I am writing down what he is wearing—brown shoes, blue oxford shirt with buttondown collar, tweed jacket, red knit tie. He has short hair that is

# Don't baby your sex life.

It's just human nature that when you're with someone who affects you in a chemical way, you don't want to be thinking about anything else. Maybe it comes from the romantic notion that to be totally happy, you have to be totally carefree.

Unfortunately, real life doesn't always work the way you want it to. Sometimes the woman gets pregnant. And it's just the wrong time. Maybe you're married and you can't afford another child; maybe you have all the children you want. But maybe you're not married. And there's just no place in your life for a child. Some unplanned children can grow up to be very unhappy people.

Because you may not always be able to count on your partner, the best solution is to plan ahead by visiting a doctor and learning about the best and most reliable means of birth control for you. Then you'll be able to enjoy romantic moods without having to worry about the possibility of an unplanned conception.

A few birth control methods are listed below.

#### Birth Control for Men

One effective way is to catch male discharge by means of a condom. A method frequently used *that's not reliable* is for the man to withdraw immediately before ejaculation. This is called coitus interruptus. A man who has all the children he wants can have a vasectomy, a simple operation that blocks the flow of sperm. This should be considered permanent since the operation is not reversible in about one-half of the cases.

#### Birth Control for Women

A woman can prevent fertilization of the egg by taking a

birth control pill once each day for 20 days or more. Or she can insert a rubber device at the entry to the womb sometime before intercourse to prevent sperm from entering. The device is called a diaphragm. Women who have had children can have their doctor insert a tiny spring or coil into their uterus to prevent conception. The spring is called an IUD. Another method is to insert any one of a number of spermicidal jellies, creams, foams and suppositories before intercourse. These are not too reliable unless used with a diaphragm or condom. These spermicides should not be confused with feminine hygiene products. Unless the word "spermicide" is clearly marked on the label, the product should not be used for birth control.

If no birth control method is used during intercourse, a woman can douche with a solution of warm water and 2 tablespoons of white vinegar *immediately* thereafter. But this is not reliable. And a woman should *never* consider douching for birth control with any other stronger solution. It won't induce abortion and it may endanger her life.

If birth control isn't used and the woman does become pregnant, she can console herself with the fact that one-third of all women are pregnant when they marry. Ultimately, it's up to you, man or woman, to take on the responsibility for birth control. It's a lot wiser than taking on the burden of an unwanted child. And a lot better than involving yourself in a marriage you never wanted.

About Community Sex Information, Inc. We are a non-profit, tax-exempt organization dedicated to helping people resolve their sexual problems through education. Some of our services include: telephone information, educational lectures and folders (including a pamphlet about birth control), and arrangements for free VD and pregnancy tests. All of our services are free. And the person calling is *never* asked to give his or her name. For more information call (212) 867-9044.

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Post Office Box 2858, Grand Central Station New York, N.Y. 10017	Address: .....
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	(zip code) .....
I want to support your work with a contribution of \$.....	
I prefer to remain anonymous but want to support your work with a contribution of \$.....	
I would like information on forming a chapter/guest speaker.	

blondish-gray. He is thin, with an old man's paunch. There are liver spots on the backs of his hands.

On the wall over his desk is a chart of the sales of *Walden Two*. The graph curve has gone straight up, approaching 1,000,000. He shows me one of his letters. What about this business that children should not be raised in the home? Sounds Communistic. This is what the Cubans are doing. Aren't they Communistic?

There are files, books, prints on the walls. There is a special Harvard chair, black with varnished armrests. On the back is the university seal, the word truth in Latin, which comes in three syllables, separately superimposed over the open pages of three tiny books all emblazoned in gold leaf. And I am thinking: thinking that Truth is also a liquid precipitated out of chaos, most often condensed on the side of a cold glass of booze.

Skinner tells me about John B. Watson, the founder of behaviorism back in 1913, who was thrown out of Johns Hopkins University because he was caught having an affair with his secretary. He sold rubber boots in Louisiana for a year and then went to work for the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency. He died in 1958, extremely bitter about the field of psychology.

I tell Skinner I am especially interested in prison therapy, since I am an ex-con myself. Skinner says, "Oh," and goes on to tell me he once got an intelligent letter from a guy on death row in San Quentin who had organized a study group of behavioral science. Continuing to sort letters into "answer" and "no answer," he tells me about the seven numbered form letters he uses for various queries. He jokes about the ultimate letter: "B. F. Skinner is no longer practicing psychology and regrets being unable to answer your communication." Actually, he feels he is near the end of his career. He would like to quit. Three more years, perhaps. One more novel, maybe. A few more papers.

The phone rings. Some guy is doing a TV documentary "on the future." He says, "I understand you've done some work with behavior." Skinner laughs afterward and says it's like telling Freud he's done some work with dreams.

A group of teachers had sent him a blank cassette, asking him for "a few words." He grumbles. They had included return postage. He decides to be "softhearted" and will transfer a taped lecture he has at home. The phone rings. Skinner throws up his hands.

"This is the life of a scholar?"

Skinner is in the process of writing his biography. He gives me a copy of a mimeographed outline called "Sketch for an Autobiography." He has a stack of them, which he gives to interviewers.

He also lends me a copy of the *Journal of the Experimental Analysis of Behavior*. Skinner's back is hurting him. His secretary calls him a taxi and he goes home.

• • •

The hallway. Persistent clicking sounds. The squawk of a crow. Strong smells. Sacks of Purina Laboratory Chow piled outside. Inside the lab, I am introduced to Mrs. Kitty Papp, dressed in white and wearing a surgical mask, sticking a vacuum-cleaner nozzle into a pigeon cage to clean up the molted feathers and scattered feed. She shuts it off, unmasks and reveals herself to be an elderly woman, robust, hearty and competent. She has worked in Skinner's labs for 18 years as a caretaker, but she knows the jargon of operant conditioning as well as any student and can rattle on about direct and variable ratios and intervals, positive reinforcements and aversive controls. Not unkindly, she puts me through my paces, graciously accepting my confession of total ignorance as she continues with her work, sliding a shit-covered piece of cardboard out of a cage while simultaneously slipping a clean one in. Dropping a handful into a large, sealable, disposable, sanitized paper bag. Mrs. Papp briefs me on the whole operation.

There are approximately 300 pigeons and 150 rats in the current experimental lab, but Skinner himself hasn't done any lab work since 1964. Mrs. Papp is especially proud of her rats, a special breed, Harvard's very own. "I have a beautiful stud in here. He's gorgeous." She plucks one out of a cage and coos over it, letting it ride on her shoulder. He is a dark, chocolate brown, with soft, glittering eyes.

The crow is now a pet freeloader who has lived here three years after his experimental work was done, the others dead from internal parasites. Crows are an exception. Most laboratory animals are very healthy. One particular pigeon has been working here 19 years.

I study a poster fastened to a door. There is a picture of a pigeon facing red, green and blue lights. "Learning—(1) in basic reflexes (2) reinforcement (3) conditioned reaction (4) recognition (5) association (6) discrimination." Beyond is the control room, a nightmare of wires, timing devices, cumulative recorders, controls, counters, relays, perforated signal tapes hanging in loops on plastic pulleys, colored lights, coded connections with snap-on leads, rolls of graph paper with squiggles of red ink. And then I learn that each of those hundreds of constant clicks is the amplified sound of a pigeon pecking away in its own Skinner box hidden inside another soundproofed wooden container. They are wired, heated, lighted and ventilated. The connections are altered to change the program, to provide a different schedule of reinforcements.

Every peck is recorded, the interval and the number. They have a computer now that tabulates the raw data. An instant rapidly chattering print-out gives the number of pecks to the left and to the right, the change-overs, the session times in seconds, the number of reinforcements used and the final number of food pellets left.

In another room, Mrs. Papp shows me some big boxes of raw plywood. One is tagged box #46. Inside is a pigeon who has been in absolute solitary for three months. When the box is opened once a week for cleaning, the lights in the room are put out first. Again, always, that nervously clicking sound. Deep inside that plywood cell, a life is existing, pecking away, striving, responding. I put my hand on the box, trying to feel the pulse of that ultimate twitch that unites us all. My fingers tremble as I remember those long days and nights that I have spent in the Box, doing time on the chain gang, starving, sweating, shivering, shitting in a bucket, drinking water from a tomato can and listening for the sounds of the outside world that were only the sounds of other convicts, their leg irons rattling, their voices counting off through the gate. I look at number 46's water glass and plastic tube, his graph, his air pump, his power cable, his hinges, his handle and his latch, and I think to myself, "Yes, brother. Yes."

But I am being an anthropomorphic sissy. A pigeon is not a man. A pigeon may not even need sleep, except for dozes that last only a second or two at a time. And old number 46 has actually gained weight while in solitary. Nothing bothers him, as long as he gets his feed. A pigeon doesn't think like a man. He doesn't respond like a man. He doesn't have the same memory, the values, the dreams, the sex drive nor the aggressiveness. But if this is true, how can findings based on the behavior of pigeons be applied to that of men?

Mrs. Papp replaces her mask and turns on the vacuum cleaner. I wander around a bit, alone, smelling, listening, reading instruction notes. I study the breeding cages. I think about the infinitely complicated programs that are being tested to research every possible contingency. Another lab worker passes by, carrying a pigeon in the crook of her arm. "If this one gets away, it takes a half hour to catch him. He's the fastest one we own."

• • •

Back to the Holiday Inn to sort out my notes about Skinner's background. I have scraps of information from his wife, from his writings, things he himself told me, things felt, things guessed, things understood. And I am reading his autobiographical sketch, 27 pages, single-spaced, in elite type. Five pages deal with his boyhood and family. The rest

covers the details of his academic career. On page 17 he describes the meeting and the courtship of his wife in the following two sentences:

"My renewed interest in literature was encouraged by my marriage in 1936 to Yvonne Blue. She had majored in English at the University of Chicago, where she had taken a course in English composition with Thornton Wilder."

Skinner was born in a small town in northern Pennsylvania, his family devout Presbyterians, respectful of authority and concerned with neighborhood opinion. He never experienced any problems with money. His father was a lawyer, ambitious but frustrated, his mother a prim and righteous music teacher. He graduated from the same high school his parents did and lived in the house he was born in until he went to college. He was a brief rebel at college, trying his best to sabotage debating teams and commencement exercises with hoaxes, editorials, parodies and caricatures.

His first vocation was that of a frustrated writer. Given encouragement by Robert Frost at Breadloaf, he spent six months in Greenwich Village playing the bohemian game before he concluded he had nothing to write about.

At Harvard he got his Ph.D. in psychology. He spent five years in an experimental laboratory. He got married. He taught at Minnesota for nine years and then at Indiana for three years. He returned to Harvard and has been there ever since, supported now by a career grant from the National Institute of Mental Health.

He was always a bookworm, a musician and a tinkerer, playing around with any number of gadgets and inventions. He didn't like sports and games, unlike his conformist younger brother, who was much more popular, who was preferred by the family and who teased him about his sissified interests. They were entirely different kids. They got along, but only superficially. When Fred Skinner was about 19, this same brother dropped dead from a stroke. It was on Easter Sunday. His parents were in church. Fred had to go in to tell them. His mother refused to go into that church ever again. But she remained very religious and fully expected to meet her younger son in heaven after she died.

In his written autobiography Skinner says he "was not much moved" by the tragedy but he "probably felt guilty" about not being moved.

He was punished physically only once. His mother washed his mouth out with soap for saying a bad word. But his father gave him a tour of the local jail and he was taken to a slide lecture about Sing Sing so he would never be tempted by a life of crime. His grandmother taught him about hell by show-

ing him the coals inside the stove. He is still haunted by the taboos of what people will think and even now catches himself thinking in accordance with the family rules.

Today he preaches the ethic of hard work and stands opposed to unproductive sex, sensual pleasures, "foods which continue to reinforce even when one is not hungry, drugs like alcohol, marijuana or heroin, which happen to be reinforcing for irrelevant reasons, or massage." He very much believes in the small community. "Ethical control may survive in small groups, but the control of the population as a whole must be delegated to specialists—to police, priests, owners, teachers, therapists, and so on."

Hick. Square. Fossil. Above all, a lousy writer. He couldn't really mean to include owners among his social specialists. He couldn't possibly wish to include massage with heroin.

More cookies. Skinner got his ambition and his thirst for power from his father. He got his gentility and his stubbornness from his mother. As a postgraduate student at Harvard he got up at six and went to bed at nine, studying and attending classes all day, with only 15 unscheduled minutes. He habitually laughs at the end of a statement, which he himself says

is a defense against criticism and which he described in his own book *Verbal Behavior*. In *Walden Two*, the community founder, Frazier, lets himself go in a wild, emotional moment, pleading, "You think I'm conceited, aggressive, tactless, selfish." And then, "You can't see in me any of the personal warmth or the straightforward natural strength which are responsible for the success of *Walden Two*." And again, "But goddamn it, Burris!" he cried, timing the 'damn' to coincide with the crash of the tile. 'Can't you see? I'm—not—a—product—of—Walden—Two!' " And yet again, "Must the doctor share the health of his patient? Must the ichthyologist swim like a fish?"

This section is the only melodramatic moment in the book. Skinner admits that Frazier and Burris were extensions of two parts of his own personality, although he was not aware of it at the time of writing. Ordinarily, he writes very slowly. But *Walden Two* was a work of quick inspiration. This particular section was written "in white heat."

• • •

I rent a car and take Skinner to Worcester to deliver a lecture to the Massachusetts Psychological Association. Skinner doesn't like to drive. It is my chance to be alone with him, to get him



away to a neutral environment. But he is terribly concerned about something he said when we first met. He feels it was indiscreet and could be construed as ungrateful by people who once gave him support. He doesn't mean to censor my piece but would appreciate it if I didn't mention the incident. I give him my word. The trouble is, he doesn't believe me.

We find the Yankee Drummer Inn, the place mobbed with bearded, side-burned, long-haired and granny-dressed students. It looks like the same crowd that listened to Freud when he introduced his theories to America in 1909 at Clark University, which is not far away.

Skinner begins. He presents a litany of the problems of today's youth, how they leave home, get dirty, become rebellious and unproductive, how they steal and condone stealing, refuse to serve in the Army, defect to other countries and otherwise exhibit symptoms of being disturbed. The audience is nervous. Eyes flicker back and forth. Maxi-skirts are smoothed, high-button shoes shifted. The mustaches twitch, the Afros nod, the Jewish *natürlich* friz and kink. "Science is the religion of the 20th Century. It has its priests and acolytes and communicants. It also has an apocalyptic vision." In this case it is nuclear holocaust.

Skinner puts down Freud. He admits he made big discoveries about the causes and effects of human behavior, but unfortunately he had to invent a complex mentalistic system based on the typical Victorian-age, middle-class Jewish family in Vienna. This has not stood up to scientific investigation. The benefits of psychoanalysis cannot be demonstrated.

Skinner speaks of Government waste. He speaks of the work week, which will soon be four short days. But what do we do with our leisure? We turn to alcohol and drugs and gambling. We attend spectacular blood sports and watch real life on television, which has become the great reinforcer. He regrets the passing of the old college liberal education. He is concerned with the worship of the individual and his "rights"—emotions follow the act, not the other way around; environment must induce leaders to rule benevolently, the survival of a culture is its only judgment—

Some of the questions from the floor get hot and heavy. Tape-recorder microphones are held up in outstretched arms like marshal batons in massed salute. "Don't you think some of these matters are better left up to philosophy?" No, he doesn't think so. Scientists are as qualified as anyone. Politicians can't be trusted. He favors escape from punitive control, but American kids are not concerned with the future like the Chinese kids. They are unwilling to work, to eat

simple foods and wear simple clothes. Our culture is not giving us enough support and meaning. "Alienation is not a state of mind but a state of the contingencies of reinforcement."

In other words, kiddies: Ask not what is wrong with you. Ask what is wrong with your country.

Skinner is somehow hung up on the idea of China. He mentions it in almost every television appearance and lecture, every interview, somehow convinced that we are essentially decadent and only the Chinese are strong and progressive, capable of personal sacrifice.

After the lecture we load up. Skinner immediately fastens his seat belt, surprised when I admit I never use mine. We get onto the Massachusetts Turnpike and head east. Skinner is very tired. His back hurts. There are long silences. We discuss the Spanish Inquisition, the crude brainwashing techniques of the Chinese and how easily they could be improved. There are more silences. I am intimidated. I can't find the precise, scientific words with which to frame a pertinent question. But his humor is good. He speaks softly and fast, as polite and as benevolent as ever.

He begins a story about being on a speaker's platform when a Catholic bishop started in with some classic religious cant. Skinner mimics ever so slightly, "I have been among the wounded and I have seen—"

I interrupt. I am excited, for once tuned in on Skinner's frequency. "What can you do with those preachers and politicians when they begin that singsong music? It's only a medicine man's chant to go with the tom-toms. But what can you possibly say to them?"

"Just say: *Bullshit!*"

I almost fall out of the car. Skinner is so flabbergasted at himself he almost falls out the other side.

"Yeah. Right on. That's what the kids are saying. They're fed up with the graft, the organizations, the political machines. All that religion and military crap. Do you really agree with them? Do you really think this is the final answer? To just yell out, 'Bullshit'?"

But Skinner doesn't answer. It is over. The gorilla and the guru have found their common language. But it is only one word. And it isn't a nice word. It calls for soap. He knows damn well I am going to have to quote him now. And what will people think?

It is quiet in the car. I try to concentrate on driving, wanting to say bullshit a few more times, to recite it, project it, arrange it into a song. I want to freeze the decibels in nitrogen, fossilize them, hang them around our necks like beads. But I am silent, feeling Skinner's terrible pain in the darkness beside me as we swoosh through the drizzle and the homeward-bound Boston traffic. I glance

at the rearview mirror. I signal and change lanes.

It is cold and wet, the tower looming all white and modern out of the gray William James Hall, designed by Minoru Yamasaki, 15 stories high. The silhouette of the end of the building resembles an abstraction of Buddha. It is the Center for the Behavioral Sciences.

Prowl. Spook a few offices. Ride up and down the elevators. Go up and down the stairs. Check the bulletin boards. Lectures. Movies. Notices. Stereos for sale. Papers typed. Subjects needed for interviews. Read the graffiti. Watch the gestures. Listen to the talk.

On the 14th floor there are children's toys scattered on the carpet in a waiting room. On the 15th floor there is a lounge with picture windows, where you can attend a sherry party for a buck and mingle with the students and look at the panoramic view of Harvard Yard, the skyscrapers and the steeples of Cambridge and Boston and the Charles River.

There is a social-relations library on the ground floor.

On the 13th floor there is a computing center. On the eighth floor there is a machine shop. There are offices everywhere. Study centers. Labs. Files. Lecture rooms. Bookshelves. Notices.

And on the ninth floor there is Stevens.

S. S. Stevens. Harvard has granted 267 Ph.D.s in psychology. Skinner's is number 97. Stevens' is number 108. They have known each other 40 years. They have contrary points of view about everything and sit on opposite ends of that old seesaw nature versus nurture. But they are friends. They are even getting sentimental about each other in their old age and Stevens has a photograph of Skinner in his office.

Stevens heads the small department of psychophysics. A tough old bear, he wears a plaid shirt over a white shirt, both collars open, his hair and beard pure white. He looks straight at you for long moments before speaking in a deep, smooth and measured voice, stroking a sleek, fat black cat curled up in his lap. Then he looks out the window for another pause. From that window he can look down on Irving Street and see William James's old house.

Stevens says you can't change people. He's been trying very, very hard to change Skinner for 40 years and hasn't done it yet. He points out another building, where he studied and worked with Skinner as a graduate student in 1931. That was where Skinner invented his cumulative recording device, making the first model out of an old bicycle wheel, because "he was too lazy to feed his rats."

Stevens was the co-author of *Varieties of Human Physique*, which presented the



*"To hell with foreplay, the British are coming."*

theory of the body type; the mesomorph, the ectomorph and the endomorph. These are congenital inheritances, each set of attributes developed from a different layer of the embryo. Long before any of us is born, our personality is set. People who are born to be fat simply cannot lose too much weight. They will get sick. The skinny ones can't gain bone and muscle, no matter what.

People are what people are. You can't teach a dummy anything. But there was nothing in Sir Isaac Newton's ancestry to indicate he would become a genius of first rank. And Einstein's problem was that his teachers kept flunking him out and trying to stop him from doing what he had to do.

Stevens believes that 98 percent of human traits are inherited. He'll give two percent to the environment. "You can only do what you can do. You have to do your own thing." Nevertheless, the American Government pours millions into remedial education and slum removal. "But it won't work. It can't work."

Stevens has the oldest continuous Government research grant, which started in 1940. He is now working on the problem of noise pollution, which he says doesn't really exist. It is more a case of "pollution of exaggeration." Next thing you know, they'll be worried about the glare pollution that comes from the snow.

He does admit the world is going to hell in a basket. But if behavior modification is not the answer, what is? Stevens gives me a long look. "It's very simple," he says. I lean forward. I tense. At last I have it, the answer to those forlorn clicks telegraphed from the depths of those boxes. Stevens strokes his cat. He looks at me. I look steadily back at him.

#### "Selective breeding."

No blinks allowed. No sagging jaws. No squints. No frowns. Very, very carefully, I suggest there are people who might suppose this to be a Hitlerian approach. Stevens says no. Except for a few wild weekends between storm troopers and Aryan volunteers, Hitler did just the opposite. He killed off all his best people. But Stevens isn't talking about killing anyone. And after another pause, he declares, "And I'm not a racist." It would mean that overcrowding could be checked, births with congenital defects could be avoided, diabetes, stupidity, inherited insanity, abnormal size or any other undesirable traits kept out of the population by the simple device of regulated breeding permits.

(Oh, shit. Think of the booming black market in stolen breeding permits, people becoring parents under assumed names. There will be a new illegitimacy. Bastard will come to mean someone born under the auspices of a counterfeit birth permit,

his physical and mental fitness forever suspect.)

Already there is a rise in voluntary limits on family size. Vasectomies are so popular the medical profession has raised the price from \$25 to \$125. But only the best people are having them, the intelligent ones, the planners. Stevens says the whole egalitarian concept of democracy and communism is ridiculous. It is not true that every child will learn equally from an equal education. The idea that people will be able to compete equally if given an equal opportunity is scientifically false.

Quickly, he draws a sketch with a pencil. It is the classic bell-shaped curve of distribution, in this case of intelligence, a major consideration in an age of increasing technology and complexity of life. It has been a well-known fact for many years that the black race averages only 85 on the standard I.Q. tests. Nobody knows why. Perhaps it is prenatal protein starvation. Perhaps it is something else. Until Jensen let the cat out of the bag at Berkeley two years ago, nobody had the guts to say it. If people with an I.Q. of less than 85 were prevented from having children, half the black population would be disqualified. Reaching for a slide rule, doodling a few seconds, Stevens concluded that 27,000,000 whites would also be refused. The disproportion between blacks and whites could be easily worked out. He looks at me with his clear, steady eyes. I wait.

#### "Intermarriage."

As I am leaving, Stevens says, "Writers are all athletes, aren't they?" I am stunned. Nobody is supposed to know that. We are supposed to be bookworms with thick glasses and sunken chests, absent-minded and slow. He strokes his cat and muses. He says I am a mesomorph-ectomorph, a perfect example of the flaw in the theory of behavior. I survived and then conquered the criminal and prison environment of my past because of my inherited instincts of survival, strength and intelligence.

The last thing he says is, "Keep your muscles working."

Across the street and up one block is another Harvard institution, Memorial Hall, a low, sprawling thing of dirty brick and granite and slate, of geometric designs, a crenelated tower, battlements, gargoyles, sculpted names and busts of thinkers of antiquity. Blackened with grime and marred by pigeon shit are the stone words HUMANITAS, VIRTUS, PIETAS. Ivy grows up the walls pierced by stained-glass windows and stone lace-work protected by dirty mesh screens. The place broods. It threatens damnation. From a certain perspective and at just the right distance, the two buildings seem to oppose each other over the gap of 100 years.

Memorial Hall is a monument to the Harvard men killed in the Civil War. Years ago, B. F. Skinner had his animal laboratory in the basement, where S. S. Stevens also had his Psycho-Acoustic Laboratory.

Inside is a huge hall with domes and arches, tablets on the walls inscribed with the names of the dead listed under the various schools and departments. A choir is practicing in the theater, a *capella* hymns resounding through the dim, filtered light among the Latin inscriptions, the chandeliers, the marble and stained glass, the dark panels of ancient wood.

I am tense. My head is vibrating with song, with voices, with the theories and the statistics, the contradictions and the educated words of the past 11 days. I go to the men's room. Depressed by the burden of this assignment, in despair, confused, humiliated, obsolete, I stand in front of the urinal, shake and squeeze, zip up and turn toward the sink. Looking for a towel, my hands wet and dripping. I see that the door built into the opposite wall is made of steel. There is a handle and a combination dial. It is a safe. A safe? Here? In the john?

The choir sings to me of former glories, those dead days when I was a bad guy and all I had to do was make my getaway from the good guys, my trembling fingers held up in supplication, yearning for the hard, solid feel of a torch, a vial, a drill, a punch, a hammer—

I approach, my walk transformed into an instant slink. I touch the handle. Looking over my shoulder, my knees are immediately weak, my eyes squinted with pain, realizing the profound extent of my life role of wisdom-thief and the banal nature of my late-late-rerun career. With great delicacy, I touch the dial, fingering that fabulous ring of numbers with their infinity of possibilities.

I move away. Worried about the matter of fingerprints, I tremble with my wonder and with my manifold guilts. Am I an incorrigible predator? Am I fulfilling my obligations as a journalist? What is there inside, really? Spare toilet paper? Or have I found a secret stash for Government documents? A trove of research material? The radioactivating, remagnetic, laser-induced fragment of a lost tablet of knowledge?

I peer into the hallway. The coast is clear. Again I look back, infatuated, feeling the ache of that terrible question. What truth is locked away behind that inscrutable door? What priceless insight into the nature of man is being guarded here inside the keester of the pte in the sanctuary of Harvard's john?



