

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1972 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY



SKINETIC ART:
THE NEW TATTOOS

THE DRUG EXPLOSION:
A 12-PAGE SURVEY—
FROM STREET JUNKIES
TO CORPORATE PUSHERS,
PLUS AN EXTENSIVE
DRUG DATA CHART

AN INTERVIEW WITH
BERNADETTE DEVLIN

A LOOK AT
CAMPUS NUDITY

WOODY ALLEN'S
WILDEST MOVIE YET

Now from Kool, for low-tar smokers looking for taste...

KOOL MILDs.

The taste of extra coolness
with lowered tar, too.

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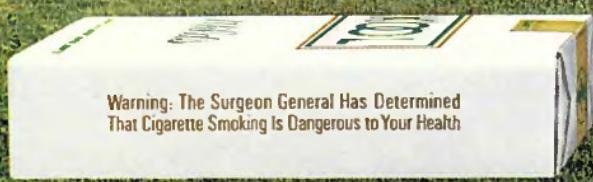
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Kool Milds 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.
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1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 72.

Will you get stuck with last year's microphone on this year's tape recorder?

Getting the latest in tape recorders doesn't mean you're getting the latest in microphones. Because some tape recorders still come with a hand-held mike. That can make you freeze up. And since they're the plug-in kind, they can get lost or forgotten.

But Panasonic has put an end to all that. With condenser microphones built right into our portable cassette tape recorders. So you know where they are. Without them getting in your way. Push two buttons and you're ready to record. Just about anywhere. Because the condenser mike is so sensitive. And our tape recorders work on batteries as well as house current.

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RQ-222AS with a 3-digit tape counter. Or the RQ-212S that'll fit in your pocket. There's even the RQ-409S with piano key pushbutton controls.

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So if you want this year's tape recorder, see your Panasonic dealer. He won't leave you holding the mike.



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It's Yellow Fever season.

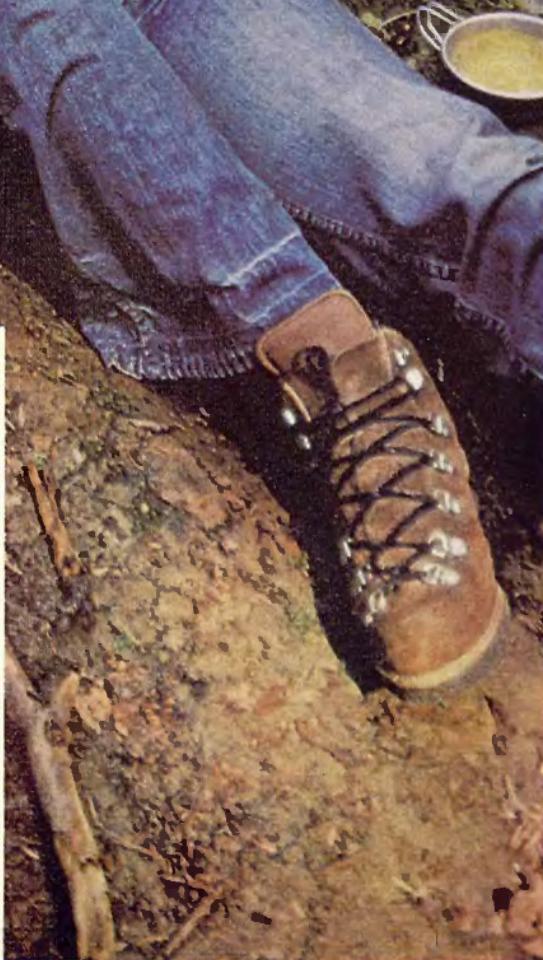
This is the only time of the year when you can do nothing and not feel guilty. Doing absolutely nothing, however, isn't all that easy.

Last summer we were sitting around trying to do nothing, when we accidentally came up with a drink as refreshing as summer itself. It's called Yellow Fever. You might try one the next time you set out to do nothing. It's really something.



To make a Yellow Fever, fill a tall glass with ice and lemonade. Add one and one-half oz. of Smirnoff and stir.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless.®



PLAYBILL

ONE OF THE UNPREDICTABLE FACTORS in this politically volatile year is the "new" blue-collar worker: the long-haired, alienated young hard-hat or factory man, who turns out to be not so unlike his contemporaries on campus or in the communes. Much "hysterical nonsense" has appeared in the media about this new character in the great American drama, according to PLAYBOY Staff Writer Geoffrey Norman—who, in *Blue-Collar Saboteurs*, reconstructs the events leading to the strike, last March, by employees of the Chevrolet Vega plant in Lordstown, Ohio. Norman checked out the operation of the assembly line—manned, to his surprise, by "real freaks"; to get the other side of the story, he also talked to foremen and management people, and he found that the dissident workers aren't really political: "While they all hate G. M., they don't read Marx or Engels, and they're concerned with personal matters, not with overthrowing the system." The root of the problem, Norman feels, is that the men are "barely more than machines themselves. A guy might just make one weld, but he has to do it every 36 seconds, since they turn out 100 cars an hour, and he has to keep it up or the cars come off the line with defects. You can't use any intricate human skills in 36 seconds, so there's no incentive to make that weld with any degree of craftsmanship." The contraption that illustrates Norman's article—wood, with gadgets attached—is by Vin Giuliani.

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Among the gravest issues confronting America today—and one that, like the "hippie" laborer, has generated great waves of hysteria—is drugs. That massive subject gets comprehensive coverage in a four-article package, *The Drug Explosion*. Leading it off is an essay—on the extent to which drugs have permeated our lives—by Dr. Joel Fort, a recognized authority whose Fort Help, in San Francisco, is a private, nonprofit center for people who are hung up on drugs or have special behavioral problems. Alaska's young Senator Mike Gravel, in *Corporate Pushers*, blows the whistle on the prescription-drug manufacturers who work overtime to get people hooked on their products; Gravel, best known for reading the Pentagon papers into the *Congressional Record*, is the author of *Citizen Power*, published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston. Craig Karpel, one of the younger generation's most prolific journalists, tells—in *Buyer Beware*—how street pushers dilute their merchandise with impurities, heedless of the distress they cause. And PLAYBOY Staff Writer David Standish relates the intimate story of a junkie/male hustler in *Stone Cold Fever*. Standish got the assignment when the gentleman called last August and asked if we'd be interested in his tale. They met at a restaurant: "I didn't have any trouble picking him out, since his eyes were bulging out of his head and his face seemed to be caught between a scream and a giggle. Turned out he was smashed on methadone. It was a long lunch, because he kept nodding out on me, but it was obvious that this was anything but just another junkie story." Standish interviewed him nonstop for two days, continued to see him and, when he began writing, had over 300 pages of transcript from which to work. Completing our drug package is a chart showing the effects of the major drugs on which Americans are glutting themselves. We'd be remiss if we didn't give credit for the sculptured heads that illustrate the package; they were created by Chicago artist Martin Wanserski.

This month's interview, conducted amid the ruins that are Belfast today, is with Bernadette Devlin, the fiery young revolutionary who has become Northern Ireland's most eloquent spokesman. Her remarks, partisan though they are, serve to clarify the origins of a tragic—and, to outsiders, confusing—civil war.

That's the heavy stuff. Articles of sociological import can be light, too—such as Marshall Frady's *Skirmishes with the Ladies of the Magnolias*, an amiable and insightful debunking of Southern womanhood. Frady, a Southerner who married a Northern girl, is moving from Atlanta to a small Southern town, where he fears his tenure may be short once his article gets around. Also on the light side is our lead fiction, *Semi-Tough*, a parodic fable of the N. F. L. by *Sports Illustrated* senior editor Dan Jenkins; it's scheduled for release this month by Atheneum as part of a novel with the same title. (Football—college variety—is also the theme of our annual *Pigskin Preview*, in which Anson Mount, PLAYBOY's busy Public Affairs Manager, makes his well-informed predictions.) Satiric overtones—in this case, pertinent to women's lib—are evident, too, in our other short story, *The Wachsmuth Syndrome*, which is the work of Stefan Heym, one of East Germany's most prominent authors. Two other whimsical items are F. P. Tullius' *The Screenwriter's Tale* and *You Can't Send a Kid Up in a Crate Like That!*, a quiz created by Brian Vachon, a senior editor of *Saturday Review*. Speaking of going up in crates, an article to elevate the spirit is *Staggerwing and Me*, in which Tom Mayer evocatively describes the joys of flying. Mayer says his piece will "obviously" become a book; the morning after PLAYBOY queried him, he'd turned out 5000 words, and he's not done yet.

Among our pictorials are seven pages of actress Karen Philipp, photographed by Brian Hennessey; a preview of Woody Allen's new film, *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex . . . But Were Afraid to Ask*; and *Student Bodies*, which documents the campus trend toward letting it all hang out. Additionally, there's Ronald Schiller's *A Heady History of Beer* and Robert L. Green's back-to-campus fashion forecast. It's an issue, we trust, that's more than semi-tough.



GRAVEL



ALLEN



JENKINS



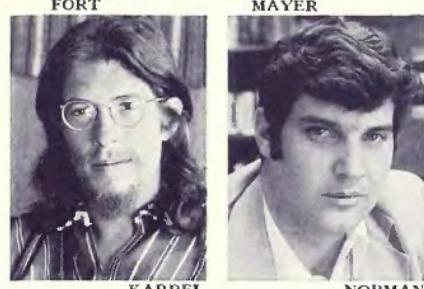
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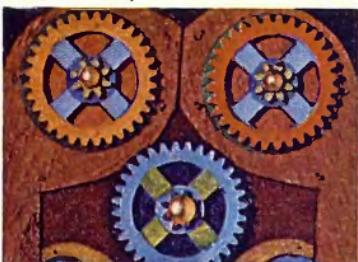
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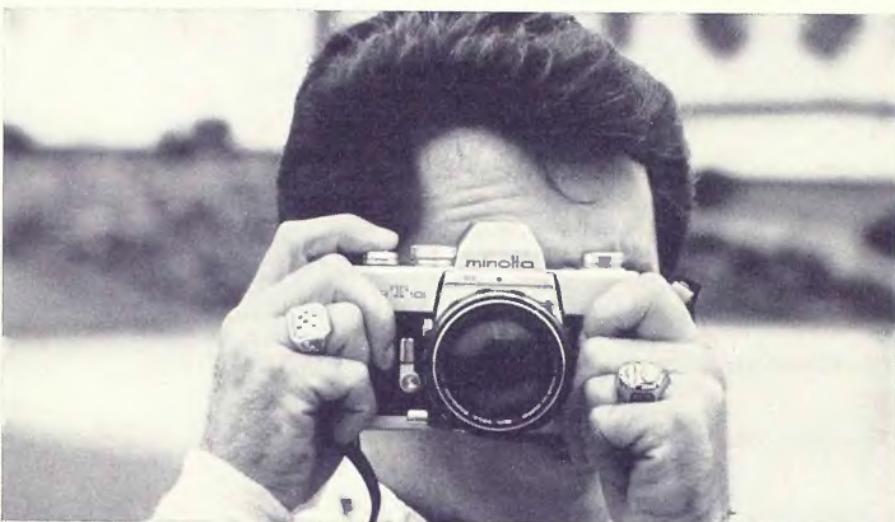
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Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 219

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DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



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XERNONA CLAYTON

HOME: Atlanta, Georgia

AGE: 39

PROFESSION: Hostess of her own television show (WAGA-TV, ATLANTA).

HOBBIES: Browsing in gift shops and art galleries.

LAST BOOK READ: "Passions of the Mind."

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Became the first Black to have a television show in the South.

QUOTE: "I get criticism from both militants and conservatives, but that's because I don't cater to one or the other. It's my responsibility on the show to talk to people and find out about their ideas. If someone in the audience is upset by a guest's point of view, I guess I'd rather risk his anger than shelter him from something unpleasant. I believe everyone must be heard."

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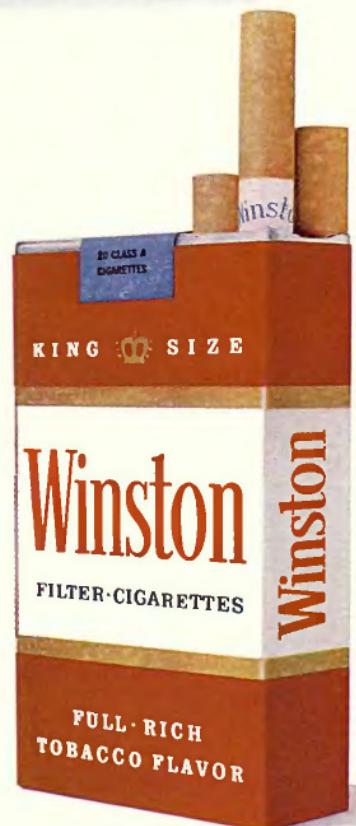
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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KENNEDY ROLL CALL

Congratulations to Jack Newfield for his exquisite article *Kennedy Rising* (PLAYBOY, June). This is the first time I have been able to read a profile of a political personality without getting bogged down in bureaucratic jargon. Newfield captured the Senator's innermost feelings and successfully brought them to the surface. I felt I really got to know Ted Kennedy.

Daniel J. O'Boyle
Fort Amador, Canal Zone

Jack Newfield did a great job in his Kennedy article; the illustration by Herb Davidson was perfect.

John T. Breedlove
Tulsa, Oklahoma

In his article, Newfield says that blacks fear for Kennedy's life. This irritates me. Almost everyone I talk to, whether pro Kennedy or anti Kennedy, fears for the man's life. Skin color or ethnicity has nothing to do with it.

Jan Wheeler
Des Moines, Iowa

Gee—an article on a Kennedy. Guess you put it in for those who don't read movie mags, *Coronet*, *Pageant*, *The National Enquirer* and *The New York Times*. I read the article thinking the author might explain when Kennedy is going to start busing black children into Southie in his native Boston. But all I got was the same old "fate" crap.

Norman L. Dodge
Riverdale, Maryland

I probably wouldn't buy a used car from Richard Nixon. But if I ever did, I sure as hell wouldn't let Ted Kennedy drive it.

Jon Farrar
Newark, New Jersey

Newfield's sympathetic rendering of Edward Kennedy is completely unconvincing. Some months ago, in a speech before The American Newspaper Guild, Kennedy criticized President Nixon for attempting to interfere with the freedom of the press. Yet Kennedy himself seems to support this freedom only when it's convenient. It was his lawyers, after all, who persuaded the Massachusetts

supreme court to hold the inquest into the death of Mary Jo Kopechne behind closed doors.

Irving I. Poznan
Ballwin, Missouri

POLL-ISH JOKE

Thanks for the hilarious satire on opinion polls, *The People—Maybe!* (PLAYBOY, June) by G. Barry Golson. Being a lifetime resident of Amarillo, where Dr. Harass held his purported interviews, I really roared.

Dorothy Simms
Amarillo, Texas

Your opinion poll, *The People—Maybe!*, leaves some doubt as to which "bald-faced liars on TV" conservatives are obtaining their news from. Did Golson mean Richard Nixon—or Mel Laird?

Bruce W. Knott
Kalamazoo, Michigan

BUCKING THE SYSTEM

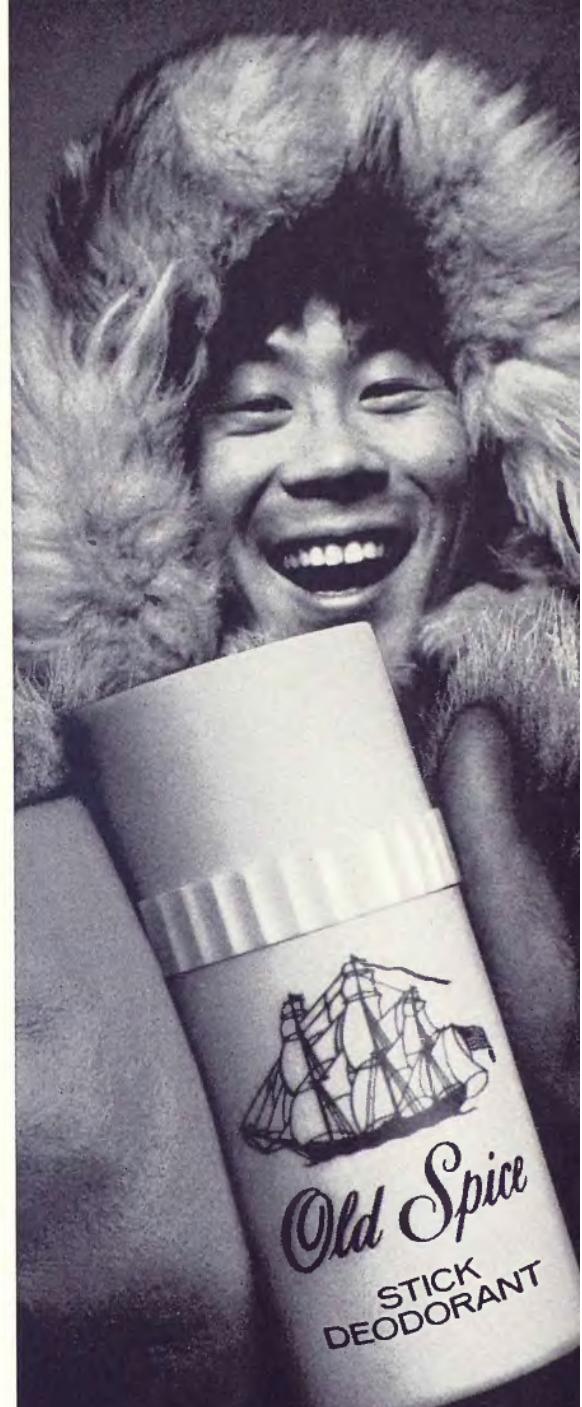
The two articles on the movies, *Hollywood's Second Coming* and *Chasing the Bucks* (PLAYBOY, June), present an incisive analysis of prevailing currents in the motion-picture industry. My compliments to PLAYBOY and to writers Brad Darrach and William Murray.

Fouad Said
Hollywood, California

Said is the inventor of the Cinemobile, the world's first portable film studio.

Barney Rosenzweig's odyssey, in Murray's *Chasing the Bucks*, was no isolated case. I can match his experience name for name, incident for incident and screwing for screwing. I can also supply him with a list of hustlers that he missed. There are a lot of poor misguided fucks like Barney and me who enjoy making films. We find it difficult to explain to our families and creditors why the work we do is often never paid for. In the motion-picture industry, unlike any other, the man most responsible for the management and success of a film—the producer—is expected to live in an economic vacuum until a money man approves his efforts. If a truck driver doesn't get paid, his truck doesn't move. But to an independent in the film business, it's "Fuck you, buddy, give me everything and wait in line for yours." I

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just hope—when and if Barney becomes a money man—that he will remember what he went through and treat other eager producers with the respect they deserve.

David Taynton
Scriptwrights Company, Ltd.
New York, New York

STAKES—RARE AND BURNED

Stan Dryer's short story *A Gentleman's Game for Reasonable Stakes* (PLAYBOY, June) is outstanding. Keep up the good work.

Doug Johnson
Bainbridge, Maryland

PLAYBOY's short stories have always interested me, but Stan Dryer's is too much. Never in my life have I read a piece of fiction with so many words and paragraphs that lead to such a horseshit waste of time.

Michael Neu:z'ing
Phoenix, Arizona

FLAT OUT FOR STEWART

My congratulations and thanks for your June interview with motor-racing champion Jackie Stewart. Stewart is without a doubt the foremost spokesman of his sport. He is both candid and articulate and has the rare ability to put the casual reader into the seat next to him.

Fielden Lundy
Atlanta, Georgia

Your interview established a precedent. It was the first instance I know of where motor sport was treated in an unbiased, unsensational and thoroughly objective way.

Keith D. Vaughn
APO San Francisco, California

It surprised and delighted me to hear of Stewart's interest in improving the skills and caliber of the average street driver. I hope his interest continues. Most drivers would sooner take the advice of a world driving champion than heed any of the safety messages normally seen on TV.

David Schwaab
Mount Royal, New Jersey

I gained more information about Stewart through your interview than I have in several years of following his career. I'm surprised Stewart states that his use of a crash helmet in 1964 was a relatively new development in motor racing. Helmets were required long before 1964. Nevertheless, Stewart has done more for safety in racing than any other driver. I would go even further. Why have a barrier around a tree or around any other fixed object? Why not remove the tree altogether? A competi-

tion car that runs off the road should have a harmless deceleration area. There is no other sport I can think of that penalizes the competitor so drastically for going out of bounds.

William Quinn, President
Road Test
Compton, California

Stewart was referring to the advanced-design American helmet.

BOSS MEN

J. Paul Getty's *The Fine Art of Being the Boss* (PLAYBOY, June) is simply brilliant in its critique of the dogmatic techniques employed in our business schools. As Getty points out, the so-called scientific approach to business widens the gap between management and employees and consumers. It depersonalizes business, diminishes the need for individual management and gives way to rule by committee, which has proved ineffective time and again.

Richard A. Govini
San Jose, California

Getty is absolutely right in his perception of the direction in which business schools should move. Their purpose today is to develop responsible administrators who can come to terms with human problems such as job satisfaction. In the past, the emphasis has been on empire building, getting the job done at any cost, with an implicit philosophy of "the public be damned." Fortunately, business is shifting its orientation by approaching human beings with greater understanding and sensitivity. Rather than fit workers to its mold, business must adapt itself to people's needs.

Melvyn S. Berger
Harvard Graduate School
of Business Administration
Boston, Massachusetts

In his article, Getty says: "If all the risk—and by that I mean not only the dangers but the zest and the excitement—were removed from business, then the businessman might as well take a civil-service job." Such drivel demeans Getty, and its publication demeans PLAYBOY. The United States Government is a "business" whose size makes Getty Oil look like a corner store by comparison. It is a miracle that so large and complex an organization can function at all, but it does so far more effectively than any other government—and most businesses. Apparently, Getty thinks that the civil servants, who run the Government, find no zest or excitement in their work. His single criterion appears to be self-aggrandizement. It's quite possible to find zest and excitement without enrichment, as do a hell of a lot of people—including many civil servants.

William L. Sullivan, Jr.
Rockville, Maryland

MAD WORLD

As a diagnosed schizophrenic and fellow writer, I would like to thank Carlton Brown for his *Memoirs of an Intermittent Madman* (PLAYBOY, June). The indignities suffered by those diagnosed as mentally ill are legion; our rights to privacy are violated and everything we do is interpreted in light of our diagnosis. All our decisions are suspect. I, too, have undergone many of the small terrors and limitless degradations described by Brown. I have been the pawn and victim of unqualified "therapists" and psychiatrists just out of school, and of sadistic, confused nurses. Like Brown, I have found therapy at its best useless, at its worst potentially dangerous. For the person to whom this strange and terrible thing is happening, there seems no real help anywhere. The true hell of insanity is, of course, that the insane feel it happening; we feel ourselves losing control and we are powerless to stop it. Still, there are ancillary hells that can be ameliorated, and articles such as Brown's may be the beginning of understanding, sympathy and perhaps even some action on behalf of the insane.

James Sallis
Helena, Arkansas

You have done a great service by publishing Carlton Brown's harrowing account of being an intermittent madman. But I was surprised that Brown did not mention Thomas Szasz's recent book, *The Manufacture of Madness*. This is a carefully documented comparison of the persecution of witches during the holy Inquisition and the treatment of schizophrenics by institutional psychiatry. The inquisitors sincerely believed, on the best authority then available to them, that witches and heretics were bound for eternal torture in hell. Thus, when reasoned argument was of no avail, they resorted to the thumbscrew, rack and stake with the same earnest concern now felt by psychiatrists who employ degrading imprisonment, sexual deprivation, strait jackets and electric shock. In some Islamic countries, crazy people are treated with special respect in the belief that their souls have left their bodies and are with Allah. I'm not sure how we would translate this attitude scientifically, but an equivalent respect for the insane would do more to heal them than almost all of our present psychotherapies. Furthermore, if Brown had been living among Hindus, his feelings of being divine would have occasioned no surprise, for it is a basic assumption of that culture that all beings are Brahma (the Godhead) in disguise. Those Indians who discover this, and there are many, are congratulated and honored as liberated souls. I feel it is urgent that we find some acceptable Western parallel to these

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attitudes and remove from our landscape the scandalous hells that are our psychiatric prisons.

Alan Watts
Sausalito, California

MISCELLANEOUS MUSINGS

You're Kidding? (PLAYBOY, June), the witty assemblage of little-known facts by Scot Morris, has had a definite influence on my life. Before reading this amazing collection, I was your run-of-the-mill wallflower at parties and other social gatherings. Now, though I still find it hard to start conversations, I have become increasingly adept at stopping them. When I want to be in the social spotlight, I simply recite one of Morris' facts. Right away, everyone notices me. Now I have an identity at last. I am thought of as a real bore.

Richard K. Crockett
Rochester, New York

Morris writes that the longest sentence ever published—823 words—appears in Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*. I'm sure that longer sentences have been published. The final section of *Ulysses*, perhaps 20,000 words long, consists of a single sentence.

Robert B. Miller
University of the Pacific
Stockton, California

It's not so odd that magnesium weighs more after it is burned. Any substance combines with oxygen when burned. If the oxidation process is carefully controlled, the resulting product will always weigh more.

Paul Burmeister
Ithaca, New York

MAN IN THE MEGALOPOLIS

Feeling numbed by the pessimistic views of our negative ecologists, I found myself at a lecture given by Paolo Soleri. Surely a genius, he promulgated positive ideas for dealing with many ecological and social problems. And he didn't equate me with a rat. After the lecture, most of the architects in attendance put him down for his idealism. Pessimism had begun to surround me again—until I read David Butler's *In the Image of Man* (PLAYBOY, June). The popularization of Soleri's views may stimulate the megabucks he needs. As Butler points out, Soleri is one of those rare master teachers whose heart and brain form a whole greater than the sum of its parts. When I am liberated, say ten years from now, I plan to be one of the old workers in Paolo's atelier, if he will have me. If there's a place there for a fat kid with glasses, surely he will tolerate a middle-aged romantic.

Lynwood Dyal
Atlantic Beach, Florida

I cannot help but share Soleri's belief that conditions in the world's cities contribute to the ecological and social decay that we now experience. But scooping up shops, schools and homes and piling them high into the atmosphere is a questionable solution. A three-dimensional city would go a long way toward solving many of the engineering problems facing us today, but engineering is just one aspect of the environmental question. Soleri envisions a dense megastructure where culture would flourish in an atmosphere of what could be called coerced human interaction. He discounts the theory that overcrowding would create social tension even in an agreeable environment, yet offers no convincing argument to support this belief. All evidence points the other way: Crowding causes tension, whether in a ghetto or in a 1000-story work of art.

Bill Smee
Elkhart, Indiana

Butler's article came as a timely treat to many of us who recently attended the Alternatives to Catastrophe conference at which Soleri presented his work on arcologies. While not all of us found his schemes appealing, we were impressed with their comprehensiveness. To make arcologies a reality involves funding, planning and engineering problems of awesome dimension. As Butler implies, if planners can finance 74-acre minicities, e.g., Houston Center, we can surely build arcologies. Toward this end, I've helped begin an Arcology Development Center. Our goal is to seek support and funding for both Soleri's Arizona arcology and other minimum-scale arcologies around the country. Anyone interested in further details can write to us at P. O. Box 784, Claremont, California 91711.

Edward K. Lane
Claremont, California

RITES OF SWING

Your latest *Little Annie Fanny* adventure (PLAYBOY, June) at a swinging party was witty, hilarious and all too true. As a participant and observer of the swinging scene in Southern California, I found an uncanny resemblance. It was refreshing to see that your satirists, Harvey Kurtzman and Will Elder, were able to appreciate the inherent humor of a swinging party without putting it down. Swinging, as you know, is a deeply felt source of pleasure and emotional expression for a large and growing number of people. If Kurtzman and Elder wish to pursue their research in this area, I'd be happy to assist them.

Peter Heck, Editor and Publisher
Swing
Culver City, California

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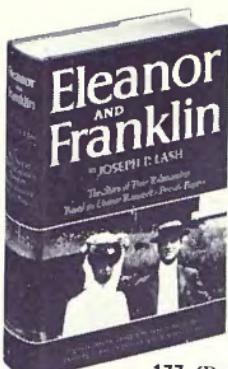
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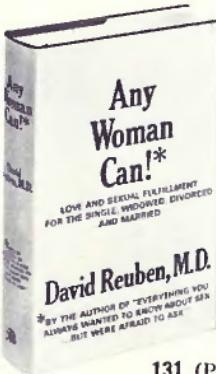


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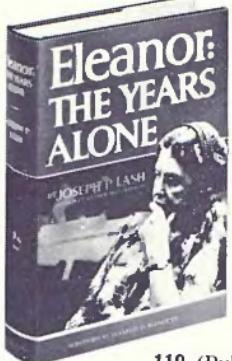
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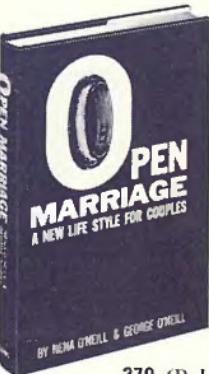
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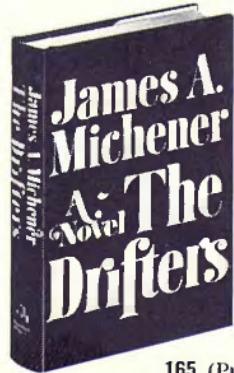
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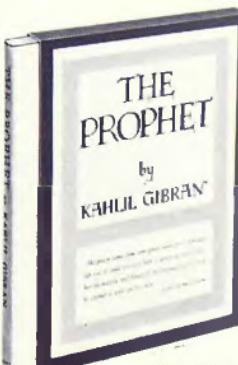
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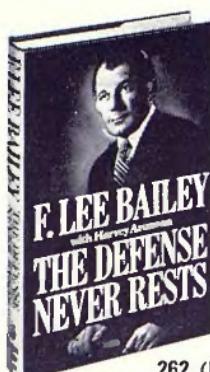
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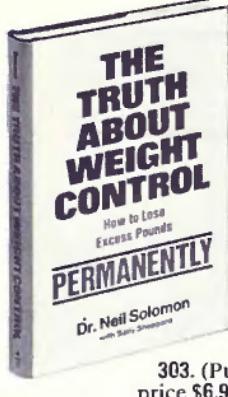


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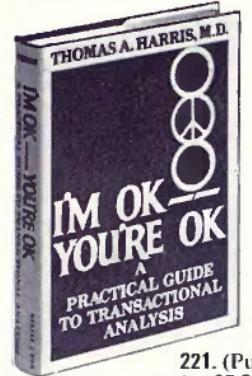
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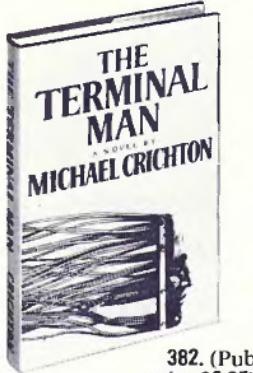
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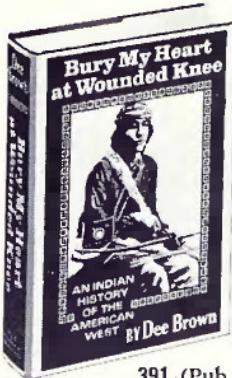
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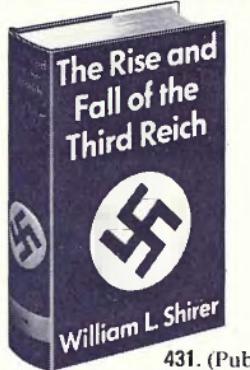
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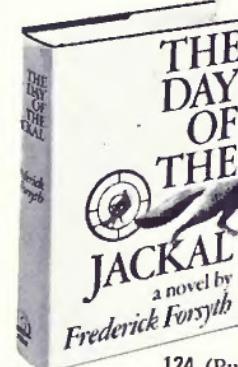
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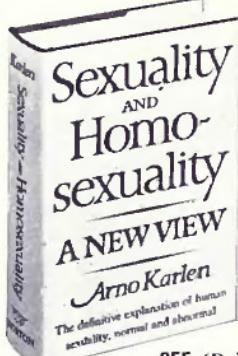
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If you continue after this experimental membership, you will earn, for every Club Selection or Alternate you buy, a Book-Dividend Credit. Each Credit, upon payment of a nominal sum, often only \$1.00 or \$1.50—somewhat more for unusually expensive volumes or sets—will entitle you to a Book-Dividend® which you may choose from over a hundred fine library volumes available over the year. This unique library-building system enables members to save 70% or more of what they would otherwise have to pay.

Micronite filter.
Mild, smooth taste.
For all the right reasons.
Kent.

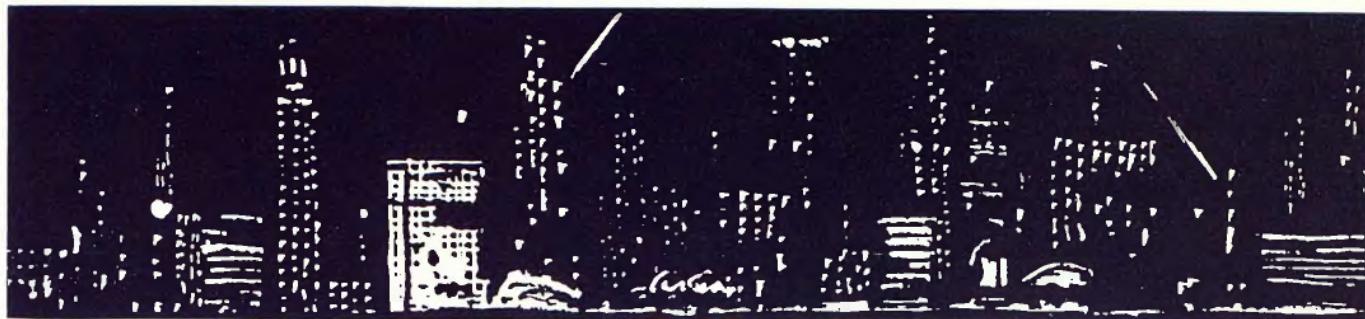


America's quality cigarette.
King Size or Deluxe 100's.

Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine;
100's: 20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Apr. 72.

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

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



In June 1970, under the title *Tailor-Made Turndowns*, we published a series of tongue-in-cheek magazine rejection slips. Our premise was that these heart-breaking notices of would-be writers' failures, instead of being bureaucratically toneless, could be stylishly suited to the publications sending them out—if only they were invested with a little dash, a little strut and a little feeling. Now truth has caught up with our fantasies. An old friend of ours—a gagwriter who occasionally dabbles in pornography—received the following rejection letter from a firm called Captain Publications:

Thanks for your submission, but it's not what we're looking for right now. To get a better idea of the material we want, check out a recent *Rogue* or *Topper*, plus the following:

Fiction: *Hot* stories—not pornographic, but consistently erotic. "Hair Pie—Comes in 69 Flavors"; "Private Dick, Public Hole—he hugged her legs and Hobbs got a whiff of his next assignment!" Fifteen hundred to 2500 words, constantly hot; euphemisms ("tool" rather than "cock") except for occasional dramatic effect.

Articles: similar to fiction ("Confessions of a Stag Flick Starlet"; "How to Give Head").

Cartoons: constantly needed. But must be hot—and amusing (Guy and girl naked watching a stag flick; "Now, watch carefully how she manipulates her lips, Thelma").

Keep coming.

Christopher Watson, Editor
Rogue, Topper

After perusing this mimeographed form letter—which certainly contains dash, strut and feeling—we wondered if Mr. Watson might have had his tongue in cheek, if not in check. To find out, we checked an issue of *Rogue* and were rewarded with: "The Pig F***ker—a girl, a cop, and how she took the law

into her own hands"; "Lip Service—how to manage a ménage"; and "Happy Humping with Henry the Health-Head—about a chap with a never-diminishing ding-dong."

Seems that Mr. Watson was telling it just like it is.

It's been a big month for the macabre. In New South Wales, after surviving six days on an isolated mountain, stranded hiker Alan Enver waved wildly to an approaching rescue helicopter—and plunged to his death in a ravine. Over in Prague, a woman learned that her husband had been cheating on her. She decided to commit suicide by jumping out her third-story window. Unfortunately, the husband was walking by on the sidewalk below. He was killed; the wife recovered.

The Washington Post informs us, via a recent headline: "FOUR BROTHEL LICENSES ISSUED IN NEVADA COUNTY."

Medical breakthrough of the year, as recorded on the U.P.I. broadcast wire: "Doctors at New York hospital say a baby girl, weighing just a little more than a pound and a half, is holding out under special care, despite the fact that she was born 15 months prematurely."

To celebrate his 100th birthday, Tom Yardley slipped out of his English old-folks' home to take in a skin flick. Alas, he found the experience disappointing. "It was so full of nudes," he remarked, "that I walked out in disgust after three hours."

It was the world's greatest bullfight—at least from the viewpoint of the bull. In Caracas, 1100-pound Betulio chased timid toreador Joselito Alvarez several times around the ring. Alvarez finally escaped by climbing over a retaining wall—which the bull leaped over in pursuit. Both toreador and *toro* were finally herded back into the ring and

the chase re-enacted. Shouting curses, Alvarez again hurdled the barricade and this time didn't stop running until he reached a phone booth. There, he called the fight judges in their box atop the stands to explain why he could not kill Betulio: The damned bull just wouldn't stand still. The story has a happy ending, of sorts: Betulio was spared, and a local paper subsequently opined that toreador Alvarez should be machine-gunned.

Wish we were invited: According to the Newton, Iowa, *Daily News*: "Seventy-one bishops of the United Methodist Church, from the United States and several foreign countries, will be fathering in Des Moines for the biennial meeting of the Council of Bishops."

On Los Angeles' Channel 4, a recent special called *The Bombing of Haiphong* pre-empted a documentary called *Thou Shalt Not Kill*.

"George Victor Has Crabs" reads an ad in the Tacoma, Washington, *News Tribune*. A vindictive girlfriend getting even? No—just a notice for George's Lakewood Sea Foods.

A gay liberation dance scheduled at the University of Illinois' Chicago campus was canceled because it conflicted with a transvestites' ball being held on the city's South Side.

Time heals all wounds, almost: Alger Hiss, jailed in the Fifties after hearings spearheaded by young Red hunter Richard Nixon, was recently invited to donate to the Committee for the Re-election of the President. He declined.

Better living through chemistry (from Adelle Davis' *Let's Eat Right to Keep Fit*): "Where zinc deficiencies are severe, as in Egypt and Iran, growth and sexual development is so interfered with that the testicles and penis remain

abnormally small and pubic and facial hair does not grow; yet zinc sulphate given as a daily supplement has brought development of the external genitalia and normal growth, even in older boys. One young man, 20 years old, grew five inches in 14 months."

We almost hate to report this, but it appeared in Herb Caen's *San Francisco Chronicle* column: "On KQED-FM, a tape of *The Polish Hour* ran backward for 30 minutes before anybody noticed. The engineer, not a Pole, was fired."

There'll always be an Indochina: Cambodian tradition holds that an eclipse of the moon is actually an assault by a legendary monster, the sun's black-sheep brother, who will swallow up the moon forever unless frightened away by loud noises. According to Premier Lon Nol, quoted in *The New York Times*, the Cambodian army's spirited defense of the moon, during a recent eclipse, consumed so much ammunition that the troops would have been caught short in the event of terrestrial attack.

One of the more interesting courses offered at the University of Kentucky evening school is "Elementary French (Oral Approach)."

A full-page fertilizer ad in the Newburgh (New York) *Evening News* reads, "WE'RE NUMBER ONE IN THE NUMBER TWO BUSINESS AND THAT'S NO BULL."

Who should know better? When Cora Cocks, director of a California family-planning clinic, spoke on contraception at California State College at Long Beach, the campus paper headed its report: "VASECTOMY DISCUSSED BY COCKS." Ms. Cocks would probably be interested in Springer Publishing Company's new book *Vasectomy, Manhood and Sex*. We received an advance copy, along with a promotional note from the firm's publicity director, Viola Dick.

In its 11-year history, ABC's *Wide World of Sports* has shown America "the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat" as experienced by the most storied athletes of our time. So it came as something of a shock when we learned that one of the highest-rated *Wide World* shows of all time was last fall's telecast of the World's Championship Wrist-Wrestling Tournament.

Also known as arm wrestling and/or Indian wrestling, wrist wrestling is that traditional pastime in which two men plant their elbows, lock hands and then, by dint of "Raw Strength and Courage" (the official wrist-wrestling motto), try to force each other's hand to the

tabletop. Or bar counter: Hand-wrestling hustlers still pick up ten-dollar bets in rural roadhouses throughout America, and the sport actually goes back to pioneer days, when contestants would face burning candles or upturned knives strategically placed at either end of the table.

The world championships are held each year in Petaluma, California, a down-in-the-mouth little town an hour's drive north of San Francisco. Not too long ago, Petaluma was known as "The Egg Basket of the World," but then along came what is locally called the cheap Texas egg. Today Petaluma bills itself as "The Wrist-Wrestling Capital of the World." The wrist-wrestling tournament can be traced back to a night 20 years ago, when Mike Gilardi's bar in downtown Petaluma became the scene of an eagerly awaited grudge match between Jack Homel, then trainer of the Detroit Tigers, and Oliver Kullberg, a local rancher. Both men claimed they'd never been beaten and both emerged with their reputations intact; the epic half-hour battle ended in a draw. Out of this developed city play-offs, state tourneys and, finally, in 1961, the world championships—all through the effort of a Petaluma promoter named Bill Soberanes, who also masterminds the yearly Petaluma-to-Sonoma Walkathon, the Petaluma River Rowboat Regatta and the Harry Houdini Séance, held annually in abandoned houses or cemeteries with hopes of supernaturally contacting the departed escape artist.

Wrist wrestling didn't really catch America's fancy until 1968, when cartoonist Charles Schulz, who lives near neighboring Santa Rosa, drew ten consecutive strips wherein Snoopy readied himself to descend on Petaluma for the competition. The following year, *Wide World* began televising the tournament and, since then, contestants have come from the nation over.

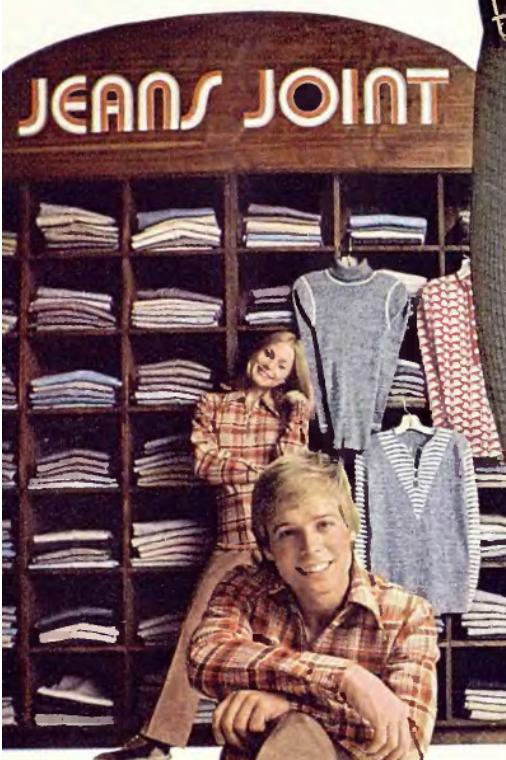
On the day of this year's championships, we showed up at Petaluma's Veterans Memorial Building for the afternoon elimination matches; the final rounds were slated to go before the ABC camera that evening. More than 400 men had arrived to contest titles in three weight divisions, but only a dozen women were on hand to vie for the women's crown. One of them, Pam Imm, an attractive 21-year-old blonde, was visibly nervous. "I left my deodorant at home," she lamented. "What happens if I start sweating a lot?" Said blonde Barbara Grinnell, "Shoot, I just seen last year's champ, and one of the gal's tits weighs more than I do soakin' wet." Most male competitors seemed more self-assured. "Training pays off," said Dr. Peter Singer, 32, a faculty member of USC's medical school, who had flown up from Los Angeles the day before and

announced that his superb conditioning regimen would pay off in a championship. Resplendent in a Superchicken sweat shirt, Singer said, "For the past month, I've been eating jelly doughnuts for extra glucose—and beating my wife to stay mean. I've thought about this a lot, and when I win, I'll thank my parents and then seek to put America back on an even keel." In his first and only match, Singer lasted nine seconds. "I don't understand it," he sighed afterward. "I gave him my best Sonny Liston psyche-out stare; if he had looked at my face instead of at my wrist, I could have killed the bum."

While the sport seems harmless enough, it's not as injury-free as one would imagine. Don Boesplug, a 30-year-old paint contractor from Battleground, Washington, was valiantly straining in one of the first matches of the evening, when suddenly his arm snapped—with a crack audible 20 feet away. For the second straight year, a competitor had broken his humerus, the main bone in the upper arm.

Another highlight of the final rounds was the appearance of German wrist-wrestling champion Max Blueml, who turned up in *Lederhosen*. This 240-pounder from Ruhpolding had already become a local hero: After only a night in Petaluma, Max and his manager, Hans Pichler, were taking the evening air when they happened upon a man busily engaged in kicking in all the store windows along Petaluma's main drag. Blueml held the miscreant for the police and was immediately awarded a civic citation by Mayor Helen Putnam. In the tournament, however, things didn't go smoothly for Max. In his first match, he was quickly pinned by Jeff Batchman, a 250-pound machinery salesman from Loomis, California. "Blueml was very nice about it," Batchman told us. "After I pinned him, he looked up at me and said, 'Jawohl!'"

After Fran Ayers, a zaftig 27-year-old blonde, won the women's division, the lightweight (175 pounds or under) men's title went to Ted Pollock. Then his brother Jim, a Palo Alto insurance salesman, captured his fourth straight middleweight (176 to 200 pounds) crown—but not without controversy. In his semifinal match with Fred Hansen, a 185-pounder from Wallingford, Connecticut, Pollock used the left side of his face and chin to help force Hansen's hand down. The ploy wasn't meeting with great success, but when Hansen turned to question the referee about it, he was quickly pinned. After ten minutes of furious shouting—at the referee and at Bill Flemming, the ABC announcer—Hansen finally cooled off. "What a bummer," he said. The crowd agreed. Most of the 1500 people in attendance



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stood up and began shouting "Rematch! Rematch!"—the way New York Knickerbockers fans shout "Defense! Defense!" But Hansen would have to wait till next year. Explained referee Dave Devoto: "I couldn't disqualify Pollock, because no rules exist prohibiting what he did. Next year, we'll have a rule."

Finally it was time for the eagerly awaited confrontation between reigning heavyweight Jim Dolcini, 21 years old, and Maurice Baker, a 300-pound Connecticut steelworker who'd lost his first wrist wrestle since puberty to Dolcini the year before. Baker had taken less than one minute to dispose of five opponents during the course of the evening, and he looked ready for his sixth. He was: Within a minute and with hardly a grunt, he had pinned Dolcini, a 240-pound football player from Humboldt State. For his efforts, Baker received a trip to the summer Olympic games; other division winners came away with color-TV sets. Said Baker: "It's impossible for any man to beat me twice." Said a disappointed Hansen: "If I ever get that clown Pollock on the East Coast, I'll show him up for the fraud he is." Said ABC's Flemming: "I don't recall ever seeing a crowd go so crazy." Said promoter Soberanes: "Wait'll we televise this by satellite to Europe."

ART

"Italia! O Italia!" rhapsodized Byron 154 years ago. "Thou who hast / The fatal gift of beauty." The gift is proving fatal in more ways than one. If we can credit the testimony of Italia Nostra, a kind of Mediterranean Sierra Club, the Italian peninsula has turned into a major ecological disaster area. Etruscan treasures are disappearing beneath skyscrapers; olive groves are giving way to ugly subdivisions; once-pristine villages are choking in automobile-exhaust fumes; and Venice—Byron's queen city "throned on her hundred isles"—is sinking at the rate of five inches every century. Clearly, something ought to be done. What Italia Nostra has done, for openers, is to promote a stunning exhibition of photographs documenting the downhill slide. The show—called *Art and Landscape of Italy, Too Late to Be Saved?*—opened last May in New York amid kudos from art critics and ecoologists alike. It will tour museums in the United States, Canada and Europe during the next two years, beginning in Pittsburgh on October 15. Giorgio Bassani, president of Italia Nostra and author of the novel *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*, says the exhibition is meant to undermine the "falsely progressive ideology of consumerism." Certainly, it is an indictment of man's apparent indifference to all that does not glitter and is not gold. In a section titled "Urban Landscape," we glimpse

familiar depredations: a polluted stream, denuded forests, traffic jams. What gives these melancholy scenes special force is the beautiful Italian backdrop against which they are ironically projected. A new high-rise eclipses an ancient church; a superhighway bisects a medieval village. If the show has a weakness, it is in the accompanying captions, which seem to have been written by jargon-prone planners who sermonize on "the larger operational context" and lament the agrarian trend toward "the superimposition of different cultivations." Such explanations do nothing to sharpen the viewer's understanding of Italy's dilemma, which is the same that confronts most of the nations on earth: the aesthetic decline begotten by rapid industrial growth. "Fortunately," Mussolini once rejoiced, "the Italian people is not yet accustomed to eating several times per day." Now the Italians are eating well, at peril to their art and landscape.

BOOKS

Previews: "Big" books for the approaching fall season come, as usual, in two models—those that promise to excite the interest of critics and those that promise to cheer the lives of accountants. In the former category is John Barth's first book since *Giles Goat-Boy*, which appeared in 1966. Titled *Chimera*, it is based on the myths of Scheherazade, Perseus and Bellerophon. In the second category is *The Stepford Wives*, a new chiller by Ira Levin, author of the cash-register-ringing *Rosemary's Baby*. The victims this time around are women, the witchlike villains are their hubbies. Two contenders for the best of both worlds—the critical and the salable—present themselves in the forms of *August 1914*, Nobel laureate Alexander Solzhenitsyn's big novel of Russia in peace and war, and Russian expatriate Vladimir Nabokov's novella *Transparent Things*, which is billed as being both humorous and terrifying, a combination well within the compass of versatile Vladimir. Over in the nonfiction camp, Vance Packard tides again this fall with *A Nation of Strangers*. This time the indefatigable researcher, who has six smash hits to his record, including *The Hidden Persuaders* and *The Sexual Wilderness*, focuses on the anonymity and rootlessness in American society, and what it means in terms of crime, confusion and general disarray. It also means big sales for Vance Packard. And on the subject of big sales, Philip Roth's new novel, *The Breast*, has to do with a man who turns into one.

And what else hath Philip Roth? Plenty. For one thing, he may become the first author to wind up owning 100 per-

cent of himself. Most writers traditionally relinquish ten percent of their earnings to their agents. But Roth shed his agent several months ago. Most writers also traditionally share 50-50 with their hardcover publishers in the sale of their paperback rights. But Roth has parted with his publisher, Random House, over this issue and is demanding of his new publisher *all* revenues from the sale of paperback rights. These moves have set the book industry aflutter. As one of New York's leading literary agents put it: "I've asked for and received 60 percent, and even on rare occasion 66 and two thirds percent of a paperback sale; but Roth has more *chutzpah* than the lot of us. I can see what gave him the idea. He asked Random House for a big advance on his last book. Random House said, 'Wait a minute,' called a paperback house, was guaranteed \$100,000 more than Roth was asking, and then said, 'Fine.' When Philip heard about it, he figured he could make his own phone call for another dime and keep *all* the money."

The Roth affair serves to highlight the growing importance of the role played by the ancillary paperback offspring in current publishing operations. Indeed, often the child acts as if it were the father of the book. When paperback sales are booming, hardcover publishers flaunt astronomical advances. When paperback houses are in a period of retreat—as they were during last year's tight money situation—then hardcover publishers, nursing their martinis, cry caution into their writers' beers. For publishers, like everyone else in our expense-account society, tend to play more generously with other people's money. When asked to give an advance on a prospective book, a publisher's first reaction is that of any bookmaker: *Where can I lay it off?* He immediately contacts a paperback house, seeking a "floor"—that is, a minimum-guarantee offer for the paperback rights. In return for having provided a publisher with the security of a floor, the paperback house receives the advantage of a "topper"—the right to top any other firm's offer for the book in the paperback market. "For having answered your first phone call," one publisher succinctly describes the procedure, "he's entitled to make a last phone call." This publisher argues vigorously for a retention of a share in paperback rights: "I'd never make the kind of deal Roth is asking for. That would be sheer madness. Take all the fun out of publishing. I have to know there's always a chance for an extra score."

Lately, paperback houses have been offering impressive extra scores, going

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Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 219

through a period a paperback executive himself describes as an "insanity binge." A first novel, *Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen*, was bought for \$345,000, chiefly because it's billed as the "first women's lib novel." A nonfictional how-to-be-a-parent guide by Jonas Salk's brother Lee went for over \$300,000 on the premise that one man's Salk could perhaps be another man's Spock. A Hollywood first novel by Rona Barrett was purchased for "a guarantee in the \$200,000 area"—not, we may be sure, on the basis of its literary quality.

Why such big spending? Again, it's a case of other people's money. Check-waving showbiz conglomerates have become a prominent part of the paperback scene: For example, Paperback Library is just another parking stop in the Warner-Kinney system, and Popular Library is just one more channel in the CBS cash flow. Which brings us back to Philip Roth. His new publisher is Holt, Rinehart & Winston, another CBS-owned subsidiary. His previous publisher, Random House, is in the RCA family. And his paperback rights will probably go again to Bantam Books, a National General company. Even a Philip Roth doing business for himself may discover there is no way for an author to beat the system—not when it comes to bookkeeping, anyway.

Daniel Ellsberg's *Papers on the War* (Simon & Schuster)—a collection of revised essays dating back to 1965, preceded by a long introduction—deals, most revealingly, with how we got involved in Vietnam and why it has been so difficult for us to get out. Ellsberg's work for the Rand Corporation and the Pentagon gave him inside knowledge of the nature of decision making in the Executive branch and, as this book demonstrates, he is extraordinarily well read in the literature, on all sides, concerning our presence in Southeast Asia. Though the material is complex, Ellsberg writes clearly and powerfully. The result is an uncommonly persuasive contribution to present understanding and future historiography. In addition, since he has not retouched the various stages of his own change from war accomplice to antiwar activist, Ellsberg illuminates the ways in which the war has changed in the consciousness of many others, from problem to stalemate to crime. Among the themes in these papers is the responsibility of all American Presidents since Harry Truman for deceiving the American people. Another theme is the way in which Presidents and their advisors have been able to ignore the moral dimensions of their policies and actions; Ellsberg's experience provides the best dissection so far of how "honorable" men turn into murderers. Ellsberg's

third main theme is that for a quarter of a century, this has been an American war—"first through the French, then wholly owned client regimes, and at last directly." Without American involvement, he contends, political violence in Vietnam would never have stayed at the scale of a "war." Being so heavily responsible for so much destruction, we must, he says, leave instantly. The implementation of that recommendation seems to be up to the electorate.

Arthur Koestler writes wisely but not well in *The Roots of Coincidence* (Random House), an effort to explain clairvoyance, extrasensory perception and other mind boggles. Koestler, who knows something about everything from Newton to neutrinos, is a convert to ESP, a skeptic who has seen the light; and although he confesses a certain "discomfort" as a believer, he senses he is in the vanguard of a growing movement. "One can almost foresee the time when ESP will be the fashionable craze in science, and the latest ESP-recording gadgets will replace the rat-conditioning boxes in the laboratories." He dutifully reviews the scientific evidence for ESP, then plunges us into a theoretical discussion of modern physics, his point being that physicists cannot explain the universe in any but "mystic" terms. In other words, "the seemingly fantastic propositions of parapsychology appear less preposterous in the light of the truly fantastic concepts of modern physics." For good measure, Koestler drags in Jung and the *I Ching*, lending the whole discussion a baffling air of occult respectability. All this is interesting but obscure—and Koestler's paste-together style does little to clear things up. The book is marred by long scientific quotations in need of a blue pencil; on several occasions the author resorts to quoting himself, a dubious ploy even for a man who has written two dozen books. To make sense out of this learned pastiche, one would have to depend on telepathy.

In many contemporary novels, tragedy has a disconcerting way of turning into absurd melodrama and outrageous farce. Isaac Bashevis Singer, the justly renowned Yiddish-American storyteller, who has for good reason been compared to great writers from Nathaniel Hawthorne to Knut Hamsun, would seem the last man in the world to jump into the black-comedy bag. But he's done just that in *Enemies, a Love Story* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), which tells of a group of Jewish survivors of Hitler's death camps who are trying to resume their broken lives in America. It was originally published as a serial in *The Jewish Daily Forward*, and admirers of Singer's work may wonder whether it rated the translation.

Although there is probably no writer alive who can tell a more engrossing story, the unremitting onrush of zany misfortunes, wild catastrophes and melodramatic coincidences often stretches the reader's will to believe to the breaking point. Hidden somewhere in the tragic-farcical ins and outs and ups and downs of Singer's tale are a moral and a theme—something about the value of existence and the meaning of absolute evil in our time—but the breakneck speed of appalling events in the protagonist's love life is more reminiscent of an old-fashioned Second Avenue tearjerker than a modern tragedy.

Despite the dopey title, *Sappho Was a Right-On Woman* (Stein & Day) is a straightforward account of what it means to be a female homosexual in the United States today. Co-authors Sidney Abbott and Barbara Love, both Lesbians, describe life in the past in familiar terms: Saturated with shame and guilt, homosexual women pretended to be heterosexual or, for the few who defiantly came into the open, fulfilled the stereotyped roles of *femme* or dyke. Abbott and Love argue that the roles are themselves a reflection of society's distorted vision of human sexuality, so totally polarized that when two women—or two men, for that matter—formed a bond as a couple, one of them had to be "masculine" and the other "feminine." This either/or approach to sexual nature is being splintered by a growing awareness among men and women alike that the human need for, and expression of, the bond of love requires a wide range of choice. The spectrum of individual identity stretches from the heterosexual to the bisexual, the homosexual and the asexual, and so Abbott and Love quote with approval the organized Lesbian insistence that "All sex-education curricula must include Lesbianism as a valid, legitimate form of sexual expression and love." Although *Sappho Was a Right-On Woman* does not resort to passionate rhetoric, it does appeal to all Lesbians not only to identify themselves openly and with pride but to become activists in the movement and strive to escape a past in which the love of one woman for another was reduced to its lowest common denominator—even among themselves.

Stanley Ellin has been a successful and esteemed practitioner of the murder mystery for many years now, but he has so far remained in the shadow of the most popular of his fellow craftsmen. His new work, *Mirror, Mirror on the Wall* (Random House), makes it clear that he is ripe for the Ross Macdonald treatment. The new Ellin matches anything Macdonald has done in terms of technically dazzling the reader with an intricate



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narrative that makes sense in human terms. And it surpasses Macdonald in its willingness to plunge into post-Kafka depths and just take sheer chances in laying bare the ugliness and horror that can reside in the human heart. The central figure, through whose mind the story is told, is Peter Hibben, a middle-aged New York book editor with a broken marriage, a teenaged son whom he worships, a psychiatrist whom he doesn't level with and the sort of personal insecurity that causes him to seek out nonselling, prize-winning international authors for his publishing house. At the outset, Hibben discovers, in his bathroom, a grotesque female figure suffering from a gunshot wound in the chest. Who is she? Why was she shot? Who shot her? To find the answers, the reader accompanies Hibben on a surrealistic probing of his sexual history until the identity comes crashing in on us. In Macdonald's books, too, identity is the main theme, but it is revealed as a light; in *Mirror, Mirror*, it comes as a terrible roar.

Contemplating a divorce? Well, don't make a move until you've read the bad news in *Uncoupling* (Viking), by Norman Sheresky and Marya Mannes, which tries to put the divorce process in a realistic light and, what with all the high-pitched emotion, legal legerdemain and social obfuscation that surround the subject, manages remarkably well. The painful truth about divorce, which the authors make abundantly clear by citing hundreds of cases, is that very often the cure is worse than the disease, not only because a courtroom is a mighty poor place for settling emotional problems but also because most people embark on the divorce route in the same condition of blissful ignorance in which they embarked on the unhappy-marriage route. Among other compassionately realistic items in this eminently realistic book, the authors have imagined and written up a series of ground rules for prospective married couples, wherein are discussed their reasons for getting married, their sexual habits, their past histories, existing relations (parents, former wives or lovers and children, if any), their preferences as to place of residence, employment and leisure-time amusements and, most important, their financial and property agreement in case of divorce. For example, if they have a joint bank account, in the event of divorce they would agree beforehand to divide it in accordance with how much money each has contributed. Given the hang-ups most people have, the main effect of such ground rules would probably be to stop marriages before they get started. In the annals of matrimonial warfare, which often comes down to the naked and brutal question of who gets what,

this witty handbook may do more than a thousand sermons on the sacredness of the home to keep unsuited partners from defiling it. As the authors caution, "The state will let you in the marriage game for the price of a license, and out at the price of a heart transplant." *Uncoupling* may cut down the divorce statistics by simply cutting down the marriage statistics.

In *O Jerusalem* (Simon & Schuster), Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre re-create the struggle of the infant nation of Israel to hold onto Jerusalem in the early months of 1948. The story—by the authors of *Is Paris Burning?*—unfolds like the big-budget flick it will no doubt become. Everyone's in it: Harry Truman, David Ben-Gurion, Golda Meir, King Abdullah, plus bakers and truck drivers and doctors and scientists and shepherds—Arab, Israeli and others who lived, fought and died. There is appalling cruelty on both sides, as well as heroism and gentleness and imagination. This is not history; purist eyebrows will be lifted at private conversations quoted verbatim a quarter of a century after they took place, at events re-created in blow-by-blow detail. Yet this episodic treatment is in a way appropriate, for history in those crucial months was like something out of Cecil B. De Mille. The book is big, sprawling and exciting, written from both points of view—though the Israeli treatment seems fuller, perhaps simply because detailed Israeli information was easier to come by. The pace is so swift—bombings, skirmishes, assaults, intrigue—that only after the book is put down does one stop to think about the essential tragedy of these two peoples, each convinced to the core of its being that it is right, locked in a struggle that still seems as far from resolution as it was in 1948.

James Mills has written better books (*The Prosecutor* and *The Panic in Needle Park*) than *Report to the Commissioner* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), but none as sure-fire commercial as this first novel. For here he is offering pop-cop entertainment in the instant tradition of *The French Connection*: cops behaving as we just can't quite picture cops behaving. Mills, for example, even has his cop shack up with a big, black militant drug dealer. But then his cop is actually a lily-white, blonde and intensely feminine undercover agent out to score a collar (arrest). Or is she simply out to score? In any event, a neurotic young detective who looks like a Weatherman and should never have passed his police-department exams blunders onto the scene, shoots the white cop, gets holed up in an elevator at Saks Fifth Avenue with the black drug dealer in a climactic

standoff, and finally hangs himself in frustration as he tries to figure out his own true motivations. Some readers, too, may be frustrated by the tangle of sex and crime and race that Mills weaves. And some might not buy the connections he suggests between the Panthers and the drug market. But no matter. It's all quite readable and about as sustaining as a drive-in-movie snack.

It is a sobering thought that the zipper industry has earned more money than the nuclear-power industry. But then, Robert Heller's *The Great Executive Dream* (Delacorte) is a sobering book. Young executives could well profit from a close study of Heller's thesis that the major myth of management is that it exists as a skill or technique. Unlike Parkinson, Peter and others who have poked mild fun at business practices, this observer slashes away with a combination of fact and wit. Heller, a veteran financial correspondent, draws upon a wide background in Britain as well as the U. S. and has an uncommon ability to write about business with clarity and literacy. He challenges the traditional concepts of managerial expertise, exposing them as myths, empty rituals, cover-ups and self-delusions. "What lends the executive his peculiar charm and weakness," Heller reports, "is inability to recognize his own impotence, incompetence and error." With a seemingly endless supply of horror-story case histories of executive goof-ups, he demonstrates that much of management is guilty of greed, stupidity and buck passing. He skewers the overreliance on computers and the values of a business-school education, the 18-hour-a-day "dynamo" and the table-of-organization man, the stuck-together-with-spit-and-hope conglomerates and the moribund one-man shows. Holding that management is not an arcane science but an extension of general human activity, Heller has distilled ten guideposts for good management, most of them based on decency and common sense—commodities in notoriously short supply, in business as elsewhere.

When the Apollo 15 astronauts rode by a crater in their Lunar Rover and named it Earthlight, they were paying tribute to Arthur C. Clarke and to the novel of that name that he wrote in 1955. Now *Earthlight* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) has been reprinted in hardcover—and pays its own tribute to Clarke's prescience in describing the physical phenomena of the moon environment. *Earthlight* is also an excitingly imagined adventure wherein an amateur counterspy, posing as a cost accountant at Earth's Lunar Observatory, tries to find the man who is leaking information



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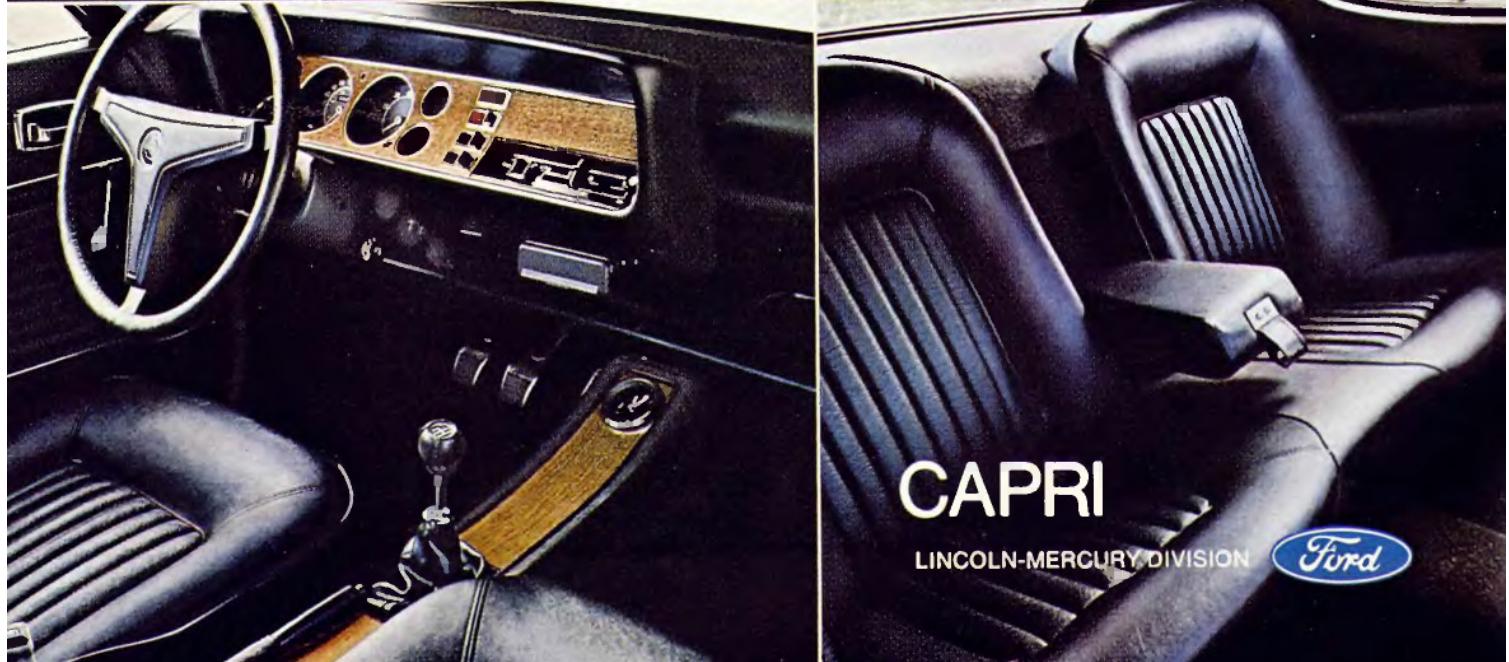
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to scientists of the Federation—the frontier colonists on Mars and Venus who feel they aren't getting their fair share of Earth's supply of vital heavy metals. When a new source of heavy metals is discovered on the Moon, the political rivalry explodes into armed conflict. The weapons and counterweapons that Clarke dreamed up for the final battle bear witness that the understated, intellectual approach normally associated with the author never deprived him of his flair for space opera. *Earthlight* could stand on its own were it being published for the first time.

Noteworthy: *Psychopaths* (Simon & Schuster) is an expanded version of Alan Harrington's *The Coming of the Psychopath*, which appeared in our December 1971 issue. Disturbed by the proliferation of what he calls "detached, manipulative predatory types," Harrington suggests some radical methods for dealing with this contemporary brand of madness.