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# PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO ZOOM LENSES

NAME OF LENS	FOCAL LGTH. IN MM	MAX. F-STOP	WT. IN OZS.	LGTH. IN INS.	MIN. FOCUS IN FT.	CAMERA LENS FITS	MFR.'S SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE
Auto-Nikkor Zoom	43-86	3.5	14½	3½	4	Nikon F & F-2, Nikkormat	\$209.50
Angenieux Zoom	45-90	2.8	28	5	3½	Leicaflex	696.00
Alpa-Variogon	45-100	2.8	32	4½	4	Alpa	599.00
Schneider Variogon	45-100	2.8	25½	4½	4	Various Models	567.00
Soligor	45-135	3.5	32	6½	6½	Various Models	299.95
Hexanon Auto-Zoom	47-100	3.5	15½	3¾	6	Konica Auto-Reflex	184.00
Zuiko Auto Zoom	50-90	3.5	14½	4½	5	Olympus Pen-F Series	199.95
Auto-Nikkor Zoom	50-300	4.5	81	11½	8½	Nikon F & F-2, Nikkormat	795.00
Canon FL	55-135	3.5	28	5½	7	Canon SLRs	314.40
Vivitar Automatic T-4 Zoom	55-135	3.5	25	4¾	5	Various Models	226.50
Hexanon Auto-Zoom	65-135	4.0	21½	5	5	Konica Auto-Reflex	299.95
Auto Tamron Zoom	70-220	4.0	37	7½	5½	Various Models	289.95
Soligor	70-235	4.5	48	10	8½	Various Models	229.95
Auto-Yashinon	75-230	4.5	47½	9¾	8	Various Models	225.00
Vivitar Automatic T-4 Zoom	75-260	4.5	40	7½	5½	Various Models	269.50
Auto-Nikkor Zoom	80-200	4.5	29½	6½	6	Nikon F & F-2, Nikkormat	549.50
Hexanon Auto-Zoom	80-200	3.5	35½	8¾	6	Konica Auto-Reflex	450.00
Petri Auto Zoom	80-200	4.5	46	9½	8	Petri	269.50
Soligor	80-200	3.5	40	8½	6	Various Models	239.95
Alpa-Tele-Variogon	80-240	4.0	72	7¾	6	Alpa	749.00
Schneider Tele-Variogon	80-240	4.0	57½	7½	6	Various Models	736.00
Auto Tamron Zoom	80-250	3.8	45	9¾	5½	Various Models	349.95
Auto Tamron Zoom	85-205	3.5	33½	6½	5½	Various Models	229.95
Vivitar Automatic Zoom	85-205	3.8	32	7¾	6½	Various Models	251.50
Petri Auto Zoom	85-210	4.8	25	7	9	Petri	219.50
Super-Multi-Coated Zoom Takumar	85-210	4.5	25	8½	6½	Pentax	449.50
Canon FL	85-300	5.0	70	11	12	Canon SLRs	629.90
Zoom Auto Topcor	87-205	4.7	32	6¾	4¾	Beseler Topcon	359.95
Soligor	90-190	5.8	20	6¾	6½	Various Models	149.95
Bushnell	90-230	4.5	32	7¾	10	Various Models	237.50
Hanimex Auto Zoom	90-230	4.5	32	8	7	Various Models	169.95
Soligor	90-230	4.5	26	8¾	8	Various Models	244.95
Vivitar Automatic T-4 Zoom	90-230	4.5	32	7¾	8	Various Models	248.50
Canon FL	100-200	5.6	23	6	8	Canon SLRs	219.15
Auto Tamron Zoom	200-500	6.9	96	15½	8½	Various Models	574.95
Auto-Nikkor Zoom	200-600	9.5	81	15½	13	Nikon F & F-2, Nikkormat	845.00

Note: The zooms included in this chart can be split into three general categories: Those from 35-100mm to 55-135mm have wide-angle or normal to medium ranges; those from 65-135mm to 87-205mm have medium to long ranges; the rest are long to extremely long models. All the zooms above feature automatic aperture controls. Due to space limitations, this is not a complete list; there are many other excellent models currently available.

# ZOOM!

(continued from page 101)

the zoom to your single-lens reflex camera, sight through the view finder, rotate the zoom's knurled ring (on some models you slide the zoom's barrel as you would a trombone) to the desired degree of close-up and press the shutter button.

Admittedly, zooms aren't cheap. A Soligor 90-190mm model will set you back about \$150. And from there, the prices zoom skyward. So, if you think of your purchase as one lens, it seems expensive. But if you compare its cost with what you'd have to pay for three lenses with varying focal lengths, you're definitely ahead of the game.

And the tripod? You'll need one only for some of the spectacular trick effects that we describe below. Of course, if you've got yourself an excellent railbird's-eye view of the race track, a telescoping monopod that you can slip into your camera bag will make the afternoon's shooting that much more comfortable.

Now that we've overcome some of the objections amateur photographers have to a zoom lens, let's take a look at how this handy instrument functions. First, the name zoom lens is a misnomer: It is really a series of lenses working in combination. In most models, there are 18 to 20 individual lenses arranged in groups of three or four, each one of which moves in relationship to the others. The effect is, as Buckminster Fuller would say, synergistic. That is, the parts work together in such a way that they produce a result that is more than the sum of each of the parts' individual properties. Technically, what you have in a zoom is a continuously variable-focal-length lens that remains at the same distance of focus during a change in focal length. This means that as you zoom closer in on, or farther away from, your subject, you always remain in focus.

This phenomenon is relatively unimportant when you're shooting a stationary object, but suppose that you're in a park on a balmy summer afternoon and there's a particularly lovely girl bicycling by. Shooting her with an ordinary lens would be easy, but you also want to snap a close-up of her face before she gets out of range. With a regular lens, you'd have lost that moment forever, but with a zoom, a mere flick of the wrist virtually guarantees a great close-up that's crystal-clear.

Knowledgeable camera buffs are keen on the zoom for reasons other than its instant-close-up advantages and ease of operation. Because it does the work of a dozen lenses, you can utilize its unique construction for some highly impressive photographic tricks.

Take the blurred-zoom technique, for example. All you need do is select your subject, set your camera on a tripod,

adjust the shutter speed to a half second or so and carefully zoom the lens during exposure. What you've photographed is something the human eye cannot see: how an object looks as it's simultaneously seen from various distances.

An even more dramatic effect can be created by shooting against a black background while firing an electronic flash at each new focal-length setting of the lens. Here, the blur achieved by the previous technique disappears. What is seen is a sequence of sharp repetitive images, all on the same exposure. Only quantum physics, Marcel Duchamp's famous *Nude Descending a Staircase* and the more gifted LSD voyagers have ever entered that world of fractured time before. It's as if you were seeing time itself move in distinct steps, instead of in its normal, continuous flow.

A third trick effect is to simultaneously zoom and pan as you follow a moving figure. The subject—a goalward-bound fullback, for example—remains in sharp focus, while the background forms wildly diffused patterns, streaks and colors resembling the abstract expressionism of Jackson Pollock.

The fourth technique with a zoom involves the blurring achieved by combining an extended exposure with existing light while zooming. But in this instance, you leave your principal subject unlit until you've stopped zooming. Just as you hit the chosen telephoto position, you (or an assistant) fire off an electronic flash. (Fashion photographers often use this technique because it produces a psychedelic effect of the model emerging, sharp and unblurred, from a background of swirling mystery.)

As you perfect these techniques, you'll find yourself awakening to a new photographic experience—one in which you play the role of a fine artist standing at an easel, a zoom-equipped camera your paintbrush, ready to create new beauty.

Which zoom lens should you choose? Basically, it depends on whether you are chiefly interested in zooming in on distant objects (as in sports or nature photography) or mostly concerned with the artistic effects created by zooming and flashing, zooming and panning or similar techniques. Generally, lenses are differentiated by their focal lengths—a measurement that's baffling to laymen. The focal length is the distance between the film and the lens. But all you need to remember is that the greater the focal length, the less the *apparent* distance of the object. A 300mm-focal-length lens, for example, makes the third baseman appear six times closer than a 50mm-focal-length model does. A lens rated at 50-300mm, such as the \$795 Auto-Nikkor zoom, brings a distant image much closer

than, for instance, the \$209.50, 43-86mm Auto-Nikkor zoom. For those interested in achieving artistic effects, the less expensive and lighter 43-86mm model is quite suitable. But if it's versatility you're seeking, we feel an 80-200mm zoom is the best choice.

Probably the most important rule in choosing a zoom lens is: Buy the one designed to go with the camera you are using. No manufacturer designs a lens to couple perfectly with another manufacturer's camera, and universally adaptable lenses, however good they may be, do not have the hand-in-glove fit of a zoom built especially for your camera by its designer.

Also, when choosing among zooms in a similar focal-length range, keep in mind that a lens with a smaller maximum opening, or f-stop (you'll find the f-stops on the ring near the rear of the lens), will usually be of lighter weight and produce sharper photos. Conversely, a lens with a larger aperture is heavier, but its ability to perform in less light helps compensate for this disadvantage.

An article on zooms wouldn't be complete without pointing out that some early models left much to be desired: colors were often untrue and the picture occasionally blurred, especially around the edges. To think of today's computer-designed zooms in terms of those earlier models would be like comparing a Cadillac with a go-cart. It's true that in a side-by-side comparison of identical zoom and single-focal-length shots, the zoom photos will be slightly less sharp. But the average amateur would be unable to spot the difference.

While you're checking zooms out, you might also take a look at variable-focal-length lenses (V. F. L.). As the salesman lifts one from the case, he'll probably tell you that model operates "just like a zoom." It doesn't—the difference being that a V. F. L. must be refocused each time the lens is adjusted. But V. F. L.s do offer some technical advantages: They often have a larger aperture than most zooms and a wider angle of view. So if you already own a zoom, a V. F. L. would come in handy as a back-up lens to be used in available light—provided whatever you're shooting is not fast-action.

Finally, with a zoom lens, you can forget about that elusive moment missed when you attempted to change lenses. And you can forget about focusing hassles and money hassles (caused by buying three lenses of different focal lengths when one zoom would do the job better—and more cheaply). With this one purchase, you've made the whole world of photography more accessible, which, when you think about it, is a lot to get out of a single investment.



## GIRLS OF MUNICH

(continued from page 133)

in the city's coat of arms holds neither cross nor sword but a foaming mug of beer. The core of Munich—now known as the Old City—developed as a tight community forced to grow skyward by a tower-studded brick wall that surrounded and compressed it, as 18th Century poet-chronologist Martin Huber wrote, "like a corset around a voluptuous wench." It prospered through its geopolitically advantageous position on the Isar River, growing fat from tolls collected from trade routes that passed through town. In addition, the river brought abundant food and building materials from the rich hinterland along the rim of the Alps. By the 18th Century, with the ascendancy of the pleasure-loving ducal house of Wittelsbach, Munich had been coated with baroque ornamentation—as if some irrepressible pastry maker had adorned his favorite cake with ever more complex curlicues. The city's unabashed sensuality expressed itself even then: Walls were covered with frescoes of Biblical scenes, but their artists were obviously more intrigued with glorifying the nude body than with upholding the faith.

Physically, downtown Munich looks almost the same today as it did 450 years ago, but much of this well-preserved treasure of historical architecture is essentially fraudulent. The heart of Munich was annihilated during the bombing raids of World War Two. In monumental tribute to the stubbornness of its city fathers, who refused all truck with modernization, the Old City was rebuilt in its own image. Those winding streets, gabled roofs, church towers, palace fronts, even the three medieval gates—all are ersatz. Local satirist Wolfram Siebeck wrote: "What the authorities created was a genuine predecessor of Disneyland. A sort of instant, but improved, past. Medieval patina and high-speed elevators within."

Architecture is the only area in which Munich can justly be labeled conservative. Otherwise, it's a freewheeling metropolis that accommodates—indeed, welcomes—diversity in all forms, especially female. It always has. For graphic proof, visit sprawling Nymphenburg Castle, a royal pleasure preserve during the reign of the Wittelsbachs. Upon entering the towering reception hall, turn left past a long row of ornate chambers into a spacious corner room. There the walls are covered with 36 masterful portraits of 36 beautiful girls—the mistresses of King Louis I of Bavaria, collected over four decades of outstanding potency. Louis' tastes were both democratic and eclectic, and in his *Schönheitsgalerie* (gallery of female beauty), a dimple-cheeked *München* baker's daughter hangs next to a Viennese countess of doubtful ancestry, a

fresh-complexioned Berchtesgaden farm girl beside an aristocratic British lady. A short while ago, a well-heeled Munich bachelor, an expert on his city's amorous history, bet friends three bottles of Dom Pérignon that, with the aid of a catalog of the *Schönheitsgalerie*, he could find on any Thursday evening at Ebsch Privée, a chic night spot, the modern epitome of each of the types portrayed in the paintings. But he succeeded in only 35 instances. The one he couldn't duplicate—the portrait high in the upper-left corner, in the worst possible light—was that of raven-haired adventuress Lola Montez, a dancer whose financial demands supposedly cost poor Louis his throne. Lola subsequently recouped her fortunes on the San Francisco stage at the height of the gold rush. If her like doesn't exist in Munich today, it's because none of the city's girls are so mercenary.

While his girl-collecting operation was in full swing, Louis dispatched minions throughout Europe to search out talent. But around the beginning of the 20th Century, young women began rushing into town on their own. They came from everywhere—dark-eyed Russian revolutionaries preaching free love, British suffragettes precursing today's feminists, French *chanteuses* reciting erotic prose in library cellars, dreamy-eyed Viennese artistes steeped in *art nouveau*, a stream of Prussian bluestockings sampling unaccustomed license, and Isadora Duncan, baring her breasts on the tabletops of the Simplissimus cabaret, always managing to cover herself a split second before the police arrived. It was a new, uninhibited bohemia, but its splendor began to dim during World War One—and by 1918 had faded out completely, as the city's creative forces were sapped by Berlin. Such former Munich residents as Bertolt Brecht settled in the northern capital, and the emancipated girls followed. Had an article on *The Girls of Munich* been attempted in the post-Versailles era, it could have been compressed into a single paragraph accompanied by no more than three photographs, none of them very revealing.

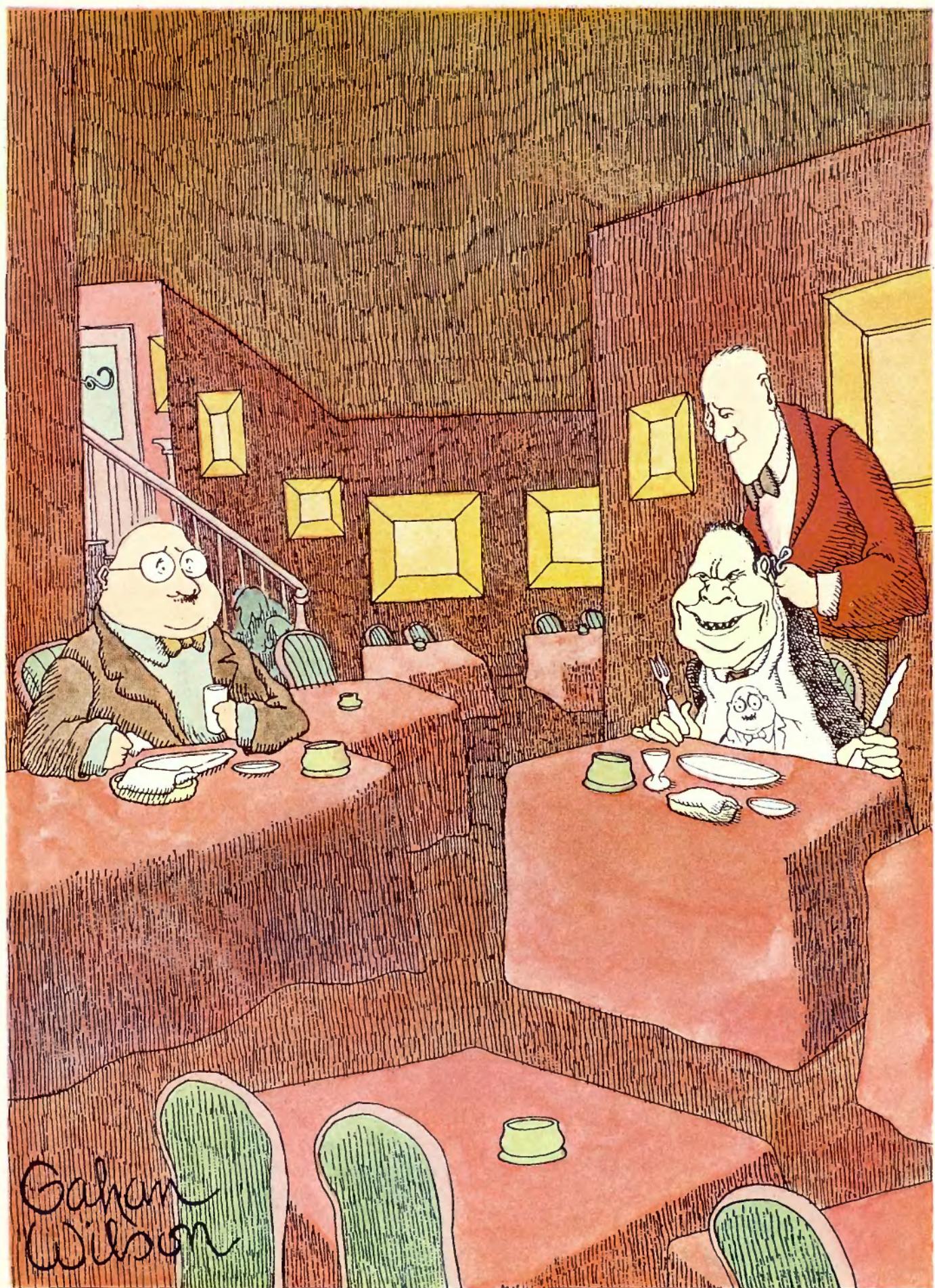
But just as Berlin's new importance drew attention from Munich at the end of the First World War, so did its political isolation after the Second thrust the Bavarian capital back into the limelight. Germany's resurgent energies sought new business centers, and Munich, having survived the wildest dramas of the Nazi era with relative indifference, caught on. Germany's renascent economic prosperity looked kindly on Munich's bucolic surroundings and its proximity to Austria, Italy and Switzerland. First came the movie business, then the ready-to-wear industry, cosmetics producers, high-class

retailers, photographic, electronic and automotive concerns, public-relations firms, TV, model agencies, publishers; in short, scores of enterprises, all needing skilled secretaries and attractive receptionists. Here—long before they became the rage in London and New York—boutiques and *discothèques* proliferated. The pace was self-generating and the word spread: In Munich there were jobs, money and lots of people having good times. The girls poured in, and they've been arriving ever since. You can see them alighting from planes at Riem International Airport, carrying their bags from trains pulling into the Hauptbahnhof, driving their own cars or climbing out of someone else's.

Given this sizable influx of outside talent, native girls are relatively hard to find, though easy to recognize. The home-grown *Münchnerin* boasts finely chiseled features, a snub nose and a penchant for dirndls. Her outspoken independence and her lusty appetite for life bespeak the Celtic ancestry she shares with her French and Irish cousins. Her *joie de vivre* outweighs whatever remorse she might feel, as a not overzealous Catholic, toward sin; after all, what's the confessional for? Her inbred curiosity makes meeting and dating her easy, and the competition she's lately endured, from long-legged northern invaders, makes her even more agreeable than she might have been a few years ago.

The newcomers from the north, for whom the word *Fräuleinwunder* was coined by a Munich journalist, are for the most part blue-eyed, blonde-haired, high-cheekboned and narrow-waisted. In the past ten years, they have descended on Munich in enormous numbers, from Schleswig-Holstein, Hamburg, Berlin, Westphalia, Lower Saxony and East Germany. You see them everywhere, striding braless down the street in tight jeans and boots.

Munich is foremost a party town, and at any of the better festivities—where, since the number present is always triple the guest list, gate crashing is not only simple but expected—there is likely to be a circle of eager admirers gathered around a single foreign girl. Until a few years ago, she was almost invariably Viennese. Munich holds a great attraction for these coy and erotic charmers from the imperial city on the Danube. One such redhead was heard to complain: "Back home, all we have are three restaurants, one bar and the Opera Ball each year, until boredom and lack of opportunity force us to team up with the man our parents picked out in the first place." This particular Viennese self-exile, still single, is happily working in the classical-records department of Munich's largest bookstore. "Just call me another victim of Vienna's girl drain," she says. "By now, most of my



girlfriends have moved here. In Munich, we feel appreciated, wanted, close to the good things of life and—above all—free to do what we want. Besides, if things get too wild, I can always drive back to Vienna in four hours." Then a suggestive smile. "Two and a half, if somebody gives me a ride in his Ferrari."

Today the Viennese is being challenged by growing numbers of Asian girls, lithe, proudly sensitive women from the new African states, U.S. coeds seeking mail (and males) at the American Express office on Promenadeplatz and, more rarely, the British birds, who, like their sisters from Scandinavia, usually land in Munich as airline hostesses. The city's openness makes it a marvelous place for striking up casual acquaintances with French or Italian beauties who, back home in Paris or Rome, would remain depressingly inaccessible. Munich also boasts a remarkable array of worldly eastern European girls: Czechs, Poles, Hungarians, Yugoslavs, Balts—even a growing community of Russians. (Be cautioned, however, that the ease of an encounter with a Soviet-bloc girl may be misleading. Spying is a major business in Munich. Many a good-time companion appeases her appetite for luxury by taking copious notes in invisible ink after what has seemed to her date an innocent social evening.)

In Munich's society, girls inhabit two overlapping cultures—the underground and the aristocracy. In the Schwabing district, Munich's equivalent of Greenwich Village, liberated tradition antedates the time when Lenin lived there, and the rules of deportment, dress and grooming extend the carnival mood of Fasching and Oktoberfest throughout the year. An onslaught of hippies in the Sixties was taken as a matter of course; and even now that the Woodstock generation has come of age, its youth have lingered on in this area of Munich—a place where life is free from the disapproval of judgmental neighbors. (Given its proximity to Turkey, drugs were an accepted part of the Munich demimonde long before they gained popularity in the West.) When you explore the Schwabing district, some of the girls you meet may turn out to be the descendants of rich (or once-rich) noblemen who established a foothold in Munich centuries ago, and who periodically descend from castles and palaces to attend society gatherings. The presence of such families as Hapsburg and Hohenzollern in Munich results in a notable surplus of princesses, duchesses, *marquesses*, *contessas*, baronesses and all the other tall, cool, tweedy, light-complexioned women whose matched-pearl necklaces and earrings betray the *von* prefixed to their names. Living the good life in

Munich constitutes their one short chance at freedom before they are forced into the responsibilities that are the price of noble blood. Cognizant of the unspoken time limit on their liberation, they become determined, almost strident hedonists.

A first-time visitor to Munich could begin his stay practically anywhere, but there are three particularly fruitful points of departure. Above all, there is the wide, poplar-lined Leopoldstrasse, the boulevard that begins at the Siegestor—the war-damaged victory gate intentionally maintained as a ruin. The sidewalks of this mainstream are lined with cafés, ice-cream shops and pizza parlors, which, from early spring to late November, create the only German equivalent of an Italian *corso*. Single girls abound here, alone or in pairs, not only not minding but expecting to be approached. An accepted method is to strike up a conversation in front of one of the many paintings displayed along the boulevard. If the girls refuse, they'll do so apologetically. During the day, the street fills with coeds from the nearby university and art academy. Toward sunset, the subway brings more strollers from other quarters.

During rainy days—and the chill months of the year—the action moves to the Città 2000. This three-story entertainment and shopping conglomerate is an indoor promenade that houses, in addition to its various dining and wining facilities, two dozen boutiques, an art-movie house, a gambling palace, hairdresser and wig salons, a travel agency, jewelers, perfumers—and a well-stocked sex shop. The third stop on your Munich social itinerary should be the Bayerischer Hof, a luxury hotel ranking with the posh Continental or the gracious Vier Jahreszeiten. But the Bayerischer Hof, located on a quaint square just beneath the twin towers of the Frauenkirche, is unique. Owner Falk Volkhardt, a crafty entrepreneur, has transformed and greatly expanded what was a slightly dusty family business into his own vision of an establishment totally dedicated to the pursuit of splendid leisure. Here, one makes friends in the large foyers and bars with the same ease one expects at a resort on the Riviera. Atop the building, a swimming pool, protected from inclement weather by a sliding roof, teems with bikinied sun bathers. The hotel's restaurants include a grill specializing in Argentine steaks and the largest branch of Trader Vic's east of New York. Name bands playing in the barn-size night club downstairs draw single girls by the dozens, and each carnival season the four-story ballroom becomes the setting for some of the holiday's most audacious costume parties. There's a 600-seat theater, a luxury shopping center whose tenants range from Dior and Pucci to specialists in



*"All I have to declare is a little pot."*

pre-Columbian art. Volkhardt has also converted the adjoining Montgelas Palais into an annex furnished with rococo suites that look as if they've been there for centuries.

For the most part, Munich's great restaurants are not spots for finding acquaintances so much as places to take them to. Of course, there are exceptions; for an unattached out-of-towner, luncheon at Käfer's will probably prove profitable. This erstwhile food shop has grown into a popular luncheon hangout, located atop three stories of the best delicatessen fare outside of Fortnum and Mason's. The newly opened branch of Zurich's Mövenpick, in the ornate Künstlerhaus, draws equally chic crowds; but Böttner's, a quiet back room on the Theatinerstrasse, is still relatively undiscovered. Abundant pulchritude, though more in the form of the matronly *Frauenwunder* than of the maidenly *Fräuleinwunder*, abounds at elegant Humplmayr's. And for the past few years, female radiance at its brightest has also been found—and approached—at La Cave, a candlelit cellar on the Maximilianstrasse, whose kitchen stays open until three A.M.

While the list of Munich's restaurants is staggering, the number of night clubs, *discothèques*, stripperies and mere bars in which to make contact is even larger—but less dependable. Naturally, there are many potluck *discos*, of which Tiffany's, Subway, Cin-Cin and Crash are presently the best known; but they might be forgotten tomorrow, then redecorated and reopened under a new name next week. Not unlike Paris, Munich also has a limited number of more enduring spots, exclusive rather than advertised, where it's not easy to gain status as a regular. Most noteworthy is the Anyway, a hidden, ill-lit but ornate and incredibly noisy cubicle in the Old City. It's a must for the Beautiful People and for artists and movie directors seeking new faces. Ebsch Privée assembles the blue blood; Simpl attracts the intellectuals; and since Munich's veteran raconteur, James Graser, resumed its management, the St. James Club again maintains a precarious balance between a friendly haven for fun-seeking innocents and a place where ladies of considerable experience can meet strangers discreetly. If you don't mind rubbing shoulders with some authentic weirdos, go to the Piper Club at the Kurfürstenplatz, decorated in a Hindu-style, gold-papier-mâché scheme that may well have been inspired by a Thirties Hollywood horror movie. (One dollar here for a well-rolled joint.) Kinki, a late-hour watering spot on the Oskar von Miller Ring, provides thrills of a different sort. It's headquarters for the local *mafiosi*—filled with swarthy, sated-looking young men quite ready to part with their stun-



*"Land sakes! Every day for two weeks! Haven't you two found that needle yet?"*

ning companions for a time—and a fee.

Most of Munich's strip joints are fossils from an age of puritanism. The one exception is the Eve Cabaret, which presents a well-staged, quick-paced erotic show and has some "temporarily out of work" models on hand to help reduce the stock of vintage champagne. Prostitution in Munich isn't a major industry; too much of the competition is free. Except for a short beat along the Brienerstrasse (where for \$40 or so you can pick up—or be picked up by—the *poules de luxe* in their new Mercedes), the police have exiled ordinary streetwalkers to main arteries beyond the city limits, where they can be found waiting for passing motorists. But this sort of encounter isn't recommended and volume is shrinking every year.

During two anything-goes periods each year—Fasching and Oktoberfest—the need to resort to love for hire is even less likely. The motivations of the pre-Lenten Fasching weeks are similar to those of the 18th Century Venetian carnival, during which the inhabitants of Venice customarily donned masks to assume new identities and pursue new adventures. New Orleans' Mardi Gras had a parallel genesis. In modern Munich, for a period that lasts, depending on the irregularities of the Gregorian calendar, from four to seven weeks, nearly 1000 public costume parties permit the enterprising male—and female—to wear disguises in which clownery and sex are the dominating factors. Some of the entertainments, such as the Grosse Glocke at the Regina Palace Hotel, attract thousands of pretty girls in

every state of undress. And the only adjective to describe the early-morning hours of James Graser's annual "Hippodrom" at the Bayerischer Hof is—orgiastic. Fasching veterans, however, prefer to flock to artists' private parties, which compete with one another in their level of sensuousness and in the intensity of the hangover they're apt to produce.

The Oktoberfest, 16 days of beer-drinking debauchery, started 160 years ago as an innocuous celebration honoring the wedding of an obscure Wittelsbach. The idea caught on so well with the burghers that they decided to repeat it annually. It now resembles a giant fair where an especially potent beer, brewed only for this occasion, is dispensed from huge tents.

Since the number of annual visitors to Oktoberfest roughly equals the crowd that it is estimated will gather here for the 1972 Summer Olympics, Munich is facing the games with relative equanimity, particularly since it has spent the past year improving its mass-transit system and expanding its hotel facilities. Still, the period between August 26, when the games begin, and October 8, when Oktoberfest ends, is expected to be the most hectic, probably the most memorable and perhaps even the most pleasurable in the city's history. *Münchner* generally agree with Siegfried Sommer, erudite writer on the city: "Munich has withstood the Prussians, Hitler, the bombs, and will revert to itself once the Olympics are over." Who could ask for more?



# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*



## TRAVELING BY THE BOOK

Whether it's in Missouri, Belgium or Uganda, free lodgings and congenial company await the itinerant who's hip enough to be listed in "Travelers' Directory." Edited by Peter Kacalanos, at a "secret location at 51-02 39th Avenue, Woodside, New York," the 12-year-old, nonprofit book—its motto "One Nation Underground"—is published every six months and currently has 1500 entries. But here's the kicker: To obtain a copy of the directory, you must agree to be listed in it. Listees, incidentally, also receive a magazine, *Trips*, and "The Anemic Traveler," "The Newsletter with Poor Circulation." It shouldn't stay poor for long.

## MEAN MACHINE

The Fun Car Liberta, a product of the forbiddingly named Méan Motor Engineering firm, Liège, Belgium, comes in kit form. For \$700—plus shipping charges—you receive a chassis, a fiberglass body that suggests a cross between a Corvette and a jeep (low front end sweeping abruptly to vertical windshield and roll bar) and special steering. Combine that with a Renault 8 or 10 engine, wheels, etc., and you have the first radical alternative to the Volkswagen dune buggy. There are no U. S. dealerships, so you must order directly from the manufacturer, who says it takes 120 hours to build your Méan machine.



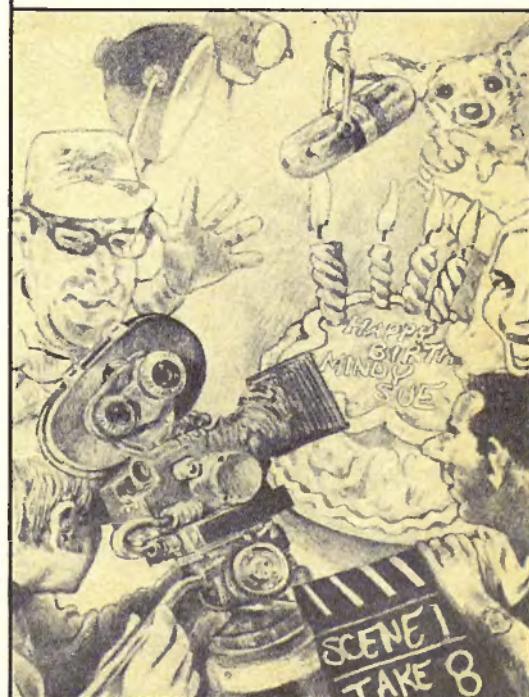
## NICKEL-AND-DIME STUFF

While Jack Varney, the Beverly Hills custom shirtmaker, would hardly think of his salon as a five-and-ten, that's the notion that may occur to you after viewing his collection of nickel and dime cuff links. Each coin has had its background carefully cut away—and for such craftsmanship, \$30 a pair seems small change, indeed.



## ROLL 'EM, PAY 'EM

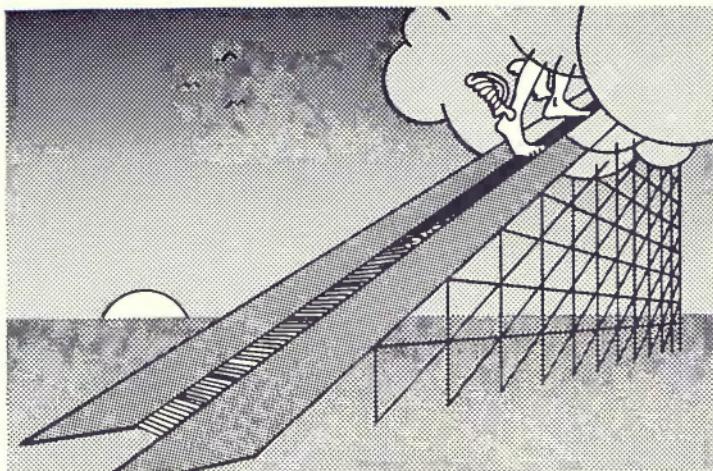
If your loved one merits a gift costing \$17,120 and up, you can now have a 16-mm, color, half-hour documentary film made of her life. Credit Jay Livingston, who has enlisted 11 associated production companies to stand at the ready with lights and cameras awaiting possible action. A Life In The Day Of productions will use almost any visual technique; and, as producer-purchaser, if you like to play FBI, you can even throw your subject a concealed-camera party.





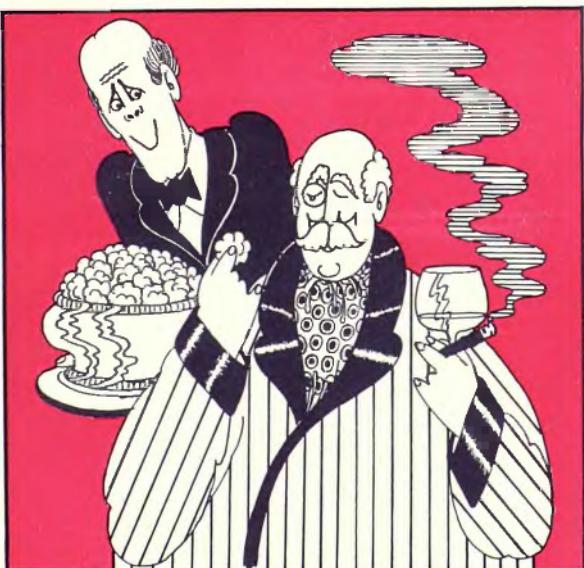
## LINKS FOR KINKS

What with the strikes in Rome and a new government every two weeks, our Italian friends have naturally turned to sex as the only reasonable means of coping with modern life. They've even invented a new twist for it—in this case, a metal valise on which a chain is entwined. Coming in lengths up to over 40 feet, the chain is available in nickel, bronze and gold-plated models. The valise, also of various metals, stands about two feet high. Bravi, a Milan design group, sells this kinky "sculpture" for \$88.50 and up. If you've any questions concerning its uses, read the *Story of O* or consult De Sade.



## WHO NEEDS BUSBY BERKELEY?

The Haus-Rucker-Company is a group of wildly imaginative artists, designers and architects in New York who specialize in creating way-out urban toys. (Last April, they fed 10,000 with an edible scale model of Central Park.) Their latest endeavor is Big Piano, a 140-foot keyboard structure to be displayed this summer at Documenta 5, a design exhibition in Kassel, Germany. The piano's 90 keys are actually stairs that produce melodic cadences when stepped on. And to top it all off, the steps disappear into a machine-made cloud. Climb it again, Sam.



## BREAD FOR THE CORN

"The first adult popcorn"—that's what some corn connoisseurs are calling the variety produced by Orville ("Reddy") Redenbacher of Valparaiso, Indiana. Orville's brand of corn, which is grown from a special hybrid seed that pops up larger than most kernels, also has the distinction of being the "world's most expensive popping corn"—a 30-ounce jar retails for about \$1.09, compared with 29 cents for a two-pound bag of the pedestrian stuff. But keep in mind a further expense—the only refreshment worthy of it is a chilled magnum of Taittinger.

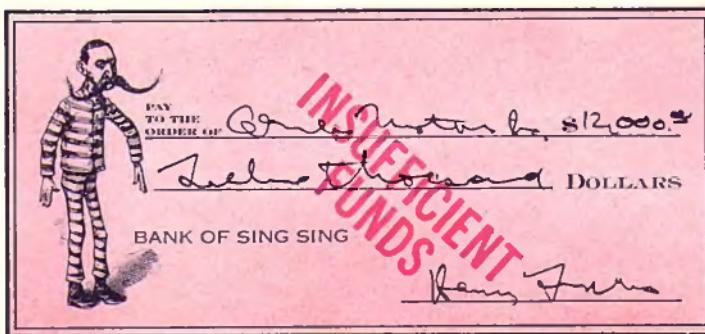


## YE GADS, LITTLE LADY, WHAT A LOVELY PAIR!

Should you be stuck in Philadelphia—or anywhere else, for that matter—and wish to kill time with a brand-new game of chance, look for a W. C. Fields Chickadee Poker set. The object of Chickadee, it seems, is to connive, chisel and cheat your opponents out of their Morals, Scruples and Principles chips, leaving the nice guys to finish last. Stop that whimpering, Cuthbert J. Twillie; we never could stand to see a fourflusher cry.

## OVERDRAWN ACCOUNT

In these days of computerized banking, it's nice to know that you can project your very own image—or that of your dog or mistress—into your personal financial picture. The Bank of Marin in San Rafael, California, currently is offering accounts with the depositor's choice of photo or artwork superimposed on his checks. Response has been phenomenal, so expect your friendly neighborhood banker to cash in on the craze soon.



## SEX & SIN IN SHEBOYGAN

*Street Journal*, in a story about renewed enforcement of archaic sex laws, possibly as a way of harassing welfare recipients and student activists, cited Sheboygan as a notorious example. A British journalist saw the story and went to Sheboygan with good cheer to set the record straight. He returned home and filed a story for one of London's dailies headlined "SHEBOYGAN: TOWN OF PEEPING TOMS." Chief Frank didn't like that kind of treatment, especially since he had gone down to the office on a Sunday morning to give the man his interview.

In fact, said Chief Frank, his department never aggressively ferrets out consensual crimes. His police investigate only when such cases are dumped on their doorstep. The cases result from citizen complaints. His job is to enforce the law, and if such laws are not enforced elsewhere, he doesn't see how other cities avoid enforcement. He suspects that blame for Sheboygan's record, which he believes to be less exceptional than some have claimed, lies with the legal profession. He believes Sheboygan lawyers encourage their clients to bring morals charges to beef up their divorce cases. The boys down in Madison, in the state legislature, ought to change the law, Chief Frank said. There's a difference, he believes, between the kind of man he called John Q. Lunchbox, down at the factory, who is arrested for lewd and lascivious behavior and pays his \$35 fine and goes back to the factory a hero, and a doctor or schoolteacher or police officer who is similarly arrested and pays his fine but has his career ruined. I don't think that's justice, said Chief Frank. I think that's injustice.

But Jim Decko flaunted his situation. The sister of a detective lived in the same building, the chief said, and a police captain lived next door. By his behavior, Decko held them up to ridicule. We told him this couldn't go on, said the chief, but it went on anyway. Chief Frank also said that Sheboygan is a good place to raise a family and he intended to keep it that way.

Stung by Frank's refusal to negotiate, Decko submitted his resignation to the Sheboygan school board and left for the weekend. When he got back, he found his picture on the front page of the newspaper under the headline "'REC' DIRECTOR, DECKO, RESIGNS." The lead said that he had been charged with a morals offense. One of the first things he did that day was shave off the mustache he had been growing and have his sideburns shortened and his hair cut.

The Sheboygan County district attorney had jurisdiction in Jim Decko's case. His name is Lance Jones and he is an elusive man. He has been known to

(continued from page 130)

speak to the press, but he doesn't take calls from PLAYBOY. He is not yet 30, is single and lives at home. He is an "active" district attorney who likes police work and rides with the patrol cars whenever he can. He is believed to show promise of a considerable political future in Wisconsin. After Decko had been charged with lewd and lascivious behavior, his attorney, Peter Bjork, appealed to District Attorney Jones to consider amending or dismissing the charges to avoid destroying Decko's career. Jones responded with a formal letter to the judge who would hear the case and carboned "all law-enforcement agencies." The letter said that lewd and lascivious charges were not negotiable and would be fully prosecuted. The letter angered Bjork, and he responded with a letter to the judge that described Lance Jones sarcastically as "savior of the morals of Sheboygan County." Bjork said that henceforth he would enter a plea of not guilty for every client charged with a consensual sex crime and would insist on a jury trial. "If the district attorney's office has nothing better to do," Bjork wrote, "than to play around with this sort of matter, it apparently has plenty of time to clog up its own office and the court's docket by trying all cases to conclusion." In fact, in 1969, faced with a heavier-than-usual load of consensual sex cases, Jones had reduced most of them to charges of disorderly conduct. With the Decko case, and without giving any reason for his decision, Jones inaugurated a new and more punitive policy of full prosecution—a policy, Jones's decision made clear, that was optional and arbitrary.

Decko left town, first to Chicago and then to Los Angeles. In L. A., encouraged by Bjork, he agreed to fight the case. The Playboy Foundation offered financial support. Bjork filed a legal brief in Sheboygan County Court that supported a motion to dismiss the Decko charges on the grounds that they were unconstitutionally vague and overbroad and violated Decko's right to privacy. Judge John G. Buchen, county judge of branch number two of the Sheboygan County Court, soon denied the motion. In his opinion, the laws in question were clear to common understanding and applied to a specific kind of behavior. He noted that the constitutional right to privacy is subject to the law, including Wisconsin's lewd and lascivious law. The defendants, Judge Buchen wrote, "see nothing wrong in their alleged conduct and therefore [feel] they should not be subject to any criminal penalty. If this is the position taken by these defendants and others of the younger generation, their remedy is through the legislature, not the courts. It should

be remembered that the legislature re-enacted the lewd and lascivious statute in its present form in 1955 in the general revision of the criminal code of Wisconsin.

"The state of Wisconsin," Judge Buchen concluded, "has a legitimate interest and duty to uphold moral dignity and general welfare of its citizens, and what constitutes conduct harmful to such public interest is for the state legislature to decide. . . . A state law may not be invalidated on due-process grounds because [it] may be unwise, improvident or out of harmony with a particular school of thought."

Judge Buchen's father was an attorney and a Wisconsin state senator. He studied history in college under the famous historian Frederick Jackson Turner, who revolutionized the study of American history at the turn of the century by proposing that the advancing Western frontier made Americans the civilized and democratic people they are. Gustave Buchen took up Turner's implicit challenge and late in life published privately a history of Sheboygan County. He thought the county had a past "as colorful and romantic as can be found anywhere," but that today "farms, towns, schools, churches and factories . . . provide the comforts of life and the amenities of civilization where only raw and untamed nature had since the dawn of time held sway." Gustave Buchen is dead, but his face and his political name live on in his son, whose eyes shine as bright and whose hair is cut as close above the ears.

The present Judge Buchen was Sheboygan County district attorney during the Fifties, when the county was notorious throughout Wisconsin for its whorehouses. "There was quite a hullabaloo," Judge Buchen told me in his chambers on the fourth floor of the county courthouse. "The League of Women Voters and other do-good organizations were getting quite irate about the number of houses of ill fame. I remember seeing an article in a Minneapolis paper pointing out that Sheboygan County was *the* place to go. I didn't run on any ticket of reform, but there was a growing feeling that Sheboygan County wasn't very proud of its reputation. Busloads of college kids used to come up from Madison. So I did start an investigation with the help of what were then called state beverage-tax agents. We raided the houses several times and finally brought padlock proceedings. It took practically a year to get rid of them. But as district attorney, other than in that area of morals, I didn't prosecute except where necessary. I'm sure the cases of adultery and fornication and lascivious conduct I did prosecute were very isolated. The increase in prosecutions came after my time. For what reasons I don't know. More and

more of these cases were investigated and prosecuted. Once something like that starts, successor district attorneys can't very well stop it. I'm sure there aren't many communities where some neighbor can call up the police department and say, 'I've seen his car out there night after night. I know she's separated from her husband but not divorced,' and get the police to investigate. I remember when I was district attorney, if somebody came to me with a complaint like that—usually it would be a wife who suspected her husband—came to me like that without proof, I'd say, 'If you don't want to live with him, get a divorce, this is grounds for divorce, this is your personal problem, not a community problem.' Most prosecutors take that point of view. In the first place, you've got *enough* crime that you're concerned about without ferreting out this type of thing."

Judge Buchen's belief that consensual sex crimes are relatively harmless is probably reflected in his usual fine for such crimes, \$35 and costs, about as stiff as a fine for speeding. But in the Decko case, he was not willing to carry his belief further and throw the law itself out of his court. "I wasn't about to declare the statute unconstitutional. I wish Pete had taken that up to the Supreme Court. If I'd said it was unconstitutional, it wouldn't mean it was, except for the purposes of the case. If I had said so, it would have resulted in the dismissal of the case. No one would have been able to bring any more cases of that kind in my court. Wouldn't prevent them from going to some other court. We have three county courts and a circuit court that have almost identical jurisdiction." Judge Buchen was elected, not appointed, to office. You can imagine, in Sheboygan County, where they closed down the whorehouses only yesterday but where cohabitation is still a living crime, what an opponent might have to say if Judge Buchen took a firmer stand.

In California, Decko wasn't faring well. No work in recreation turned up, possibly because prospective employers were checking back with the Sheboygan school board, possibly because California is a veritable outdoor gymnasium of recreation directors at least as well qualified as Decko was. He went six weeks without a job before accepting a position as a salesclerk, and he lost that job because he cashed a customer's bad check. In some desperation he became a night guard at a factory, and one night, brooding over his decline, he drove to a town an hour from Los Angeles and parked in a parking lot and slashed his wrists. The police found him before he bled to death and returned him to L. A. With some encouragement, he committed himself to a mental hospital but



*"Last night he told me to open my mouth and close my eyes—and, like a fool, I did!"*

stayed only a few days and then checked out. When the police found him again, he had taken a bottle of tranquilizers and had passed out on a beach. He wanted no more institutional group therapy. When he had slept off the tranquilizers, he got in his car and drove to Ohio. Home.

A movement is abroad in Wisconsin to clear the books of consensual sex laws, and gambling and prostitution laws, too. A year ago, Governor Patrick J. Lucey appointed a Citizens' Study Committee on Offender Rehabilitation. That committee recommended removing criminal prohibitions among consenting adults for gambling, fornication, adultery, "sexual perversion," lewd and lascivious behavior, lewd, obscene or indecent matter, pictures or performances, and prostitution. State attorney general Robert W. Warren takes issue with the committee's recommendations. "The repeal of our criminal statutes [in these matters]," he told a meeting of the Wisconsin district attorneys' association, "in no way improves criminal justice. It in no way represents a disciplined or professional response to social problems." Whatever that means. Warren found the idea of repealing laws against prostitution "most shocking of all." The report said that legal prostitution would protect prostitutes from criminal exploitation. Warren cited a "kidnap-torture-prostitution ring" recently uncovered in Madison to prove his contention that prostitution is a sordid

business not deserving of legal protection.

A Wisconsin circuit judge ruled this year that the Wisconsin law that finds only female prostitution illegal is not discriminatory against women. "No one but a female can be a prostitute," Judge W. L. Jackman of the Dane County Circuit Court wrote to explain his decision. "The female alone is capable of the repeated and indiscriminate intercourse which makes prostitution a profitable occupation." In fact, of course, male prostitutes service far more clients in an average night than female prostitutes do.

Jim Decko got a job managing a department in a Penney's store in Toledo, and for a time seemed to be recovering from his depression. He wasn't. He was quietly going mad. After a party on Halloween night in 1971, he cut himself up some more, tore a gas stove off a wall and swallowed another bottle of tranquilizers. Friends recommended treatment. He wanted no more treatment. He said he knew that after treatment his life would never be the same—which is the point of treatment, but he didn't see that point. He wanted his life to be the same as it had been before Sheboygan, before he was publicly branded a criminal for a crime for which he had not yet been tried. He had been a successful person. He wanted to be successful again. Penney's fired him for lack of initiative.

Ray Schrank is a Madison attorney. He 187

was assistant district attorney in Sheboygan when the Decko case came up. Lance Jones was his immediate superior.

"I think both Lance Jones and Oakley Frank had the attitude that they would

enforce the law," Schrank says. "If someone called them, they would send someone out. If a case came up, it would be investigated and charged. I don't think [the Decko case] had a high priority with

Lance. I suspect the reason for enforcing the consensual sex laws is to get convictions. Most people who are charged on a morals charge will plead guilty, so you get a lot of convictions. Eighty percent

## STATE PENALTIES FOR

STATE	ADULTERY	COHABITATION	FORNICATION	CRIMES AGAINST NATURE**	GENERAL LEWDNESS
ALABAMA	up to 6 months and/or \$100 up	up to 6 months and/or \$100 up		2-10 years (a, b, c, d)	up to 12 months and/or up to \$500
ALASKA	up to 3 months or up to \$200	1 to 2 years and/or up to \$500		1-10 years (b)	3-12 months or \$50-\$500
ARIZONA	up to 3 years	up to 3 years		1-5 years (a) 5-20 years (b, c)	1-5 years
ARKANSAS		\$20-\$100		1-21 years (a, b, c)	
CALIFORNIA	up to 1 year and/or up to \$1000			up to 15 years (a) not less than 1 year (b, c)	up to 6 months and/or up to \$500
COLORADO					
CONNECTICUT	up to 12 months and/or up to \$1000			up to 12 months and/or up to \$1000 (c, d)	up to 6 months and/or up to \$1000
DELAWARE	up to 1 year and/or up to \$500			up to 3 years plus up to \$1000 (a, b, c)	sentence at the court's discretion
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA	up to 1 year and/or up to \$500		up to 6 months and/or up to \$300		up to 90 days and up to \$250
FLORIDA	up to 12 months and/or up to \$1000	up to 60 days and/or up to \$500	up to 60 days and/or up to \$500	up to 1 year (under common law) (a, b, c)	up to 60 days and/or up to \$500
GEORGIA	up to 12 months and/or up to \$1000		up to 12 months and/or up to \$1000	1-20 years (a, b) 1-5 years (c)	up to 12 months and/or up to \$1000
HAWAII*	(men) 2-12 months and/or \$30-\$100 (women) 2-4 months and/or \$10-\$30		1-3 months or \$10-\$50	up to 20 years and up to \$1000 (a, b, c)	up to 1 year and/or up to \$1000
IDAHO	3 months-3 years and/or \$100-\$1000	6 months and/or \$300	6 months and/or \$300	not less than 5 years (a, b, c, d)	6 months and/or \$300
ILLINOIS	up to 1 year and/or up to \$500	up to 6 months and/or up to \$200	up to 6 months and/or up to \$200		
INDIANA	up to 6 months and/or up to \$500	up to 6 months and/or up to \$500		\$100-\$1000 (a, b, c) up to 2 to 14 years	\$5-\$100 up to 6 months
IOWA	up to 3 years or up to 1 year and up to \$300	up to 6 months or up to \$200		up to 10 years (a, b, c)	up to 6 months or up to \$200
KANSAS	up to 1 month and/or up to \$500			up to 6 months and/or up to \$1000 (a, b, c)	up to 6 months and/or up to \$1000
KENTUCKY	\$20-\$50		\$20-\$50	2-5 years (a, b, c)	up to 1 year and/or up to \$200
LOUISIANA				up to 5 years and/or up to \$2000 (a, b, c)	up to 5 years and/or up to \$1000
MAINE	up to 5 years or up to \$1000	up to 5 years or up to \$300	up to 60 days plus up to \$100	1-10 years (a, b, c, d)	up to 6 months and up to \$25
MARYLAND	\$10			up to 10 years and/or up to \$1000 (a, c, d) 1-10 (b)	up to 60 days and/or up to \$50
MASSACHUSETTS	up to 3 years or up to \$500	up to 3 years or up to \$300	up to 3 months or up to \$30	up to 5 years or \$100-\$1000 (a) up to 20 years (b, c)	up to 3 years or up to \$300
MICHIGAN	up to 4 years and/or up to \$2000	up to 1 year or up to \$500	up to 5 years or up to \$2500	up to 5 years or up to \$2500 (a, d) up to 15 years (b, c)	up to 1 year or up to \$500
MINNESOTA	up to 1 year and/or up to \$1000 (doesn't apply if female unmarried)		up to 90 days or up to \$100	up to 1 year and/or up to \$1000 (a, b) up to 90 days or up to \$100 (c, d)	up to 90 days or up to \$100

NOTE: IN MANY STATES, THE VIOLATIONS MUST BE PROVED TO BE "OPEN AND NOTORIOUS."

\* Effective January 1, 1973, consensual sex between adults is legal under the revised Penal Code.

\*\*Key: a. Oral intercourse (fellatio, cunnilingus)

b. Anal intercourse

c. Sex with animals

d. Sex with the dead

convictions. That looks good. If they get 80 percent convictions from arrests, that looks very good and that makes them feel like they're doing a job. It makes the police look good when they apply for

funds, when they apply for more officers, when they apply to the city or for Federal funding. And morals charges are easy to get convictions on, because, first of all, so many people when they're arrested are

probably guilty and, second of all, they're embarrassed by their arrest and so they plead guilty and get a \$35 fine or something like that and they'd just as soon get out of the court and not have anybody

## CONSENSUAL SEX OFFENSES

STATE	ADULTERY	COHABITATION	FORNICATION	CRIMES AGAINST NATURE**	GENERAL LEWDNESS
MISSISSIPPI	up to 6 months and up to \$500	up to 6 months and up to \$500		1-10 years (b, c)	up to 6 months or up to \$500
MISSOURI	up to 1 year and/or up to \$1000			not less than 2 years (a, b, c)	up to 1 year and/or up to \$1000
MONTANA		up to 6 months and/or up to \$500		not less than 5 years (a, b, c)	
NEBRASKA	up to 1 year	up to 6 months and up to \$100		up to 20 years (a, b, c)	up to 90 days or up to \$100
NEVADA				1-6 years (a, b, c)	up to 1 year and/or up to \$1000
NEW HAMPSHIRE	up to 1 year		up to 1 year or \$50	up to 1 year (a, b, c, d)	up to 1 year and/or up to \$200
NEW JERSEY	up to 3 years and/or up to \$1000		up to 6 months and/or up to \$50	up to 20 years and/or up to \$5000 (b, c)	up to 3 years and/or up to \$1000
NEW MEXICO				2-10 years and/or up to \$5000 (a, b, c)	up to 6 months and/or up to \$100
NEW YORK	up to 3 months and/or up to \$500			up to 3 months and/or up to \$500 (a, b) up to 1 year and/or up to \$1000 (c, d)	
NORTH CAROLINA		up to 6 months and/or up to \$500		up to 10 years and/or any fine (a, b, c)	
NORTH DAKOTA	1-3 years or up to 1 year and/or up to \$500	30 days-1 year or \$100-\$500	up to 30 days and/or up to \$100	up to 10 years (a, b, c, d)	1-5 years and/or up to \$1000
OHIO		up to 3 months plus up to \$200		1-20 years (a, b, c)	
OKLAHOMA	up to 5 years and/or up to \$500			up to 10 years (a, b, c)	up to 5 years and/or up to \$5000
OREGON					
PENNSYLVANIA	up to 1 year and/or up to \$500		up to \$100	up to 10 years and up to \$5000 (a, b, c)	up to 1 year and/or up to \$500
RHODE ISLAND	up to 1 year or up to \$500		up to \$10	7-20 years (a, b, c)	up to 1 year and/or up to \$5000
SOUTH CAROLINA	6-12 months and/or \$100-\$500	6-12 months and/or \$100-\$500	6-12 months and/or \$100-\$500	5 years and/or not less than \$500 (b, c)	sentence at the court's discretion
SOUTH DAKOTA	up to 5 years and/or up to \$500			up to 10 years (a, b, c)	up to 1 year and/or up to \$2000
TENNESSEE				5-15 years (a, b, c)	
TEXAS	\$100-\$1000	\$50-\$500	\$50-\$500	2-15 years (a, b, c)	\$50-\$200 and/or 1-6 months
UTAH	up to 3 years	up to 5 years (polygamous cohabitation only)	up to 6 months or up to \$100	up to 6 months and/or up to \$299 (a, b) 3-20 years (c)	up to 6 months and/or up to \$300
VERMONT	up to 5 years and/or up to \$1000			1-5 years	up to 5 years or up to \$300
VIRGINIA	\$20-\$100	\$50-\$500	\$20-\$100	1-3 years (a, b, c)	up to 1 year and/or up to \$1000
WASHINGTON	up to 2 years or up to \$1000	up to 1 year and/or up to \$1000		up to 10 years (a, b, c, d)	up to 90 days or up to \$250
WEST VIRGINIA	not less than \$20	up to 6 months and/or not less than \$50	not less than \$20	1-10 years (a, b, c)	up to 30 days and/or not less than \$50
WISCONSIN	up to 3 years and/or up to \$1000	up to 1 year and/or up to \$500	up to 6 months and/or up to \$200	up to 5 years and/or up to \$500 (a, b, c)	up to 1 year and/or up to \$500
WYOMING	up to 3 months plus up to \$100	up to 3 months plus up to \$100	up to 3 months and up to \$100	up to 10 years (a, b, c)	

else know about it rather than drag it on. Plus, because it's a misdemeanor, these people do not have the right to court-appointed counsel. Consequently, unless they can afford an attorney, they aren't going to get an attorney into the picture who's going to challenge the state either on the facts or on the law in general. And so it's kind of like disorderly conduct. The police use it because they know they'll get a conviction on it.