Another *PLAYBOY* article, John McPhee's vivid *Centre Court* (June 1971), has been expanded into a book—*Wimbledon* (Viking), illustrated by internationally acclaimed photo journalist Alfred Eisenstaedt. McPhee's description of the scene surrounding the world's most prestigious tennis tournament and his observations on the chief male competitors are compelling and often lyrical, but Eisenstaedt's photos, sadly, lack the power of his best work.

DINING-DRINKING

In southern Louisiana, a Creole is a descendant of French and/or Spanish settlers, and Creole cooking is influenced largely by those two tastes—with an occasional tang of Indian, African, Haitian, Italian, West Indian, German, Mexican or Cuban origin thrown in. It is nowhere represented better than at New Orleans' *Galatoire's* (209 Bourbon Street, in the French Quarter), a restaurant that has been serving food since 1905 and where, except for one or two luxe ingredients (e.g., truffles) that have gone the way of all costs, prices are pretty much what they were way back when. *Galatoire's* is famous for sticking to its old rules and for making no exceptions. One rule is that no reservations are taken. Local legend has it that Churchill, Eisenhower and Garbo have all stood in line on the street. Once through the door, you'll find yourself confronted by a starkly plain room without a frill or a carpet in sight. Tourists who go there for atmosphere are often disappointed. Great old New Orleans restaurants, of which *Galatoire's* is probably the best remaining, do not cater to middle-class taste. The floor is tiled, the walls are mirror-lined, with large coat

hooks all around, and there are 22 two-vane wooden ceiling fans with unshaded light bulbs set into them. Overall, the room has a nonchalant look that falls somewhere between a well-run barbershop and the men's room at the Waldorf. You go to Galatoire's for one reason alone—good food. A first course of Shrimp Remoulade (\$2) combines olive oil, paprika, horseradish, Creole mustard, garlic, Tabasco, green onions, parsley and celery in a terra-cotta-colored sauce that tingles like sin. The Oysters à la Rockefeller (\$2 for a half dozen) are good, too. They are topped with the traditional spinach sauce, baked and served on a bed of blistering-hot rock salt to keep them warm. Occasionally, a visitor has been known to sample the rock salt. Don't. If you're really hungry, Turtle Soup (\$1.25) makes a good second course; but remember that spicy Creole turtle soup, unlike the thin French variety, is as thick and as dark as Mississippi mud. For an entree, try the Trout Marguery (\$3.50), which has fresh local shrimps in sauce; or Chicken Clemenceau (\$4), a tinge of garlic wafting up from under chicken with mushrooms, green peas and parsley; or the delicious plain Broiled Sweetbreads (\$3). Galatoire's hollandaise sauce has a fresh sunny taste that is good with broccoli, artichokes or asparagus, if you happen to want an extra vegetable. For dessert, the Crepes Maison (\$1) are above average; the Crepes Suzette (\$1.75) are marvelous. But if you've eaten your fill, our advice is to skip dessert and have, instead, Café Brûlot (minimum two orders, \$1.50 per), a Creole brandied coffee with lemon and orange peel, cloves and cinnamon. The waiter mixes and flames it at your table. There is a deep burning aftertaste to Café Brûlot that leaves a hot glow in the throat, in the mind and in the heart. Galatoire's is open from 11:30 A.M. for lunch (from noon on Sundays), and if the line outside gets too long at night, no more customers are allowed to join it after 8:30 P.M. The line usually does get too long. Galatoire's is closed on Mondays. No credit cards are accepted—ever.

MOVIES

Previews: Following the current *Butterflies Are Free*, *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg*, *Last of the Red Hot Lovers* and Woody Allen's *Play It Again, Sam*, many another Broadway hit will be splashed onto movie screens in the months ahead. Autumn will bring Robert Preston and James Mason in Sidney Lumet's version of *Child's Play*. The prize-winning musical *1776*, with most of its original cast intact, is expected to premiere as Radio City Music Hall's all-American holiday attraction for Thanksgiving, followed by the Christmas release of director Arthur (Love

Story) Hiller's sumptuous *Man of La Mancha*, starring Peter O'Toole, Sophia Loren and James Coco. Meanwhile, among the bright but still-embryonic future prospects are director Norman (*Fiddler on the Roof*) Jewison's film of *Jesus Christ—Superstar*; a flick from Neil Simon's latest coup, *The Prisoner of Second Avenue*; producer Mike Frankovich's *Forty Carats*; and Elizabeth Taylor (directed by Brian Hutton, who helped her steal every scene of *X, Y and Zee*) in the thriller *Night Watch*. By summer's end, in England, producer Hal B. Wallis will have Glenda Jackson and Peter Finch (of *Sunday Bloody Sunday*) facing the cameras together again, as Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson in *A Bequest to the Nation*, based on a Terence Rattigan play that never crossed the Atlantic. Then there are two award-winning best bets that should complete shooting about the same time: Joanne Woodward, directed by Paul Newman, in Paul Zindel's *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds*; and Sir Laurence Olivier vis-à-vis Michael Caine in the seriocomic suspense thriller *Sleuth*, with director Joseph Mankiewicz holding the megaphone. Down the cynics who insist that good plays invariably make bad movies. Several of these packages sound as though they may contain some pleasant surprises.

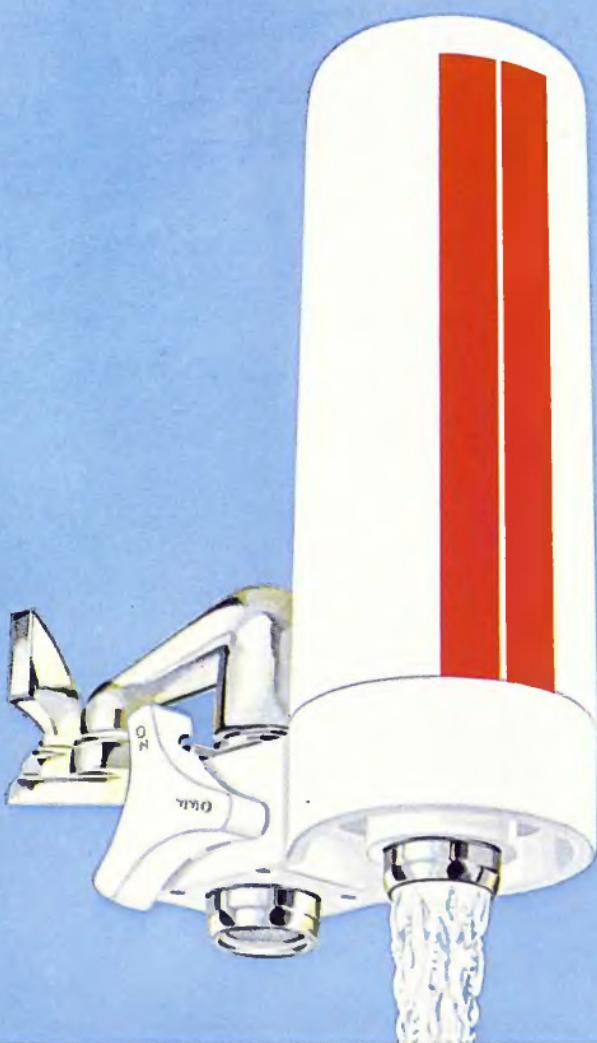
On the Thames Embankment in London, a soapbox ecologist's impassioned speech about river pollution is interrupted when a woman's nude body washes ashore, with something tightly knotted around her throat. "Another necktie murder," murmurs an onlooker. Peer closely into the crowd, and there, by God, is Alfred Hitchcock—the certified old master of suspense, thought to be slipping a little after such lackluster films as *Marnie* and *Topaz*. It's pleasant to report that Hitchcock returns to the top of his form in *Frenzy*, a film that may tempt viewers to say, "They don't make movies like that anymore." Perhaps because no imitator ever really knew how to manipulate the audience's fears and expectations with anything like Hitchcock's cat-and-mouse cunning. Played to the hilt by a superlative English cast, *Frenzy* features Jon Finch (star of Roman Polanski's *Macbeth*) as a typical Hitchcockian hero, an innocent man whose bad luck, bad timing and bad temper trap him into taking the rap for a homicidal maniac. In other hands, *Frenzy* would be a routine thriller. In Hitchcock's, it is a triumph of film construction, tightly paced and chock-full of so many savory touches that one can almost hear the maestro chuckling to himself offcamera. The acts of violence he shows are often less excruciating than the dark deeds he quietly avoids, and when morbid curiosity has just begun to

simmer, Hitch slips in a spot of comic relief—the best of it supplied by stage stars Alec McCowen and Vivien Merchant performing delightfully as a Scotland Yard investigator and his unctuous wife. Barbara Leigh-Hunt and Anna Massey are equally fine as two very appealing victims, though from first to last, the star of the show is Hitchcock. Who else could squeeze so much cold sweat from the plight of a desperate killer, roaring through the night in the back of a produce dealer's truck and clawing at potato sacks to retrieve a telltale clue from a corpse?

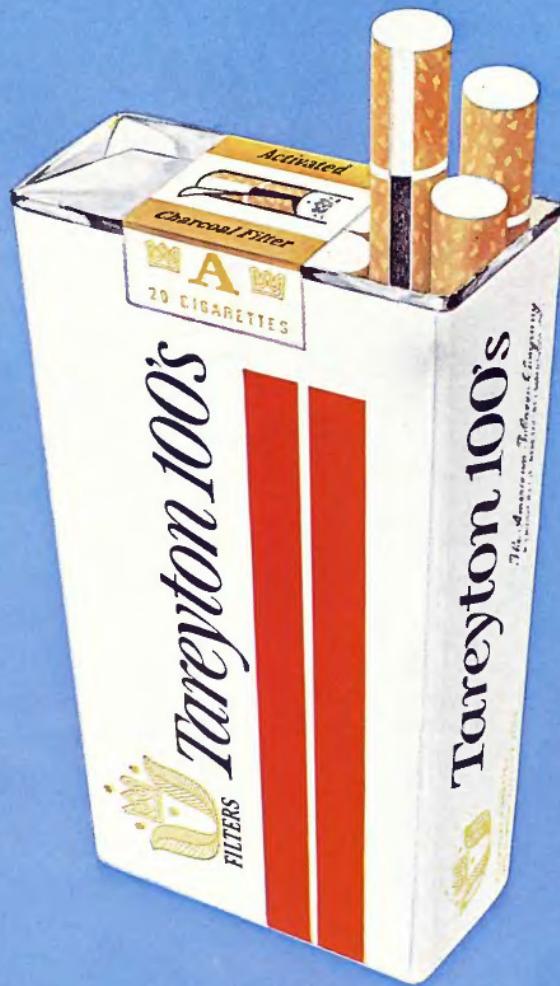
Neil Simon's *Last of the Red Hot Lovers* has withered into middle age in more ways than one since its rousing reception on Broadway a couple of seasons ago. A triple play about a 44-year-old owner of a seafood restaurant, who tries, tries and tries again to be an unfaithful husband—first with two zany pickups, then with his wife's best friend—*Lovers* is mostly a bland satire that reeks of suburban complacency. Despite some well-honed Simon gags and a competent job of direction by Gene Saks (who also filmed *Barefoot in the Park* and *The Odd Couple*), the restaurateur's frustrated stabs at infidelity make rather stale fun as performed by Alan Arkin, sporting a bald pate and giving an actorish imitation of a square. Paula Prentiss, as a kookie showgirl, and Renée Taylor, as the nervous family friend, also overact, as if trying to save a dated show that keeps folding around them. Only Sally Kellerman (the memorable Hot Lips of *M*A*S*H*) manages to conquer her material in a droll, martini-dry performance as a swinging young matron who doesn't like to waste time on words, particularly when an uptight businessman has arranged a two-hour rendezvous in his mother's apartment.

The title role of *Marjoe*, a razzle-dazzle nonfiction feature that earns its welcome as more than a mere documentary, is belted out by 27-year-old Reverend Marjoe Gortner, a real-life Holy Rolling evangelist who would be inadequately billed as anything but "the most outrageous character this side of Jesus." No Jesus freak, Marjoe became a fire-and-brimstone Pentecostal preacher at the age of four (and began to perform marriage ceremonies shortly thereafter, a phenomenon preserved for hilarity in old news-film excerpts), dropped into obscurity during his teens, then staged a flashy comeback as a rip-off artist conducting crusades for Jesus in the hard-rock style of Mick Jagger. Marjoe lives with a charming black girl, chortles over the money he rakes in at revival meetings and secretly scoffs at "all this Jesus

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business." In short, he is a hippie con man who yearns to be a real star, and the confessional pow of his public and private utterances may well make *Marjoe* one of the most sensational screen tests of all time. The star-spangled Reverend Gortner, while tripping out on the Holy Ghost, gets in some cracks at the ways in which churchmen of every race, creed and collar capitalize on the ignorance and faith of God fearing folk. A five-man camera crew (their long hair prudently cut short) accompanied *Marjoe* on tour, and returned with telling footage—of a swinging black revival meeting in Detroit, of a Pentecostal preacher coolly discussing the land he has bought in Brazil, of another shouting from the pulpit that the Cadillac he drives is God's own gift. Fine film editing by Larry Sils points up with merciless efficiency the truth behind the tub thumping, though the complete effectiveness of *Marjoe* as cinematic social satire can be traced to its producer-director team, Sarah Kernochan and Howard Smith. Their first effort is both electrifying pop art and savage sociology.

If the title alone doesn't put you off, surrendering to the saccharine charms of *Butterflies Are Free* will be relatively easy. Broadway and London audiences, with lumps in their throats, applauded Leonard Gershe's slick sentimental comedy about a brave blind lad who moves to San Francisco to find life, love and freedom away from his domineering mother. Boy gets girl, of course, while momma gets wise and decides to let her handicapped child become a man. Within the fairly rigid limitations of the Broadway formula for mixing fast repartee with warm human comedy, *Butterflies* deserves its popularity and should brighten up neighborhood theaters where *Love Story* was held over for a second or third week. Eileen Heckart (of the original cast), Goldie Hawn and movie newcomer Edward Albert (son of veteran star Eddie Albert and his actress wife, Margo) are the amiable trio in charge, and they have everything down pat. Young Albert delivers more resolute and courageous smiles than any screen hopeful since June Allyson. Horsy Miss Heckart is superb in her particular way—barbed tongue darting under eyes that look like open wounds—and Goldie becomes better film by film, an adept comedienne sprung from the shell of a sight gag. As canned plays go, this one delivers full measure.

Anything can happen in the California political arena—the logical spot for a sizzling satirical drama about the packaging of a U.S. Senator. *The Candidate*, played with wry intelligence and Kennedylike dash by Robert Redford, is the idealistic son of a former governor

(Melvyn Douglas); the young fellow is interested mainly in ecology and poverty programs until the party professionals choose him to run against a veteran California politico (Don Porter) whose position on every issue is slightly to the right of Reagan's. Politics is corrupt, our hero feels—before he sees any realistic possibility of winning. Redford is tough, shrewd, sexy and resonant as the reluctant campaigner whose stubborn idealism slowly gives way to expediency and to Madison Avenue. Though topical as a McGovern button (and just as one-sided), there are few new ideas in *The Candidate*'s efforts to show a man in the process of being swallowed whole by the machinery of American politics. The convincing, quasi-documentary color behind the scenes is the movie's great strength, and director Michael Ritchie (who steered Redford through *Downhill Racer*) manages to catch and ride with the campaign momentum. Actual sequences from a political fund-raising banquet attended by McGovern, Humphrey and Mayor Vorty are incorporated seamlessly into the tale, with commentator Howard K. Smith and prominent West Coast journalists taking pot shots; and a score of ballsy character actors led by Allen Garfield and Peter (Joe) Boyle run the candidate's political show as if they had never done anything else. Some of the sharper asides in Jeremy Larner's script include the hero's public utterances while attending a forest fire in Malibu, which his supporters consider a godsend. In private sessions with his attractive wife (smoothly played by Karen Carlson) or slipping through hotel corridors after an unscheduled caucus with a cool girl journalist who wears sunglasses everywhere, *The Candidate* is a winner.

Those indefatigable *Screw* editors Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley keep popping up in sex movies the way Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy used to pop up in big Hollywood musicals. Evidently, pornographers find it hard to get on without them, yet the Goldstein-Buckley combo is upstaged in *Eroticon* by Dr. Albert Ellis, pontificating about sexual freedom while others practice it, and by Tomi Ungerer, whose illustrated fuck-machines provide the film's one brief flare of wit and originality. *Eroticon* is interesting (though not very) mostly as a minor landmark in the battle to bring hard-core fuck-and-suck films to the moviegoing masses. After trying out his original graphic version on the skin circuit, producer Barnard L. Sackett doctored it up with wry social comment—quotes from *New York Times* articles on pornography, excerpts from the celebrated report of the President's Commission on Obscenity, reprints of personal notices from *Screw*, massage-

parlor ads and reproductions of ancient erotic art. Such printed matter is used to block out, or censor, many specific sexual acts, especially those depicting oral gratification. That's supposed to be a joke, but represents a cop-out, and the revised *Eroticon*'s gratification is primarily aural—played on the sound track by an unidentified group whose four-letter words and music leave absolutely nothing unsaid.

Get to Know Your Rabbit has all the earmarks of a Woody Allen comedy but lacks the crucial one—Woody. *Rabbit* has TV comedian Tom Smothers instead, trying for movie stardom as a top business executive who chuck's it all to become a tap-dancing magician (tutored by Orson Welles, no less, in a cameo role). Thanks to the astute management of his former boss (John Astin), Tom's tours of the tank towns inspire millions of other harried businessmen to take up tap and magic acts as a respite from the rat-race, and he is soon back at an office desk—until he finds a way out for good, via his *Incredible Escape Sack*. Katharine Ross, billed accurately as The Terrific-Looking Girl, plays the liveliest bird Smothers encounters in his travels, though Suzanne Zenor and Samantha Jones are also terrific, not to mention groovy. "How long have you been a cheap broad?" asks Tom, before he and a dumpy bra fetishist (Allen Garfield) whisk Samantha away for an orgy. Doing his shtick as a clean-cut middle-American boy with a head full of dirty pictures, Smothers performs well enough under the decided handicap of a script that meanders around, getting nowhere.

Lynn Redgrave, as a bogus nursemaid, and off-Broadway comedian Austin Pendleton, as a nervous piano teacher, decide to kidnap a Mafia chieftain's young son in *Every Little Crook & Nanny*. Their brain storm turns into a mess, and so does the comedy, which was witlessly adapted from a novel by Evan Hunter. Victor Mature (facetiously billed as The Original Victor Mature) plays the Mafia *capo* with gusto, while an exceptionally capable cast of clowns (among them Paul Sand, Severn Darden, Dom DeLuise, John Astin and Louise Sorel) tries its damndest to pretend that the snatching of Carmine Ganucci's kid is some cause for hilarity. The laughs are separated by many long dull stretches and helped very little by the movie's slow-running gags—everyone's vehement protest that "there's no such thing as the Mafia." *The Godfather* is funnier by half.

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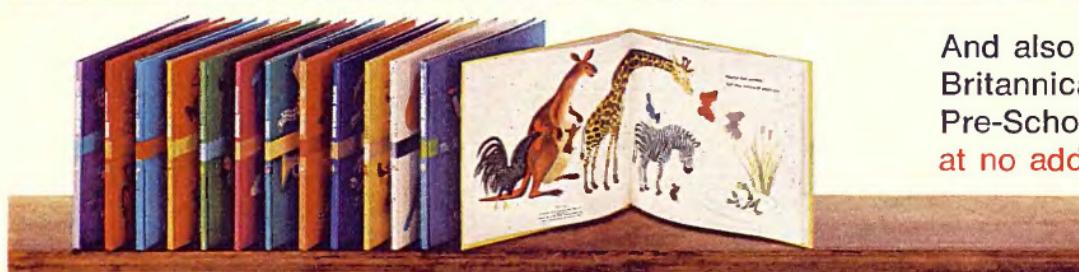
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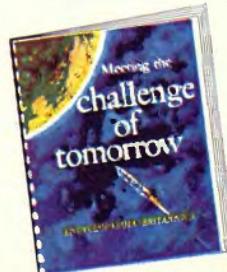
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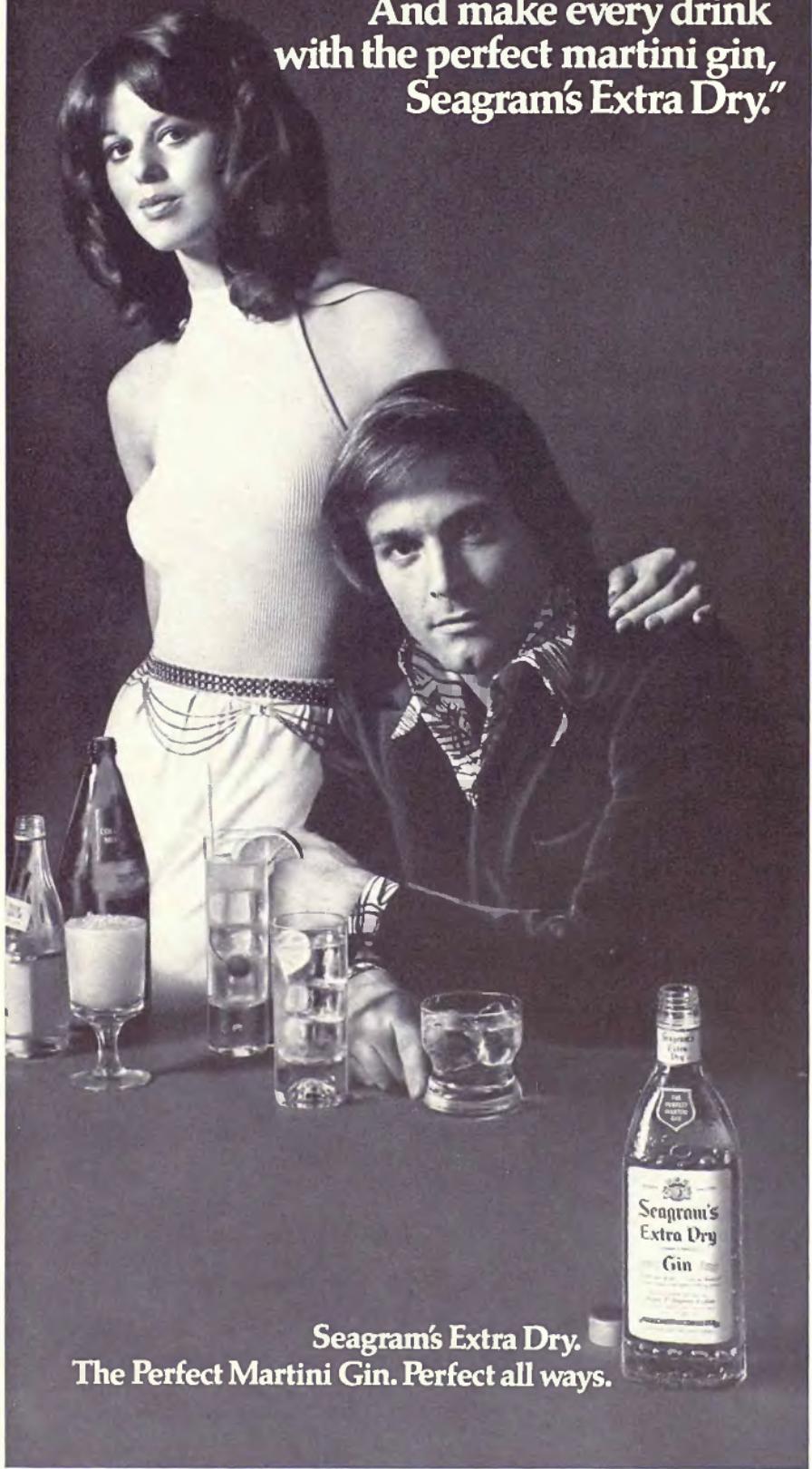
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The Green Wall, a bitter and beautiful Peruvian movie, justly honored at international film festivals from Osaka to Chicago. *Green Wall* was written and directed by Armando Robles Godoy, a 49-year-old former journalist who spent part of his own youth as a homesteader in the dense Peruvian jungle. Godoy translates his experience into film poetry rather than flat reportage and uses the physical environment (exquisitely photographed by his cameraman brother, Mario) as a great natural mystery, idyllic but cruel, rich but unyielding to the will of a handsome young settler (Mexican star Julio Aleman, in a vibrant performance) who is determined to survive there with his family. The hero's relationships with his wife and child (Sandra Riva and Raul Martin, nonprofessionals whose lack of experience turns out to be a stunning asset) are established in an eloquent opening sequence—when a torrential downpour tells the young parents that today they can do nothing better than lie abed and make love, at least until the boy wakes up. Thereafter, *Green Wall* seldom falters in matching the rhythm of humdrum affairs to the ceaseless surge of life in wild woods and rushing waters. The real enemy, however, is not the wilderness but the bureaucracy in far-off Lima, where documents are lost and land claims delayed by red tape, where one needs influence in high places even to lodge a complaint. Godoy dramatizes the point with magnificent irony by bringing the Peruvian president's motorcade to remote Tingo Maria on the very day that tragedy strikes the homesteader's family in the form of a fatal snake bite. The blow comes from the rain forest near their house, where father and son have constructed a mock city of clay as a symbol of the civilized stupidity they thought to escape. The film's final sequence, an almost wordless funeral, is masterful moviemaking, a haunting glimpse of humanity that lingers in the mind.

MUSEUMS

Until last June, there was only one jazz museum in the whole country, and that one, in New Orleans, was limited to New Orleans jazz. Now there is a second—the enthusiastically ecumenical **New York Jazz Museum**, housed in a spacious converted carriage house, with 20-foot ceilings, on West 55th Street, near the City Center. This appropriately informal repository of our most influential authentic art form, as the State Department likes to say, has opened with a Louis Armstrong exhibit. The pleasure-spreading spirit of Louis pervades the room—through photographs, posters,

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paintings, sheet music, recordings and such essential memorabilia as Satchmo recipes for red beans and rice, those handkerchiefs that were like extensions of his horn and letters to and from the virtuosos of classic jazz.

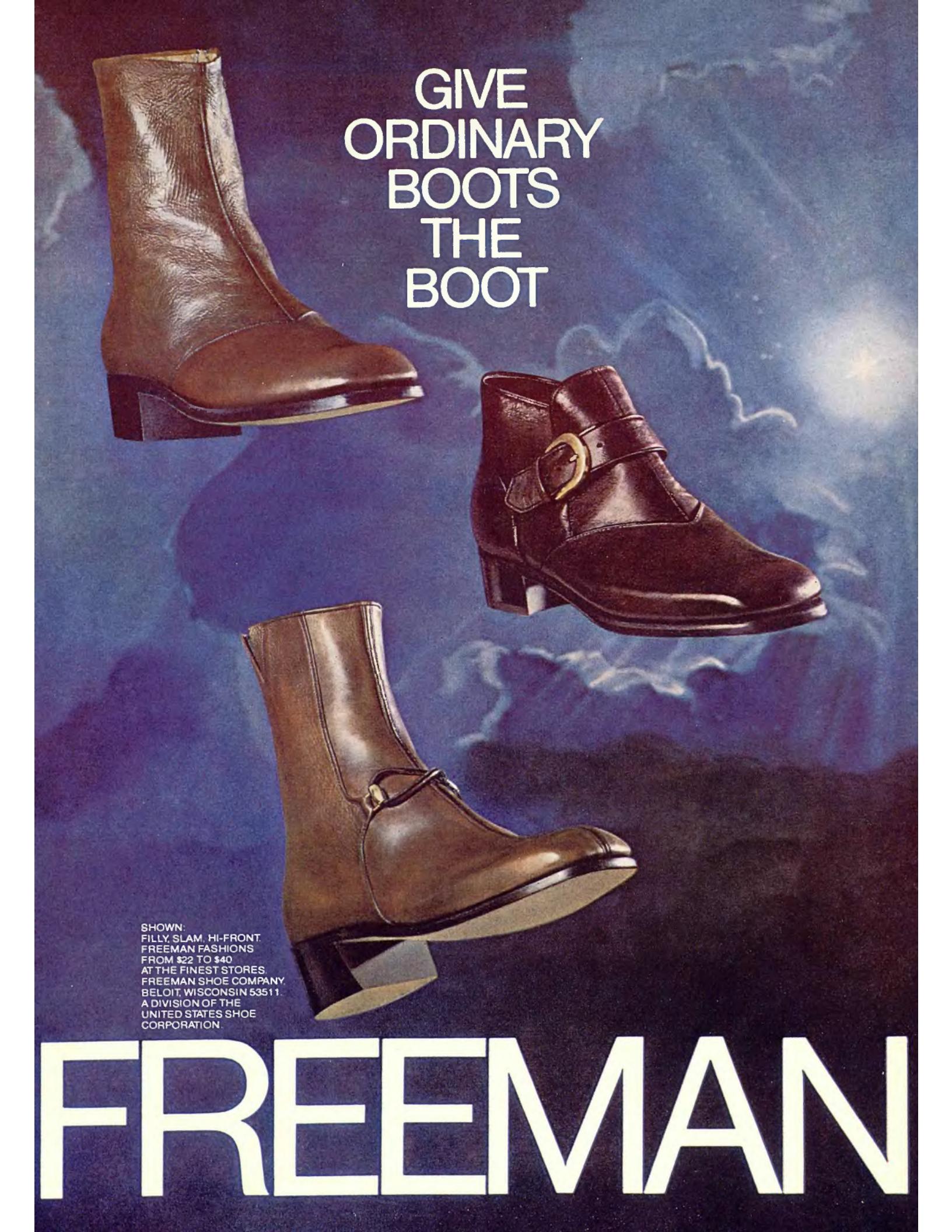
Also part of the New York Jazz Museum are a permanent audio-visual history of jazz and a beginning library of some three hours of jazz films. Both will be shown on a regular schedule daily in a 50-seat theater at the rear of the ground floor. (The museum's hours are from noon to 8 p.m., Tuesday through Sunday.) Out front is The Jazz Store, where *aficionados* can buy new and out-of-print records, posters, books, magazines. Also on display are such special items as commemorative stamps issued recently by Nigeria (Louis Armstrong), Chad (Louis and Duke Ellington), Senegal (Louis) and Mali (Louis, Nat Cole and Erroll Garner). For a mail-order catalog for The Jazz Store, write to the New York Jazz Museum, 125 West 55th Street, New York, New York 10019.

Responsible for this nirvana of jazz buffs is the five-year-old New York Hot Jazz Society, with financial assistance from the New York State Council on the Arts. The operating core of the society and the museum are theatrical lawyer Howard Fischer and Jack Bradley, indefatigable jazz historian, photographer and omnivorous collector of all things pertaining to jazz. Both emphasize that this is going to be a "live" museum, with the resident piano in frequent use; and there will also be occasional sessions. The museum, moreover, will be a meeting place for musicians, an educational center and a continuous information source on what's happening now in jazz. One of its services is a jazz calendar of current events.

"Even before we opened," Fischer notes exuberantly, "we were getting calls from schools wanting to bring kids from settlement houses, and even from an old-age home that had a contingent of 70 elders eager to share the warmth. We're going to grow in every direction that jazz does while also showing where it all came from."

RECORDINGS

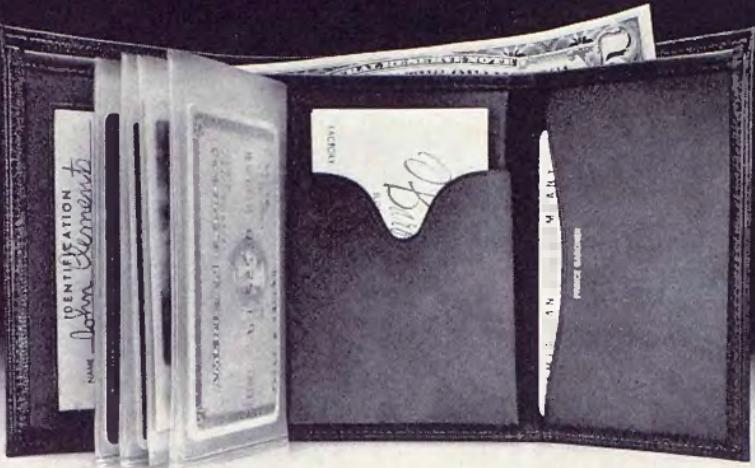
The Rolling Stones are into a new thing: It's called music. Well, that's not quite fair, because they've always been more than competent, but *Exile on Main St.* (Rolling Stones Records) does tend to bury Mick Jagger's vocals in the band's sound and stress the group's eclectic musical abilities at the expense of words and messages. Which is too bad; we miss Jagger's mean, smartass trenchancy in most of these tunes. The zingers are on the jacket covers, in photos of assorted



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freaks, in penciled notes ("I gave you the diamonds, you give me disease") and in the montages of Mick and the band. In the process of exposing the black roots of the Stones' music (Gospel, blues and boogie), the album shows how well the Stones can play in a variety of styles. *Shake Your Hips* is a dark, heavy-sounding boogie with a fine ricky-tick riff; Gospel comes on strong in *Just Wanna See His Face* and *Shine a Light*; there are good vocal tracks, like *Let It Loose* with Clydie King, Vanetta Fields, Dr. John, et al.; and the straight-ahead rockers, such as *Soul Survivor*, were never better. But where are the Stones of yesteryear?

The Steve Miller Band, like so many others, has always seemed just on the verge of getting it together. In its new album, *Recall the Beginning . . . A Journey from Eden* (Capitol), it's still on the verge, teetering. While the lyrics are nearly all vapid, some of the tunes and arrangements are excellent—the incantatory flow of *High on You Mama* and *Nothing Lasts*, for instance. There are echoes of Stephen Stills, George Harrison, phony calypso and much else in this amalgam, but, finally, it hasn't got much character. However, Steve Miller may be hip to the problem: He included a tune titled *Somebody Somewhere Help Me*.

Freddie King sings and plays modern blues guitar with the best of them. His voice is raspy and ingratiating; his guitar sound, even with amplification, is distinctive; and *Texas Cannonball* (Shelter) may be the finest blues album of the year. Produced by Leon Russell and Denny Cordell, the disc has King playing with two all-star groups. He runs through a considerable variety of blues—the high points being the jam choruses of *Me and My Guitar*; the great interplay with Don Preston on *You Was Wrong*, with Leon accompanying on organ, Duck Dunn on bass; and the Isaac Hayes tune *Can't Trust Your Neighbor*. Freddie has never gotten the acclaim he deserves. But he's earned it; the evidence is all here.

Alternately sounding like Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, Kay Kyser and the Quintet of the Hot Club of France, Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks have been busy *Striking It Rich!* (Blue Thumb) in the fertile ground of nostalgia. This success is all the more curious in that their record buyers, we assume, are too young to have heard the pop music of the Forties firsthand. Dan's band is very capable—particularly guitarist John Girtton, who plays something like Charlie Byrd, and violinist Sid Page. This disc has some fine singing by the leader and two sweethearts going under the incredible name of the Lickettes. The tunes

10



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are all original, and the tone of the album carefully varies between sincere imitation and parody. It's subtle, relaxed and most of it works.

Mountain, now disbanded, has left evidence on a few records that hard rock, now also generally defunct, was, indeed, more than tasteless sonic ex-crescence. *The Road Goes Ever On* (Windfall), a live recording, is worth having for two numbers. *Long Red* is the kind of energy-charged, loping tune that Mountain played best, and Felix Pappalardi's bass carries it. *Nantucket Sleigh-ride* occupies all of side two. While too long by half, it has some marvelous passages and a good variety of tempo and texture, all things considered. Leslie West's ragged-edge vocals we can usually do without, but his guitar playing is often stunning. At its best, the band had something of the old Jefferson Airplane sound—only better.

From out of the Woodstock scene comes another new band, and this one may well make it. With people like John Simon and Paul Butterfield helping out, *The Fabulous Rhinestones* (Just Sunshine) have charted a course that moves between Latin commercial and down-home country. *What a Wonderful Thing We Have* is in the former vein, with an arrangement for horns and saxes; *Big Indian* represents the latter, with fine pedal steel work by Ben Keith. But *Nothing New* shows the Rhinestones playing in their most congenial territory: Harvey Brooks's bass and Butterfield's harmonica are wonderful together. Keep that man in the band, boys.

It's always good to see musicians take the initiative in recording and promoting themselves—especially when they're very good musicians who haven't gotten the exposure they deserve. The Pharaohs, a jazz/soul group that's been active on Chicago's South Side for quite a few years, originally cut *Awakening* (Scarab) for a major label, but it got lost in the shuffle, so the group decided to market it itself. The fare ranges from African-styled chants with rhythm (*Damballa*) to Motown classics (*Tracks of My Tears*) and superfunk jazz such as *Great House*, the longest tune on the LP, which is in 7/4 time, with a 16th-note theme and a baritone-sax part based on a 13-beat measure, yet rocks like a mother. Three cheers for the Pharaohs—and a pox on the record industry.

They call Jerry Butler the Iceman, because he's just as cool as can be; but you couldn't find warmer music than on *The Spice of Life* (Mercury), a double LP that's all about love, both romantic

and brotherly. Butler's in fine voice, as is Brenda Lee Eager, who helps out on a pair of tunes, and it's a well-modulated program. Among the many highlights are *I Only Have Eyes for You*, Gamble & Huff's *One Night Affair*, J. B.'s own *Stop Steppin' on My Dreams* and the closer, Bacharach and David's *All Kinds of People*, which *segues*, effectively, into the sounds of children at play. Mostly ballads, of course; yet when the rhythm moves, it grooves, as in the case of *Get on the Case* and *Don't Rip Me Off*. There are moments when the lush orchestral sounds obscure the excellent rhythm-section work, but that's a minor flaw. This time, Butler has really done it.

Yes, there are still people who think of chamber music as stuffy, dull, quaintly archaic noise. The stereotype of infirm old men fiddling to an audience of fat dowagers dies hard. Pinchas Zukerman, at 24 one of the world's great violinists, and his wife, Eugenia, a fine flutist, may put it to rest forever with *Music for Flute, Strings and Harpsichord* (Columbia). Accompanied by Michael Tree of the Guarneri String Quartet on viola and by Charles Wadsworth on harpsichord, the Zukermans perform works by Beethoven, C. P. E. (son of J. S.) Bach and Telemann with clarity, vigor and an amazingly precise sonority. The technical and expressive demands of chamber music require that the listener keep his ears open and his head clear. The gorgeous playing on this disc makes that task not only easy but delightful.

With *Piano Rags by Scott Joplin, Volume II* (Nonesuch), Joshua Rifkin continues his seminal explorations of the works of that ragtime genius. Pianist Rifkin obviously has embarked on a labor of love; he holds up such ancient Joplin compositions as *Rose Leaf Rag* (1907), *Bethena* (1905) and *Pine Apple Rag* (1908) to contemporary scrutiny with little doubt as to their acceptance. His faith is not misplaced.

There's no use kidding ourself; Liza Minnelli doesn't have her mother's voice. But what she has, she certainly does wonders with. *Live at the Olympia in Paris* (A&M) is filled with all the nonmusical attributes that have given Miss Minnelli star status in her own right—impishness, exuberance, a sexy naïveté, an undercurrent of melancholy and a desperate need to be loved. The session is bilingual and beautiful—from *Everybody's Talkin'* through *God Bless the Child* and on to—what else?—*Cabaret*.

Gerry Mulligan's *The Age of Steam* (A&M) proves the oracles of jazz's impending demise dead wrong. It's alive and well and cookin'. Mulligan's teamed



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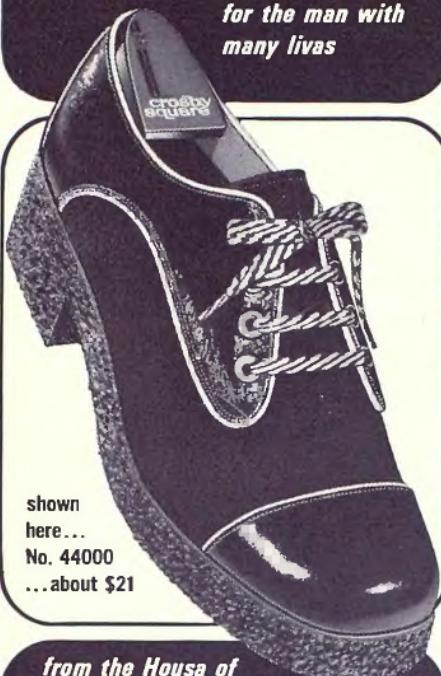
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up with old *compadre* Bob Brookmeyer, fellow reed men Bud Shank and Tom Scott, and that splendid progenitor of jazz trumpet Harry Edison, along with pianist Roger Kellaway (a fellow who certainly gets around), a standout rhythm section and a brass choir spearheaded by Ernie Watts. Mulligan, in his eight originals, is into all manner of modes and his baritone horn never sounded better—which means it's marvelous.

God, Randy Newman can write a song. He has cut through all the crap, the showbiz cutesy-pie shticks, the "Man, this is really heavy" rock absurdities and given us the word; music so absolutely true, you are almost certain you've heard it before, but you haven't—not in this lifetime, at least. The only trouble with *Sail Away* (Reprise) is that Newman's the one performing Newman. You somehow long for Nilsson to show him how a Newman song should be sung. But no matter; if Randy adds nothing to his own material, he doesn't take anything away. There are the beautifully bitter title song, *Simon Smith and the Amazing Dancing Bear*, the blackly humorous *Political Science*, the lovely Gospel air *He Gives Us All His Love* and eight other Newman nifties. Tune in, please.

Those who are used to Chuck Mangione wrapped up in a big package—the Rochester Philharmonic and the like—are in for a surprise. *The Chuck Mangione Quartet* (Mercury)—Chuck on Flügelhorn; Gerry Niewood, reeds; Joel Di Bartolo, bass; Ron Davis, drums—though small in number, has it all very much together. From the brace of Mangione items that covers side one through Freddie Hubbard's *Little Sunflower*, Niewood's *Floating* and the closing track, Luiz Bonfa's classic *Manha de Carnaval*, Mangione and Niewood superbly complement each other—the solos are cerebral yet crackling with a raw creative electricity.

Chuck Berry's name is finally back on *Billboard*'s LP chart after a long absence—but *The London Chuck Berry Sessions* (Chess) is probably the least beautiful of Berry's 20-odd albums. None of those bittersweet, haunting Berry blues or jazz-inflected boogies. The English kids who back him, both live and in the studio, play stiffly and Berry didn't exactly knock himself out writing the material. Still and all, there's a 12-minute live version of *My Ding-A-Ling* that Berry turns into a sing-along, complete with some ironic remarks that give a hint as to his feelings about his celebrated bust, it becomes virtually an anthem of sexual liberation. And at the end of an otherwise mediocre *Johnny B.*

Goode, there's a flash of the onstage, true-to-life Berry guitar (an LP devoted to the same would be a gas). Trouble is, Chuck has joined his own imitators (Rolling Stones included) and he sounds like a raucous parody of himself. But after all, his two previous Chess LPs, *Back Home* and *San Francisco Dues*, were out of sight, and they went nowhere. Can't argue with the charts, can we?

THEATER

Previews: Arthur Miller, Neil Simon and Paul Zindel will all be back on Broadway this season and Edward Albee, Herb Gardner and Murray Schisgal have promises to keep. Miller's new play, "a catastrophic comedy," is about *The Creation of the World and Other Business* and stars God, the Devil, Eve and Adam, with Hal Holbrook as the Devil and those ex-Second City lights Barbara Harris and Bob Dishy as the Edenites. Another Second City favorite son, Alan Arkin, returns to Broadway, as director, with Simon's new comedy, *The Sunshine Boys*, the boys being two vaudevillians who come out of retirement. Zindel, too, dabbles in nostalgia with *The Secret Affairs of Mildred Wild*, in which Maureen Stapleton plays a movie-magazine buff.

The *Hair* boys, Galt MacDermot, Jerome Ragni and James Rado, will almost monopolize the musical market. MacDermot is giving us *Up!* about a commuter in outer space—to be directed by Peter Hall. Rado has written the music and lyrics and collaborated with his brother Ted on the book for *Rainbow*, through which travels a panoply of historical figures including last year's favorite rock superstar, J. C. Together again, Ragni and MacDermot have created *Dude*, subtitled "The Highway Life," about a modern man who takes to the road. In a more traditional musical mode, there will be *The Adventures of Pippin*. Pippin, in case you forgot, was a son of Charlemagne. Book by Roger O. Hirson and score by Stephen (Godspell) Schwartz.

When it comes to revivals, anything goes, including *Anything Goes*. An all-star cast, led by Ann Miller, is reshaping this Cole Porter treat for Broadway. *Mourning Becomes Electra*, starring Colleen Dewhurst and Janice Rule, will represent the first venture of Circle in the Square's new Broadway outpost. Remember *Two for the Seesaw*, with its cast of two? Add 30 and a score by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, call it just *Seesaw* and watch for it on Broadway.

The Mercer Arts Center is a hive of theatrical activity, an off-Broadway complex that contains theaters of all shapes and sizes, a Lucite-lined night club, a smartly designed bar and restaurant,

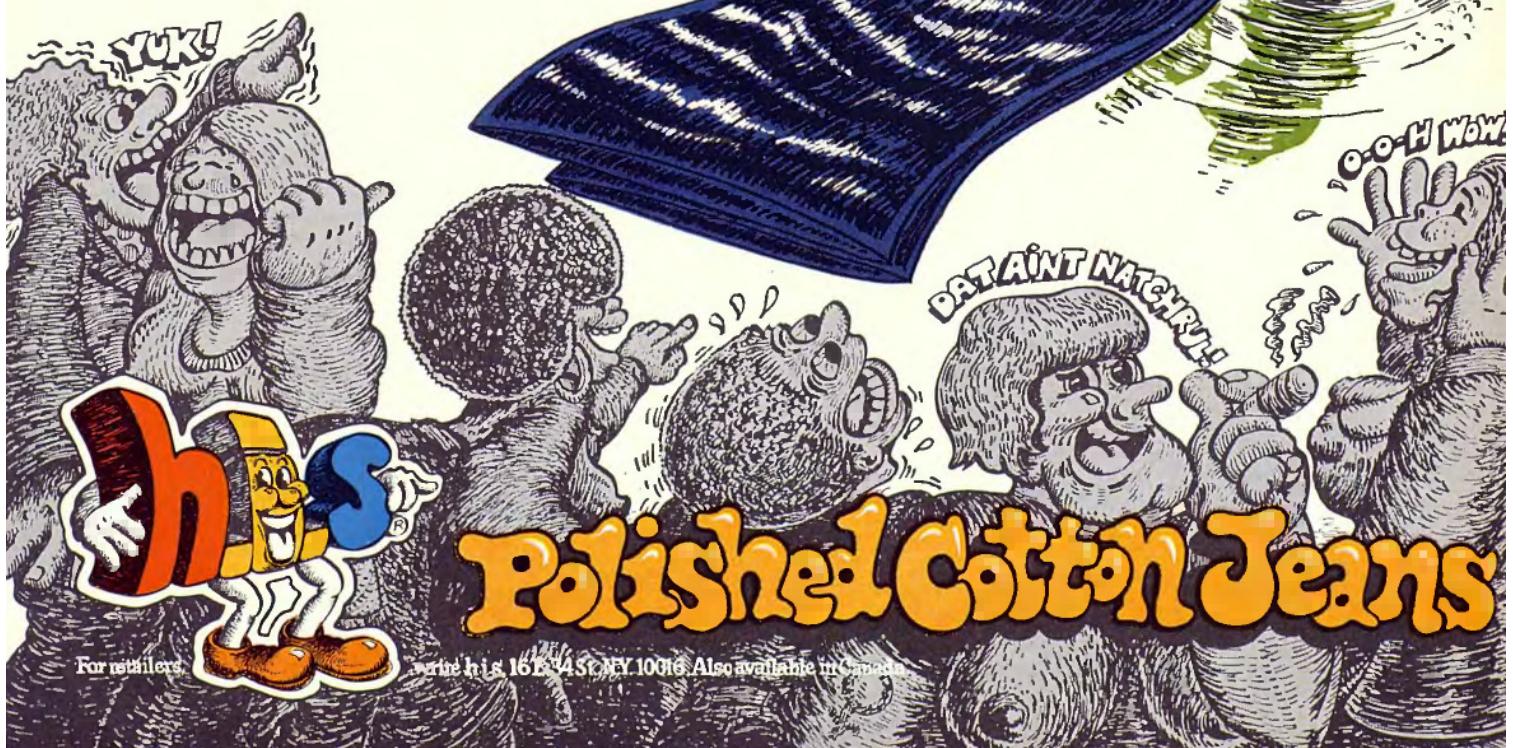
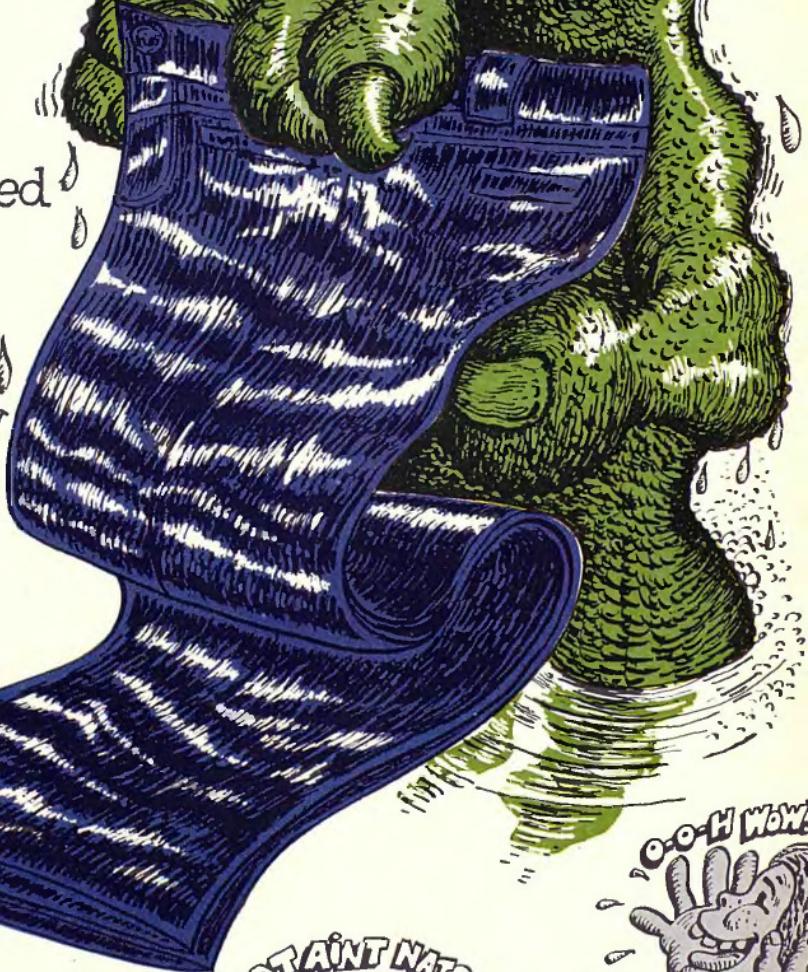
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video-tape shows, acting schools and even a boutique. Among its long-lease occupants are a revival of Ken Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and an extended run of the Boston improvisational troupe, *The Proposition*. The center's diversity has perhaps never been more clearly marked than it is by two current tenants—*Hark!*, a lark, Modishly American musical revue, and *And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers*, a powerful and anguished protest drama by the Spanish exile Arrabal.

Hark! harks back to cabaret theater, but instead of sticking the show on a postage-stamp stage in a club, Darwin Knight has fluidly spread it over a broad theater stage and choreographed his players in swirling patterns. Both direction and concept are crisp and intelligent. The second difference is in the material. This is not a once-over-lightly-and-exit-humming sort of show but something more like acupuncture. You scarcely know you've been jabbed, but there's that needle! A merry memory waltz turns out to be a lament not for waltzes but for the days before pollution. A patter song about the multiplicity of children in Puerto Rican families is not a spoof of Puerto Ricans but a gibe at the Church for its restrictions on birth control. In *Lullaby*, Elaine Petricoff blissfully extols her dreary life in

the suburbs while her discontent builds into a breakdown. Miss Petricoff is, by a slim margin, the outstanding discovery in a charming cast of six, which includes the co-composers, Dan Goggin and Marvin Solley. Their music, plunked by a tiny chamber combo, is sprightly and delicately trimmed with inventive lyrics by Robert Lorick. Without belaboring its timeliness, *Hark!* manages to be strikingly contemporary.

And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers is Arrabal's *Guernica*, an impassioned and lyrical indictment of Spanish prisons and fascism in any form. Inspired by Arrabal's own imprisonment in Spain, it comes from the heart, but it may turn some stomachs. Among its simulated tortures is a man eating his own testicles (and enjoying them), and among its dubious pleasures is an actor actually pissing on cue. But for Arrabal, anything is possible in the theater, and he will do anything to rouse the audience into awareness. In this case, we are made to feel jailed along with the prisoners. The identification works; we are incarcerated and conscience-stricken. Arrabal himself directed the fine American cast, led by Ron Faber, who gives a virtuoso performance. At The Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer Street.



KEN W. PURDY

The death in early June of Ken W. Purdy, at 59, deprived the editors of a colleague and a friend, and the magazine of its most prolific contributor (*Far from the Madding Crowd*, an article on off-road vehicles in our July issue, was his 73rd piece for PLAYBOY). Ken was perhaps the finest automotive writer ever; his ongoing love affair with cars and motor sports endured through his years as editor of *Parade*, *True* and *Argosy*, his free-lance writing years and his 15-year association with this magazine. He was without peer in being able to capture the seductiveness, beauty and brutality of that most American of machines, as well as its designers, builders and particularly its drivers—his portraits of Stirling Moss and the Marquis de Portago are masterpieces of the genre. (Ken took enormous, justifiable pride in the fact that his book *Kings of the Road* had been in print longer and had sold more copies than any other car book.)

In retrospect, it seems denigrating to have thought of Ken simply as an automotive writer; he was an exquisite writer who happened to have an abiding interest in cars and the men who tried to master them. Ken's fiction—most of which ran in PLAYBOY—conveyed his affection for the dramatic turn of event, the sardonic twist, the macabre irony.

The public image Ken projected was

filled with *machismo*—a consuming passion for karate, for weaponry, for the artifacts of war and mayhem, for the men who, in their occupations and avocations, accepted death as a possible payoff. He painted himself as a very hard number. But those who were privileged to know him well soon saw beneath the veneer. In his personal relationships, Ken was warm and kind, with a gallantry toward women that was almost Victorian.

Pursuing the muse and being pursued by his own private devils for almost two decades as a free-lance writer, Ken still felt pangs for his days as a go-to-the-office editor. In one of his last letters to us, he wrote: "You have no idea how lonely a writer gets. It's nothing for me to go ten days, two weeks without seeing a soul I can talk to. I love this place [Connecticut], but living in London was lots better for me. Hell, I could walk to the Steering Wheel [a club for motor-racing people] in 20 minutes. But still you're working alone all day. That was the only hard thing about beginning to free-lance. I hadn't known how much it meant to me to go to an office and just see people." The truth is that—in spite of what he would have liked everyone to believe—Ken Purdy was a gentle man. The world will be a little lonelier now that he's gone.



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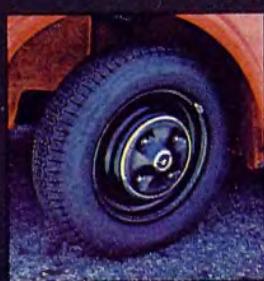
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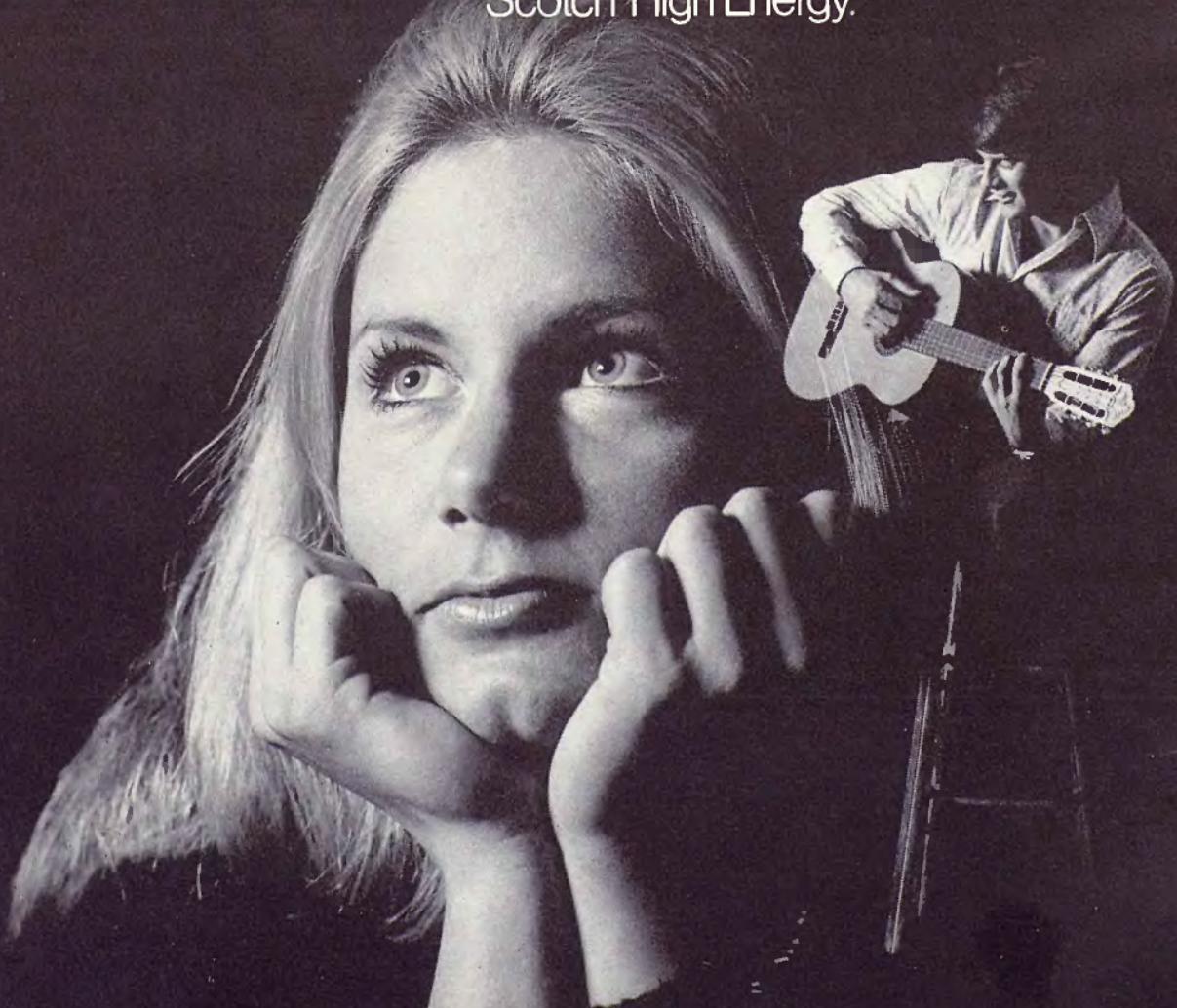
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Are there any countries in the Western world where the possession and use of marijuana are legal?—R. K., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

No, but the situation is intriguingly ambiguous in the Netherlands. There, it's illegal to grow, possess or smoke marijuana, but the laws are not vigorously enforced and there are even a couple of private clubs where young people smoke with virtual impunity. Anyone who wants legally to partake of the weed will have to go outside the Western world, to Nepal, which, unless and until other countries change their laws, is the only place one can have his pot and smoke it without fear of prosecution.

My 19-year-old girlfriend had never had any sort of sexual relationship with a man before we met. I thought everything between us was just fine until the other night, when she suddenly burst into tears while we were petting and confessed that my caresses didn't arouse her. She now sees herself as a deficient sex partner and my attempts to reassure her, or to discuss why I might have been deficient, don't seem to get very far. Can you give us any help?—J. E., Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Perhaps your girl expects too much and, failing to be carried away on a wave of pleasure, has assumed that there is something lacking in her own make-up. If she has found the courage to tell you what doesn't give her pleasure, perhaps she can also find the courage—with a little support from you—to discuss what does. Give her constant assurance of your affection, approval and desire to please her as well as yourself.

Some months ago, you said in the *Advisor* that charter flights offer the cheapest fares to Europe. Since then, I've read a lot about air-fare wars between American and foreign airlines and I wonder if your information is still correct.—R. S., Chicago, Illinois.

It is; charter flights are still the cheapest way to fly to the Continent. However, if you don't qualify for a charter by having belonged to some organization for six months, there are a number of other ways to get bargain rates. Youth fares and tour packages have made a mockery of the fare-fixing agreements among the members of the International Air Transport Association. For example, if you fly to the British Isles for a two-week vacation during the spring or fall, the 14-to-21-day excursion round-trip fare will be \$136. But if you take advantage of a tour-group plan for two (take along your wife or girlfriend) offered by the same foreign carrier, the

identical fare for each will buy—in addition to the same jet seats and meals—hotel accommodations for your stay in Ireland and England, a week of breakfasts in London and the unlimited use of an automobile for seven days. The biggest bargains, however, remain the youth fares (usually reserved for those from 12 to 26), which are exempt from the I. A. T. A. agreements and, hence, may vary from carrier to carrier. To illustrate: The round-trip youth fare from Chicago to Paris during the peak season is \$290 vs. \$988 for first class. Outlook for the future: lower air fares all the way around.

When I was sent to Vietnam, I knew that the sexual pressures would inevitably build up for my wife and I told her that if she felt like it, to have sex with someone else. She was extremely upset by my suggestion, but after nearly a year's separation, she had a brief affair. She wrote to me about it and said she felt guilty and ashamed and feared it would ruin our marriage. I was hardly pleased by the turn of events but replied that I was not upset and still loved her. Do you think I was wrong in making the suggestion to her in the first place or that she was wrong in telling me what she had done? I thought I knew myself fairly well but have to admit to confusion in this case.—Sp/5 C. G., APO San Francisco, California.

Both your expressed attitude and your response were reasonable—but reason seldom banishes doubt and insecurity. What you haven't talked about are the motivations that led you to make your suggestion in the first place, which leads us to believe that you ought to dig a little deeper to find out how you really feel. Was your original suggestion to your wife a recognition of her needs or was it actually a way of justifying your own behavior while separated? Or were you granting her license in anticipation—and to cushion the shock—of her acting without your permission? While honesty in a marriage is commendable, many relationships are too emotionally fragile to handle the truth about extramarital affairs. We think your wife should have kept her affair a secret; more important, we don't think you should have tried to participate in a decision (by giving advance permission) that was not yours to make.

Like many other citizens, I'm very conscious of air pollution and, consequently, am fascinated by the prospects of driving a car powered by electricity or steam instead of gasoline. Can you briefly



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tell me the advantages and disadvantages of these?—A. B., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Compared with the average family chariot, which uses an i.c.e.—an internal-combustion engine—the electric car produces no air pollution, makes little noise and requires practically no maintenance. On the other hand, it has a limited range, low top speed and poor acceleration, and you have to plug it in overnight to recharge the batteries. Recharging a lot of electric automobiles would create a demand for more electricity, which in turn would lead to building more power plants; they're already a source of air pollution, so it's a little doubtful just how much cleaner the air would be. Steam automobiles have a greater range than most modern cars, a higher top speed and faster acceleration, produce little pollution, are quiet and relatively inexpensive to operate. Their major disadvantages have been their inability to start quickly, the danger of their freezing up in the winter and the high temperatures and pressures they require—though some developers claim to have solved all these problems.

My girlfriend's father is virtually an alcoholic. I get along well with her family, but I'm extremely uncomfortable in the father's presence when he has been drinking, which seems to be most of the time. He is nice enough to me, but he constantly complains, curses and yells at others in the family. My girlfriend and I hope to marry someday, but the prospect of frequent contact with her father really upsets me. Already I dread visiting their home. Is there any solution?—L. T., Vicksburg, Mississippi.

Only you and your girlfriend can solve your problem, as her father is not likely to resolve his. Talk this over openly—she's been living with it for a long time and should be sympathetic to your distress. Obviously, her feelings are vital. Unless you both feel that marriage can be sustained independent of her father's problem, it would be inadvisable. Meanwhile, minimize your contact with him while you and she work out a satisfactory plan for dealing with the future.

I've acquired a fine cut-glass decanter with the intention of filling it with my favorite vintage and displaying it on the sideboard. Now a friend tells me that I should never keep wine in it, only spirits such as brandy. Is he right?—H. K., Boston, Massachusetts.

He's partly right. Decanters are perfectly fine for storing spirits but never for wines, not even fortified varieties such as port or sherry. However, young red wines can benefit immensely by being decanted (poured from the bottle into the decanter) an hour or

The Gimlet

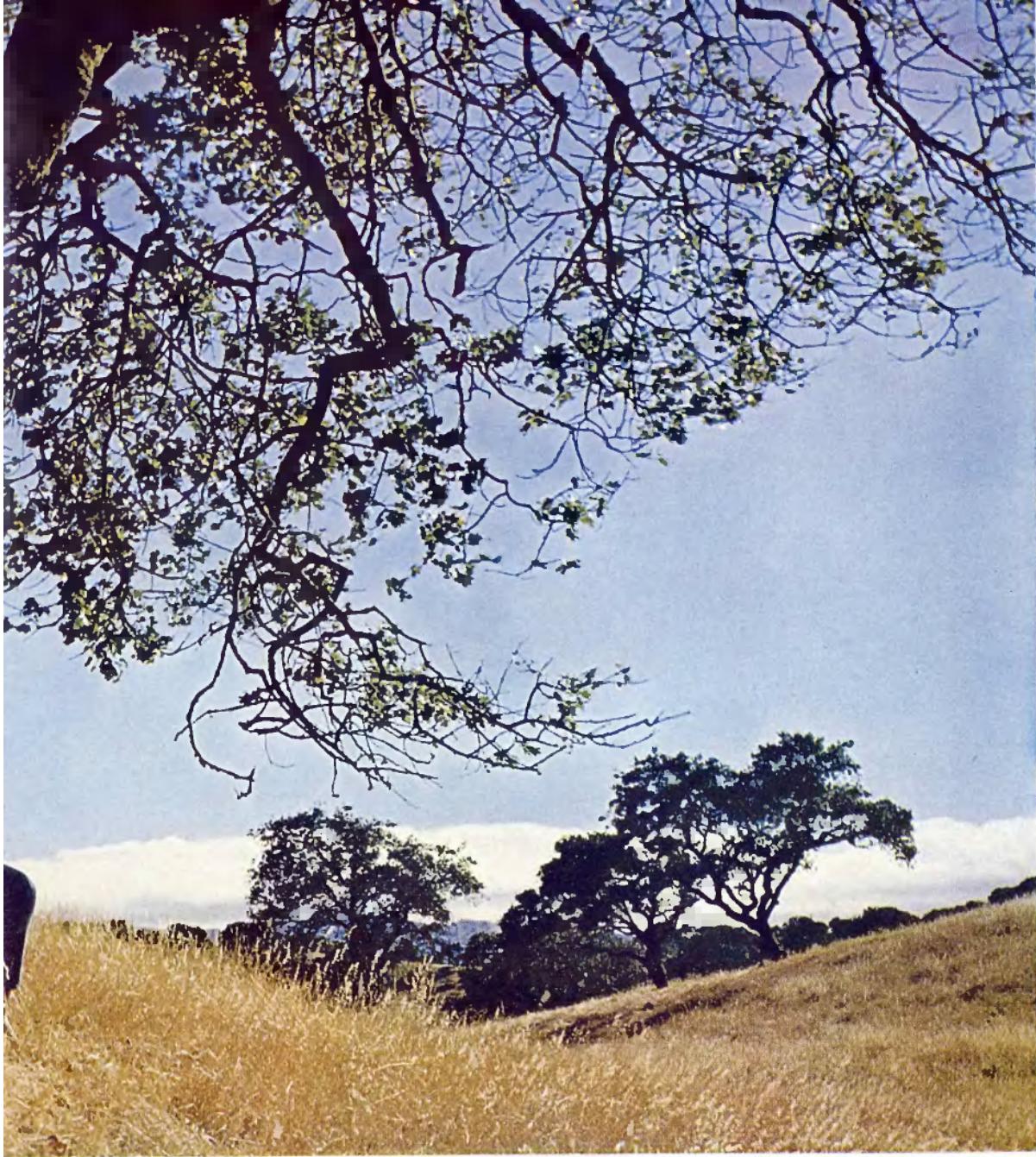
Anyway you like it, but always with Rose's.