"I think Sheboygan is a very bigoted town," Schrank concludes. "They can say, Well, if people are violating the law, then they ought to be prosecuted, but I assume if *they* were violating that law, they wouldn't want to be prosecuted for it. When you have people like that who aren't hurting anybody and you destroy their lives, you aren't fulfilling your role. The court's not fulfilling its role. Nobody's fulfilling his role. Because people's lives are being destroyed for no reason at all."

Late in November, Jim Decko got hold of a gun and walked out into a city park one night and fired one shot into the air, perhaps to make sure the gun worked, perhaps halfheartedly hoping someone would hear it and save him from himself. But no one came, no one would save him, and after a while, breathing despair, overwhelmed by grief, emptied at last of everything except dread, he turned the gun around and squeezed the trigger and shot himself to death. His body lay all night face down in the snow. The police found it the next morning. He died innocent even of a victimless crime. The charge against him was never tried.

Sheboygan didn't kill Jim Decko, but it is implicated in his death more than accidentally. Suicide, self-murder, comments violently on every experience the suicide has had of joy and sorrow and love and hate and indifference, back all the way to the nipple and the womb. Like a contract torn in anger, it shreds across the large print and the small. But because it is a sickness, and because it is constructed not of present pain but of past experience, it is not inevitable. Decko might have lived. The immediate focus of his conflict was Sheboygan's capricious decision to select him for public humiliation. All his life his distorted inner voice had warned him to be a good boy. When he tried to be a man, looking for his own way, that voice sounded forth again in the voice of the community where he lived and thought he had earned respect. Sounded forth with considerable cynicism, by the way, and even now the principal officials in the case pass the buck. Many believe the consensual sex laws are wrong. Jim Decko thought *he* was wrong. Sheboygan rejected him. Perhaps sensing his despair, employers rejected him. Toward the end, his terrified girl rejected him.

By then his anger had become pathological, and to control that anger and also to release that anger, he destroyed the only world he dared destroy: himself. And stilled his inner voice, but stilled his human voice, too, forever.

Decko's case isn't even typical of Sheboygan. A law so banal that it is used to fatten police statistics ought to protect the public from banal behavior, and, by and large, that is what Wisconsin's consensual sex laws do. A typical Sheboygan case on the books involved a couple living together in a trailer near the outskirts of town. The woman called the police because the man had been beating her. The police arrived, discovered that the two weren't married and charged them both with lewd and lascivious behavior. They pleaded guilty and were each fined \$35 plus court costs.

Judge Buchen described another case to me, a low comedy. A Sheboygan woman on the outs with her husband picked up two men in a bar and, as the judge put it, "shacked up with them in the back of their car" and then was driven to her home, where she "shacked up" with them again. While the men were taking turns with the woman, they took turns relieving the house of her husband's gun collection. The police stopped the men because of the guns in their car; an adultery charge followed when they made their confession.

In both cases, the police stumbled onto the crime. That much, at least, is unusual about them, because the usual lewd and lascivious investigation in Sheboygan is initiated by a tip from a neighbor or a relative. The tip leads the police to conduct their own investigation, thereby relieving the tipster of the distasteful democratic necessity of confronting the accused.

A law that butts into private lives and sunders them with public humiliation is squalid enough, but Wisconsin's lewd and lascivious law is even more squalid, because it isn't really designed to stop cohabitation: It is designed to spare the sensibilities of neighbors who might better spare their sensibilities simply by minding their own business. The act of imagination required of police is also required of informers, who must construct, from the dim form of a parked car or the wink of a light going out, those unmarried bodies joined in criminal lubricity, and must wrench that construction across emotions of outrage and disgust, and then swell up indignantly and call the police. And people who can abuse themselves that way are the kind of people the laws encourage.

The consensual sex laws in the United States are backward and bizarre. Most of us agree on that by now. They enjoin behavior that even our churches, no avant-garde in such matters, have approved within the conjugal bed—and

sometimes without it. They criminalize behavior that harms no one, and therefore they encourage blackmail, including the blackmail of one spouse by another at divorce proceedings. Even more dangerously, they stand on the books as an invitation to officials to use them to harass minorities: welfare recipients, blacks, activists, all those with whose opinions or life styles the officials do not agree. That is part of what happened to Jim Decko. Says Ray Schrank: "I think one reason Lance Jones issued against Jim Decko was because he could then say, 'Look, I'm not just going after the little people, I'm going after the big people.'"

As in every city where the police use consensual sex laws for their own purposes, Sheboygan's enforcement of its laws is capricious. Even the most conservative application of Kinsey statistics to a city the size of Sheboygan indicates that far more people must be breaking the law than are caught. That is true of most kinds of crime, but people convicted of burglary or robbery may at least be assumed to have done some actual harm to someone else's property or person. Victimless crime does have its victims: the accused and their families.

Nothing is right about Sheboygan's enforcement of the consensual sex laws, not the laws themselves, with their pious horror of nonprocreative physical love, not the encouragement the laws' enforcement gives to self-righteous Peeping Toms, not the embarrassment or hardship or worse that capricious enforcement inflicts upon the laws' victims, not the cynical and despicable use of convictions to lard police and prosecutor statistics, and not the damage done to the tradition of law itself when it is used, as it has been used by state legislatures, to impose religious sanctions upon all of us whether we like them or not.

Sheboygan has made itself notorious, and the lesson of that notoriety ought not to be lost on us. Laws in the hands of unscrupulous men, and laws in the hands of men with so many scruples they would like to visit them upon us all, are never dead letters. So long as they are on the books, they can be revived and enforced. No politician dares take a stand in favor of premarital sex or homosexuality or cunnilingus, nor should he presume to, those matters being private. But every politician ought to take a stand in favor of our right to privacy, a right that consensual sex laws violate. It is a right that is eroding in the United States of America. It is a right that is finally the source and the support of all other rights. Without it we would live looking over our shoulders like retreating thieves, and that is a way no man can live. Not Jim Decko, not I, and not you.

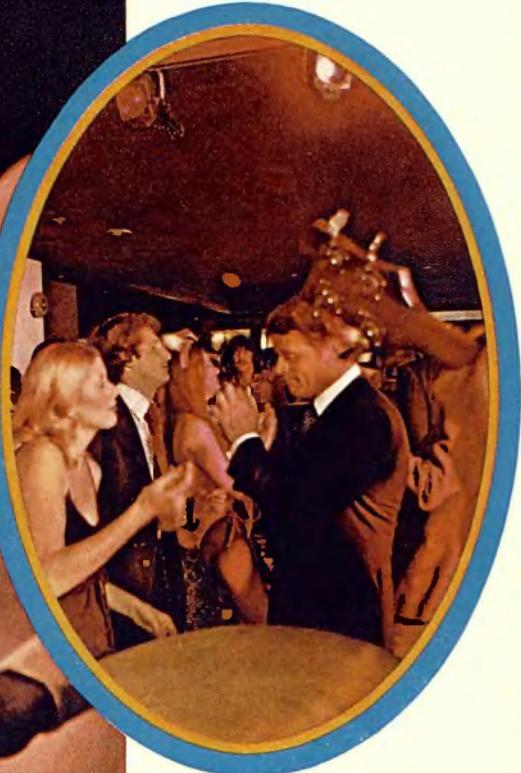


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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 71)*

I don't think McQueen has ever been better, which is saying a lot. The picture's about three days in the life of a bull rider, a loner on the rodeo circuit.

**PLAYBOY:** Are there any other films, besides your own, that you'd care to talk about?

**PECKINPAH:** I haven't seen much. But I loved *Dirty Harry*, even though I was appalled by it. A terrible piece of trash that Don Siegel really made something out of. Brilliantly done. Hated what it was saying, but the day I saw it the audience was cheering.

**PLAYBOY:** What about *The Godfather*?

**PECKINPAH:** Haven't seen it—but I hate Coppola, too.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**PECKINPAH:** Because I hear the film is great and the only movies I want to like are *my* movies. I don't want any other son of a bitch making good movies.

**PLAYBOY:** So you hate the good directors as well as the bad ones.

**PECKINPAH:** I detest every film maker except the innocuous ones. I love Ross Hunter. Ross Hunter is my idol. I'd like to be Ross Hunter. He knows where it's at, baby. But you asked me back there where I was going logically and spiritually and I've only answered the first part of the question.

**PLAYBOY:** Well?

**PECKINPAH:** Spiritually, I need rest and refreshment, and that usually means Mexico. I've been working steadily now for a long time and I'm tired.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you always go back to Mexico?

**PECKINPAH:** Mexico has always meant something special to me. My Mexican experience is never over. I first went there right after the war, because I'd been to China with the Marines and wanted to go back there and couldn't after the Communists took over. Mexico was the nearest place to go, and it was a time of going. We were all on the road in those days, just as Kerouac wrote about it. I loved Mexico. I stayed three months that first trip and I've gone back ever since. I took Marie there first. My second wife was Mexican. And I married my current wife, Joie, in Juárez, when we got to El Paso with *The Getaway*. Everything important in my life has been linked to Mexico one way or another. The country has a special effect on me.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you define it?

**PECKINPAH:** You bet I can. In Mexico it's all out front—the color, the life, the warmth. If a Mexican likes you, he'll touch you. It's direct. It's real. Whatever it is, they don't confuse it with anything else. Here in this country, everybody is worried about stopping the war and saving the forests and all that, but these same crusaders go out the door in the

morning forgetting to kiss their wives and water the flowers. In Mexico they don't worry so goddamn much about saving the human race or about the wheeling and dealing that's poisoning us. In Mexico they don't forget to kiss each other and water the flowers.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't put much faith, we gather, in social or political solutions.

**PECKINPAH:** None. You know what this country's all about, doctor? It's advertising. It's brainwashing. It's bullshit. It's hustling products and people, making no distinction between the two. We're in the Dark Ages again. Look at who the people are voting for—Nixon, Wallace—killer apes right out of the caves, all dressed up in suits and talking and walking around with death in their eyes. And what's the alternative to these cats? Humphrey and Muskie? Two guys with absolutely no souls of their own, no concept of where they stand, who they are, no fundamental morality.

**PLAYBOY:** And George McGovern?

**PECKINPAH:** I doubt whether he's tough enough to cut it. If he turns out to be, they'd better throw a metal shield around the poor bastard and keep it there. The rifle shot that rang out in Dallas in 1963 was a very big and ugly noise. You know, I wouldn't film any part of *The Getaway* in Dallas. We were set to go in there and shoot some railroad sequences. I was driving around and I stopped for a stop sign and I looked up and there was this plaque on a building and I realized I was at *that* crossing. I said, "Let's get the hell out of here. We aren't going to shoot any part of my picture in this town." You want to go shopping at Neiman-Marcus? Fine. Great store, the greatest in the world. But staying in Dallas to put some part of yourself on the line there? No. Anyway, to get back to politics, I guess I agree with something my brother said some time back. The time will come, he said, when you'll look back on Harry Truman as possibly the best President this country ever had. Even Eisenhower was better than these guys. At least he knew who he was. He wasn't dead and the society wasn't dead.

**PLAYBOY:** What about those who are fighting to change things? America seems to be full of good causes these days and good people actively committed to them. Don't you think there are some grounds for optimism, for hope?

**PECKINPAH:** No. Boredom will kill them off. The country has no attention span. We're television oriented now. We'd better all wake up to the fact that Big Brother is here. And now, with cable TV and video cassettes coming in, no one will ever have to get up off his ass, even to go to the corner for a movie. It's awful. One of the great things about

going to a movie or the theater is the act itself—the getting out, the buying of the tickets, the sharing of the experience with a lot of other people. Eighty percent of the people who watch television watch it in groups of three or less, and one of those three is half stoned. Most people come home at night after work, have a couple of knocks before dinner and settle down in their living-death rooms. The way our society is evolving, doctor, has been very carefully thought out. It's not accidental. We're all being programmed, and I bitterly resent it.

**PLAYBOY:** What can we do about it?

**PECKINPAH:** We have to water the flowers—and screw a lot.

**PLAYBOY:** You think love is the answer?

**PECKINPAH:** What are you, some kind of nut? All I know about love is: Don't fuck with it.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, at least you're making money these days. What are you doing with all of it?

**PECKINPAH:** I've got four kids and a big load to carry. I don't own much and I don't want to. I still have an ocean-front lot I bought years ago in Malibu and a small cattle ranch outside Ely, Nevada, but I'm trying to unload both of them. I'm selling everything I can. I want to get rid of this creature-comfort thing.

**PLAYBOY:** What's wrong with some of the more pleasant amenities success can bring you? Why not live a little?

**PECKINPAH:** I live plenty. I like good drink, good food, comfortable clothes and fancy women. But if I get sucked into this consumer-oriented society, then I can't make the pictures about it that I want to make. I'm a goddamn nomad. I live out of suitcases and my home is wherever I'm making a picture.

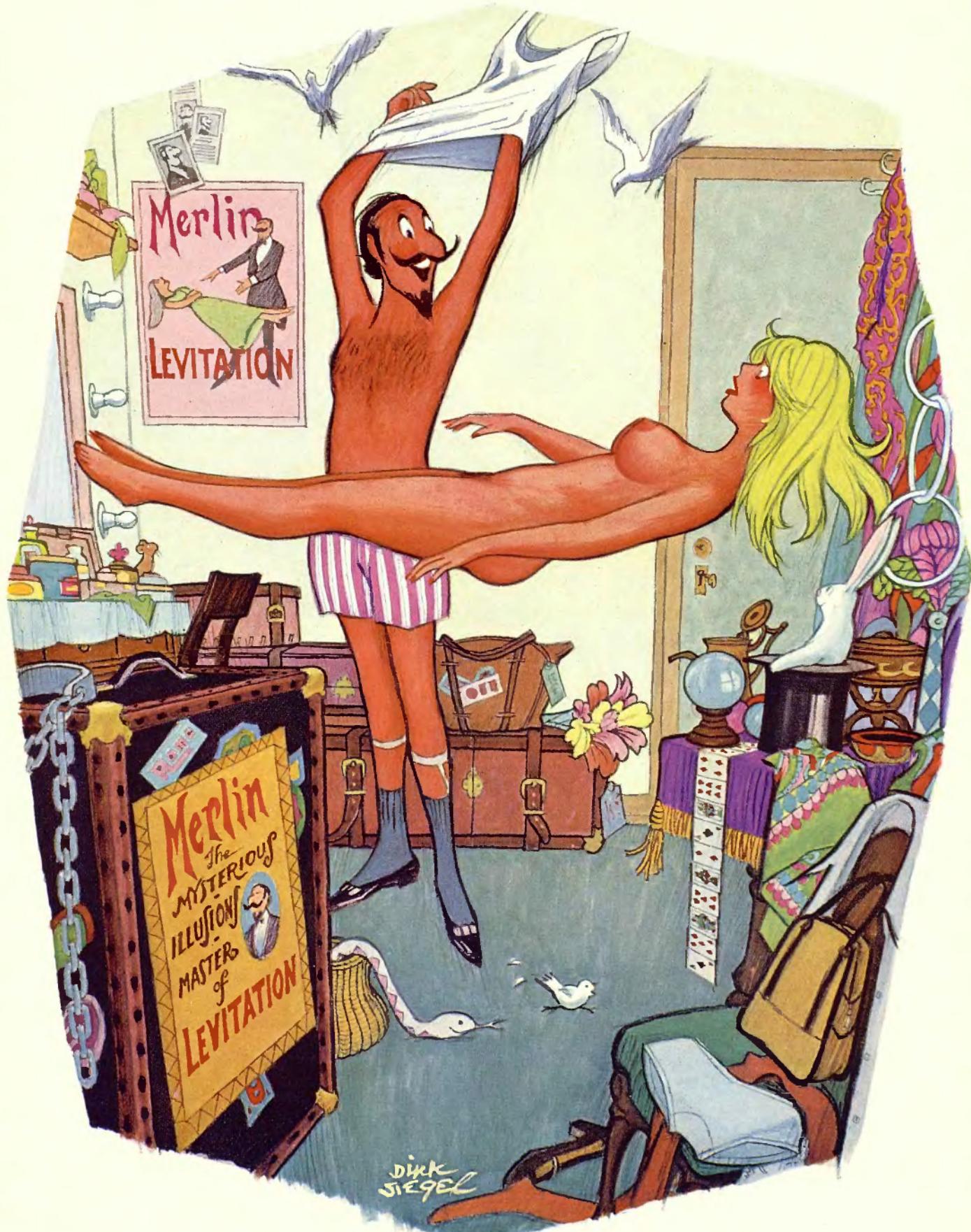
**PLAYBOY:** If the money means so little to you and you don't care about possessions, then what do you really want from your career? Is it just an ego trip?

**PECKINPAH:** Fuck you, buddy. OK, ego has a lot to do with it, sure. But it's not what the game's about, and you know it.

**PLAYBOY:** If it's a game, then what's the game about?

**PECKINPAH:** I'll put it to you this way. I've come a ways and I've paid a price. It's cost me plenty—maybe my sanity and at least a couple of marriages—and I'm not sure the game is worth it. Sometimes I want to say the hell with it and pack it in, but I can't do that. I stick or I know I'm nothing. Then I look around and I notice I'm not entirely alone. There are maybe 17 of us left in the world. And we're a family. That family is composed of the cats who want to do their number and get it on. It's the only family there is. My father said it all one day. He gave me Steve Judd's great line in *Ride the High Country*: "All I want is to enter my house justified."





*"This is going to be an experience you won't soon forget."*

## SHOW THE MOVIES! (continued from page 128)

camp of Lubitsch's *Trouble in Paradise*, the slap-flap of Keaton's *Cops*, but became bored with Eisenstein's *Ten Days That Shook the World*, Donskoi's *Childhood of Maxim Gorky*—and the figure of Dwight Macdonald himself. Macdonald's lectures were literary, at times technical, very historical, always rigid with opinion, seemingly jammed with too much information to capture an audience that had been dealing with film on a psychic and sensory level. The boredom hid the more energetically loaded emotions of frustration, anger, resentment. There grew a noticeable tendency for the capacity crowd to diminish. Of those who remained, many resigned themselves to a familiar emptiness in the gut that was a common ailment in the duality of the university experience: what the university felt it was doing and the results its efforts actually had. And there was usually a frustrating discrepancy between the two. Too often there had been courses labeled "Mystical Thought" and "Man Against the System" that turned out to be an expert's rendering of Confucius and *Robinson Crusoe*.

In the case of Macdonald, a more complex reality slowly revealed itself. Macdonald was a mail-order package, out from the East on the wings of a solid reputation, his competence understood, and yet his historical sense of the cinema, his literary approach to the dramatic force of the medium, were not to seduce the interest of students. That he was a man of particulars, lacking in mystique, unable to perform or tease, may have contributed, but the deepest alienation emerged from the privacy of student fear and disappointment, a silent conviction that the forces of chaos in society were wrought in its distance from feeling. The competent conversion of experience to words was viewed as the method of that distance, and Macdonald was received as a professional in that capacity.

Macdonald sensed the tension. During an early session, a very slender girl, her fingers adorned with rings, raised a hand, withdrew it, raised it again. Macdonald nodded to her, drew out an extra-length cigarette and listened attentively.

"Why do we have to get into so much history—I mean, like, most of us thought this was going to be about film."

Macdonald dropped his head slightly, moved it from side to side in the manner of an embarrassed athlete, spoke in an ancient, wood-rasp roll that squeaked and cracked with conviction.

"Look, the course is 'The History of the Cinema,' and that isn't just something for the catalog to print up. When we talk about film, we're really talking

about illusion. All art is illusion—"

A wave of grumbling—"Aw, man"—a rustling of bodies. A boy stood and asked very loudly: "What do you mean by *that*, 'all art is illusion'?"

The head moved from left to right again. "Well . . ." a raspy chuckle. "Well, just what I said. Illusion. In the case of film, you have many still photographs running through a light and lens. They appear to be moving, plastic. It all seems very real on the screen. But it's an illusion created by the process. Look, what I'm trying to say here is that we must try to find some concrete way of discussing what is basically illusion—something that is not particularly concrete."

The boy again, angry: "Like, why don't we forget the process and get to what's happening in film—now—today, what's happening out there!"

Macdonald studied his cigarette, put it out, found the boy and spoke to him: "For many years I reviewed films. Now, the function of the reviewer is to try to express how he thinks the reader will probably respond to the film. He also tries to compare and contrast the work with other works of the current season." ("Current season? Shit, did you hear *that*, man? Current season!") "The function is a fairly limited one. But the critic's function is to place the work in history, convey the intent of the artist, evaluate, judge, give some sound reasons for his conclusions."

The girl, whining, very annoyed: "So you see yourself as a critic, and we're just here to listen to you be it!"

The raspy chuckle, frustration brewing. "Well, yes. We're all functioning here as critics. We see films, we judge them. If we judge from a historical point of view—or whatever—then we relate to what is basically our function here."

A boy leaned across the table and whispered to a friend: "You know, man—can you dig this—in my parents' day, he was considered radical!"

After the film that evening, Macdonald announced that he would hold office hours from three to five each afternoon for anyone who wished to discuss—"Well—any of the points that were brought up." The following class he announced, with a controlled disgust and evident pain, that he had waited for two hours and no one had come to his office, "So . . . I don't know . . ." and he showed the film. It was Bergman's *The Naked Night*, a brutal and compassionate film that left the audience silent, reflective, ashamed, caught in the whirlies of its frustration with the man in the plaid coat.

• • •

He was permanently dubbed The Colonel, and though he made obvious attempts to shorten and simplify his lec-

tures, his product wasn't selling. Macdonald had broken a cardinal rule in the mutable and somewhat egocentric student manifesto: He had brought his trip, one that lacked elasticity, one whose structure brawled continuously with the energies of the audience. At the end of a very rich and involving film, Marcel Carné's *Children of Paradise*, a two-and-one-half-hour epic of love, ambition and professional passions, and the only picture that firmly held the full emotion of the audience, Macdonald asked them to consider that the movie was made during the German Occupation of France, that it was an escape into the German historical past and that the audience compare the reality presented in the film with that of their own existence. Though these were good, sound critical suggestions, and though they were, in fact, made positively—for Macdonald had expressed his own liking for the film—the audience became alienated by such talk. It had not been the first time. In passing remarks, he had panned *Morgan!* and *The Pawnbroker* and had called *2001: A Space Odyssey* a boring, overblown light show. Like *Children of Paradise*, those movies had evoked great feelings, and a critical assessment of them was equated with an attack on those feelings. Macdonald was there to examine the elements of film, and yet the young of his audience, though deeply involved in it, were unable to respond to his intention, for they hoped that he would first establish some connection between their experience and his, between the experience of their lives and the film medium. When he would not and could not, resistance turned to anger.

On the night he was to attempt to reveal his deeper convictions about the long-range meanings of film, he was confronted by that anger. A student politico and rising contender for editor of an awkward radical newsheet had busied himself among the administration and gained permission to prepare and read a short news line at the beginning of each class. The administration had chosen to ignore the tension and the possible mistake of the Macdonald class, and so its general consideration for him went about as far as a chemical corporation executive's concern for an aging janitor. Thus, Macdonald was never consulted about the news line. As he stepped up to the stage, he was confronted by an ambitious, flaunting young revolutionary who commandeered the microphone and rapped for 20 minutes on pig news, drug news, fat-catism and power-structure blues, ending with a scoreboard list of bombings, demonstrations and various successful suits filed by heads against the state. Surprised, confused and openly discouraged, Macdonald, gaining the microphone, questioned the necessity for such nightly

shorts before the main feature. His question was answered with a loud freep and static of "Shhhh-it" and "Aw, man" and "Fuuuhhhh." Macdonald shook his head, let his posture crumble and, for the first time, spoke to an angry audience with equal anger.

"Look, now! This is information you can get *anywhere*. [More "Aw, mans" and "Shhhh-its."] You all have access to radio and TV, don't you? . . . newspapers? And, while I'm at it, this is pretty much the same with the films here. There have been a lot of complaints about the films. Well, I don't show *The Magus* or *The Pawnbroker* because most of you have seen them, or can see them *somewhere*. What good is it for me to talk about those films? [Freep, static.] You can talk about them yourselves. And it happens to be this man's opinion that you might talk about them better after you've seen the films shown here. As for bombings"—raspy chuckle—"well, I'm sorry, but I don't think I want *that* on my program here. [Shout: "Your program!" The shout is ignored.] And drugs. Well—they're there for you to take, to find out about. I mean, ah, I've taken LSD and—well—nothing is worth going to jail for, is it?" (Somebody yells out: "Yes!")

There was motion and heated chatter in the audience. Macdonald lit a cigarette and waited for a rebuttal. What he got

instead was an ornery "What did you think of acid?" The audience laughed loudly, forcing it—violent ha-has.

Macdonald chuckled, drew himself in: "Well, maybe we should get on with the film."

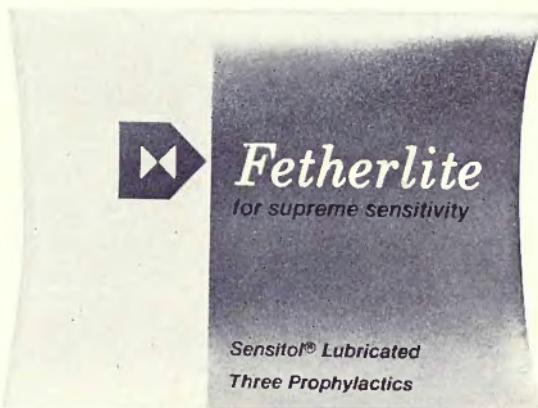
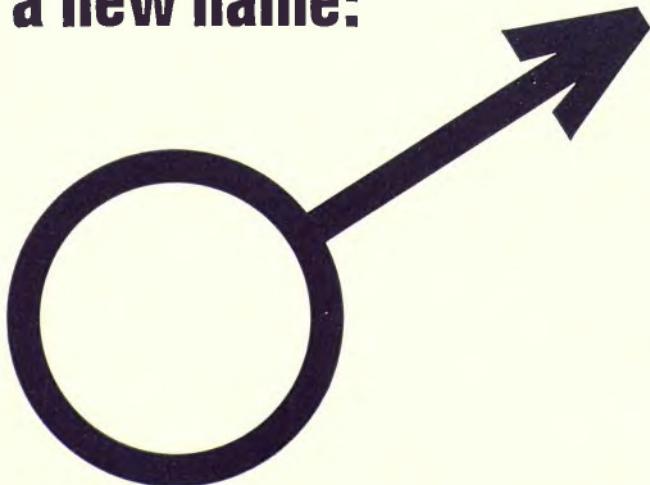
He did not, however, get on with the film, but with a letter written to him long ago by his now-dead friend James Agee. Considering the times in which it was written, and the fact that Agee was 19 when he wrote it, the letter was a brilliant and prophetic analysis of the power of film. Agee was an intense man in whom opposites trampled like subway crowds. There was no less than a creative animal in him, a hungry monster of random energy that roared for release. With a deep, poetic sense of the ambiguity of his time, of existence itself, he moved the beast through hoops, up on precarious chairs, around the cage to the cracking whip of his incredible prose. When he turned his energies to film, he found an arena equal to his talents. For Agee, the camera was the most fluid art device known to man. He saw film as the great synthesis of art forms, capable of realism beyond the best of literature, poetics of light more visually involving than impressionist painting, and an inner experience as spiritual and unifying as classical music itself. In an age when word was king, he sensed an artistic

power as yet untouched, whose possibilities, though often misused, were unlimited. His vision of film was existential, the vision of an artist whose deepest inner motive is the freedom of the individual soul. In a long, perceptive article on director John Huston, he wrote:

Most movies are made in the evident assumption that the audience is passive and wants to remain passive; every effort is made to do all the work—the seeing, the explaining, the understanding, even the feeling. . . . His pictures are not acts of seduction or of benign enslavement but of liberation, and they require, of anyone who enjoys them, the responsibilities of liberty. They continually open the eye and require it to work vigorously; and through the eye they awaken curiosity and intelligence. That, by any virile standard, is essential to good entertainment. It is unquestionably essential to good art.

The liberating power of film was a point Macdonald attempted to sharpen throughout the course, to no avail. He had spoken of a rhythm in film, a balanced movement of artistic elements that made a film whole and real, that could often change an individual's view of life. How "true to life" a film was.

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how a film stood up historically, these were the key critical concepts by which Macdonald had formed his film philosophy, a philosophy that had no doubt placed him on the edge of his own generation and had now, ironically, placed him on the edge of this one; for in the present, as in the past, "true to life" was up for grabs. Thus, in his criticism, as much as in his teaching, he attempted to leap the cultural vulnerability of film criticism, to move the viewer toward those "responsibilities of liberty." He sought a conceptual basis from which an awareness of film might grow, and his dignity was that he stood firmly on those concepts, stood through work and risk and, no doubt, anguish. But it was perhaps true that the "film culture" was less a product of artistic sensibilities than of dream and fear, for the promise of film was more often the harvest of illusion than a sense of the medium. Macdonald was aware of this dilemma—he had written a book about it (*Against the American Grain*)—but in the great dining hall of the present, he faced a new generational additive to the dilemma of the critic. His audience was a generation ready to admit that it had been damaged by the will and fear of its parent generation, that its innate and elusive capacity to feel itself was lost in a world-wide imbalance of word and action. Beneath such a claim was an erratic desperation, one that slipped from distrust to fear, from alienation to anger, one whose center was the bitter premonition that the cautious logic of the critic was not unlike other logics of the age, logics responsible for a great emptiness at the center of human life, logics that could, in due time, be responsible for doom.

Such was the "cautious logic" of the audience, and the inevitable end of that logic was the response to Agee's letter.

Few had heard of Agee and none showed signs of being overly anxious to find out who he was. The letter was received as an uninteresting memento, an echo of an unknown dead man, dead in the sense of useless, out of touch, another example of the distance from which Macdonald viewed his world. He read the letter to a very loud, uninterested audience, with soft, gentle tones and a facial expression more fluid, more graceful than it had been since his arrival. The deeper he penetrated the letter, the more emotional he seemed to become, and the more evident his emotion, the louder the audience became. In a chair near the stage, his wife sat terribly still, a hand placed gently near her lips, her eyes wide and glaring at some pocket of nothingness below her husband's feet. And one knew that something thick and fragile was struggling to caress the rudeness squatting over the room; that more than a great thinker, Agee was a close,

perhaps very close friend of Macdonald's, and the years they had shared had certainly awakened in the reading.

Macdonald finished the letter, the lights went out and he and his wife quietly left the dining hall. And a series of films rolled, tumbled, dug into the room, turned the audience inward, forced it down, beneath the thick of its anger. Peter Watkins' *The War Game* grew innocently into a too-real nightmare; in a group of Nazi propaganda films, Adolf Hitler coughed up the void of eternal darkness while troops goose-stepped into the night of death; Resnais' *Night and Fog* blew a wailing, poetic note of horror, forgiveness, hope, in the sigh of a silent wind that bent young, delicate green grass to the cold stone of a German gas chamber. And one felt the spirit of Agee drift in on the flurries of light, and knew that these men, the dead one and the one in the funny coat, had been there, while we sucked, peed and shit with abandon, and that if they only knew today from the fog of yesterday, they knew something—something that we didn't. And small bit of information though it may be—small in a time when we can barely contain what we know—it was information to make us more whole than we had been: There was some psychotic connection between *Der Führer* lusting darkly on the screen and the John Wayne–Doris Day onanism of the last two decades, humping away in the tight, slick goody of American illusion, and it might do us well to discover the monstrous subtleties contained in that connection.

• • •

Macdonald's last night was not without irony. After a weekend pause, the audience had regained its pose of disinterest and anger, and that pose was especially solid on that last night. The audience was involved in loud pockets of discussion, knitting, beadwork, the reading of paperbacks, small dope sales. Macdonald attempted a short lecture, but, unable to gain the slightest attention, he quickly announced the film—Henry King's *The Gunfighter*, starring Gregory Peck.

A classic film with few gimmicks, *The Gunfighter* wove the familiar tale of an aging man in black, still the fastest, whose lonely ventures in killing and running had worked him to a higher consciousness, one that, combined with his past, inevitably denied him action. He rides into Cayenne, a stark, dusty town, on the run, there on some mysterious business that overshadows the risk. He swallows two quick whiskeys at the bar of an empty saloon, while the bartender studies him with awe and a keen sense of untold days of property damage. A marshal enters. He is a thick man with a giant mustache, dressed in long coat and ribbon bow tie. It is revealed that

he and the gunfighter are old friends, the marshal once his side-kick. There are strained greetings, ending with a classic, "You can't stay here; I want you out of town." The gunfighter agrees but requests a short stay—time enough to see "them." The marshal agrees to bring "them" to the bar.

In the barbershop, a local two-gunned kid hears the gunfighter is in town, knows his reputation and rushes to the bar to challenge it. He walks in and in a loud, defiant voice, orders rye. The drink poured, he accuses the bartender of watering the whiskey and when the bartender protests, he approaches the gunfighter, who sits alone at a corner table, and asks him to settle the matter.

"I want you to settle a little argument. . . ."

"Why should I?"

"You got a reputation for settling arguments."

"Only my own," the gunfighter replies, his hands carefully concealed beneath the table, his eyes fixed on the kid.

"Well, I say the whiskey here is watered; what do you say?"

"Then you're kind of dumb to be drinking here, ain't you?"

Shaken, the kid refuses to back down, to give it up. Finally, when the gunfighter identifies him by name, he asks, "You've heard of me, then?"

"Yeah, I've heard of you. I heard you're a cheap, no-good barroom loafer."

"You're asking for trouble."

"You already got it, partner, because I got a gun pointing smack at your belly."

The boy looks for the gunfighter's hands, hesitates—he's not sure. Frustration, anger, fear. The bartender and customers move away to the end of the bar.

"I'm kind of disappointed in you. They never said nothin' about a gun under the table."

"Older you grow, the more you learn. Now, get on out of here."

The kid backs toward the door, slowly. "I'll be seeing you. . . ."

"All the way out, sonny."

As he scampers out the door, the man in black brings his hands above the table. He is holding a pocketknife and slowly begins to clean his fingernails.

Though the film had a flat, grainy, *cinéma vérité* quality to it, the audience responded with negative giggles and several walkouts. Their energy was locked into an aloof but strained network of response, at times seeming to be open vengeance for the unresolved hassles of the past. Thus, when an uninterested projectionist rolled the last reel where the second reel should have been, a very removed audience, dense with a burning disgust, didn't sense that anything was amiss. It went on about its indifference and static, while the man in black meets first with a woman (his wife) then a

# WAS THE BRASS MONKEY A WOMAN?

Further speculations concerning the drink that defeated the Japanese Imperial Secret Service in World War II.



Bits and pieces of the Brass Monkey legend are still surfacing. As hard to pin down as quicksilver, as boneless as oysters, but as hard to ignore as the jolt of brass knuckles. The truth? Where does it lie?

Candidly, we don't know.

It is rumored that early in 1942 the Japanese Imperial Secret Service began a concentrated search for an agent. Code name: Brass Monkey. Affiliation: our side.

Gossip had it that a trafficker in information, probably Ha Fat, the quinine dealer, had put the Secret Service onto a drinking club in the port of Macao.

The Japanese began around the clock surveillance.

## Heavy Traffic

The Club's heaviest trade



was in a sunshine yellow drink. It was named, like the club itself, after a small brass figurine perched in a niche beside the entrance: The Brass Monkey.

Soldiers of fortune, riff-raff, purported agents, and double agents, ordered the Brass Monkey. Smiled, were content, and went on with their business, nefarious and otherwise.

## A Clue

One night an Imperial Observer was said to have noticed an unusual pattern. The club entertainer — a Eurasian chanteuse of notable endowments who called herself Loyana — sang the same song repeatedly. Each time upon request.

## Loyana's Swan Song

Next night, the Imperial Agent allegedly returned with a cryptologist from the Code Division of the Kempeitei. Could he discern a message in Loyana's song, "My Love is a Man of Gold"? Was there a code in the lyrics? In the changing notes of the accompaniment?

Was the Brass Monkey a woman?

Perhaps Loyana was "invited" to give a command performance in a lonely, fog-wrapped warehouse.

Perhaps after hours of "persuasion" she was forced to tell it all.

In any event, the night following the time-of-many-singings, Loyana disappeared. Not long after, the club

closed. Not the Japanese file on the case, though. Till the end of the war the Brass Monkey was rumored to be a monkey wrench in the plans of the Axis.

## Still A Mystery

Who then, was the Brass Monkey? Legend has it that Allied Agents learned his identity from the coaster served with the Brass Monkey cocktail. When they crossed out the words, "No Evil," then removed all the letters from "The Brass Monkey" which did not appear in "See, Hear, Speak," they were left with the name: H. E. Rasske. That name, though, could have been an anagram for E. H. Kessar. Or Rhea Kess. A woman.

## H.E.'s Homage?

Hearsay has it that every few years since the end of WW II, a gray-haired gentleman visits a nun's cloister in Hong Kong across the estuary from Macao. Could he be the same man who some say once enjoyed a relationship with Loyana? The same, perhaps, who is identified as H. E. Rasske, inventor of the Brass Monkey cocktail?

## What's a Brass Monkey?

It's an absolutely smashing drink made from a secret combination of liquors. Tasty, smooth and innocent looking, but potent.

The color of sunshine with the mystery of moonlight.

The Brass Monkey.

For men and women who don't just wait for things to happen.

## HEUBLEIN

Full-Strength Cocktails



boy (his son). He promises the woman that he will return and that they will have a new life. The marshal cautions him to hurry; whoever is after him must be near. The gunfighter mounts a saddled horse and begins a slow trot away from town. He passes an old barn and the two-gunned kid, crouching in wait, leaps from the barn, calls the gunfighter, draws both guns and empties them in his back. The gunfighter plops from the horse, his gun still holstered. Then the film was interrupted.

Macdonald hurried to the stage and momentarily gained the attention of an audience moving with much gusto toward the exit doors. "We've run the last reel where the second reel should have been—so we'll show the second reel now, for anyone who wants to stay and see it." Less than half stayed on. They had seen the entry of the gunfighter and the destruction of the gunfighter, and through a well-developed disinterest made the story work. Those who stayed saw the gunfighter's life, revealed by the dialog with his friend, the marshal. That life was momentum, circumstance, the painful hows and whys of one man in the world who was also a gunfighter, and the snaky substance of a past that slinked and curled about the dreams of the future and the harsh, flat present. Though there was evidence of a romantic twinge of reflection in the soul of the audience, it didn't break its long-developing pose of indifference. There had been too many ups and downs, and the ups were never up enough to score now on an audience elated with the knowledge that in no more than five minutes the course would be over.

When the reel ended, Macdonald mounted the stage and rapped with much feeling to an audience that ignored him and walked out. He had enjoyed his

stay. It was a magnificently designed campus and he was especially pleased to see such spirit and questioning among the students. As he concluded, the last knot of indifference squeezed through the exit door, the echo of the last moments of the last reel of *The Gunfighter* rolled in on the misty night air. The marshal looks on as the gunfighter dies, acknowledges his death with swollen eyes, then finds the kid. He grabs him, locks him inside the barn, busts him several times, draws his gun on him and says, in a fever of anguish and rage:

"Now, you listen to me, yellow belly. You're going to get it exactly like you gave it to him. Because there are a thousand cheap dirty crooked little squirts just like you waiting for a chance to kill the man who killed Jimmy Ringo. But it ain't going to be here, sonny. Not in my territory. So get going. Get killed somewhere else."

One saw Macdonald during his last few days in Santa Cruz. The class had ended and he was evidently taking some time to visit the area and do some shopping. He and his wife were strolling down Pacific Avenue. He was wearing his plaid coat. She stopped to look at some dresses in a shop window while he moved on to the one next door. The store was a combination craft, import and head shop, and the display in the window was a conglomerate of boots, shawls, hash pipes, Eldridge Cleaver posters, *Kama Sutra* books, American flag shirts. Macdonald bent himself close to the window and peered attentively. His rough-edged, sagging face was mirrored in the window and as one passed by, it looked part of the new-age wares on display, peering out and in, all at once.



"Maybe your worry beads fell under your seat."

## in the community of girls

(continued from page 91)

pounded in vain. My jokes slipped off the impervious eggshell skin that seamlessly covered her perfect bones. I had to listen to talk about Merleau-Ponty, existential psychoanalysis and the failure of the worker priests. However, when time came to say good night, she remembered the entertaining moments, did a wonderful three-octave falling run of laughter, added up the evening's wit and paid the check all at once, hee-hee-hee, ha-ha-ha, doing a quick sum of modern womanly appreciation, oh hee, oh ha, trilling all the way down to the final *envoi*, hand on doorknob, me not invited in to muss that Hollins College hair, scrape that Villa Mercedi skin: "Herb, you're so amusing. You're delightful."

"But."

"But, I'm a little distract tonight. But you're really a tremendous personality."

Gradually, since the town is made for erotic gaming, I learned the rules of the hunt. I had to find my own special talent after so many wasted years as student, soldier, husband and father, fanatic writer, untremendous personality. I learned to take ladies out of their usual run, as if they were animals whom I first needed to disorient. I brought them to Greenwich Village, where I fancied myself a king of the jungle, and this meant to eat in dark downstairs Italian restaurants and stroll streets where outdoor markets had sprawled just yesterday, my mouth working, my want showing, my arrogance unnecessary (they knew me), until, full of either sympathy or foolishness or both, they said, "What do you want?"

"Back to my place."

"OK, OK, why didn't you just say that?"

Nervous time in Manhattan. Sometimes the girl paused at the door when her place was closer or she needed her equipment for getting to bed or getting to work in the morning, and she handed me the key, though she knew how it worked better than I, and watched, humming softly, as I tried to fit it into the lock. Usually I succeeded eventually and fumbled better with practice. "It's so symbolic it kills me," a slender New York correspondent for a London magazine told me, "but I can't help it. I like the man to open the door for me, even if it's my own door."

"I don't mind how symbolic," I said.

"But you're the novelist, aren't you? Doesn't symbolism strike a responsive chord?"

I met a girl who had lent her automobile to her previous lover. She was having trouble getting it back, and so I found myself in emissary clothes, going to collect the car. I thought: What kind of man takes a Studebaker from a lady?

Then I was planning to visit my daughters in Detroit and she said, "Why don't you use the car?"

Halfway across Pennsylvania on the turnpike, the healthy old Studebaker convertible rattling beneath my feet, a delicious pug designed by Raymond Loewy, I suddenly thought: My God, I've done the same thing! She's given me her car!

I returned it when I got back. "Aw, keep it," she said.

"No."

"You deserve it," she said. "He'd never have given it back."

"No."

"Aw, don't you like me?"

"No," I said. "I don't want the car. Yes, I like you."

But I was afraid of being gobbled up, and when it turned out that her economy required offering me a combination of herself and her extra wheels, I decided to continue life as a frequent pedestrian.

When there is no job to be done but the one in your head, it's easy to drift down the evenings, coasting where smoky Manhattan leads. I sat in a book-spattered apartment near Carnegie Hall, the neon outside changing the colors of the curtains (it was a delicatessen sign) while a group of fretful bachelors discussed John Foster Dulles and our former wives, and then, aroused by anxiety and our own talk, we split to hunt up the girls whose names were inscribed in our black address books. Each of us had a girl or two whom we could call late in the evening and just say (poor thing), "I'll be right over."

There were other girls with whom we made variant bargains. There was one who sought a bargain with me. "Look, I know how you feel about me. But let's make a deal. Once in a while, if I can't sleep, I can call you, OK? And if you can't sleep, if you get the night frights, you know? Any time you want, anything you want, you call me and come over, OK?"

Claudia furnished her apartment to look like a New Orleans brothel. Teakwood lamps, a chandelier with candlewick bulbs, white fur rugs skinned from wild Orlons. She had many-colored telephones. She used ceiling mirrors. She made nearly \$1000 a week as a clothing designer. She had a maid whom she proudly described as a callgirl's maid. Both her parents were doctors. She was part Spanish and looked like an Inca princess and dressed for that look—beads, stones and hand-dyed fabrics. She had graduated *summa cum laude* from Bryn Mawr. The benefits of tens of thousands of dollars of tooth straightening, piano lessons, riding and tennis lessons, European trips, schools in Italy and Switzerland had finally created a girl who said, "Look, I never sleep. Just



*"It's just an appointment reminder from my doctor!"*

call, please, I don't care what time it is. I've got some tricks I bet you never tried. It's not love, pal, just insomnia." She had been married twice. She killed herself at 28 because that was getting a little old for a girl in Manhattan.

All these abstract ladies, I might have rolled up the bits and pieces of girls, as the saying goes, into one big girl. A lady who specialized in special things and I saw the whites of her eyes like gibbous moons rolling up. A lady whose kittens jumped on my back in counterphobic rhythm, putting the fear of sudden death in me. *No Cats!* became a condition for true love—a dream princess who kept no cats. Two wives who grabbed at me and then dodged in alcoholic moments, and though I didn't play the mustachioed role assigned by French farce, they both convinced their husbands I had betrayed them. How can you say to a suffering man: "No matter what you think, I didn't. She seemed to want to, but I didn't." Somehow that's not nice for anybody concerned. And a nice sharp copy writer, Catholic and thin, Irish, decided I was the one to initiate her into Manhattan. She was from Trenton and some Sacred Heart or other and she wept so much into my pillow, just with the thought, that I didn't do a thing to her body, got her a cab home and threw out the soaked pillow, wet and salty as a Jersey marsh.

Hell, the thought was hers, not mine. She needed a Jew for this first service.

My girl lived on the East Side and I lived on options. My girl lived in the Village and I lived on advances. I lived on Waverly Place and my new girl just lived from day to day, too.

The chickies.

My spade friend LaRue and I sat like returned pilots after our missions, eating apple pie and ice cream at O. Henry's on Sixth Avenue.

"How was yours?"

"OK. A pretty good painter. But she said she only paints what her gallery tells her to paint. That's what they're doing now, she says."

"Um."

"Yours? How'd you do?"

"OK. strong legs. I like strong legs."

"Dancer's legs? Not so muscled is better, but you know, firm is what I like, too."

"Glad to hear your opinion, buddy. Your opinion is like my opinion."

We were sexist pigs; that is, lonely bastards. We looked for a community of shared girls. We sought pride and fellowship through the bodies of women. We sought revenge against women through revenge against women. We looked for occasions for heroism and to test ourselves to the limit. We settled for less. We made jokes. We told tales.

Jimmy's, my breakfast place on Sixth 199

Avenue, gave me eggs and toast and coffee and a small o.j. for some bargain price that ended in 9-29, 39 or 59 cents—as the inflation altered values in seven-to-eleven specials. It was a morning rendezvous for the nice neighborhood pederasts, who reported to Jimmy-behind-the-counter on their missions of the night before, as if he were placing bomb pins on the map. "Who did? You did. *He* did?" he asked. "Beautiful, baby! Where?" I sat there, continuing my education and being awakened, a double task, waiting till the coffee took hold and I could go upstairs to the typewriter, and hearing someone say, "Well, that's my opinion about that bitch, too," and then I thought: They're using the same language as LaRue and me last night. Vanity. They are lying down with their four paws in the air stroking their little bellies, just like LaRue and me.

LaRue and I and our kind were living a desolate rhapsody of girls, a one-man opera, with the protagonist standing in front of a backdrop curtain depicting the musical skyline of Manhattan, singing his overflowing heart out in self-indulgent tenor quavering before an audience of mirrors. What we heard was something different—the howl and snarl of the wolf. What a live audience would have noticed was steam on the mirrors, a silent dapping of moisture.

Nonetheless, LaRue and I were different from my friends, the breakfast pederasts, at Jimmy's. We were brothers but moving in different directions. Finally conquest and the worship of self were not the limit of possibility. The choice of girls—though we thought they were merely the objects of our choice—drove us toward deeper decisions. We ridiculed our young chickies, saying they flunked the Trotsky test—

"Who was Trotsky?"

"A Russian writer? Some writer?"

—or thought the Spanish Civil War took place 100 years ago, or believed the world would know peace once every black man was married to a white woman, or looked puzzled or anxious when asked to define xenophobia.

"English was my best subject," she would say, "but I always liked reading. And when I met the writer in residence spring quarter, I just knew I made a mistake not to take more English."

LaRue liked Southern girls. I had no particular preference.

The girls newly discovering themselves in the make-out world imitated the only models that seemed to apply, the men they met; and freshly divorced from adolescence, bedded down freely with them till the age of 22, 23, 24, 25; and then suddenly a new romantic adolescence seemed to suffuse their plaintive, cock-thrust souls. Dreams. Love.

They wanted soul-touching, not just fun-and-fuck. They wanted to think of love and babies and forevermore nearly true: Mortality overtook them and they considered not further defiance but accommodation; and oddly enough, in this accommodation, they needed a place for faith, ring, ceremony, hand-in-hand truthness. Those lines around the eyes, the pools of melancholy beneath the eyes, meant the beginning of sexual depth. The recollection of disappointment without the sourness of deception meant that this was a woman, truly; it happened to some of them, and even LaRue and I, sometime writers in residence, were not unmoved.

But while the women began to grow up, we had distractions to help us remain children—money, renown, entertainment, ambition, tireless vanity. Funny Terry Southern played these games at a high pitch, cutting the ground from beneath his own feet. At George Plimpton's house he spilled a drink on Ann Kazin's dress and then bawled, "Oh, man, I'm sorry, now your husband won't review my book." He was brokenhearted and tickled.

In another corner Norman Mailer played the eye-fighting game, staring down his opponent, one of the competition, until the opponent pursed his lips and kissed the air at him.

"These are America's great writers?" asked a visiting Italian publisher.

The artists flooded into the waiting rooms of critics, promoters, patrons, grantgivers, and all sent through the same message:

*Man here. Says he's different.*

And the word came back: "Show me. Throw a typewriter through the window, lecture a President, do a dirty thing on the Susskind show."

Frozen novelists, searching acclaim without doing the work, made a glory of their own impotence and prescribed a remedy of orgies, complained of voyeurism and had themselves secretly filmed "doing it," in full wail diagnosed a universe filled with cancer, giving them cancer, but suffered, in fact, from hemorrhoids. Obstreperous careerists said they were shouting because the world was deaf to them, but the truth was that they couldn't hear their own voices. Confession became a means to celebrity in a time when weakness was the shrewdest means to power, provided it was arrogant enough. Openly they practiced fancy prose. Secretly they sought soft stools.

I thought to leave Manhattan. I knew it was time when an acquaintance with whom I had shared a cab once to the Village, and with whom I had also stood around at dozens of parties, passed on some silly gossip about me. When I confronted him, he said bravely, "Yes, I said it. Well, that's my opinion."

"But do you know me?"

"Yes."

"Have we ever talked? Have we ever been out of a crowd together? Have we ever done more than share a cab?"

He looked pensive. "You're right," he said. "But I thought I knew you."

The worst of it was that, with marvelous Manhattan snap judgment, I thought I knew him, too.

The New York Breakdown comes from scratching the Manhattan Itch. The good student of New York is successful, and success brings the trouble. The standards, claims and opinions of others fit the requirements of the market. And then what?

I had no job, no need to work. I was free to sleep all day, just so long as I found the nervous energy to embrace the typewriter for an hour or two and let it rattle. I was indulged by agents, publishers, editors, the media. I didn't eat my breakfast standing up at Nedick's; I emerged blinking into the yellowish mid-morning light to take eggs at 10:45, just before the 11-o'clock special went off. I was fenced away from the working world. I hardly saw anyone out of the literary life except my Greenwich Village doctor, who treated me for persistent colds—and he had been recommended by two novelists and a ghostwriter for a columnist. I yearned to speak with real people so much that I bought shirts I didn't need: Shirt-Buying Adventure; or browsed in museums: Museum Adventure; or went to bed with girls I didn't like: Fuck Adventure.

The ancient dream of community was submerged for many, for me, too, in a modern fantasy of celebrity—fame, riches and the love of women desired by others. Bohemia was coming into vogue, setting styles. Monday evenings at George Plimpton's really were fun, weren't they? And the fashion editors were paying attention, along with the fashionable editors. The West Fourth Street espresso cowboys were riding the rails up to Radio Liberation on Times Square to discuss the anniversary of Chekhov or "The Influence of Polish Writers Such as Joseph Conrad on Me." It was taped to inspire the crouching, heroic, radio-listening peasants behind the Iron Curtain. It was only \$50, but afterward, there might be lunch with Santha Rama Rau, and anyway, a fellow can always use \$50, can't he?

Limit purposes.

Circumscribe ambitions.

Get a little cash and save an evening from boredom.

Limit talent, limit risks and limit losses.

The normal madness of business was imported into the unusual madness of writers making out. Beatness was salable. *Paris Reviewness* was salable. "Young novelists" were in demand as the air smogged over in the late Fifties. (Sometimes

*Let your best friend have some.*

# I. W. HARPER. THE IMPRESSION IS LIGHT.

If you believe great bourbon has to taste heavy, you believe a myth.

Because I. W. Harper is great bourbon that never tastes heavy.

It always treats your taste light.

86 Proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey  
© I. W. Harper Distilling Co., Louisville, Ky.



they had crewcuts, neatly trimmed mustaches and faithful wives who waited in Westport for them to return from three-day raids in Manhattan, which they invaded with pockets of hard-boiled eggs against hunger and bennies to keep them up as they met the people who really counted.) Girls, money and fame were attached to bodies like prosthetic devices. Unleash the straps for love, age, family, death or even a mere time of retreat and privacy, and it turns out that the bearer has made himself into an abstract idea, not a man.

The party lasts till dawn. I walk home, jittering high and low, and read *The New York Times* (John Foster Dulles says something, Ike says he's right). As the yolk sun streams through my window, I feel wide awake and famished and go back downstairs, shad-eyed, for early eggs. "Hi there," says Jimmy, "you up betimes? Or a late mission, hm?"

"You're right, John," I say.

And he says reproachfully, "It's Jimmy."

Then, dead on my feet despite the coffee, I finally stagger up to bed. It's nine o'clock. Thin dreams of wandering. I hear the mail slid under the door. I take two bites from an apple, think of getting the mail, fall back asleep.

Dream of hallways. Riveting sounds. Endless locked doors.

When I awake, in late afternoon, it's getting dark. No point in working today. No chance to work. Time for another party, another night. The day and night are turned around. Night and party—looking for what, looking for whom?—have replaced them. Nervous time in the city.

God says, I am that I am; and what else does He know? Maybe the magik lady that night. Maybe she'll know. LaRue gave me a rubber stamp for my birthday:

### Magik Lady Come Soon Now

"Use it and good luck," he said.

"Probably it'll work better 'n what I've been using," I said, "and thanks."

If there were a God, He would be lonely, too.

• • •

Taxi uptown or downtown, into gallery for opening or up to loft for farewell to abstract expressionist on a Prix de Rome. I hide my madness from everyone, but my friend George Elliott says to me: "You're a little insane at parties, just at parties"—and we plan to go for a walk on Riverside Drive the next day, when I'll probably not be insane.