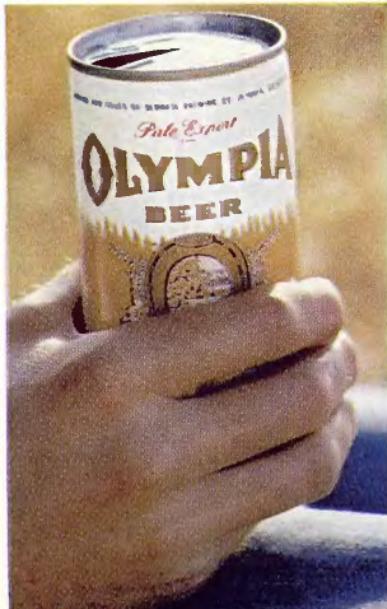
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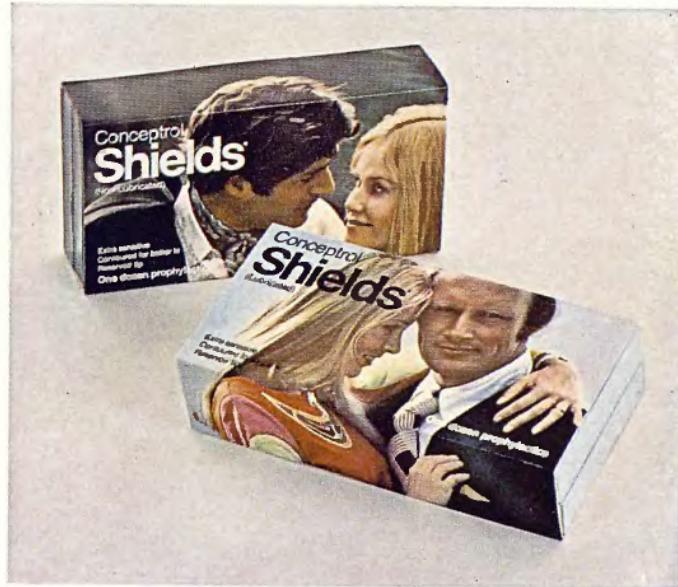
The difference is that while all latex prophylactics fit fairly securely and are more or less comfortable, you'll probably find that Conceptrol Shields fit just a little more securely, are a little more comfortable, and perhaps provide a bit more sensitivity.

Conceptrol Shields afford a high degree of sensitivity because they are made of very thin latex. (Thin as they are, Conceptrol Shields pass rigorous strength and safety tests.)

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more before being served; the aeration of the wine may vastly improve both bouquet and flavor. Decanting a wine is also of value when the wine throws a heavy sediment. To decant, pour the wine slowly from the bottle into the decanter. Use a light behind the neck of the bottle so you can see the first sign of sediment, at which point immediately stop pouring. The decanter is used only for serving the wine; don't use it to store wine, since all wines begin to deteriorate once they're uncorked.

I know that to eat humble pie means to admit that you're wrong, but I can't for the life of me figure out how the phrase originated. Do you know?—D. T., Portland, Oregon.

The phrase to eat humble pie originated in the days of William the Conqueror, when servants and huntsmen dined on umble pie, a pie made of umbles, or the entrails (heart, liver and gizzard) of a deer, while the local gentry supped on the better cuts. The eating of umble pie, therefore, was primarily for social inferiors, those who had to humble themselves before the mighty. The pun gets even more invoked when you consider that Cockneys normally drop their aitches.

This is hardly a big deal, but my girlfriend, who is Jewish, claims that having sex on Yom Kippur, the Jewish Day of Atonement, is against Talmudic law. Is she correct?—R. M., Cleveland, Ohio.

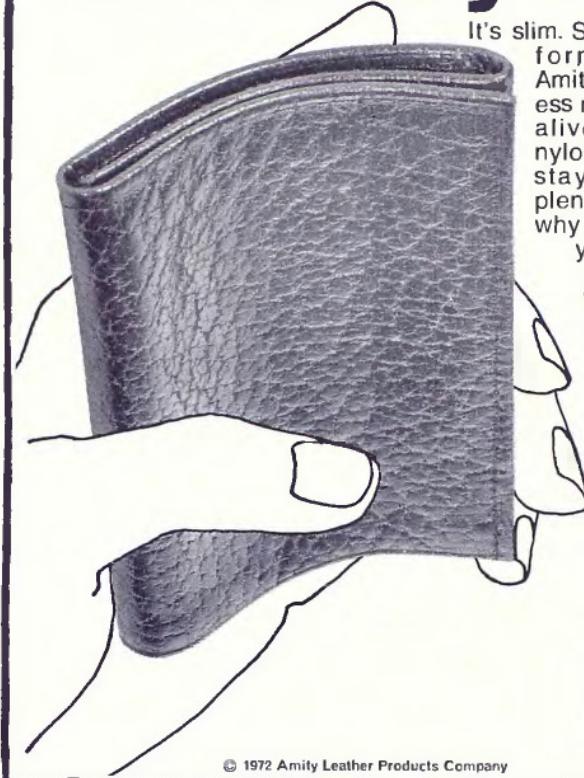
She is. On the Day of Atonement, sex, like other earthly pleasures, simply isn't kosher.

A few nights ago, some friends of mine in pilot training were discussing supersonic flight and I told them I had read that the deer botfly was the fastest living thing and had been clocked at more than 820 miles per hour. They accused me of putting them on, but I swear I read it somewhere. If I'm wrong, could you tell me what is the fastest living thing?—E. G., Lackland AFB, Texas.

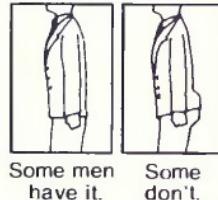
We don't know how fast the botfly flies, but it's not 820 mph. The fastest insects have been timed at 24 mph and some can do 36 mph for short bursts. The fastest land animal is the cheetah, which reportedly has been clocked at 71 mph for a short stretch. The spine-tailed swift, the fastest bird, can zoom along at speeds ranging from 171 to 219 mph, while the Atlantic sailfish has chalked up a speedy 68 mph. Even snakes can hustle if they have to—the black mamba has been noted slithering along at seven mph.

For the past year, I have been in love with a girl who rigidly believes that sex outside marriage is not right for her under any circumstances. I feel that sex

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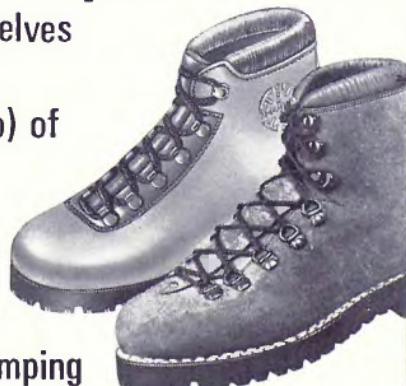
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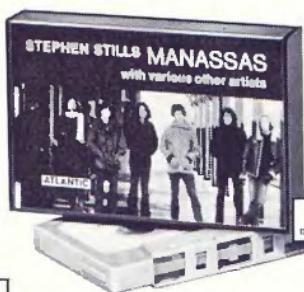


Any 7 records, cartridges,

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214643	207324	214940 *	210781	214973 *	212159 *	215111 *	203919	216804 *
216580	213728	212431	211706	210112	211540	209239	216820	196246
212845	216416	201772	215780	203539	210773 *	202523	214981	215145 *
196444	212621	211284 *	202796	211227 *	201780	210179	214395	206573
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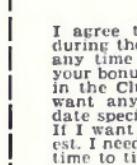
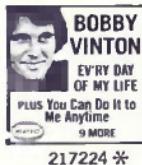
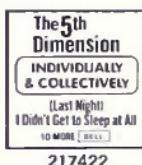
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is as much a part of love as it is of marriage and I am becoming increasingly frustrated and resentful toward her. We are in college and agree that marriage is a long way off. I don't want to give her up, but neither do I wish to remain celibate. I'm afraid that dating other girls would just add to the problem rather than relieve it. Is this an insoluble dilemma?—S. P., Boise, Idaho.

As long as all the attitudes described remain unchanged, yes.

About six months ago I acquired my first tape deck and now I'm beginning to notice some sound distortion. Any suggestions?—J. F., Pontiac, Michigan.

Dirt may well be the source of your trouble. Using a cotton swab and a recommended commercial cleaner, wipe all areas that come in contact with the tape, including tape heads, guides, capstan, and so forth. You might also demagnetize the heads—which should be done periodically, anyway. If there's no improvement, return the machine to your dealer and have it checked out.

I have been a homosexual all my life, though I have been careful to keep it from friends, relatives and business associates. However, I find that I can no longer tolerate life as a closet queen and have finally decided to come out—an act that requires great courage in the young and even more in the middle-aged (I am in my late 30s). I would, obviously, prefer to live in a state that would not penalize me for my activities. Can you tell me where I can live without legal harassment?—M. W., Roanoke, Virginia.

As of this writing, the states that do not specifically ban homosexual acts are Illinois, Connecticut, Hawaii (its new law goes into effect January 1, 1973), Oregon and Colorado. Ohio and Delaware are considering revisions of their penal codes with regard to sex acts. (Idaho, which had liberalized its code last year, has just repealed it and reinstated—by a legislative majority of one—the original, restrictive code.) Be aware that even where homosexuality is not forbidden by law, the police know how to utilize various local statutes, such as loitering, as a means of harassment. In a few urban areas—such as San Francisco—homosexuals are rarely molested, even though state laws forbid the practice of homosexuality.

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.



Sears Traveller knit suit.

**Tom Seaver takes it
on trips instead of
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When the Mets go on a road trip somebody takes care of Tom Seaver's uniform, but that's all. So the suit Tom takes is the Traveller knit from Sears. After all, it didn't need pressing after we packed and unpacked it 12 times in 18 days! Not that it won't ever wrinkle. But if it does Tom just shakes it out and hangs it up for a while. That's the miracle of Fortrel® polyester knit or blends of Fortrel polyester and wool worsted. See the handsome collection of styles, colors and patterns in The Traveller Shop at most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores. And look as smooth as Tom Seaver does.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

THE PRESIDENT KNOWS BEST

President Nixon's use of tax money to finance the committees and study groups he appoints seems to be an absurd waste of public funds. For example, he assigned a panel of experts to determine the effects of marijuana on its users. But when the panel reported that marijuana seems to be harmless and that existing penalties for using it are too severe, the findings were promptly ignored and Nixon, who apparently knows more about the evils of pot smoking than any expert, appropriated even more of the nation's cash for a crackdown on drug traffic.

Then there is the matter of another group of Presidentally appointed experts whose task was to find the causes of this country's overpopulation and to try to provide a solution. After two years of painstaking research and investigation, the committee proposed, among other things, that contraceptives be made available to all and that abortion be legalized. This time the recommendations were not only ignored but condemned, as Nixon again demonstrated knowledge and wisdom beyond that of mere experts.

As long as Nixon thinks that his own feelings on controversial issues outweigh the informed opinions of experts he himself appoints, he'd save a lot of time and taxpayers' money by simply limiting the personnel of any future study groups and commissions to one person—himself.

Bruce Kendall
Denver, Colorado

KENT STATE FATHER'S VIEW

It is over two years since my wife and I buried our daughter Allison, yet time has not eased our anguish nor mellowed our bitterness. The passing of time has made it less difficult for me to recount the fact that my daughter's body was literally torn apart by a disintegrating M-1 bullet fired by an Ohio National Guardsman who was 313 feet away from her at the time he killed her. Three more young citizens were similarly cut down and nine were wounded. They were all victims of what Attorney General John Mitchell then described as an "unnecessary, unwarranted and inexcusable" use of lethal force.

During the past two years, I have had the support of people who were strangers to me at the time Allison was murdered. Their commitment to securing justice where there has been such flagrant injustice has sustained my faith in

mankind. For a while, the outpouring of hatred and venom against the dead not only stunned me but reached such an intensity that I could only feel pity. How that explosion of uninformed vindictiveness contrasted with the quiet and continuing work for justice of such men as the Reverend John Adams and Peter Davies, who made available to the American people a definitive report on what happened at Kent State.

Since the moment when my brother told me over the phone from Cleveland that Allison was dead, Vice-President Agnew has condemned the shooting as an act of murder, John Ehrlichman has personally assured me there would be no whitewash. President Nixon has said the life of a student is a precious thing that can only be justifiably destroyed as a last resort. John Mitchell has rejected the Ohio claim of self-defense in clear terms and Presidential candidate George McGovern has publicly and forcefully committed himself to a demand for a Federal grand-jury investigation. How is it, I wonder, that all these statements do not stir the American conscience to demand a Federal grand-jury or a Congressional investigation?

The Kent State dead will never, never rest in peace until justice is done. Many of our children have been appalled by their country's continuing participation in the slaughter of thousands of South Vietnamese civilians. We claim to be protecting their freedom, and we kill them. For many years we have been conditioned to accept the killing of Vietnamese as the killing of gooks, who are expendable. This Administration views dissenting students also as gooks, also as expendable. The Vietnamese want peace, the students want peace, but the President wants to keep his pride intact, regardless of the cost in priceless human lives. This is how the Vietnamese see it, this is how my daughter saw it, and this is why she, too, is dead. This is how I now see it.

Arthur S. Krause
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

AGAINST AMNESTY

I reject Ronald W. Thee's arguments in favor of amnesty for the Americans who fled the draft (*The Playboy Forum*, May). There is serious doubt that those men were substantially motivated by religious or political conscience to avoid military service. Draft evasion is virtually

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de rigueur for today's pseudo intellectual. Men have obeyed the nation's command that they enter military service—whether out of fear, patriotism or indifference—and they have died adhering to the law. Granting amnesty to those who reject this commitment would not merely be unfair, it would be unjust. We can't, out of self-preservation as a nation, close our eyes and pretend our laws do not exist, as men wander back home from Canadian forests and Scandinavian fishing villages. If they want to accept America again, they must, legally and morally, accept American justice as well. Those whom Thee calls "exiles who rebuffed U.S. foreign policy in Indochina with a curt 'No'" must themselves be rebuffed. When they and their champions clamor for the prodigals' unrestricted return to this country, we who have felt our own doubts and fears for nearly ten years, we who have lost friends and loved ones, we who have nonetheless served our country as responsible citizens must, with dignity and courage, pronounce a thoughtful "No."

Joe Mattys
Petersburg, Virginia

TARNISHED BRASS

About a year ago, I wrote antiwar letters to a local newspaper, an act permitted by Army regulations, and my superiors suspended my security clearance. It took many months and the help of Congressman Robert Drinan to get my clearance back. Then, last October, I joined other Servicemen in requesting the use of a post chapel on Veterans Day for a memorial service for all Indochina war dead. Repeatedly refused, we filed suit in Federal court. The authorities also refused us permission to circulate an antiwar petition on the base, on the grounds that it would "result in disorder, produce dissension or result in violence."

Because of these activities, I've received two adverse officer-efficiency reports, which give me very good ratings on job performance, then downgrade me for my political views. One states, "McGaw's effective performance . . . is tarnished by his active participation in activities expressing strong objection to U.S. involvement in Vietnam. Under such circumstances, I believe he has no future value as an officer in the United States Army." I'm now slated for elimination from the Army on grounds of "substandard performance of duty." I have behind me four years of honorable service in the Regular Army, one spent as an infantry officer in Vietnam, where I earned a Purple Heart and two Bronze Stars.

Capt. Douglas B. McGaw
Fort Eustis, Virginia

BRAINS OF A ROCK

WE CARE MORE ABOUT HOW YOU THINK THAN HOW YOU CUT YOUR HAIR, stated a 1971 Army recruiting ad. It lied. Limits

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

LEE OTIS JOHNSON FREE

HOUSTON, TEXAS—After serving nearly four years of a 30-year sentence for allegedly giving away one joint to an undercover policeman, Lee Otis Johnson is free on appeal. The Houston black activist, an organizer for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, was kept under heavy surveillance for a year after his political activities attracted police attention. A police recruit assigned to infiltrate Johnson's commune-style home reported that Johnson had given him marijuana, and police arrested the black leader two days after he gave an anti-establishment speech. After half an hour's deliberation, an all-white Houston jury gave Johnson the 30-year sentence.

Last January, a U.S. district judge called for a retrial on the grounds that Johnson's trial was not fair and his sentence was unduly harsh. In June, the judge ordered Johnson's release while the state appealed the retrial ruling. Though it has taken four years of Johnson's life, Texas appears unwilling to call it quits.

TEXAS JUSTICE

AUSTIN—The director of the Texas Department of Corrections, Dr. George Beto, told a legislative committee that certainty of punishment, not its severity, was the chief deterrent to crime and that Texas courts should stop embarrassing the state by handing down spectacular but meaninglessly long sentences. The prison official said, "We've had hell for a long time and last time I looked, we still had sin."

A short time later, a jury in Houston deliberated 31 minutes before convicting a black youth of raping a Rice University coed and took 15 minutes to sentence him to 1000 years in prison.

POSTCOMBAT CASUALTIES

DALLAS—Although the Vietnam war has produced a low rate of psychiatric casualties during combat, it may be causing an unusually large number of emotional problems that emerge only after the veteran returns to civilian life. Psychiatrists attending national conventions in Dallas and Detroit expressed concern over what they call the "post-Vietnam syndrome," which includes anxiety, depression and feelings of shame and guilt for fighting in a war the veteran now questions, and a sense of anger and distrust toward the Government, which he feels duped and manipulated him. Sometimes, the doctors said, this distrust extends to anyone who has not shared his combat experiences and presumably does not understand his feelings. One New

York University psychiatrist said: "Unable to forget, unable to endow their Vietnam experience with meaning . . . they find inner peace only through creating a 'dead place' in their souls—a file where memories live on, divorced from their unending emotional impact. The price of peace is alienation from feelings in general and a relative inability to form close relationships."

ALCOHOL AND SEX DIFFERENCES

NEW YORK CITY—A biochemical study indicates that differences in male and female body chemistry, not social factors, may explain why women less often become either as exuberant or as aggressive as do men when under the influence of alcohol. Writing in the British technical journal *Nature*, Drs. Geoffrey P. Redmond and Gerald Cohen of Columbia University and the New York State Psychiatric Institute reported that in laboratory tests, male and female mice metabolized the same amounts of alcohol, but the males produced far higher levels of the chemical acetaldehyde (AcH), which is believed to be related to the mood-altering effects of booze. They further found that, while depriving female mice of their ovaries had no effect on their production of AcH, castration lowered the AcH levels in male mice to the levels in the females, suggesting that male hormones somehow influence the metabolic process in such a way as to amplify both the pleasant and the unpleasant effects of alcohol in men.

TANGLED HAIR RULINGS

Two Federal courts of appeal have handed down opposite decisions in similar long-hair cases in different parts of the country. In New Orleans, the United States Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit ruled that while regulation of hair length may involve a personal liberty, that liberty is not important enough to enjoy protection by the U.S. Constitution. The court decided that a Texas school district therefore had the authority to set dress and grooming standards and to refuse enrollment to a student who challenged the rules on constitutional grounds. In Chicago, however, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit held an Indiana high school's rules invalid because they deprived a student of his constitutional right to wear his hair as he pleased. In this case, the court ruled, "It is settled that the students have constitutional rights of freedom and there appears to be no

reason why the values of freedom are less precious in a younger generation than in an older."

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA—Two University of North Carolina psychologists, elaborating on earlier studies, report that censorship not only enhances the credibility of any given material but does so regardless of who the censor is. By telling students a speech was censored, Stephen Worchel and Susan Arnold succeeded in heightening interest in it and also in influencing audience attitudes in favor of the position advocated by the speaker.

PLAYING DOCTOR

MINNEAPOLIS—A crank caller, by identifying himself as a doctor, was able to persuade a young woman to run down a Minneapolis street wearing a T-shirt with two holes cut in front to reveal her bare breasts. The woman had recently given birth, and the supposed doctor explained on the phone that she needed to stimulate her milk production by running down a certain street wearing a T-shirt and no bra. She did so, but told the "doctor," when he called back, that it didn't seem to help. He advised her that "embarrassment" usually works, and to be embarrassed, she should repeat the run, this time with her breasts exposed through holes in the shirt. Again, she did as the caller ordered and experienced considerable embarrassment, but no other changes, which finally made her suspicious enough to call the hospital. The hospital checked with the telephone company and discovered that some 20 to 25 recently discharged maternity patients had reported receiving similar calls. And a few weeks later, in Hobart, Indiana, a caller pretending to be a doctor phoning from a hospital talked seven girls into shaving their heads to protect themselves from a spurious scalp disease.

FETUS FOLLIES

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT—After a Federal court overturned the Connecticut abortion law, Governor Thomas J. Meskill called a special session of the state legislature to pass a new law that not only prohibits abortion but increases its criminal penalties—and is specifically worded "to protect and preserve human life from the moment of conception." The new statute provides a maximum five-year prison term for anyone who either performs or advises an abortion except to save the life of the woman. The governor, a staunch Roman Catholic, successfully opposed an amendment that would have allowed the operation in cases of rape or incest. Such an exemption "amounts to abortion on demand,"

he said. "Everyone who wants an abortion will be reporting rape." Women Versus Connecticut, the group that challenged the original law, has initiated hearings in Federal courts asking that the state be enjoined from enforcing the new law and has filed a contempt motion against the governor for promoting passage of a law virtually identical to one already ruled unconstitutional.

Possibly inspired by the Connecticut example, the Massachusetts legislature has given initial approval to a state constitutional amendment that would grant fetuses "the rights of all citizens . . . from the moment of conception." One senator said, "We'll be the laughingstock of the nation," and a representative asked: "Traditionally, we celebrate birthdays on the date of birth. Must we now celebrate birthdays on the day of conception?" The question of determining the "moment of conception" inspired another representative to point out that "every sex act would have to be observed and reported. How are we going to determine when conception takes place if we have no records of sex acts?" The measure still requires final approval by the legislature after the November election and then ratification by voters.

GOOD NEWS FOR GAYS

SAN CARLOS, CALIFORNIA—A 25-year-old homosexual divinity student has been ordained and affirmed as a minister in the United Church of Christ by delegates from 19 congregations in the San Francisco Bay Area. William Johnson, a graduate of the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, is apparently the first self-acknowledged homosexual to be admitted to the ministry of a major religious denomination in this country. In Greensboro, North Carolina, the church's national council said the ordination was a regional prerogative.

Elsewhere:

- In response to an American Civil Liberties Union suit, the District of Columbia has agreed that the municipal sodomy law "does not apply and cannot be applied to private consensual acts involving adults." The main effect of the agreement, reached in a U.S. district court, is to end criminal prosecution of homosexuals in Washington, D.C. A few weeks later, the D.C. board of education set a national precedent by voting to prohibit any type of discrimination against homosexuals employed in the school system.

- The Hawaii legislature has repealed the state's restrictive sex laws and legalized all forms of private sexual relations between consenting adults. The revised code provides no penalty for either solicitation or lewd conduct as such, lowers the age of sexual consent from 16 to 14 and reduces prostitution to a petty misdemeanor.

on hair length have undeniably been relaxed in recent years, but there are still limits; further, allowing longer hair isn't one of the Army's brilliant ideas but came about simply because old rules were increasingly ignored by men who wouldn't buy the tired argument that "long hair will get caught in your rifle and it'll jam and your position will be overrun and we'll lose the war."

Such inane reasoning just reinforces the intelligent soldier's conviction that 90 percent of the Army's old-timers have the brains of a rock. These are the N.C.O.s whose brand of no-think demands blind compliance with every trifling detail of staid and traditional Army rules governing behavior and appearance. It follows, of course, that they simply ignore any innovative regulations that they don't happen to like.

Perhaps the advertising agency that writes the Army's ads is gullible enough to believe that the Army really is changing; maybe even some of the generals believe it. But it will never happen while the Army is led by "old soldiers" who believe in the harassment system and are deeply convinced that an individual's worth is measured by the number of stripes on his sleeve, the time he has spent stagnating in the Army or, in the case in point, the shortness of his hair.

To young men who are still civilians, we cannot emphasize strongly enough that the Army's recruiting slogans should be taken with a grain—better, an entire bag—of salt. The Army will make many promises but keep few of them once you're in. The way we see it, if God had wanted you to be in the Army, He'd have given you green, baggy skin.

(Signed by six soldiers)

APO San Francisco, California

BLUENOSES IN BLUE

The actions of our local police when the touring company of *Hair* performed in Augusta showed a brand of provincialism not fit for a city that claims to be sophisticated and progressive. At the first performance, reporters saw flashbulbs going off in the wings just after the end of the famous nude scene. Hurrying backstage, we found that as the performers were exiting and covering themselves with blankets provided by a stagehand, the police were pulling the blankets off the actors and taking pictures of them. When the police saw us reporters, Chief J. G. Beck ordered us to leave. One radio newsman's tape recorder was turned off and another man was ordered to surrender his press card. The detective who was handling the camera said to me, "I'll tell you a little secret—they'll be gone tomorrow, but you've got to live here, don't forget."

Two members of the cast were charged with public indecency, and at the following night's performance,

uniformed police attempted to prevent patrons from joining in the audience-participation dancing onstage that customarily ends the show. In my opinion, this use of force by the police is frightening. If they treat reporters this way, think how they treat the poor "nigger" (police slang) who doesn't have the resources journalists do.

Gordon Gardner
Police and Courts Writer
Augusta Herald
Augusta, Georgia

SOONER CENSOR

When the musical *Hair* was to be performed in Oklahoma City, district attorney Curtis Harris threatened that any member of the cast who disrobed onstage would be charged with indecent exposure, which is a *felony* in Oklahoma. Rather than go through a long court battle, the director chose to drop the nude scene from the show, the first time in *Hair*'s history this compromise had to be made.

Supposedly, law-enforcement agents exist to serve the people; but by some strange process, our D.A. fancies himself the people's master, controlling their morals, preventing them from thinking for themselves and depriving them of the right to see what they want onstage. I hope people eventually wake up.

Michael L. Taylor
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Oklahoma City has now achieved a place in the history of human folly as the only place in America where *Hair* has played without its nude scene.

There are many people in Oklahoma City who are appalled by district attorney Curtis Harris' benightedness. Typical, on the other hand, of the sort who support him is this statement from a letter published in the *Oklahoma Journal*:

I'm very glad he is doing what he is doing because Oklahoma City is at least getting a reputation for being square and that will help keep some of the "scum" away.

I feel I must say this because whatever God chooses to do to this country for its immorality will also befall the ones who objected to immorality, so why should those of us who do care have to share your punishment because you don't care?

(Name withheld by request)
Norman, Oklahoma

FORM-LETTER FOUL-UP

As a pastor in Vermont, I recently received a letter from Charles H. Keating, Jr., urging me to join his campaign to suppress pornography. I wrote back that I am against his organization, Citizens for Decent Literature, and that his appeal to religious motives for censorship emphasizes all the negative, joyless,

restrictive, lifeless aspects of what people sometimes think is Christianity. Subsequently, I received another mailing from Keating stating that because of my "enthusiastic support . . . to the fight to restore decency in America," I was elected—unanimously—to active membership in the CDL.

If that's how carefully they read their own mail, how do they ever find the right books to burn?

The Rev. Raymond J. Odiorne, Jr.
United Church of Christ
Pittsfield, Vermont

MAKE AMERICA CHRISTIAN

Charles H. Keating, Jr., isn't the only one sending out ridiculous form letters to people who have been placed on mailing lists classifying them as dimwits susceptible to hokey appeals. Today I'm thoroughly insulted, having gotten not only Keating's pro-censorship letter but one from something called the Society for the Christian Commonwealth.

Signed by L. Brent Bozell, this letter announces enthusiastically that "we have added a new dimension to our movement to make America Christian!" Non-Christian Americans and those who believe in separation of church and state will be delighted to hear this. The letter explains that the new dimension, adopted "after much prayerful deliberation," is to be a propaganda campaign aimed at "public immorality" in "television, periodicals, books, lectures, in education and every form of communication."

This campaign will include efforts to:

1. Clean up television programming and return morality to mass communication.
2. Prevent the use of sex-education programs that do not include teaching Christian morality and ethics.
3. Fight life prevention, abortion and euthanasia factions on all fronts.

Bozell ends his appeal with a request for \$50, \$25 or \$10 as "your vote against moral pollution—and for a moral climate in which we can successfully wage the fight to make America Christian." Equating Christianity with censorship of television, interference in sex education and opposition to abortion, Bozell and whoever else belongs to this Society for the Christian Commonwealth apparently intend to try to impose this narrow view on all other Americans, regardless of race, creed or color. I doubt that they'll succeed in doing much more than giving Christianity a bad name.

Please withhold my name, as I don't want to get on any more crank mailing lists.

(Name withheld by request)
Richmond, Virginia

L. Brent Bozell previously achieved notoriety as leader of an organization called the Sons of Thunder, a group of

men who attired themselves in red berets, khaki shirts and rosary-bead necklaces. Wielding heavy wooden crosses, the Sons of Thunder attempted to invade a Washington, D. C., clinic where abortions were being performed. They were driven off by hospital guards ("Forum Newsfront," September 1970).

CONNECTICUT ABORTION LAW

The state of Connecticut has seen fit to impose the governor's opinions regarding abortion on all of its citizens. After a Federal court overturned our 112-year-old abortion law, Governor Meskill called a special session of the state legislature, which passed a new law that's even worse than the old one [see this month's *Forum Newsfront*]. What this indicates most clearly is the legislature's willingness to act in contempt of court (one lawmaker even spoke for the record about controlling the courts) and its complete mistrust of women, physicians and clergymen who prefer to live according to their own religious beliefs.

Interestingly, this state that refuses to permit a woman to terminate an unwanted pregnancy is wholly uninterested in helping her prevent it in the first place; last year, Connecticut failed to allocate a single cent for family-planning services. In 1970, \$10,000 was allocated—to a family-planning center that deals only with the rhythm method of birth control.

Marion Warson
Gales Ferry, Connecticut

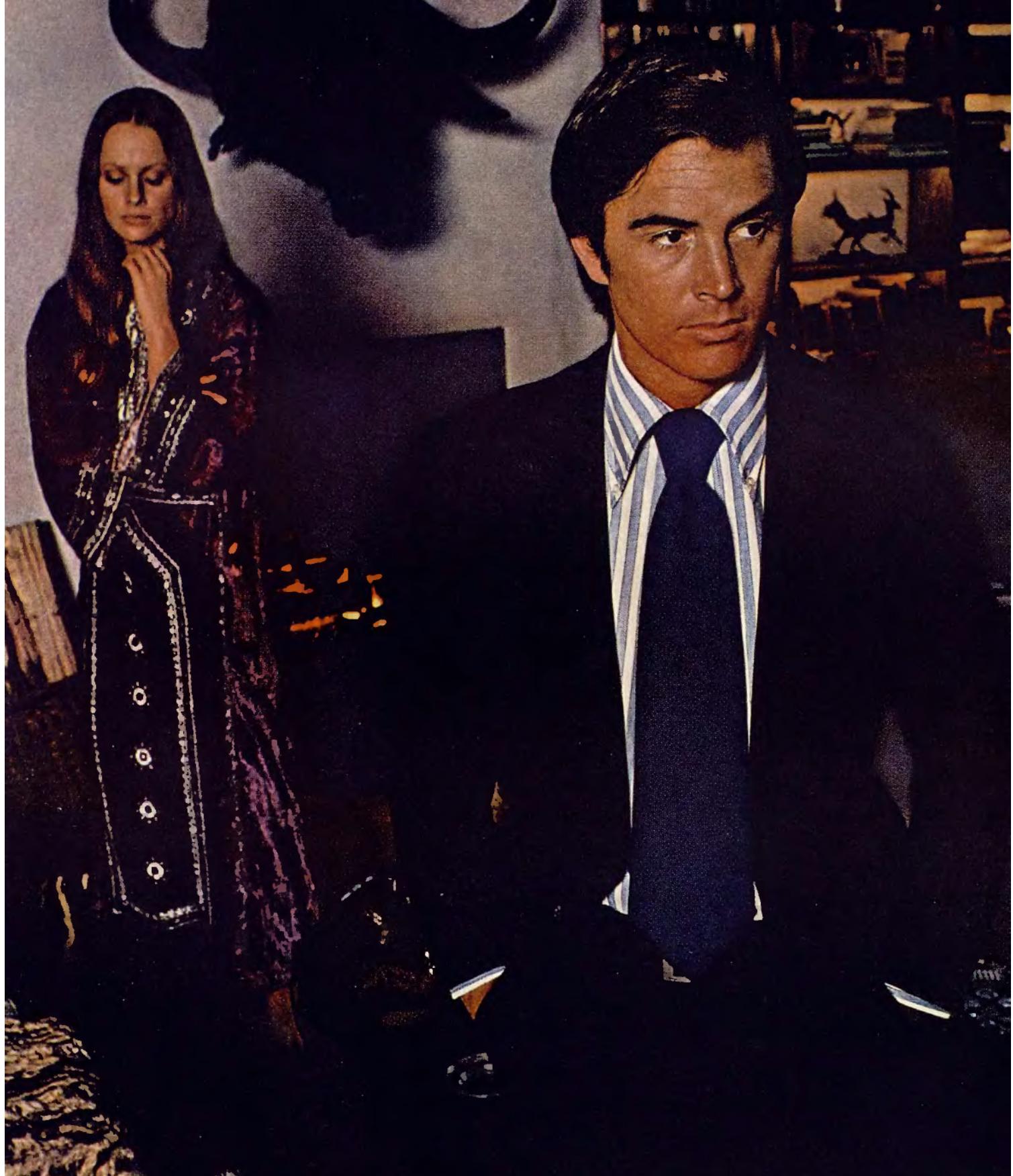
REVISED ABORTION-CLINIC LIST

In the January *Playboy Forum*, you published a letter announcing the first printing of the *Listing of Selected New York State Abortion Clinics*. The response from your readers was so great that I believe it will be welcome news that a revised and updated printing is available. As noted before, the listing has been prepared by members of the Medical Responsibilities Committee and experienced counselors who visited and carefully evaluated each clinic included in it. The June 1972 issue of the listing is available for 25 cents per copy (reduced quantity prices) from Abortion Rights Association of New York, 250 West 57th Street, New York, New York 10019.

Ruth Proskauer Smith, President
Abortion Rights Association of
New York
New York, New York

KILLING FETUSES

It's incredible and frightening that Dr. Roberts Rugh (*The Playboy Forum*, April) and millions of so-called enlightened people can rationalize away the evil in killing the human fetus. It is a fact that abortion is a form of killing; whether or not it's also murder is a matter of opinion. So let's stick to facts:



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THE GANT ATTITUDE
IS BUTTON DOWN

Once a human egg is fertilized, a process is begun whereby in nine months or so a human baby will be born. If the fetus is removed from the mother and killed, a baby cannot be born.

Killing fetuses could be the first step toward selective extermination of unwanted or undesirable humans—it has been tried in the past by totalitarian governments. Once a nation becomes callous and indifferent to the importance of human life, no matter how small, there may be no hope for human life, no matter how large.

Richard J. Greene
Los Angeles, California

Facts: A fertilized human egg normally will become a human baby in about nine months; if aborted, it will not. Opinion (your assertion that you're dealing only with facts notwithstanding): Preventing a fetus from being born as a fully developed human baby is the same as killing a baby and, therefore, devalues human life. As we have stated many times in "The Playboy Forum," your opinion is just that—an opinion—and we disagree with it. We distinguish between a fetus and a baby, between a potential human being and a fully developed infant. Furthermore, we believe that an understanding of this distinction is important for the prevention of the kind of selective extermination of which you speak.

As long as one understands that a fetus is a nonhuman, or prehuman, organism not yet entitled to full human rights, there is no logical connection between abortion and murder, and no reason to suppose that abortion will lead to euthanasia or genocide. If you believe that abortion is the killing of a human being, then you will see a link, but it's one that exists in your mind, not in reality.

COMPULSORY BIRTH CONTROL

I find Dr. Edgar R. Chasteen's proposal for compulsory birth control (*The Playboy Forum*, May) as repulsive as laws restricting abortion. The same freedom that allows women to decide for themselves when not to have children must apply when they want them.

Charles Bloomer
Vallejo, California

FAIR SHAKE FOR SINGLES

A brand of discrimination that seems to be less talked about than others, but that is just as distressing to those affected by it, is that practiced against single people. I, for example, have been turned down for jobs and away from apartment buildings because I don't have a wife, and I pay higher taxes and higher auto-insurance rates than my married contemporaries, though I neither make more money nor have a worse driving record than they.

I am a clean-cut, intelligent and re-

sponsible person; I have nothing against marriage, but I don't want to marry before I'm ready just to prove my maturity to the community. It's about time society began to give singles a fair shake.

Dale D. DeWalt
Dayton, Ohio

HORNY WOMEN

The April *Playboy Forum* includes four letters that are unkind to Steve Broday because of his statement that "the few women I know who are as horny as men are nymphomaniacs." Perhaps his critics misunderstood him. Men spend millions of dollars to entertain women or pay for prostitutes, while it is relatively rare for women to make passes at men, and women take pride in having the last word on whether or not sexual relations will take place. This state of affairs may be changing, but it has been the case in our society for a long time. The woman who sees a strange man and wants his body badly enough to make a pass at him—thereby showing that she's as horny as a man—is a rarity. Broday's choice of the word nymphomaniac is a poor one, but he's right in saying such women are few.

G. Stanley Brown
Austin, Texas

HOUSES FOR LADIES

I was interested in the letter in the March *Playboy Forum* suggesting that women should be able to visit "discreet, well-run male houses of prostitution." I once met a ship's steward who told me that he had actually worked in such an establishment in New York. He said the staff, clad in dressing gowns, would sit in a room into which a client could look, unobserved, to select a man. She would then join him in a darkened room. The men in the house ranged in age from 18 to 23; after reaching the mandatory retirement age, they would presumably gravitate to less demanding lines of work.

H. L. Hopkin
Hove, England

HOMOSEXUALITY AND NORMALITY

Having researched homosexuality for my Ph.D. dissertation at the University of Washington, I must disagree with your statement, "Heterosexuality is the normal adjustment to sexual response" (*The Playboy Forum*, June), unless you meant only that heterosexuality is statistically the most common kind of sexual behavior in this culture at present. It is my contention, as developed in my dissertation, that much fixed homosexuality in the male is due to a lack of usable testicular androgen during fetal development. This lack of androgen may permanently activate the female mating center in the hypothalamus, giving rise to the probability that such a person will be attracted to males as sexual partners.

For these persons, heterosexual behavior would not be natural and would result in psychic conflicts.

Norman C. Murphy, Ph.D.
Quincy, California

We were, indeed, using the term normal to mean the average or most common kind of behavior. You appear to be using the word natural to mean in keeping with genetically determined sexual make-up. If your research contention is correct, it would mean that there are certain people whose fixed homosexuality can't be altered by existing methods. We'll reserve judgment and continue to support (1) the right of homosexuals to attempt to change if they wish to; (2) the right of homosexuals to remain as they are, if they prefer; (3) the right of researchers to investigate the causes of homosexuality and possible means for changing it.

Certainly, as your reply to my letter in the June *Playboy Forum* states, "heterosexuality is the normal adjustment to sexual response"—in the purely denotative, statistical meaning of the word normal. Similarly normal are white skin, brunet hair, Protestantism and not reading *PLAYBOY*. Denotatively, homosexuals are abnormal; so are blacks, blonds, Jews and *PLAYBOY* readers. Yet, no one calls any of the latter groups abnormal because of the connotations of the word—defectiveness, pathology. Connotation far outweighs denotation in importance in common usage.

Similarly, words like imbalance and deficiency, used in the *Forum Newsfront* report I originally objected to, have not only denotative meanings but also connotations of defect or malfunction. The fact that the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation unscientifically used such terms as dysfunction and defect is their failing and does not exonerate *PLAYBOY*.

Franklin E. Kameny, President
The Mattachine Society
of Washington
Washington, D. C.

Your previous letter criticized our choice of terms as being "without scientific substance and not indicated by the studies." In this letter, you repeat the charge of using unscientific terminology and include the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation. But you now attack us for also using words in their strictly denotative—i.e., scientific—sense and you dismiss the fact that they were so used in the studies we reported. Sorry about your sensitivities, but when we're reporting scientific research, we'll stick, as far as possible, to scientific language.

BATTLING TEXAS POT LAW

Texas is one of the two states that still classify all possession of marijuana as a felony. Rhode Island is expected to change its law soon, leaving Texas the



Coming and Going

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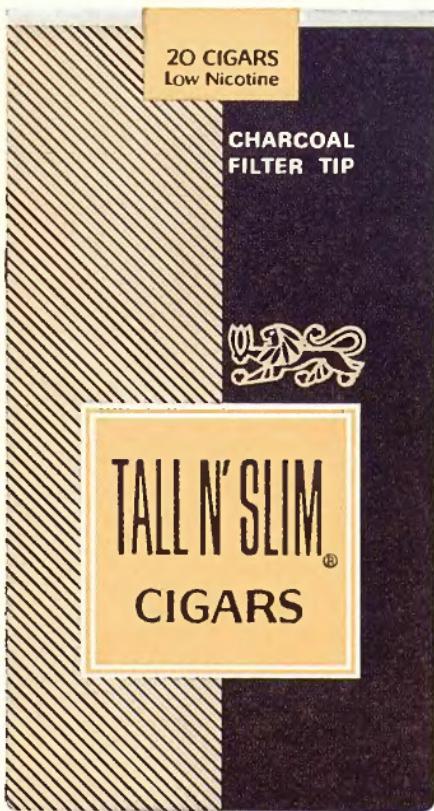
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"What's that little cigar
that doesn't taste like a
cigarette?"

THE ANSWER



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lone star in this dubious area. The Texas statute, providing a prison sentence of from two years to life for first-offense possession, draws no distinction between marijuana and other drugs. The Texas Court of Criminal Appeals has held that 1/20th of one marijuana cigarette is enough to warrant incarcerating an offender for life. There are now 691 people in Texas prisons for possession, not sale, of marijuana. The next closest state is California with 169. Thirty of those in Texas prisons are serving sentences of over 30 years and 18 are in for life. One unfortunate is serving his life sentence for conviction in 1962 of possessing one penny matchbox full of grass.

The Texas Senate Interim Drug Study Committee recently published a 61-page report titled "Marijuana in Texas," which points up the inconsistencies and archaisms of the Texas law. For example:

1. There are only three offenses in Texas having maximum penalties that equal or exceed that for first-offense marijuana possession: murder with malice, rape, and robbery with firearms.

2. Despite the fact that most users are middle-class whites, and that blacks and *chicanos* constitute 12 and 15 percent of the state's population, respectively, they account for 37.5 and 19 percent of those imprisoned for marijuana offenses.

3. The average sentence for marijuana possession is 9.64 years; for sale, 9.76 years.

4. Contrary to popular belief, first offenders do go to prison. Of the 800 marijuana offenders presently behind bars, 446, or 55.75 percent, are first offenders. Of these, 161 are under the age of 22.

In a final word, the report's authors ask whether, in view of the present state of knowledge about marijuana's medical and social effects, a person should go to jail merely for using it. The Texas chapter of NORML says no. It seems ludicrous to us that the state should permanently ruin the lives of thousands of young Texans through a law that simply can't be rationally defended.

Steve Simon
Texas NORML
Austin, Texas

BEAUTIFUL OHIO

Two years ago, the police in Lima, Ohio, raided my home, searched it for four hours and came up with enough grass to make approximately one joint. The charges: possession for sale (ten to 20 years) and maintaining a house for users (one to five years). The jurors who found me guilty don't know the difference between marijuana and heroin and think a roach clip has something to do with needles. Such people are jelly in a prosecutor's hands. Although this was my first offense, the judge ran the sentences consecutively, so I'm in for 11

to 25 years. I defy anyone to imagine what it would mean to lose 11 years of his life—much less 25—and then tell me this is justice.

Danny Denham
Ohio State Reformatory
Mansfield, Ohio

In May 1971, some friends and I were sitting around the living room of my house drinking beer, when the back door was kicked open and 13 policemen stormed in. After handcuffing everyone and herding us into the kitchen, the police began a destructive search. All doors, locked or not, were kicked in, light fixtures were ripped from the walls and ceilings, drawers were dumped onto the floor, records were taken out of their covers and scattered, stereo equipment was damaged and furniture was ripped apart. A friend, who also lived in the house, was upstairs with his girlfriend at the time of the raid and neither of them was allowed to get dressed throughout the two-hour search. Both were stared at and insulted by the policemen. Although the search warrant cited only LSD and marijuana, guns, a knife collection, \$45 in cash, personal letters, pictures and other personal items were confiscated and never returned nor accounted for. As a result of their search, the police found what they were looking for: about a lid of grass in plain view on top of a dresser in my bedroom. We were taken to jail, where those who could not be charged with pot possession were charged with disturbing the peace, because, the police said, a clock-radio was playing too loudly at the time of the raid.

This was my second offense for possession of the "killer weed" and as a result (against the recommendation of my probation officer), I was convicted and sentenced to one to ten years in the Ohio State Reformatory. In my view, not only are present marijuana laws foolish and unjust but the methods by which they are often enforced are vicious and inexcusable. I would like to thank PLAYBOY and other organizations that are working to abolish such laws.

Clyde Coleman
Ohio State Reformatory
Mansfield, Ohio

We are serving sentences at the Mansfield reformatory of from ten to 40 years for sale or possession for sale of marijuana. By now, with all the information that has been published about grass, there is no reason any member of the public should still believe that marijuana is a narcotic, that it is addictive, that it causes people to use addictive drugs or that it is detrimental to the user's health. Nevertheless, we are doing time equal to that for rape, murder, manslaughter and armed robbery, for actions that have

harmed no one. We know we have broken the law, but we see no justification for the severity of the penalties imposed on us. We ask people to write to Government officials, urging them to save our lives.

(Signed by 53 inmates)
Ohio State Reformatory
Mansfield, Ohio

I'm amazed to learn from *Stars and Stripes* that my home state of Ohio now allows narcotics agents to smoke marijuana in order not to blow their cover. But what happened to all the reasons for marijuana's being illegal in the first place? Will these poor narcs turn to violent crime? Will they graduate to harder stuff? And, if not, what are they doing busting people?

Charles Johnson
FPO San Francisco, California

MARIJUANA MADNESS, CONTINUED

In the aftermath of the Thomas O. Shuey trial (*The Playboy Forum*, July and August), I was arrested on drug charges in what appears to me a blatant frame-up. I'm Tom Shuey's brother-in-law and I appeared as a witness for him.

Last December, I was decoyed into an apartment in Zanesville. With me was an 18-year-old friend. The young man who met us suddenly threw money on the floor to make it appear that he was buying drugs from me, and police with drawn guns emerged from hiding and arrested my friend and me. At the police station I was shown two bags of white powder, supposedly the dope I had been selling, and was asked to sign a statement declaring Tom Shuey guilty of the charges against him. I refused. Subsequently, I learned that the young man who had been used to trap me had drug charges pending against him that were dropped. Now the 18-year-old arrested with me has pleaded guilty to possession, and I'm told he will testify against me in return for a lenient sentence.

I now have five charges against me involving sale of drugs, and I face an outrageous and absurd possible sentence of about 140 years to life.

Terry Mace
Zanesville, Ohio

As we go to press, we've received word that an Ohio court of appeals has reversed Thomas O. Shuey's conviction. A retrial is still a possibility, but his attorney hopes to secure his release from prison shortly.

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

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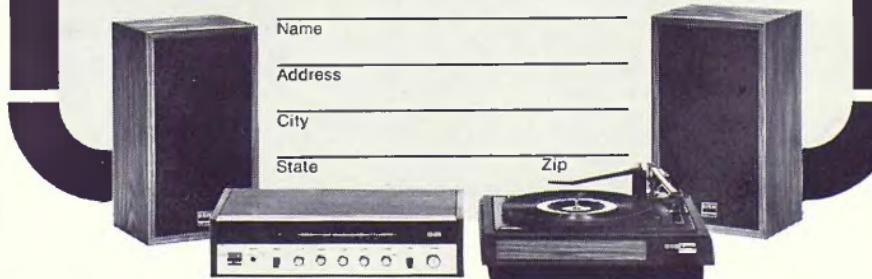
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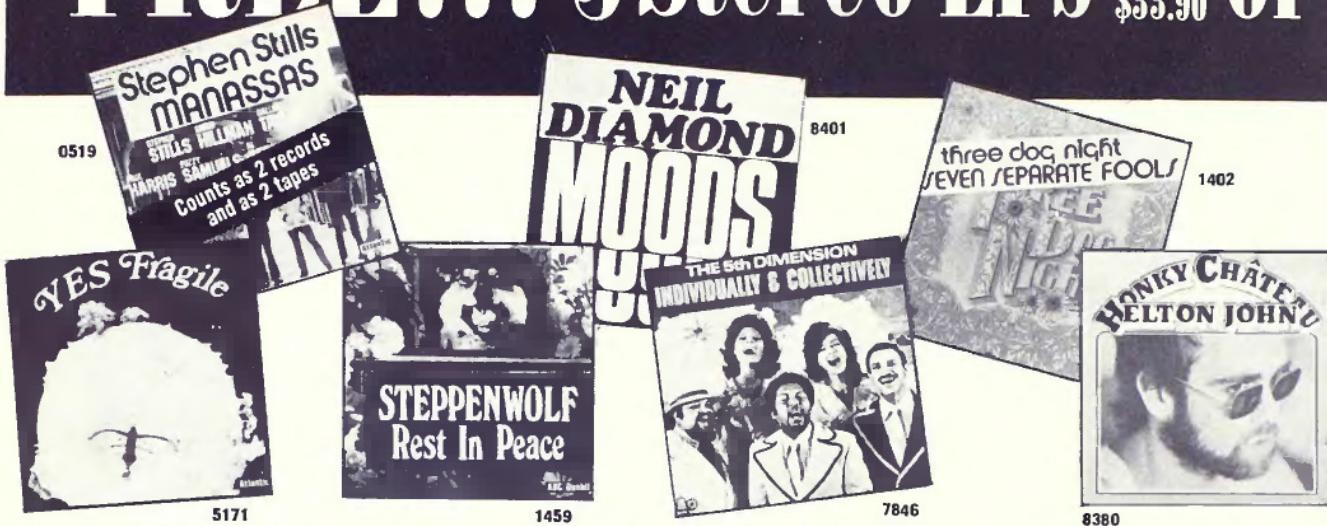
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BERNADETTE DEVLIN

a candid conversation with the fiery young irish revolutionary

On April 22, 1969, a young girl stood before the British House of Commons to deliver her first speech as a Member of Parliament. "I understand that by making my maiden speech on the day of my arrival, I am flouting the unwritten tradition of this House," Bernadette Devlin told the surprised M.P.s. "But the situation of my people, I think, merits flouting such a tradition." She then launched into a bitter but lyrical denunciation of British policy in Ireland, rarely referring to notes as she detailed a half century of oppression in her native Ulster. When she sat down after 22 minutes, the stunned silence in the House gave way to thunderous applause. "One after another," reported Newsweek, "M.P.s hailed her maiden speech as one of the best in the history of Commons." As the youngest female Member of Parliament in British history read the glowing accounts in the next morning's papers, she had a double reason for celebration: It was her 22nd birthday.

Bernadette's love affair with the British press was to prove short-lived. Within four months, she was behind Catholic barricades in Derry's embattled Bogside ghetto, hurling rocks at the police; a year later, she was in jail. Today, although she was instrumental in the recent negotiations to bring an end to armed insurrec-

tion, Bernadette is a visible symbol of resistance to British rule: She tacitly supports the Irish Republican Army and actively urges a socialist revolution in both England and Ireland. She has further defied convention by bearing a child—Roison Elizabeth, now one year old—out of wedlock and refusing to name the father.

Whether in Parliament, on the barricades, behind bars or on the speakers' platform, Bernadette is the most charismatic leader of the Catholic community in Northern Ireland. To learn more about her and the little country that's been the Seventies' bloodiest political battleground west of Vietnam, PLAYBOY sent writer Eric Norden to interview her. Norden reports:

"On my British European Airways flight from London to Belfast, I was sandwiched between an English soldier returning from leave to his Belfast regiment and a pleasantly tweedy lady in her mid-60s, faintly reminiscent of Margaret Rutherford, who was going home from a dog show in Exeter. After some casual conversation, I asked the lady about conditions in Belfast. 'You know, the I.R.A. . . .' I prompted. 'Oh, that,' she sniffed. 'That's the Catholics for you.' Her voice turned hard. 'What we should do is, for every one of us gets killed, execute 20 or 30 of them. And

send tanks into their areas, just like you Americans do in Vietnam.' The soldier, who'd been staring glumly out the window, suddenly turned toward me. 'She's right there,' he said in a thick West Country accent. 'Just give us the go-ahead, mate, we'll clean up the bastards in two days.' The old lady nodded approvingly. 'It's all the Pope,' she said, 'the Pope and the Communists. They'll kill us all in our beds if they have their way.'

"It was past midnight by the time I got a cab in Belfast. When I gave the taxi driver my destination, the Hotel Europa downtown, he laughed. 'You'll be needin' new accommodations, my friend. It blew just a few hours ago.' The cabby, a Roman Catholic named Harry, took me to the Conway, a suburban hotel four miles from the heart of the city. I asked him if he'd take me on a tour of Belfast the next day, and he picked me up at the hotel in the morning.

"The gray industrial city was an armed camp, with flak-jacketed soldiers on every corner, automatic weapons at the ready. We drove through the Catholic area of Falls Road, then stopped by the Crumlin Road jail, where hundreds of I.R.A. suspects have been incarcerated. I got out to take some pictures. Suddenly, I heard a shout behind me and turned to see Harry surrounded by



"To understand the present struggle in Ireland, you must see it from the perspective of 800 years of invasion, oppression, exploitation and genocide. Irish history is written in Irish blood."



"The police made charge after charge, but we kept pushing them back. My arm ached from throwing rocks at the bastards. Then we realized we were winning! It was open, glorious insurrection."



"If an I.R.A. man shoots an armed British soldier, that's called murder. But if British troops gun down unarmed Catholic children, somehow that turns out to be self-defense."

three soldiers. They pushed him up against a car and began to search him. I moved forward, but a voice behind me called out, 'Stand still, right where you are.' Something hard was shoved into the small of my back. Hands expertly frisked me. 'All right, turn around.'

"I faced two paratroopers in riot gear. 'Why were you taking pictures of us?' asked one, a corporal. When I started to answer, he relaxed. 'You American?' I nodded. 'The I.R.A. likes to get pictures of us,' he explained. 'Then when we're in civvies having a pint at the pub'—he drew his foresinger meaningfully across his throat. I showed him my letter of identification from PLAYBOY and explained I was doing an interview with Bernadette Devlin. The atmosphere froze. 'Going to put the bleeding sow in the centerfold?' the corporal asked contemptuously. 'People will demand their money back.'

"As we drove off, Harry's face was red. 'Bloody SS men,' he muttered. I tried to explain the soldiers' concern about photographs, but he just grunted. 'The boys don't need their pictures,' he said. 'They know who they are. I hope they kill the whole bloody lot of them.' I was beginning to get the feel of Northern Ireland.

"Back at the Conway, I called Bernadette and arranged to meet her at her home in Cookstown, in County Tyrone. The next morning, Harry and I left Belfast bright and early. Just outside Cookstown, a pleasant farm community surrounded by rolling green hills, we found Bernadette's modest red-brick house. She was waiting for us on the steps. 'Can you give me a lift to Derry?' she asked in a rich brogue. 'I've got to address a meeting there and I'm late.' We piled back into the car and headed for Derry. (Protestants universally, and pointedly, refer to the city as Londonderry, the name given the city after it was ceded to the capital city of London by the British crown in the 17th Century; Catholics tenaciously stick to its original name.) As we drove, Bernadette spoke with resignation about her current legal troubles: Convicted of participating in illegal assembly by defying a ban on public marches, she faced a six-month prison sentence (later suspended when the marchers were granted amnesty). But the prospect didn't seem to daunt her; she had already served four months in prison in 1970, on charges arising from her active participation in the August 1969 riots in Derry.

"As she spoke to me, I found myself reassessing the impression I'd gained through her press photographs. She's only a shade over five feet, with shoulder-length chestnut hair, slightly protuberant gray-green eyes and a wide, mobile mouth with a Terry-Thomas gap between the front teeth. She's indifferent to clothes; for the next week, I saw her in the same outfit, a rumpled red-and-

blue minidress and navy-blue coat. Slightly chubby, her features unremarkable and unadorned by make-up, she's nobody's idea of a beauty; but the eyes sparkle so impishly, the smile is so disarming, the brogue so caressing that a certain undeniable charm slips through. Bernadette shouldn't be, but is, a singularly attractive young woman.

"After an hour's drive, we reached the outskirts of Derry, passing a ring of fortified army posts bristling with machine guns. Derry is a medieval fortress city, population 56,000. Bogside, the ghetto where Derry's 40,000 Catholics live, is in a state of permanent insurrection—so far successful. Taxes and rents are not paid, electric and gas bills are ignored and the law of the British crown ends at the barricades—giant piles of burned-out cars, blocks of concrete, steel girders, barbed wire, paving stones and crude but effective concrete tank traps. I.R.A. observation posts, proudly flying the green, white and orange tricolor of the Irish Republic, stud the heights above the barricades. Our destination was a soccer field in the heart of the Bogside—site of the rally Bernadette was scheduled to address. It was a mild sunny day and the mood of the crowd in the bleachers was more festive than bitter.

"Bernadette spoke for a half hour. During the talk, a young redhead boy dressed in shorts, sandals and a tattered gray pullover caught my attention. His name was Mick and he was 11. 'You're American, aren't you?' he asked. I nodded. 'I sold a rubber bullet to an American reporter once. He paid me 30 pence for it.' 'Where did you find the rubber bullet?' 'Oh, the army shot it at us. You know, after school we all go over to the Brandywell post and throw stones and things. Once I threw a petrol bomb,' he said with pride. I tried to think of something to say, but nothing came. 'That tape recorder you've got is great,' he said, all smiles. 'When my dad gets out, I'm gonna ask him to buy me one of my own.' 'Is your dad in jail?' 'Yeah, the army lifted him.'

"Just then, Bernadette's speech ended. I slung the tape recorder I was carrying over my shoulder and stood up. Mick's eyes looked longingly at the case, and suddenly I had a strong impulse to give it to him. But it was the only one I had brought and my interview with Bernadette was to begin that night. I fumbled a pound note out of my pocket. 'Here, get some sweets with it,' I said awkwardly. Then: 'Look, Mick, do me a favor—don't throw any more stones at the army. Your dad wouldn't want you to.' Mick shook his head firmly. 'Oh, no, my dad would want me to. He says we've gotta kill all of them. We got to.' He smiled indulgently. 'You're American, but if you'd lived 11 years in the Bogside, you wouldn't be afraid to die either.'

"We drove away. As Harry pulled through the last I.R.A. check point, we heard the rattle of firing up ahead. 'That's the army,' Bernadette said. 'There's trouble.' Suddenly there was a series of quick harsh reports. 'CS,' Bernadette said, as a cloud of white smoke (similar to tear gas) came billowing toward us. 'Put up the windows, quick,' shouted Harry, reversing furiously. We did and skidded around the corner just ahead of the gas.

"When we finally reached the City Hotel in downtown Derry and sat in the bar over double Scotches, more gunfire was stuttering in the distance. I thought of Mick, and the 11 years of life that had prepared him to die, and I wished I had given him the tape recorder, if only to take his mind off the gun he'd have someday. But instead, I switched it on and started asking Bernadette about the bloodshed in Northern Ireland—and the threat it represents to her own life."

PLAYBOY: Despite frequent death threats and assassination attempts on your associates, you travel without a bodyguard. In the midst of all this violence, don't you worry that your own life is in danger?

DEVLIN: I think about it from time to time, but it doesn't worry me. That's not mock heroics, just realism. Or maybe fatalism. In Derry on Bloody Sunday, when the British paratroops were gunning down people all around me, sure, I thought about it. They murdered 13 unarmed people. As I saw them fall, I said to myself, "Christ! I'm going to die here!" But my parents taught me to enjoy life rather than fear death. And living in a society that's characterized by violence and institutionalized brutality, you somehow come to accept the impermanence of your own life. If anyone's a product of her environment, I am.

PLAYBOY: Let's discuss that environment. What was it like growing up as a Catholic in Protestant Northern Ireland?

DEVLIN: Well, it was an education in more ways than one. I was born in Cookstown, in County Tyrone, a small farming community that's sort of a microcosm of Ulster. It was originally a plantation, settled by the Scots Presbyterians the British imported in the 17th Century to take over the land from us restless natives. To this day, the town is divided almost evenly between the descendants of the original Protestant settlers and the Catholics they subjugated; both groups are still segregated in the geographical areas of the town where their ancestors lived 300 years ago. And attitudes haven't changed much, either; the Protestants still have a sense of settler superiority and expect the Catholics to stay in their place and not get uppity, pretty much the way your own American colonists once viewed the Indians, or the way many

white Southerners still feel about blacks. And, like the Indians and the blacks, we were poor, virtually disenfranchised and very angry. We still are.

PLAYBOY: What was your family's economic position?

DEVLIN: We lived on what you could call the knife edge of poverty. We never actually starved, but often my mother would say to us at the table, "Now, if you eat all the bread, we won't have anything for breakfast tomorrow."

PLAYBOY: Your parents died when you were fairly young, didn't they?

DEVLIN: My father died when I was nine, and my mother when I was 19.

PLAYBOY: How did you, your brothers and sisters manage after her death?

DEVLIN: Well, our relatives came over to the house and said they'd decided to farm us out among them; but we'd have none of that and told them so. My older sister, Mary, was in a convent, and the other five of us were determined to stay together. I was studying psychology at Queen's University in Belfast, and I had no money outside of a small educational grant. But I resolved that we'd manage somehow. We did, but it taught me how the system operates. We'd been living in a council house, which is government-owned property leased to poor people at low rents. Before my mother was cold, a local official came around and said, "There's no adult householder here. You're all under 21, so you've got to clear out." I asked him where we were supposed to go and he said I could go to work, and the children would be placed in orphanages. Well, I just dug in my heels and told him he'd have to call the police to drag us out, because we weren't leaving voluntarily. And finally, after a lot of protracted haggling, they gave in and allowed me to be listed as a householder, even though I was below the legal age limit, because they realized it would be less expensive to keep us at home.

Then I had to go around to the Labor Exchange to arrange for our supplementary welfare benefits to continue. At first, they refused to give us a shilling. It wasn't that they were hostile about it; that would have at least made them human. Instead, they were completely cold, impersonal: "Regulation such and such does not provide for your case under clause so-and-so, as you can clearly see in document blah. Next." What they were really saying was, "Go and starve," but they didn't recognize this. Rules were rules. Most poor people would just shuffle away without argument, but I told the Labor Exchange: "I'm not leaving this building until I get some money." I kept shouting until they gave in. I'm sure they paid us more to get rid of me than anything else. Here I really saw how completely devoid of human feeling the state is; even when it makes an exception, as in our case, it

does so not out of goodness but to shut up a potential troublemaker.

I thought to myself, here are my mother and father, both dead at an early age, literally worked into the ground, and to the state their children are nothing but an economic nuisance. At the same time, there were plenty of people in town who had never done a day's work in their lives but had lots of money and were considered outstanding citizens. Suddenly I saw that what plagues Northern Ireland isn't the difference between Catholics and Protestants but the gulf between the haves and the have-nots.

PLAYBOY: Was it these encounters with the state that first awakened your political consciousness?

DEVLIN: I'd say these events *crystallized* my political awareness. I'd been a kind of instinctive rebel ever since I was a child. From an early age, I'd heard about the crimes England had committed against Ireland, so I had identified with the nationalist movement; and on a more personal level, I'd seen the way the system treated my mother and father when they were alive, and that, too, was an eye opener.

PLAYBOY: Were your parents politically active?

DEVLIN: My father was—or at least he was politically conscious. In a very real way, our whole family's existence was determined by politics. When my father was a teenager, long before he married my mother, he took a flask of hot soup to a friend held in prison by the British for alleged Republican sympathies. The local police force remembered it. When he grew up and applied for his work permit, which you need to get a job in Ulster, the authorities stamped on it: **POLITICAL SUSPECT**. He'd never been convicted of any crime, never done anything against the state; it all dated back to that one flask of soup. From that point on, he was unemployable in Ulster; Protestants wouldn't hire him and Catholics didn't dare to. That was why he was forced to work in England, which encouraged emigration in order to maintain a pool of low-paid Irish labor. He hated the British for perpetuating such injustices, and so did we.

PLAYBOY: All the British?

DEVLIN: Not the British people, of course, but the British government and its repressive system. I suppose what I felt as a child in those days is pretty much what the kids in Belfast and Derry feel today, the nine- and ten-year-olds who hurl petrol bombs—that's what we call Molotov cocktails—at British tanks. They're dimly aware that they and their parents are second-class citizens. They know they hate *something*, but they can't put their finger on it. So they lash out blindly at the visible symbol of power, the British soldier, when it's really the whole *system* of injustice they

should be attacking. But I can understand their reactions, since I felt the same diffuse rage toward the English when I was their age.

PLAYBOY: Did most Catholic children of your age share this bitterness?

DEVLIN: Some were more conscious of it than others, but I think all of us felt that the British were our enemy. I remember when I was just four or five years old, my father would sit in my room at night and tell me bedtime stories. Not fairy tales about leprechauns and enchanted princesses but stories of ancient Irish history, when our country was independent; and tales of the British invasions and the Irish uprisings and their bloody suppression. He never pretended to be objective; he was a partisan telling his daughter his own partisan view of history.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't it unhealthy for a child to be indoctrinated with hate in this manner?

DEVLIN: If it had been hate for all British *people*, yes, I think it would have been unhealthy. But my father taught us to hate a *system*, not a race, and told us that the mass of British working people were just as exploited by that system as we were.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that a subtle distinction for a child to grasp?

DEVLIN: Well, in my own case, I always understood it, which is why today I'm just as active in Parliament on behalf of striking English coal miners as I am for my own constituents in Northern Ireland. I'm not an Irish nationalist in the narrow-minded sense of exalting everything Irish as superior; I believe in a united *socialist* Ireland, with the emphasis on socialist. It would do us no good to exchange our British masters for the political parasites who run the present capitalist government in Dublin.

PLAYBOY: You've been quoted as saying that Castro's Cuba is the model for your proposed Irish socialist state. Since this has prompted the charge that you advocate a Communist dictatorship for Ireland, perhaps you'd better define what you mean by socialism.

DEVLIN: All right. First, I was misquoted about Cuba. What I said was: Cuba is a case where the people put up a fine fight against overwhelming odds—against the Batista dictatorship, and then against the most powerful country in the world, your own country. I said I admired the Cuban people's courage. But I also said that Cuba is no utopia. There are severe problems of bureaucracy and regimentation there. These must be dealt with.

To get to your larger question, the kind of workers' state I envisage exists nowhere in the world. Russia is a sort of state capitalism; so are its satellites in eastern Europe. China has done many things for its people, but at a high price in terms of individual liberty. All the so-called socialist countries in the world

are far better off than they were under their capitalist masters—Batista, Chiang Kai-shek or the czars—but they're still a long way from genuine socialism. Genuine socialism is a society where the people control their own economy. Not a handful of capitalists—or bureaucrats, as in Russia—but all the people. In this sort of socialist society, you have both economic freedom and personal freedom.

That's the critical question, of course: to reconcile the delicate balance between the rights of the individual and the rights of the collective, and to ensure that neither is predominant. The so-called Communist states today just don't work, as far as I'm concerned. I certainly don't take them as any kind of model for Irish socialism; but, on the other hand, can you show me one country where capitalism really works? So when I speak of an Irish workers' republic, small collective farms and worker-controlled industries, I'm speaking of something that doesn't exist anywhere in the world. But it will exist, someday, believe me. It has to.

PLAYBOY: You were talking about your political education—or indoctrination—by your father. Did he ever belong to the I. R. A.?

DEVLIN: I honestly don't know. If he had joined any political party, it certainly would have been the Sinn Fein, which in Gaelic means Ourselves Alone. This is the political wing of the Irish Republican Army. If he did, neither he nor my mother ever told us about it. In the summer of 1956, the I. R. A. launched an abortive military campaign against the British in Northern Ireland. At night, we used to watch the Protestant men in our town leave their houses carrying Sten guns; most of them were members of the B Specials, a volunteer militia formed to suppress the Catholic minority. One of the areas they patrolled was a desolate stretch of swampy land known as the Black Bog, which was a favorite hiding place for I. R. A. men on the run. I remember one evening, shortly after my father died, the sirens started wailing an alert and the B Specials rushed out to search the bog. My brothers and sisters and I sat there staring out our front window across the bog, which was eerily illuminated by searchlights. My mother looked out with us for a long while, and when the searchlights finally went out and the mist rolled in over the bog, she said in a very quiet voice, "At least they'll never get your father now." She didn't spell it out any more explicitly than that, but we could put two and two together.