There is a girl I like, we trust each other, an arrangement for joint pleasures, enterprises, expeditions, entertainments. She is a sweet person who deserves better of me, of herself; yet she, too, settles for

a comfortable arrangement. We never quarrel. I just go away to Detroit to visit my daughters, write her a note goodbye, and that's that.

Alone again for partying and hunting the magik lady. I doubted she would kiss me into a prince. I began to think I was a closet neuter. I slept till dark, day after day, the soot of New York clogging my nostrils when I awoke. I cleaned myself up, made coffee, returned to the writing factory six feet away from my bed. Dark on a winter day, dark on a spring day. And then out onto West Eighth Street, smiling, because smiling is the way to get along with anyone not of your own family. I had no family here. I was working in this town. Success is the only success Manhattan knows. Pseudonymously, "Reuben Flair" got checks from magazines, and so did Herbert Gold. Horrid who-am-I questions.

Naturally, there was relief and pleasure. Otherwise, I wouldn't have been able to tell myself what a good time I was having. Sometimes Saul Bellow came down from his country house on the Hudson River to stay with me. I babbled all morning, telling him what I thought about life, or thought I thought, and listening to the verdict; he laid some of his own troubles in perspective against the plight of the universe; and then we returned to the factory and I went to sleep on the couch while he wrote.

When I awakened, I saw him leaning back in his chair and examining me with those dark, pleading, boyish eyes. "You're OK if you can sleep," he said. "Float down the river, that's right. I admire that."

It was a compliment to be treasured as I always perversely most treasure the unmerited ones. I could sleep, but nerves showed me limits in other ways. I could write, but I began to see through the paper to the rubber roller beneath. I was writing on my own body, it seemed. The palimpsest was being written over.

And then I couldn't sleep, either.

I was alone at dawn. I awoke, I couldn't remember what I'd done the night before. The door to the medicine chest fell open. A tube, a toothbrush toppled. Sickness in the middle of the night as I searched for a remedy. I dreamed of round water in a rectangular basin. It wasn't ice. It was just round water. The basin was long, with curving corners, but definitely rectangular. The water was round.

I was sleeping again, dreaming of distortion. Warp was life. The uncanny truth of Manhattan was that nightmare seemed more stenchy and real than my somnambulating reality; for when I looked again at the nightmare, I was awake and moving in it, like voodooists possessed by the ancient Haitian gods. In the evening, awake and moving, I

merely smiled as if I ran things, like a headwaiter.

What kept me alive was that I kept leaving New York on various travels—to universities, to Cuba, to Europe, to the Midwest to see my daughters and parents—and during these spaces of absence from the boiling city, I did the writing from that time that I still value. On trains and ships, in motels and under the sun on tropical rooftops. I invented moments of calm and quest, suffered the blessed exhilaration of heart pounding, head congested, pen wriggling, typewriter leaping. I felt I was telling my truth during a three-day storm in a battered cheap hotel in Key West with palm fronds slapping against my window. I was even able to write a story, *What's Become of Your Creature?*, in my childhood room, in my parents' house in Cleveland, at my maple desk from the Furn Mart, and this was a new stage in my life: able to do it in my parents' house, despite my mother's asking why I was so thin and did I remember Stanley Strassberg, he survived a kamikaze attack but then got his brains washed from drinking too much coffee.

"Mother, I'm working."

"You're writing. He was a captain, it did things to him. Mrs. Strassberg won't even tell me about, maybe she doesn't even know. He was perfectly fine, but then he got a coffee habit when he got home—"

"Later, I'm busy, Mother."

"You're writing. Five cups in the morning, he must have been peeing Maxwell House, then he started on the afternoon, that's all he did, naturally he cracked up, a regular nervous breakdown—"

"Mother, please."

"Why don't I take away this tray with this phooey stuff and I'll bring you a nice cold glass of guaranteed low-fat?"

But I finished the story. It was more than I could do in Manhattan. In the factory I continued projects, made money, revised manuscripts, discussed assignments, organized notes and fabricated outlines, but I didn't do any real writing in New York. I thought I did, but as I recall those years, everything began and grew in elsewhere to which I fled on one excuse or another. Elsewhere from which I longed to return to the anonymous pledges of the city.

Often the mail brought temptations to hurry back. Once a telephone call to Upstate New York puzzled me with a raveled mystery. "Let me not try to explain this fully except in person," stated the young man whom I'll call Bruce Zebra. "I have a concept here, Herb. I want you to meet us and get a good feel of our plan and organization. We've investigated you thoroughly; in fact, read everything you've written, Herb—may I call you Herb? I know



*"The butler did it."*

you so thoroughly—and it's only fair that you proceed with equal caution and go at us top to toe." This was a daring invitation. I wondered what Bruce looked like. "But hurry, Herb, this is not a matter we can let pend indefinitely."

And so, without hurry, with due caution, but of course with pell-mell and nonpending curiosity, I returned to New York to meet the young man, who, while I ignorantly slept, had convened with his friends and colleagues to decide that their mission in life was to make me rich and famous, available to the love of beautiful women and the determined attention of celebrity, without any cost or other obligation to me. Hi there, Dr. Brucie Faustus.

They quartered in space decorated as the main office of a children's-products design company. Uncle Wigglys and Mr. Pigglys and funny little squiggles covered the walls, which were all done in primary colors. The yellow and red working desks looked out onto scenes of Little Orphan Whozits painted on Prince Valiant backdrops. The shower of merry Muzak from the ceiling had been turned off; black holes where franchise operators had confiscated Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye. Rails along the walls and pint-sized furniture proved that, at some time in the past, little ones were brought in to test-market the product. I thought I saw a few throw-up smudges, well-Cloroxed, on the mural of King Arthur presenting Excalibur to Shirley Temple while Jack applauded from a good seat on top of his beanstalk and Jill fetched a pail of Kool-Aid.

Zebra Associates was not dealing in children, however. It leased the space from a bankruptcy referee who had taken over for the defunct kiddie operation, which had spent all its resources on office decoration. "Madness," said Bruce Zebra, "delusions of grandeur, y' know, Herb? Craziness pure and simplistic. Well, we're the ones to benefit, are we not?"

He stood up from a giant-sized old-fashioned children's school desk with an inkwell that was perfectly proportioned but large enough to fit a malted-milk container. There were purling shreds of wax where, indeed, malted milks to go had rested in the inkwell hole. He was pumping my hand with the power of a former crewman, fortified by malt. It was beyond belief to meet me at last, he declared. When I agreed to consider his proposal, he, together with his associates, had celebrated by taking the rest of the afternoon off. Then they worked through the whole evening. They had this neat portfolio of plans. If their test-marketing worked, they might go on to other products, but they could guarantee me an exclusivity in my field. It wasn't clear yet?

"To business," Bruce said. And then

faced down my last possible doubts with manly frankness: "I look young?" he asked. "Shit, I'll give you my vitae. I am young," he said, "twenty-eight, not to cut any corners on it. Princeton. Wharton Business. Dad was president of . . ." he named a failed automobile company. "I was always raised for heavy industry, but my own natural bent and yearning is toward consumer products such as literature. You've heard of the Oedipus complex, I'm sure, Herb, though I notice you never mention it in your writings? Your works?"

"Well, I'm not sure, Bruce."

"Well, it's not a fatal lack, Herb. One thing I'll not do, not ever on my life, as long as we're associated, and that's tell you how to write. You play your game and I'll play mine and that way we'll get along just fine."

Fair, blue-eyed, plumpish, shortish, wide-rumped Bruce looked like a man who would get along just fine. His father had been president of a large, albeit extinct company, but he was modest about his Oedipal claims. He was bright and assertive, and wished everyone well, especially me. A flat lock of flaxen hair fell boyishly across his forehead as he explained his plan.

"OK, so we're in PR. But we have this idea that writers are getting to be stars, really make it. But if you're gonna make it, you got to treat it like anyone else who makes it. With PR. Hell, even Charlie de Gaulle has what's-his-name, Malraux—"

"He had a war going for him, too."

Reproachfully, Bruce's bright-blue eyes closed in on my crocodile ones. "I didn't say you could do it without talent to begin with. You got to have the raw material, the product. Malraux had that, sure. Resistance and Joan of Arc and all that blah-blah-blah, y' understand?"

"Sure, I'm sorry."

"No harm done, Herb. OK, how much you make a year?"

I named the modest figure. I survived. I supported my children. Bruce whistled. "That's a shame," he said, "a dirty rotten shame. I knew it was bad, but that bad I didn't know. OK, here's the setup: You don't pay us anything. We work for you free. With taste, fellas, subtly, nothing to ruin a very clean image. And then anything over a hundred thousand a year, you split it with us."

It was my turn to whistle, though I didn't. "How on earth do you expect me to be getting a hundred thousand a year?"

"That's only the start. We don't get ours till you get over. Naturally, it means a movie sale or two, the biggies like that. We think we can help; it's a calculated risk—the column items, the talk shows, getting you before the public. Oh, we work on the people. Report-

ers. You'll develop a character, Herb."

I begin to fog over in the head. "Why me, Bruce, why me?"

He sent away his secretary, who had appeared in response to his whistle of a few seconds back. She wanted to know what flavor of malted I preferred. He explained that he was only whistling out of shock at something I had said. But maybe I really wanted a malted? He found that one picked him up, two made him sleepy. Maybe I'd like one? Linda waited. No? Linda departed.

OK, to answer my question, which was, "Why me, Bruce, to share fifty-fifty on everything per year over a hundred thou?" he would now proceed to tell me the crucial deal on myself. He counted off my virtues on his fingers. "You're prolific, you're healthy, you're well begun." This left several fingers for chance discoveries. "Actuarially, you're ahead. We don't require a physical, of course. People we respect respect you. Shit, that's enough for me. I have respect for people I trust, Herb. You meet our guesstimate on the market. Of course, who can tell? All doctors used to drive the Packard, and now look. But my associates and I do the best we can." He noticed the extra fingers and began counting again. "You're Jewish, too, and we don't underestimate it. It's the coming thing. That's part of our total overview."

"You're not."

"No, but, well, I value it, Herb. I'm learning. I'm not such an anti-Semite anymore. I've wiped Grosse Pointe out of my past, Herb. Hell, one of my associates is a Jewish boy and we get along just super. In fact, he's essential in your case, we couldn't do you without Larry Fine." Modestly he lowered his fine blue eyes under the fine blond lashes. "You'll meet him right quick now."

Can I say I was absolutely not tempted? No, I let the dream roll over me. Money and fame equal glory. And glory means I have made something beautiful. And isn't that what I was trying to do? Well, I left some gaps in the logic; passion leaves gaps. This was the time when Jack Kerouac, all aflame, had rushed into town, packaging and selling himself, a meteor describing his own trajectory, and three dozen young English instructors were doing their best by writing their articles for *College English*, *PMLA* or *The Nation* on "Oral Language in Kerouac," "Beat Method vs. Beat Mystique," "Sources of the Kerouackian Novel: Picar as Hitchhiker." And I had gone to college with the founder of oral language. Just because he was better at packaging, why should I fall behind? It would also be a blessing to the tenure seekers to find a new subject for their bibliographies.

Passion leaves gaps in both logic and feeling. Other writers speeded down from Westport on wings of Dexedrine to

do this job. Some stayed in the Village or Brooklyn Heights and had a talent for it. "If we can do you good, Herb, I'll be a contented PR executive." Bruce was leading me past the gaily painted children's desks, stuffed toys and alphabet-lettered office equipment into inner cubicles, a Dutch playhouse, an old woman's shoe, a cunning troll bridge, where his associates dwelled. They had their pegboards cleared. They were waiting. I met them one by one. Businesslike Hank with his pipe in his mouth; Linda, our all-round girl, types, shorthands, gets a fantastic rare hamburger and fruit salad from the takeout downstairs; Carl—oh-oh, I guess he's in the peepeotorium, we'll catch him later; and now Larry, the Biggie in your case, Herb.

Larry was my writer. You see, counting on these massive infusions of movie sales, reprints, musicals, book clubs, suchlike, you need to generate a case of household wordness for the product, you get a barrage going, the items to Leonard Lyons, the calls to that cute little red-haired twitch who works for David Susskind, the Earl Wilson interview—well, you can't be bothered personally with those things, Herb. You're too busy creating the basic product. So it's Larry Fine here, getting to know you, speaking your heart with his typewriter, who sends out the poop. An example? Oh, you know. Dot-dot-dot Novelist Herb Gold, whose new book *The Optimist* deals with—well, strike that. Start slow and easy. Dot-dot-dot Novelist Herb Gold says the trouble with American women is, and then it's blah-blah-blah, thanks to Larry Fine. Larry Fine the Writer was smiling and nodding at me, Larry Fine the Herbert Gold Surrogate was winking and sucking on his pipe. Larry Fine would listen to Bruce and then find out all about me so he could speak my truest thoughts for me while I was busy with essential matters, the immortal-truth-and-beauty product. "And then we phone it in to Leonard. OK, after a couple items, he wants to meet you at the Four Seasons. OK, we arrange that, too."

"Does Larry eat lunch for me?"

Bruce opened his mouth in the silent-laughter demonstration. "Aw, come on, Herb. Larry knows you're a kidder, too, and that's a thing we all enjoy about you, huh, Larry?" Larry noted it through a blocked stand of clicking wet tobacco. Bruce winked. "You know how it is with us goyish corporations. The one Jew, he's in research and development. Well, that's Larry. We're too small to have a controller, you know, the finance man, like Dad did, but you know what I mean, Herb. Shit, Larry's one heck of a guy. He's a real treat. You two just talk to each other and he'll analyze you through and through. A thing I'd hate myself forever is he made

you say something you wouldn't want to say. You wouldn't ever do that, would you, Larry?"

Larry gurgled on his pipe. Oddly enough, I can't recall Herbert Gold's writer ever uttering a word with, you know, syllables, consonants, vowels, accent, maybe a little caesura, all that normal pronouncing language stuff. He may have been cautious, listening, or saving his verbal strength for the cause. He was one of the last of the old-time great pipe smokers.

Bruce was drawing the big picture for me. They would do the work, the pleasure would be all mine. Larry would take care of the semantics and I could relax and enjoy myself. And just speaking of those couple of lunches at the Four Seasons, he could tell already I'd handle myself like a man. "You'll like Leonard, he'll like you. Listen, Leonard's got to be tired of Truman Capote, Gore Vidal, Norman Mailer, Speed Lamkin, Farley Granger, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.—flashes in the pan. He needs new blood, too. And I think Leonard'll genuinely like you, Herb. I really mean

that. Larry'll give you lots of items for Leonard. A lunch every few months, what does it hurt you?"

My liver. My heart. My glory. Their package. Their product. My sanity.

I told that nice Bruce Zebra in his brightly decorated bankrupt children's products design company that I would not stop thinking about his proposal until it was all clear in my head. He went on explaining about the escalation effect, how movie producers panic when they think there is bidding, about building excitement and a name, about the loneliness of buyers who want to buy an approved product, about how you make one good deal and they all click into place, about how paperback and book-club and film and stage and musical and TV and foreign and Pulitzer and Nobel, not to speak of Braille and sweatshirt rights, knickknacks for the knickknack shelf, all seem to come in clusters when people start whispering, about subliminal and liminal, about religion and science, about Dichter and Freud and Bruce's own thesis on marketing



"Just think!—If I hadn't gone down to the office to check on Roger's cute new secretary, we'd never have met!"



*"An honest man? No, actually, I'm looking for a clever accountant."*

noncommodity items at Wharton. . . . I believe he recognized that I was promising to consider the campaign (he even mentioned Spanish serialization in *La Prensa*, leaving no corner unturned), but in fact I had finished about it; and even associate Larry Fine, with his polite death-rattle gurgles, when he closed his cubicle door and continued making notes on his legal-size pad, knew this brief exploratory meeting would be our last one.

Did I give Bruce Zebra and his plans for me another turn around the head after I descended into the bracing acid air of Madison Avenue? (There was that rare yellowish midtown sun, and a fleet energy in the lungs, and my legs took me all the way down to the Village, feeling good, like an escaped con who has found a stash of clothes and money.) No, not much thought for Zebra Associates. Not even moral disapproval. Only that it was not for me. For someone else, maybe, but not me. It would be funny for Manhattan and the whole publishing, perishing world. But I knew all that action would tucker me out. Surely, by my life, I had put myself in the way of Zebra's invitation. So much complicity in it I must surely admit. But I wanted fame, riches and the love of beautiful women as reward only for the greatest pleasure of them all, my magic dreams, and the interference of Zebra made me feel as if I were locked into someone else's dream. So much complicity I still denied.

"We want to hear from you real soon!" Bruce cried at the elevator as

he saw me out. "It costs you not penny one!" He held the door a moment with a brawny arm, and beneath the gray-flannel suit of the time, I suddenly imagined the tanned Grosse Pointe flesh with downy blond hair all over his body. Yet he had this yearning soul, just like mine. The elevator door was jerking and making little hiccuping noises. Bruce finished first. "We're waiting amidst our toys, Herb," he said, "surrounded by our toys from the toy company, which they left behind, but you're the one we really want to play with, Herb."

Nineteen sixty, coming soon, would be one of those rare markers that really sign on a new generation, a set of revolutions. The children of World War Two were as far from Hitler as I was from the Kaiser. This had been that ancient decade when Bobby Dylan was still a boy, fresh come to the great city, and with a girl on Bleecker Street I heard his suicide wail in some coffeehouse where they passed the hat. Dylan sang; and we smiled because this new thing was so peculiarly babyish, whining and yet winning: beatniks, we thought. They had more life in them than you'd ever suspect from seeing crazy Kerouac reel across a stage, tears in his eyes because he was so misunderstood.

Evenings on the East Side with the record player piled with Frank Sinatra ballads were not what my evenings were supposed to be about as the decade ended. Rastignac and Dick Whittington

came to the city for other reasons, to cast out a challenge to more than girls and money. The Eisenhower doldrums didn't excuse our trouble. The loneliness of girls just trying to make out and please, too many pretty girls, too many clever ones, too many girls trying, their hollow eyes in hollow-pool faces—that didn't excuse us, either. A chic young woman watched my face as she rose like the moon over me, asking, "Do you like this? Do you like this? Is this what you like?" I've already mentioned the pillow thrown into the alley, soaked with another girl's tears—oh, no proper war against her. This was not the place to fight the war.

My elder daughter drew flowers with laundry markers on shirt cardboard, wrote "Flowers for My Daddy," dated it, put her age on it—ten years old. I dreamily indulged in writing (my own), harshly chopped at the typewriter (my factory for other purposes) and was weary of the division of labor into money and soul. I liked George Plimpton. I liked options for movies and plays, those expense-account lunches at Sardi's. I liked adventuring in the evening. I liked talking it over with LaRue. I hated my life.

The leaders of this youth society, just then discovering the *discothèque*, one of the Great Ideas of the Western World in the late Fifties, were older than F. Scott Fitzgerald when he cracked up. *Moby Dick* was finished when Melville was 32; Jesus died for the sins of others at 33; Young Writers were pushing 40 and collecting grants. Dylan was beginning to sing in the Bleecker Street coffeehouses about how he finally got a job in New York town. He sounded like a hillbilly, but they paid him a dollar a day anyway. Howdy, New York.

Citybilly creep. Handfuls of gritty rain. Insidious with recollections and nostalgia, I was joining the peculiar company of those who seize avidly upon each moment as if it and only it meant life. And it meant nothing. And we seized upon projects and plans, advances, options, schedules for the future, as if they too meant life. And they meant nothing, either. No meaning, no community. Despite the jerk of excitement, the moments and the plans were not enough. A contract or a conquest, a few good words one morning or a telephone call from an agent in the afternoon, and the voice in the factory told itself (the voice talking to itself because all those who might understand it were busy running their own factories): "I've done it! I've really done it this time! I've made it!"

They sure had a lot of gall. I had a lot of gall. That's how it was.



# HIJACK

(continued from page 105)

"New Orleans Security? Do you still read me?"

A different voice answered. "This is JAX. We read you loud and clear."

"The hijacker wants a quarter of a million dollars."

"We heard. Who is he?"

"He's listed as a Charles Wagner, from Hartford, Connecticut."

"What else does he want?"

"One second." The microphone was laid aside temporarily, the intercom button pressed. "Clarisse—anything else?"

"Yes, sir. A whole flock of things. I guess he's had time to think. I scribbled them down." Clarisse referred to her paper; her tone changed abruptly. "I'm sorry, sir, that lavatory is out of order. No, the other one is fine. Yes, sir." Her voice dropped again. "A passenger. I put the sign up, but some people——"

"Never mind. Go on."

"Yes, sir. Here's what he wants. The money in an overnight bag, nothing smaller than fifties, nothing bigger than hundreds, banded in twenty-five-thousand-dollar bundles. He wants the plane to land at the end of runway 725 at Jacksonville, as far from the terminal as possible——"

"Hold it," Captain Littlejohn said and spoke into the mike. "Security, did you get that?"

"We got it. Go on."

"Go ahead, Clarisse."

"Yes, sir. He doesn't want anyone to come near. He says the passengers can get off. After that, he will come out of the washroom. The money will be delivered, but no one can enter the plane. And he wants—two parachutes. . . ."

"Two of them?"

"That's what he said. A sports model and an Army standard."

Security could be heard, speaking in an aside to someone. "Get a fast check on a Charles Wagner through the U. S. Parachute Association right away, hear?" It came back full. "What else, Captain?"

"Clarisse?"

"That's all, Captain. So far. He says further instructions will be given when we're on the ground."

"Right." The intercom button was depressed; the captain spoke into his mike. "Security? We'll want to be cleared for landing on 725 regardless of wind direction."

"Roger."

"And what about the money he wants?"

"It'll be there. I don't know how long he'll keep it, but he'll get it. As well as the parachutes."

"Good," Captain Littlejohn said. "I'd hate to lose Milly. Not to mention a plane full of passengers."

There was no reply. The mike was switched off, attention given to flying the plane. The sunset was almost behind them now, the shadows of the Smokies creeping beneath their wings. The Knoxville-Jacksonville beam was intercepted; the plane banked smoothly into the air corridor, its heading now nearly due south. The engines droned in the deepening darkness; the cockpit lights showed the strain on the faces of the men within. At last the lights of Jacksonville could be seen, together with the feathery trail outlining the beach down toward St. Augustine. The plane began losing altitude. With a sigh, Captain Littlejohn turned over the plane to the copilot, who immediately began speaking with the tower. Captain Littlejohn took over the task of informing the passengers. He pressed the proper button. His voice was completely impersonal.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain again. Due to adverse weather conditions, we are forced to make our landing at the Jacksonville, Florida, airport. A company representative on the ground will explain the delay and arrange any necessary transportation. We regret this inconvenience. Now, please fasten your seat belts, bring your seats to the vertical position and observe the no SMOKING sign. . . ."

• • •

The last grumbling passenger had filed from the plane, surprised to find himself forced to take a waiting bus to the distant terminal building, unaware that

very shortly he and his fellows would be in the envious position of being able to tell their friends of their adventure. Gasoline trucks were completing their refueling operation; a small station wagon took the place of the departing bus and two men got out.

One brought a small parachute in one hand and an overnight bag in the other; the second man carried a more cumbersome parachute. They climbed the aluminum steps, placed their loads on the floor of the plane without entering, nodded to a pale Clarisse, merely glanced in the direction of the washroom door and made their departure. They looked like FBI, and were. From the cockpit window, Captain Littlejohn watched them climb into their car and back off. He raised his microphone.

"Clarisse?"

"Yes, Captain?"

"Where do we go from here?"

"Just a second"—there was a long pause. On the ground, the fuel lines were being sucked into the trucks like monsters consuming oversized spaghetti. Clarisse was back. "Captain, he says first to head toward Miami. He wants you to maintain minimum flying speed, he says two hundred knots will do, and to stay at two-thousand-feet altitude. And he wants the rear passenger entrance door left unlatched from the outside——"

Security in the tower had heard. It cut in.

"Captain, is it possible to jump from your plane?"

"It is from this one," Littlejohn said. "He obviously selected a 727 on



"It's been taken care of."

purpose. He couldn't do it with a 707 or a 747. Either he must know something about flying or he studied up for this caper."

"For a quarter of a million dollars," Security said dryly, "I imagine a man would be willing to study. Or even to make his first parachute jump. There's no record of him in any sky-diving group we've dug up so far."

"If it's his real name."

"As you say, if it's his real name. Any danger of depressurization at that altitude with the door being opened?"

"Not at two thousand feet. And Florida's flat. And if we didn't leave the door unlatched, he could still always use one of the emergency doors." Captain Littlejohn's voice was getting tight; the wait was making him nervous. "Well, what do we do?"

There was a pause. A new voice came on.

"Captain? This is Major Willoughby of the Air Force. Do you have any suggestion?"

"Well," Littlejohn said slowly, "I suppose we could keep over water; he wouldn't jump there. It might give you time to scramble a few planes and meet us somewhere. He won't stand still for that water bit very long, but if you have a few planes follow, it might help."

The copilot cut in, a boy with much wartime experience.

"If he free-falls even five hundred feet, they'll never see him at night."

"At least they could try."

"I'll buy that," Major Willoughby said. "I'll get you cleared for following the coast as long as you can; we'll get other aircraft out of the way, although you'll be flying far below anything commercial until you get near airports. Try to hold over water until Daytona, if you can. We'll be with you by then at the latest. All right?"

"Fine."

"Captain," Clarisse said in a tight voice. "He's getting nervous."

"Tell him we're on our way," Littlejohn said, and he pressed the first of the engine starting buttons.

The plane swung about; the engine whine built up, and then they seemed to leap free. The large plane raced down the runway, gathering speed, and then seemed to raise itself slightly. They swooped up vertically; the city lights fell away, twisting as they banked. Littlejohn leveled off, following the coast a mile offshore. Security came back on the radio.

"What's our boy doing now?"

"God knows," Littlejohn said. "He'll undoubtedly be coming out of his little washroom soon and he'll see we're over water. Then"—he shrugged; the shrug was reflected in his voice. "Well, then we'll see."

"Keep this radio link open."

"Don't worry."

"Captain—"

"Yes, Clarisse?"

"He's going to come out—"

Littlejohn spoke rapidly:

"Clarisse! That microphone cord should reach to the next seat. I want you to strap yourself in and I want Milly to strap *herself* in as soon as she comes out. That nut can jump or fall, for all I care, but I don't want either of you girls to take any chances near that open door. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir. Just a second"—there was a short pause. "I'm strapped in, Captain." The timbre of her voice changed. "Captain—they're out. . . ."

"How's Milly?"

"Pale as a ghost, and I don't wonder. Milly, sit down. Strap yourself in"—a brief pause, with everyone in the cockpit staring intently at the small cloth-covered speaker. "Captain, he's looking down at the water. He says either you turn overland right now or he'll kill Milly and then me. Captain—I—I think he means it. . . ."

"Turn," Security said at once.

"It's all right, anyway," Major Willoughby's voice said. "We just picked you up."

Littlejohn instantly put the plane into a bank; the lights of Crescent Beach fled beneath them, a cluster with Route A1A etched on either side.

"Captain—"

"Yes, Clarisse?"

"He says—"

"Let me talk to him."

"Just a second." Silence. "Captain, he won't talk into the microphone. But he says fly to Ocala and then turn straight south for Naples, same speed, same altitude as now. He says you can come out of the cockpit by Naples; he'll be gone by then."

Security cut in:

"Do it his way, Captain. Don't take any chances. The major's planes have you in sight and we've also got every town's police notified to be on the lookout for a chute. He won't get far."

"There's a lot of empty space in central Florida, but whatever you say," Littlejohn said. "In that case, why not get us cleared from Naples over to Miami at a reasonable altitude and make us some hotel reservations there for tonight?"

"Will do."

Clarisse came back on, nervous.

"Captain, he wants us to get up into the cockpit before he jumps, doesn't want us to see. . . ."

Littlejohn sighed. "All right, but hang on. I'll bank slightly to keep you away from that door. Come ahead."

The men waited impatiently; at last there was a tap on the door. It opened and two very nervous stewardesses siddled into the cramped space, shutting the

door behind them. Milly was pale from her ordeal; Clarisse was partially supporting her. Littlejohn looked at them questioningly.

"She'll be all right," Clarisse said.

Littlejohn set his jaw and stared down. Beneath their steady nose, Dade City came and went, and then the vastness of southwestern Florida, inching past at the maddeningly slow speed of 200 knots. At long last the lights of the west coast could be seen in the still night. The radioman looked up.

"Naples coming up," he said.

They stared down, watching the lights pass them, and then they were out over the Gulf. Littlejohn turned to the copilot.

"Mike, want to take a look? Be careful."

"Right," said the copilot, and he pushed past the stewardesses and into the empty corridor of the plane. He walked to the other end of the plane and back, hanging onto the seats as he passed the cabin door, swinging back and forth, clanking as it struck each time. He came back into the cockpit and closed the door.

"All clear."

"We missed him," Major Willoughby's voice said, disappointed.

"We'll pick him up. Don't worry," Security promised. "We've got the whole state covered under your route. Well, Captain, you're cleared to Miami. Good night and good luck."

"Thanks," Littlejohn said, and he switched off the microphone. His hand pressed the engine throttles forward. "Well, children," he said, "it's been a long day. Let's go get some rest."

• • •  
The maps from the map bag were piled to one side. Captain Littlejohn was reaching into the bag.

"Fifty thousand each," the captain said softly. "Not bad for a few hours' work, plus a little careful planning. Especially considering that it's tax-free."

"I ought to get more," Milly said sullenly. "Five long damned hours crammed into a tiny washroom with a dead man!"

"You?" Clarisse said. "What about me? I had to push him out of that damn door. Even though I was fastened in with the harness and the rope, I was scared silly that I'd go out of the plane with him."

"I had to kill the poor bastard," the radioman said.

The copilot was paying no attention to the complaints. He was neatly putting his share in his attaché case.

"Charles Wagner . . ." he said to no one in particular. "The hard-luck guy who went to the john at the wrong time. I wonder what he did for a living."





*"I thought I told you to stay off that subject!"*

## HAPPIEST DAYS

(continued from page 98)

redouble in value every week, and, by God, I gave them their way. The world had never seen such a boom, and I had J. P. Morgan, Jr., prophesy that this was only the beginning. Tomorrow would be even better and the day after tomorrow would be even more fantastic. President Hoover, I reported, danced a jig on the White House steps. Ford stopped making flutters because everyone wanted a Lincoln. Slums were being torn down and replaced by palaces everywhere. It was fun to make that sort of stuff up and soon I wasn't even surprised when the men believed it.

"Before long, the officers stopped talking of buying little farms. They were for buying fleets of their own and big country estates. For about three weeks every dream came true, only to be succeeded by a more ambitious one. Perhaps I should still be ashamed of putting men over such a roller coaster, but I will tell you one thing: Those fellows had one happy voyage that they will never forget. Even the lowly oilers and seamen who had nothing invested in the stock market basked in the atmosphere of glee. No one yelled at them when they idled, for no one gave a damn about keeping up the rusty old ship. Grudges were forgotten, taut nerves relaxed and

fears gave way to soaring self-confidence.

"When we were about a week out of Hong Kong, we ran into a typhoon. I suspected that perhaps like men on drugs, our crew would prove unable to cope with the realities of nature, and I thought it might not be too bad a thing if we all went down together at that apex of our lives, but the reverse proved true. The men fought like lions to get home to their riches. Their strength was superhuman and they rebuilt bulkheads as soon as the sea would smash them. With shouts of triumph, they brought the old ship through.

"Only one man did not take part in the wild celebration that followed. He was a melancholy Swede who kept insisting that good times always bring bad times and that the best of times always produces the worst. This he had observed to be true all his life, he said, so joy scared him and adversity gave him hope. The rest of the men joshed him about his pessimism and the captain promised to cheer him up by showing him how to make enough money in the market to bring the fairest girl in Sweden to his home in Wisconsin as soon as they got ashore.

"In the midst of all this elation, I did not have the courage to bring the stock

market down to reality again. We passed no vessels close enough for visual communication, and I was not sure, after all, what the truth of the market was. Almost all the great men at home, as well as my father, had said that tomorrow would be better, and a whole month had gone by since I had received real news. If I told the captain that the Depression was still on, he would be furious at me. If later he learned that some prosperity had returned, he would be just as angry as if he learned of my lies the other way. It was easier to keep quiet, and that's what I did.

"As we neared Hong Kong, I began to panic at the thought of what would happen to me if the men found out about my grand deception before I had a chance to jump ship, or if they captured me before I could escape Hong Kong. Abruptly my compassion for them vanished and I feared only for my own skin. If I had built them up to a giant letdown, so be it. Every man has to face reality on his own.

"As I made plans to jump ship the moment we touched the wharf, I realized that even if I made my way back to the States safely, I could never travel in any world where I might meet these men or their friends again. That meant the end of my career at sea. Never again would I dare go near wharves or board the great ships, even as a passenger.

"When we were a day out of port, I became so acutely nervous that I could not stop a convulsive vomiting. It was a glass-calm day and the captain worried that I might have appendicitis. He loved me by that time and he himself suggested my escape. With tender care, he put me on a pilot boat and had me rushed ashore before his ship entered the inner harbor. After allowing myself to be taken to a hospital by one of the pilots, I dashed out a side door and shipped as a passenger aboard the first vessel out of Hong Kong. She was a small British mail boat that sailed for Bombay almost as soon as I ran aboard her."

Morris paused and took a sip of a highball.

"Did you ever hear what happened?" our host, Carl Ness, asked breathlessly.

"No. I came home and went to Yale, where few old sailors are to be found. I guess that the whole crew of that old Hog Islander got drunk and turned over every bar and hotel in Hong Kong looking for me. Then they probably picked themselves up and found the incredible courage to continue on their own dogged, miserable ways. I have not thought about them for a long time, but now I wonder: Years later, did any of them ever thank me for giving them a month of beautiful illusions, or did they always only hate me for telling lies?"



"For gosh sake, Willie, will you quit standing on your head!"



Looking for a taste that's  
never hot, never dry, always cool?  
Come all the way up  
to KOOL.



18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine  
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 71.

## bottomless bathtub

(continued from page 102)

the country, viewers turned to each other and said, "How'd he do that?" One of them was a Hollywood producer.

*Kovacs draws a picture of a refrigerator on the wall and then cuts open the door with a razor. Ice cubes fall out.*

Kovacs went to California to do the role of Captain Lock in a film called *Operation Mad Ball*. He played it so well that Hollywood typecast him. He played Captain Stark in *Wake Me When It's Over*, Captain Segura in *Our Man in Havana* and Captain Fogelmeyer in *Sail a Crooked Ship*.

"Please, no more # # # captains!" fumed Kovacs in a *Daily Variety* advertisement.

In California to stay, Kovacs bought a \$100,000 house near Beverly Hills' Coldwater Canyon and then spent \$500,000 doing a few things here and there to make it livable. He put a French château wine cellar in the basement and had a TV special-effects man spray the bottles with fake cobwebs. He installed

a turntable in the driveway to spin cars around and head them back to the street. He had workmen install an electronic control center that any network would have been proud to own. When completed, the board had a stop watch, electric gate opener, monitor, intercoms to seven rooms, controls for fans, radios, stereo speakers, steam room, outside signs that said NOT NOW when he didn't want to be disturbed and the control for a waterfall that gurgled forth from under a stuffed rhinoceros head in his three-tiered oak-and-leather study.

The house had almost as many pianos as it had rooms. There was a gold-encrusted ebony model with mother-of-pearl keys, a concert grand, a black-and-gold spinet, a white spinet, an electronic piano and even a 17th Century harpsichord kept perfectly tuned.

Kovacs' workroom was also his playroom. The second most used piece of furniture in the room was the card table, where his frequent all-night poker games took place. Kovacs played mostly with "dollars"—black \$100 chips. When

he did a show at one of the hotels in Las Vegas, the bosses asked him to pick up his check at the casino cashier's window. They gave big odds that he couldn't get back across the casino floor with his pay check intact.

Ernie loved gambling so much that he even played long distance. Once, a friend called him from New York. Hardly had hellos been exchanged when Kovacs asked him, "Do you have a deck of cards in your desk?"

"Yes," said the man in New York.

"Good. Cut the deck; I say red for five hundred."

Silence from New York.

"OK. I'll give you another chance. Five hundred says the next card's a spade."

Again, silence—and then a dial tone.

The next week, Kovacs received a \$1000 check.

*Poodle walks slowly by fire hydrant. Fire hydrant sprays dog with water.*

Life seemed enviously fine for Kovacs in California, and then one day the Internal Revenue Service called. It attempted the impossible task of convincing Kovacs that, at his income, nine dollars of every \$100 he earned belonged to him and \$91 belonged to the Federal Government. Kovacs had always been sure that money would be there when he needed it. With that faith, he had remodeled the house, bought Edie a Type 37 Bugatti and ordered a Japanese waterfall installed in the back yard. The money was coming in, from films, from his host duties on a show called *Take a Good Look*; he even earned \$6.98 from ASCAP that year. But suddenly Kovacs needed money, and a lot of it, so he signed a deal with the Consolidated Cigar Company to make a series of 13 specials to start in April of 1961. He was determined to make enough money to get the Government out of his hair.

The first special in the series showed a new kind of camera superimposition that featured Kovacs in the audience directing himself onstage. He also videotaped a long, bittersweet segment of a prostitute growing older while a clown stood by, the beating heart of his costume breaking. Kovacs created a ballet featuring a slingshot, a bicycle wheel, clacking teeth and a knife thrower, all choreographed to Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite*.

The next day, Cecil Smith of the *Los Angeles Times* said, "Kovacs is the most authentic genius working in television." Jack O'Brian of the *New York Journal American* said, "It was not very special, leaden in its attempts at whimsy, its merriment labored and the strain visible in every lumbering moment of the clumsy program."

Balancing them off was a reviewer



*"I understand your concern over the responsibilities. The commitment. Please don't feel you need to get involved. In fact, you don't even have to tell me your name."*

named Fred Danzig, who wrote, "Keep trying, you nut. Even when you flop you make it interesting."

That seemed to be the nation's reaction, too.

MEDIUM SHOT of man firing at duck targets in shooting gallery. CAMERA CUTS IN TIGHT on one duck as it swings toward camera, exposes gun on side and fires back at man.

Subsequent Kovacs specials appeared on May 18, June 15, September 21, October 28, November 24, December 12—all in 1961. The eighth special was set to run January 23, 1962, on his 43rd birthday.

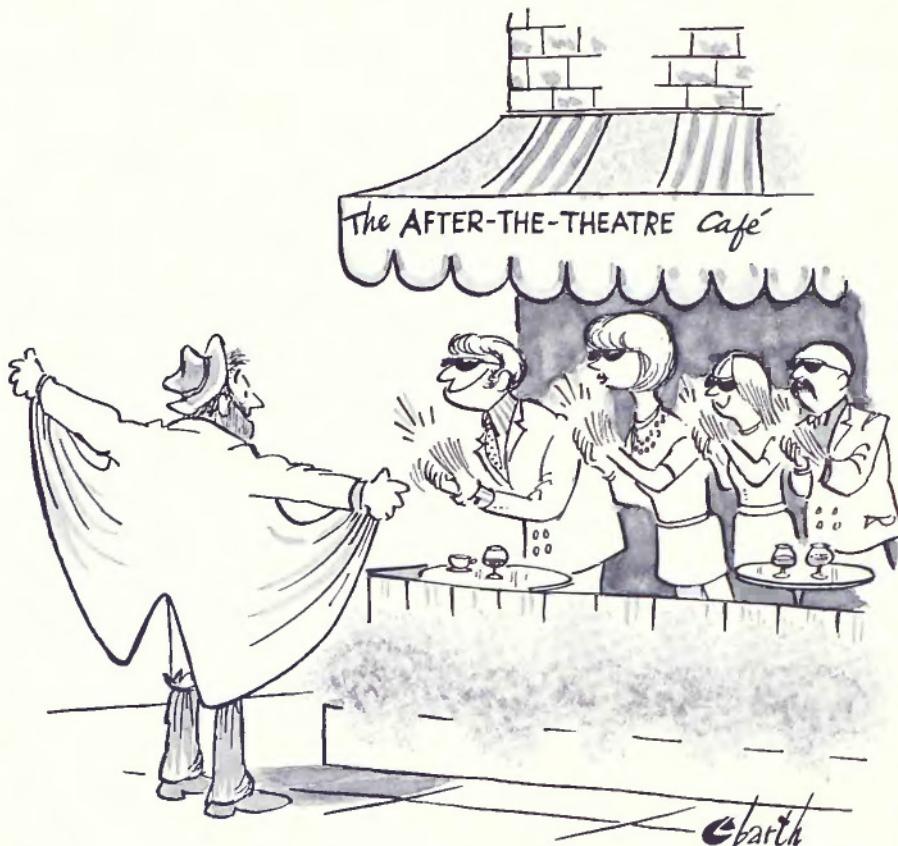
It did. It ran as scheduled, although Kovacs had been killed ten days before, when his Corvair station wagon skidded on a wet street and hit a steel power pole. And it went on without commercials, because that's the way his sponsor wanted it. The show began with an old Kovacs gag where Ernie lay on the control-room floor playing with an oscilloscope pattern that ran across the screen. There was also a parody of a Grandma Moses artist who said, "I just paints what I sees around here in the country." When the camera looked at her paintings, they were all cubistic abstracts called *Sheep Dog, Country Fair, Newborn Calf*. Another sequence showed a man entering a photographic darkroom and coming out reversed, like a negative.

MEDIUM SHOT of Kovacs as a maintenance man washing the nose of a statue at Mount Rushmore. The nose wrinkles and sneezes, leaving an empty scaffold flapping against the mountain.

It was a funny program, but it also liberated the black side of Kovacs' humor. One skit, featuring a man hitting another with a mallet while a carnival bell rang, was the latest in a growing number of macabre sequences he had been putting into his shows.

In earlier scripts, a carpenter drove a large nail into a wall directly into the head of a man in the next room and a trick golf expert tried to hit a ball out of a girl's mouth—and slipped. On another show, the audience saw a barber sneeze and then look down in horror at the customer he had been shaving. Kovacs once showed a magician sawing through one girl in a box from which a second one emerged to tell him the feet weren't hers. He thrust a sword through a box, but the sword tilted suddenly and the body inside fell limp.

Explaining this almost unrelieved blackness, Edie Adams said, "It was his depression, of course. He had lost one home as a youngster and he saw this home being taken away, too. The IRS told him that he had to work, that he



had to take anything offered. You could tell by his work that Ernie was a free spirit, that he needed that freedom to work and to create. Their demands put him into a massive depression that lasted until he died."

Kovacs was the originator of electronic theater and he mixed it with visions and sounds that synthesized a new kind of comedy. When it was funny, it was very funny. When it didn't come off, he lifted an eyebrow, rolled the cigar to the other side of his mustache and continued.

Each show mixed the simple sight gags with multilevel pastiches that worked together like theater of the absurd. He would score and choreograph a mood ballet of lonely people in a forebodingly shadowed city that chilled audiences and left them looking around their rooms uncomfortably. Then, next, he would run black-outs.

*Indian draws bow to shoot arrow and the following things happen: Flaming arrow sets bow on fire; arrowhead falls off; arrow telescopes into itself; bowstring stretches out of frame; arrow is shot, taking sleeve and hand with it.*

Kovacs knew that his stark and singular brand of video humor was not for everybody. "If my shows ever become

popular," he once said, "I'll know I'm doing something wrong." Yet he never patronized his audiences and never viewed them with contempt. Before he died, he was asked why he lived so high and worked so maniacally. He had a lot of stock answers, such as, "My idle youth paid off." But once, for some forgotten wire-service reporter, Kovacs recalled the 1939 bout with pleurisy and double pneumonia. "After what happened to me, I figure I'm living on velvet," he said. "Every minute is a gift."

A newly compiled documentary is now touring college campuses, allowing another generation the opportunity to discover him. But that's all the accessible Kovacs humor there is, so we're mostly dependent on his present-day imitators for reminders of his brilliance. Although television performers and programmers have not advanced in the past ten years, its technicians have. Today, videotape equipment is smaller, more precise and easier to operate. They've got new computerized gear to accomplish motion-picture techniques such as cutting, dissolving, fading, superimposing and slow motion. It's just unfortunate that Ernie isn't around to show everyone how to use it.



## ► TURN BACKWARD

parts. You can try boiling those if you get tired of the frozen. Use the big white kettle."

"The white kettle," he nodded, watching the bus driver at the sandwich bar.

"Move the things off the tables when you dust. Last time, remember, you left circles."

"I'll move them."

"Around the trees needs a new application of dog repellent. I noticed the Schroeders' animal sniffing there again."

"All right," he said. The bus driver had finished and was getting up to go to the cashier's desk.

"The rest I wrote down. The list is on the kitchen counter under the orange squeezer. You can reach me at my sister's if there's any need. I trust there won't be." The driver went out the waiting-room door toward the bus.

"Roy, I want these things done. I don't want you spending all day and night on that sun porch."

"It's just about finished," said Standish. "You'd better board now."

"All the same, I don't want you in there constantly. Here are the car keys. See me to the bus."

He followed her out, waiting as she went up the bus steps with the suitcase. Through the bus window he saw a man get out of his seat to help her with the suitcase, and he saw Sarah shoo the man away and lift the suitcase herself onto the rack. He looked at his watch. It was a quarter to 11. The bus started up. As soon as it was out of sight, he turned and crossed the street to the shopping mall.

He knew what he needed and he shopped quickly. At the hardware store, he bought a pair of door hinges, then went back across the parking lot to the supermarket. There he bought a case of beer, several bags of pretzels and potato chips, two boxes of crackers, an assortment of cheese dips and a box of cocktail napkins. Waiting to pay, he noticed a display of flash cubes by the register, and after loading the groceries into his car, he went next door to the camera store and bought a Polaroid camera, flash cubes and film.

When he got back to the house, it was a quarter to noon. Across the street and one house down, Jim Hansen and Joe and Jeannie Kulik were sitting on the Hansen front porch; Angela Hansen was walking back and forth behind them, burping her baby. At the top of the block, Ed Banks, home for lunch, was getting out of his patrol car. In the kitchen of the house next door, Cheryl McAlister was drying dishes. Farther up, on the same side of the street, Tom Schroeder was perched on a stepladder in front of his house, adding a touch of white paint to his eaves. Standish, after

(continued from page 154)

taking note of these details, turned and carried the case of beer inside.

As he came back for the groceries, he heard a grunt and a cry from up the street. The can of white paint, he saw, had fallen from the shelf of Tom Schroeder's stepladder, coating the tops of his evergreens. Millie Schroeder was helping her husband descend the stepladder; Bill Shackleford was on his way over from next door; the Kuliks and Jim Hansen had turned around in their chairs to look; Cheryl McAlister had stepped to the kitchen window; Ed Banks was calling out something good-natured from across the street. Standish, nodding to himself, went inside the house and put away the rest of the party fixings. The noon siren started up and the bells of the church at the bottom of the block began to ring. Standish walked to the back hall, where the deliverymen had left the glass door for the sun porch. Sliding it slowly and turning it on its corners so as not to damage the carpet, he walked the door into the living room.

He had done all the preliminary work for hanging the door, and thus drilling the holes and screwing the hinge plates on took only about a quarter of an hour. The exertions of the morning, and his gathering excitement, slowed his hands and made them tremble, so much so that he had to make a fist each time he checked his watch. The hinges were finally on and he carefully lifted the door into place. His heart, as he drove the bottom pin, beat so strongly he had to lean for several minutes against the doorjamb. He went into the kitchen, took down his favorite glass from the cabinet, poured himself a drink of water and carried the glass into the living room. After he had rested awhile longer, he looked at his watch again. It was now five minutes to one. He noticed that his favorite glass would leave a ring on Sarah's rosewood table. The sight of the glass, and especially the circle of water beneath, filled him with pleasurable impatience. He went over to the newly hung door, pulled it toward him, closed it, opened it again and walked onto the sun porch.

The sun swarmed in, hot and dusty. The pulse in his neck rustled his collar. Steadying himself against the sun-porch wall, Standish went over to the window and looked out.

Across the street, the Kuliks and Jim Hansen were on the Hansen front porch, and Angela Hansen was walking back and forth, burping her baby. Next door, Cheryl was drying dishes in the McAlister kitchen. Up the street, Ed Banks was getting out of his patrol car. There was a grunt and a cry, and Standish, peering, saw the can of white paint on the shelf of Tom Schroeder's stepladder topple and fall, drenching the tops

of his evergreens. The Kuliks, Jim Hansen and Ed Banks turned to look. Standish, wiping his forehead, moved away from the window.

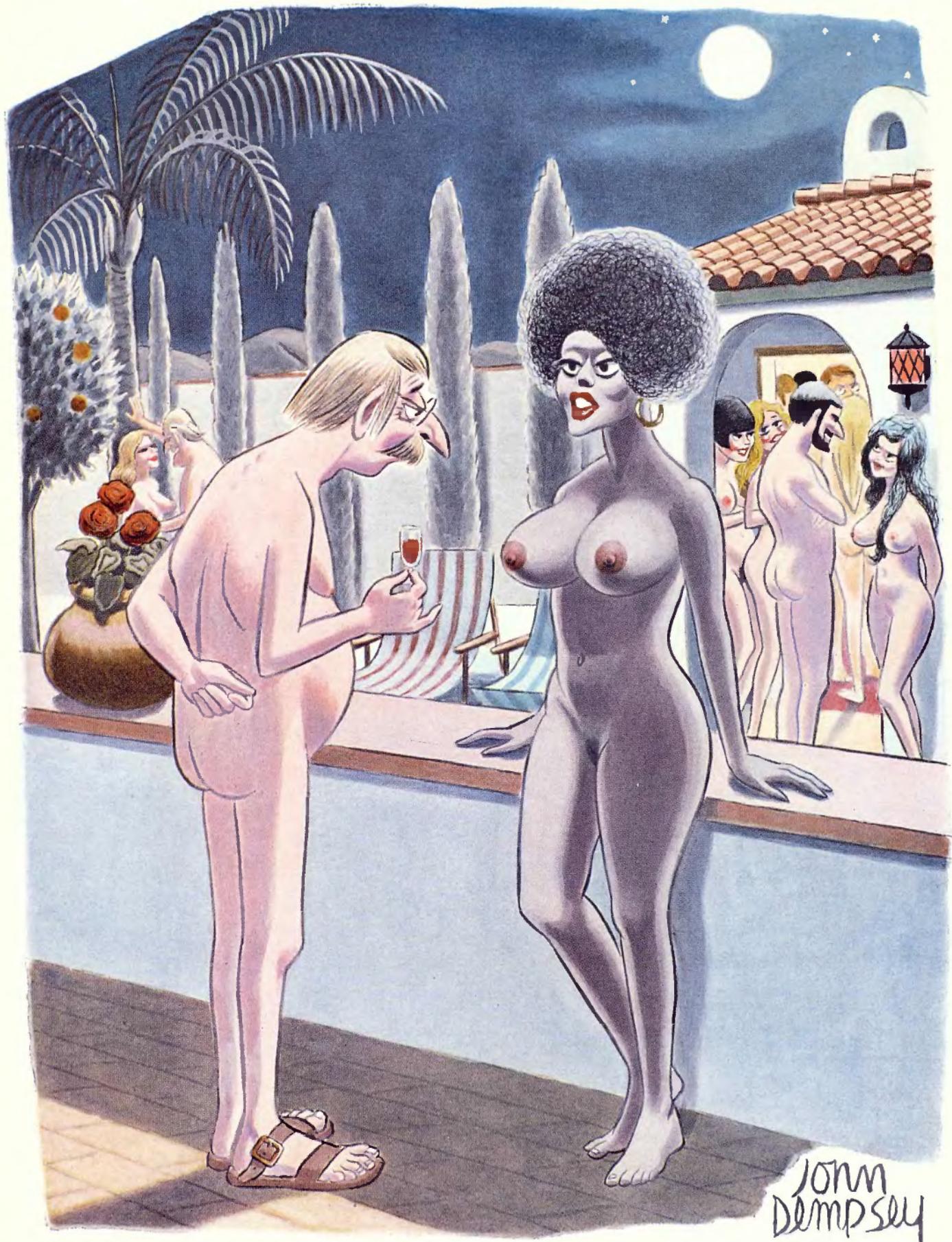
It was true. Every detail was there. Everything was as it had been, exactly an hour before, and now everything was happening over again. The noon siren was sounding at the top of the block and the bells of the church had begun to ring. Roy Standish counted 12 chimes and looked at his watch. It read one o'clock. Carefully, his heart beating too fast for comfort, Standish reset his watch in accord with the digital clock on the sun-porch shelf, to the new, correct time.

For the next ten minutes, he sat in his easy chair on the sun porch, waiting for his nerves to calm down. With difficulty, Standish rose from his chair and walked through the living room to the front hall. He picked up the telephone and dialed the time. The voice and his watch were in agreement: It was now, again, for the second time that day, 11 minutes past the hour of noon.

Glancing back into the living room, he verified that his favorite glass, from which he had drunk at five minutes to one and then had set down on Sarah's rosewood table, was gone. The ring of water, too, was gone, wiped out by the receding hour. Everything was as it had been; everything in the intervening 60 minutes had been erased. Breathing cautiously, Standish went into the kitchen and opened the cabinet. There stood his favorite glass, just as it had stood an hour before. There, also, stood the boxes of pretzels and potato chips he had brought in from the car, before noon, more than an hour before he had stepped onto the sun porch. Sarah's list of chores was on the counter, weighted down by the orange squeezer.

A thrill of mischief passed through Standish's chest, causing him to swallow for breath; picking up Sarah's list, he tore it into tiny pieces and scattered the pieces over the kitchen floor, then seized his favorite glass from the cabinet and smashed it in the sink. Turning, he hurried out of the kitchen, through the living room and onto the sun porch.

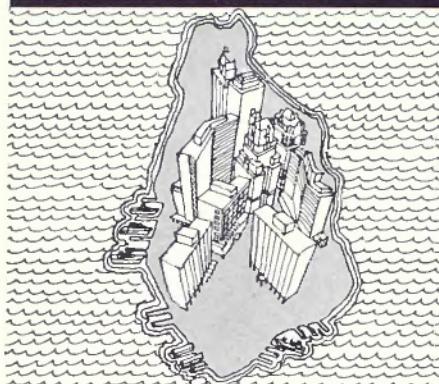
The digital clock read 11:15. Outside, across the street, only Angela Hansen was on the Hansen porch, not yet burping her baby, only giving it a bottle; Kulik and Hansen and Jeannie Kulik had not yet come outside. The Banks's driveway was empty, the patrol car still due, and Tom Schroeder was only just opening up his stepladder. Standish, setting his watch back an hour, walked out of the sun porch into the living room and through the front hall to the kitchen. The floor and sink, he saw at once, were clear of debris; Sarah's list of chores was back on the counter in one piece; his own favorite glass was whole again and back in the cabinet. The



*"What you see, Mr. Diddlebottom, is not what you're going to get."*

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potato chips and pretzels, the beer, the cheese dips and everything else he had bought that morning were gone, back where they had been at 11:15. He went into the living room. The glass door, firm on its hinges, remained immutably part of the sun porch. With a sigh and a chuckle, he went out to the car.

He drove to town and stopped at the supermarket. Again he bought a case of beer, pretzels, potato chips, crackers, cheese dips, napkins. Next door, again, he bought a Polaroid camera, flash cubes, film. Then, once again, he drove home. By the time he had finished unloading the car, it was a quarter to 12. Across the street, Angela Hansen was starting to bump her baby and the Kuliks and Jim Hansen were coming out onto the Hansen porch. Standish put the beer in the refrigerator and then came outside again and walked across the street. He went up the Hansen front walk to the porch. Angela Hansen, pacing back and forth with her baby, was the first to notice him. She stopped, turned, looked at him strangely. They all looked at him strangely.