PLAYBOY: How did you and your parents feel toward your Protestant neighbors who supported the British? Were you taught to hate them?

DEVLIN: No, not at all. As far as I'm concerned, Catholic bigots and Protestant bigots are equally bad. One of the

tragedies of Northern Ireland is that the children of both groups are educationally segregated; Catholics go to Catholic schools and Protestants to Protestant schools, so Catholic and Protestant children seldom get to know one another as human beings. I remember that when I was in Catholic primary school, one of the girls' most popular rope-skipping songs ran:

*Saint Patrick's Day will be jolly and gay
And we'll kick all the Protestants out of the way.
If that won't do, we'll cut them in two
And send them to hell with their red, white and blue.*

The Protestant kids had their hate songs, too, where the Pope was the arch-bogeyman. Such attitudes, of course, don't end in school; they only begin there. And eventually, ignorance gives way to fear, and fear to hate; and hate, ultimately, to violence. Much of the responsibility for the sectarian system of education that breeds this intolerance lies with the Roman Catholic Church, which has put its interest in religiously indoctrinating its communicants above the need to reconcile the two communities. In my own case, I was fortunate in getting to know Protestants firsthand.

PLAYBOY: How?

DEVLIN: As family friends and good neighbors. Before my mother met and fell in love with my father, she was engaged to a Protestant named Sammy, who subsequently served in the British army. From the point of view of the typical parochial Catholic family, he couldn't have been more unsuitable; my grandmother must *really* have gone up the wall when she heard about that romance. But even though they eventually married different people, "Uncle Sammy" remained close to our family and visited us frequently. Outside of my own family, I respected Sammy more than any other man I'd ever known: I would have felt proud to be his daughter. So from an early age, I had a Protestant "uncle," which protected me from succumbing to the prejudices that are prevalent among both Catholics and Protestants in Ulster. But I think my case was exceptional. The crime of sectarianism—and it *is* a crime—runs very deep in our society. It has perverted and poisoned even the best people, the truly good people on both sides. If we are to make Northern Ireland a decent place to live, we must stop thinking of ourselves as Catholic or Protestant, Irish or British, and start thinking of ourselves as human beings, with the same social and economic problems—and the same social and economic enemies.

PLAYBOY: Are you still a practicing Catholic?

DEVLIN: My God, we've been *practicing* Catholicism so long in Ireland we're experts by now. Unfortunately, instead of contemplating the message of Jesus' life and teachings, most Irish Catholics just tell their rosary beads automatically. For all the spiritual insight this exercise gives them, they might as well be playing with a yo-yo. You can go to Mass every day and foreclose your neighbor's mortgage with a clear conscience, but you're perfectly entitled to despise as a godless heathen anyone who doesn't go to Mass. Holy Ireland is the only place in the world where people hate one another in the name of Jesus Christ. And the whole thrust of the Church's teaching in Ireland has been to condition the people to accept temporal authority, whether British or Irish capitalist. Everyone is told that on earth the good suffer and the wicked prosper, but don't worry, just wait until the afterlife! Of course, that's all nonsense. The only reason the good suffer and the wicked prosper is that the good permit it.

PLAYBOY: You haven't answered our question: Do you consider yourself a Roman Catholic?

DEVLIN: Well, it's a difficult question and one I can't answer with a straight yes or no. I was raised within a tradition of intense Catholicism, and it's very hard to separate myself from that tradition, even though I may intellectually reject certain aspects of it. If you were to catechize me: "Do you believe the Catholic Church is the one true Church, founded by Christ?" I would have to reply: "No, I'm sorry, I don't believe that." But I do believe that there are certain valuable spiritual and human values held in common by all religions—Catholic, Protestant, Hindu and Moslem alike. It's the geographical accident of your birth that largely determines what religion you accept. I wish those who talk endlessly about their deep Christian convictions would just go out and *do* something with them: feed the hungry, clothe the poor, house the homeless, help the sick. I can see a socialist's not being a Christian, but I can never understand how a Christian could not be a socialist. Socialism, after all, is what Jesus' message was all about. We honor Jesus, but trample on his principles.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in God?

DEVLIN: I just don't know. Wouldn't it be the height of arrogance for me to look out across the universe and declare that there is or there isn't a God? How can I know? All I do know is that whether God is there or not, this earth is ours; it's all we have and it's up to us to either improve or destroy it.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that make you more an agnostic than a Catholic?

DEVLIN: Yes, except for the fact that I didn't grow up as an agnostic. I was raised not only within an orthodox

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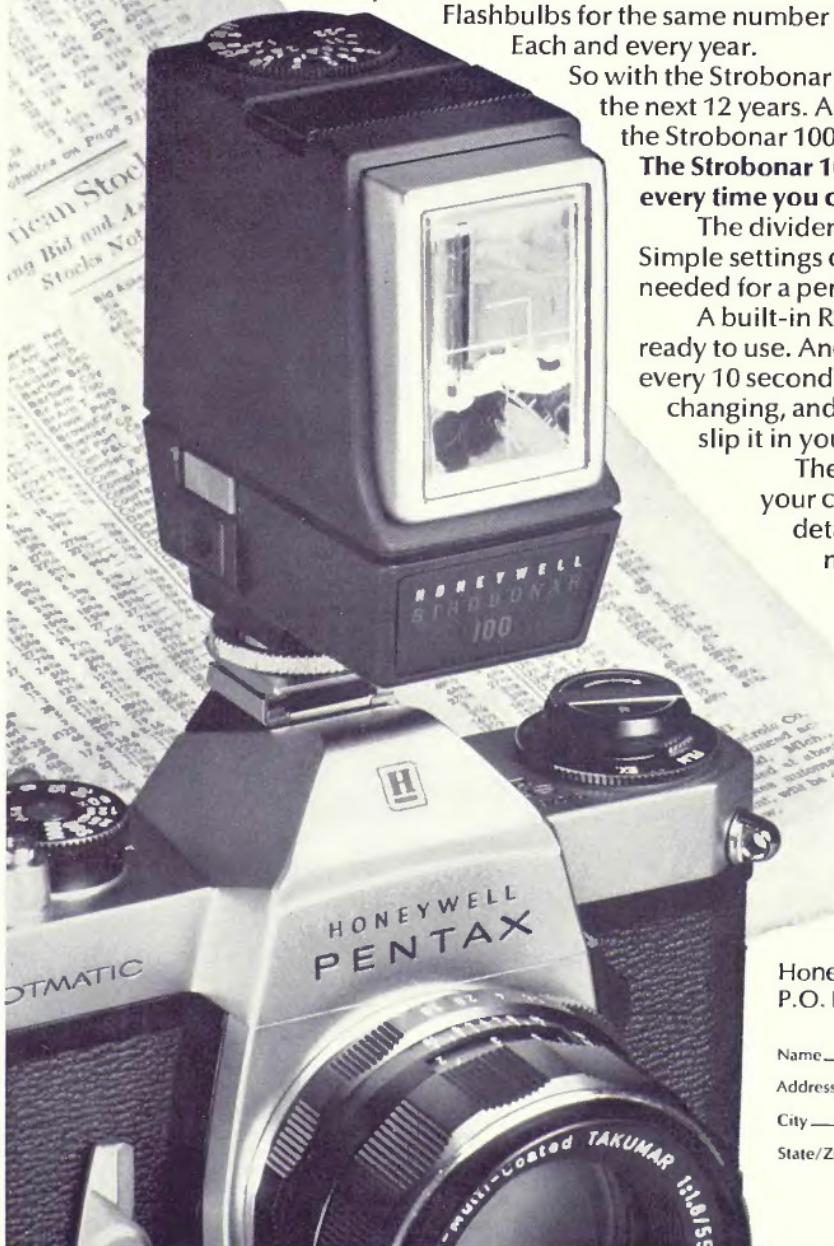
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religion but within a wholly religious culture. In Ireland, we're completely enmeshed by the Church; it encompasses all aspects of our lives from birth to death. And the very fact that I've just said "we" and "our" makes my point. You don't shake off that kind of tradition easily, no matter how much you rebel.

PLAYBOY: When did your own rebellion against the Church begin?

DEVLIN: I began to question the Church when I was attending a very strict Roman Catholic primary school. During Lent, we used to say special prayers for all the lost Communist souls around the world. One day, I asked the nun why Communist children didn't realize there was a God in heaven. She said this was because they were indoctrinated by their parents and teachers and had to learn only the Communist answers to all questions. Well, I went home and I thought about that. Next day in school, we had to recite from our green-backed catechism book, which began: "Who made the world?" We read out the answer: "God made the world." The next question was: "Who is God?" and we replied in unison: "God is our Heavenly Father." On and on it went, with all us eight-year-olds piping in the required answers. Finally, I put up my hand and asked, "Excuse me, Sister, what is indoctrination?" And she said, a bit impatiently, "I told you yesterday, indoctrination is when you're forced to learn all the answers." And I looked back at the catechism and said, "Sister, isn't that just what we're doing?"

PLAYBOY: Was this kind of indoctrination the theme of your Catholic education?

DEVLIN: That was a big part of it, but we also had good and dedicated teachers who tried to expand our intellectual horizons, at least within the limits of their own religious convictions and prejudices.

PLAYBOY: What subjects interested you most at school?

DEVLIN: Oh, history and literature, without any doubt. And in Ireland, both those subjects are inextricably involved with politics. The headmistress of my primary school was a marvelous nun, Mother Benignus, who helped me develop self-confidence and who had a big influence on my evolving political convictions. She was a fierce Republican, and she hated the English with an abiding passion; to her, everything English was rotten. If the English Parliament had passed a resolution concurring that the sun comes up in the east every morning, she would have disagreed.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't such hatred at least as harmful to children as the religious indoctrination you've just criticized?

DEVLIN: Well, yes and no. Some children would extrapolate the lessons of Irish history into a mindless hatred of everything English. But it was vital that we learn about the past roots of our

present oppression. By studying our history, I was able to continue the political education I'd begun with my father's bedtime stories. As a consequence, I gained a deeper understanding of what must be done today. To understand the present struggle in Ireland, you must see it from the perspective of 800 years of invasion, oppression, exploitation and genocide. Irish history is written in Irish blood.

PLAYBOY: Since that history seems to have a direct bearing on what's happening today, let's talk about it. When did the English first become involved in Ireland?

DEVLIN: It all began, ironically enough in light of what's happened since, when Pope Adrian IV, an Englishman, granted Ireland as an "inheritance" to the Norman king of England, Henry II, in 1154. Until then, there was no united Ireland as such, only a loose confederation of independent kingdoms, which united against Henry's invading armies and eventually drove them off. Over the next several hundred years, the English mounted sporadic, unsuccessful campaigns to conquer the island. Then, with the rise of the Tudors, a bloodier page was opened. Before this, the conflict between Ireland and England had had no religious overtones; both were Catholic powers fighting the kind of territorial war that was common in those days. But Henry VIII's break with Rome introduced the bitter note of religious antagonism, because the earls of Ireland remained loyal to the Pope. Their resistance was finally broken in 1601, under Elizabeth I. Protestantism became the official religion of all Ireland, and harsh penalties were imposed on any Irishman who refused to convert.

The vast landholdings of the Irish earls, comprising the richest farmland in Ireland, were seized and granted to English and Scots farmers, Protestants, of course. The original Irish inhabitants were driven into the woods and mountains by British troops. The seaport of Derry was renamed Londonderry, to be settled by London emigrants. For a while, Parliament debated whether the Irish would be transported to the New World as slaves or allowed to stay and work as serfs for the English. Although large numbers were transported, it was decided to keep the majority in Ireland as an agricultural labor force.

In 1638, the embittered Irish revolted against the British and the Protestant landlords, and fighting spread across the country; an Irish *Tet* offensive, you might call it. The situation grew so grave that Oliver Cromwell, the Puritan fanatic who had just beheaded his own king for alleged Catholic leanings, invaded Ireland and put city after city to the torch; in the town of Drogheda alone, he massacred more than 4000 people.

After he had "pacified" Ireland, Cromwell accelerated the expropriation of Irish land and the importation of Protestant settlers. By 1660, the British had seized 12,000,000 out of 15,000,000 arable acres in Ireland.

After Cromwell's death, the Irish saw a vain glimmer of hope in the Stuart restoration. King James II was a secret Catholic and favorably disposed to the Irish. But then James was deposed and exiled by William of Orange, a staunch Dutch Protestant. James landed in Ireland to organize a war to regain his throne, and Irish Catholics rallied behind him; but after a bloody campaign, he was decisively defeated by the armies of King William at the Battle of the Boyne—July 1, 1690. That battle snuffed out the Irish Catholics' last real hope of freedom. From then on, Protestant hegemony over Ireland was total. The Orangemen still celebrate the Battle of the Boyne each year with huge parades. One of these, in 1969, triggered the rioting that led to the present crisis. Members of the Orange Order, a fascist group that effectively controlled Ulster until recently, used to recite an old toast on the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne:

To the glorious, pious and immortal memory of King William III, who saved us from Rogues and Roguery, Slaves and Slavery, Popes and Popery; and whoever denies this toast may he be slammed, crammed and jammed into the muzzle of the great gun of Athlone, and the gun fired into the Pope's belly, and the Pope into the Devil's belly, and the Devil into Hell, and the door locked and the key kept in an Orangeman's pocket.

In Northern Ireland, the Battle of the Boyne is still being fought.

PLAYBOY: That's what baffles people around the world. Admittedly, Britain invaded and ultimately conquered Ireland, but she also colonized North America, India and a host of countries in Africa and Asia; and once those countries gained independence, they were able to establish friendly relations with the British. Why should hatred and bitterness persist in Ireland to this day?

DEVLIN: Because the British persist, for one thing. They still occupy half our country, and still shoot down our people when they protest, or intern and torture them without trial. And even in the Republic of Ireland, which is "independent" on paper, England completely controls the economy and thus dominates the state politically. As long as the British presence persists, the people's consciousness of historic injustice will persist with it. We've been left too many dead to forget. We remember the Battle of the Boyne not only because it was

Onedownsman ship.



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followed by military measures to suppress the Catholic population; it was also followed by a series of Irish Parliamentary acts known as the Penal Laws, which even more effectively ensured the supremacy of the Protestant landlords.

PLAYBOY: How?

DEVLIN: Catholics were denied their own schools—which in those days meant they had no schools at all—and forbidden to carry arms, acquire land or intermarry with Protestants. In a rural agricultural society where a farmer's main asset was a horse, a Catholic was required by law to sell his horse on the spot to any Protestant who offered him the minimal sum of five pounds. Catholics were denied the vote, or any other participation in the political process, and Protestants were legally entitled to "strike down, cane or horsewhip" any Catholic who behaved in a "disreputable" manner. The Nazis would have been proud of the Penal Laws; torture was an accepted method of enforcement. For 100 years after the enactment of the Penal Laws, the Irish were so cowed that they accepted the British yoke without any significant struggle.

PLAYBOY: When did modern Irish nationalism first manifest itself?

DEVLIN: I think you can trace its roots back to the time of the French Revolution. Until then, the British had very cleverly manipulated religious differences between the native Catholics and the Protestant settlers. But by the end of the 18th Century, the descendants of the Scots colonists had been in Ireland for almost 200 years; many of them felt themselves more Irish than British and were ready to make common cause with their Catholic neighbors against the inequities of British rule. In 1798, a great humanist revolutionary, Wolfe Tone, who was himself a Presbyterian, led a nationwide rebellion. The new green flag of a united Ireland flew over North and South for a few days—until the revolt was brutally crushed by the British army. Tone himself was sentenced to be hanged in Dublin and thousands of his followers were executed.

Shortly afterward, the British pushed through an Act of Union between England and Ireland; Ireland was then formally a part of the United Kingdom, and hopes for Irish nationhood were postponed for another 100 years. To safeguard their rule, the British preyed on the worst instincts and deepest insecurities of the Protestants. The situation was a bit as it was in your own American South, where the powers that be fanned racial prejudice in order to prevent an alliance of poor whites and blacks. Throughout the 19th Century, nationalist agitation persisted in Ireland, but it was always weakened by British success in enlisting the Protestant majority as shock troops to perpetuate English rule. And as the Industrial Revolution

reached the North of Ireland in the mid-19th Century, the poverty and degradation of the workers deepened—at the same time the great potato famines were driving millions off the land.

PLAYBOY: Most Americans are familiar with the potato famine only because it brought hundreds of thousands of Irish immigrants to our shores. What impact did it have in Ireland?

DEVLIN: Well, in 1800, the population of Ireland was 5,000,000—substantially more than it is today. By the 1840s, it had grown tremendously, to over 8,000,000 people. The majority were poverty-stricken Catholic peasants who eked out a miserable living from small plots of bare land. They stayed alive by growing potatoes, which produced the best crop their poor earth could yield. All the great and bountiful farms, of course, were owned by the absentee landlords. When the potato blight first struck, in the late 1830s, the poor Catholic farmers were hardest hit. They had no savings; there was no public welfare; when their potato crop perished, they were condemned to starvation. During the height of the famine, between 1845 and 1847, almost 2,000,000 people died or emigrated to America and Australia. The poorest farming class was wiped out completely, either by starvation or by the diseases that swept the countryside after the famine.

It's a matter of historical record that the British could have prevented this mass starvation. Throughout the famine, Ireland was exporting to England more than enough food to feed every victim of the famine. But at the highest levels of the British government, it was decided quite cold-bloodedly that London should not "interfere with the course of nature." After all, the famine was thinning the potentially rebellious Catholic population. The British could have stopped the famine, but they didn't. That wasn't politics; it was genocide.

PLAYBOY: This tragedy must have intensified the Catholics' hatred of England and the Protestants.

DEVLIN: Immediately after the famine, the great majority of the surviving Catholics were too numbed to think of anything but their own day-to-day survival. When they recovered somewhat, their first political effort was a campaign to save the remaining tenant farmers from eviction by absentee landlords and real-estate speculators. The weapon devised was the boycott, whereby the Catholics would withhold all work and services from offending landlords. The term originates with Captain Boycott, a Protestant landowner's agent in Mayo who was one of the movement's first targets.

While these protests were growing, Irish nationalists in Parliament were demanding legislative freedom for Ireland through "home rule," which was much less than independence but would have

freed Ireland of some of the worst excesses of colonialism. In the 1880s, the Liberal British prime minister, William Gladstone, introduced a home-rule bill, but he was opposed by the Tory imperialists and the bill was ultimately killed in the House of Lords. Agitation persisted, intensified by the formation of the radical nationalist group Sinn Fein. The Fenians, as they were called, were roundly condemned by both the Church and middle-class nationalists, but their support grew rapidly and the British, alarmed, finally granted Ireland limited home rule in 1914.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't that action cool things down?

DEVLIN: The Protestant ruling class, which was concentrated in Ulster, bitterly opposed home rule and threatened to resist by force. The Orange Order succeeded somehow in convincing the bulk of Protestant workers in the North that "Home rule was Rome rule," and they pledged to fight to the death to prevent it. This Protestant intransigence intimidated London; World War One had just started and England couldn't afford civil war in Northern Ireland. As a result, implementation of home rule was delayed until a year after the war.

But in Ireland, the most militant nationalists didn't want home rule, whether implemented or not. They wanted an independent Irish Republic. Secretly, the Sinn Fein and other allied organizations formed the Irish Volunteers and the Irish Republican Brotherhood, forerunners of the present Irish Republican Army; and on Easter Monday, 1916, they struck. The Dublin Post Office and other key public buildings were seized and the British army was taken completely by surprise. Within a few hours, the rebels controlled the center of the city and proclaimed the independent Irish Republic. But through confusion and mismanagement, other rebel forces across the country failed to rise in unison, and after a week of bloody fighting in Dublin, the rebels were forced to surrender.

When the rebellion was over, Dublin was burning, set afire by British shells; the heart of the city was in ruins; hundreds had died and thousands were wounded. Within three weeks, 4000 people were arrested and 14 leaders of the rebellion, including the great Socialist labor leader James Connolly and the poet Patrick Pearse, were executed by British soldiers in a courtyard of the Kilmainham jail. But the British imperial power had been struck a mortal blow. At first, many Irish people had opposed the rebellion as a mad act, but after these executions, their revulsion at British rule was bitter and absolute. In a few days of murder, the British had liquidated some of the most popular and influential political leaders in Ireland; the hopes of a generation had

fallen before British rifles. But the martyrs of the Rising would haunt English power in Ireland for the next 50 years. The Irish were in no mood to forget.

PLAYBOY: And yet within six years of the Easter Rising, the British had withdrawn from Southern Ireland. Doesn't that contradict your image of a blood-thirsty power intent on maintaining its rule at any cost?

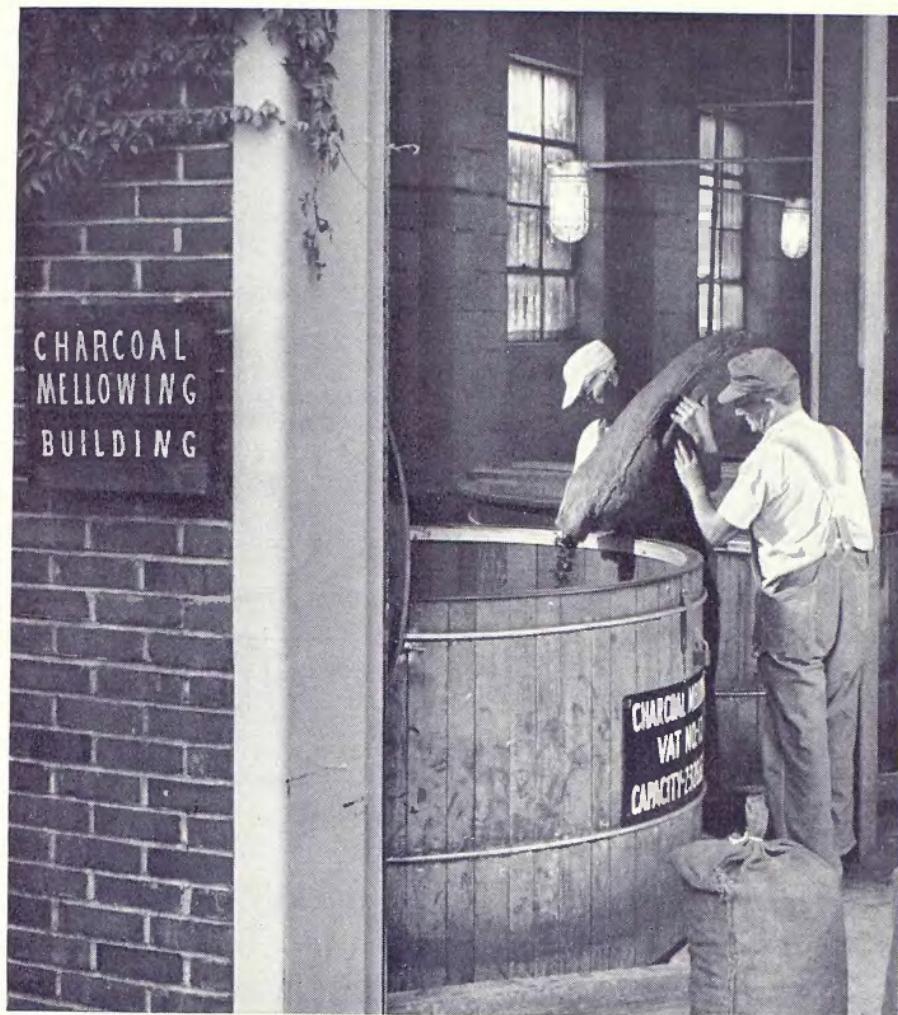
DEVLIN: First of all, they withdrew *only* from Southern Ireland. They're still in the North and their troops are still gunning down our people, 56 years after the Rising. And even in the South, they were driven out after five years of bloody struggle. I think it's unfortunate that people around the world know so little about Irish history. They look at their newspaper and TV reports of what's happening today and just throw up their hands in despair, thinking we're all mad. The fact is, of course, that today's violence is just the culmination of a long historic process. But even Irishmen can grow emotionally and physically exhausted with the struggle and just give up for a time. That's one reason you have a government in Dublin today that has in effect washed its hands of the North and accepted the permanent partition of Ireland.

PLAYBOY: What led to the partition?

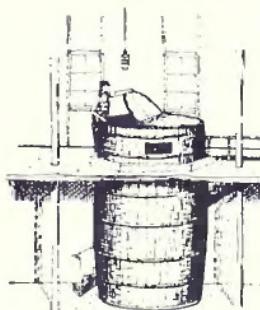
DEVLIN: After the Rising, the majority of Protestants—who had been whipped into a frenzy of fear by their right-wing leaders—banded together in Ulster, where they pledged to make a last stand. Their battle cry was "Unionism"—continued union with Great Britain. When a nationwide plebiscite was finally held, in 1918, the vote was 80 percent for a united, independent Ireland; but Lloyd George's British government stubbornly refused to grant anything more than limited home rule. The British attempted to suppress the nationalist movement by force of arms, and full-scale war broke out in 1919. That was when the British recruited their own Gestapo, the infamous Black and Tans, from the dregs of prisons throughout the empire—and set them loose on the Irish populace in a campaign of murder, rape and torture.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe these atrocities were deliberately engineered?

DEVLIN: I do, because they were. Recently released British cabinet records prove that the Black and Tans did not commit isolated "excesses," as the British always claimed, but that they were encouraged in their crimes by Lloyd George himself. He created the Tans as an instrument of terror, designed to break the spirit of the Irish people. In this, they were a dismal failure. By the end of 1921, after three years of fighting, in which thousands of Irishmen were killed and countless villages burned, the



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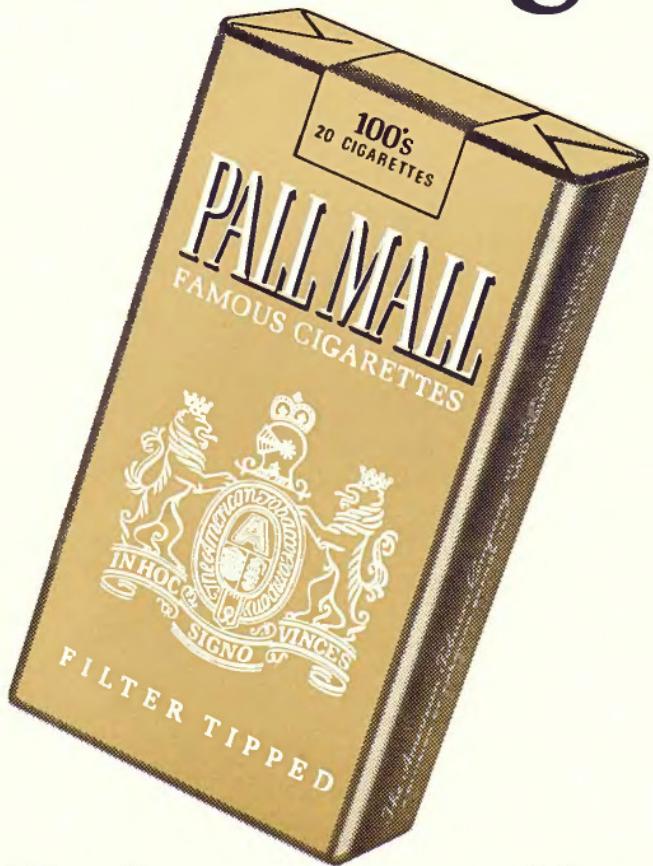


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British had failed to crush the resistance movement.

In desperation, Lloyd George agreed to a compromise solution: Southern Ireland, which was overwhelmingly Catholic, could be a commonwealth known as the Irish Free State, with status something like that of the Dominion of Canada; but those counties of Northern Ireland with Protestant majorities could "opt out" if they so desired. That was the gist of the Anglo-Irish Treaty, signed December 6, 1921, and it was a great defeat for Irish independence. Six Northern counties, containing 1,000,000 Protestants, did opt out—and that's partly responsible for the violence there today.

PLAYBOY: As a professed believer in self-determination for all peoples, don't you grant the Northern Protestants the right to remain with Britain, if that's the desire of the majority?

DEVLIN: The partition of Ireland was no more acceptable to farseeing Irishmen than the secession of your own Southern states was to Abraham Lincoln. If you'd taken a plebiscite within the Confederacy in 1861, you would have found that a majority of Southerners preferred to split off from the United States. Lincoln put the good of the entire country ahead of regional sectarianism, and this led to your Civil War. In Ireland, too, we had civil war—between the government of the new Irish Free State and the militant Republicans.

PLAYBOY: A civil war won by the Irish leaders who accepted partition.

DEVLIN: Oh, they won, all right. And in the process, the hopes of the Irish people for social progress and human dignity were brutally crushed. The rulers of the Free State, who had the support of the Church and the Irish middle class—and, tacitly and ironically, of the British and the Unionists in the North—wanted no social revolution, only a nice tidy little bourgeois capitalist country, rigidly Roman Catholic and linked to Britain by preferential trade agreements. They ruthlessly suppressed the I.R.A. rebels, hundreds of whom were shot by their old comrades in arms. By the mid-Twenties, our revolution had been sold down the river and the Irish people, North and South, faced two enemies: the British and the Dublin government.

PLAYBOY: Many people would contend that the leaders who eventually accepted partition were not traitors but realists. Wasn't partition preferable to another 10 or 15 years of armed struggle?

DEVLIN: Most historians believe the British would have caved in completely if the Irish negotiating team had just held on a little longer. The British public had suffered terribly in the first war; they were fed up with the mess in Ireland. Lloyd George knew his own political survival depended upon negotiating immediate British withdrawal. He would have been ready to surrender Ulster if the

Irish had presented a united front. But, tragically, we played right into his hands, and the result was the loss of half our country, the continued exploitation of our people in the North and, ultimately, the institutionalization of a reactionary and corrupt capitalist regime in the South, which was just as rotten as the Protestant caste system in the North. James Connolly, who if he'd lived might have tipped the scales against partition, summed it up better than I can when he said 75 years ago:

If you remove the English army tomorrow and hoist the green flag over Dublin Castle, unless you set about the organization of the Socialist Republic, your efforts would be in vain. England would still rule you. She would rule you through her capitalists, through her landlords, through her financiers, through the whole army of commercial and individualist institutions she has planted in this country and watered with the tears of our mothers and the blood of our martyrs.

Sure, we did get our own flag after partition, and that's about all we got. We didn't even get half a loaf; we lost the whole bakery.

PLAYBOY: What happened to Catholics in the North after partition?

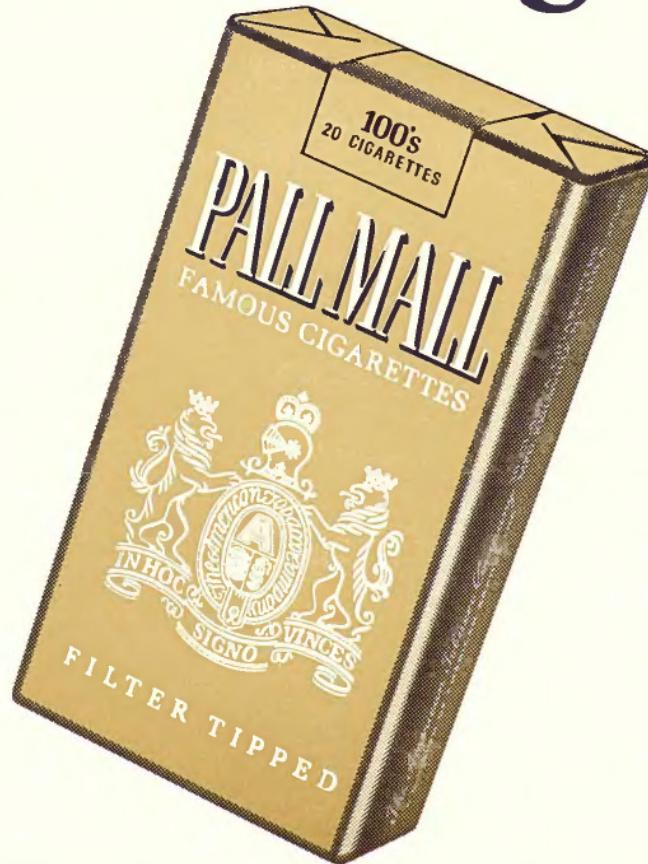
DEVLIN: The new Unionist regime made a deliberate decision to drive out as many Roman Catholics as possible in order to increase their numerical majority, which was roughly two to one. Some Catholics packed and headed south, but the overwhelming majority refused to leave. Threats, economic reprisals, violence—all were used against them. Protestant employers fired Catholic employees; those who kept their jobs were harassed by vigilante goon squads. For the military arm of this violence, Stormont, Northern Ireland's Parliament, formed the Royal Ulster Constabulary and the B Specials, whose members were recruited from the most fanatic cadres of the Orange Order. The B Specials carried on the tradition of the Black and Tans, executing Nationalist leaders, burning down Catholic homes—often with the occupants inside—and indiscriminately terrorizing the countryside.

PLAYBOY: Had Catholics no protection under the law?

DEVLIN: No. It was a legally sanctioned reign of terror. In 1922, Stormont passed the Special Powers Act, which gave the authorities power to arrest people without a warrant on suspicion "of acting or of having acted or of being about to act" in a manner prejudicial to the state—and to hold them for indefinite periods without charge or trial. Under the act, the police had the right to search persons and premises without a judicial warrant, to close roads or bridges, to declare curfews, to prohibit meetings, to arrest

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any individual who "by word of mouth" spreads false reports or makes false statements, to suppress the circulation of any newspaper, film or gramophone record and to arrest and hold—without trial, *habeas corpus* or the right to consult a lawyer—anyone doing anything calculated to be "prejudicial to the preservation of the peace or maintenance of order" in Northern Ireland. The act explicitly authorized punishment by flogging for a host of lesser offenses. One of its most relevant provisions is the clause denying an inquest to any prisoner who died while in custody; this was most useful to the B Specials, since they fatally tortured so many of their prisoners.

The Special Powers Act is still in force in Northern Ireland, and during the present troubles, over 1000 people have been interned without trial under its provisions. It's a kind of Magna Charta for tyrants. There isn't a law like it on the books anywhere else in western Europe; even fascist dictatorships like those in Spain and Portugal haven't dared outrage world opinion by passing such unabashedly repressive legislation. When South Africa was debating security measures a few years ago, the South African minister of the interior told Parliament that he would exchange his whole battery of repressive legislation for just one clause of the Special Powers Act. That's the type of law and order we've been living under in the North for 50 years.

PLAYBOY: If conditions are so bad, why has there been no outcry until recently?

DEVLIN: Why didn't the German opposition march in the streets against Hitler in 1938? Because they knew they'd end up in concentration camps.

PLAYBOY: Most observers will grant that Northern Ireland was set up as a vehicle for Protestant supremacy; but in recent years, the more enlightened Ulster political leaders have recognized the necessity of full Catholic participation in the life of the state. Doesn't violent Catholic resistance, in which you've participated, actually retard progress?

DEVLIN: What you don't seem to understand is that things began to change only *after* we started our resistance, a resistance that began peacefully and grew violent only in the face of persistent Unionist violence against us. Until 1968, when we started actively opposing the system, not one iota of reform had been initiated by Stormont. We faced institutionalized discrimination in every area of our life: To be born Catholic was to be born a second-class citizen. Take employment: In Northern Ireland, the unemployment rate is eight percent of the adult male population, but the overwhelming majority of those without jobs has always been Catholic. In Derry, the figure rises to between 12 and 15 percent; in other Catholic areas, it soars as high as 45 percent.

Practically all the major industry in

Northern Ireland is Protestant-controlled and has traditionally followed discriminatory hiring practices. Belfast's biggest single employer, the Harlan-Wolff shipyards, has 10,000 workers; 400 of them are Catholics. The situation is just as bad in public employment, which provides a wide range of jobs; most of these positions are filled by local councils; and since Unionist gerrymandering ensures that these are preponderantly Protestant, they tend to award all the good jobs to fellow Protestants.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't the housing situation been almost as sore a point as unemployment among Catholics?

DEVLIN: Yes. The housing picture is bleak. Public housing, like public employment, is allocated by the local councils and, once again, they've followed a preferential policy on behalf of Protestants. Between 1945 and 1969, in County Fermanagh, which has a Catholic majority, the county council erected 1589 houses; of these, 1021 went to Protestants. Catholics are allowed to live only in Catholic ghetto areas, which restricts their vote to a few districts. If there's no room in the ghetto, that's their hard luck; they don't get a house. Some have been on the waiting list for 15 years.

PLAYBOY: Did they protest?

DEVLIN: Of course—but what could be done? Catholics certainly had no appeal to the courts: the great majority of the judges were diehard Unionists. And the vote was virtually worthless as an instrument of change, since the Unionists had developed a crooked electoral system to keep themselves on top. In all local elections, businessmen were given extra votes; and you had to own property to be able to vote at all. Since very few Catholics were property owners, over 250,000 people were effectively disfranchised. You can see what we faced at the time our civil rights movement began: a completely closed system.

PLAYBOY: How did the civil rights movement get its start?

DEVLIN: It was formed in 1967 by a group of middle-class Roman Catholics who had been influenced by the progress of the black civil rights movement in your own country. They called the new organization the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association. At first it restricted itself to investigating individual complaints of public discrimination; but after a year it broadened its program and asked for six reforms. These were simple: one man, one vote; an end to gerrymandering; anti-discrimination legislation; impartial allocation of public housing; repeal of the Special Powers Act; and disbanding of the B Specials. These were eminently reasonable and moderate demands, but their implementation would have had a revolutionary effect on the Northern Irish social structure. It was a revolution that Stormont and the nine percent of the Prot-

estants who owned 92 percent of the land in Ulster were determined to resist.

PLAYBOY: When did you first become active in the civil rights movement?

DEVLIN: In 1968, at the very beginning of the activist phase of the movement. I was in my last year at Queen's University in Belfast, commuting from Cookstown each day so I could take care of the family. I used to work in my uncle's pub in Cookstown after school, and I'd hear people complaining over drinks, but nobody was *doing* anything. One day I heard that the civil rights movement was planning a march to protest public discrimination. I said to myself, "By God, I'll be there!" And I went. It was a great success. Over 4000 people showed up, and we all felt a marvelous sense of solidarity.

PLAYBOY: What was the attitude of the authorities?

DEVLIN: A sort of restrained hostility. Our prime minister at the time was Captain Terence O'Neill, a wealthy Protestant landlord who fancied himself something of a public-relations expert. He was trying to clean up the sectarian image of Ulster without correcting any of its specific injustices. This put him in something of the position of Adolf Hitler commemorating Brotherhood Week, but it fooled a lot of well-meaning people. The civil rights movement caught O'Neill by surprise, and he and his cronies made a crucial mistake: Instead of adopting a tolerant line and throwing out a few sops that might have co-opted the middle-class element, they treated the whole movement as some kind of sinister conspiracy between Dublin and the I.R.A. During the first march, the police behaved properly enough, although they blockaded us from the Protestant part of town; but six weeks later, on October 5, 1968, when the next march was held in Derry, they brutally suppressed it.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

DEVLIN: The same thing that happened during your Chicago Democratic Convention that year: The police went mad. You must understand that Derry has always been the powder keg of Northern Ireland. The city has a tremendous emotional appeal to Protestants. In 1689, it held out against a Catholic siege for 105 days, buying the Protestants time for the eventual victory at the Battle of the Boyne. As a result, Derry became the visible symbol of Protestant courage. But Derry also has a large Catholic majority and some of the worst housing conditions, political repression and unemployment in the country.

When plans for the march to Derry were announced, Unionist politicians and newspapers mounted a hysterical propaganda campaign, and right-wing Protestant extremists, led by Ian Paisley, threatened violent countermeasures. Once public feeling had been sufficiently

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whipped up, the minister for home affairs, William Craig—the same man who's now the leader of the paramilitary fascist movement called Vanguard—banned the meeting. The Civil Rights Association decided to march anyway, and far more people showed up than would have appeared if the government had ignored us.

I'll never forget the atmosphere in Derry that day. The very air seemed to crackle with emotional electricity. We all had a tremendous feeling of being *alive*, of finally taking a stand for something important, and to hell with the consequences. But we could see right away that the attitude of the Royal Ulster Constabulary was very different from what it had been on the earlier march. We had only moved a few hundred yards before the police came toward us. When we tried to regroup down the side streets, they encircled us. There were hundreds of them, and with no act of physical or verbal violence on our part, they came charging in, swinging their truncheons right and left, kicking and punching everyone in their way. People panicked and started to run, but there was no place to go. I panicked, too. I stood there like a statue, watching people being clubbed all around me. The thing I remember most clearly to this very day is the expression on the faces of the police—their tight thick smiles, their eager eyes. They were *enjoying* it. It was as if they had waited 50 years for this.

PLAYBOY: What was the public reaction to this brutality?

DEVLIN: I think the impact on public opinion was something like what happened after Dr. King's people were beaten up by Bull Connor's policemen on that bridge in Alabama. Suddenly, fair-minded people everywhere could see us being treated like animals. In the aftermath of the violence, I was so furious I could have gone into a police barracks with a machine gun and slaughtered everyone there. But in retrospect, I realize the police had actually done us a great favor. They dramatized our plight to the world. The civil rights movement had started out as a small middle-class pressure group, but it took only one day of police violence to transform it into a mass movement.

PLAYBOY: What accounted for your own rapid rise from participant to leader?

DEVLIN: Right after the police violence in Derry, students from Queen's University—Protestant and Catholic alike, all infuriated by the police brutality—decided to form our own nonsectarian civil rights organization to appeal to Protestant workers as well as to Catholics. This was the birth of People's Democracy, as we called ourselves. At the meeting, the students chose a "faceless committee" of ten people to steer the organization. I was one of them. We

were chosen precisely because we were nobodies, just ordinary working-class students. That was the beginning of my leadership role in the resistance movement, though God knows I didn't anticipate any such thing at the time. I expected to stay faceless.

PLAYBOY: What role did your new organization play?

DEVLIN: Well, at first, P.D. was just a protest movement without any clearly defined political program. But under pressure of events, it moved rapidly to the left of the Civil Rights Association. We came to see ourselves as a socialist revolutionary group. We didn't want to clean up the system; we wanted to destroy it, uniting Catholic and Protestant workers against the system in both Belfast and Dublin. And that far the C.R.A. was not willing to go.

Unfortunately, by aligning ourselves, however critically, with the C.R.A., we ultimately lost our chance to win the support of the Protestant working class. That was the basic contradiction within the civil rights movement: Did we want political equality for Catholics or social and economic justice for all? It's never been resolved.

PLAYBOY: What were the events that propelled People's Democracy leftward?

DEVLIN: The one happening that most accelerated our militant swing was our "Long March" from Belfast to Derry in January 1969. In the wake of the police violence at our previous march in October, Prime Minister O'Neill was pressured by the British prime minister, Harold Wilson, to pacify Ulster. In November, O'Neill announced a "reform program," in which a few of the C.R.A.'s demands were adopted: An Ombudsman was appointed to investigate complaints of discrimination, and the extra votes for business were abolished—but universal adult suffrage was still not granted and the Special Powers Act was kept on the books. The reforms were just window dressing, but they fooled many middle-class Catholics. The C.R.A. called a moratorium on demonstrations to show its support for O'Neill, who was under heavy fire from Paisleyites and right-wing Unionists who couldn't stomach *any* concession, no matter how insignificant. But we in P.D. weren't taken in, and we called a march from Belfast to Derry on New Year's Day 1969. We expected trouble on the way, and we got it.

PLAYBOY: Your critics have claimed that by refusing to give O'Neill a chance to implement his reforms, your members were responsible for the subsequent violence.

DEVLIN: That's nonsense. First of all, O'Neill's so-called reforms never had a chance to begin with, because they touched only the surface of the sickness in Northern Ireland. O'Neill was like a doctor prescribing aspirin for terminal

cancer. And the violence you speak of was all directed *at us*. We were harassed all along the route by roving bands of Paisleyites, and about seven miles outside Derry, we were ambushed by a large crowd of heavily armed Unionists. The police, who were allegedly protecting us, just stood back and let them wade into us, throwing bottles and stones and swinging clubs and crowbars. We were trapped on a field between the river and the Burntollet Bridge. Many marchers were mercilessly beaten and thrown into the water; I saw young girls being hurled off the bridge by Paisleyites, whose accomplices would wait below and beat them with nail-studded clubs when they tried to swim to the bank.

I recognized the futility of running and stood still. One Paisleyite swung a huge plank at me, and I still remember it coming toward my eyes, with two big nails sticking out. I threw my hands across my face and the nails drove into the backs of my hands. Luckily, my reflexes were quick; otherwise, I would have been blinded. Then the man slammed me across the knees and I fell to the ground. Four or five of his mates gathered around me, trying to kick my face in. I curled into a ball, covering my head with my arms, while their boots slammed into me. Finally, they trotted off after a new victim. I lay there a minute or two, then raised my head and looked around. The field was a shambles, with the battered bodies of marchers strewn on the ground like driftwood. It was a miracle nobody died at the Burntollet ambush, but 87 people were admitted to hospitals, many of them seriously injured.

The ambush taught us all we needed to know about the "reformist" government of Terence O'Neill. The radicalization of Northern Ireland was really under way now. In February, O'Neill, shaken by the growing opposition from both left and right, decided to call national elections for Stormont. P.D. decided to contest the elections, and to my own considerable surprise, I found myself a candidate.

PLAYBOY: Why did you consent to participate in the elections of a system you despised?

DEVLIN: My running was purely a matter of tactics. At first, I was opposed to the idea, because I'd always considered Parliamentary politics a sham. But on reflection, I realized that our participation in the campaign would give us valuable publicity and allow us to bring a socialist program to thousands of people who had never been exposed to our arguments before. We never expected—or desired—to win any seats. We fielded eight candidates in all, opposing both Unionist and Catholic nationalist candidates, and I contested one of the most entrenched Unionist seats of all, the one in South Derry held by Major James

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Chichester-Clark, then the minister of agriculture and soon to become our prime minister. I stumped the district, arguing for a nonsectarian socialist alternative, and once the initial incredulity and hostility died down, I began to find a receptive audience.

When the balloting was over, I had received over a third of the vote in that Unionist stronghold, 5812 against Chichester-Clark's 9195. I stood next to him at the polling place while the votes were counted, and his face grew progressively greener as the returns rolled in; he had never been seriously challenged before, much less by a grubby little street urchin like me. It was the same across the country; wherever P. D. contested a seat, we won a sizable percentage of the vote. We didn't win any seats, but for the first time in 50 years the powers that be felt threatened. Suddenly, we were a political power to be reckoned with.

PLAYBOY: Was it your strong showing in the Stormont elections that led you to run for the British Parliament?

DEVLIN: Indirectly, yes. It was actually the whole chain of events from the October march on Derry through the Burntollet ambush to the 1969 general election that led me to Parliament. You see, Ulster—under the fiction that it's an integral part of the United Kingdom—elects 12 Members of Parliament to sit in Westminster. Within a month of the February elections, one of the members, a Unionist named George Forrest, died. He'd represented mid-Ulster, where I lived, for 12 years, in the course of which he hadn't once opened his mouth in Parliament. When he died, his widow was encouraged to run for the seat, and the opposition looked around for a candidate to oppose her.

There was a lot of friction in those days between Republicans and Catholic nationalists, and finally, representatives of both factions came to see me. They had been impressed by my showing in South Derry, they said, and were willing to withdraw their own respective candidates and unite behind me. I was a bit surprised and somewhat apprehensive; I didn't want to get caught up in the morass of Parliamentary politics and give everybody a chance to say, "Look at those so-called revolutionaries in P. D. They're just as careerist as everybody else." But if the opposition couldn't agree on a candidate, the vote would be split and the Unionist candidate would walk in. And as a nonsectarian socialist, I could appeal to Protestant votes, which would be lost to a traditional Catholic candidate. So, reluctantly, I agreed to run.

PLAYBOY: Did you expect to win?

DEVLIN: God, no. That was the last thought in my head. I wanted to show Stormont we were still alive and kicking, but I never dreamed I could win a

majority. I didn't pull any punches in my socialist position, nor did I hedge my criticism of the Catholic Church. And a strange thing happened: The more radical and outrageous my speeches, the more cheers they got. I'd stand up and lambaste Catholic sectarianism and then find a line of priests waiting to pump my hand afterward. Not for the first time. I'd underestimated the depth of resistance to the system and the intensity of popular bitterness.

As election day approached, my campaign was gaining steadily, but I still didn't believe I had any chance of victory; in fact, I didn't *want* to believe it. The very idea was frightening. And then on election day, April 17, 1969, the results came in and both my best hopes and worst fears were confirmed. I had won, with 33,648 votes to Mrs. Forrest's 29,437. I was 21 years old and a member of the mother of Parliaments. A pretty intimidating thought.

PLAYBOY: Your election made you the youngest Member of Parliament since 1781, and an overnight celebrity. How did all the publicity affect you?

DEVLIN: It was overwhelming. I had no privacy at all. Taken as a whole, the press behaved in a disgusting and totally insensitive manner. I tried to talk to the reporters about my political program, the problems in Northern Ireland and how I believed they could be corrected. They were completely uninterested; they would brush aside my political remarks and say: "C'mon, Bernadette, get into bed, we want to photograph you having breakfast in bed." And that was the mentality of the whole press corps. If you're going to report on an M. P. who's female and 21, well, the only place to do it is in bed, because she's got to be sexy or you won't sell newspapers. They kept trying to photograph me on our garden swing—probably for its cheesecake value. They told me they wanted to caption the photos: "Ireland's swinging M. P." God, even their puns were bad.

When I left for London to take my seat in Parliament, I was wearing a crumpled pair of jeans and an old sweater, so I decided to buy a dress. The press found out about it and mobbed me while I was shopping in Carnaby Street. I made the mistake of buying a striped miniskirt, to their delight, and now I was not only a swinging M. P., I was a swinging miniskirted M. P. It would have been funny, in a pathetic way, if it weren't for the situation back home, which was getting worse every day. But I couldn't get through to the press and finally I just told them to go to hell. You can see how long my honeymoon with the press lasted: In April of 1969, the London *Daily Mirror* headlined a photo of me, "SHE'S YOUNG, SHE'S SWINGING, SHE'S M.P. FOR MID-ULSTER." By

August, the same paper ran an editorial titled "The Shame of Bernadette."

PLAYBOY: What was the reaction of the general public to your election?

DEVLIN: Well, in Ireland it was divided pretty much down political lines. One Unionist leader called me "Ireland's greatest national disaster since the potato famine," and the Reverend Ian Paisley dubbed me "the International Socialist Playmate of the Year." I got a bunch of threatening letters from his supporters, of course. Until you're in the public eye, you never realize how many nuts there are crawling around. And I received dozens of proposals of marriage, mainly from military men who would brag of their superb physique and stamina.

The majority of my correspondents seemed completely uninterested in the Irish situation. I don't think half of them even knew where Ireland was. Still, there was a percentage of serious and honest letters from people genuinely concerned about our problems and interested in my proposed solutions. These letters—from ordinary, decent, concerned people—encouraged me to keep going at times when the antics of the press got me so discouraged I was tempted to throw the whole thing in and retreat to obscurity in Cookstown. I remember the remark a taxi driver made as he dropped me off at Commons. "Only two people in history have ever entered Parliament with honest intentions," he said. "You and Guy Fawkes."

PLAYBOY: After your election, a number of commentators singled you out as a symbol of modern female emancipation. What do you think of the women's liberation movement?

DEVLIN: I think it's essentially a very healthy phenomenon. Women need to be freed from their traditionally passive and dependent role in our society. I suppose I am an example of that sort of thing. If I can do it, others can do it. But I must add that I see problems with the women's liberation movement—many of them having to do with the fact that its leadership is so exclusively the province of middle-class female intellectuals and professionals. Liberation for this kind of woman means equality within the capitalist system. These women aren't saying all women are equal to all other women. They don't address themselves to the problems of working women, much less to the problems of black women. What has to be understood is that women's liberation is never going to come about until we have *class* liberation. Women simply can't find equality in an inherently unequal society. There's nothing sexist about economic discrimination. Some of the more radical feminists are recognizing this, by recognizing that women's liberation is only one of many issues that must be fought for. The enemy is not men but a capitalist system that deforms men and women

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alike. To me, the best example of a truly liberated woman is Angela Davis. She's working for female emancipation and for blacks and for poor whites and against the war in Vietnam and against capitalism. All these issues are part of the same struggle.

PLAYBOY: As an emancipated woman who has grown up in a Roman Catholic society, how do you feel about abortion?

DEVLIN: Abortion is a personal decision for every woman to make. The state should in no way interfere with that decision. The state has no more right to tell a woman she cannot have an abortion than to tell her she *must* have one. If you were to ask my purely personal opinion, I would say that I'm opposed to having an abortion myself. But I wouldn't try to inflict my views on anyone else.

PLAYBOY: You dramatized those views when you stunned many Irish Catholics by announcing that you were having a child out of wedlock and refusing to name the father. Did that hurt you politically in Northern Ireland?

DEVLIN: I don't think so. I think the Irish people have more important things on their minds than whether or not Bernadette Devlin is pregnant. In any case, my morals are a private matter. I'm not a saint, but I'm an even less interesting sinner.

PLAYBOY: In any case, your political convictions were more relevant in Parliament than your moral code. What was it like being an M.P. at your age, with your radical beliefs?

DEVLIN: It was pretty unreal in many ways. When I arrived, everyone bent over backward to be charming to me. The message was clear: I was expected to be grateful and polite and awed and humbled and play the game by their rules. But I refused to be the guest of honor at garden parties or the attraction at cocktail parties and dinners. That wasn't my world and I wanted no part of it. Even after a few days in Parliament, I could see the phoniness and the hypocrisy of the place, the way its members were a pampered elite who cared little or nothing about their constituents. They were there to serve the real rulers: the giant banks, the big industrial interests, the whole British ruling class that still ruthlessly oppresses the average worker, despite the welfare-state sops they've dispensed to keep him in line. I came to hold Parliament and its members in contempt.

PLAYBOY: Then why did you continue to serve there?

DEVLIN: Because I could use it as a platform for my ideas. Ideally, I'd like to use my presence in Parliament to destroy it, rather as the Bolsheviks did when they joined the Duma. But I'd be deluding myself if I thought I could do that on my own. In any case, Parliament

isn't a natural place for somebody like me. I'd much rather be out on the streets fighting the system; in fact, within a few months of my election, I was serving time in jail. And all in all, I prefer jail to Parliament; you meet a better class of people there.

PLAYBOY: Why were you sent to jail?

DEVLIN: I got into street fighting. On April 19, 1969, there was a clash in Derry between Paisleyites and a group of civil rights supporters staging a sit-down protest. Instead of trying to separate the two sides, the police started cracking Catholic skulls. The incident blew up into a full-scale riot between police and residents of the Bogside, the Catholic ghetto. The police went berserk, causing the first Catholic fatality of the present unrest. Samuel Devenney, a 43-year-old man with a weak heart, was clubbed to death—in the parlor of his small council house. This incident infuriated Catholics across Northern Ireland; their disillusion with the police was complete. The violence accelerated and Prime Minister O'Neill resigned on April 28. My old friend Major Chichester-Clark took his place and promptly began appeasing the Unionist right, assuring them there would be no more "concessions" to the Catholics.

Then, in Derry on the 12th of July, Protestant marchers, celebrating the Battle of the Boyne, clashed with Catholics. Out of sheer frustration and bitterness, the Catholic Bogsiders tore their ghetto apart, rather like black rioters in Harlem or Watts. The violence quickly spread to other parts of the country. Mercifully, there were no dead, but Ulster was a powder keg, and the spark was provided on August 12, 1969, by the Orange Apprentice Boys' procession. By its very nature, this march, which commemorates the young Protestant apprentices who closed the city gates in 1689 and rallied the Protestant populace to withstand that Catholic siege, was a provocation to the Catholic community. Responsible Protestant and Catholic civic leaders begged the government to cancel or postpone it until tempers on both sides had time to cool, but Chichester-Clark refused to intervene and the stage was set for the worst violence in Northern Ireland in 53 years.

PLAYBOY: Violence in which you participated.

DEVLIN: Yes. I participated and I'm glad I did. But I didn't start any violence or encourage it; the police did that. While thousands of Protestant marchers were parading around Derry's wall, a Catholic kid shot some marbles at them from a slingshot. A bunch of Orangemen began throwing stones at the Catholics and within moments a full-scale riot was under way. Once it was begun, our gloriously impartial police

force distinguished itself by charging the Catholic crowd.

What was vastly underestimated was the bitterness and determination of the Bogsiders; within minutes, the police were retreating under a hail of rocks and petrol bombs from surrounding rooftops. The police charged again, and again they were driven back. It was a group of children in their early teens who were throwing the petrol bombs, which were being manufactured by their mothers and younger brothers and sisters. After another police charge was repulsed, the citizens and the Bogsiders poured into the streets and began erecting makeshift barricades out of planks and paving stones.

I was there that day and I pitched in to help build the barricades. Pregnant women and young girls and kids ten and eleven struggled beside me, while the older men fought off the police attacks. The police replied to our stones with their own and then with clouds of CS gas—the first time such gas had ever been used in the United Kingdom, by the way. We carried on by covering our faces with handkerchiefs soaked in sodium bicarbonate—homemade gas masks—and volunteers set up field hospitals.

The police made charge after charge, but we kept pushing them back. My arm ached from throwing rocks at the bastards. Then we realized we were winning! It was open, glorious insurrection. We were beating the police, driving them back from the Bogside. On that day, free Derry was born. The course of Irish history has never been the same since.

PLAYBOY: You seem proud of your role in the Bogside rioting. But a British government inquiry concluded that you "must bear a degree of responsibility for encouraging Bogsiders to resist the police with violence," thus contributing significantly to subsequent bloodshed. Do you deny that responsibility?

DEVLIN: I certainly don't deny that I encouraged people to resist the police. I'm *proud* of that. But I would deny your implication that the ensuing violence was my responsibility or the responsibility of the people behind the barricades in Derry. You must remember, there were only two things I could have done in the Bogside as the barricades started to go up: I could have said "No, you're wrong, don't do that" and argued with people to take them down, or I could have stayed around to help the wounded. Those were the two honorable courses; but, as it turned out, all the "respectable" politicians who'd been in the area pleading for calm and forbearance ran off the minute it looked as if there was going to be trouble. I'm not made that way. Those were my people, that was my fight and I decided to stay and face the consequences.

PLAYBOY: But wasn't it your duty to try



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to prevent violence and rioting?

DEVLIN: It couldn't be prevented. The police were invading our neighborhood. I had no control over their actions. In fact, our resistance in the Bogside averted more tragedy; if the police had stormed the barricades, there would have been a dozen innocent people like Samuel Devenney murdered—maybe more. We knew that and that's why we fought so desperately for three days and three nights to keep them out. We won. And, as a result, there wasn't a single fatality, Catholic or Protestant, in the Bogside.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there more serious violence elsewhere?

DEVLIN: Yes. In other parts of the country, the police had their own way and ran wild. The worst bloodshed was in Belfast. Things were truly terrible there. When word spread about our success in Derry, Orangemen stormed the Catholic part of Belfast, burning out whole blocks of homes and beating and shooting any Catholic they could lay their hands on. Police from the Royal Ulster Constabulary joined the Protestant mob and the B Specials were called out. Heavily armed Unionist fanatics went on a shooting spree throughout Belfast, firing wildly into Catholic crowds and raking blocks of flats with machine gun fire.

As the situation deteriorated into a general blood bath, England was forced to send in troops to restore some semblance of order. By the time the troops took up positions in Belfast, eight people had been murdered, 100 had been injured and more than 500 Catholic homes had been burned out. Whole streets were gutted by fire and 1000 people were out of work because their factories and shops had been destroyed. Even the British government report you just quoted admitted that the police had used their B Specials indiscriminately.

PLAYBOY: You left Ireland before the troops arrived, didn't you?

DEVLIN: True. Reports of what was happening in Belfast reached us behind the barricades in Derry, and I realized something must be done to raise funds for emergency aid. I was exhausted after three sleepless nights on the barricades, but I slipped out of Derry in an ambulance and escaped across the border to Southern Ireland. That night, I was on a plane for the United States to raise funds for the victims of the rioting.

PLAYBOY: Some of your critics alleged you were fleeing to escape arrest.

DEVLIN: I hardly would have returned then, would I? No, I just thought I could do more good raising relief money. For the next two weeks, I devoted all my energies to wheeling money out of American pockets for the suffering people back home.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel you were received in America?

DEVLIN: Oh, very well. I got the full VIP treatment, in fact, I was given the

keys to New York, San Francisco and Detroit. The American press was a little less superficial than its British counterpart, probably because the violence in Ireland had reached a point where they could no longer ignore it. But I still had to wade through interminable questions about my sex life and my lipstick shade and whether I sleep in the raw. The tour itself was brutally exhausting. I'd flown over on the spur of the moment, there'd been no advance work, and my schedule was absolutely chaotic. I appeared on literally hundreds of television shows, gave more interviews than I can remember and staggered from one fund-raising meeting to another. In the two weeks I was in the States, I had less than 24 hours' sleep. I was lucky to get that much. For a while, I was looking back longingly to those tranquil days on the Bogside barricades.

PLAYBOY: What kind of response did you get from the Irish-American community?

DEVLIN: A curious one. I spoke to thousands of Irish-Americans across the country, and it was sad to see how many of them were right wing in their political and social attitudes. I deliberately made a comparison between Ulster's Catholics and America's blacks; that was one reason why, right after Mayor Lindsay handed me the key to New York City, I turned it over to the Black Panthers. Of course, there's no doubt I lost a lot of potential contributions by doing this. But I refused to submit to prejudices of the kind of Irish-American who thinks being Irish means nothing more than drinking whiskey, singing folk songs and wearing a shamrock once a year. I'd ask them: "Do you support civil rights in Ireland and, if so, are you doing it because you're Catholic or because you support justice? And if so, are you working to see that your black countrymen are being granted the justice you demand for Ireland? And if not, why not?" Maybe I'm being overly optimistic, but I had the feeling I got through to at least some bigoted Irish-Americans. I hope so, anyway.

PLAYBOY: Was there much organized opposition to your trip?

DEVLIN: Not really. Most of the criticism of my trip came from two Unionist members of Stormont, who followed me around as a self-styled "Ulster truth squad" and told everybody I was a "female Castro in a miniskirt." That damned miniskirt again! Ian Paisley's American manager, Reverend Carl McIntire, the anti-Communist fundamentalist, denounced me as "a miniskirted Marxist," and an editorial in one of the Detroit papers called me "a miniskirted Danny the Red." Sometimes I wish I'd stuck to my dungarees.

The only significant Irish Catholic opposition to my trip came from Mayor Daley. The day I arrived in New York, I

told the press that the police and B Specials in Ulster were behaving as despicably as the Chicago police had during the 1968 Democratic Convention. Well, that got back to Daley. He called off a Chicago reception for me and urged all Irish-Americans not to contribute any money to our relief fund, to donate it to the Red Cross instead. So I didn't make much financial headway in Chicago. But, in any case, I wouldn't shake that corrupt old boss's hand for the entire U.S. Treasury.

PLAYBOY: Was your trip a success?

DEVLIN: No. We raised almost \$100,000, but we'd originally set ourselves a goal of \$1,000,000. We might have collected more, but I decided to cut the trip short. From the very beginning, I'd pledged that none of the money we raised would contribute in any way to violence. Behind my back, I.R.A. sympathizers were trying to divert the money to purchase machine guns and ammunition. One night in early September, I overheard a conversation between a New York sponsor and one of my associates, who said he was trying to change my position on arms. "Never mind," the New York man said, "we've got the money and that's all that matters." When I heard that, I exploded. I froze the bank account where we had deposited the money raised so far and left for Ireland that night. I must admit that after two weeks in America, I was glad to get back to Ulster, even though a jail sentence awaited me.

PLAYBOY: What were you charged with?

DEVLIN: Disorderly behavior, inciting to riot and breach of the peace—all stemming from my stint on the Bogside barricades. In December, I was convicted and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. My appeals ran out in June 1970 and I was admitted to a 116-year-old jail in Armagh. It was actually a very valuable experience for me. I wouldn't have missed it for the world—almost. For one thing, it was the first time in my entire life I'd had an uninterrupted period in which there was nothing to do but sit back and think.

PLAYBOY: How did the other prisoners relate to you?

DEVLIN: They never really considered me a criminal in the same sense they were. They all accepted the basic justice of the law, even though many of them claimed they were actually innocent of the specific crimes they had been charged with. My position, on the other hand, was, "Yes, I've done all they said I did, but I think I was right to do it." That was the only difference in our status, however.

PLAYBOY: How long were you in prison?

DEVLIN: I served four months of my six-month sentence and was released in October 1970. The only frustrating thing about being behind bars during this period was the growing violence on the outside. I wished I could have been free

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to do something constructive for my people.

PLAYBOY: A period of relative calm had followed the arrival of British troops in 1969. What caused the subsequent escalation of hostilities?

DEVLIN: The British army itself. It's true that when the troops first arrived, many Catholics welcomed their presence and considered them protectors from the police and the armed Orange mob. And I'm sure the average British soldier was a decent enough young fellow, just trying to do his job. When the troops came in, both Stormont and London were treading very carefully. As an emotionally charged concession, Wilson even disarmed and eventually disbanded the B Specials. But slowly and surely, pressure increased in the Catholic ghettos. In June 1970, Wilson was replaced as British prime minister by the Conservative Edward Heath. Whereas Wilson wanted to seduce the Catholics into cooperation, Heath preferred to rape them. Instructions were issued to commanders in the North to take a hard line toward the Catholics.

The turning point was a series of arms searches in the Catholic area of Belfast. A minor incident between soldiers and a few taunting children erupted into a major riot. The military command promptly slapped a curfew on the area and ordered a house-to-house search for concealed weapons. The curfew affected over 15,000 Catholics, and more than 3000 homes were searched. While people choked and wept from the huge amounts of CS gas poured into the area, the troops kicked in doors and smashed and looted many of the houses they searched, roughing up anyone who protested. Residents poured into the streets to demonstrate against this behavior and the troops opened fire: Three Catholics were shot dead and another was crushed to death under an armored car. After that, Catholics understandably began viewing the army as a hostile occupying force. All the good will built up over the past months rapidly disintegrated.

PLAYBOY: Were many arms discovered in Catholic homes?

DEVLIN: Very few—some antique revolvers and carbines, a few rounds of old ammunition, that sort of thing. Certainly not the kind of arsenal that could have justified such a massive and brutal invasion of privacy. And Catholic bitterness was intensified by the fact that no similar searches were conducted in Protestant areas. There are 73,000 licensed guns in Northern Ireland, including 700 automatic weapons, and 99 percent of them are in the hands of Protestants. Licenses are granted by the local police inspector, who's invariably a Protestant. These weapons weren't touched, and the one-sided nature of the searches convinced Catholics that the army was deliberately singling them out for punitive

treatment. The main political beneficiary of this and other repressive measures was the I. R. A., which had grown from a handful of unarmed men in 1969 to a small army by January '71. On February sixth, the first British soldier in Northern Ireland died from an I. R. A. bullet. From that point on, we were at war.

PLAYBOY: When did the I. R. A.'s terror campaign begin?

DEVLIN: You can trace its latest campaign—and the widening split between the I. R. A.'s official and its more militant Provisional wings—back to the violence in Belfast in August of 1969. When the police and the Paisleyite mob attacked the Catholic ghettos in Belfast with machine guns, there were virtually no guns with which to answer them. The I. R. A., as an armed force, didn't exist. It's terribly ironic: The official leadership had sold the I. R. A.'s entire stockpile of arms to some Welsh nationalists, to raise enough money to keep the Sinn Fein newspaper afloat. Caught without weapons in Belfast, the hard-liners were understandably bitter. They broke off and formed the Provisional I. R. A. in January 1970.

Most of the Provos, who've conducted the bulk of the armed resistance, weren't even in the I. R. A. before 1969. In that sense, they really represent a spontaneous uprising of the people that doesn't seem to be fully understood. The I. R. A. hasn't been leading the Irish people but *following* them. And the army, through its brutality and stupidity, has been the I. R. A.'s best recruiting agent. I know that around the world the I. R. A. has a reputation of being a bunch of bloodthirsty madmen, and I'm not defending all their actions; in fact, in the present situation I have appealed to the Provisionals for an end to military tactics. But the I. R. A. could not exist without the support of the people of the ghettos in which it operates.

PLAYBOY: You seem quite sympathetic to the I. R. A., and yet you cut short your American trip to keep the money you had raised from being diverted to them. Can you explain this?

DEVLIN: For one thing, the situation has changed drastically since then. For another, I had given my word no money would go for arms and I wasn't prepared to break it. Had I wanted money for arms, I would have asked for it—and got it. But this isn't a question of being pro-I. R. A. or anti-I. R. A. I disagree absolutely with many things the I. R. A. has done, and I've said so publicly many times. The bombing campaign, for example, has been disastrous, both in its human toll and in the way it has polarized sectarian division and driven Protestant workers into the arms of fascists like Paisley. You'll never bomb the Protestants onto our side, and without Protestant participation in our struggle,

we don't have a chance of freeing ourselves from English imperialism.

So I'm not an apologist for the I. R. A. in any sense, but I can understand what has driven the I. R. A. to what it has done, and I get tired of people uttering pious denunciations of I. R. A. violence but never mentioning the systematic violence of the British army. If an I. R. A. man shoots an armed British soldier, that's called murder. But if British troops gun down unarmed Catholic children, somehow that turns out to be self-defense. If the British army would get the hell out of our country, there would be no need for an I. R. A. campaign. When the chips are down, you'll find me on the side of the I. R. A. against the British.

PLAYBOY: But the I. R. A.'s bombing campaign has killed and mutilated hundreds of innocent people and thrown thousands more out of work by destroying factories and other businesses. How can you have *any* sympathy for the perpetrators of such atrocities?

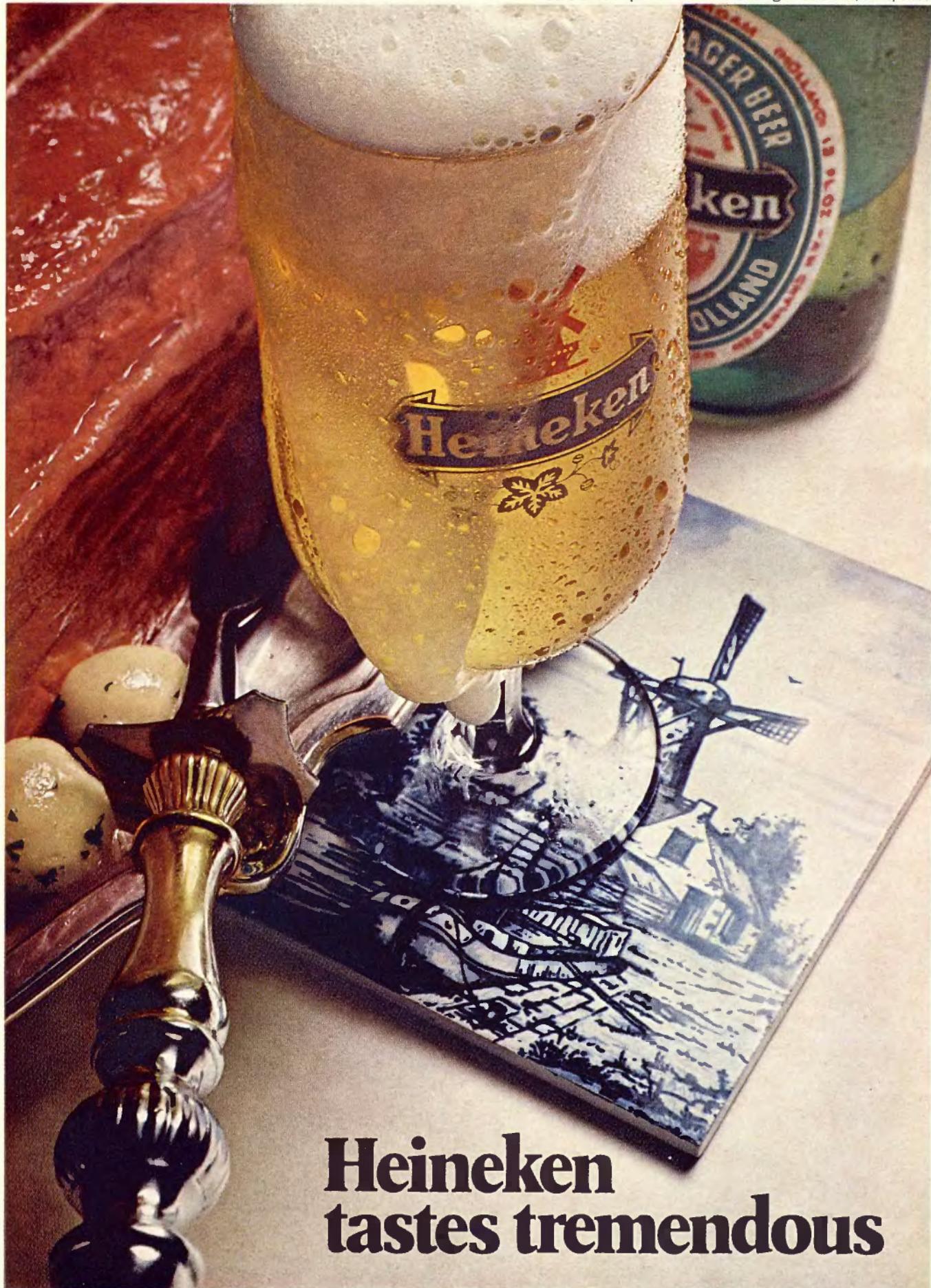
DEVLIN: Desperate people commit desperate acts, even unconscionable acts. But I know many of these men, I know what drives them, and I know they're not the soulless monsters they've been portrayed in the British press. Or in the American press, for that matter. It's strange that the American public should be so repulsed by a bombing campaign conducted on the ground but accept with relative equanimity the aerial bombardment of Vietnam, which has killed a thousand times as many people. One man's freedom fighter is another man's terrorist, and one man's mass murder is another man's war. It seems strange to me that the same people who talked about secretaries' having their legs blown off in bomb explosions never worried about secretaries when they were underpaid. People may say that's a trite point; it's not. I'm *sick* of people who worry about the dead but as long as they're underpaid, living in slums, living in starvation, they don't worry.

Military action alone can never win in Vietnam—or in Ireland. We can't be beaten by military means, as the British have learned. But neither can we defeat *them* that way. Until there is a higher level of political and class consciousness among both Catholics and Protestants, I'm afraid the situation will not be satisfactorily resolved. One thing is clear: Britain has lost Ireland. She still has the territory, yes, but she's lost the people, just as the French did in Algeria, years before they were finally forced out. The British could intern 1,000,000 of us and still not win. There aren't enough jails to hold us all.

PLAYBOY: What led the British to introduce internment of I. R. A. suspects?

DEVLIN: In a word, desperation. Throughout 1971, the situation grew worse. In March, Chichester-Clark resigned. He had proved as much of a jellyfish as O'Neill

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and couldn't take the pressures from his right wing. He was replaced by Brian Faulkner, a hard-liner who pushed the army to even greater lengths of oppression. But in the first five months of Faulkner's government, there was an average of two bomb explosions a day, and army casualties steadily mounted. They were killing more and more of us, but the resistance kept growing. The opposition walked out of Stormont, people began rent strikes and massive civil disobedience, and with each new army atrocity, more people swelled the ranks of both wings of the I. R. A.

As his only chance of survival, Faulkner sought internment of all opposition leaders and activists—without trial. On August 9, 1971, he moved. British troops arrested over 500 people in predawn raids, beating many of them in the process. Concentration camps were set up. Faulkner thought this would break the back of the opposition, but—once again—it had just the opposite effect. The people exploded in the most violent outbursts to date: 26 killed, thousands wounded and 7000 refugees driven from their homes, many of them seeking refuge across the border in the Irish Republic. The popular fury increased when it was revealed that the internees were systematically tortured by the army and the Special Branch of the Royal Ulster Constabulary.

PLAYBOY: Has that charge of torture been independently verified?

DEVLIN: Yes, it has—by Amnesty International, by the International Red Cross, by examining doctors and, implicitly, by investigative commissions of the British government itself. Different forms of torture were used, both mental and physical. The first, euphemistically termed "disorientation," was part of an official "deep interrogation" technique the British army devised to soften up internees for questioning. Many of the men subjected to such treatment—loud noises, denial of sleep, that sort of thing—for long periods suffered nervous breakdowns. Psychiatrists stated that such brainwashing techniques could be permanently damaging. Prisoners were also forced to do strenuous physical exercises till they could no longer stand; they were taken up in helicopters and told, "This is it, we're throwing you out"; they were "shot" at close range by pistols with blank cartridges; they were stretched over benches with electric fires underneath; they were tortured by electric shocks; they were forced to run blindfolded and barefoot over broken glass down a gauntlet of club-swinging troops; and they were given psychedelic drugs in their food.

I know that to someone who hasn't spoken to victims of this treatment or seen the documentary evidence, it all must sound like a propaganda horror story. But believe me, it's all true. The

torture of these helpless men—none of whom had been convicted or even formally accused of any crime—was a deliberate policy aimed at breaking their spirit and eliciting information. If the British people weren't so uncritical of their darling army, there would have been a national outcry. But there was practically no reaction in England, or in the rest of the world, for that matter. It was left up to us, brothers and daughters and wives and parents of the victims, to protest. And throughout the fall and winter of 1971, we did so. Our largest anti-internment march was in Derry on January 30, 1972—a date that has now passed into Irish history as Bloody Sunday.

PLAYBOY: What happened on Bloody Sunday?

DEVLIN: Sometimes it's hard to believe it really did happen. There were over 20,000 people at Derry that day. The government had declared our gathering illegal, but we were going ahead in defiance of the ban. I was on the speakers' platform at Free Derry Corner, in front of the Guildhall, and crowds were streaming into the square. Before the bulk of the marchers could reach the meeting, they were stopped by army barricades and diverted back toward the Bogside. People didn't like this, naturally enough, but they didn't resist. Twenty or 30 young men were the only ones to make any trouble; they taunted the army and threw some rocks. But that's standard behavior these days and there was no other violence from the crowd, no guns, no petrol bombs, nothing.

Then, without warning, British paratroops charged out and began firing wildly at the crowd—spraying bullets everywhere. They kept on firing for the next 20 minutes. The scene became a nightmare. I had just begun to speak when the shooting broke out. At first, none of us on the speakers' platform realized what was happening. Then we hit the deck. And the shooting went on, with a kind of *thump! thump! thump!* noise. When I looked up, a minute or so later, the whole square was empty, except for a few bodies sprawled in the distance. Thousands of people had just hit the ground simultaneously and then crawled away. Those who hadn't been shot, that is. After the shooting stopped, I got to my feet and went around the corner. More dead and wounded were there. I felt no horror, no fear, not even anger. Just a cold realistic assessment that they had murdered a lot of us.

As I walked through the streets, I found I knew many of the dead. One young girl had seen soldiers jump out of their armored cars to fire indiscriminately into the crowd. A 17-year-old boy next to her was shot in the stomach; he

died with his head in her lap. She went into shock, but a man named Barney McGuigan led her away to safety. As the firing kept on, the two of them heard somebody nearby screaming: "I don't want to die. I don't want to die." McGuigan told the girl he'd have to find that man and help him. She urged him not to, but he said, "No, I must help. Don't worry. I'll wave a white handkerchief. The soldiers wouldn't shoot at a white handkerchief." He walked slowly out to the dying man, waving his handkerchief. As he reached his side, they shot him through the head. All the survivors have stories like that to tell.

When the list was complete, 13 men, half of them in their teens, were dead and another 27 wounded, men and women alike. We just sat there through the night, calling relatives in other parts of the country and saying, "I'm sorry, there's no other way to say this, but your son has just been shot by the British army." When it was all over, we just sat in the corner and cried, and then got drunk. The British army must be very proud of its work that day.

PLAYBOY: What did you do after Bloody Sunday?

DEVLIN: I flew to London next morning for an emergency debate in Parliament. I was still in a state of shock. And there were all those well-fed hypocrites, already saying that the British army fired in "self-defense" and that all those killed were I. R. A. terrorists. I was sick with rage when I heard that. Not one of those people had a gun or a bomb or any kind of weapon. Most of them had been shot in the back. Their corpses weren't even cold yet and the government was already trying to blacken their names by shifting the responsibility for their deaths. Reginald Maudling, the Home Secretary, was the worst of the lot. He just stood there in Parliament, smugly promising to appoint another one of England's notorious impartial investigations.

I tried to speak, but the Speaker denied me permission. "I was there," I shouted. "Let me talk." The Conservative benches shouted, "Shut up!" and Maudling went on with his lies. Well, that was it. I saw red. "You're a murdering hypocrite," I screamed at Maudling. I ran across the chamber, grabbed him by the hair with my left hand and punched him in the face over and over again with my right. Ted Heath, brave man that he is, was right next to him, terrified, white as a sheet. He started crawling up the bench away from us. Maudling just stood there, stunned, while I punched him, his fat mouth hanging open in shock. And then the chief whip, Francis Pym, staggered over and gallantly tried to protect Mr. Maudling. He was too

(concluded on page 223)



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puckett on: spooks, spicks,
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fiction

By DAN JENKINS

I GUESS BY NOW there can't be too many people anywhere who haven't heard about Billy Clyde Puckett, the hummest sumbitch that ever carried a football. Maybe you could find some Communist Chinks someplace who don't know about me, but surely everybody in America does if they happen to keep up with pro football, which is what I think everybody in America does. That, and jack around with somebody else's wife or husband.

Anyhow, Billy Clyde Puckett turns out to be me, the book writer who is writing this book about his life and his loves and his true experiences in what you call your violent world of professional football.

I happen to be writing it in my spare time between running over a whole pile of niggers in the National Football League.

And let me get something straight right away that bothers me. Just because I may happen to say nigger doesn't mean that I'm some kind of racist. One of the big troubles with the world of modern times, I think, is that somebody is always getting hot because somebody else says nigger instead of nee-grow.

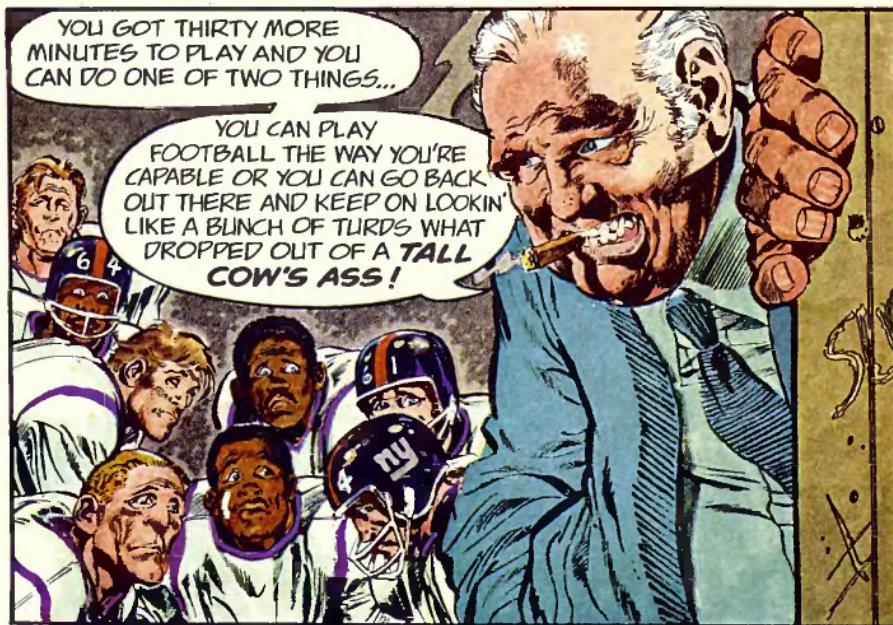
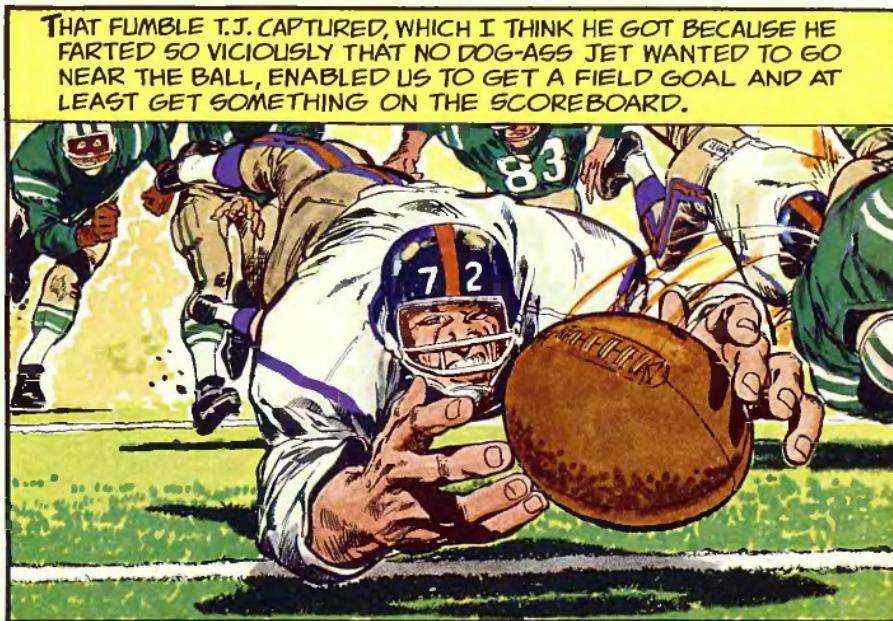
Because of this very thing I said nigger just now to get your attention. It seems to have a certain shock value. But I don't think nigger in my heart. Not the way some people do when they mean a nigger is a lazy sumbitch who won't block or tackle or wash dishes fast enough.

It's just a word, anyway. Nigger, I mean. It's just a word that some dumb-ass plantation owner made up one time by accident when he tried to pronounce nee-grow.

I say nigger sometimes in jest, and most of the time I'll say it to a nigger who understands what I mean. On our team, in fact, we even have a play—a deep pass pattern—that some of us call Niggers Go Long.

I also use a few words like hebe and spick and some other things that might not necessarily flatter a person's name and address, but actually this is how a lot of studs talk in the National Football League. We're fairly honest. We might call a spook a spook, unless he's a spick.

What I'm getting at is that a football



player is a football player and nothing else, as far as we're concerned. Now, if a nigger doesn't want to be a nigger in real life, that's something else. But I sure know several who can block and tackle themselves pretty damn white.

My best buddy, Shake Tiller, and me decided a long time ago about this racial question. We decided that nobody can help being what he is, whether it turns out to be as black as a cup of coffee at a truck stop or a white Southern dumb-ass like most of our parents. A man makes himself a man by whatever he does with himself, and in pro football that means busting his ass for his team.

So Shake and me joke about this racial business. Like, me and Shake have this thing that we say to people at luncheons or banquets when they come up to ask for our autographs and grill us about what it's like to play pro football.

"Aw, we don't like it so much," Shake or me will say. "Mainly, we just like to take showers with niggers."

A few years ago, when Shake and me first came up to the New York Giants—back there before we turned the Giants into a winner—I remember that there were some racial problems going on around the league.

Seemed like everybody was some kind of a holdout. There were salary arguments and pension disputes and a lot of courtroom business, and if it wasn't the white stud quarterback who wanted another \$2,000,000, it was the spook flanker. There were days when there were more hell-raising agents in the dressing rooms than there was tape.

This was back when the owners and coaches had a saying they lived by. They said a team with seven spooks could make the play-offs and a team with nine spooks could get to the Super Bowl. But a team with ten spooks or more probably couldn't beat Denver.

Back then, the newspapers were full of some crap about the Giants' being overdue for some racial turmoil because they had slowly become a squad with almost as many spooks as Catholics. This was when Shake Tiller made his first big impression on the team, even though he was a rookie.

Everybody knew Shake could catch balls and give the Giants a deep threat like they'd never had before. But everybody didn't know Shake had a big old heart in him about like a grapefruit that went around feeling things in regard to the world in general.

It was up at Yankee Stadium one day after practice that Shake made this talk to the squad that, I think, helped us become a well-knit unit. Shake brought the racial turmoil out in the open, where the Giants could all look at it.

Shake stood up on a bench in the

dressing room and said, "I think we got some shit we need to talk about, man to man." I recall that Puddin Patterson from Grambling, our best guard, was flopped out on the floor, picking at his toenails, and when Shake said that, Puddin belched real loud. "Puddin's with me," Shake said. "Anybody else?"

Nobody said anything, but T. J. Lambert, our big old defensive end from Tennessee, hiked his leg and made a noise like a watermelon being dropped on concrete out of a four-story building.

When everybody stopped laughing, Shake got into his talk.

"I think a man has a right to be whatever he wants to be," Shake said. "By that I mean, if we've got any niggers who'd rather be spicks, then I say we ought to buy 'em some sombreros and guitars. On the other hand, if we've got any Hebes who'd rather be Chinks, then I say that's all right, too. But I also think a nigger can be a nigger if he wants to. There's only one thing. If a nigger's gonna be a nigger, then he better be able to block."

Puddin Patterson butted in and said, "Say, baby, that don't seem fair. Cat don't have to block if he's tired, does he?"

Everybody laughed again.

Shake smiled himself and he said, "That's right, Puddin. You don't have to block anybody at all, but you know yourself that a sumbitch who don't block or tackle is nothing but a nigger Hebe spick with a little A-rab thrown in. By the way. We got any A-rabs around here?"

Puddin said, "T. J. Lambert smells like one—with a goat under each arm."

As far as I know, T. J. Lambert is about the meanest sumbitch that ever lived, much less stunk. He's about six feet, five and weighs about 260 without a towel wrapped around his freckled belly. I'd guess he takes a shower about every five days and some people say that this alone is what makes T. J. so mean.

We say the T. J. stands for "torn jock," because that's what T. J. does to anybody who carries a football in his general direction. He tears their jock off. Actually, the T. J. stands for Teddy James, but you'd sooner call T. J. an A-rab than his real name.

When Puddin Patterson said T. J. smelled like an A-rab that day in the dressing room, T. J. walked over to where Puddin was lying on the floor and cut another one that sounded kind of like a washing machine that was breaking down.

But I've gotten away from Shake Tiller's talk to the squad.

He said, "You studs don't have to listen to me, because I'm only a rookie, and I'm what a lot of you spooks might think of as a red-neck with a terminal

case of the dumb-ass, but this team will wind up in trouble if we don't talk about it.

"So far as I can tell, we've got a real good bunch of assholes around here and some stud athletes, both black and white. That's really all that matters. I want to get it straight that me and Billy C. there don't give a fuck what color any sumbitch is if he wants to win.

"There's no way I can prove to any of you spooks that I'm not a Southern dumb-ass, because you don't know me so well yet. But I'll tell you this. The trouble with the world is not that a nigger can't get *in* a restaurant somewhere. The trouble is that a nigger can't get *thrown out*."

About right then, Puddin Patterson said, "Baby, you 'bout to make some sense."

"Well, I'm not up here to talk about the world," Shake said. "All I want to make clear is, a nigger who plays football can whitewash himself by knocking down more sumbitches than knock him down. And when he knocks down enough, he'll look around one day and find out he's rich and famous. Then he can go buy a Cadillac and a big house and start fucking up a good white neighborhood—or whatever it is you guys like to do."

Shake grinned in order to let everybody know that was a joke. The spooks, I mean. Some did and some didn't. A couple of them just kept on standing around with their arms folded, staring down at the floor. As if they were listening to an assistant coach who was reminding them they had to quit stealing socks and sweat suits.

Puddin Patterson said, "Say, baby, you don't have no idea what it's like to be black, you dig? So how come you standin' up there layin' out all this jive?"

Some spook voice from the back of the room said, "Tell me somethin' *about* it."

And another spook voice said, "Two, four, six, eight, Texas gonna integrate."

Shake answered Puddin. "All I'm talking about is trying to be a good football team. Is that what we're here for?"

Puddin said, "We doin' a job, baby. You catch them balls and I'll block them folks. Ain't nothin' else to it."

From somewhere again in the back of the room, a spook voice said, "Say, Puddin. You know what a Texan is?"

Puddin half-turned around. He laughed and said to the room, "Cat done told me it was a Mexican on his way to Oklahoma."

Shake laughed. "Here's all I mean. If any of us get the red-ass about something, then we ought to talk it over among ourselves without any goddamn agitators or business agents telling somebody he ought to be a flanker instead of

(continued on page 120)



"Now, remember. This doesn't go on your hospital bill and it isn't covered by Blue Cross. You pay me directly. . . ."

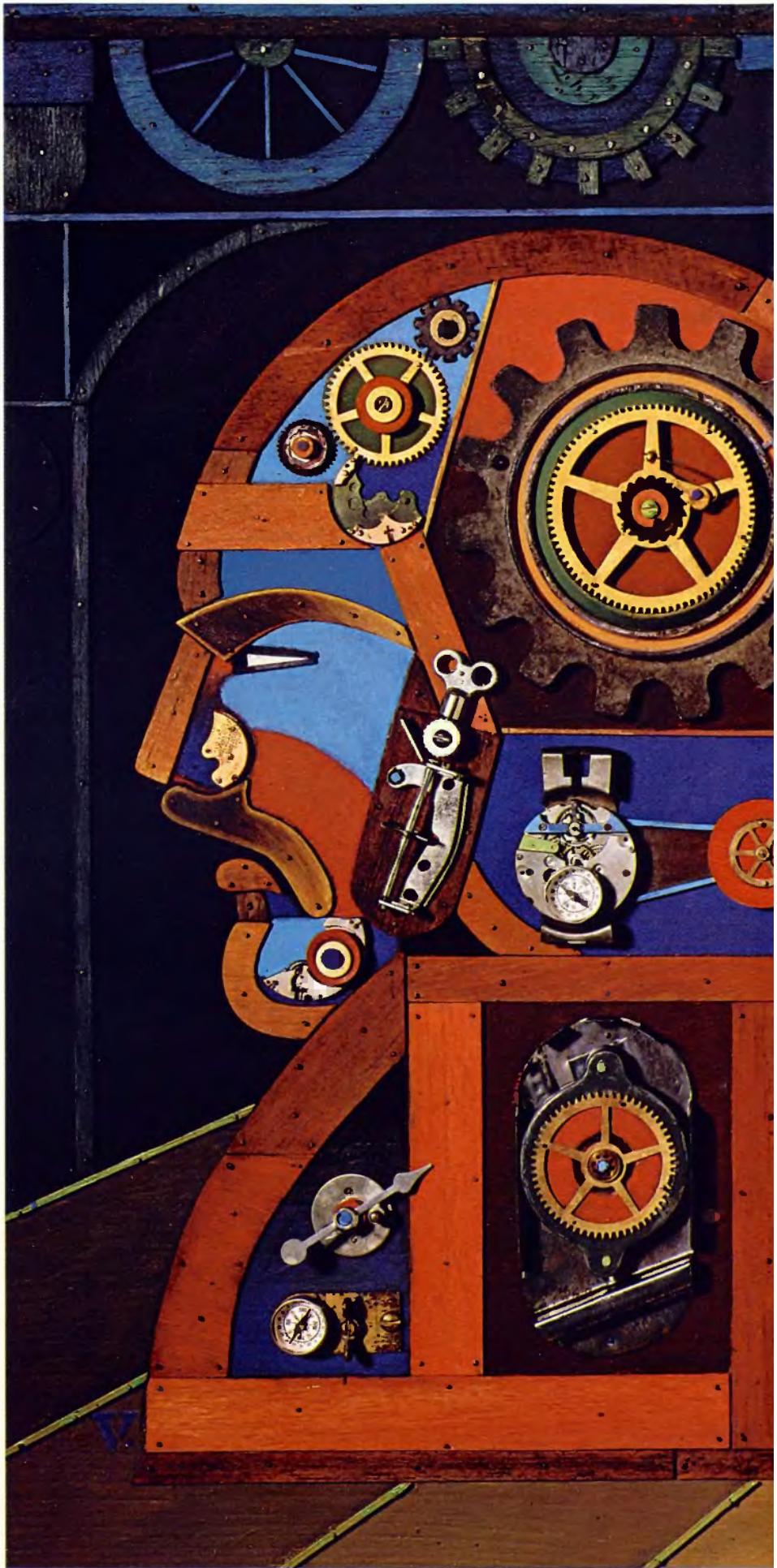
*at lordstown, it's one hundred
cars an hour, every hour,
for eight hours a day... so if the
foreman gives you the jaws,
you cut a gas line here,
some upholstery there...
general motors can afford it*

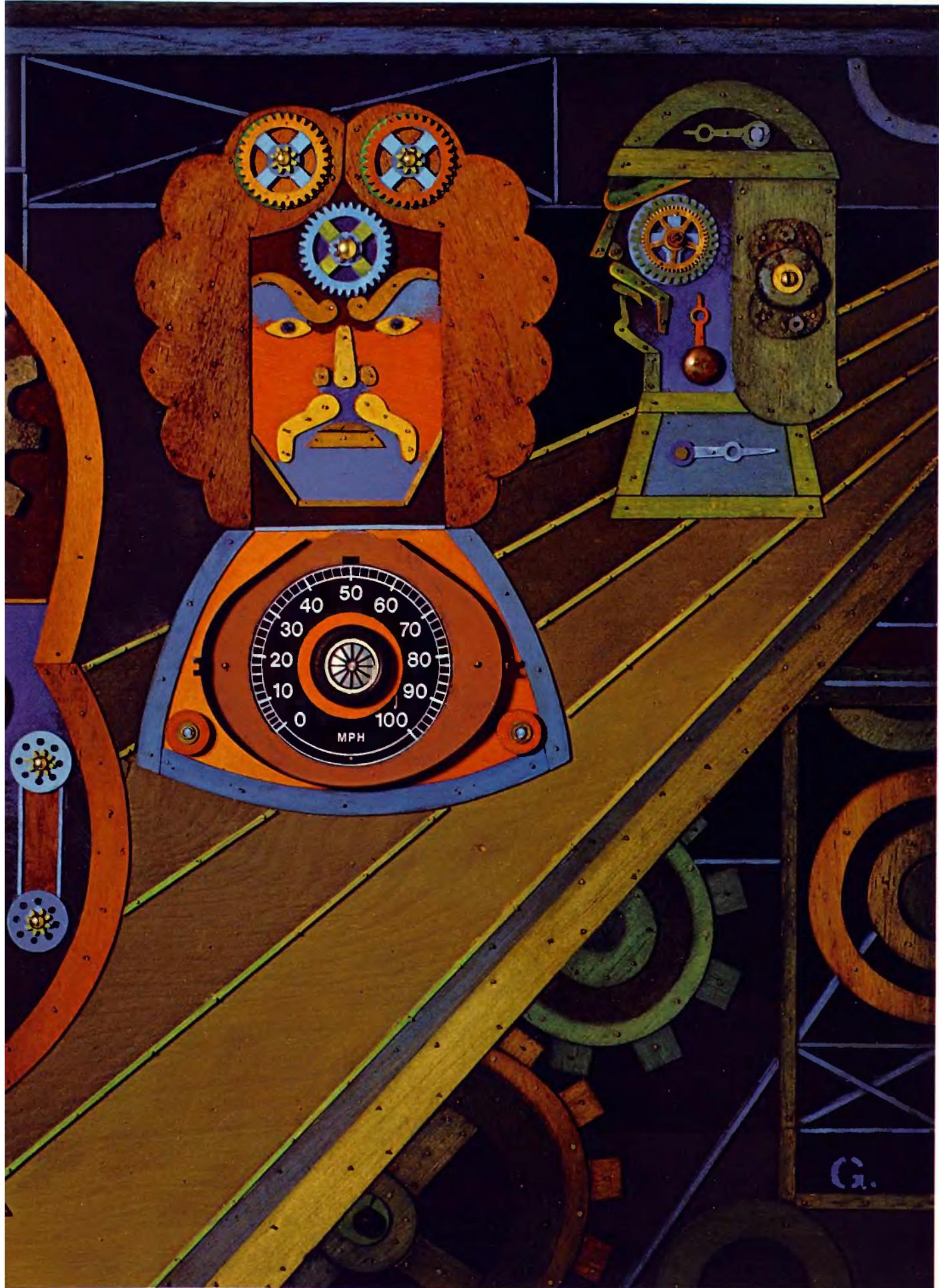
BLUE-COLLAR SABOTEURS

article By GEOFFREY NORMAN

ONE MILE OR SO west of exit 15 on the Ohio Turnpike sits the General Motors plant at Lordstown, off the road about 400 yards with no connecting access and in startling contrast to the weathered old farmhouse, the barn topped by antique lightning rods and the idly grazing horses across the way. The plant is huge, occupying some 1000 acres, and painted a dull and faded color between orange and rust. The parking lot is full of recent-model automobiles and motorcycles with a few intermittent campers rising above them. At the east end of the plant, there are two softball fields and a gate where trailer trucks loaded with new Chevrolet Vegas leave to plow eventually onto the turnpike and run through the range of gears as they negotiate the Appalachian foothills on the Ohio-Pennsylvania border. Beyond the plant and across the highway, there is a small, modern building: a union headquarters called Reuther Hall. Altogether, it is a scene of humming industrial efficiency.

The tranquillity is deceptive. Last March, Local 1112 of the United Auto Workers struck for three weeks. It was not a traditional labor dispute with men walking off the job for higher pay and more fringe benefits but a genuine rebellion, an eruption of grievances that had festered throughout the automobile industry for years. Until the Lordstown strike, the dissatisfaction took individual forms: absenteeism, drug use on the job





and occasional acts of violence or sabotage. The conditions that lead to this behavior are not so much those of grim and dangerous sweatshops or wretched, tubercular mines—although some automobile plants are unpleasant in the extreme. What workers object to finally is the thing that is the automobile industry: the assembly line, Henry Ford's vision, with all its regimentation and monotony.

When it was first introduced, the assembly-line concept ideally suited a nation on the verge of large industrial breakthroughs, a nation just beginning to move away from its agrarian roots and to lose its frontier innocence. For refugees from the cities of Europe or the soil of the American South, the wage was good. And as the nation moved toward more and more industrialization, the pay, along with certain basic working conditions, got better. The union saw to that. But the line itself continued to reflect Henry Ford's austerity and puritanism, changing only superficially as machines became more efficient and could replace men at various jobs. Even at Lordstown, G. M.'s most modern plant, the basics of the system are unchanged. But the people who work the line are very much changed. Enough to strike over what they call "dehumanization" at Lordstown and to begin the strike by detaining G. M. executives in their offices, relenting only when sheriff's deputies had been called and were on the way.

The men and women who work at the Lordstown plant come from Akron, Youngstown, Warren and even Cleveland, an hour's drive away. There isn't any city of Lordstown, merely a small, rural township marked by a crossroads shopping center and a bank. Warren—the county seat of Trumbull County and a pleasant town grown slightly grim through hasty and unplanned expansion—is the closest community of size. Near the sturdy and imposing courthouse that marks its center, buildings decay and deteriorate. The roads leading to its suburbs are lined with shopping centers, carry-out food establishments, bowling alleys and car lots—all excessively announced by neon signs. The residential neighborhoods range from trailer parks to nondescript developments of inexpensive homes to a few quiet sections of formidable dwellings with spacious lawns.

Industry is Warren's wealth. In addition to the Lordstown plant, there are a Republic Steel mill and a Packard Electric plant. These three operations alone employ over 20,000 people. If industry has been good for the town, the people who live in Warren have responded by producing generations of workers who have been good for industry. Many of the young men who build cars at Lordstown come from fathers who work the steel mill and some have wives who work at Packard. But these young men

are not in the mold of their fathers, who worked stubbornly for 30 years, missing only an occasional day, proud of their ability to do a hard job and, remembering the Depression, thankful for having it to do. "I don't understand these kids at all," a man working on a shot and a beer says to a friend in a nondescript bar. "They make good money at Lordstown. I've been at Republic for 28 years and haven't missed a week in all that time. These young guys make more than I do and you're lucky if you can get them there for a full week."

At The Scene West on Nevada Street, the conversation is different. Here, young men shoot pool, drink beer and talk about cars, motorcycles, trips to Miami Beach, drugs and drug busts. If they mention work at all, it is to complain about the boredom and the monotony or to argue about the success of the strike. A man called Stick because of his ability on the pool table says, "I'll tell you, I don't think we got nearly enough. Nothing changed except that we work harder than before. We used to go eight hours a day, six days a week. Now it's ten hours a day for five. A real victory for the workingman."

Tom Yearns, a joint owner of the bar who spends his evenings keeping drugs and troublemakers out to protect his liquor license, smiles and says, "I can't get over some of these guys. When they went out on strike, I don't think most of them cared if they ever went back to work."

J. D. Smith, the treasurer of Local 1112 during the strike, puts it this way: "It's a different generation of workingmen. None of these guys came over from the old country poor and starving, grateful for any job they could get. None of them have been through a depression. They've been exposed—at least through television—to all the youth movements of the last ten years and they don't see the disgrace of being unemployed. They're just not going to swallow the same kind of treatment their fathers did. They're not afraid of management. That's a lot of what the strike was about. They want more than just a job for 30 years."

• • •

The trouble at Lordstown began in October of 1971. The plant had been turning out Vegas for over a year. It was originally built to produce the standard-body Chevrolet and the Pontiac Firebird. When G. M.—worried, like the rest of the automobile industry, about foreign competition that accounted for about one percent of the total U. S. market in 1957 and nearly 15 percent in 1970—decided to bring out the Vega, Lordstown was shut down for 13 weeks and retooled. The new assembly line was the most modern in the world, designed to produce at maximum efficiency and minimum cost. Competing with Toyota and Volkswagen—while still

paying U. S. wages—required a high productivity ratio. To achieve it, those jobs that slowed the speed of assembly because of their complexity or their requirement for backbreaking exertion were taken over by machines.

The plant is imposing to a visitor unfamiliar with the technology of mass production, only dimly remembering the filmstrips of *Industry on Parade*, where everything seemed chaotic, bathed in heat and very dangerous. Cars move smoothly along the nearly two-mile assembly line. Forklifts maneuver around stacks of parts, transporting pallets according to some schedule of need. There are scattered break areas, with banks of vending machines, tables and chairs, where workers sit and read newspapers, apparently oblivious to the noise of the plant. Along the line, there are the new machines that effortlessly do the work of scores of men. Automatic welders called Unimates reach out with huge crooked arms to fuse steel bodies, sending up flurries of sparks. Hydraulic lifters raise engines, drive shafts and axles into place under suspended bodies. Computers check for quality along the line. Everything seems safe and efficient. It is not even especially hot or dirty. The plant's most unpleasant aspects are the constant rush of noise and a heavy, lingering odor like that of lead-based paint.

Impressive as all this is to the visitor, workers often loathe the plant's efficiency and automation. What a man does on the line, he does at the line's pace. Nothing of any complexity is required of anyone, because the cars roll past each man too rapidly—one every 36 seconds. The jobs may not be especially strenuous, but the pace is grueling; the repetition, maddening.

But when the plant began turning out Vegas in the summer of 1970, none of this was obvious. G. M.'s gamble that it could compete with the imports seemed likely to pay off. The Vega was certainly a quality machine, winning an award from *Motor Trend* as Car of the Year. Worker morale seemed high, in spite of the brisk pace of the line, and G. M. executives talked of the Lordstown experiment as revolutionizing the industry. At the beginning of 1971, management presented everyone in the plant with a gift: a mounted set of freshly minted 1971 coins worth 91 cents in face value but nearly three dollars as a collector's item. The message that accompanied the gift read:

As a mint set it was produced with zero defects, without error, mar or scratch. These coins are symbolic of the goal of the Lordstown assembly plant—that is to produce a product that . . . will give pleasure and pride far beyond its basic purpose of transportation. This goal

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STUDENT BODIES



The freewheeling new attitude toward sex—and nudity—an campus is symbolized by this illustration from the 1970 Columbia yearbook, a montage showing a couple making love in the shadow of Aristotle, Demosthenes, et al., in front of Lowe Memorial Library.

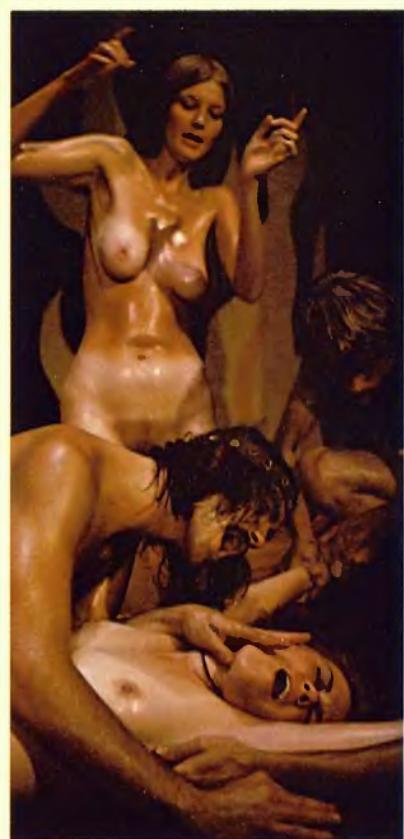
*the campus trend is
obvious—let it all hang out*

IF YOU WENT TO COLLEGE in the Fifties or early Sixties—even if you attended a relatively hip institution such as Reed, Bennington or Black Mountain—chances were that you didn't see many naked people. You may, of course, have glimpsed a few if you studied art or medicine. Physical education may have shown you the forms taken by members of your own sex. On occasion, you may have induced a progressive (or bombed) coed into baring her all. If you were really far out, you may have found a secret sharer for your offcampus pad. But you and your fellow students never appeared nude onstage, nor posed in the buff for your spending money—and those of the opposite sex didn't hang around your dormitory in casual undress.

God knows what might have happened if they did. Nowadays, however, the undergrads do all the above, and more. They don't hesitate to remove their garments in order to splash about in a pool, absorb a little sunlight or dramatize a political point—and it's mostly in a spirit of naturalness, unaccompanied by giggling or grabbing. Sex itself isn't *that* much freer than it used to be, at least not for everybody; but it's easier to get the where and how of it together, and there's little need to debate the why. Today's students are afflicted by no dichotomy of the flesh and spirit. The human body, in disrepute for too long (and still viewed with anxiety by some), has made a joyous debut on campus; the human image can only prosper.



ALL THE NUDES THAT'S FIT TO PRINT: As far as yearbook editors on many campuses are concerned, taboos no longer exist. The picture at left, like the shot on the previous page, ran in the 1970 *Columbian*; it was used to illustrate a pseudonymous article, "Sex and Drugs: You Are What You Eat," about the difficulties faced by students in acquiring these delicacies. The photo above, from a supplement to UCLA's *Daily Bruin*, caused a tempest when two editors were hit with an obscenity charge. They were acquitted—and there was no uproar when two other college papers later ran the same picture.



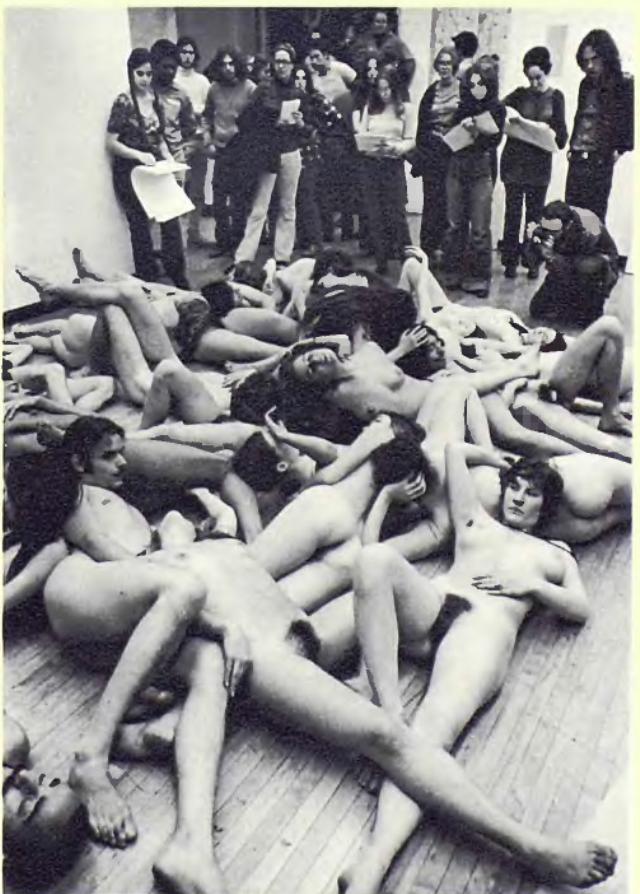
SHOW-OFFS: With nudity an all-but-essential ingredient in today's average successful play or movie, it's not surprising to find it used in college productions—such as this staging, by University of Colorado students, of *The Possessed* (not Dostoevsky's story but a contemporary adaptation of Euripides' *Medea*). The play, which transforms the jealous heroine into a San Francisco witch, includes Black Mass rituals performed by naked celebrants—descendants of the Greek chorus. And if kids are taking off their clothes in Boulder, you know they're doing it on the coasts. Nudity has even invaded the religious sphere; a recent "environmental theater baptism service" at Manhattan's St. Clement's Church used a trio of nude young people splashing in a tub to symbolize innocence reborn.

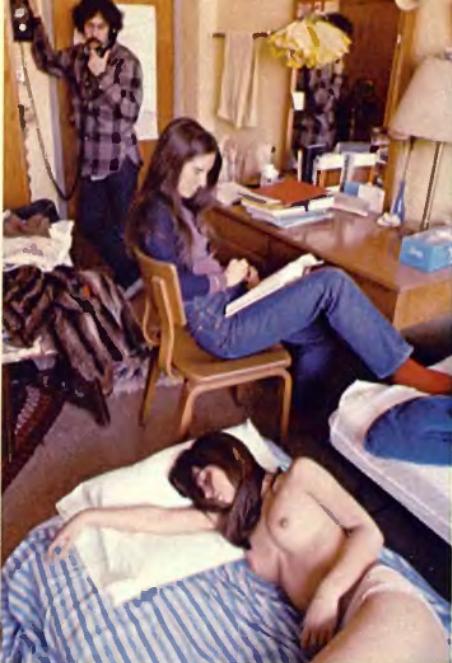


BODIES POLITIC: Nudity was prominent at last year's Washington War Moratorium (above). The group scene—in the reflecting pool behind the White House—"started with people throwing each other in," recalls a witness. "One girl took off her blouse; soon both girls and guys were stripping." The pool was also the setting when the girl at right, during the 1970 March on Washington, took a break from raising money for the Tim Leary defense fund. "Not far away," the photographer claims, "were some Guardsmen, eying the girls. It was sad; they were about the same age, but bogged down by all those jeeps and things."



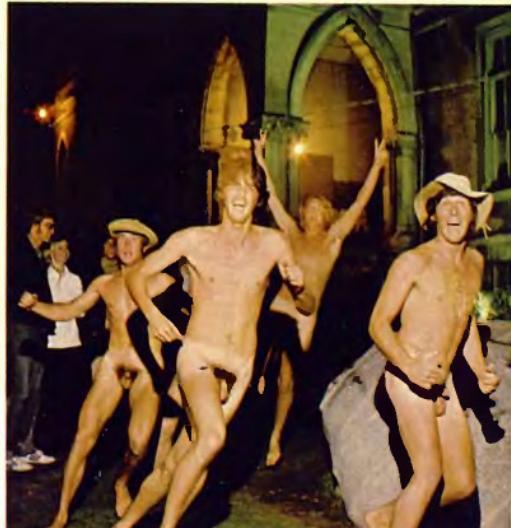
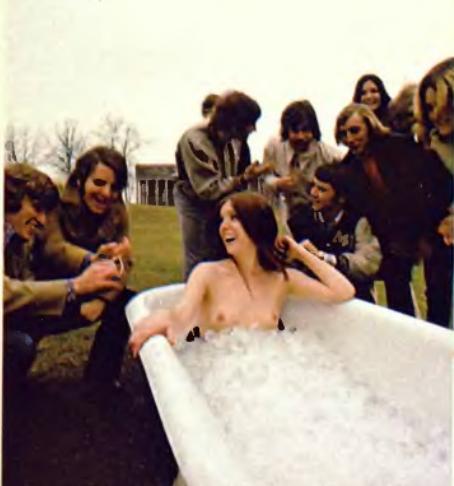
UNDRESS CODE: Nudity was both the medium and the message of this three-hour demonstration at New York's Cooper Union last December. Led by Professor Lucia Pazzi—who wished to shake up the young artists in attendance and "bring them out of the 19th Century"—29 models and dancers, joined by a number of free-spirited students, pranced from the studios through classrooms (and bathrooms) to the cafeteria, creating various tableaux on the way. Witnesses sketched and took pictures, but nobody seemed really shaken up.



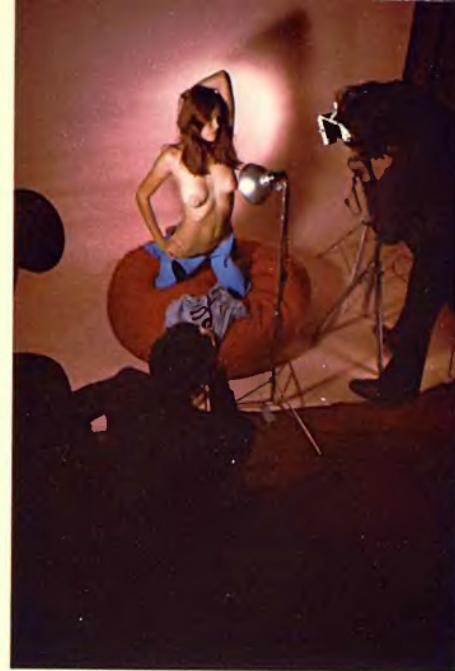
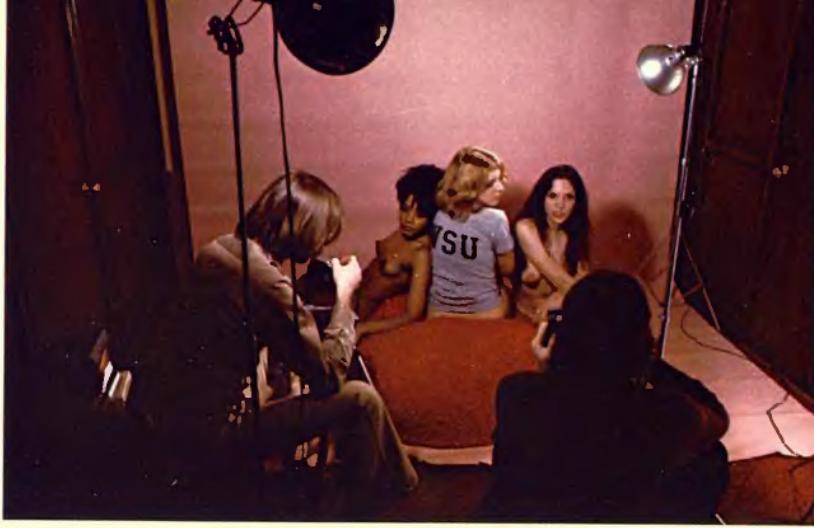


REALLY TOGETHER: Glimpses of a coed dormitory at Lake Forest (Illinois) and a Stanford shower room indicate the matter-of-fact way in which students have adapted to coed living. A Lake Forest student who lives in a mixed dorm claims that life there-in is "very relaxed, even though some of the girls don't like to be seen in curlers."

IN THE WARM: Male and female students sunbathe together on the roof of a frat house at Stanford. Almost all the Stanford dorms are coed, but the students are leery of media people seeking to analyze their life style. "There doesn't seem to be any promiscuity or wild sex parties," says photographer Jeff Cohen. "There's just a very healthy freedom, and they seem to be handling it very well." It also seems that the spirit of liberation is spreading outward from the campus; in the past year, the Santa Cruz area saw a number of demonstrations aimed at establishing the right of girls to go topless on beaches.

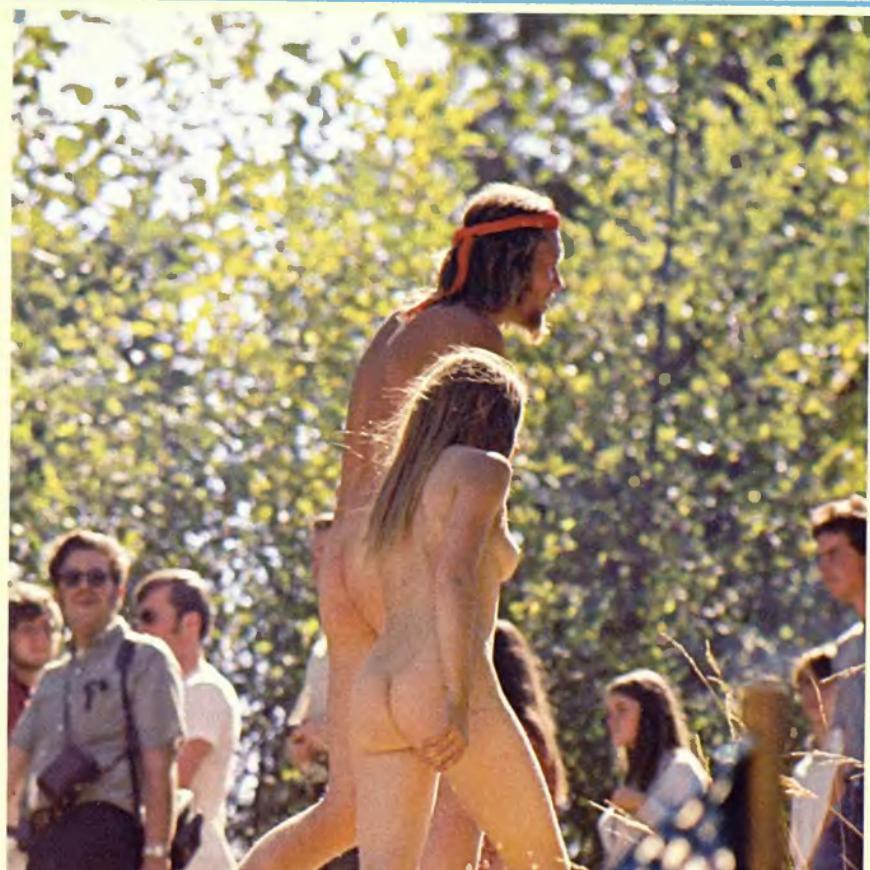


COOL BODIES: In a Seventies version of goldfish swallowing as a campus stunt, students at Kent State (far left) try to see who can spend the longest amount of time in a tub filled with ice. Left: Traditionally, this nude sprint—around a boulder taken from the Columbian Exposition site—is the way DePauw's Phi Kappa Psi fraternity celebrates the year's first snowfall. Nude winter olympics are now held at several Midwestern colleges.



WORKING THEIR WAY THROUGH COLLEGE: In today's permissive atmosphere, it's OK to finance your education by posing in the nude. The models at Don Morgan's Blue Orchid Studio in Detroit are mostly Wayne State students; catering to amateur shutterbugs who rent them at \$15 a half hour, they can earn up to \$100 a day.

CHILDREN OF WOODSTOCK: Last year's Celebration of Life festival in Louisiana (below) wasn't a big success—but the kids had fun, thousands of them going naked on the two available beaches. "They became a sight-seeing attraction," recalls the photographer, "and people with binoculars were going up and down the river in boats." At Vortex I (right), held in Oregon in the fall of 1970, some lensmen removed their own clothes so the kids wouldn't feel that they were getting ripped off.



BLUE-COLLAR SABOTEURS

can be reached by everyone of us taking the same pride in our workmanship as that which produced these coins.

Then, in October 1971, General Motors Assembly Division took over management of the plant from Chevrolet and Fisher Body divisions. A new division of the mammoth corporation, G. M. A. D. has a reputation throughout the industry for high efficiency and severe, if not ruthless, cost cutting. G. M. A. D. executives take pride in their record and feel they are the very best in the business of assembling high-quality automobiles at peak efficiency. Union men see them as tough, hard-nosed disciplinarians spoiling for a fight, and at Lordstown they made ready to fight back.

John Grix, PR man for the G. M. A. D. operation at Lordstown, describes the build-up of tension: "The change from Fisher Body / Chevrolet to G. M. A. D. wasn't announced to the employees until about the middle of September. It prompted some signs, and so forth. Employees wore an arm band that read FIGHT G. M. A. D. The idea, right away, was fight. So by the time the new management team had arrived, the concept of G. M. A. D. as bad news had pretty well gone through the plant. And a lot of rumors."

But according to Gary Bryner, president of Local 1112, "G. M. A. D. moved in and came on strong. Laying guys off and going in for a lot of discipline. They took extreme measures and the guys were willing to fight. And there was quality workmanship before they came in. Vega was one of the highest-quality cars G. M. was building. It required fewer repairs than any other G. M. car except the Nova. But G. M. A. D. came in and started crying about poor quality of workmanship."

One of G. M. A. D.'s first acts in its cost-cutting program, selective layoffs, provoked the most heated and lingering resentment felt by the workers. Throughout the dispute, union men claimed management had cut 800 men, over ten percent of the total work force at Lordstown. G. M. A. D. insisted the figure was less than half that. It's still difficult to establish exactly how many people were laid off. J. D. Smith said in May that his dues-paying rolls carried 800 fewer names than in October. Gary Bryner agrees with management that there are only 370 fewer men on the line but claims that G. M. A. D. has tightened the policy on leaves of absence, thus cutting total union membership by more than the reduction of on-line workers. Grix stands by a figure of "less than 400 men laid off."

Whatever the figure, the layoffs caused a storm. To G. M. A. D., the policy was simply good business: the kind of thing

(continued from page 98)

that's to be expected when production is streamlined and the kinks worked out of a new plant like Lordstown. "When a new car is introduced to an assembly line," says Andy O'Keefe, director of public relations for G. M. A. D., "you just have to add manpower that isn't going to be needed later on. When things are working well, you can pull back and eliminate some jobs."

But the workers weren't having any. What G. M. A. D. described as cost cutting, they called more work for the same pay. The cars were still rolling at 100 an hour, but now there weren't as many men to put them together. Speed-up, they called it, perhaps not choosing their words carefully enough.

"The cries of speed-up resulted from the changes in work assignments," says O'Keefe. "There were people who were not working anywhere near a full hour on the job. Let's say you have three people working 35 minutes each. You consolidate that job. It is a total of 105 minutes of work, so you can have two people working 52½ minutes apiece. You save an employee. The speed-up gripe came from that man who was working 35 minutes and now has to work almost the full hour."

The arithmetic of it just made workers more angry. "Look," says Stick, trying to explain very carefully, "in my section there are a third less guys on the line doing the same job in the same amount of time. We sure as shit have to work faster. That's what I call speed-up."

To counter the speed-up, the union passed the word: Do what you were previously expected to do, and more if possible, but don't strain to keep up with added tasks. A man named Lee who works in the ancillary plant that produces Chevrolet panel trucks claims that he frequently missed vital welds. "Before the strike, I had to make 12 welds on each truck. I had a little over two minutes to do it and I could just make it. After the layoffs, I had five more welds to do in the same amount of time. I tried to get them, but a lot of the time I couldn't. So I'd just ship the damn thing—let it go on down the line, where the inspectors would send it to the repair lot. And those were all safety welds."

Some men simply didn't do any of the required work at all. At one point, truck engines were coming down the line as nothing more than a stack of parts. Nothing bolted or assembled, everything in a neat little pile. More and more vehicles failed inspections and piled up in the repair lots, an unacceptable expense in the case of the Vega, which is marketed on a slender profit margin in the first place. "We just can't build that car in the repair lot and make a profit on it," says Grix. "It's that simple."

The defects were countered by a stiff-

ening of discipline, and the cycle increased the tension, the general feeling of rancor. It was a perfect model of resistance meeting repression: that situation where, as they say in small Ohio towns, "You're between a hard place and a rock." Frustrated and angry, some workers began vandalizing the cars and the machinery used to assemble them. G. M. A. D. made the sabotage public, and the screw tightened a little further.

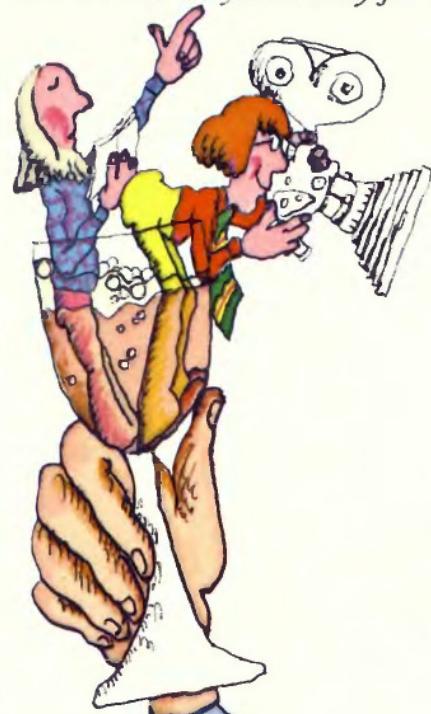
Many workers still wonder why G. M. A. D. chose to announce the sabotage. "Man, if you were trying to sell cars, would you go on *60 Minutes* and tell the world that the dudes in your plant were busting them up?" asks one. Others thought it was a cheap shot. "They just wanted people to think a bunch of us crazy long-haired freaks were responsible for all the defects. Actually, most of the trouble was caused by the speed-up, but they never mentioned that."

Ray Callihan, who has been active in the union since he started at the plant in 1966, believes "the company exaggerated the whole thing." But Callihan is not really typical of the men who work at Lordstown. He was a chef for 13 years and he worked briefly in the steel mill before starting at Lordstown. While this is the best of many jobs for him, it is the only job most of his younger counterparts have ever had. To him, the money is good enough—\$4.60 an hour, plus fringe benefits that bring it up to about seven dollars—that he will accept certain restraints. Working within the union structure, for one. When he was a committeeman—a union official elected by each section to handle its grievances but who still puts in nearly a full day on the line—he stayed at the plant every night doing his paperwork and handling workers' problems long after the shift had ended and they had gone home. When a man was injured or sick, he would drive by the hospital or his home to visit and see what he could do to help out. He believes in the union and its work. Callihan believes the men in the plant get respect only by fighting for it; that G. M. A. D. would grind them right down if the union didn't stand up for them. And respect is what he demands more than anything else. Proud of his work, he is not combative nor belligerent. He thinks some of the younger men go too far and that they should recognize certain responsibilities to the company—like showing up for work on time and regularly. But most of the difficulties, he believes, the company brings on itself. "You know that coin set we got in '71. Well, the men were proud of that. They figured they'd earned some thanks and the company had given it to them. Well, last Christmas we got a letter from G. M. A. D. It said they were very sorry they couldn't wish us a Merry Christmas but that we'd been doing such bad work

(continued on page 250)

the screenewryter's tale

was the new hollywood ready for outasight jeff chaucer's x-rated romps?

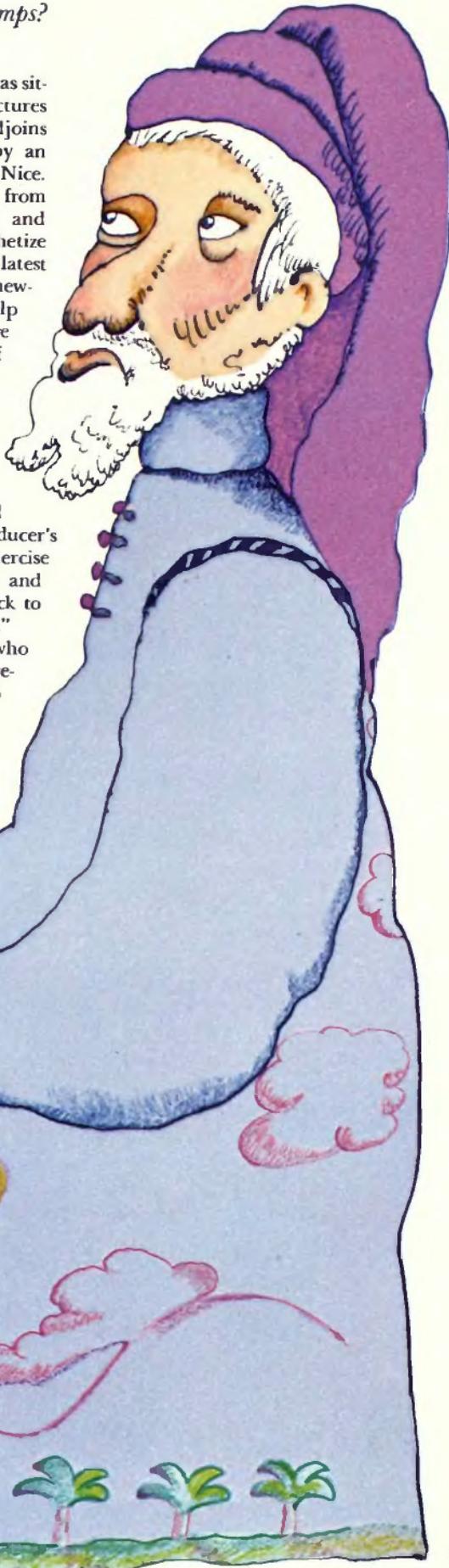


satire by f.p.tullius

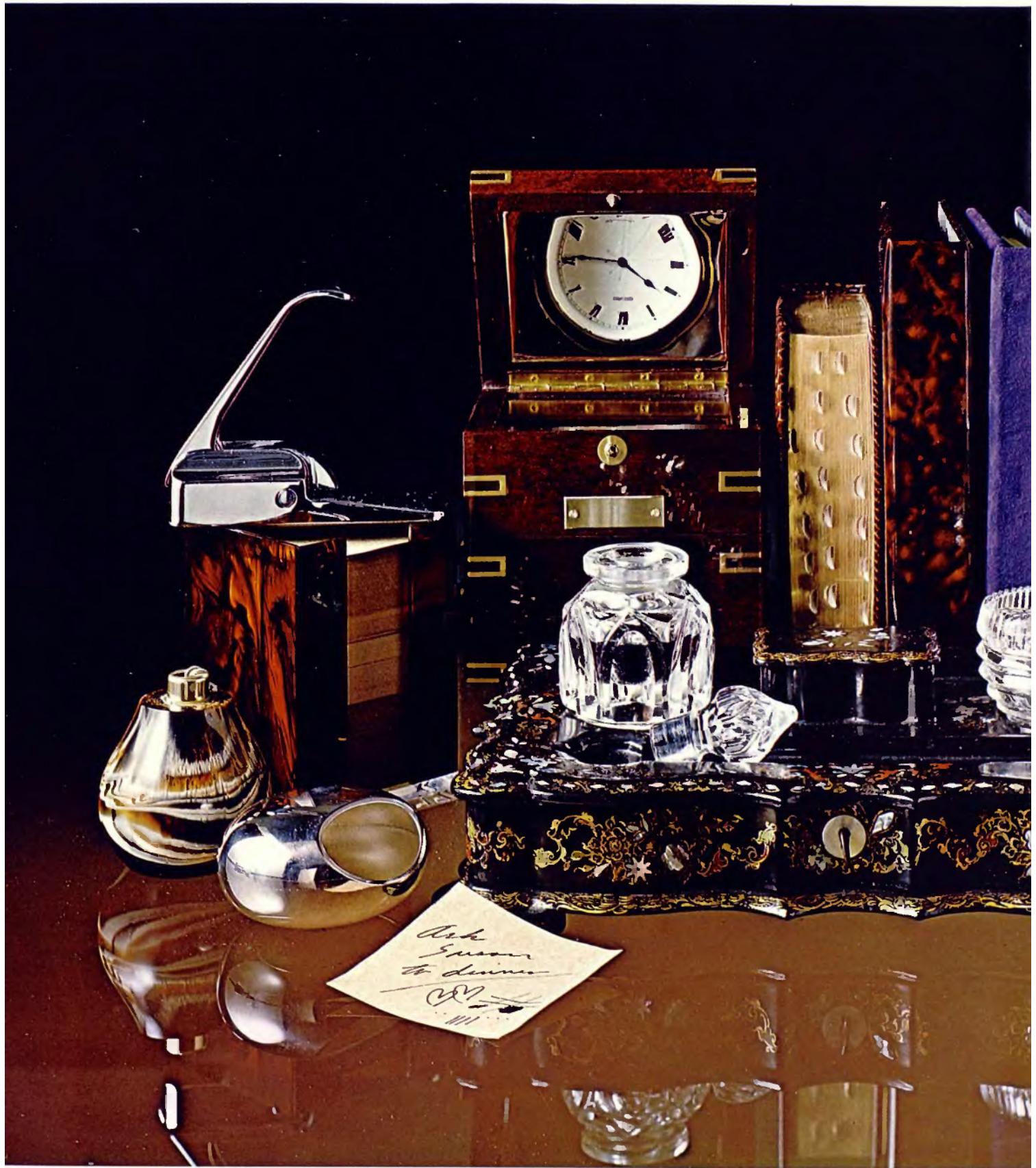
I was sitting in my office at Existentialist Pictures near Sunset and Gower. The office adjoins the producer's and is connected by an anteroom. It's used by the writers. Nice. Rug is blah color to hide blood from script altercations (or alterations) and there is a well-found bar to anesthetize your brain before reading the latest noodlings on your script by the new-breed producer, who pitches in to help with the writing. Hip producers are real cool. They co-opt the best of both worlds, sporting long hair and flowered bells and traveling with manicurists in *arriviste* automobiles they tip a dollar. The phone rang and the voice said it was Maurice. "Maurice?" I asked.