It took him a moment to catch his breath and clear his throat.

"I'm having a party this afternoon," he said. "At one o'clock. I'd like it if you all could come."

The Kuliks and the Hansens looked at one another.

"Say that again?" asked Joe Kulik. Standish repeated.

"What, at your house?" said Hansen.

Standish passed a hand over his eyes. "I'm sorry," he said. "I ought to say who I am. My name is Roy Standish and I live—"

"Oh, we know who you are," said Hansen, with a look at Kulik.

"Your wife know about this?" asked Kulik.

"My wife is away," said Standish.

"Who all's coming to this party?" asked Jeannie Kulik.

"I don't know yet," said Standish softly. "I was hoping the people on the block."

"Kind of short notice, isn't it, Roy?"

"It is. I'm sorry. I hope you will come," said Standish, turning, with a flushed face, and walking back down the Hansen sidewalk to the street. Behind him, he could hear the Kuliks and the Hansens whispering, then a single burst of laughter, then the four of them, laughing together. He did not look around but went directly next door and rang the bell. There was no answer. He walked back down the sidewalk to the next house. There he glimpsed a face at the living-room window looking out to see who was at the door, but though he waited several minutes, no one came. Three doors up, he was mistaken for a salesman by Mrs. Banks, wife of the

policeman, who ordered him off the property.

Just then, the noon siren began to sound. At the next house, the Shacklefords', he had better luck. Apparently, the Kuliks and the Hansens had been watching him go from house to house and had called ahead, because when the Shacklefords answered the door, they said yes, of course, they would try to come, smiling at each other much as the Kuliks and the Hansens had done.

He called his invitation to the Schroeders from the sidewalk and he wasn't quite sure whether or not they'd understood him. Millie was helping Tom as he tried to wipe off the white paint that had spilled over the tops of his evergreens.

Shortly after noon, he had come full circle and was ringing the bell at the McAlisters', the house next to his own.

"My name is Roy Standish," he said when the door was opened.

"Yes, I know. From the haunted house next door."

It was the McAlisters' daughter. For a moment, her name eluded Standish, and then he saw it, CHERYL, stitched to a rising sun on the pocket of her jeans. She was wearing a T-shirt with a picture of a wall socket, and she was smiling. Though tired and a little discouraged from his circuit of the block, he responded to her smile, which seemed more friendly than knowing.

"I came to ask your folks to a party."

"I know," she said.

"How did you know?"

"I was watching at the window. I thought, well, Christmas cards in April, and then I thought—well, who cares what I thought?"

"I went to every house," said Standish. He gazed up the street. "I don't suppose any of them will come, though."

"Don't bet on it. These are the nosiest people in the entire world, on this block."

"But if they think the house is haunted?"

"I'm the one who thinks the house is haunted," she said, going past him down the steps. "Is it OK if I come? My parents won't be back for a while, and I don't think they'd come, anyway. Because of that business with the oak tree. Which you were absolutely justified about, by the way. My father knew that branch was about to come down, but he was too lazy to do anything about it. Aren't you coming?"

"Yes," said Standish. He followed the girl across the driveway and across his lawn and up his front steps. He held the door open for her and they went into the living room. The girl walked up and down, staring around.

"It's really nice," said Cheryl. "I love this furniture. Is it haunted all over, or just one part?"

Standish swallowed. "Come on to the kitchen."

"Wow, your wife really keeps it clean," she said when they entered. "Not like my mother, who's always yelling for me to straighten my room, and yet there's always mold in the blueberries." She opened the refrigerator. "What's a 'Craig's Wife'?"

"Why?" said Standish.

"I heard my father say it. Oh, you know, they all say she's a witch, which is wrong, anyway, since she's not the witch, you're the wizard, but what good is having nice things if you don't take care of them? I mean, if you care about things, which I don't, but if I had a nice lawn, I wouldn't let a lot of brats play baseball on it, either, or let the dogs kill the grass around the trees. Look at my father, or Mr. Kulik, or Mr. Hansen, or any of these people. They all want nice lawns, like with special sod and Vigoro, and the first brat who cuts across or the first dog, they don't have the guts to tell them to get off, because they'll get a reputation as an ogre and the other people won't invite them to the parties, which they don't want to go to anyway. Is the haunted part upstairs?"

"No," said Standish.

"Can I see for myself? Say no if you don't want me to."

"I want you to," said Standish. He followed her up the stairs. At the landing, he stopped and turned. "You go ahead," he said and went back downstairs. His heart was pounding. When he went upstairs again, it was five minutes to one and Cheryl was looking through Sarah's clothes closet.

"I call other people nosy," she said, "and look at me. But your wife's clothes are so great. I bet she makes them all herself."

She held up a long, large-flowered dress with a lace ruff, turning before his wife's door mirror. A muscle quivered in Standish's chest. He raised the Polaroid camera, which he had brought with him, and, holding it at arm's length so as not to obscure his face in the mirror, snapped a picture. Cheryl blinked at the flash, smiling.

"What's that for?"

"That's just in case," said Standish. "To remember you by."

"But I can come over all the time. Can't I? I'd really love to meet your wife. I knew if my parents said you were bad, you had to be nice. Are you counting a minute?"

He peeled back the flap on the Polaroid.

"Oh, that's a really great picture. Look, your face is in the mirror, too. Uh-oh."

"What?" said Standish. He had taken the photo and was coating it with fixative.

"I think I heard the doorbell. That's



*"I told you not to order in French."*

got to be my father. I'm not supposed to leave the house."

"Shh," said Standish, touching her shoulder. "Wait here." Still holding the camera, he turned and walked out of the bedroom and down the stairs. He could see heads at the front door. The bell sounded again. As he crossed the front hall, he realized he was holding the Polaroid of Cheryl and stuffed it, still a little wet, into his shirt pocket. He opened the front door.

"Roy, old buddy!"

They all came in, Kulik first, clapping his shoulder, then Jeannie Kulik, the Hansens behind her, and the Schroeders and the Shacklefords. They moved past him into the living room. He looked at his watch. It was one o'clock.

"I'm glad you could come," Standish said, turning.

They were looking around slowly, like people getting their bearings in a circus tent.

"Won't you sit down?" said Standish.

"We can't stay but a minute," said Jeannie Kulik.

"We're on our way to the club," said Jim Hansen.

"Can I get you something to drink?" said Standish.

"When the cat's away, the mouse will play."

"Hush, Joe."

"I have beer," said Standish.

"You wouldn't have Scotch?" asked Hansen.

"Just beer. I'm sorry."

"We'll all have a beer," said Tom Schroeder.

"Will you look at the Biedermeier chairs. And a Saruk carpet. My mother

would give her eyeteeth."

"Don't sit there, Jim. That chair is definitely not meant to be sat in."

"Where are those refreshments?"

"I'm sorry," said Standish. "I was just going to get them."

"Don't bother," said Tom Schroeder, coming in with a loaded tray.

"This place is like a museum."

"The oldest house on the block, right, Roy? All the land around here used to belong to this house," said Hansen.

"Jim, that chair is definitely telling you to get off."

"Whoops. Tom, watch the overflow."

"Jeannie'll get a sponge. You sit tight, Roy. Bill? Pass the pretzels. I see you finished your sun porch, Roy."

Kulik was ambling toward the sun-porch door. Standish stepped in front of him. "Wait," he said.

"I see you have a ringside view of Cheryl McAlister. I wonder what the old lady says to that."

"Please don't go in."

"Well, OK. Hey, I was just gonna look around."

"Just don't."

"Sure. Sure. I understand. The sanctum sanctorum. Well, sure. Just take the claws off me, OK? OK."

Standish let go of Kulik's arm. Kulik, with a look at Hansen, turned and opened another can of beer. Tom Schroeder, Standish saw, was now eying the sun porch. There was no way to mingle and yet keep watch on the doorway. After a moment's thought, Standish slid a harp-backed chair in front of the sun-porch door and sat down. He tried to manage this inconspicuously, but Schroeder was giving him a funny

look. Minutes were passing, the voices were rising. He must try to join the party, but his limbs and eyes felt heavy. His head fell onto his chest, jerked back. He looked at his watch: ten minutes to two. On the sun porch, the digital clock was just now changing to 12:50. They had been in his house almost an hour. The noise was loud, the beer nearly gone. He must try to join in.

"Well, look who's up. Have a good nap, Royboy?"

He raised the Polaroid camera and, positioning himself so that his reflection showed in the center of Sarah's gilt-edged wall mirror, pressed the button. The flash went off.

"Well, isn't that cute? He wants a souvenir."

"I'll bet this *is* a historic occasion. We're the first people to set foot inside this house."

"You gonna show it to the old lady, Roy? What do you think she'll say? You think she'll have us over again?" Hansen winked at Kulik and leaned back, causing the legs of the Biedermeier chair to creak. "Cook us all a good old-fashioned American meal!"

"I hope so," said Standish.

"Good," said Hansen. "I've always wondered what dog repellent tastes like." He belched, threw his head back. There was a splintering crack and Hansen and the Biedermeier chair pitched sideways onto the floor. A beer can went rolling across the carpet, unreeling a string of liquid. Standish felt his bladder tremble.

"Jim," said Jeannie Kulik, forcing back a giggle, "that's a priceless antique."

"I'll say it's antique." Hansen stretched out on the carpet, making backstroke motions. "Help," he said. "I'm drowning."

Pain struck Standish's belly. His bladder felt ready to burst. Unbuttoning his fly, he shuffled over next to Hansen and urinated on Hansen's shirt.

"Oh, Lord! Jim, get up—"

"You senile son of a bitch." Hansen grabbed at him, getting a fistful of sleeve. Standish squirmed for a look at his watch. Six minutes to two. The sun-porch door was behind him, Kulik and Schroeder blocking his way. Hansen came up close to Standish, breathed in his face and cocked his fist; Standish felt Hansen's foot on his shoe. Suddenly, he pulled free, stumbling back between Kulik and Schroeder; sliding away the harp-backed chair, he lunged through the sun-porch door.

The digital clock clicked to 12:55. The noise in the living room snapped off; he looked back: the room was empty; he went to the window. Across the street, the Kuliks and the Hansens, the Schroeders and the Shacklefords, were gathered on the Hansen front porch, about to leave for the party. Standish walked back through the sun-porch door and into the empty living room. The carpet was dry, the Biedermeier chair in one piece again, the beer and pretzels and cheese back in the kitchen. He looked in his hand; he was still holding the second Polaroid. He examined the faces of Hansen, in the chair, and Kulik, and Schroeder, and Shackleford, and the wives, and his own face, tiny, in Sarah's gilt-edged mirror. From his pocket, he took out the first Polaroid, of Cheryl with the long, large-flowered dress. The ceiling above him creaked. He went up the stairs and into the bedroom. Cheryl was in front of Sarah's door mirror.

"I call other people nosy," she said, "and look at me. But your wife's clothes are so great. I bet she makes them all herself."

He handed her the first Polaroid.

"It's me," she said. He saw her shudder. "When did you take this? Were you hiding somewhere? Oh, wow! I knew this house was haunted."

"Come on," said Standish. "They'll be

here any moment."

She was staring at the second Polaroid.

"They *were* here," she said.

The front doorbell was ringing. Through the window he saw the Kuliks, the Hansens, the Schroeders, the Shacklefords. It was one o'clock.

"They're here again," she said. He took her by the hand and they went downstairs to the door.

"Mr. Standish, I don't want them to see me—"

He opened the door.

"Roy, old buddy!" said Joe Kulik, coming in and clapping him on the shoulder. He stopped, peered at Cheryl McAlister. "Hey, what's *she* doing here?"

"Come on," said Standish, still holding her by the hand. Behind him, as he approached the sun-porch door, he heard the Kuliks and the Hansens and the others whispering to one another. Ahead, in the sun porch, it was 12 o'clock. Keeping a grip on Cheryl's hand, he walked in. Then, turning, he pointed back through the sun-porch door to the front hall.

"They're gone," she said.

"Listen," he said. Outside, from up the street, came a grunt and a cry. He steered Cheryl to the window. The can of white paint had fallen from Tom Schroeder's stepladder, coating the tops of his evergreens. The noon siren started up; the bells of the church began to ring.

"It's twelve o'clock again," said Cheryl softly. "We made it twelve o'clock."

"That's right."

"We walked onto the sun porch. The sun porch is always an hour behind. And when you walk out again—"

"You're still an hour behind," he said.

"Oh, wow!" she said and sank cross-legged onto the floor.

"You're the first to know," he said with pride.

She sat staring at her feet. Standish lowered himself into the easy chair. He closed his eyes, feeling the back of his neck blend with the cushion. He heard her get up, felt her sit down beside him on the chair arm.

"Think of all you could do," she whispered.

His legs tingled. He inhaled, taking in the odor of her skin.

"All the money you could make, if you had to. Like, if you knew who won a horse race, and went back. Or if something bad happened, erase it. Like a murder. Or if you didn't want certain people to be born."

It was a fried-lemon smell. His thighs felt hot.

"I know what *I'd* do," she said. Her fingers were twirling his hair. He rolled his eyes back. "I'd take that camera everywhere. I'd show all the women on this block what dirty old men their husbands are. I'd bring back dirty pictures from their dreams. Mr. Kulik,



"Mind your own falcon business!"

who's always coming over to borrow my father's lawn sweeper when he doesn't need it, just to see me with my straps down. Big thrill. I'd embarrass *him* first. They're all like that. I don't see how their wives can take it. Ed Banks, when he was head of the crossing guard of all the grade schools? He'd drive around, and the girls in the crossing guard he liked, he'd take them in his patrol car, and he always had this pair of stockings. And he'd show you . . . how to get excited. That was *before* he got promoted."

Small particles burst in his legs, like sparks from a child's toy. His head rolled from one side to the other.

"You know what else I'd do?" she said softly. He felt her cheek next to his. "I'd make it be now," she said, "over and over. Forever and ever." Her odor went up his nose. "That way, my parents would never come back. Oh, wow!"

"What?" He felt the absence of her cheek.

"Where would they be?"

"Wherever they are."

"But time has to go on, somewhere."

"Who knows?" said Standish, wishing for her cheek again.

"What would you do?" she said.

"What I did. Try to make friends."

"But you *made* a friend."

She stroked his head. Her hand, going past the hollows of his ears, made a steady, flowing sound. His hair crackled. The hot air of the sun porch, busy with sawdust, pressed at his body.

"Let's do it," said Cheryl.

He opened his eyes. She had bounded from the chair and was at the window, gazing up and down the street. "What?" he said, alarmed.

"Come on. I always wanted to."

Her eyes shone hugely. With a quick motion of her thumbs, she snapped open her jeans, peeled them down, hopping on one foot. Underneath she was naked, the backs of her thighs brown and taut. Cheryl yanked her wall-socket shirt up and over and let it drop. Standish stared at the pool of clothes on the sun-porch floor.

"Come on," she said, tugging his arm. One hand on the chair, Standish rose to his feet. Cheryl was pulling at his shirt buttons. Pressure from his heart swelled his throat. She was helping him off with his pants, the fabric scraping past his knees like chalk over glass.

She folded his clothes in a neat pile, bouncing softly on her heels. She ran out of the sun porch into the front hall.

"Come on."

He walked out of the sun porch. The digital clock slipped to 11:45. Sweat collected on his back. She opened the front door and walked out into the sun, turning to help him down the steps. He eased his feet onto the sidewalk.

"It's hot," he said.

"Well, if you want to go back for your shoes." She bounced impatiently, running ahead of him into the street. Across the way, the Kuliks and the Hansens were staring from the Hansen porch. Tom Schroeder backed down his step-ladder, looking. The Shacklefords were on their lawn, hands arched over their eyes. Standish stepped down from the curb. The gravel embedded in the tar bit into his feet. The breeze burned his skin.

"We'll go up and back," said Cheryl, taking his hand.

His feet stung. He tried to scrape loose the pebbles. The Kuliks and the Hansens had come down from the Hansen porch and were starting across the lawn.

"Don't look at them," she said. "Just walk." The elms shook violently overhead. "Feel the breeze," she said.

Schroeder, the Shacklefords, Joe Kulik, Hansen, all were edging toward the street. He felt their hot, puzzled stares.

"I wish I'd brought the camera," Cheryl said.

Standish halted in his tracks. "Don't stop," she said.

He looked behind him. A car was turning the corner at the foot of the block. It came toward them. Fifty yards away, not quite in front of the McAlister house, it stopped. George McAlister got out. Standish saw Cheryl whirl around, saw her freeze as she spotted her father coming toward them, saw her spurt across the street, headed for his, for Standish's, house, headed for the sun porch, the whites of her buttocks shaking as she leaped onto the curb. No one was chasing her; Kulik, Hansen, Schroeder, the Shacklefords all stood at the edge of their lawns, glued to the spot by the sight of a naked girl running. Another moment and she would be at the front door of his house, then inside, then across the living room and through the sun-porch door, and what, on the instant, was going to become of him? It would be her sun porch, her time, her world.

With a groan, half relief, he saw she was not going to make it after all. He saw George McAlister lunge past his car, nabbing his daughter as she reached the sidewalk. Pain rose in Standish's legs. He felt someone seize him from behind.

"Easy, Gramps. I ain't gonna hurt you."

It was the cop, Banks. Standish felt a strong impulse to cover his privates. His flesh felt loose, his belly hung like a carpenter's pouch. Banks was twisting the slack of his triceps between a finger and thumb.

"You come with me now, Gramps."

He steered Standish forward. Across the expanse of lovely grass that was his lawn, Standish could see George McAlister prodding his daughter up the

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McAlister steps. The girl was arguing loudly with him. Banks was pushing him toward his own front door.

"You get your clothes on, Gramps, and we'll take a little ride."

The cop moved past him, opening the door and shoving him in. Athwart Banks's right pants pocket, Standish noticed, there was an erection.

"My clothes are in here," said Standish, gesturing toward the sun porch. The digital clock read 11:59.

"Make it snappy, Pappy." Banks hitched his pants, realigning his erection. Laboring, Standish crossed the living room and walked onto the sun porch. He turned. Banks was gone. He looked at his clothes neatly piled on the shelf and Cheryl McAlister's on the floor. From outside the sun-porch window, he heard a grunt and a cry, as Tom Schroeder's paint can toppled from the shelf of his stepladder. The noon siren sounded at the top of the block. The church bells began to toll noon. Standish covered his ears with his hands.

Weak with shame, he leaned against the window for several moments, his head against the pane.

He bent down slowly and picked up Cheryl McAlister's T-shirt and jeans. He walked out of the sun porch. The digital clock slipped back to 11:10. He went into the kitchen and dropped Cheryl McAlister's clothes into the garbage can. Closing the lid, he remembered the Polaroids and went back to the sun porch. He took the two Polaroids from the pocket of his shirt, on the shelf, and walked out of the sun porch into the living room. The digital clock clicked back to 10:15. He went into the kitchen and dropped the photographs into the garbage can. He went back to the sun porch. He lowered himself into the chair.

"Roy!" He looked up. In the front hall stood Sarah, his wife, in her topcoat and straw tam, suitcase in hand, ready to leave for the station.

"What are you doing, Roy?" His arms shook as he rose from the chair.

"Roy, why are you like that? Why aren't you dressed?"

"Sarah——"

"I'll miss my bus! Roy, will you put on some clothes?"

He shuffled toward her. She backed away. "Roy, what is happening?"

"I have to show you." Shame, longing filled him. "We have to go back. Far back."

"Roy, don't——"

"I love you, Sarah."

"Roy!"

His erection rose and fell and rose again. He threw his arms around her shoulders. She stumbled, collided with the wall, sank back. He fell against her and put his mouth on her face. Gasping

for breath, he laid his tongue against her cheek. Her body, however, was still. She did not move. Her eyes gaped.

"Sarah." He backed away, crawling toward the sun-porch door. Black sparks beat in his head. At the door he managed to rise. He stepped into the doorway, turning. The digital clock read 9:25. The living room was empty. Her body, lifeless a minute before, was gone.

Sarah's voice came from the top of the stairs. "Roy, where did you go?" Her slippers footsteps were coming down. "I don't want to miss my bus. I have chores I have to go over with you. Roy?"

She turned the corner into the living room and gasped. He turned, naked in the doorway, looking back over his shoulder. She was gone. The clock had slipped back. From upstairs, he heard the morning alarm.

"Roy?" she called from the bedroom.

He turned in the doorway of the sun porch. The light outside the windows dimmed. He turned once again, and again. Night sucked back dawn.

"Roy? Where are you? I woke up. I was so tense I couldn't sleep, you weren't there. Are you down there? Roy?"

He stood in the doorway to the sun porch, turning.

Ed Banks let the dead boy's arm drop. "It's Standish, all right," he said.

He handed round the fingerprints. Joe Kulik took the card, passed it to Tom Schroeder, who gave it back to Banks. The small, smooth white body, divided in two by the sunlight from the sun porch, lay quiet as a twig.

"He had nice black hair," said Jeannie Kulik.

"Small for his age," Millie said.

"Hard to tell," said Tom Schroeder. "Because of the weight loss."

"Makes him look older," Joe said.

"I wonder if he did starve. Or if the heart just gave out."

"It was a young heart. Getting younger by the second."

"I could use a drink. Anybody else use a drink?"

"Maybe he just got dizzy. Going back and forth, in and out of that room, all those times."

"Thirty times a minute."

"You figure?"

"At twelve hours a day, if you allow for rest."

"You wonder why he kept going back."

"You wonder," Ed Banks said. Everybody looked at Cheryl McAlister. She turned to hide her face. Sarah Standish was kneeling beside the body of her husband.

"Joe?" said George McAlister. "I could use a drink, too."

"There's nothing in the house."

"Thirty times twelve—no, thirty times sixty minutes per hour times twelve hours a day times, say, twenty days, divided by twenty-four hours a day divided by three hundred and sixty-five days a year——"

"We'll all have a drink back at our house."

"Would be about minus fifty years. You're right."

"Making him about fifteen."

"Mommy? Daddy? Goodbye."

"Where are you going, Cheryl?"

"Goodbye, Mommy. Goodbye, Daddy."

"Tom? Bill? Joe? What say we go back to my house?"

"Fifty years. At least. Before any of us were born, at any rate."

"Listen! That clicking sound—it seems to be going faster and faster."

"Ed? You don't need us anymore. If you want help with the report, call me."

"No use—Ed has gone already. Funny."

"Tom? Bill? Joe? Come on. The air is getting to me."

"Before any of us were born."

"Where did Cheryl go?"

"Angie, did you bring your baby over with you?"

"What baby?"

"Come on. I'm getting spooked. Let's go back to my house, quick."

"What house?"

"Cut it out."

"Jim, I'm asking you, where's our house?"

"Joe, stop clowning with that hair-piece. Angie's upset."

"Hey, Jeannie, suddenly you look very terrific."

"I feel terrific. I feel . . . strange."

"Our house, Jim. All I see is a vacant lot. Jim, I feel crazy."

"Tom, do you know you're shrinking? God, listen to me. My voice hasn't cracked in ages."

"Where's our house?"

"Jeannie? What happened to Jeannie?"

"What happened to the street? Where'd all that grass come from?"

"Angela?"

"Jeannie?"

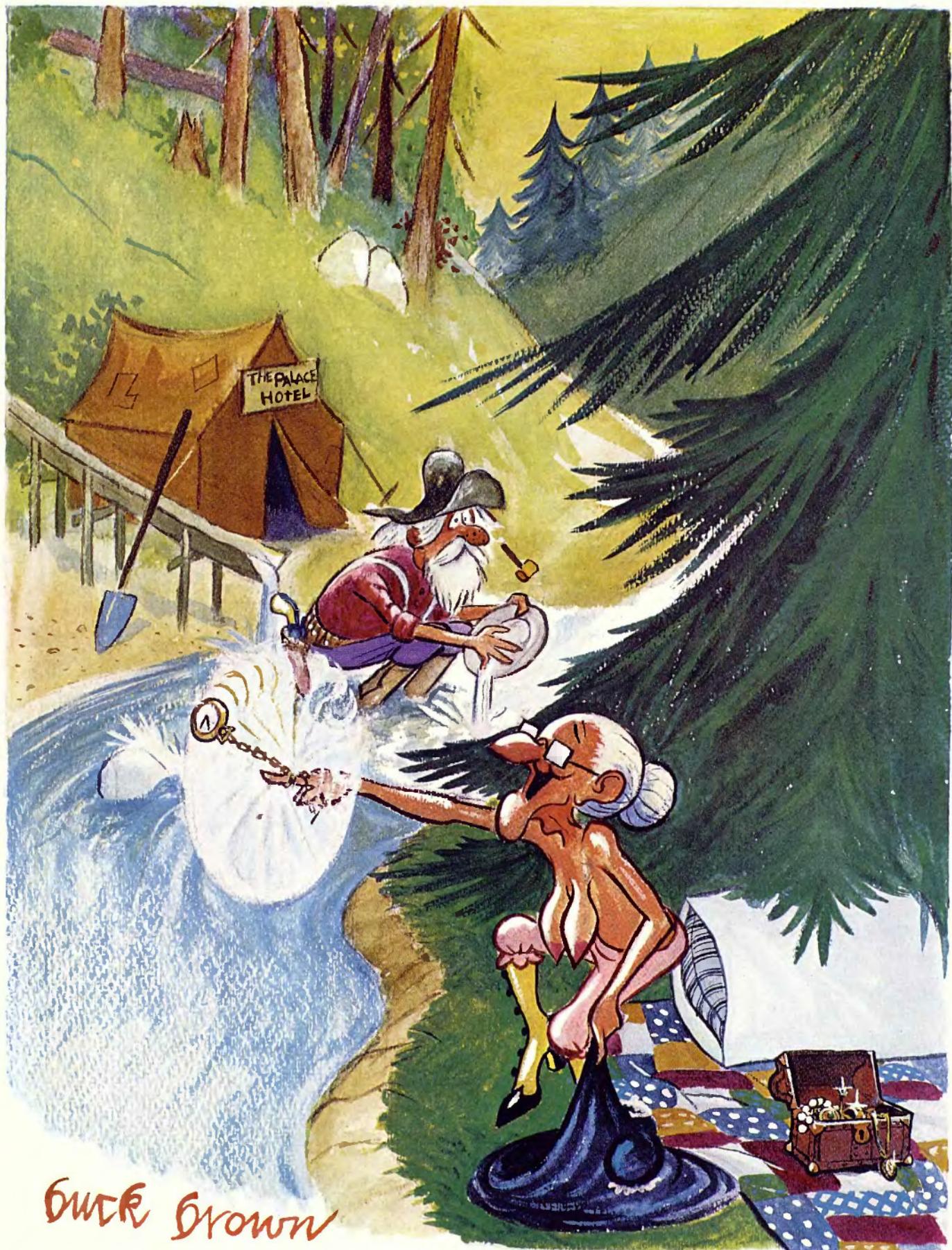
"Who let all these kids in here?"

"Tom?"

"Joe?"

Houses tumbled, trees shrank into the ground, waves of grass rolled over the block. The sun porch remained, and the frail, white body of young Standish, and his young wife, Sarah, kneeling above his forehead, planting a kiss on the small, dead lips. In the crumbling sunlight, shaking tiny, dwindling fists, those left began to scream.





BUCK BROWN

"GOLD!!"

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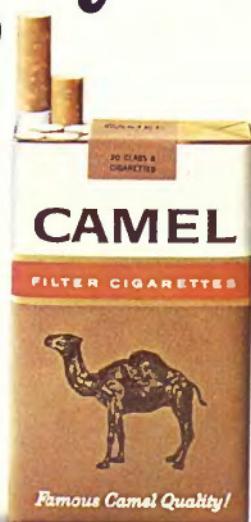
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