"You know, man; I'm the cat did the full lotus headstand in the producer's anteroom and I laid that yoga exercise on you to clear up your bronchia and showed you how to do the spinal rock to introduce vibrations into your spine."

"Oh, yeah—you're the dude who wears the yarmulke and plays the pre-Columbian clay flute and is into Jewish" (*continued on page 110*)

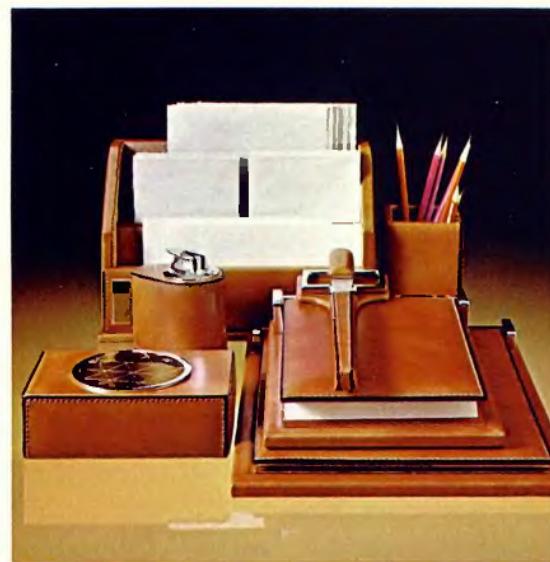


As we all know, the corporate road to success is paved with stumbling blocks—not the least of which is the depersonalization that comes from carbon-copy offices and equipment. So if you're an on-the-way-up executive, here's a conglomerate of good-looking items to help you maintain your individuality while easing your travail. Back row, left to right: Chrome paper welder, from Mark Cross, \$14, sits atop a Lucite note holder, from Obelisk Shop, \$8.50. Marine chronometer in mahogany box, by Concord, \$435. Dictionary bound in cobra-type leather, \$85; tortoise—patent leather diary, \$15; and suede-bound address book, \$32.50; all from Ffolia 72. Chrome-shaded desk lamp, from Knoll at Georg Jensen, \$78. Antique crystal and silver inkstand, from David Weiss Importers, \$150. Sterling magnifying glass, from Cartier, \$30. Front row, left to right: Lucite table lighter takes a Dispoz A Lite cartridge, from Ffolia 72, \$18. Silver-plated ashtray, from Alfred Dunhill of London, \$37.50. Antique papier-mâché inkstand with mother-of-pearl inlay, from David Weiss Importers, \$240. Atop inkstand: Sterling fiber-tipped pen, from Mark Cross, \$25.

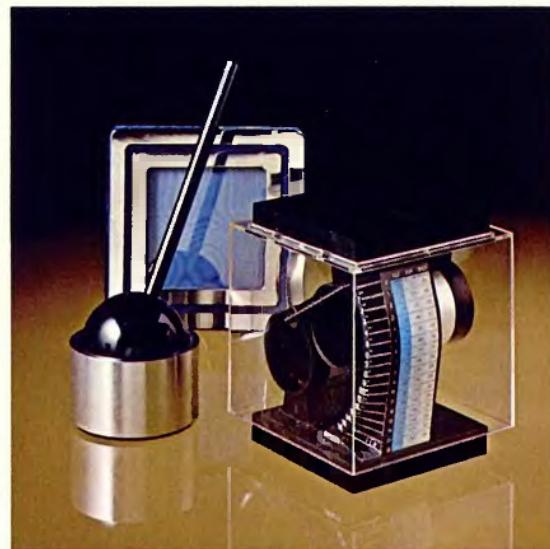


handsome and useful accessories for where the work is

DESK JOB!



Above: English calfskin desk set with chrome trim and saddle stitching includes: stationery rack, \$48; table lighter, \$30; grilled ashtray, \$35; scissors-and-letter-opener library set, \$32; memo pad, \$35; pad holder, \$45; and pencil cup, \$15; all from Mark Crass.



Above: Ballpoint Uni-Pen that's made in Japan comes with an anodized-metal base, from Georg Jensen, \$15. Chrome-and-velvet picture frame that measures 5" square, from The Kentan Collection, \$15. Desktop postal scale gives first, third and air rates, by Rolomite, \$10. Below: Mesozoic-period petrified-wood pen set with two Sheaffer ballpoints, from Alfred Dunhill of London, \$105.





*"Why, Mr. Travis, you know
it's not polite to point."*



THE VARGAS GIRL

Vargas

screenwryter's tale

mysticism." None other. Maurice appears every three or four days and when he leaves there isn't an unhappy face in the anteroom.

But what exactly does he do? Is he a hashish runner? Own a string of girls? Industrial spy? He comes, does his little office cabaret for everybody and then splits. "What's up, babes?" I asked.

"I'm going to be a producer," he said.

"Congratulations. How does one become one?"

"Easy. You get a property, tie it up on option. Then you take it to different people. You tell Willie Wyler that Dusty Hoffman flipped over it and Liza Minnelli that Burt Bacharach is all set to do the music and Terry Southern and Doc Simon are wild about adapting it. Then you take it to the moneymen and tell them you got *all* these people, and you'll umbrella the whole thing. *But . . .* I don't have a property yet. That's my hang-up. Can you make the Cock & Bull for lunch tomorrow? I wanna rap with you."

Well, what the hell, I figured. A free lunch, and the Cock & Bull does have choice, succulent waitresses. So next day he picked me up in a '46 Morgan roadster, a beautiful car, comparable in power, speed and handling to the classic '38 Willys. "By the way, whydja happen to pick on me?" I asked, as I got in. He leered like a Fellini freak as he worked the stick through about five speeds to get the bomb up to 25.

"Aih, you're hip. I see you down in projection room three all the time, huddled in the dark with those chicks, and that smoke coming up, that ain't Pall Malls." I hesitated to tell him that my chronic bronchitis forbids my inhaling anything—including mild euphorics of the hemp family—not wanting to destroy the reputation for freakiness that I built at the studio by wearing a denim bike jacket with the sleeves cut off and a Nixon button upside down. It would have destroyed my hip image even further if he'd known that I saved the sleeves for resewing, in case the Hollywood caper fell through.

At the Cock & Bull Maurice got right down to his tacks, which were very brass. "What's a good property?" he asked, in sidewise prison fashion. In any other town that would mean, Which way is the freeway going, so we can buy up ahead of it, but in Screenland property means the blood, sweat and tear-wrung memories, the heartaches, traumas, bankruptcies, divorces, bereavements and nervous breakdowns of some writer, all on paper and suitable for transposition to scenario form.

Responding half seriously, I said, "Well, I dig *The Teachings of Don Juan*,

(continued from page 105)

by Castaneda, but at the pace they set in this town, by the time it's in the can it'll be about as relevant as *Our Town*."

"Hey, but that's not true, man, they say *Our Town* comes on real strong in revival. It's about *death!*" My God, I thought, they've rediscovered death, too.

At this moment the sidecars we had reserved an hour before arrived and, surrendering our plastic numbered tickets to assure that it was really our turn, we fell to. I make it a point never to be serious after one o'clock or one sidecar, whichever comes first, so when Maurice pursued his point about a property, I winged it a bit—thinking to rid myself of him forever. "Maurice, babes, I got just the thing for you and it's there for the taking. It's Now, With it, Hip, Relevant, Trippy and Today. *The Canterbury Tales*, by Geoffrey Chaucer. For example, take *The Pardoners Tale*. What could be more relevant than the story of three men destroyed by greed in a materialistic world that has mislaid its moral priorities? [I glossed over the fact that it had already been made into a feature called *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*.] Or *The Wife of Bath's Tale*. That anticipated the sexual revolution by six hundred years. Or *The Man of Law's Tale*, which has more gratuitous violence than *The Wild Bunch* and *A Clockwork Orange*. Or *The Manciple's Tale*, where the crow losing his feathers underscores the irreversible damage we have done to our delicately poised ecological environment."

"Heav-eel!" said Maurice.

"Then take the merry band of pilgrims. The nun, like all nuns in those days, no doubt wanted to wear shorter skirts and sing a modern lute-and-recorder Mass and get married. You see, it was a period of great turmoil and change. Old time-honored values were being overturned."

"Outasight!"

Swooping up his untouched sidecar, I pressed on. "The franklin is every establishment sellout chasing the almighty farthing, and all you have to do is give him a rebellious son who questions dad's whole system of middle-class, Middle English values. The clerk is obviously a graduate school dropout conspiring to cross county lines to stir up trouble at some university. Sal Mineo would be great in the part. I see Rod Steiger as the sleazy pardoner and Jon Voight as the amorous squire."

"And they nearly all wore their hair down to *here* then! And the freakiest costumes. Doublets, hose, capes, hoods, boots, beaver hats . . ."

He was quiet.

"Of course you'll need a rock group to do the score. Some up-and-coming-

but-not-quite-there outfit you can get cheap, like the Oil Depletion Allowance or the Silent Majority."

Maurice was deep in thought. At last he made a move to speak. I thought he was going to say, "Come on, man, I mean, you know—this a put-on?" but he said:

"He's dead, isn't he?"

"Chaucer? Well, we don't know for sure. He seems to disappear from sight around his sixtieth year, but it's been so long now that we can assume that he eventually bought it."

"Come on, now, quit putting me on. I meant is it, like, in public domain?"

Well, I figured that was that, and worth two sidecars and a chef's salad with green-goddess dressing. But four or five days later the office phone rings and Maurice says, "Is your head together?" Never having the answer to that, I said nothing. I mean, how does your head feel when it's together? Then he went into some numbers about the two of us doing a "summary" and he'd be right over.

I said, "Wait a minute, you can't come now, it's my hour to have my nails done," and he says, "Don't put me on, man, no freak like you gets manicured." I protested that the producer doesn't allow me to talk to laymen during vespers and he says, "I talked to the producer and the studio heads want to see a summary of the Chaucer bit and they want you to do it."

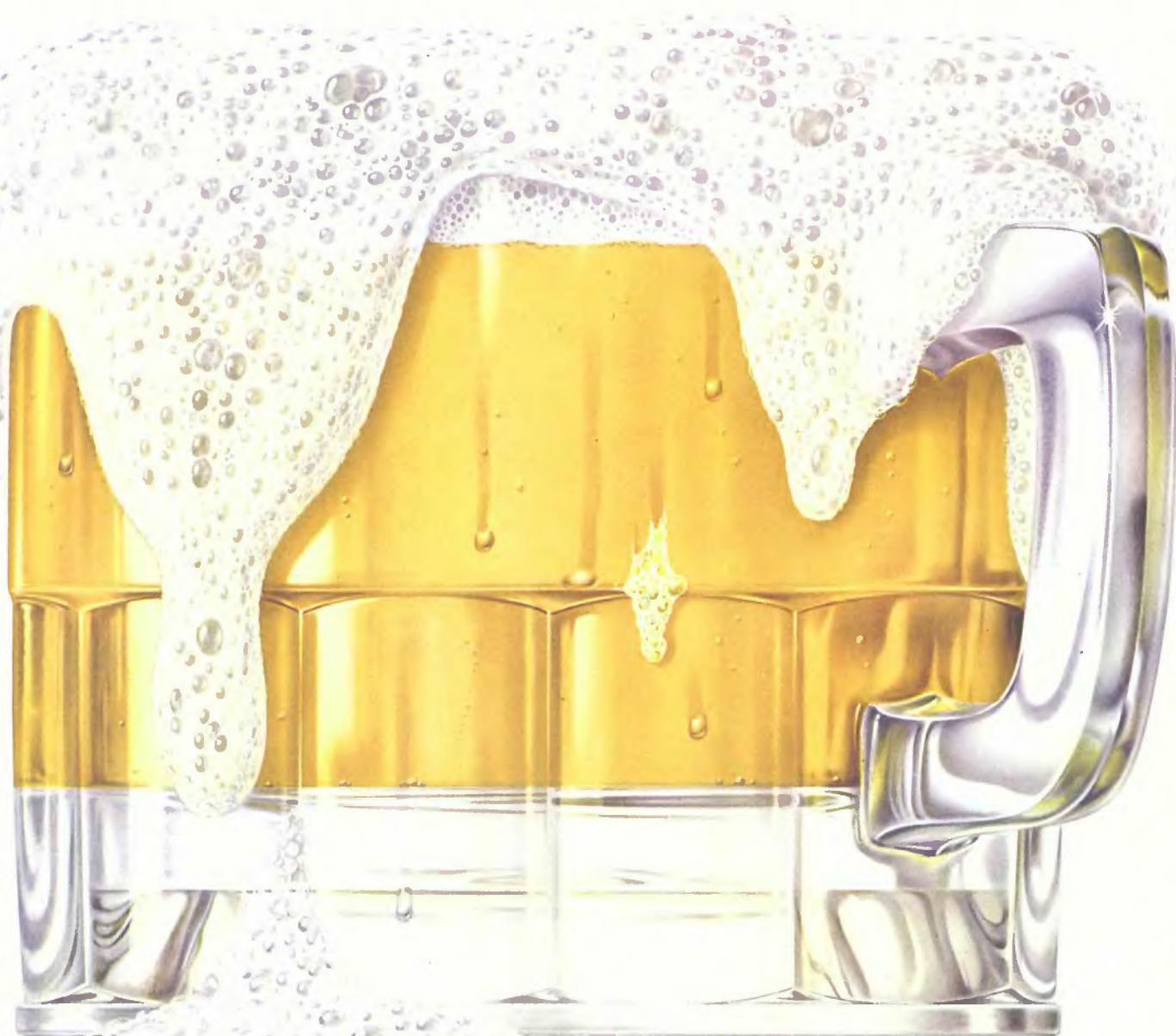
I said, "What about my picture? It was somewhere on their schedule, you know."

He says, "They'd rather have you do this, so it must mean your little piece of *schlock* slipped to the back of the pack." I said it was always in the back of the pack—right behind the integrated remake of *Jane Eyre*, with Jayne Meadows and Godfrey Cambridge.

This put me on a real downer, so I opened a bottle of Almadén, poured myself a big Cheez Whiz glass full and slugged it down while I stared gloomily at the story cards of my movie we'd pinned on a board, the effect being that of a coach's diagram of a single wing left against a shifting 5-3-2-1. I began vehemently throwing weighted thumbtacks at the board, making them stick—a trick every good screenwriter knows—while calling the studio brass Yiddish epithets like *farshenkener* and *meshuganah*.

Maurice made a cinematic entrance. Through the window. A cat producer. He probably walks up the sides of buildings. "I convinced them the Chaucer thing will be a stone gas," he said, tilting himself into a full lotus headstand, "but I need somebody to put it into the right words." I began to think fast. No freakin' youth-cult version of a

(concluded on page 194)



a heady history of beer

drink by ronald schiller being a curiosity-quenching account of brews old and new

THE IRISH LIKE IT BLACK, Czechs blond and Berliners white, with a dash of raspberry syrup. The British drink it warm, Americans cold enough to numb the palate. Expectant German mothers take it for nourishment, Nigerian males drink it to increase their virility and Malaysians wash their babies in it to protect them from disease. Scandinavians restrict its sale as an intoxicant, while neighboring Russians promote it as an antidote to drunkenness. It goes by many names—beer, ale, stout, *piwo*, fairy godmother and devil's brew—but whatever you call it, next to water, it is the most popular beverage on earth.

In 1970, the world drank 6.2 billion liters (almost 1.6 billion gallons) of the foaming brew, enough to float a navy. This is double the consumption of 20 years ago, but only half of what it is expected to be ten years hence. It has replaced sake, raki and pulque as the national drinks of Japan, Turkey and Mexico, respectively. It is making deep inroads in the traditionally wine-drinking nations of southern Europe. In Spain, which now supports 43 large breweries, production and imports of beer have doubled since 1960. Consumption in Portugal and Italy jumped 60 percent during the same period. When young recruits doing their military service in France requested beer with their meals four years ago, even the brewers were shocked. "In my time, this would have been unthinkable," says the chief of the French brewers' syndicate. "The tradition of red wine with meals is as old as the French army itself."

The surging popularity of beer represents not so much a new taste as the return to an ancient one, for beer is older than recorded history. Beer pots and brewing utensils have been unearthed in excavations

of neolithic campsites all over Europe. Sumerian tablets dating back 5000 years accurately describe the making of four kinds of beer, including dark beer, light beer, beer with a head on it and a sacred brew that could be served only by priestesses in temples. Babylonian inscriptions list "clarified beer" as one of the provisions taken aboard Noah's ark. An edict of King Hammurabi in 1800 B.C. ordered brewers who watered their beer to be imprisoned in their own vats and barmaids who overcharged for it to be thrown into the river. Egyptian Pharaohs used beer as medicine, sacrificed it to the gods and were buried alongside great pots of it to slake their thirst during their journey into the next world. Although, curiously, there is no mention of beer in the Bible, the Jewish sage Maimonides states that it was the customary drink of the ancient Hebrews. It is referred to frequently in the Talmud and at least three of the rabbis who compiled that tome were, themselves, professional brewers.

In medieval times, beer was a mainstay of the diet of northern Europe, where housewives not only baked the bread but did the brewing for their families. Saxon councils would make no important decision until they had deliberated the matter over beer. In Norse law, contracts made in the beerhouse were as binding as those made in court, while "beerhouse testimony" had the same weight as if sworn to in church. Every college at Oxford and Cambridge had its own brewery; British barons specified a standard measure for ale in the Magna Charta; German municipalities installed beer taverns, or rathskellers, in the basements of their town halls. Monasteries and nunneries found beer so profitable a source of income that in some places it became a monopoly of the Church. Many excellent German brews, such as Franziskaner, Paulaner and Augustiner, still bear the names of the religious orders that originated them.

The monks are also credited with developing the first "strong beers" (five to six percent alcohol) to help them get through their Lenten fasts without losing too much weight. Disturbed at first that the unwonted gaiety the strong beer induced might conflict with the austerity expected during the season, a Bavarian abbot in the 16th Century sent a barrel to the Vatican for an opinion. After one taste of the bitter brew, the wine-drinking Roman cardinals not only approved its use but actually commended the monks for the extra penance they imposed on themselves by drinking it. Ever since then, strong beer has been a springtime ritual in southern Germany.

Actually, the cardinals' revulsion may have been due as much to the viscosity of the beverage as to its taste, since it was as thick as barley soup. As an official test of purity, in England and Germany, beer inspectors or aleconners, wearing leather breeches, would pour the beer onto a wooden bench and sit on it until it evaporated. If the bench did not stick to their pants when they arose, the brewers were flogged.

Despite its shortcomings, beer was drunk in vast quantities by all classes of society. A certain lady in waiting at the court of Henry VIII was allowed a gallon at breakfast, a gallon at dinner, another at tea and a fourth before going to bed. Henry's daughter, Queen Elizabeth, favored beer so strong "that no man durst

touch it." The Dutch burgher of the 17th Century is estimated to have drunk 360 liters annually, seven times more than his modern descendants.

The reason was as much hygienic as gustatory. Although people at the time had no way of knowing it, the heat of brewing killed the cholera and typhus bacilli that infested the rivers and canals. They simply knew that people who drank beer stayed healthier and lived longer.

To live without beer was unthinkable. The Mayflower Pilgrims chose to land on the barren coast of Massachusetts in 1620, rather than proceed to the lusher lands to the south, largely because they had run out of beer and thus "could not now take time for further search or consideration," as one of them wrote in his diary. They had brought cooper John Alden to make barrels, and one of the first structures they erected was a brewhouse. Presidents George Washington and James Madison owned breweries, while Thomas Jefferson sent to Bohemia for malters to relieve the local shortage. By the 19th Century, breweries had grown so large that eight people drowned in London when a 20,000-barrel vat burst. More fortunate were the oil drillers in Pennsylvania who struck a beer gusher in 1881, when they accidentally blasted into a storage cave filled with aging barrels.

Naturally, so flourishing an industry did not escape the attention of the taxgatherers. Beer taxes helped build the dikes of Holland in the 18th Century, finance Henry V's victory at Agincourt in the 15th and repel the Turks from the gates of Vienna in the 16th. The imposts have not always been suffered willingly. In 1848, when Louis I of Bavaria raised the tax on beer by a pfennig a bottle, to meet the lavish expenditures of his beautiful Irish mistress, Lola Montez, riots ensued that drove Lola out of the country and almost toppled the throne.

Thanks to its early start and great population, the United States is the largest beer-consuming nation on earth, although its annual per-capita consumption of 70 liters is comparatively modest. By comparison, the average Britisher drinks 100 liters yearly, Australians 124, Belgians 135, Czechoslovaks 132 and West Germans 139.

But if beer can be said to have a world capital, the honor must surely go to the state of Bavaria, which boasts one fourth of the world's breweries, over 1400, some of which have been in continuous production for seven centuries. The average adult Bavarian drinks 440 liters of beer a year, enough to fill a swimming pool.

The Bavarians have a different beer and beer festival for every season, culminating with the world's largest annual folk gathering, Munich's Oktoberfest, which for some reason actually begins in September. During its 16 days, 6,000,000 visitors, including many flown in by chartered planes, pack into tents the size of railroad depots to gulp down 4,000,000 liter-sized *krags* of beer, along with acres of white radishes, 800,000 pairs of sausages, 400,000 chickens and a herd of oxen roasted on spits. During other nights of the year, Munichers gather in the city's giant beer halls, such as the Hofbrauhaus and Salvatorkeller, each of



which holds over 6000 people. Seated on long benches, they roar songs at the top of their lungs, as they sway to and fro with their arms linked, while buxom, dirndl-clad barmaids race up and down the long aisles bearing great armfuls of flowing steins.

By contrast to this boisterous *Gemütllichkeit*, the 66,000 public houses of the British Isles are bastions of individualism. The pub, or "local," is a second home to which to retire after the day's work is done, and the publican and his wife work hard to create a living-room or clublike atmosphere. Music and song are rare, voices seldom raised. In the tavern's back room, or "snug," a man can read, stare into space or write his plays or novels, as authors from Shakespeare to James Joyce have done, without being disturbed.

Entertainment in the pub is traditionally furnished by darts, billiards or shove-ha'penny matches and—although they are fast disappearing—ancient bowling games such as skittles. For greater excitement, there are beer-drinking contests. Some pubs have special yard-long, cone-shaped glasses to test the speed at which clients can consume a yard of ale. The sport is not confined to men. A Buckinghamshire youth recently offered ten shillings to anyone who could beat him in a fastest-pint duel and was outdrunk by a 168-pound blonde, who downed her glass in four seconds flat. Some competitions require greater agility. Students attempting the "King's Street run" at Cambridge must gulp down a pint of beer at each of the eight pubs along a 500-yard stretch of road in less than two hours.

The addiction to beer is not hard to understand. It is comparatively cheap, infinitely thirst-quenching, enjoyable with food or without and has sufficient alcohol to stimulate the senses, but not enough to lead to quick intoxication. Strong beers may contain as much as eight percent alcohol, weak ones as little as one percent, while some in Finland and Jordan claim to have almost none at all. Ninety percent of all beers consumed today, however, contain between three and four percent alcohol—as compared with 12 percent in table wines and 40 to 50 percent in hard liquors.

Until the late 19th Century, beermaking was a great gamble, a mysterious process that the brewers themselves did not understand. Brewers' yeast consisted of random mixtures of cultures that continuously varied. No new beer ever tasted quite like the previous batch. It was often ruined by wild yeast and lactic acid cells floating in the air, or it turned sour in the vats when temperatures rose. To keep the beer cold during fermentation, breweries installed huge ice cellars, stocked during winter with ice blocks cut from nearby lakes or imported from

Norway and Sweden. They brewed as long as the ice lasted, then closed down until winter.

Small wonder that brewing was linked with black magic. Secular brewers recited incantations to keep evil spirits away; monks sang hymns and prayed to Saint Gambrinus (although he was actually not a saint but a 13th Century Flemish brewer named Jan Primus). All brewhouses bore cabalistic signs and slogans. A 16th Century brewer who discovered the trick of re-using his yeast to make his beer consistent was burned as a wizard, for conspiracy with the Devil.

Two of the men who finally killed the demons that spoil beer were German engineer Carl Linde, who improved refrigeration techniques for beer around 1874, and Louis Pasteur, whose 1876 classic work, *Studies on Beer*, explained the composition of yeast and defined the fermentation process. Although Pasteur's patriotic intent was to make French beer the equal of German brews, the entire world profited from his research. The difference in taste of beers today is more likely to result from the type of yeast strain used than from any other factor. A brewer's yeast is his most prized asset, cultivated in germfree laboratories and carefully guarded. Like a spark in a sawmill, a single wild yeast spore or lactic-acid germ can wreak havoc in a brewery, giving the beer a milky taste and appearance, rendering the entire batch worthless. To avoid such dangers, breweries must be kept as sanitary as hospitals. Ten times more water is used for cleaning and scrubbing than in the beer itself. There are no dusty corners, waste bins nor even dirty fingernails in a well-run brewhouse.

Although the basic production steps in making beer are the same throughout the world, there are almost as many variations of the process as there are breweries, which accounts for the difference in character between one brand and another. Danish and Dutch beers are generally the lightest-bodied in Europe; Belgian beer, highest in alcohol. To get the white color and acidy taste Berliners like requires the use of considerable rice. Other exotic flavors can be created by drying the malt in wood smoke, adding sugar for sweetening or making the brew entirely from wheat. Sometimes local tastes require brewers to vary their beers for different districts, although the labels on the bottles may be the same. A beer that is just right for Paris is not bitter enough for Alsace. Dubliners like their stout with a high "clerical collar" of foam, but the parsimonious drinkers of Limerick demand small heads, on the theory that the more bubbles, the less beer in the glass. "Is this the best beer you can make?" I once

asked a Venezuelan brewer. "By no means," was his surprising answer. "But it is the best beer I can sell in Caracas."

Despite regional differences, beers throughout the world fall into two well-defined categories—Münchener and Pilsner. The former is a golden-hued lager, somewhat heavy-bodied but mild in flavor and alcoholic content; the latter, while lighter in color and body, is more alcoholic and tart in taste, with a notably creamy head. However, the Münchener and Pilsen types made in other countries are apt to be quite different from those produced in the cities of their origin. By a law dating back to 1615, Munich beers must be made entirely of barley malt, without the admixture of the cheaper wheat, maize, rice and other grains used elsewhere. In Pilsen, Czechoslovakia, the law is even stricter. Since King Wenceslaus II founded the town in 1295, only Bohemian-grown barley and hops, water and yeast have been used.

In contrast to some of the ultramodern stainless-steel-and-glass palaces of Europe and America, where beer is made by white-coated technicians tending flickering electronic instrument panels, a trip to the Urquell (meaning original source) brewery in Pilsen is a voyage into the past. Urquell beer is still made as it was centuries ago, brewed in coal-fired boilers, fermented in giant 2500-liter oak casks that fill six miles of limestone caves underneath the city. No concession is made to modern tastes, production methods nor even to meeting the world's demand. "We spend two years studying each new brewing technique as it comes along—before rejecting it," says Ivo Hlavecek, a fourth-generation brewmaster. The length of brewing time—15 to 25 weeks, as compared with three or four at most other breweries—and the amount of hand labor required make Urquell Pilsner the most costly beer in the world to produce. To most brewmasters, it is the king of beers.

The beers of the British Isles, although vastly different from those of the Continent, have an equally venerable tradition. But with over 2000 varieties from which to choose, they are as difficult for a foreigner to understand as the British monetary system once was. One principal type is stout, which is a very dark, heavy-bodied, velvety brew, strong in alcohol but weak in hops. The other major category is ale, which is amber in color and comes in a wide assortment of subtypes, including mild, bitter, light, pale and brown. The first two are draught beers, the rest are bottled, but the names are deceptive. Mild ale, for example, sounds like a weak beer. Actually, it is darker and more highly alcoholic than bitter, which is the same as

(concluded on page 186)



EVERYTHING YOU
ALWAYS WANTED
TO KNOW ABOUT
SEX... YOU'LL FIND
IN MY NEW MOVIE—
PLUS A COUPLE OF
THINGS YOU NEVER
BARGAINED FOR

*in a daring breakthrough, this film version
of dr. reuben's book restores the veil of
ignorance to our sexual attitudes*

humor By WOODY ALLEN

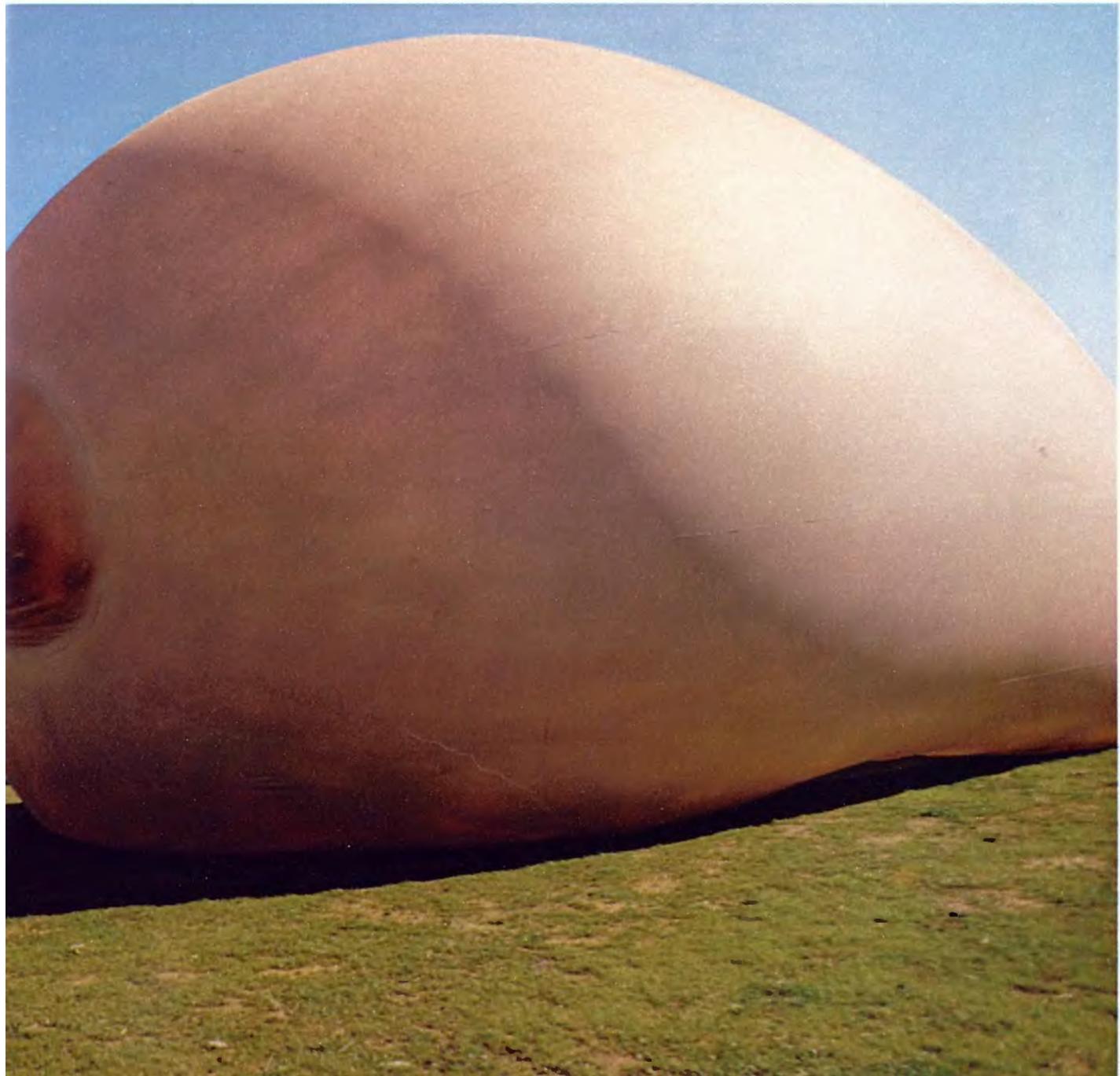
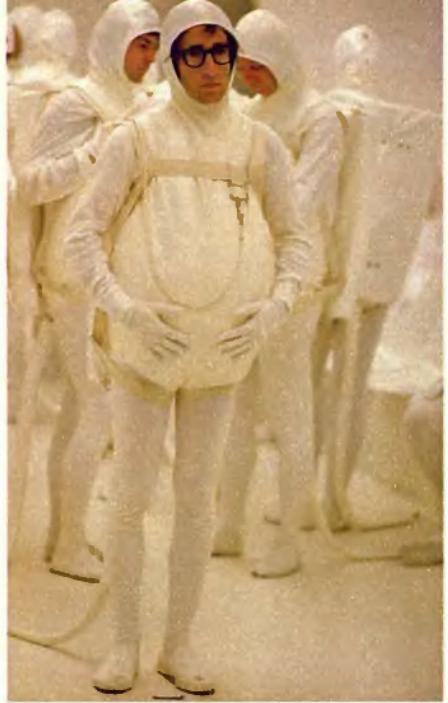


WHAT YOU'LL FIND ON THESE PAGES are some stills from my new movie, *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex . . . but Were Afraid to Ask*. I had a choice of filming this or the Old Testament and chose the former because it made more sense. There are probably a lot of people who will think *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex . . .* is a dirty movie, and it's those people I'm counting on. The film went into overtime, the delay being caused by the inability of the leading man to achieve an erection that was visible on film. There is no nudity in the movie, though I did remove all my clothes for a scene that was cut because the sight of my body caused the censors to rate the movie G. The picture expresses my feelings about sex: that it is good in moderation and should be confined to one's lifetime. I have tried to remain faithful to the book, which is more than I did with my wife, and have attempted to delineate for all time the various perversions, along with tips on what to wear. I have also tried to deal with sex in a moral, healthy way, although for this I had to rely on hearsay. I would like to express my gratitude to the producers for showing me what cunnilingus is, to all the people at the artificial-insemination lab for the use of their sperm and to the special-effects department, which enabled me to have intercourse in take after take, due to a cable from my groin to the rear of the sound stage.

To the right, I appear as a sperm. Note how, at the far right, I sit inside a penis waiting to be launched with my brother sperms. A sperm's life, all things considered, isn't bad; of course, it depends a great deal on who your landlord is balling.

Below, I face peril from a gigantic tit (you may have noticed it on the opening page), which I'm trying to corral into a mammoth bra. If that isn't obvious, I don't know what is. We obtained the tit from a famous Hollywood actress who shall remain anonymous; she was between movies and was willing to rent us one.







Here I am about to cure my movie wife of frigidity. You can tell by the expression on her face that she's looking forward to it. To prove how I can really hold a grudge, the girl playing the part is my ex-wife, Louise Lasser, who was not frigid when we were married and could come at the drop of a hat—the big problem was that I rebelled against wearing a hat to bed, although I didn't mind earmuffs. The only frigid woman I ever knew, I met at a party and I remember saying something witty to her, like, "Let's you and me do it." She said, "Over my dead body." And that's the way it always was.



To the left, Gene Wilder is about to perform an immoral act on a sheep who obviously thinks Gene is the greatest thing since lanolin but is not so crazy about her outfit. Wilder and the sheep became a torrid item during the filming and had a highly publicized affair, which culminated in his being caught in a Butte hotel room with the sheep, her mother and a teenager who told the judge she was Little Bo-peep. Let me make it perfectly clear that I abhor sodomy as much as the next man; however, I would enjoy being beaten with live eels if the girl doing it were Presbyterian.



The man lying on the bed is Lou Jacobi. He is having such a good time we had trouble getting the bra and underwear back from him. Please understand that he is not a fag but a transvestite; the latter requires a college degree. To the right are two spiders having intercourse. This is not as easy as it sounds and in order to find the number of possible positions, one must take the square root of her eight legs and my eight and multiply them by the number of positions in the *Kama Sutra*. This gives you some idea of how much fun these little creatures have and why they always look so tired.



SEMI-TOUGH

(continued from page 94)

a guard. Or he ought to be doing more hair-spray commercials." Shake looked down at Puddin. "I'm gonna catch the football and run like a nigger, Puddin. You gonna block yourself white?"

Puddin didn't say anything.

"I can't help it because the Old Skipper up there put some niggers in the world, Puddin," said Shake. "I guess if we all had our choice, we'd be rich, white, handsome and able to tap-dance. What I can help, though, is acting like I don't know any of you are *here*."

"We here, baby," somebody said.

Shake said, "To tell you the truth, I'm not eaten up with any goddamn hundred years of guilt about you sumbitches. You're just guys to me. And athletes. We've got to trust each other and be honest. And get drunk together, and get fucked together. That's the only way we can win together."

Shake paused a minute and stared at Puddin. "Are we gonna win together?" Shake asked.

Puddin slowly smiled and said, "You want to know somethin', baby? I believe a cat could hang around with you and get hisself some white pussy." There was honest laughter all around.

After a minute, Shake said, "I just don't think a team has to have the kind of trouble that some other teams have had between spooks and everybody else. I just think we all ought to work to have a winner, and if there's anybody around here who doesn't want to do that, then he can move his ass down the road."

Puddin said, "Everybody wants that, baby, but you sound like you think that if we don't win, it's gonna be the cats that fucked it up. You dig that?"

Shake grinned and said, "That's because we all know how lazy you folks are. Shit, we all know you'll quit a stream after two catfish. Right?"

Shake said he didn't have much else to say. He just wanted to bring it all out instead of keeping it buried, about feelings and all, and who everybody was, seeing as how most niggers were darker than whites.

I am white, of course. That's only important when you consider that I run with the football.

I'm white, stand about six, two—just under—and weigh about 218. If you're interested in what else I look like, my nose is slightly bent from catching a few licks and I've got about \$1700 worth of teeth in my mouth that I wasn't born with. There are those who say I have a warm smile and don't look mean off the field.

I've got some shaggy hair that covers up most of my ears and hangs down in back, just below the bottom of my helmet. Barbara Jane Bookman says I can't

keep my hair combed with a yard rake. It's dark brown. My hair, I mean. Not Barbara Jane.

The reason it's important that I'm white and play running back is that most of the great runners in history have been spooks. It used to be said that if a white stud came along who was as strong as Jim Brown and as quick as Gale Sayers, he could get richer than the Mafia playing football. I suppose I'm just about that person.

Old Billy Clyde's salary is up there in big figures now, and if you lump three years together, it's a real ass tickler. I don't mean to sound like I'm bragging, but I've been told to talk about myself in this book so that the casual followers of the game as well as the nonfootball readers would know something about me. That's what I'm doing in all honesty.

It turns out that I was a total All-America back in my college of TCU in Fort Worth, Texas. And so was my good buddy Shake Tiller, who has written the pilot film on split ends.

My running comes natural is the only way I can explain it. It seems that when I get a football under my arm, I have a tendency to not get tackled so easy. I can't truly make it very clear about my life's chosen craft. But what I'm getting at is that even today, after five years in the N. F. L., when our quarterback, Hose Manning, squats back of the center and hollers out a play like, "Red, curfew, fifty-three, sureside, hut, hut, hut," then what I mean is, if I get the ball, I have a serious tendency to turn into some kind of Red fuckin' Grange.

Shake Tiller has said that if I was black I would not be thought of so much as any kind of hell and it would hurt me in the pocketbook. He's probably right. I wish that I was black sometimes, not because it would make me any faster but because a lot of my buddies on the Giants are spooks who don't really enjoy being spooks. I don't think I'd let the world jack me around so much if I was a spook, but then, I can't actually say.

I have been so carried away trying to begin this book that I've forgotten to tell anybody why I'm writing it, or how it is getting itself written. I guess I ought to explain it so it will give me a semiclear conscience with my teammates.

The main reason I'm writing the book is because I got talked into it by an old newspaper friend in Texas. His name is Jim Tom Pinch, and if you've ever poked through a garbage can in Fort Worth, you may have seen his daily column, "Pinch's Palaver." Jim Tom persuaded me that it might be good for a pro-football stud to have a book that might have a healthy influence on kids. He also said he would help me with it.

People keep saying that kids are the hope of the world, and maybe even Texas. If that's true—and they're not all a bunch of vagrants—then I suppose I'm doing something worth while. Not to get too serious about it, but it might be true what Jim Tom says. That my ideas on football and relationships between athletes could help change the minds of several little old Southern motherfuckers whose families have taught them to hate niggers, Hebes, Catholics and whores.

The other reason for the book is that I happened to scare up a publisher in New York who was enthusiastic enough about it to give me a whole lot of what you call your up-front whip-out. Which is a shitpot full of cash, is what it is.

How I am writing the book is sort of funny, I think.

What I'm doing right now is sitting on my ass in me and Shake's palatial suite here at the Beverly Stars Hotel in Beverly Hills, California. I'm just sitting here on a sofa with my feet propped up on a coffee table. I've got a glass of young Scotch in front of me and this little tape recorder that Barbara Jane Bookman gave me. Everybody agreed that if the book was going to get written at all, I would just have to talk into this tape recorder every chance I got and say whatever was on my mind.

I asked Jim Tom Pinch who I would be talking to, and he said, "The world in general, your massive public, and your friendly neighborhood typist." So that's what I'm in the midst of, world. Hello, world. How you? I only hope the final version isn't too embarrassing for anybody.

Right now, Shake is down at one of the swimming pools reading the newspapers about us, or reading a book. He does a lot of reading, which is why it was easy for him to tell me about a book publisher. In our apartment on 65th and First Avenue in New York, there are enough books to support the 59th Street Bridge if it ever starts to sag. Shake reads just about everything he can, whether it's politics, novels or something interesting.

Barbara Jane is down at the pool with him. She's usually wherever we are and has been since about the fifth grade. We're all best friends, only better than that. Really close. Except it's a little different with Shake and Barbara Jane. They're about half in love.

So, anyhow, here I am, writing my book. But don't get to feeling too sorry for me because Shake and Barb are hung up in what you call your romance, and I'm only the cruise director. I happen to be in the pleasant company right now of the lovely Miss Cissy Walford, who has been on the traveling squad for a number of weeks.

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skirmishes with the ladies of the magnolias



the southern belle is still with us—charming, attentive, utterly feminine and astonishingly asexual

article by marshall frady

IN THE END, one is reduced to the pop wisdom about her—she does finally derive from that ancient dream of doomed plantation chivalry before the tragic gray crusade: a lost Arthurian age of heroic hoof-hammering romance and sylphic women, their chaste pale faces haloed by the murmurous glow of candelabra on midsummer evenings reeling with jasmine. Never mind those occasional sweet and furious midnight skirmishings with cousins out in the muscadine arbors. It was all a cotton-field Camelot that never existed so palpably and luminously and definitely as in the long perpetuation of a swooning nostalgia for it after its vague rude semblance was immolated by the Civil War. But she is one part of the memory that has actively survived, simply translating herself intact and oblivious on into the new tin-foil-bright cities of the South's brisk neo-Babbittry with their Tupperware-facade shopping centers, their quiet expensive suburbs where VWs and station wagons twinkle drowsily through the mornings under myriad bursts of dogwood like soft and weightless puffs of

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TALL STORY

*long-limbed and lighthearted
susan miller has flown the
pigeonholes of manhattan to live
a free-and-easy life in los angeles*

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THE ALLURE OF TALL GIRLS has often been attributed to the notion that "there's a lot to love." Not surprisingly, Susan Miller, who stands an imposing 6'1", has heard that before. "But," she says, "most of the time I get people who just come up to me on the street and say, 'How tall are you, anyway?'" Actually, says our 24-year-old Playmate, her height has had varied effects on her psyche: "I was already over six feet when I was 13. That

really messed me up, because all the boys thought I was some kind of monster. It freaked me for a long time to be teased and called things like Ichabod Crane." But Susan got a taste of revenge when she was approached by a modeling agent while sunning on the beach. "I couldn't believe it. This guy just came up to me and asked me to model. That's the oldest come-on in the world, but it turned out that he was for real." So, for the next



Above: In honor of her move West from Manhattan, Susan sports a Mickey Mouse T-shirt—which, she claims, has to be the perfect symbol of the Southern California state of mind. Below: She readies for a full day of errand running with a brocine shower and a quick trim.



six years, Susan earned up to \$60 an hour as an *haute couture* mannequin. In 1965, she entered the Miss Universe Contest and placed runner-up in the New York State finals. About then, she recalls, "I just got fed up with the pace. It was nice to be in demand as a model, but I had no free time. So I just quit and found a job as a kind of girl Friday for a plastics company." She was eventually promoted to head the administrative division of the



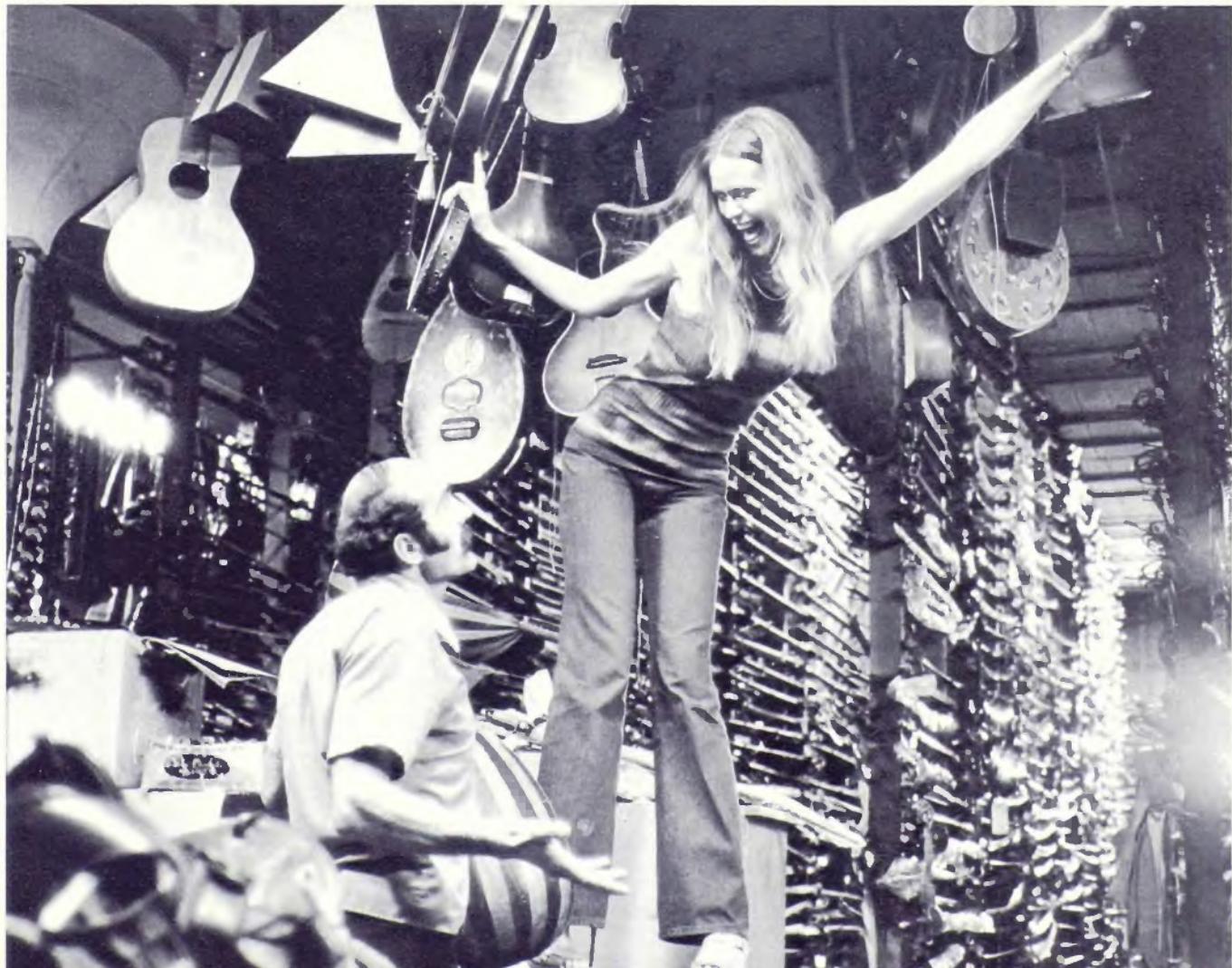
Waiting to register at the local unemployment office, Susan stands a head above others in line. "I waited for about 25 minutes and nobody asked me how tall I was. I loved it." Below: She visits leather-shap owner Eleanor Ferro, who gets her to try her hand at fitting a customer.



firm, but that responsibility again placed demands on her time. After six months at her new job, she left for the West Coast to settle in Los Angeles. She's currently not working at all and is in no hurry to return to the ranks of the employed. "For now, I get by just fine on unemployment money. But I suppose I'll get tired of free-loading after a while. When I do look for work again, I'm thinking about a career as a photo stylist. I know about that field from watching them work when I was modeling. They set up fashion shootings, locate the right props and help the photographer compose his picture. That might be fun. But whatever happens, I'm just glad to be in California. There are so many kooks out here that being especially tall is nothing. So I blend in. And that's fine, because I'm not so self-conscious now. I like feeling anonymous." Sorry about that, Susan.



Susan drives over to the State Department of Motor Vehicles to turn in her New York driver's license and take the California exams. "I was fine until I got nervous and flunked the road test. What a bummer!" she recalls (above left). "I couldn't leave without my car, so I begged the man to let me take the test again. He finally said OK and I passed it the second time." Above right: Armed with her new license, Susan promptly drives into her maiden L. A. Freeway traffic jam, which hardly strikes her as poetic justice. Below: That evening, she checks out the merch in a Hollywood prop shop, where owner Ernie Misko helps her look through the stringed instruments for an inexpensive gift for a musician friend.



MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Susan meets her folk-singing friend Rudy Romero at a Tumbleweed Records taping session in L. A. Both listen to a playback (above) while producer-engineer Lee Kiefer (back to camera) works the mixing console. Left: "Sometimes," says Susan, "when I have to get away from everything, I sneak off to Zuma Beach, where I can be alone. Just the ocean and me. That's when I realize why California is so good."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

How would you like to wind up the evening at my apartment, listening to some records?" asked the fellow.

"Do you promise that we'll just listen to records?" countered the girl.

"I promise."

"And if I don't like the records?"

"Then you can get dressed and go home."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *cummerbund* as a German sex club.



I have both good and bad news for you men," the crew chief of the slave galley declared. "First the good news. You're going to get a special ration of rum with the noon meal. And now for the bad news. After lunch, the captain wants to go water-skiing."

We presume there's nothing to the rumor that Walt Disney Productions is going to remake *Beaver Valley* as a skin flick.

Three seminarians, about to undergo their final test before ordination, were taken by an old priest into a luxurious room, told to strip and then tie a small bell to their organ. Suddenly, a ravishing girl entered the room and one bell ding-a-linged furiously. "To the showers, Fogarty!" barked the old priest.

Then, as the girl tantalizingly undressed, the father heard ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling.

"Sorry about that, O'Brian. The showers for you, too."

Finally alone with the naked lovely, the remaining seminarian watched as the girl writhed seductively about him, yet he somehow remained calm and the bell silent.

"Praise the Lord and congratulations, Featherstone!" the priest exulted. "You made it! Now, go join those weaker souls in the showers." *Ding-a-ling.*

My boss keeps drumming his fingers all the time I'm in his office," said the secretary. "and it's beginning to bother me."

"Can't you just ignore it?" her roommate inquired.

"Oh, I suppose I could—except for the fact that it's murder on my nylons."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *I. U. D.* as a box spring.

The little boy pointed to the two dogs and asked what they were doing. "Well," said his father, "the dog in the back has sore front paws and the dog in the front is helping him home."

"Just like humans," commented the boy. "Try to help someone and you get screwed every time."

One night, the prim, frigid wife returned home late with her clothes in some disarray and blurted out to her husband that she had been stopped by a policeman for a traffic infraction and then sexually violated. "That's too bad, dear," said the husband, "but, knowing you, I'm sure it wasn't a moving violation."

Now that the world's most populous country is a member of the United Nations, perhaps we should say that there's a China in the bull shop.

A shapely young lady named Fern Puts out and is paid in return;
"And my earnings," she said,
"I conceal in my bed,
Since the ads say to save where you earn."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *exhibitionist* as a fellow who wants to make one thing perfectly clear.

The party had reached the playful stage. "And what do you say to *that*?" giggled the coy little blonde as she deftly snatched the cherry from her date's drink.

"An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," intoned her victim.



I have to take every precaution to avoid pregnancy," confided the woman over the back fence.

"But hasn't your husband just had a vasectomy?" asked her neighbor.

"Yes—and that's why I have to take every precaution."

A dentist whose office was in a midtown hotel used to stop by its bar every evening as he left and have a special cocktail, a frozen almond daiquiri, which was made with the standard ingredients plus some crushed almonds. His taste was so unvarying that the bartender would toss the makings into the blender as soon as he saw the dentist come through the door. One evening, Dick the bartender already had the drink half prepared when he discovered that the bar was out of almonds—so he added crushed hickory nuts instead. The dentist took one sip, beckoned to the bartender and asked, "Is this an almond daiquiri, Dick?"

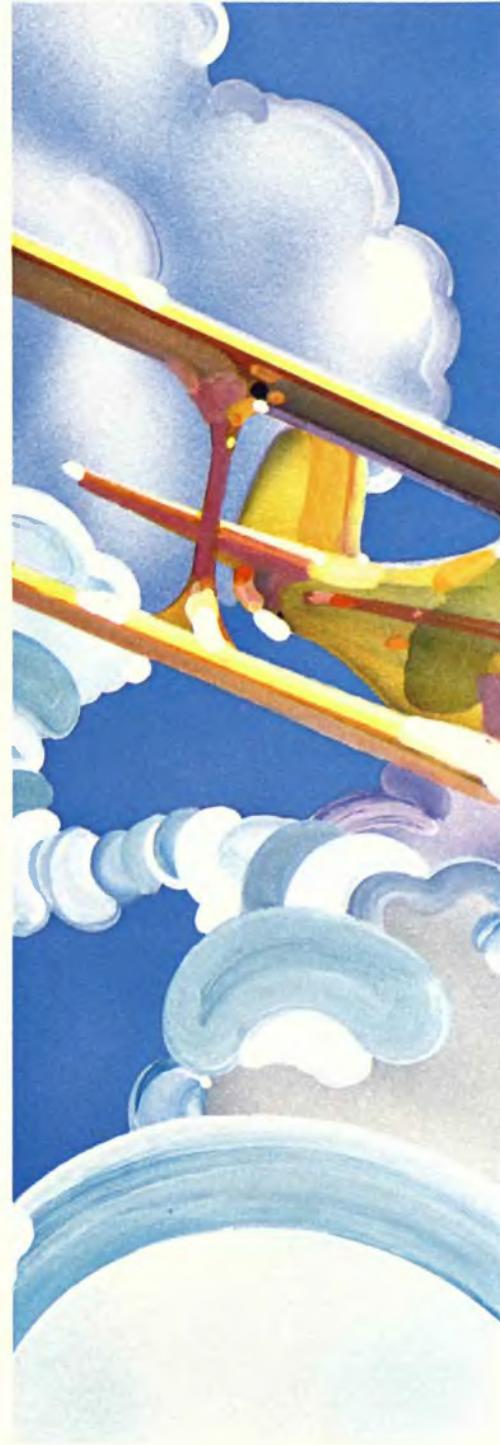
"No," Dick said with a weak smile, "it's a hickory daiquiri, Doc."

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.



"You're late. But we decided not to start until you got here."

STAGGERWING AND ME



the joys of breaking loose in an aging but beautiful biplane
article By TOM MAYER

SOONER OR LATER, if you're a pilot, almost everyone you know will ask why you fly. The query usually comes in a rather

avid, not altogether politely curious tone, a little like asking a nice girl how she ever got started, or a man why he's homosexual, or what it feels like to be black, as if the questioner expects an insight

into a way of life so strange any true commentary must take the form of titillating revelation.

In proper spirit I reply, "It's like opium. Just as addictive and a lot more expensive." Or, "It saves me a helluva psychiatrist's bill and it's much more

"In developing aviation, in making it a form of commerce, in replacing the wild freedom of danger with the civilized bonds of safety, must we give up this miracle of the air? Will men fly through the sky in the future without seeing what I have seen, without feeling what I have felt? Is that true of all things we call human progress—do the gods retire as commerce and science advance?"

—CHARLES A. LINDBERGH



fun." Flip answers to a heavy question, but not without an element of truth.

I learned to fly five years ago from a small and none-too-sterling outfit in San Antonio, Texas—the proprietor crashed the company's best charter plane into a graveyard the day before I started—and

haven't spent 30 consecutive days on the ground since. A long spell earth-bound, anything more than a week, and I begin to suffer from a most unpleasant malaise not unlike withdrawal. I snap at friends, am incapable of work, feel as though I've just contracted the latest foreign flu. My

wife, who from a keen sense of self-preservation has learned to detect the symptoms early, will say, "You need to get your rocks off. Go make it with your airplane."

And I say, "But there's no reason to. I haven't got a trip." (continued overleaf)

"Just take it up and do a few rolls. Then do a Cuban eight. Cuban eights always make you feel better."

"The FAA might catch me." The FAA is the Federal Aviation Administration, Government watchdog of the sky. It takes a very dim view of unauthorized aerobatics.

"No they won't. They never have before. Do what I tell you. I know you'll feel better."

And off I go to the airport to commune with my airplane, a machine I think of as either the big yellow bird or the bitch, depending on the state of her mechanical health. Sick or healthy, she's never far from center stage in my life.

Officially she's a Beechcraft Model D-17S, a cabin biplane with retractable landing gear and negative stagger (that means the top wing is behind the bottom). Power, one Pratt and Whitney radial, 985 cubic inches' displacement, capable of 450 horsepower. A direct descendant of engines made famous in the long ago by men like Wiley Post (who first tested jet streams and had only one eye) and Roscoe Turner (who carried a pet lion as copilot). Popularly she is called a Staggerwing. Technically she belongs to aviation's Bronze Age. The prototype of her genre first flew in November 1932. Her wings are made of wood, spars like railroad ties breathed on by a master cabinetmaker, ribs that look like spruce miniatures of the Golden Gate Bridge. Her rudder post is a squared-off telephone pole. She is covered with fabric, painted with many coats of dope that I spend a lot of time trying to keep polished to a high gloss. Her interior is spacious and handsomely upholstered. She carries four in great luxury, five in tourist-class comfort, and one time in Mexico we had nine in her. Practically . . . to fly her is to love her.

First, she is quite beautiful. Her wings end in graceful ellipses, like those of a Battle of Britain Spitfire, and her fuselage behind the cabin tapers down to a waist like a Vargas Girl's. The windshield slants rakishly. Her engine, nine cylinders arranged in a circle, each one bigger than an entire Volkswagen motor, is a glorious maze of chrome push-rod covers and cooling fins and breather ducting, and her spinner and prop, a giant scythe of a Hamilton Standard, glitter more brightly than all the diamonds in Cartier's. She is nostalgia unlimited and an object lesson in pure efficiency.

I climb in, twist through a labyrinth of monkey-bar-size cabin bracings to the left seat. The pilot who checked me out on the plane said, "Getting in is the hard part. If you don't give yourself a concussion, the worst is over." I fasten the belt, watch happily as my hands go about

the half-dozen tasks necessary to bring the Pratt to life. I think of my old flight instructor, a Baptist missionary who flew every kind of plane from J-3 Cubs to KC-135 tankers with the same inimitable tender elegance. He once said to me, "Starting modern opposed engines is easy. Starting turbines is so easy it's boring. But firing up a radial is like building a house. You get a real sense of accomplishment when you finish."

Fuel valve on center main. Mixture rich. Throttle cracked. Hit the wobble pump for five pounds of fuel pressure. Work the primer, a cantankerous device for getting gas to the cylinders that on a cold morning would reduce Charles Atlas to tears of frustration. Magneto hot. Battery switch on. With one hand press the starter button. With the other work the wobble pump again. With the other joggle the throttle. With the other be ready to prime again. . . .

Sometimes nothing happens. Once I was going to give an FAA man a ride, impress him and by proxy the rest of the Federal Government with the incomparable splendors of old airplanes and my flawless piloting technique. The prop wouldn't even turn over. But when she does go, it's like dawn on an English airfield in every good bad World War Two movie you ever saw. A strained utterly distinctive whine, a few prop blades flash, a pop like a 12-gauge shotgun, another, great farts of blue-black smoke, the prop blurs, and she is running, a thundering grumble that is at once very loud and slightly irregular and gentle, a little like the purring of the biggest, meanest lion who ever lived, amplified a thousand times.

In the cockpit I am transformed. A friend, who's something of an old-airplane nut himself, says, "I like to fly the Staggerwing with you. You grin like a horny Marine in a whorehouse all the time." It's true, probably. I no longer feel like Tom Mayer, itinerant writer and nine-to-five man in the University of New Mexico English Department. I am at the controls of a piece of history, the flagship of an era, the living emblem of a better, freer, more hopeful time. Who knows which famous ghosts ride my co-pilot's seat?

But at least a corner of my mind is all technician, absorbed by the realities of oil pressure and cylinder-head temperatures, radiator-door settings and prop cycle and magneto drops. A Staggerwing is no docile museum piece, and I have great respect for her demands. In her heart, she makes few concessions to more modern planes. She's a big fast ship by any standards, everything about her designed for performance, honest enough if your hand is sure and firm, but

no toy for children or weekend duffers.

Like all old-timers, she rests nose high—a tail dragger in the vernacular—and her taxi visibility is nil. During ground handling I remember the pilot—an excellent pilot, too, with more hours aloft than I have alive—who made kindling wood of a sawhorse in a plane somewhat like her. The Pratt is one of the most trustworthy instruments ever devised, but any engine needs fuel. My Staggerwing has seven tanks, enough to keep her airborne nearly eight hours, but her plumbing is as complicated as the New York subway system. During approaches I remember the words of a student I was trying to teach to land another tail-wheel plane. They apply to the whole breed. "On the ground this thing has all the stability of Ralph Nader's Corvair with one rear tire blown out on an icy freeway at rush hour."

Since this is still 1972, I must also contend with the FAA, that bureaucratic handmaiden of science and commerce, and other planes. Alternator on. Radio on. Earphones on. Transponder—a little box that communicates with radar screens—to stand-by. Key the microphone. My best John Wayne voice. (My wife calls it my Captain America accent, giggles uncontrollably whenever she hears me on the airways.) "Santa Fe tower. Stagger Beech November six seven five four three, north hangars, taxi take off."

From half a mile away, behind a wall of inch-thick green-tinted plate glass, comes the cool bored reply. "Five four three, runway two zero, wind calm, altimeter. . . ."

Take-off in the old girl is the essence of exhilaration. Line up on the center stripes, lock the tail wheel, quick last scan of the engine instruments to make sure the needles are all cradled in the green arcs. Long breath accompanied by the inevitable quickening of pulse. Throttle to the fire wall. The lion grumble swells to an earth-trembling gut-deep roar, a note of pure power—no anemic opposed-engine buzz here—and we accelerate down the runway quickly, very quickly indeed, a yellow bolt launched from yesterday's crossbow. The tail comes up, an instant later the main wheels break ground and we are climbing. The whole process takes little more than the length of a football field (about half the distance most comparable new planes need), for Staggerwings were conceived in the days when any cow pasture was an airport. It's a trait I've been thankful for more than once in the Seventies.

I flip the gear switch to retract position and commence my final earth-connected act. The first Staggerwings had fixed gear, but in the interests of economy and speed the Beechcraft company

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SKINETIC ART

the new tattoos—paint, put-ons and the real thing



Something new in sea chests—riding the cresting wave of skin decor's current popularity, this miss sports a bit of seeworthy nostalgia, applied here with nontoxic body paints.

THE VENERABLE ART OF tattooing has, over the history of fashion, been either fanatically in or unspeakably out. Skin decor was part of the religious rites of the Chinese, Mayans, Egyptians and other ancient cultures; the Hebrew prophets of the Old Testament, on the other hand, solemnly inveighed against it. Captain Cook brought "tatu" styles to the West from Polynesia in the 18th Century, and within 100 years everybody in Europe, from society belles to the Prince of Wales, was undergoing the needle. There followed another cycle of obloquy; grandma believed that only carnival performers and drunken sailors got tattooed. Today, the tattoo parlor is moving back uptown and pretty girls are adding epidermal embellishments. Some, not fully committed to the idea of virtually indelible adornment, choose to explore the body-paint or decal route. Herewith, a well-rounded sampling.

The girls in the first two columns at right are wearing Skin-Sees, sold nationwide in boutiques and department stores. These decals will come off with nail-polish remover or cold cream. In the column at far right, the real thing—here in floral, spider and butterfly designs. The tattooist demonstrating how it's done is Chicago's Cliff Raven, who took up the medium after earning a bachelor of arts degree at Indiana University in 1957. Raven has been tattooing in Chicago for ten years. "Business is great; I'm getting more and more women customers—airline stewardesses, art teachers, and so on—besides the usual truck drivers and dock workers," says Cliff, whose prices start at ten dollars for a simple zodiac symbol.

From San Francisco, similar reports come from Lyle Tuttle, whose heart-shaped tattoo done for the late Janis Joplin is credited by some with sparking today's tattoo renaissance.





STAGGERWING

hired Rube Goldberg to redesign all three wheels so that they'd tuck into the plane's belly in flight. The result was a characteristic contraption of bicycle chains and sprockets and large rubber bands called bungee cords actuated by an electric motor of feeble potency and dubious reliability. To help matters along, I grab hold of a big crank, ostensibly for emergencies only, and twist with the vigor of a sailor weighing a heavy anchor.

After considerable grunting and churning, a red light blinks on, tells me the wheels are up and locked. The bird is clean, running free in her element, easy as a shark in the open ocean. She climbs like the proverbial stripe-assed ape. We have 200 feet passing the control tower, nearly 1000 by the end of the runway if we feel like it. Not a ship on the field can do better, including the turboprop Convairs that belong to Frontier and Texas International.

We turn left, still climbing steeply, head for an area against the high peaks of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, where we will be unlikely to meet other planes, away from the prying eyes of the Feds. I do my best to scan every corner of the sky thoroughly. Santa Fe is not a busy field, but the specter of mid-air collision is never far from the surface of my mind near any terminal. In spite of sheafs of rules, perfect visibility and radar, I have almost been picked off three times.

Once, practicing aerobatics in a designated area near Washington, D. C., I rolled level on top of an Immelmann and found myself eyeball to eyeball with a 727. We both broke into turns so steep I'm sure the airline had to deal with a small encyclopedia of passenger complaints. I had nightmares for a month. Another time was east of Las Vegas, New Mexico, a town with somewhat less air traffic than an average county seat in Outer Mongolia. I was in the Staggerwing, flying straight and level at a Government-prescribed altitude, when a Cherokee Six, an ungainly aerial-station-wagon Piper, nearly chewed through my right top wing. In order to catch us he must have been descending in a near-terminal-velocity dive. He never even saw us, leveled out, and when we overtook him, he complained on the radio that our proximity was scaring his passengers. And a few months ago on the same field, a Learjet pilot misunderstood a command from the tower, took off when he was supposed to hold. I was departing on another runway and we came within death's eyelash of meeting at the intersection.

Fewer than five minutes have passed since we started our take-off roll and we're 3000 feet above the New Mexican terrain. You can see 75 miles in any

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direction. The sky is a great inverted bowl of cold deep blue, unblemished except for the white plumes of several jet contrails to the south.

We do a couple of steep turns, exercises that enable us to feel each other out at the same time we make sure there are no other planes around. All clear. Pull the seat belt up another notch. Here we go. Nose down slightly for speed. Now bring the nose up and twist the wheel to the right and step on the rudder and the horizon spins, a marvelous kaleidoscope of sky and mountain and sun dazzle, and we are level again and still have plenty of speed and bring the nose up and around we go the other way. The old girl was born to roll, has very good fast ailerons. I open a side window just a crack to hear the symphony in the flying wires. Nose down for speed again and then back firmly on the wheel and the big yellow bird rockets past vertical, with the wind in her wires like a flock of banshees and the mountain horizon hangs in front of us but the peaks are all upside down. I let the nose cleave through them and we are rushing downhill, accelerating incredibly on the backside of a loop.

For perhaps 30 minutes we make the earth and sky whirl and cavort, disappear and reappear in a variety of mad perspectives. We do a gentle and simple series of primary aerobatics. Loops, barrel rolls, chandelles, modified point rolls, a couple of Cubans. The old girl ballerinas through them with never an indication of stress or strain or protest. The ancient wings pirouette, the bright spinner describes a lazy freehand on the sky, the big Pratt bellows and howls with delight in exercise. The yellow bird is as graceful and precise as Peggy Fleming or Pavlova on the best days of their lives.

And me? I sit there in a state I can only describe as perfect contentment. My hands and feet do what they must with the assurance of much practice, my eyes monitor instruments and judge heights and distances, but it's all so easy. There's plenty of time to savor each sensation, and to think as well. It is peaceful up here. No intrusions, no telephones, no students, no typewriter, just sky and airplane and wind. Time and space, those frameworks of sorrow and frustration, are suspended, altered, fractured, infinitely variable, completely controllable. Who could help but be happy?

I remember a man with the unlikely name of Force O'Rear Treadaway, of Uvalde, Texas. Easy-moving, erect, silvery, as at home in the air as an old albatross. Nothing could surprise him, or frighten him, for he had seen everything before, not once but many times.

He had the tempered dignity of a good judge, was in fact empowered by the Government to pass on my qualifications for a commercial pilot's license.

We were flying a tiny Cessna trainer in the bumpy sky north of Del Rio on my check ride, a few days after Robert Kennedy had been shot in Los Angeles. It was an uncomfortable time to be in Texas. My liberal friends were agonized with the exhumation of old tragedy; an oilman said, "Well, at least they can't blame us this time"; a mechanic I met summarized red-neck reaction: "Great. Only one more to go." The event and its ramifications were far from no one's mind, a cocklebur in the collective conscience, but Treadaway and I seemed bent on business as usual.

He asked me to do a lazy eight, a maneuver that properly executed requires very delicate control through a wide range of air speeds and attitudes and should be one of the most graceful and soothing things you can do in an airplane. It was the only test item we had not covered. As the saying goes, I felt victory within my grasp. I'd been practicing hard and ran one off with drill-ground precision.

"Here," Treadaway said. "Let me try one."

"What did I do wrong?" I saw months of work wasted, felt an exquisite humiliation. For an examiner to take the controls usually means failure.

"Nothing."

He did several with a fluidity I could never hope to match, an expression of rapt attention on his face that I would now suspect to be a mature version of my own whorehouse grin.

"You do one."

We alternated through several more, then started back to the field. I was sure I had failed, wondered how I could explain to my instructor, my friends, myself.

"You did fine," Treadaway said. "But I like to fly, too."

We bumped along awhile. I was puzzled, still very apprehensive. Treadaway took off his sunglasses and rubbed his eyes, smiled at me gravely.

"You know," he said, "if everybody knew how to fly, what happened in Los Angeles would never have happened."

So I got my commercial ticket and for years at dinner parties would amuse people with my story of the philosopher-flight examiner from Uvalde. Secretly I have always known him to be the wisest of men.

Finally it is time to come down. One last loop and I point the nose earthward. The air-speed needle slides smoothly around the dial to cover 230 miles an hour, which for any light plane is hauling ass. A Staggerwing could outrun all but the hottest racing planes of

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THE DRUG EXPLOSION

introduction By JOEL FORT, M.D. it is no longer a question of american society's coping with the drug culture—they are now one and the same

IF YOU PICK 20 adults at random, the odds are that 15 of them drink moderately, two are problem drinkers and one is a desperate alcoholic. Two who use alcohol are also using marijuana, a couple are taking tranquilizers on doctors' orders and one or two have been popping barbiturates to relieve insomnia and are perilously close to addiction. Three or four have taken amphetamines to stay awake or to lose weight and nearly all of them drink caffeine, another stimulant. Ten or 12 of this group of 20 continue to smoke tobacco even after the medical hazards of that habit have been amply documented. One has probably taken acid or mescaline. The children of some have sniffed glue or carbon tet for kicks (thereby risking brain and liver damage), more smoke pot and some have had an LSD trip. The drug culture, as the newspapers call it, doesn't just belong to the kids; everyone's in it together.

The hard figures on drug use in America today are dramatic. Taking our society's favorite drugs in order of their popularity, alcohol heads the list—and has ever since Colonial times. Just 20 years after the Pilgrims landed, William Bradford was fretting in his diaries about the number of drunks running around Plymouth; and in the three centuries since, the problem has only grown with the population, quite in spite of religious disapproval, temperance movements and even a constitutional amendment. In 1970, in fact, 23,400 highway fatalities were traceable to alcohol. That is 64 every day: almost three every hour.

WARNING: THE SURGEON GENERAL HAS DETERMINED THAT CIGARETTE SMOKING IS DANGEROUS TO YOUR HEALTH. But the warnings are recent and a cultural habit as widespread as smoking is not easily changed. Among the 51,300,000 Americans who still smoke, 250,000 can be expected to die from it this year. And the prospects are for more of the same—250,000 deaths every year until the end of this century.

If there is one drug problem today that remains practically invisible, it's pill taking. Chiefly through television, we've grown accustomed to the notion that the only way to deal with those hammers pounding in our heads, lightning bolts shooting into our spines and gremlins bowling in our stomachs is to take a pill; and in the past decade or so, we have extended that practice to include a considerable variety of psychological ailments as well. Today 35,000,000 Americans use sedatives, stimulants or



Drugs of one kind or another have had an extraordinary effect on contemporary American life, with the discussion of them usually generating more heat than light. On this and the following pages, we have tried to examine as dispassionately as possible the extent and complexity of the drug explosion. Dr. Joel Fort, an authority on the subject, begins with an overview that describes the extent to which drugs have become a part of our everyday lives, often without our realizing it. In the following pages, Senator Mike Gravel of Alaska treats one of the causes of the problem: how our legitimate-drug manufacturers—"Corporate Pushers"—perpetuate a chemical culture by flooding the advertising media with the message that drugs offer relief for every possible malaise. Craig Karpel's "Buyer Beware" examines another facet of drug sales: how the adulteration and misrepresentation of street-purchased dope often cause disability and death. In "Stone Cold Fever," PLAYBOY Staff Writer David Standish relates the pathos of a junkie hooked on heroin. And a comprehensive chart provides detailed information on virtually all the drugs society uses and abuses as it muddles through these gloomy times.

tranquilizers, mostly obtained legally through their doctors. Despite this medical supervision, between 500,000 and 1,000,000 of these people have become abusers. Manufacturers, meanwhile, continue to produce such pills abundantly and with apparent enthusiasm, turning out roughly 80,000 pounds of amphetamines and 1,000,000 pounds of barbiturates in 1970 alone. Some have bizarre distribution routes: One respectable firm was discovered by the House Select Committee on Crime to be shipping to a golf hole in Tijuana, from which the product returned to the United States and entered the black market. Perhaps 100,000 young people who are introduced to amphetamine-based drugs in this way graduate to methamphetamine (speed), which is injected into the veins like heroin and can cause rapid mind deterioration, while chronic abuse produces severe symptoms of paranoid psychosis. Some meth freaks graduate easily to heroin, seemingly the quickest way to soothe a frantic speed trip.

Unlike alcohol, tobacco or speed, marijuana apparently has no permanent and only a few transitory side effects—yet in many states, the penalties for simple possession are severe. But all the legal sanctions against it have had about the same effect that Prohibition had on our drinking habits. When Harry Anslinger first convinced Congress in the mid-Thirties that pot was an evil killer weed, it was being used almost exclusively by Mexican-Americans and blacks. But it has flourished under oppression: In the past five years, it has spread throughout the middle class, and right now some 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 people have tried it, with perhaps 10,000,000 being regular users.

Psychedelic-hallucinogenic drugs, credited for a brief generation of star-wandering rock music and bright melting poster art, are generally less popular now than they were a few years ago. Nonetheless, it's estimated that 1,000,000 Americans have tried LSD, mescaline or similar psychedelics. The number of regular psychedelic users is relatively small in comparison with drinkers or grass smokers, but there are still enough of them—and they still manage to have enough bad trips—to keep acid-rescue telephone services alive and busy in almost every major city.

There are at least 200,000 (and perhaps as many as 400,000) junkies in the nation today, making heroin addiction one of the smallest yet most sensationalized

of our drug problems. Recently, the heroin habit has been changing its nature: Where most addicts used to be poor and black, now a large percentage come from the white middle class. More depressing: Younger children are becoming involved. New York City has had a rash of heroin-overdose deaths of teenagers.

Some doctors are predicting a heroin epidemic. Others, such as Dr. Helen Nowlis of the U.S. Office of Education and Professor Samuel Pearlman of New York's Inter-University Drug Survey Council, insist that students are very aware of the perils of heroin and most want nothing to do with it. What is undeniable is that many children who should know better are playing around with heroin needles.

There is no consistent antidrug movement; but there is a strong ideological conflict over which drugs are socially acceptable and which are not. On one side is the booze-and-trank-using group; on the other side is the pot-and-psychadelic-using group. Conventional wisdom classifies the first group as mostly older and conservative, the second as primarily young and radical. But the lines, if they really exist, are being crossed: Some pot users are past 40, some of the young are conservative and use drugs more commonly associated with the older generation. Barbiturates and amphetamines, on the other hand, are not characterized by any identifiable patterns. LSD, which reached the peak of its popularity in most colleges around 1968 and has been declining ever since, is just beginning to be a fad at some Southern universities; while at Swarthmore a student told *The New York Times* that "the jocks are getting into drugs and all the freaks are going to alcohol." Meanwhile, conflict continues to flourish on all levels: When the mayor's office of the District of Columbia released a recent report on drug abuse in the capital, it was rumored that one member of the committee that had drafted the report lit a joint during the press conference and smoked it in front of the reporters to dramatize his opposition to the study's anti-marijuana bias.

None of this is as new as most commentators seem to think. Drug taking in America goes back to the Indians' tobacco farms, their occasional use of deliriants such as Jimson weed and the religious use of peyote and magic mushrooms. The first Pilgrims brought in ample rum and made it an integral part of the slave trade; alcohol excesses, some historians think, were actually widespread in England by the 18th Century. In the second half of the 19th Century, along with the Civil War, came a wave of morphine addiction and, soon after, patent medicines consisting mainly of alcohol

often spiked with opium derivatives began hooking some of their many users. There was even a Hashish Club in New York City in the 1850s where writers and artists met to turn on and recount their visions to one another, while scholarly Fitz Hugh Ludlow was quite legally (there was no anti-pot law then) gathering the experiences for his famous *The Hasheesh Eater*. Around the turn of the century, a Harvard psychologist named not Timothy Leary but William James was dosing himself with nitrous oxide and discovering religious significance in the experiences so gained.

Nor is this peculiarly American. The earliest brewery, found in Egypt, is dated at 3700 B.C. and there is evidence that people used alcohol as far back as the Stone Age. Some paleolithic tribes in the Near East even buried their dead with marijuana plants, evidently with religious intent. Around the world, people continue to chew, smoke and drink every plant and shrub that alters their consciousness, provides temporary escape or increases their pleasure: There are more than 200,000,000 Cannabis (marijuana) users in the world today, for instance, and we have only a fraction of them in the United States.

What is unique about the American drug scene are (1) the accelerated rate at which changes are occurring, (2) the controversy over the use of drugs and (3) the increasing lack of discrimination shown by many in their choice of intoxicants and the amounts used. The main factor is the accelerated rate of change, which is also true of all other areas of our life these days and is creating the phenomenon known as future shock. But this cultural mutation, even without the dizzying speed at which it is occurring, would have to create problems in a society that is still flirting heavily with puritanism and still tends to believe that all behavior is molded by punishment. The reaction of people in power to drugs, both those that are truly dangerous and those that are merely annoying to their own prejudices, has been the same: Make the drug takers uncomfortable. When this doesn't work, the next step is more punishment. Harsher laws. Longer sentences. More narcotics agents. And when this in turn doesn't work, the next move is further escalation, and so on. But it's a solution that has created more problems than it has solved. Moreover, it hasn't worked.

The fallacy of the punishment theory is best illustrated by the heroin problem, which is small in terms of the number of individuals involved. A free society of 200,000,000 could easily tolerate and nullify the negative effects of our 200,000 junkies. Instead, they have been criminalized, thereby driving the price of their fix up from a few cents to \$50 or more a day. Since few can afford that price, most are forced to steal or become

prostitutes—and to earn \$50 per day from underworld fences, a man must steal at least \$100 worth of property. One hundred dollars times 200,000 addicts is \$20,000,000 per day that gets stolen from the rest of us, and that is 7.3 billion dollars per year. Anybody in a large city with an apartment window facing a fire escape has learned the individual application of that figure. Alcohol prohibition produced even more expensive by-products in terms of the black market in that drug, the creation of organized crime and the foundation of the narcotics traffic. Not only did alcohol and pot prohibition increase the use of those drugs but the pot laws have caused countless harmless citizens to spend long unproductive periods behind bars in the company of professional criminals.

As society moves toward grudging admission that indiscriminate criminalization in this area just does not work, sporadic efforts are being made toward drug-abuse prevention through education. This, obviously, is part of the answer, but efforts so far have been shoddy. When evaluators employed by the National Coordinating Council on Drug Education examined over 100 educational films about drugs, they found 36 of them inaccurate. Mrs. Sue Boe, assistant vice-president of consumer affairs for the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, commented recently that children frequently know more about drugs than their teachers (although neither know as much as they should), and Dr. Gelolo McHugh, formerly of Duke University, after giving a drug-information quiz to 60,000 citizens, commented that correct answers were no more frequent than chance; the subjects could have done as well closing their eyes and choosing at random. It is no surprise, in this context, that students at San Mateo High School in California, asked what celebrity they would trust as narrator of an anti-LSD film, overwhelmingly answered, "Nobody."

Intercepting drug shipments from abroad is held out as a panacea by some. This motivated President Nixon's ill-fated Operation Intercept, which clogged the crossover points from Mexico three years ago, infuriated the people and government of that nation and finally had to be abandoned, as marijuana use continued to rise. If some method is ever found to stop the heroin shipments from Southeast Asia, Turkey and Mexico, which feed most of our junkie market at present, without resolving the root causes, the already-high prices will probably escalate further, a handful of addicts will die and most of them will steal more than ever to pay for \$100 or \$250 fixes.

Something obviously is wrong in our attempts to adjust to the global drug village—to face up to the arrival of marijuana habits from Mexico, speed and acid and downers from the



laboratory, hashish cultism from Arabia, opiates from the Orient, peyote from our Indians, magic mushrooms from the ancient Aztecs.

It is hard to affix blame on anyone in particular. Senator Frank Moss recently suggested that we should investigate whether the hypnotic repetitions in the aspirin and other drug commercials on TV are conditioning us to seek a drug whenever we have a problem. (See *Corporate Pushers*, by Senator Gravel.) This may be true, but people were getting stoned long before TV. Bert Donaldson, director of programs for emotionally disturbed children in Michigan, commented that many students are "actually bored to death in their classes"; others point to the boredom of much of our work in this industrialized world. ("Guys are always stoned," a Dodge auto-plant worker told *Time* magazine. "Either they're taking pills to keep awake or they're zonked on a joint they had on a break.") Considering the interminable Vietnam war, increasing air and water pollution, the continuing threat of a thermonuclear holocaust and the dehumanizing effect of our bureaucracies, there is much cause for people to feel nervous and to take something to calm down or to get away from it all.

The sinister fact is not that most citizens are taking drugs; people have always done that, although never as many or as much. The real terror implicit in our current drug culture is that so many, incredulous about official pronouncements, are experimenting, sometimes lethally, with very dangerous ones.

If the attempt to stop people from using all psychoactive drugs is hopeless, society nevertheless can and should try to persuade its members to use fewer drugs and safer ones. Libertarians from Jefferson and Mill to the present have emphasized that government has no business trying to enforce its notions of morality via police power—and there is something absurd and repulsive about a martini-guzzling bureaucrat imprisoning a pot user. Ideally, government and such powerful paragovernmental institutions as the schools, churches, labor unions and businessmen's organizations should be using their influence to provide positive alternatives and to genuinely enlighten people instead of trying to get them to march to a particular morality; but the times often seem less ideal than ever. If we were more committed to actually solving the problem than to whipping the people who have it, we could have been seriously and creatively looking for real solutions for over a generation. But instead we have tried to beat one another into submission with drug laws that have no parallel in the free world and can only be duplicated in totalitarian societies.

CORPORATE PUSHERS

article By U.S. SENATOR MIKE GRAVEL the only thing amusing about the ethical drug industry is its name

If tomorrow, by some miracle, every source of illegally grown or manufactured drug were cut off, the U.S. would scarcely feel any withdrawal symptoms, nor would the current drug-abuse epidemic be ended. The sad truth is that our most sophisticated and profitable pushers are the nation's largest pharmaceutical corporations. Somehow, these companies remain almost unnoticed in the intense and well-publicized debate about the causes of the drug epidemic. Each year, the legal drug industry unconcernedly devotes hundreds of millions of dollars to producing a supply of psychotropic drugs—including barbiturates, tranquilizers and amphetamines—in gross excess of any conceivable legitimate medical need. These "mind" drugs are easily available to practically anyone. The same companies go a step further by creating a demand for their products with a slick advertising campaign seemingly designed to persuade every American that it's medically and socially acceptable to shield himself chemically against all the ordinary emotional hazards of life. I see little chance of making significant progress in fighting such propaganda until we recognize these corporate drug pushers as its source and translate that recognition into mass public pressure against them.

We have become numbed to the television commercials that are the most visible example of the companies' crusade to legitimize the casual use of drugs. Day after day, we're told by the country's "electronic hypochondriac," as former FCC Commissioner Thomas Houser labeled television, that drugs are an instant answer to whatever worries, annoys or disturbs us. Dr. Mitchell S. Rosenthal, director of the Phoenix drug-rehabilitation program in New York City, testified at a Senate hearing on the subject that, "While everyone deplores the misuse of psychoactive drugs by young people, a major industry with practically unlimited access to the mass media has been convincing the American people, young and old alike, that drugs effect instant and significant changes, that indeed they work 'miracles' such as making a 'boring woman' exciting to a husband so that he proclaims her 'a new woman.'"

True, the aspirins, Bufferins, Anacins, energizers, blood fortifiers (yes, Geritol is a drug) and vitamins you see extolled on the screen dozens of times in an evening don't pose any immediate health hazard to their users. But that's due to their mild strength. In fact, a series of Food and Drug Administration tests has shown that widely used energizers

pick you up about as much as does a cup and a half of coffee. At the other end of the spectrum, you can relax just as effectively with any placebo as you can by taking a popular sedative. Even children, who should be watching ads warning of the dangers of drugs, are not spared the constant commercial message on morning kiddie shows that they, too, can pop a pill—a vitamin pill—and feel better fast. Almost unbelievably, three drug companies alone spent \$19,000,000 in 1970 urging the kids to get with it. Several recent studies have concluded that children raised by parents who regularly take their medicine in capsules are three to ten times more likely to become drug abusers than are children whose parents don't. What multiple might we expect from children who themselves become accustomed to swallowing the capsules at the age of eight? We might as well allow television advertisements for candy cigarettes on the grounds that candy isn't harmful, and then wonder why our pleas against smoking have so little effect on youngsters.

Besides TV, drug companies use print advertisements in special-interest publications as an especially effective promotional tactic. As much as one billion dollars annually is being spent on a major attack against our resistance to drug use. This effort is aimed exclusively at the nation's 200,000 practicing doctors. In every issue of dozens of medical journals—several of them delivered without subscription charge and paid for entirely by advertising—the pages are laced with ads designed to persuade the physician to prescribe psychotropics for almost every imaginable ailment, anxiety and depression. The idea seems to be that if the doctor's diagnosis does not definitely indicate a specific treatment other than psychotropics, then that *must* be the treatment. Of course, the layman who received one of the 225,000,000 prescriptions for psychotropic drugs last year is almost certainly unaware that this kind of campaign exists. In the absurd history of these ads, doctors have been urged to consider tranquilizers for women who get depressed at the thought of stacks of dishes to wash every night, as anti-anxiety agents for children afraid of the dark or for military families worried about the father's impending departure. Now, remember that these are dangerous and potentially addictive drugs approved by the Government for treatment of significant mental disorders traceable to pathological causes. In theory, the advertisements must (continued on page 210)



MAJOR DRUGS: THEIR USES AND EFFECTS

DRUG TYPE	NAME	ORIGIN	AVERAGE AMOUNT TAKEN	HOW TAKEN	SHORT-TERM EFFECTS OF AVERAGE AMOUNT	SHORT-TERM EFFECTS OF LARGE AMOUNT	RISK OF DEPENDENCE	LONG-TERM EFFECTS (continued excessive use)	MEDICAL USES
DEPRESSANTS									
ALCOHOL	Beer Distilled spirits Wine	Grain Fruit	12 ounces 1½ ounces 3 ounces	Swallowed	Relaxation, breakdown of inhibitions, euphoria, depression, decreased alertness	2-4 hours Stupor, nausea, unconsciousness, hangover, death	High High	Moderate Yes	Obesity, impotence, psychosis, ulcers, malnutrition, liver and brain damage, delirium tremens, death
BARBITURATES	Chloral hydrate Derridol Heminal Phenobarbital Seconal	Synthetic	500 milligrams 400 milligrams 400 milligrams 50-100 milligrams 50-100 milligrams	Swallowed	Relaxation, euphoria, decreased alertness, drowsiness, impaired coordination, sleep	4-8 hours Slurred speech, stupor, hangover, death	High High	High Yes	Excessive sleepiness, confusion, irritability, severe withdrawal sickness
INHALANTS	Aerosols (Fumes) Aerosols glue Amyl nitrite Nitrous oxide	Synthetic	Varies	Inhaled	Relaxation, euphoria, impaired coordination	1-3 hours Stupor, death	High High	None Possibly	None Nosebleeds Inflammation of blood vessels Light anesthesia
NARCOTICS	Cocaine Demerol Heroin Methadone Morphine Opium Percodan	Synthetic Opium poppy Synthetic Opium poppy Synthetic Opium poppy Synthetic	15-50 milligrams 50-150 milligrams Varies 5-15 milligrams 10 milligrams Varies 50-150 milligrams	Swallowed Inhaled Swallowed Inhaled Inhaled Swallowed Swallowed	Relaxation, relief of pain and anxiety, decreased alertness, euphoria, hallucinations	4 hours Stupor, death	High High	High Yes	Hallucinations, fever, kidney damage, nosebleeds and brain damage, death
TRANQUILIZERS	Librium Mellaril/Equanil Thorazine	Synthetic	50-250 milligrams 300-400 milligrams 5-25 milligrams	Swallowed	Relief of anxiety and tension, suppression of hallucinations and aggression, sleep	12-24 hours Drowsiness, blurred vision, dizziness, slurred speech, allergic reaction, stupor	Moderate Moderate Moderate None	Moderate Moderate Moderate None	Destruction of blood cells, jaundice, coma, death
PSYCHEDELICS	CANNABIS	Hashish Marijuana Tetrahydrocannabinol	Cannabis plant Cannabis plant Synthetic	Inhaled / swallowed Inhaled / swallowed Swallowed / injected	Relaxation, breakdown of inhibitions, alteration of perceptions, euphoria, increased appetite	2-4 hours Panic, stupor	Moderate Moderate	None None	Fatigue, psychosis
HALLUCINOGENS	DMT LSD Mescaline Nutmeg Psilocybin Saffron Strophantidin STP	Synthetic Synthetic Cactus Nutmeg tree Psilocybe mushroom Hemispane plant/synthetic Synthetic	Varies 150-200 micrograms 350 milligrams ½ ounce 25 milligrams 5 milligrams 5 milligrams	Inhaled Swallowed Inhaled Swallowed / injected Swallowed / snuffed Swallowed Swallowed	Perceptual changes—especially visual, increased energy, hallucinations, panic	1½ hour 12-12 hours 12-14 hours Varies 6-8 hours 12-14 hours 12-14 hours Anxiety, hallucinations, psychosis, exhaustion, tremors, vomiting, panic	Low Low	None None	Increased delusions and panic, psychosis
STIMULANTS	AMPHETAMINES	Benzphetamine Dexedrine Metamphetamines Preludin	2.5-25 milligrams	Swallowed / injected	Increased alertness, excitation, euphoria, decreased appetite	4-8 hours Restlessness, rapid speech, irritability, hypertension, tension disorders, convulsions	High High	None Yes	Insomnia, excitability, skin disorders, malnutrition, diarrhea, hallucinations, psychosis
ANTIDEPRESSANTS	Elavil Ritalin Tofranil	Synthetic	10-25 milligrams	Swallowed / injected	Relief of anxiety and depression, temporary impotence	12-24 hours Nausea, hypertension, weight loss, insomnia	Low Low	None No No	Stupor, coma, convulsions, congestive heart failure, damage to liver and white blood cells, death
CAFFEINE	Coffee Cola No-Doz Tea	Coffee bean Kola nut Soda Tea leaves	1-2 cups 10 ounces 5 milligrams 1-2 cups	Swallowed	Increased alertness	2-4 hours Restlessness, insomnia, upset stomach	High High	None Yes	Restlessness, irritability, insomnia, stomach disorders
COCAINE	Cigarettes Cigars Pipes Snuff	Coca leaves	Varies	Snuffed / injected Inhaled Inhaled Snuffed	Feeling of self-confidence and power, intense exhilaration	4 hours Irritability, depression, psychosis	High High	None Yes	Damage to nasal septum and blood vessels, psychosis
NICOTINE		Tobacco leaves	Varies	Swallowed	Relaxation, constriction of blood vessels	14-24 hours Headache, loss of appetite, nausea	High High	None Yes	Impaired breathing, heart and lung disease, cancer, death

The facts and determinations presented here are based on expert observation of real-life drug use by human beings in nonlaboratory settings. Drug types are listed alphabetically. Within each of the three major categories, color intensity suggests the degree of danger to the health of the individual user (assuming short-term use of average amounts and considering risk of addiction). The darkest shade indicates the greatest danger. Drug effects very widely, depending on the quantity consumed, the purity, the presence of other drugs in the user's system, and—most important—his personality and the setting in which he takes the drug. Data provided by Dr. Jon Fort.

RESTRICTIONS AND PENALTIES: Alcohol, caffeine and nicotine are not legally considered drugs, though some restrictions apply. Sale of alcohol is banned in scattered localities; Federal laws restrict advertisement of cigarettes and distilled spirits and manufacture of alcoholic beverages; state and local restrictions govern the sale of alcohol and nicotine products to minors. Possession and sale of inhalants are generally unrestricted, though amyl nitrite and nitrous oxide require prescriptions. Possession

of barbiturates, tranquilizers, amphetamines, antidepressants and some narcotics is legal only if prescribed. Among narcotics, there is no lawful use of opium or heroin, though opium powder is a component of certain prescription drugs. All hallucinogens except mescaline are similarly illegal, as are cocaine and all Cannabis drugs. Maximum Federal penalties for possession of illegal drugs: first offense—one year in prison and \$5000 fine; subsequent offenses—two years and \$10,000; much harsher penalties apply to sale. However, most drug convictions are made under state laws, which vary widely and arbitrarily and are often stricter than the Federal laws.

BUYER BEWARE

article By CRAIG KARPEL are "dangerous drugs" illegal because they're dangerous or dangerous because they're illegal?

RECENTLY I SPENT an hour and a half giving mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to a Vietnam vet who'd dropped what had been sold to him as a "four-way tab of mescaline." Bear in mind that it's impossible to overdose on mescaline—the body metabolizes however much boiled-down peyote juice it can and upchucks the rest. But my clinically dead young friend hadn't taken real mescaline; it's too expensive to be available on the illicit market. He'd been sold acid laced with impurities—probably toxic by-products of the drug's synthesis, thrown back in to stretch the batch, and possibly strychnine, otherwise known as rat poison.

The consumer of illicit drugs operates in a market place where there is no quality control, no way of assuring product safety—and no Ralph Naders to expose the situation. As if street drugs weren't dangerous enough in their pure form, the unwary buyer often ingests poisonous additives (or substitutes) used to dilute the product and thus increase the seller's profit. Studies, in fact, show that 50 to 70 percent of all drugs on the illicit market contain something other than what they're supposed to:

Mescaline and *psilocybin* almost invariably turn out to be garbage acid plus PCP (phencyclidine), an animal tranquilizer. PCP's certification for humans was withdrawn when it was found to produce disorders similar to chronic schizophrenia. Emergency-room treatment for a bum trip is a shot of a tranquilizer; this plus PCP equals severe respiratory depression, possibly coma. In addition, PCP is mixed with rose hips to give it that genuine funky organic look. Some people have an exquisite sensitivity to rose hips. When they snort a line of "organic mescaline," they could react by going into shock.

THC, "the active agent in marijuana," usually turns out to be PCP. When it is taken as such rather than as "mescaline," the PCP *aficionado* runs the risk of going into convulsions or coma without the fuss and bother of a coincident religious experience.

Downers—i.e., sleeping pills taken by people who like to stumble around with their heads encased in ten-foot balls of absorbent cotton—often turn out to be more of a bring-down than the user had expected. *Barbiturates*—"reds"—are often spiked with strychnine so the user won't nod out altogether. Thirty milligrams of strychnine is enough to sedate a person permanently. One cap tested contained 20 milligrams. *Methaqualone*—trade name *Sopor* or *Quaalude*—this fall's up-and-coming downer, often turns out to be a barbiturate plus PCP, a combination that can lead to much filling out of Blue Cross forms.

Heroin is a soul-sapping habit, but the pure drug isn't normally toxic. Unadulterated smack isn't available on the street, however, and allergic reactions to materials used to cut the stuff are common, as are deaths from overdoses that result when someone is unlucky enough to be lucky enough to score a load with an abnormally high heroin content: a prime argument for heroin-maintenance programs.

Marijuana is rarely adulterated with harmful substances by producers, smugglers or dealers. But the Federal Government does have a program of spraying marijuana fields in the U. S. and Mexico with 2,4-D, a defoliant that causes nausea and who knows what else—nobody tried to *smoke* a herbicide before. Now that the President's Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse has decided that grass isn't a killer weed, maybe it's time for him to appoint a Commission on Defoliant and Herbicide Abuse.

LSD dosage is often measured the way grandma used to figure how much salt went into the stew—by taste. Repeated LSD use builds tolerance, and frequently the person who packages the drug sets the dosage at what gets him off, unaware or unconcerned that the same hit may turn an uninitiated experimenter into a lamp shade, at least temporarily. Acid is often found put up in amounts three times too high for a casual user to handle. All in all, however, acid sold as acid is the safest hallucinogen available—particularly when it is sold in "windowpane," "clear light" or "blotter" formats—transparent droplets on pieces of gelatin or paper. It's when it's sold in larger tablets and capsules so it can pass for a supposedly organic psychedelic that the danger increases: more room for bummer-potential adulterants in whatever is used to bulk it out.

For over a year, a group at the State University of New York at Stony Brook has been trying to set up a program through which students could bring street drugs in to be analyzed. But it has been double-teamed by law-enforcement officials, who fear the program will encourage drug use. Pharmchem Laboratories (1848 Bay Road, Palo Alto, California 94303) tried to offer an Analysis Anonymous service: For a ten-dollar fee, an individual could mail in a sample identified by number and obtain the results by phone. Before long, the U. S. Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs demanded that the lab obtain a name and driver's-license number for anyone using the service and that it make its records available to BNDD. The bureau said the service was illegal because it "abetted felonies" and "increased the volume of the drug trade." BNDD was also concerned lest dealers use Pharmchem's facilities to run checks on their stock.

But for the past two years, the drug-counseling center at the State University of New York at Binghamton has been running such a program with the cooperation of local law enforcers. Not only has it not increased the volume of the drug trade but the trade in *really* dangerous drugs has *decreased*. According to Broome County assistant district attorney Stephen Powers, a sample of LSD was recently tested and found to be three times normal potency. News media were informed and, as a result, no bad reactions were reported. And Powers says there's no evidence that dealers are using the program for quality control. Information on the contents of street drugs is made available to hospitals that may have to treat reactions to them and to drug educators.

There are a number of programs that have reached accommodations with the narcs and met with similar success. Information on them is available through Do It Now (Box 5115, Phoenix, Arizona 85010), which has been analyzing street drugs for some time. Western Scientific Products (5424 Vineland Avenue, North Hollywood, California 91601) sells simple do-it-yourself analysis kits that signal the presence of strychnine and test the purity of most street drugs.

Obviously, street-drug analysis, like other stopgap methods, isn't the final answer to the problem. There probably is no final answer, but a step in the right direction will be taken when all consciousness-altering substances are made available through legal channels, by prescription from practitioners who understand their powers and dangers. Either that or there will continue to be an undue amount of mouth-to-mouth huffing and puffing over at the medical tent.



STONE COLD FEVER

article By DAVID STANDISH there's a message in the mean, crisscrossing scars on his stomach: i've been a junkie for twelve years, and sometimes it gets as tough as it gets

"OH, YEAH," he says, laughing at the memory, pointing at the thin blue line of a vein in his leg. "I lost that one in Miami in Sixty-eight. Needle went right through it and fried it like a piece of beefsteak." He has less subtle trophies: milk-white rippled scars above both eyes from bones crushed and badly healed; silver-dollar-sized brands on both arms and his back; a flaring tattooed eagle arched huge on each skinny forearm, all-American wings hiding the beaded string of knots in the main veins; a lock and chain tattooed on one wrist. And then the prize: deep, red-healed scars from knives, many of them, on his stomach and abdomen, hieroglyph message from 17, maybe 18 operations—he doesn't remember the number exactly.

Not many people manage to collect that much strange history on their bodies in 33 years, but Gene Macey has had a little help from a heroin habit he picked up 12 years ago in Baltimore. And a little more from the occupational hazards of supporting his habit by working as a male hustler—not the easiest of professions, especially when you don't have that much to sell anymore. He's a lot older than he is.

With a jacket covering his tattooed plumage and surgical calligraphy, he looks like most of the other barbed-wire lean and gritty kids from the country who drifted into the Big City looking for action and finally got the shit kicked out of them for their trouble. He combs his thin sandy-brown hair in a lingering imitation of early Elvis, and his face seems like a skull barely covered, fragile and overchiseled like so many faces along the Mississippi Valley. He usually wears Levis, a colored T-shirt and black Woolworth's-style shoes—and he could be an unemployed meat packer with a wife and three kids in Kentucky.

Except for his eyes. Too big for his small face, ice-flecked arctic blue, they have flashing snakes lurking in them that say: There's not a fucking thing I won't do if I get uptight—and I've done most of it already. Which is not to say that he comes on evil. Just the opposite. He keeps the snakes out of sight, even from himself, most of the time. Except when he's speeding or completely stoned, he is into being cordial, quiet and street-gentlemanly. The hustler's art, sifted through time spent among New York's upper-echelon gay set. But the snakes are there.

He lives, for the moment, in a run-down TRANSIENTS WELCOME by-the-week hotel on Superior Street in Chicago. It's handy to the white junkie strip where he hangs out on Clark Street—a mean and festering line of bars, inhabited by people rough and gray and stained as the sidewalks. But in the two years he's been in Chicago, Gene hasn't spent more than three weeks in any one place. That's because his money usually comes and goes in fast, fat jolts. If his welfare check comes, or he scores a trick at the Greyhound station, or an old lover comes up with \$100, he finds a cheap hotel and holes up to rest or stay smashed. If he's going hungry, he sleeps on the beach, in abandoned cars, sometimes in jail.

It's a complicated life, with none of the long seasons most of us are used to. The changes are so abrupt and frequent that his past seems shattered into more pieces

than even he can handle, and a week is a long way into the future. Now is all that counts, and with any luck tomorrow won't happen.

Survival, they call it.

Opportunities I've had in this life are out of sight. I've been with wealthy people, I've had penthouses, I've had cars. I've had diamonds on these fingers. I wore the best of clothes, I wore rags. I've eaten in the best restaurants, I've eaten in the worst flophouse joints, and each time I was glad to get what I got. I wasn't looking for the future, I was looking for the day. If I die right now from an overdose on a rooftop, there's one thing I can say: I have lived. I have lived more in my 33 years than most people live all their life.

The Mississippi is the main vein in America. Like Huck Finn, Gene Macey grew up watching it move past him, muddy in the summer, in winter the clay-blue color of used blood. His home town is a small, quiet place some miles upriver from Hannibal, Missouri, at a spot where the river bends in a wide shining swoop. Dylan's Highway 61 comes whistling down out of the north country right through it, hardly fluttering the ghosts of early military-fort days and flush side-wheeler times long gone. The center of town is movie Main Street, including a genuine egg-white gazebo in the old park, and only on the south end past a tiny honky-tonk strip are there many signs of today: a Holiday Inn and an Ortho fertilizer plant where there used to be bottom-land woods and fields. *It's got a few good things. Sheaffer Pen, roundhouses before they got diesels, and they have the state penitentiary.*

His family was big and poor. Eleven children, scarily supported by a father who could never quite find work that would keep everybody fed. Gene, still called Gin-Gin by the relatives who will talk to him, was the youngest. Until he was six, they lived in a strained frame farmhouse close to the river. *My father was a commercial fisherman on the Mississippi River—and nobody's ever became rich fishing the Mississippi. It got to be if I wanted breakfast, I'd have to hide the bacon and eggs before I went to bed—and a lot of the time we didn't have the bacon.* Late into World War Two they tried heading West but gave up after several disrupted years of living in California fruit-picker camps and moving with the growing season. They went back to Iowa—Muscatine for a while—where Gene's father worked as a button maker, and then again landed outside Fort Madison, still hungry some of the time.

Gene started running away from home when he was 14—just about Huck's age when he got tired of Pap's beating him silly and lit out. *It was in the dead of winter, and one morning I was at the breakfast table, and instead of using a spoon to put the sugar on the oatmeal my mother cooked for me, I just shook it out of the sugar bowl. And my father, a very powerful man—he had to be to row those boats for years—he hit me. Knocked me literally up out of my chair, four, five feet. So my mother knew I was going to leave and hid my coat. So I pulled out three or four regular coats and a couple of sweaters and I begin to hitchhike. Truck driver picks me up and he*



says, "How far you going?" I look at him and say, "How far you going?" "Denver, Colorado." And I said, "That's how far I'm going."

But Gene was runaway Huck with a large twist: He had already been actively homosexual for two or three years. Instead of playing pirates with dumb Tom Sawyer, he was out cruising the pool hall and local highways looking for tricks, precocious for reasons he doesn't really care to understand. So I went to Denver. He wanted company, and I was getting sleepy, so he gave me a couple of pills, gave me a nice buzz. He was young and good-looking, and I kind of stretched out with my head in his lap and . . . well, it took him a while to get to Denver, Colorado. He gave me a 20, and I went down to Curtis Street, to an all-night movie. This crippled guy picked me up, gave me another 20. Forty dollars. All of a sudden I'm rich, I'm the wealthiest person on earth. First thing I did was go looking for some marijuana; I'd heard about it.

The Little Rock police stopped his first long road trip flat. They found out that I was only 14. I was held there until my family drove down to pick me up. They made kind of a vacation out of it. He got as far as California the next time and spent nearly a year in a Youth Authority detention clinic waiting to be sent back home. An uncle finally agreed to take custody and put Gene to work in his body shop. This body shop, well, me and work don't get along anyway, especially 16 hours a day for only five dollars a week. So I turned 17 and I took my mother up to the Army Recruiting Station and I joined the Service.

A year later he was hustling full time in the French Quarter, living on Benzedrine and tourists with a liking for teenaged boys. He'd lasted six months in the Army. The routine bugged him so much that he took to beating his knee with a soda bottle until he could barely walk, much less pull guard duty or K.P. He finally just said, Hey, I'm homosexual, so he could get out. New Orleans seemed like the right direction to head, and it was: all-night bars and plenty of action.

Then one day I was walking down to the penny arcade, and two plainclothesmen walked up and said, "You're under arrest." I laughed. "I ain't done nothing." They said, "It's a crime against nature, and we've got a picture of it." So there wasn't very many ways I could tell the judge that ain't me. I laid three months in Orleans Parish Prison. Put me in the regular ward first, but people were forcing me to do things, so I wrote to the warden, told him people were making me suck their dicks and such, and if he didn't do something I was going to. So after three months he transferred me to

the Federal tier. You got older men there, and they don't go pushing you around like the young punks on the other tier—Federal's more of a sedate tier. I was treated with respect. People gave me when I didn't have cigarettes. Robert Kraus, one of the greatest chess players in the world, taught me how to play chess. I could have sex with anybody I wanted, and nobody forced me. I didn't want for anything, including pills. Pay the guards, they'd bring them in. And I got all the ice cream and all the candy bars I wanted. My six months passed kind of easy. Fact when I got out, I really didn't want to leave.

On the day he got out, Gene aimed straight for the gay bar where he had hung out and scored two tricks in three hours, back to business as usual. For the next three years he rode the hustler's yo-yo, spinning out of New Orleans to anywhere that felt good—Dallas, Miami, San Francisco, Los Angeles—but always winding up back where he started. By the time he turned 21, he had worked practically every good street in the country. But all streets finally get to be the same street, and only the signs change. Even the long loops out of New Orleans started looking too much alike, so Gene jumped off in New York and signed as a deck hand on a Scandinavian merchant ship.

I was very content out there in the middle of the ocean. There's all that water out there, and when you get pissed you can't just tell the captain to stick the job up his ass and walk away. By the time you get the opportunity to quit, you've already forgotten about it. I was very happy; I sailed for eight months.

When he paid out in New York he had \$1800, salary sweetened by a few poker games that went the right way. The plan was to drift loose to California, starting with a stop in D.C., until the money ran out. But the plan didn't include a date with his first hit of heroin in Baltimore—and she turned out to be a lady with silvery hands, who liked running them through his head as much as he liked feeling them there.

The bus he was on made a stop in Baltimore before hitting Washington. Gene got out to move around some and take a piss, carrying a suitcase full of tailored clothes he'd picked up in Europe, Japan and Hong Kong. It was a dumb-shit move. I left my suitcase and coat next to a seat, went to the bathroom. When I come back ten minutes later, everything was gone—and it's wintertime, really cold out. I ran outside looking, but I can't find nobody with my suitcase of clothes. So I went across the street to this little hamburger joint and had some coffee. And this little young, very beautiful Puerto Rican boy came in. He said he knew something that would make me warm if I had ten

dollars. So I said sure and gave him the ten. I didn't really expect him to come back, but he did. Must have seen the 20s and 50s in my wallet. So we went to the bathroom. He gave me a belt and said, "Tie up your arm." "What are you gonna do?" He said, "I'm gonna hit you." And I'd heard about it, so I was, you know, curious. When he hit me with it . . . I never really had the same feeling to this day as I had with that first shot. Rush didn't end, just kept comin' and comin'. It was beautiful, I mean it really was. I got beautiful.

When you shoot heroin it releases this feeling of complete aloofness, or complete self-righteousness. There is only you; the world doesn't exist. You are one, just everything. It gives you a feeling of greatness, a complete self-sense of being wanted. You could be a weakling and fire heroin and be the strongest man on earth. Lightness goes through my head, all of the pressures just lift off of me. I get calm, the kind of calm you have before a storm, when everything is real subtle, like just before a storm hits, when you can hear someone talking far away. And the only time the storm hits is when you don't have that needle in your vein. Miss that, partner, and the storm hits good.

Afterward, I took him around to have something to eat. My arms were turning purple, my ears was turning purple, but I didn't give a fuck. I was still warm. They spent that night high in a hotel room, and by morning Gene was into a new plan. Beautiful. We fucked all day, we fucked all night. The only time we got up out of bed was to go pop some more dope and buy some groceries to bring in. Stayed high with him for three months. Became very close.

But it sounds like the hustler hustled: Gene says he didn't know much about heroin back then, that nobody did—mainly, he thinks, because it wasn't a suburban drug yet, so nobody was writing about it. But the kid lit a row of bulbs in him that quickly cost \$40 a day to keep shining. I didn't really know I had a habit for almost two months. I was using dope, but not all the time. Then once I was alone and started getting cramps and started getting sick, throwing up. I was stupid; I didn't realize why I was getting sick. When the kid came back I said I had to get to a hospital. He says, "You don't need a hospital, all you need is a shot. You've got a habit." So he gave me a ten-dollar bag and put it in the cooker and fired it in me—and as soon as the dope hit my system my cold chills went away, stomach went back into shape again and the aches and pains went away.

Gene was supporting two habits, paying
(continued on page 174)

sports **By Anson Mount** The social critics of football found their consummate spokesman this year when Eugene Bianchi, a professor of religion at Emory University in Atlanta, published a treatise titled "Pigskin Piety" in the February 21, 1972, issue of *Christianity and Crisis*, a highly respected journal of theology that we have read since 1961, when it published an article chronicling the systematic dehumanization of the American male by **PLAYBOY**. Judging by Professor Bianchi's comments, football has now displaced **PLAYBOY** as the major threat to human values. He begins his article with scholarly dispassion:

"More than 25,000,000 Americans fostered their own dehumanization each weekend last fall as fans of big-time football. Fixed to TV sets or huddled in the great arenas across the land, the spectators reinforced in themselves the worst values of our culture."

Bianchi observes:

"Collegiate and especially professional football reveal the fascist streak in our society." He also believes, "Autocratic control is aided by the personality types of coaches who frequently epitomize jockdom's highest traits: narrowness of vision, intolerance of diversity and utter loyalty to the meager wisdom of their guild."

The article draws these conclusions about the corrupt relationship between football and sex:

"As the season approaches its end, the sexual imagery is played out in culminating rituals that recall ancient fertility rites. . . . The bowl games have become the American rite of fertility during the early days of the new year. The very names of the bowls—peach, rose, orange, cotton—are reminiscent of primitive vegetation rites. Today these final orgasms of the season fertilize the land with the seeds of competitive violence for the year ahead. . . .

"Football's sexual imagery has an especially demonic tinge. Not only does it assign inferior status to women but it also suffuses its sexual symbolism with aggressive violence. The stadium itself is a kind of territorial vagina in which the brutal thrusting is impersonal and manipulative. The players, all clad alike except for their numbers, have the impersonal identity of IBM cards. Their relation to other people is savage and mechanical rather than life-enhancing and responsible. They slam through open holes in the line with furious disregard for the humanity of others. Players and fans take great pleasure in penetrating the opponent's territory."

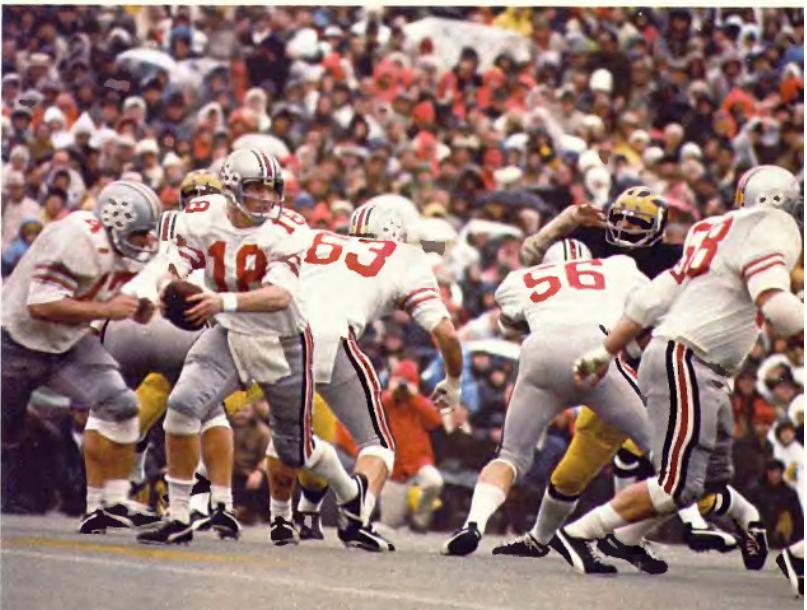
Apart from the inanity of Bianchi's arguments, **PLAYBOY** is in awe of any man—theologian or otherwise—who has the imagination to look at a 70,000-seat stadium and see a gaping vagina, or who

*pre-season
prognostications
for the top
college teams and
players across
the nation*



playboy's pigskin preview

Right: Ohio State, **PLAYBOY**'s pick for this year's top team, shows perfect pass blocking in the '71 Michigan game. Above: Coach Woody Hayes exchanges pleasantries with a game official after a disputed penalty.



Top to bottom, left to right: Jerry Sisemore (76), lineman, Texas; Tom Brahaney (54), center, Oklahoma; Terry Metcalf (22), running back, Long Beach; John Carroll (10), place kicker, Oklahoma; Otis Armstrong (24), running back, Purdue; Pete Adams (77), lineman, Southern California; Gary Huff (19), quarterback, Florida State; Skip Singletary (64), lineman, Temple; Johnny Rodgers (20), wide receiver, Nebraska; Greg Pruitt (30), running back, Oklahoma; Charles Young (89), tight end, Southern California; Nick Bebout (71), lineman, Wyoming.



**Playboy's
1972 Preview
All-America
Offensive Team**

Top to bottom, left to right: Steve Brown (44), linebacker, Oregon State; Ray Guy (44), punter, Southern Miss; Joe Ehrmann (76), lineman, Syracuse; Tom Jackson (50), linebacker, Louisville; Matt Blair (47), linebacker, Iowa State; Willie Harper (81), lineman, Nebraska; Jackie Wallace (25), cornerback, Arizona; Rich Glaver (79), middle guard, Nebraska; Greg Marx (75), lineman, Notre Dame; Dave Butz (62), lineman, Purdue; Cullen Bryant (16), cornerback, Colorado; Brad Van Pelt (10), safety, Michigan State. Front: Bob Devaney, Coach of the Year, Nebraska.



**Playboy's
1972 Preview
All-America
Defensive Team**

TOP TWENTY TEAMS

1. Ohio State	10-0	11. Tennessee	9-2
2. Nebraska	11-0	12. Florida State	10-1
3. Washington	10-1	13. Purdue	8-3
4. Oklahoma	10-1	14. West Virginia	10-1
5. Colorado	9-2	15. North Carolina	9-2
6. Louisiana State	10-1	16. Texas	8-2
7. Alabama	10-1	17. Arizona State	9-2
8. Michigan	9-2	18. Iowa State	8-3
9. Penn State	10-1	19. Mississippi	8-2
10. Arkansas	9-2	20. Indiana	8-3

Possible Breakthroughs: Stanford (7-4); Notre Dame (6-4); Southern Cal (6-5); Texas Christian (8-3); Oregon State (8-3); Air Force (7-3); Louisville (9-1); Toledo (9-2); Dartmouth (8-1).

THE ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

(Listed in order of excellence at their positions, all have a good chance of making someone's All-America team)

QUARTERBACKS: Bert Jones (LSU), John Madeya (Louisville), Joe Ferguson (Arkansas), Sonny Sixkiller (Washington), Joe Pisarcik (New Mexico State), John Hufnagel (Penn State), Tony Adams (Utah State), Bernie Galiffa (West Virginia)

RUNNING BACKS: Ken Garrett (Wake Forest), Woody Green (Arizona State), Sam Cunningham (Southern California), Darryl Stingley (Purdue), Charlie Davis (Colorado), Ike Oglesby (North Carolina), Joe Wylie (Oklahoma), Morris Bradshaw (Ohio State), Rufus Ferguson (Wisconsin), James McAlister (UCLA), Jimmy Poulos (Georgia)

RECEIVERS: John Winesberry (Stanford), Larry Van Loan (Navy), Billy Joe DuPree (Michigan State), Barry Smith (Florida State), Butch Veazey (Mississippi), Mike Repond (Arkansas), Tom Scott (Washington), David Knight (William and Mary)

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: John Hannah (Alabama), Frank Pomarico (Notre Dame), Tim Stokes (Oregon), David Bourquin (Houston), Bill Emendorfer (Tennessee), John Dampeer (Notre Dame), Ron Rusnak (North Carolina)

CENTERS: Doug Dumler (Nebraska), Larry McCarren (Illinois), Mark King (Florida), Orderia Mitchell (Air Force), Jim Krapf (Alabama)

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: Ed Newman (Duke), Fred Grambau (Michigan), George Hasenahl (Ohio State), Tab Bennett (Illinois), Charlie Davis (TCU), Lucius Selmon (Oklahoma), John Mitchell (Alabama), Bruce Bannon (Penn State), Frank Samsa (West Virginia), Boice Best (Texas A&M), Steve Bogosian (Army), John LeHeup (South Carolina)

LINEBACKERS: Rodrigo Barnes (Rice), John Skorupan (Penn State), Chuck Voith (Navy), Randy Gradishar (Ohio State), Greg Bingham (Purdue), Mike Fulk (Indiana), Bud Magrum (Colorado), Paul Kaliades (Columbia), Bob Lally (Cornell)

DEFENSIVE BACKS: Frank Polito (Villanova), Joe Blahak (Nebraska), Frank Dowsing (Mississippi State), Dan Hansen (Brigham Young), Pete Carroll (Pacific)

KICKERS: Nick Mike-Mayer (Temple), Eddie Seigler (Clemson)

THIS YEAR'S SUPERSOPHS

(Listed in approximate order of potential)

Marsh White, fullback	Arkansas
Mike Fanning, defensive end	Notre Dame
Louis Carter, tailback	Maryland
Bubba Bridges, defensive tackle	Colorado
Mike Bartoszak, tight end	Ohio State
David Humm, quarterback	Nebraska
Rich Bevly, quarterback	Ohio
Louis Kelcher, defensive tackle	SMU
Bob Harris, linebacker	LSU
Wes Jacobs, linebacker	Kansas State
Chris Kupec, quarterback	North Carolina
Melvin Barkum, quarterback	Mississippi State
Rocky Felker, quarterback	Mississippi State
Mark McAleenan, receiver	Dartmouth
Brian Ameche, defensive tackle	Yale
Freddie Solomon, quarterback	Tampa
Marshall Johnson, wingback	Houston
Dede Terveen, linebacker	TCU
Bill Malouf, receiver	Mississippi
Mark Johnson, quarterback	Duke
Bob Breunig, linebacker	Arizona State
Ralph Ortega, linebacker	Florida
John Adams, defensive tackle	West Virginia
Wilson Morris, wingback	Oregon State
Randy White, defensive tackle	Maryland
Mike Luttrell, running back	TCU
George Markulis, center	Navy
David Fowler, quarterback	Memphis State
Joe Harris, linebacker	Georgia Tech
Steve Towle, linebacker	Kansas

discovers coital symbolism in a fullback's plunging through an open hole in the line.

So, while we strongly endorse both pastimes, let's set sex aside for the moment and take a look at the prospects of the college teams around the country as fall practice begins.

THE EAST

MAJOR INDEPENDENTS

Penn State	10-1	Syracuse	5-6
West Virginia	10-1	Boston	
Navy	6-5	College	6-5
Army	5-5	Villanova	5-6
		Pittsburgh	2-9

IVY LEAGUE

Dartmouth	8-1	Yale	5-4
Columbia	7-2	Pennsylvania	5-4
Cornell	6-3	Princeton	3-6
Harvard	6-3	Brown	1-8

OTHER INDEPENDENTS

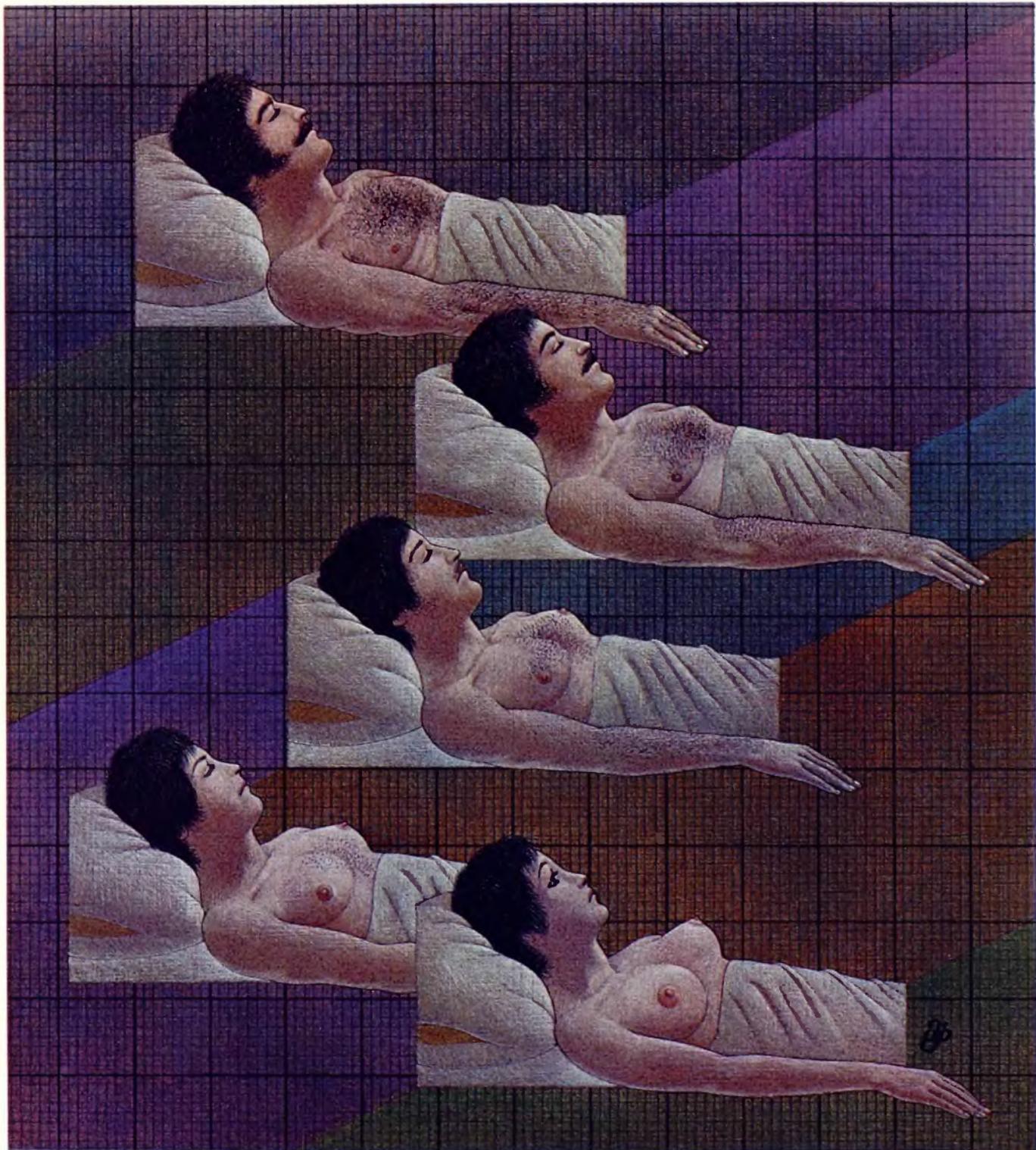
Temple	7-2	Lehigh	7-4
Delaware	9-1	Boston	
Rutgers	8-3	University	3-7
Colgate	6-4	Bucknell	5-4
Holy Cross	3-7	Lafayette	4-6
		Gettysburg	3-6

TOP PLAYERS: Hufnagel, Skorupan, Bannon (Penn State); Galiffa, Samsa, Schultze, Adams (West Virginia); Van Loan, Voith, Nardi, Markulis (Navy); Fink, Bogosian, Hines (Army); Ehrmann, Praetorius, Allen (Syracuse); Yeates, Krevis (Boston College); Polito (Villanova); Medwid (Pittsburgh); Brown, Stetson, McAleenan (Dartmouth); Kaliades, Jackson, Parks (Columbia); Lally, Joehl (Cornell); DeMars, Gatto, Bowens (Harvard); Leyen, Jauron, Ameche (Yale); Clune, Dawson (Pennsylvania); Snickerberger (Princeton); Bonner (Brown); Singletary, Mike-Mayer (Temple); Johnson, Carbone (Delaware); Jones, Rinehimer (Rutgers); Van Eeghen, Parr (Colgate); Wilson (Holy Cross); McQuilken (Lehigh); Pukalo (Boston University); Durtan (Bucknell); Meyer (Lafayette); Dietz (Gettysburg).

Penn State, having won three major bowl games in the past four years, is headed for another holiday in the sun. John Hufnagel, who is closing in on all of State's passing and total-offense records, may be the most underrated quarterback in the country. The Nittany Lions' defense, which held Texas without a touchdown in the Cotton Bowl game, returns seven starters. Coach Joe Paterno's main problem will be finding replacements for running backs Lydell Mitchell and Franco Harris. This, combined with the arrival of talented rookie wide receivers, could mean that Penn State will surprise its fans with a hypoed passing attack. If the Lions get past Tennessee in the first game, a distinct improbability, they should finish the season undefeated.

Unless, of course, they get bushwhacked by West Virginia. The Mountaineers may be the most improved team in the country. Eighteen starters returning from last season are joined by a

(continued on page 168)



fiction By STEFAN HEYM I KNEW there was something funny when I woke up. Something unaccustomed.

The typewriter stood on my desk exactly as I had left it; my pipes were lined up in their rack; my trousers lay over the chair where I had thrown them before going to bed. It couldn't be the cognac. I drink a glass of cognac every night, for my circulation. Nor do I smoke pot,

take hash or go on LSD trips. Susan was here, let's see, on Monday; I keep to the golden rule. I haven't masturbated since I turned 17.

My sense of something's being not quite as it should be persisted. I did feel uncomfortable sitting up, almost as though my center of gravity had changed its location. Moving about presented a slight problem, too: I was

he was a male when he went to bed, a female when he woke up—and that was only the beginning

THE WACHSMUTH SYNDROME

bottom-heavy and some weight dragged at my chest. I scratched my mustache.

Mustache.

Where on earth was my mustache?

I rushed to the mirror. That mirror, full-length, framed in mahogany, was bought at a good store; I knew I could trust it. And I knew there was no other person in the room whose image could be reflected in the glass, just me.

Me?

A person can always be identified by his teeth. The teeth in the mirror were definitely mine; I saw the two inlays and the familiar bridgework. The nose also belonged to me, though it seemed a little less rugged than yesterday, and cuter. So were the eyebrows mine, and the eyes, grayish-green, with yellow speckles in the irises.

My fingers trembled as I unbuttoned my pajamas. The breasts in the mirror weren't bad as breasts go, with a pair of dandy nipples that would have interested me on another woman.

Another woman? . . . I was a man!

I reached down to my crotch.

Jesus!

I nearly tore my pajama trousers pulling them down. I looked. I took a second look. It couldn't be true. Not that the thing I had owned had been out of the ordinary in size or shape and an object of special admiration on the part of Susan or any of the other girls, but it had served, and I had liked having it. For a moment, I had the wild notion that some mad surgeon had operated on me during the night without my permission, and I felt for the incision. There was no incision. There was just the well-known aperture.

* * *

Dr. Tauber was the family physician.

Dr. Tauber had brought me into this world. My mother used to delight in telling me how Dr. Tauber came into the room, stepped to her bedside and proclaimed, "It's a boy. A very fine little boy!"

Dr. Tauber, therefore, must know what I did or did not have to start with.

Getting dressed proved a bit awkward. I had a bra somewhere that one of Susan's predecessors had left, but it proved too small. My derrière barely fit into the seat of my trousers, my jacket bulged suspiciously in front. I decided to wear an overcoat despite the warm, sunny weather.

"My," said Dr. Tauber, "have you changed. Goes to show you why the police frown on this hirsute fashion. You take off your mustache, you're a changed man."

"Changed man," I said. "I wish it were just that."

He dug with his finger in his ear as though he had water on his eardrum. I noticed that my voice had slid up nearly an octave; I was a contralto.

"Doc," I said, "I'm in trouble."

He looked worried and puzzled.

"You've got to help me, Doc. There's something I don't know how to tell you, but it's pretty terrible."

"Now, now," he said, "it won't be that bad. I pulled you through the German measles and through the mumps; I set several of your bones; I cured that nasty little infection of yours; I'll try to take care of your present complaint. Open your mouth."

"Doc," I said, "it isn't just the voice." I started undressing. "It's all over me."

"What's all over you?"

I stood before him.

His face changed color. His mouth opened and closed like a sick fish's.

"I told you I was in bad trouble," I said in an attempt to help him over his shock.

"Madam," he said, when he could talk again, "I'm sure I don't know what you intended pulling on me by impersonating a young friend of mine, a *male* friend. If—"

"Look, Doc," I interrupted gently, "see the scar on my arm? You made that incision when I was three months old. It saved my life. Now look at my foot—no, the other one. The third toe overlaps the fourth. You know I was born with that; it runs in the family."

He nodded.

I told him a few more things that only he and I could know. I mentioned my teeth; and if those weren't enough, I said, the Army must have a set of fingerprints that would prove that I was I.

"But in the Army you were a man," he said, pained.

"And now I appear to be a woman. That's why I've come to you."

He approached me hesitantly and felt my mammae. They were genuine enough, none of that silicone or whatever they use on a plastic job.

"But if you are what you are now"—he grew excited—"and if you were what we know you were, then this is—stupendous! It's unique! It'll do to medical science what the splitting of the atom did to physics. We must take you to Wachsmuth."

I felt distinctly apprehensive at the prospect of playing to medical science the part that the first split atom has played to physics.

"Wachsmuth is your man. Every hermaphrodite in town has been through his hands."

"But I don't think I'm a hermaphrodite," I mentioned.

"What you are is up to Wachsmuth to determine. Maybe we'll have to find a new term. Maybe there's a complete new development of which you're the first example: a new Adam."

"A new Eve," I said. "May I dress now?"

* * *

Professor Anatol Wachsmuth, M. D., D. S., D. Lit., etc., was cool and dispassionate, a man whose scientific approach

to things seemed both to have formed his character and to have marked his face. Yet I saw him tense as Dr. Tauber got deeper into my story.

Dr. Tauber stuck to the facts, leaving the conclusions to his famous colleague. Professor Wachsmuth asked a few brief questions: Had I been getting any hormones, orally or by injection? Had I during the past month consumed anything out of the ordinary—any foreign, especially Oriental, foods or potions that were previously unknown to me? Had I to my knowledge been exposed to radiation—X ray, cosmic or otherwise? Had I recently noticed any undue growth, or shrinkage, of any part of myself? Any new and unusual desires, not necessarily sexual?

I denied every one of these in a firm but distinctly feminine voice. Professor Wachsmuth apparently had anticipated my answers; he motioned me to his obstetrical chair. Aware of my anxiety at my first vaginal, Dr. Tauber held my hand while the professor explored all those new gadgets of mine, which up to then I had only encountered elsewhere.

"Everything complete," Professor Wachsmuth said finally, "and not a trace of the male. Of course, we still have to have her—I mean his—hormone status."

He called in his nurse and told her to tap me for ten c.c.; the test tube was to be kept separate; he himself would attend to the analysis. And while the nurse perforated my vein and drew out my nice, dark-red blood, he began a rapid colloquy with Dr. Tauber, something about devising a method to determine if my psyche had mutated along with my organism.

That was the least of my concerns. The questions that moved me were of a more practical nature. Should I continue to impersonate my old self, for instance, should I try to act the man I no longer was? Any public toilet would expose me. But if I started wearing skirts and high-heeled shoes and let my hair grow, I would lose many of my clients; also, I hated the patronizing manner certain judges displayed toward female attorneys. There was no end of problems, down to learning how to button myself the other way around.

The two medical men had come to some conclusion. Professor Wachsmuth waited till I was fully clothed to give his opinion. "Your case is entirely new in my experience. I'll once more check through related literature, but I'm fairly sure there'll be nothing. Don't misunderstand: The matter is by no means hopeless. As soon as we have your hormone status, we'll design a tentative course of treatment; the definite treatment will have to wait till we find the

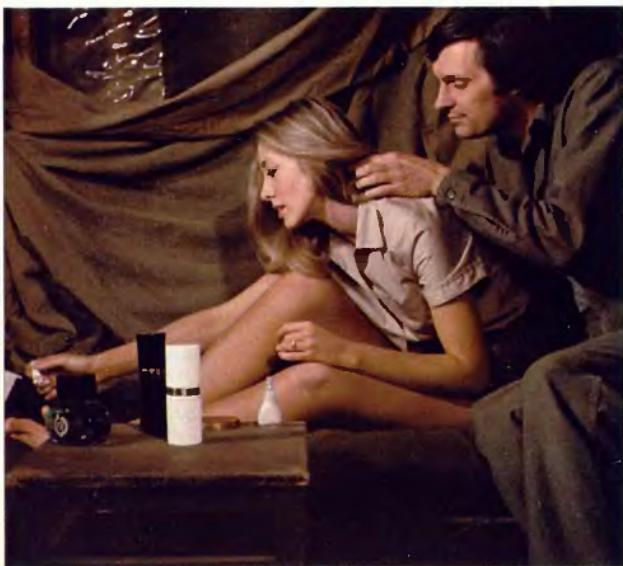
(continued on page 188)

A full-page photograph of a woman with long blonde hair, Karen Philipp, standing in a field of tall grass and wildflowers. She is wearing a long, flowing white dress with a dark, beaded necklace. The background is filled with trees and flowers, creating a soft, natural light.

M*A*S*H DISH

*after an unrewarding
stint with brasil '77,
karen philipp finds
her way to tv's new
war-comedy series*





*In an abrupt career switch, Karen left Sergio Mendes and Brasil '77 (nee '66), top, landed a nonsinging role as an Army nurse, Lieutenant Dish, in the television version of "M*A*S*H," above center. "'M*A*S*H' is the first thing I've done on film," she says. "I'm not as bad as I could have been and not as good as I'm going to be. I'm a woman, so of course I can act."*

THE SCRIPT called for an actress who could simultaneously convey innocence and sensuality while wearing unflattering 1952 Army fatigues, a moral Midwestern virgin capable of tantalizing an entire company of GIs fighting the Korean War. More than 100 eager ingénues appeared for the auditions: Actors Studio graduates, summer-stock neophytes, hopefuls from Council Bluffs recently arrived in California by Greyhound and a galaxy of fluff-headed starlets normally seen dancing the funky chicken at local discothèques.

Karen Philipp, the willowy blonde ultimately selected to play the Army nurse, Lieutenant Dish, in television's version of the antiwar comedy film *M*A*S*H*, had never before acted—anywhere. She was best known as the provocative girl on the left

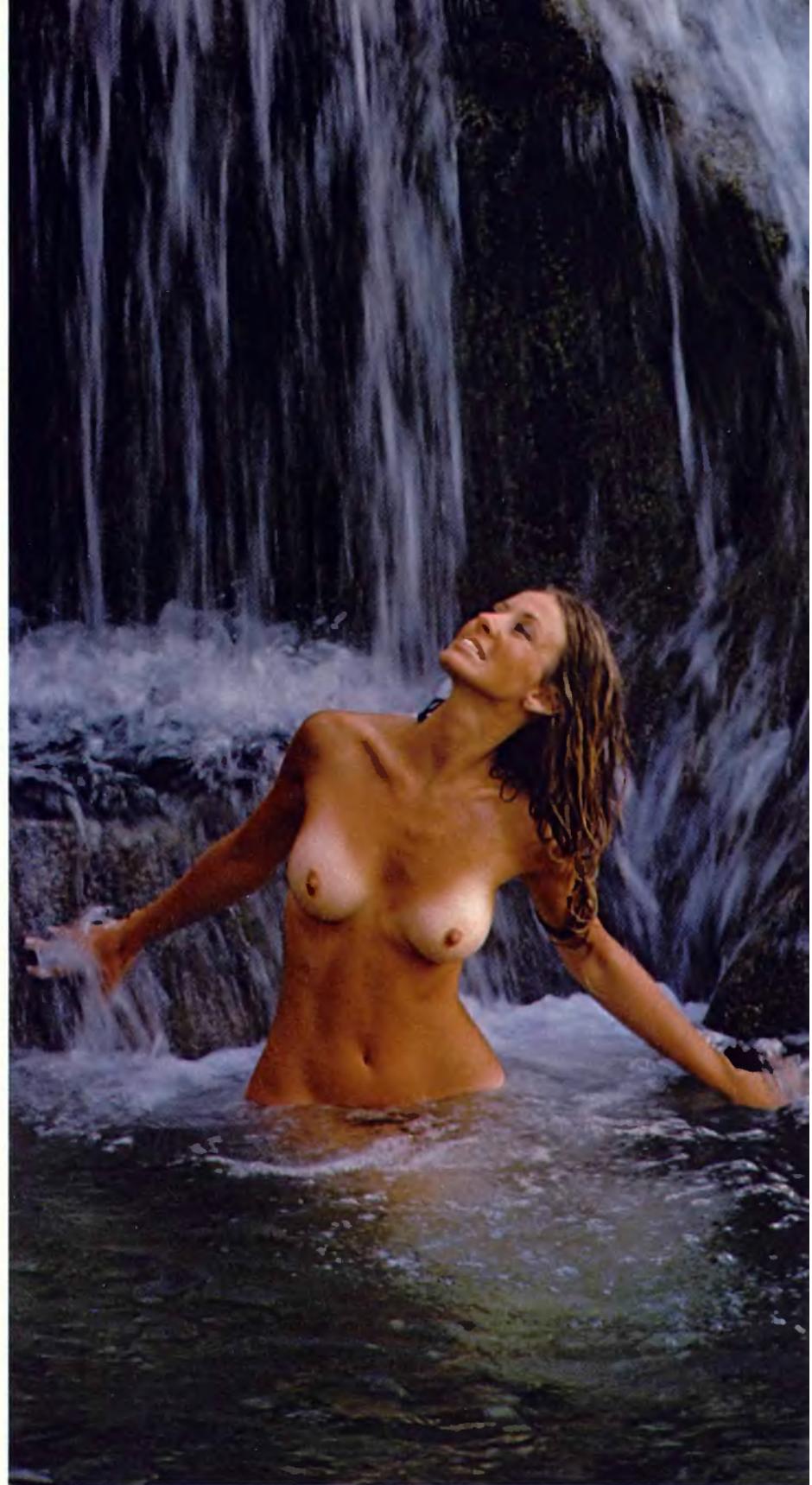
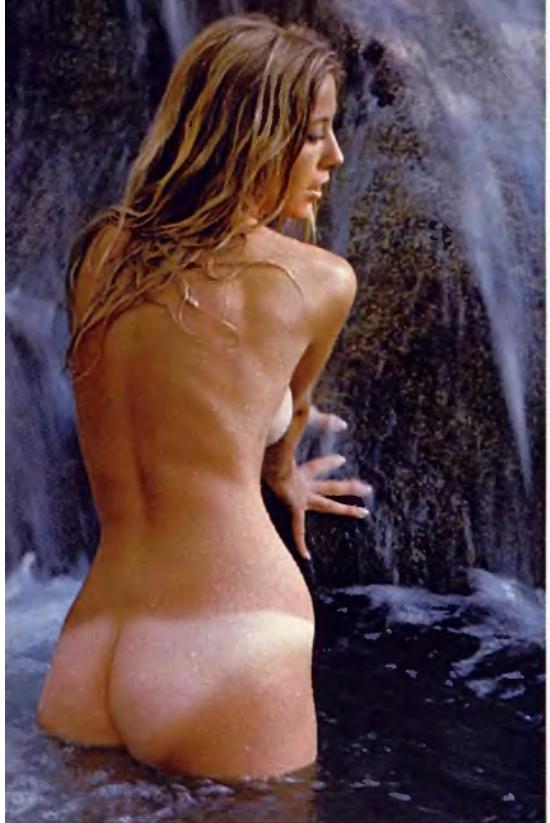


whose fingers snapped and torso churned to the sometime bossa-nova rhythms of Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66 (later updated to '77). Her harmonizing voice, an integral part of the group's Latin-oriented hits like *Look of Love*, *Mais Que Nada* and *Fool on the Hill*, had been heard in night clubs, concert dates, television specials, recordings and even at a White House gala.

It came as some surprise when the 26-year-old singer announced she was abandoning her security with the popular combo—after logging nearly 100,000 miles on the road across four continents—to pursue the more precarious acting profession. "There's no spontaneity anymore," she explained at the time. "The show I'm performing in is prepackaged. It's formula music, sophisticated Muzak. I hate its predictability. Like,

"Trees, especially great, monstrous ones, are nice to look at because they're comforting in their sturdiness. It's like they've been there and they're going to be there and they know what it's all about. And I like people who have been through it all and survived, too. I've always gone for men who look like Saint Bernards. Graying hair and even a little paunch suit me fine."



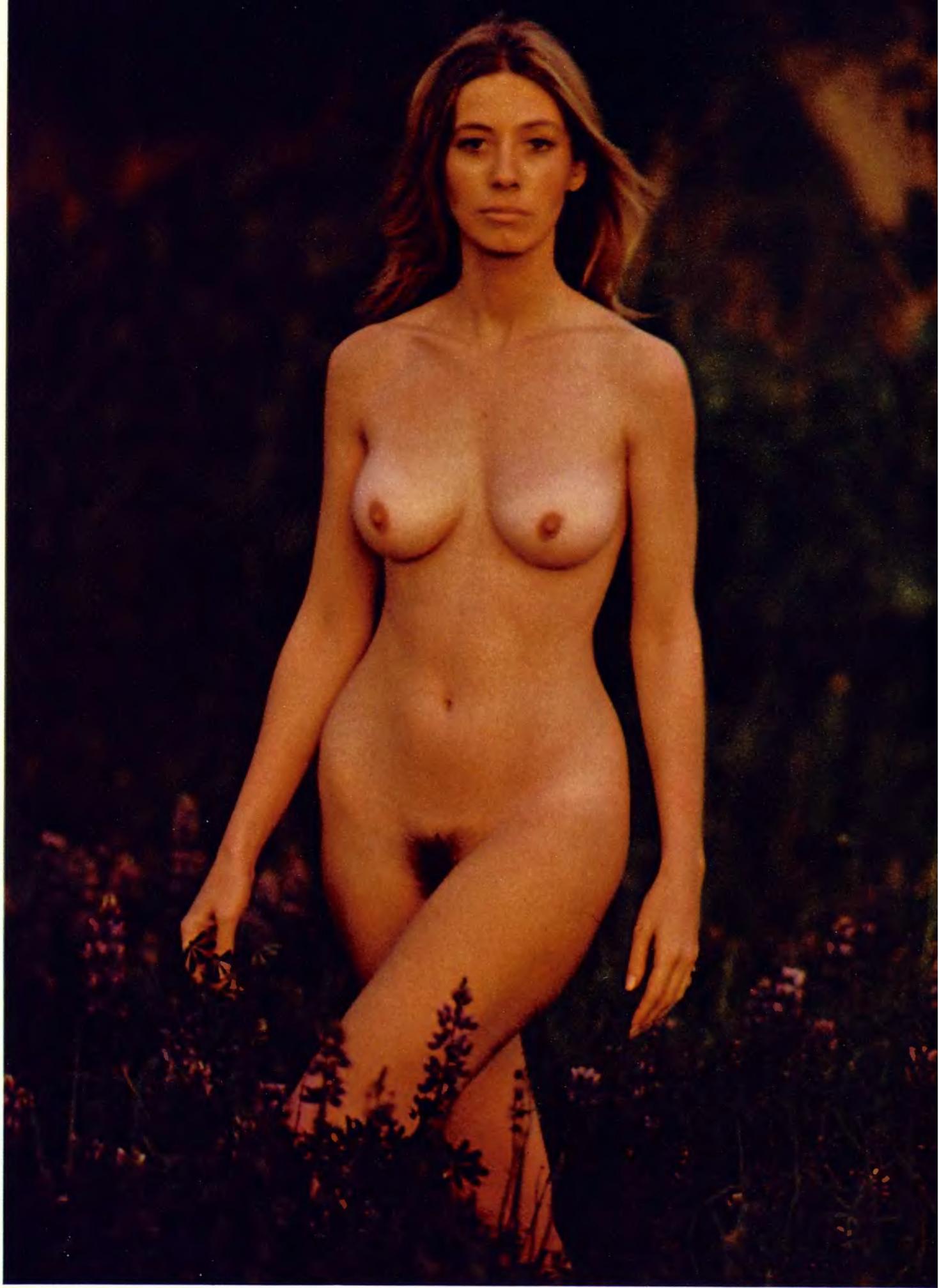


the Brazilians have a saying: 'It doesn't smell good, it doesn't smell bad, it just doesn't smell.' And that's really a drag. To a great degree, being in this group has destroyed my interest in music."

What had begun as a Cinderella story four years before was ending in acrimony and disillusion. Just four months after graduating from the University of Redlands, Karen had responded to an advertisement in *Variety*, signed a \$15,000-a-year contract with Brasil '66, rehearsed for two weeks and suddenly found herself debuting onstage at Manhattan's Lincoln Center. Her hands were so shaky that she was unable to hold the microphone. Many of the words she sang meant little to her, since she had learned Portuguese phonetically by listening to records. Karen soon

(continued on page 212)

"After I split up with one of my boyfriends, I went through the thing of trying to prove I was free again. That lasted for about two weeks. By then, I'd had it with waking up in the morning next to someone I didn't want to be with and trying to figure out what to say after the orange juice. I like a protective and possessive male, someone I can depend on."





"Now, where L equals libido and A equals angle of attack. . . ."

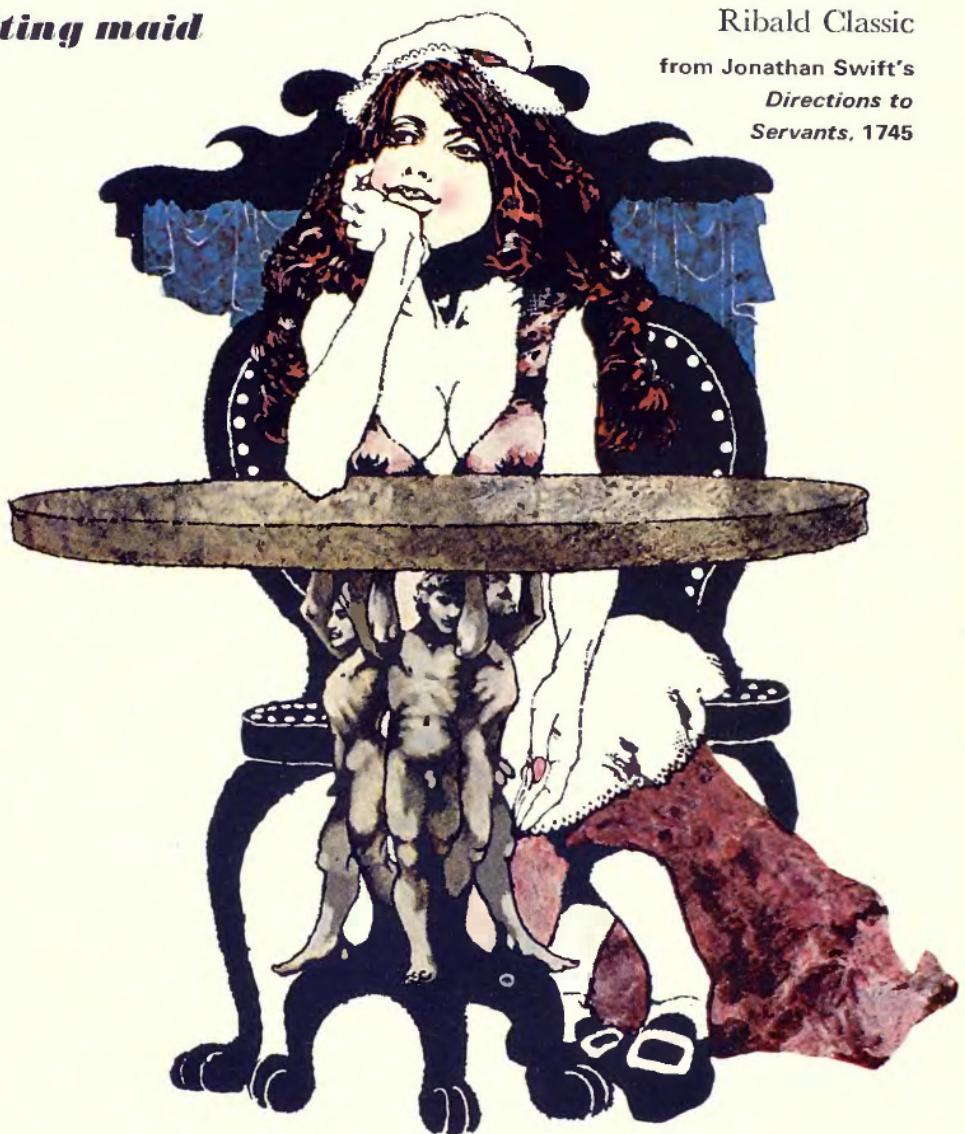
directions to the waiting maid

IF YOU ARE in a great family, and my lady's woman, my lord may probably like you, although you are not half so handsome as his own lady. In this case, take care to get as much out of him as you can; and never allow him the smallest liberty, not the squeezing of your hand, unless he puts a guinea into it; so by degrees, make him pay accordingly for every new attempt, doubling upon him in proportion to the concessions you allow, and always struggling, and threatening to cry out, or tell your lady, although you receive his money; five guineas for handling your breast is a cheap pennyworth, although you seem to resist with all your might; but never allow him the last favour under 100 guineas, or a settlement of 20 pounds a year for life.

In such a family, if you are handsome, you will have the choice of three lovers: the chaplain, the steward, and my lord's gentleman. I would advise you to chuse the steward; but, if you happen to be young with child by my lord, you must take up with the chaplain. I like my lord's gentleman the least of the three.

I must caution you particularly against my lord's eldest son; if you are dextrous enough, it is odds that you may draw him in to marry you, and make you a lady; if he be a common rake, or a fool (and he must be one or the other), but, if the former, avoid him like Satan, for he stands in less awe of a mother, than my lord doth of a wife; and, after 10,000 promises, you will get nothing from him, but a big belly, or a clap, and probably both together.

If you are so happy as to wait on a young lady with a great fortune, you must be an ill manager if you cannot get 500 or 600 pounds for disposing of her. Put her often in mind, that she is rich enough to make any man happy; that there is no real happiness but in love; that she hath liberty to chuse wherever she pleaseth, and not by the direction of parents, who never give allowances for an innocent passion; that there are a world of handsome, fine, sweet young gentlemen in town, who would be glad to die at her feet; that the conversation of two lovers is heaven upon earth; that love like death equals all conditions; that if she should cast her eyes upon a young fellow below her in birth and estate, his marrying her would make him a gentleman; that you saw yesterday on the Mall, the prettiest ensign; and, that if you had 40,000 pounds it should be at his service. Take care that everybody should know what lady you live with; how great a favourite you are; and, that she always takes your advice. Go often to St. James's Park, the fine fellows will soon discover you, and contrive to slip a letter into your sleeve or your bosom; pull it out in a fury, and



Ribald Classic

from Jonathan Swift's
*Directions to
Servants*, 1745

throw it on the ground, unless you find at least two guineas along with it; but in that case, seem not to find it, and to think he was only playing the wag with you: When you come home, drop the letter carelessly in your lady's chamber; she finds it, is angry; protest you know nothing of it, only you remember, that a gentleman in the park struggled to kiss you, and you believe it was he that put the letter in your sleeve or petticoat; and, indeed, he was as pretty a man as ever she saw: that she may burn the letter if she pleaseth. If your lady be wise, she will burn some other paper before you, and read the letter when you are gone down.

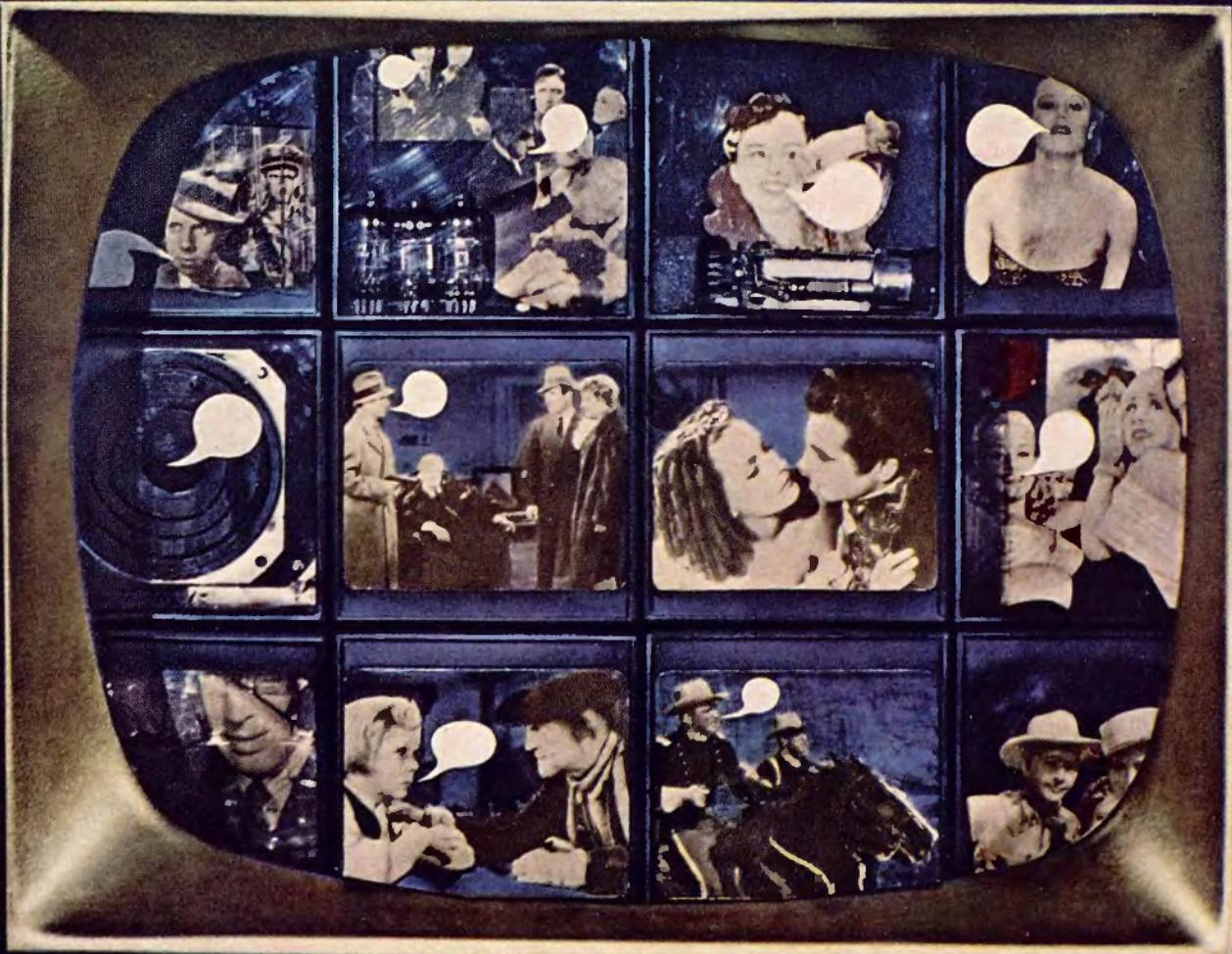
If you serve a lady who is a little disposed to gallantries, you will find it a point of great prudence how to manage: Three things are necessary. First, how to please your lady; secondly, how to prevent suspicion in her husband, or among the family; and lastly, but principally, how to make it most for your own advantage. To give you full directions in this important affair would require a large volume. All assignations at home are dangerous, both to your lady and

yourself; and therefore contrive as much as possible, to have them in a third place; especially if your lady, as it is a hundred odds, entertains more lovers than one, each of whom is often more jealous than a thousand husbands; and, very unlucky encounters may often happen under the best management. I need not warn you to employ your good offices chiefly in favour of those, whom you find most liberal; yet, if your lady should happen to cast an eye upon a handsome footman, you should be generous enough to bear with her humour, which is no singularity, but a very natural appetite: It is still the safest of all home intrigues, and was formerly the least suspected, until of late years it hath grown more common. The great danger is, lest this kind of gentry, dealing too often in bad ware, may happen not to be sound; and then, your lady and you are in a very bad way, although not altogether desperate.

But, to say the truth, I confess it is a great presumption in me, to offer you any instruction in the conduct of your lady's amours, wherein your whole sisterhood is already so expert.

YOU CAN'T SEND A KID UP IN A CRATE LIKE THAT! . . . MARK ME, DOCTOR, YOU'RE TAMPERING WITH NATURE. . . . FOR MANY MOONS MY PEOPLE HAVE LIVED AT PEACE. . . . WHY DON'T YOU LET ME HAVE THAT GUN, MY SON? . . . GREAT SILVER BIRD COME BYE-UM-BYE. . . . OH, DADDY, SOMETIMES I THINK THERE HAS TO BE MORE TO LIFE THAN CRUISING ON OUR YACHT. . . . THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LOWER THAN A COYOTE—AND THAT'S A SHEEPMAN. . . . YOU CAN'T BE THE FRECKLE-FACED LITTLE BRAT WITH THE PIGTAILS? . . . I WANT YOU OUT OF TOWN BY SUNDOWN, CANTRELL. . . . SOMEDAY I'LL MAKE YOU EAT THOSE WORDS OR MY NAME ISN'T LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN!

a four-star quiz to separate the late-show fanatic from the tv-movie dilettante



By BRIAN VACHON Ever since television began running old movies, which is ever since television, people have been coming up with *Late Show* trivia games—until the games themselves have become trivial. Anyone with a minimally functional memory remembers that Dooley Wilson played you know what in *Casablanca* and that William Powell and Myrna Loy were the original Nick and Nora Charles. The games, like the movies, suffer from overexposure. There are over 17,300 movies currently available to television viewers, but the collective dialog in most of them is uniquely sparse. Most *Late Show* statements produce automatic *Late*

Show responses, and therein lies the true test of the TV-movie connoisseur. He can spot the proper cliché in a crowd. He not only knows that the sentiment "Those drums, that monotonous rhythm—it's driving me crazy" is dialog from *King Solomon's Mines*, *Mogambo* and half a dozen other white-hunter jungle movies; he also knows just what phrase triggers the crazed coward to make that admission.

Here is a list of 20 statements with perfectly reasonable responses following each. Only one of the given responses, however, is cinematographically correct in the creed of the *Late Show*. The expert wouldn't miss one. The journeyman

viewer shouldn't miss more than three, and even the casual buff ought to get more than 12 right. Go rate thyself.

1. **Statement:** "Ah, come on, fellas. Give me a break, will ya?"

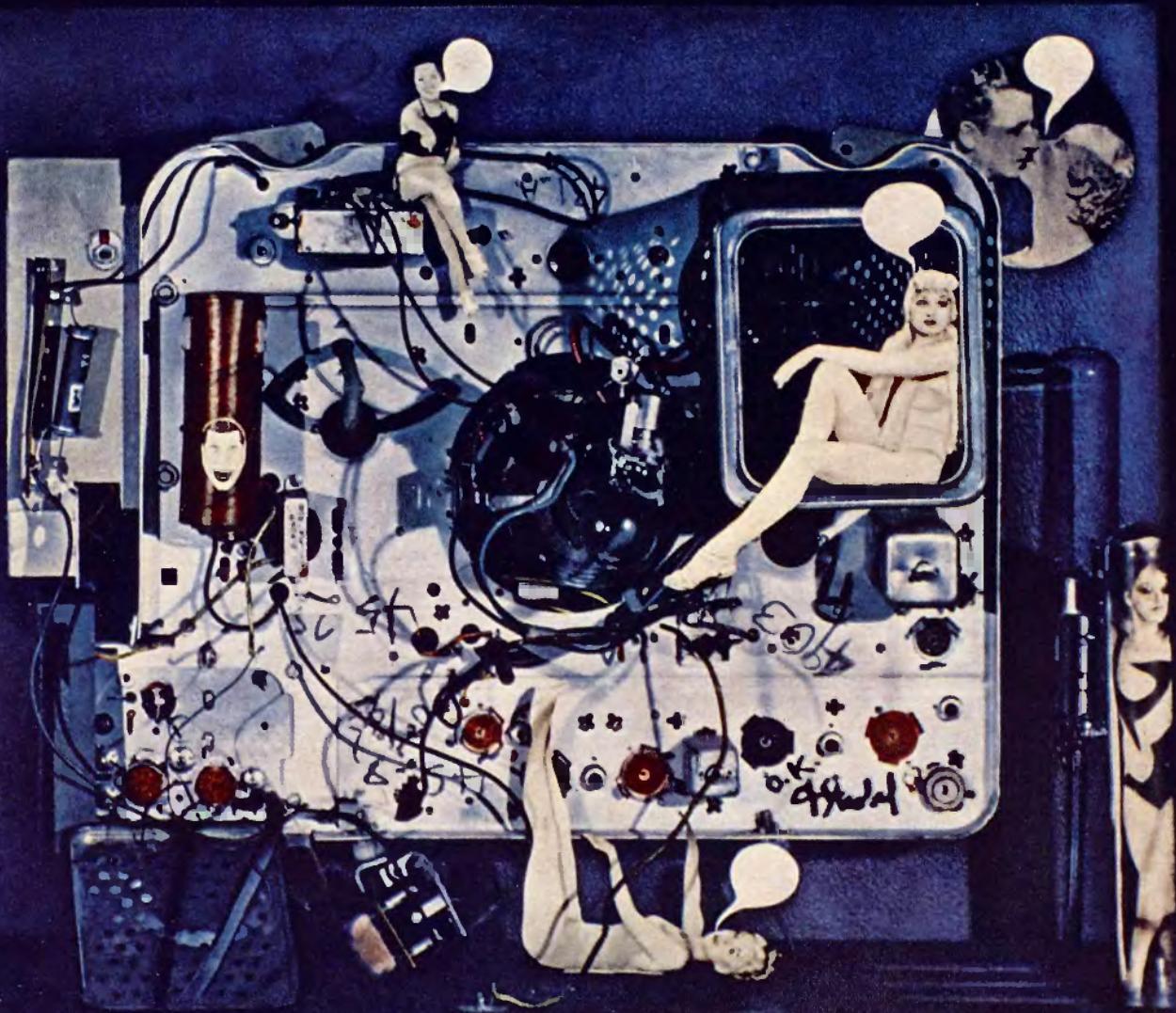
Response A: "OK, OK. Just quit your whining, Tony. We'll take another look at that repair estimate."

Response B: "Gee, since you put it that way—certainly."

Response C: "Sure. Just like the break you gave Shorty."

2. **Statement:** "Why on earth do you suppose he acted that way?"

Response A: "I don't know. Maybe he's just very sensitive about fag jokes." (continued on page 194)



PIGSKIN PREVIEW

tremendous group of sophomores up from the best freshman team in the school's history. Bernie Galiffa, a solid proven quarterback, will throw to some of the top receivers in America. Two brawny blue-chip sophomore tackles, John ("Tree") Adams and Jeff Merrow, lead the defense. Coach Bobby Bowden will have to rebuild the offensive line, but there's plenty of material available. It will be a very, very good year in Morgantown. Stanford on September 30 and Penn State on October 28 will be the only major threats to an undefeated season.

Both Army and Navy will be much improved, and it's about time; the Eastern military academies have been far behind the Air Force Academy in recent seasons. The final shoot-out between the two teams on December 2 should be an epic struggle in the best tradition of this legendary meeting. The optimism in Annapolis is heady. Navy watchers insist this could be the finest Navy squad since Roger Staubach led the Middies to national ranking in 1963. Nineteen starters return; among them, Larry ("Supersnatcher") Van Loan, who as a sophomore was the best receiver in Naval Academy history. Van Loan has two good quarterbacks to get the ball to him, and the passers, in turn, operate behind a veteran offensive line that will be even better with the arrival of exceptional sophomore center George Markulis. Another newcomer to watch is speedy Cleveland Cooper, whose outside running will keep defenses from concentrating too much on the passing attack. If the Midshipmen can avoid a repeat of last year's injuries, which sidelined a dozen starting players, Navy could be one of the surprise teams in the country.

Army could enjoy a winning season if the Cadets can get past their first two games, with Nebraska and Texas A&M, without too much physical damage.

During the pregame ceremonies of the A&M game, Army quarterback Kingsley Fink will be made an honorary citizen of the city of Fink, Texas (population eight). That may be the high point of the game for the Cadets. Army will field a tough veteran defense built around defensive end Steve Bogosian. Their two capable quarterbacks, Fink and senior southpaw Dick Atha, will give the Cadets a respectable pass attack.

Syracuse can be much stronger this fall by merely avoiding a repetition of anything like last year's injury situation, which claimed 24 players from the first two units for part or all of the season. Few teams have the depth to survive such adversity. Syracuse had insipid running last year due to a lack of outside speed. But this year Greg Allen, who was out all last season with hepatitis, should change that. The Orangemen may have their best running attack since

(continued from page 151)

Larry Csonka starred in '67. Still, the most productive offensive weapon may turn out to be sophomore field-goal kicker Bernie Ruoff. The Orange defense was gutted by graduation, but fabulous tackle Joe Ehrmann (a two-time *PLAYBOY* All-America) returns fully healed, and he is half a defensive unit all by himself.

Boston College will have a tough time duplicating last season's 9-2 record, because most of the defenders, who were largely responsible for that success, graduated. There are plenty of replacements on hand, but they are mostly inexperienced. Junior Gary Marangi will inherit the quarterback duties. He is reputed to have a great arm and needs only game experience to become established. If all the youngsters learn quickly, this could be another big year at the Heights.

The Villanova team blew its chances for a fine season in '71, which means some rebuilding is in order this fall. The attack platoon will be green, but the defense, led by talented pass stealer Frank Polito, will be mean, strong and quick.

Pittsburgh fans, after years of futility, despair and high, unrealized prospects, will notice a difference this season, not only on the scoreboard but in the backfield. Coach Carl DePasqua has installed a new wishbone offense to take advantage of his personnel, which includes a large supply of runners and very few receivers. Yet a woeful lack of depth in both lines will probably preclude any improvement over last year's record.

It's going to be a good year in the Ivy League, largely because of an excellent number of seniors. This is the group recruited the year Calvin Hill of Yale and Marty Domres of Columbia were first-round pro draft choices, an event that destroyed the long-standing myth that Ivy League players were always ignored by the pros. Since then, the Ivies have gotten a large share of the available prep school muscular intellects.

Columbia and Dartmouth will fight it out for the title, with Harvard, Yale, Cornell and (surprise!) Pennsylvania not far behind. The title will probably be decided in the Columbia-Dartmouth game on November 11. The Indians will have a slight edge in that one solely because it will be played in Hanover, and the home-field advantage seems to be a big factor in the Ivy League.

The Dartmouth players, unaccustomed to much serious competition from the rest of the League, were shaken out of their complacency by last fall's loss to Columbia. This year, the Indians are experienced and, miffed by having to share the '71 title with Cornell, they also have incentive.

The happiest Ivy League fans are in New York City. Columbia has its best team in 25 years, the result of a new aggressive recruiting program. Last year's team, dubbed The Cardiac Kids because of its propensity for winning close games, was made up for the most part of juniors; as a result, 17 of the 22 starters are back, all presumably stronger and smarter. The only possible problem spots are the interior offensive line and the running game. If the runners are merely good enough to take some of the pressure off a premium passing attack, the Lions could terrorize the League and Columbia fans would at long last have something to talk about besides the 1934 Rose Bowl win over Stanford.

The main question above Cayuga's waters as the season opens is how well Cornell will survive the loss of Ed Marinaro. Probably very well, but it will be a vastly different club. Without Marinaro, the most productive runner in college history, the attacking unit will be less potent. The defensive team, fortunately, will be tough as nails.

Last season, Harvard started slowly under new head coach Joe Restic, gained momentum as the season progressed and finished with a sound drubbing of Yale in what has come to be known in Bean Town as The Game. The core of that squad returns, including the entire offensive backfield. Depth in the offensive backfield will be a serious problem, but the defenders will be tougher than ever. Ted DeMars and Rich Gatto should be the best pair of running backs in the Ivies.

Ace runner Dick Jauron has been Yale's major weapon for the past two years and should get some help this season from three promising sophomores, Rudy Green, Tyrell Hennings and Tom Clauss. The passing will be better if coach Carm Cozza can finally settle on a starting quarterback (last year he used three different ones). Either of two sophomores, Tom Doyle or Bob Sotta, could be the answer. Another sophomore, a super one, is former Wisconsin All-America Alan Ameche's son Brian, who will help beef up a flaccid defensive line. How well all these newcomers perform will determine the Elis' fate.

The most improved team in the League will be Pennsylvania; with a little luck, the Quakers could be in the thick of the title race, provided, of course, last year's incredible string of bad breaks (both kinds), which turned a promising season into a 2-7 disaster, doesn't recur. Tom Pinto is a splendid quarterback and his prime target, Don Clune, a top-rank receiver.

Princeton will be the only Ivy team weaker than last year, mostly because of a decimated defense. A good offensive

(continued on page 221)

BACK TO CAMPUS

our annual look at new fashion directions for the coming college year

attire BY ROBERT L. GREEN

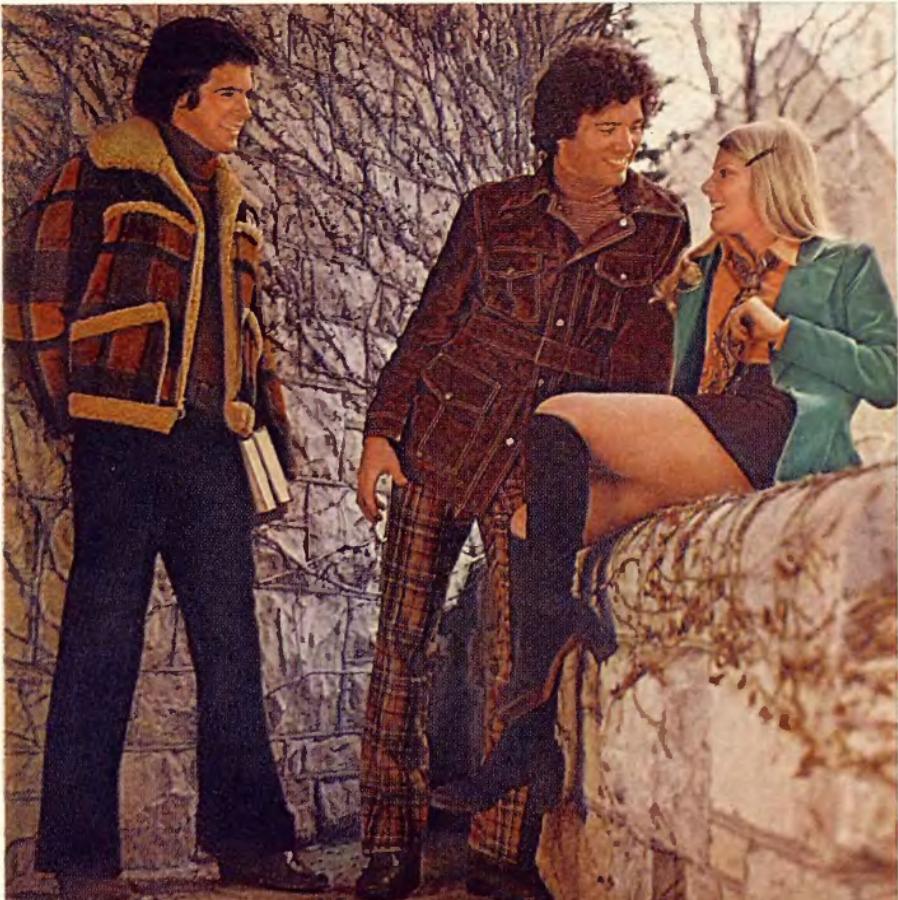
IN THE PAST, it was possible for us to offer counsel on collegiate wardrobe needs with a fair degree of regional acumen. Eastern undergrads were traditionally the most fashion-conscious, with the South coming in a close second. Midwesterners, predictably, were middle of the road, neither too relaxed nor too dressy. Southwesterners were divided into two camps—the let's-go-to-blazers crowd and the wild bunch, who (text concluded on page 188)

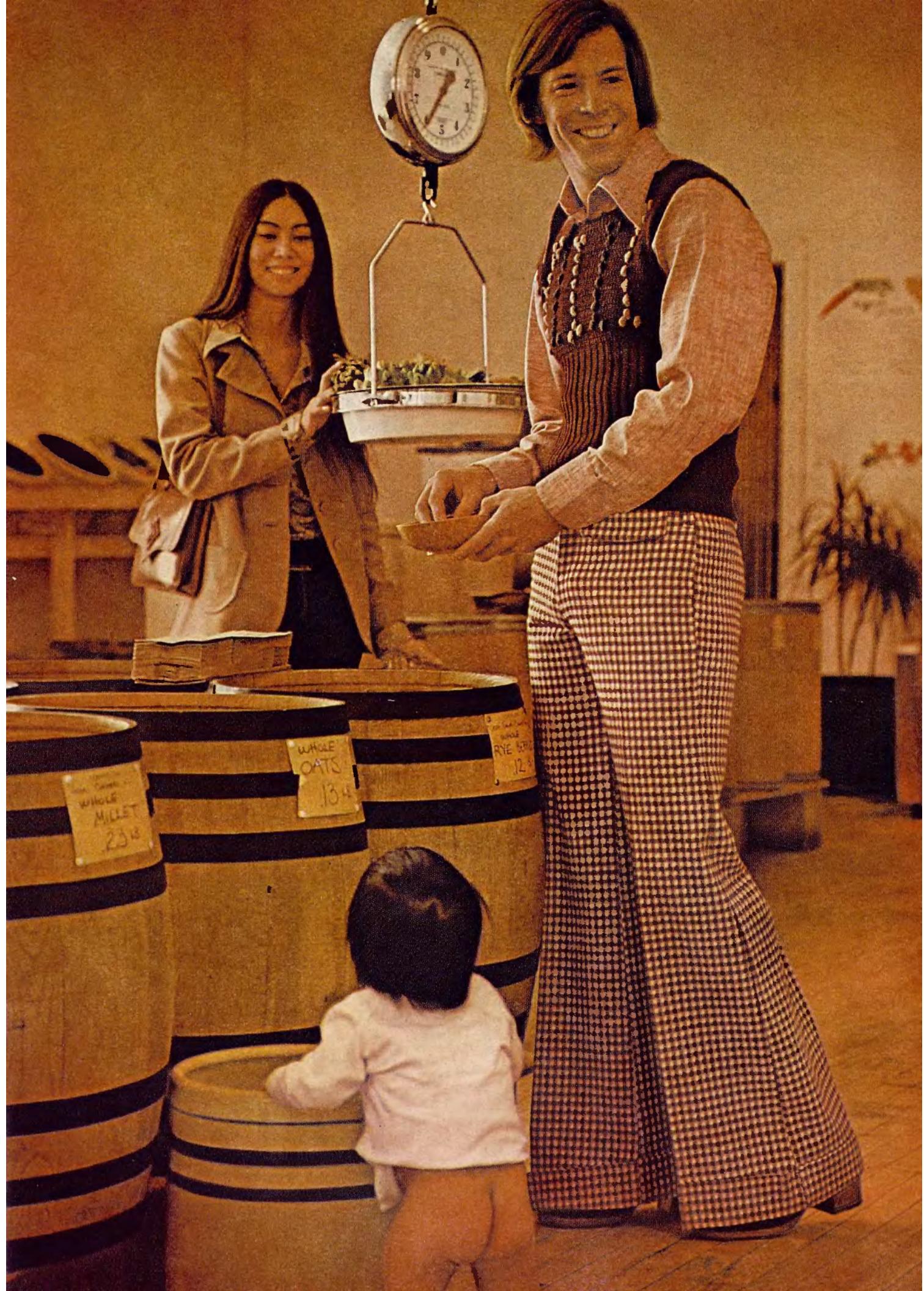
Below, left to right: Acrylic pullover, by Spider Sportswear, \$16, polyester and cotton shirt, by Manhattan, \$9.50, and pleated slacks, by A. Smile, \$13; suede jacket, by Peters Sportswear, \$60, ring-neck sweater, by Himalaya, \$11, and slacks, by Live-Ins, \$11.

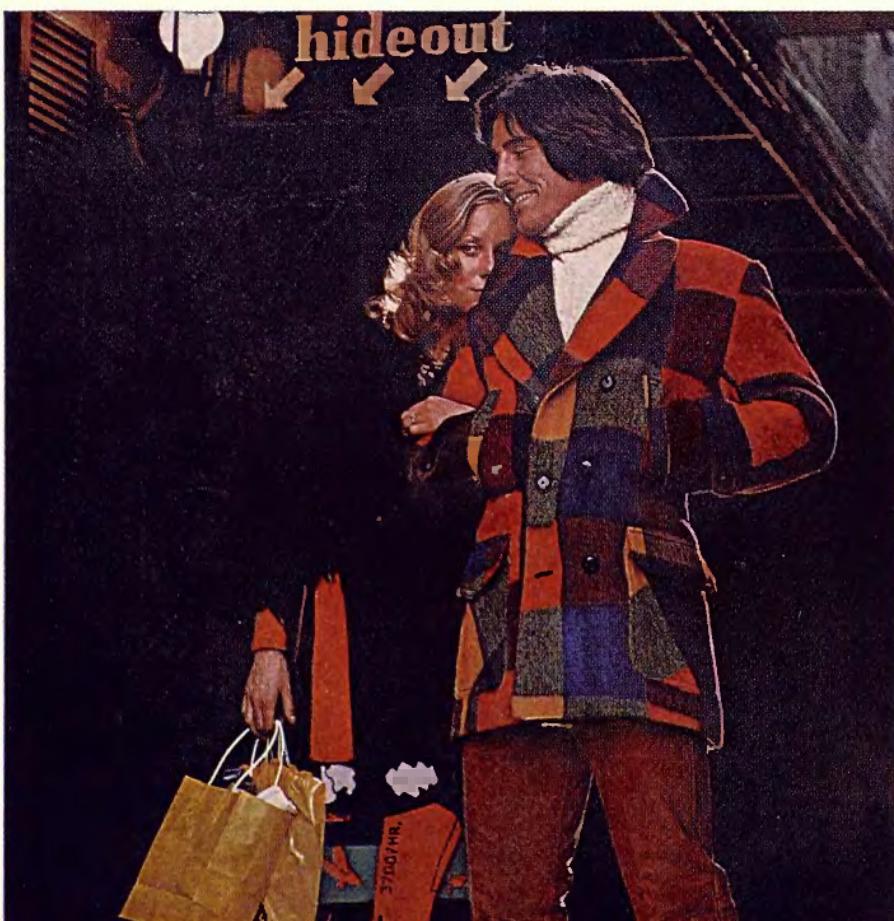




Above, left to right: Brushed-denim blazer, \$25, and matching slacks, \$13, both by Landlubber, Shetland crewneck, by Forum Sportswear, \$18, and Kodel-cotton shirt, by Manhattan, \$10; knit pullover, by Himalaya, \$15, knit shirt, by Enro, \$14, and brushed-cotton-card bell-bottoms, by Levi Strauss, \$9; sueded split-cowhide jacket, by El Toro Bravo, \$60, U-neck Acrlan knit sleeveless sweater, by Spider Sportswear, \$12, paisley-print cotton shirt, by Byron Britton for Aetna, \$11, and corduroy tweed slacks, by Live-Ins, \$12. Right, left to right: Wool-blend bomber jacket with polyester lining and trim, by Windbreaker/Van Heusen, \$35, Orlon knit turtleneck, by Gant, \$14, and wool-blend melton jeans, by Paul Ressler, \$19; split-cowhide belted safari jacket, by Levi Strauss, \$80, striped turtleneck, by Barclay Knitwear, \$7, and tartan wool slacks, by Pendleton, \$29. Opposite page: Cracked sweater vest, by Gordon Gregory, \$22, broadcloth shirt, by Enro, \$10, and cotton wide-legged slacks, by Live-Ins, \$12.







Above, left to right: Houndstooth-check cotton corduroy three-piece suit with notched lapels, hocking flap pockets, reversible vest and deep side vents, by Brookfield, \$80, worn with glen-ploid polyester and cotton shirt with long-pointed collar, by Hathaway, \$16, and plaid wool tie, by Chest Knots, \$7.50; wool-flannel single-breasted two-button suit with notched lapels, deep center vent and slightly flared leg bottoms, by Stanley Blacker, \$125, plus torton shirt with long-pointed collar and two-button cuffs, by Manhattan, \$10, and polyester tie, by Gant, \$8.50. Left: Bold-ploid wool pea jacket with fully quilted lining, by Europe Craft, \$50, wool bouclé turtleneck, by Pendleton, \$21, and matte-finished cowhide jeans with flared leg bottoms, by Ibex for Europa Sport, \$75. Right: Ploid wool duffel coat with toggles and patch pockets, by Stuort Nelson for Stanley Blacker, \$125, Shetland cable-knit turtleneck, by McGregor, \$22.50, and corduroy slacks, by Mr. Wrangler, \$8.



STONE COLD FEVER

(continued from page 150)

the rent and feeding them both—so the \$1800 melted fast. He remembers a deep affection between himself and the kid, but it didn't survive the end of the money. No question that the kid would be gone when it was. So when he got down to the last couple of hundred, Gene started thinking about New York, where, word had it, dope was cheap and tricks were easy.

I bought enough dope in Baltimore to last a day or two after I got to New York. Eight bags, \$80 worth. But I was always used to having the kid hit me. I'd always tie and he'd always hit me. So once I was on the bus I had to hit myself the first time. Luckily I had good veins then. But I realized I didn't have him to depend on. And I'd been in New York before, but it was weird to realize I was going to a strange place to get narcotics cheaper. You don't have nobody going out and buying it for you. You gotta make the money yourself. You gotta buy it yourself. You gotta hit yourself. And it worried me.

Springtime in New York, sweet Central Park, April 1961. But Gene was thinking about things other than the weather and the Bay of Pigs. He had to figure out a tough town, and he had to do it fast. No trouble finding out where to hustle—it doesn't get more obvious than 42nd Street—but turning up a new connection before the lady left him in knots was another story. *I was running almost completely out of dope. In five or six hours I had to find more. When you're not known in New York it's hard to score, especially if you're white—because most of your dope is controlled by your Puerto Ricans, Cubans and Negroes. But finally I met a few hustlers and offered them \$20 to introduce me to a connection. This one person took me on 56th Street between Ninth and Tenth Avenue, which at that time was dope heaven in mid-Manhattan, and I bought a bundle—25 five-dollar bags for \$75.*

It turned out New York wasn't such a tough game to play—not at first, anyway. He had a connection, and since he was fresh meat for the rack on 42nd Street, keeping ahead of the habit just amounted to scoring a couple of tricks every day. So life was mainly hanging out: in marked-down gadget-store doorways, watching every eye that passed for the right look; in Times Square Fascination parlors, long dead hours of red rubber balls and flashing lights; in 50-cent moviehouses, filling up holes with reruns of reruns.

Most days, if I had the bread, I'd buy my dope and go to the Keystone Hotel, which is a cheap flophouse. I'd take my works and go up there and take off around 11 at night. That means I've got the room until nine o'clock in the morn-

ing. So I'd nod out for a while, but then I had to think about my wake-up. Which means I've got to get out on the street and make enough money before four or five in the morning—that's when the pushers go home—because before going to sleep I've got to take off again. Also when I wake up.

Down to 42nd Street. If there ain't no tricks, a lot of times the way I made my money is stand in front of a movie. "Excuse me, sir, I need a quarter to get into the movie." Couple of hours there and you usually have enough for half a half, which is \$15, and you get eight bags of heroin.

But if it's a really slow night and I'm getting uptight, I'd have to resort to getting with somebody and taking somebody off. If I'm going to be sick in a couple of hours, I'll find somebody in the same shape I'm in. And then we'll prowl the city like a couple of cats. I'm a follower, not a leader. But I always have a straight razor stashed someplace.

Usually people use a K-5 knife that you can buy in New York. Myself, I prefer straight razors. They look wicked. I cut the person a little bit, I don't cut them that bad. I let the blood run down their little throat a little bit and I put it to them: "Baby, I'm a junkie. I'm sick, me and my partner are sick; now if you don't come up with some cash I'll cut your throat from ear to ear." In the meantime, they go to their throat and see the blood—it could be just a little nick—and they'll come up with their socks, their shoes, their shorts, anything before they let themselves get cut.

I used to use a blank pistol until a guy challenged me one time. He said, "I don't give a fuck if you got a pistol or not, you ain't takin' me off," and started toward me. But my partner, he had a knife, and he didn't fuck around. Guy started coming, and my buddy stabbed him good right in the leg. "Well, now what are you going to do? Next stab I'll cut your fucking throat." When the guy went down, my buddy hit him alongside of the head, reached in his pockets and helped himself—not only the money, took his watch, credit cards, rings. We stomped him a couple of times and left him there. The guy was stupid. If an addict gets sick enough to take you off, what's more important? A few dollars that you can make back or your life? I figure your life is. But some guys are a little nutty upstairs. They ain't coming up with that fucking money until they get hurt. Then after they get hurt they're meek as a lamb. You know, "Here, take it, please don't hurt me no more." Tears, all that shit.

That sort of thing didn't happen very often, Gene says, but he has enough stories to make you wonder. And the other stories he tells about the time

until his first dope bust in 1968 fall together into a mostly broken picture of Gene riding the street roller coaster, zapped through plenty of levels and across lots of space. He is vague about it now, probably because there were few of the bright terrible moments that string together as his memory. He tells about more down times than he realizes, but even if it came to taking somebody off once in a while, he always made enough to stay straight—fine junkie slang for having enough heroin in you to feel good. For a while anyway, Gene had figured out the system and it worked.

• • •

Instead of being like the other kids on 42nd Street, wearing a tight pair of Levis and a shirt, I'd be standing dressed in a suit out front of the Astor. I'd stand there and somebody would walk up and ask me if I'd like to go out to eat—and they didn't take me to no cheap place, they took me to a nice place. Sometimes I would wind up going to plays with them. I'd very seldom get less than half a hundred. Plus the education and the food and the drinks I was obtaining from them was worth a lot more. I have a fifth-grade education, but my speech and the way I want to talk and the way I know how to order at a restaurant—I know how to conduct myself like a person with a college education would want to. And I learned this from being with older people who has taste and who has an education. I picked it up.

• • •

I found Jaime, this Spanish boy, in the middle of 111th Street and Park Avenue, where they'll cut your fucking throat for a dime, if they think you've got a dime on you. I used to hide my money in my shorts and keep a five or ten in my pocket—so if I got robbed I could say, "Hey, man, this is all I got. I was on my way to score." They make you take off your shoes, but most times they won't look in your shorts. So I got took off a couple of times up there, and after one time I met Jaime and told him about it. He said, "I'll cop for you," and for some reason I just trusted him. I told him I didn't have no place to take off except way downtown, and he said, "That's all right—I live right here in the projects." So we went over to his apartment. His mother was setting there, and his younger brother, and we went right to his bedroom and I fired there and I got very high. In fact I got so high I couldn't leave. So I stayed. Ended up living there for a long time. I supported his habit and everything else. He never had to go out and worry about where his next bag of dope was gonna come from. Baltimore revisited, only this time for six years.

• • •

I saw that movie "Midnight Cowboy." A lot of it is very phony. The guy basically wasn't that bad-looking, and if



^{RW}
Rowland B. Wilson

"I wanted to be a photographer, but I kept cutting their heads off."

he had a brain in his head he could have made it. It showed the guy wasn't lazy, because he worked as a dishwasher before he got on that bus. And if you get uptight in New York there's always a job to find. Anybody that wants to work in this country can work. They might not get the best job, but they'll get enough. In New York a dishwasher makes \$16 a day. Now, that will buy you eight bags of heroin. And unless you got a habit a mile long, eight bags is gonna straighten you out.

I was tending bar in Chicago, somewhere around 1965. I'd stay in New York in the apartment with Jaime for eight or nine months, and then I'd get a wild hair up my ass, I gotta get out. You get to feeling like the city wants to cave in on you. Sometimes I'd go alone and sometimes Jaime and I'd take some narcotics and get on a bus, take a vacation. This one time in Chicago was when I first started out in leather. And sadism and masochism. By maintaining male prostitution and everything, life started getting kind of dull to me. So I was looking for something different in sexual relationships. And I got the reputation of being what you call a very far-out masochist. Tie me down and hit me a couple of times with a belt just didn't do it for me. Plus I was firing narcotics at the same time, so I could take more

pain and more torture and punishment than the average person, even the average masochistic type. I dug it and I was getting paid for it at the same time. The rates were great. I made six brand-new motorcycles in two years.

The roller coaster started down the long last hill in 1968. Because his years on the street were beginning to show, Gene couldn't count on making it hustling anymore. So he got a job as a waiter for a New York restaurant chain that doesn't ask too many questions, pays by the day and takes its chances. In the one where Gene worked, near Times Square, several other waiters and the cook were also junkies, which meant that customers frequently found waiters standing over them too zonked to take their order or were handed food overcooked by at least a healthy nod. The connection was in a pool hall upstairs, and it was all pretty cozy—until a new manager showed up who decided this was not the way to run a restaurant and fired everybody. Gene is still a little indignant about it.

As far as getting into hospitals to get drugs, I think I originated the swallowing-razor-blades bit.

He was back to making all the same old moves, but they weren't enough to support two habits. And then one empty

night after the bars were all closed, broke, nobody around to hustle, nobody even to take off, Gene started going sick, bowels threatening to explode, cramps like little vicious fish swimming through his stomach. He sat down in a doorway to think it out. There wasn't much time before he'd be a shuddering mess, and the city was too dead to work any of the usual hustles. A new one was needed, quick. Where can you get dope when you're broke? There's got to be a place. Sure: hospitals.

He went to an all-night drugstore and bought a package of razor blades. Outside, he stopped under a light and unwrapped them. He took a few, dulled the edges against a brick wall, snapped them in pieces and swallowed them. And headed straight for the nearest emergency room. He was moving to a new level.

As soon as a surgeon looks at it in an X ray he says, "Oh, oh, we have to operate." I say, "Doc, I don't give a fuck what you do, just give me a shot, you know, straighten me out." And you know that doctor is going to order that shot. But this is what puzzles me, even after talking to psychiatrists: After I got that first shot, knowing it would last six or eight hours, all I would have had to done was get up off the fucking table and put on my clothes. Turn around and say, "See you later, Doc," and walk out. Because I knew I dulled the razor blades. But something made me lay on that table.

A few days later, detoxed—brought down from his habit by smaller and smaller daily doses of morphine—and wearing his first long scar, Gene was on the street again and looking to score. A week later his habit found him again, and one night a few weeks after that he was strung out enough to try the razor-blade trick again. This time he showed up at St. Vincent's in Lower Manhattan and they put him in the psychiatric ward. As soon as they discharged me, I went to Welfare, picked up a \$75 emergency check, went down to 56th Street and copped half a bundle, 12 five-dollar bags, for \$35, which was very cheap at that time, because I knew the dealer. OK, I picked up this guy because I had no place to go and no outfit—no needles, no nothing—and we went to his place. I put two bags in a cooker, we fired it, I didn't get too much of a rush or anything, so I says, "Hell, I'll give us a thrill," and put four bags in. I threw up a nice shot and I hit and I fell out. I woke up with him rubbing my chest, me gasping for air, and I said, "I've O.D.ed." He said, "That's all right, you can rest here and come out of it." And I said, "No, man, I'll die. Get me out of here, get me to St. Vincent's Hospital."

He tells a different version in which he came to in an ambulance with someone rubbing his chest, but in both, his



"Well, if you don't want any cookies, how about a nice little set of cupcakes?"

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shooting buddy dragged him down to the street and left him out cold on the sidewalk until a squad car came along and called the ambulance. Smelling a bust, one of the patrolmen tagged along on the way to French Polyclinic, and it didn't take him long to come up with the two bags of dope Gene had tucked away in his Jockey shorts. At the hospital they pumped him full of glucose and put him on a ward, handcuffed to the bed. He woke up in the morning weaving ways to beat the case. Tell the doctor something to get out of it. Easy: *I tried to commit suicide. Life is so very hard.* The doctors swallowed it and shuffled him off to Bellevue for observation—but not before the cop pressed charges against him. Gene was a little late but learning a new game: bugging out.

Bugging out means acting crazy. Getting the doctors to say you're a mental case. Incompetent to stand trial. But that was my first bust, I didn't know much about that back then. So this big doctor comes in and says, "You know you're on charges. Why don't you go to court and get these charges off your back, and we'll take care of you." Well, stupid me says all right. I didn't really have to go. In the meantime, I was in withdrawal. And the fucking judge gave me 60 days.

Manhattan House of Detention. They

put me on the snake floor, 300 addicts on one floor. You get them in there that are sicker than a fucking dog, hollering, yelling, coughing, throwing up, bowels breaking. I looked around and said this place ain't for me, I got to get out of this fucking joint. The only thing I had was a comb. So I sharpened it up on the bars and everything. I ran that in this vein I had a hole in anyway, from using a large needle, and once I got it in I closed my eyes and ripped. Guards come by and see me shooting blood out all over the place. They put a tourniquet on my arm, and I tried to take the tourniquet off and they slapped me around a little bit. Took me down and the doctor says, "You could lose your feeling in your whole arm." I say, "I ain't got no feeling in it now." But I really had feeling.

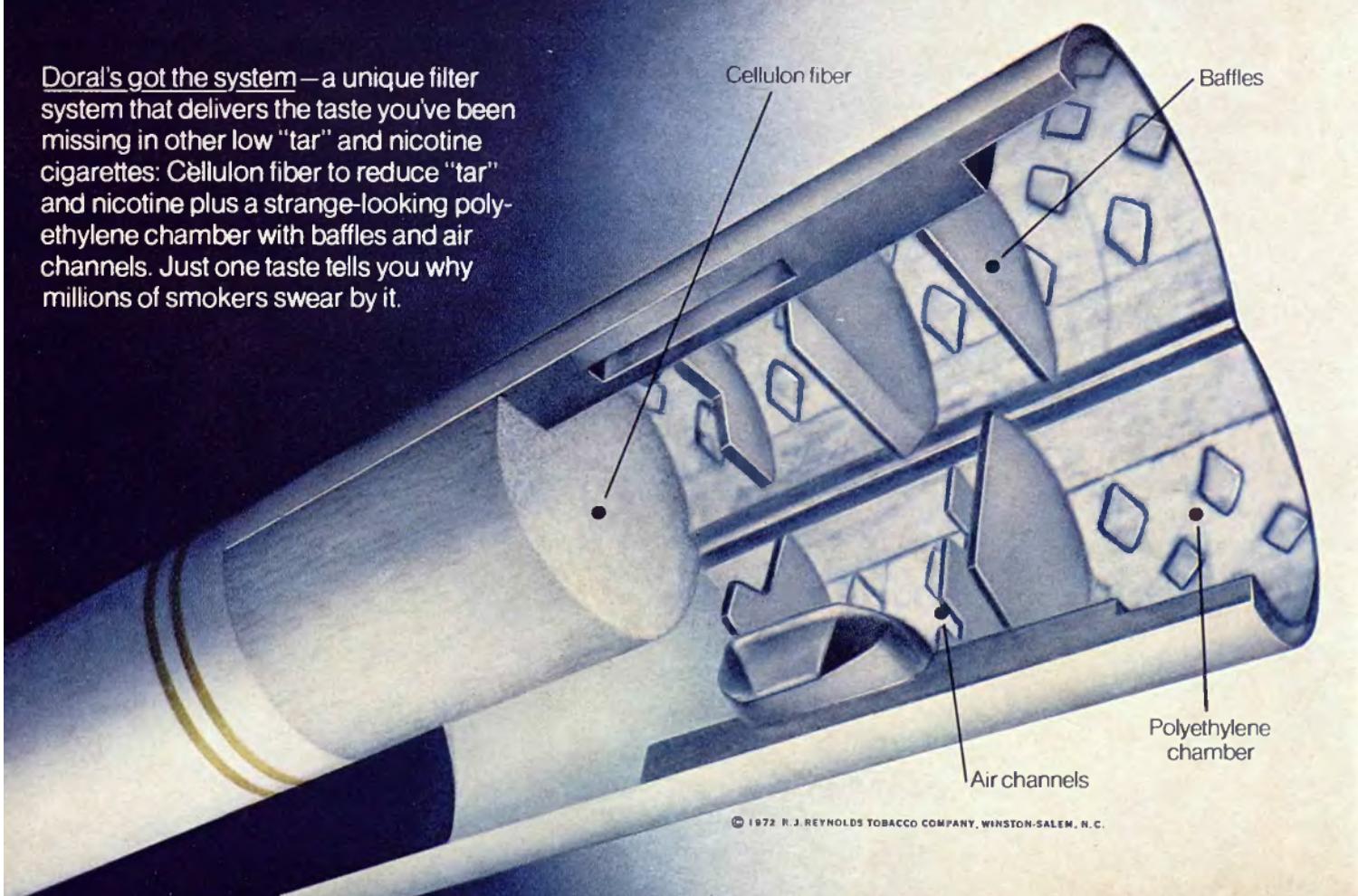
The doctor who sewed him up sent him to Bellevue for X rays, and he was then delivered again to the House of Detention, where they intended to deal with the problem by putting him right back where he started, on the snake floor. *I said this shit's just gotta cease, I ain't going back there. Hard to say where he got a sharp pencil, but he put it to his temple and threatened to shove it if anybody even tried coming into the cell. The guard called the captain, who called a social worker, who called a lady psychiatrist—and she made out a*

court order that bounced him back to Bellevue.

It took them seven days to detox me. I went from there to Rikers Island, and they put me on what they call C-76. Which is a motherfucker. It's like a medieval jail. Locked up in what they call the homo ward, in a cell all by yourself. You have nothing to read. No cigarettes. All you got is four blankets. And a fucking cell. You have to go there before you're transferred to the rock, the prison, which is a lot better. But I says, I ain't going to stay here either.

All it took was a trustee, serving food from the kitchen, who looked, as Gene puts it, *a little happy*. Nothing to lose by trying, so when he walked into the cell with the tray, Gene gave him the number-one heavy come-on, hands all over him, pure hooker in a hurry. It was a good guess; the trustee decided not to rush off. *But what I was feeling for was cigarettes, and I found the pocket and kept fucking around, and when the cigarettes came out this razor blade fell on the floor, so I put my foot on it. I took his matches, too. And then I said, "You want to call the guard, call him. I'll tell him you came in here to rape me and this is what you gave me—and we'll see who gets in more trouble."* He was very mad, but what could he do? He kind of kicked my food at me, but I didn't give a fuck because I had my way out. I ate

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my food very slowly and laid back, and ohhhh, I was on top of the world.

He dulled the razor blade on the bars, and when a guard came by shouted to get his attention. Grinning at the guard, he snapped the razor blade in two and dropped it down his throat, a fat goose swallowing corn. "Now keep my ass in here," I says. He ran his ass up, and about five seconds later my cell was cracked and up came the captain. He said, "Oh, you like to swallow razor blades, huh?" I said, "Yeah, I've had a few operations, and if you want to, Captain, you can hit me. I'm all wired up inside—maybe you'll be lucky and I'll hemorrhage and die before I get to the hospital." So he slapped me a couple of times in the face and said, "Get the fucker out of here to the doctor."

The institutional pinball machine bumped him first to Bellevue. When he told them the blade was dulled, they found no need to operate, and he bounced to the prison mental-observation ward and bounced from there to a ward called 1-A, the prison's homosexual row. In his terms, he had won the game. Somewhere in a file the prison had SUICIDAL TENDENCIES written under his name, and just to be careful that they didn't end up with a dead junkie, they were keeping him under heavy sedation on 1-A. On three occasions so far—

with many more to come—he had shown the institutions that mattered—hospitals, cops, the courts—that he was out to kill himself. So he was Officially Suicidal and therefore needed sedation. But all three cases were hustles: desperate hustles, maybe, hustles that come from a long flirtation with pain and no special reason to love being alive, but hustles still. He was getting this bugging-out thing down, leaving behind a black cartoon of himself in the official records. In a way, it was lucky for the prison; to keep him calm, they were giving him Nembutals and Seconals, but Gene was trading them for cigarettes to other inmates who were into shooting them. Gene says he doesn't like a cheap high.

Basically I do it for narcotics, for the attention I get from the doctors and everybody, or to beat my cases in court—but shall we say most of all to have a lot of attention from other people. And if the razor blades fuck me up where I might die, I'm not going to worry about it that much. And it gets you a bug-out record. Once you get that, once your attorney knows you've been certified mentally incompetent four or five times, it gives him a loophole to have you evaluated again by a psychiatrist. And I'm always able to make a psychiatrist believe there's something wrong with me

or that I'll kill myself. But I'm not idly joking when I say it; they can tell when you're idly joking.

• • •

Downhill: Ten days after he got out, he was copping some dope in a midtown hamburger joint, the kind with spoiled yellow-porcelain walls that started out white. Copping in a diner under 1000 watts of fluorescent light isn't the smartest way to work, and a narcotics cop who happened to be watching proved it by busting them both. Gene got dumped in the M. O. ward, but he took out a razor blade, sliced a vein in his arm and put the pinball machine in action again: to Bellevue, to jail, back to Bellevue, to court, and out on the street—all in a week and a half, on a charge that would have earned the average junkie six months to a year. The kicker was that he had to sign up to be detoxed in a state hospital right away. So he went back to Bellevue and laid up there for three weeks, getting some rest and losing another habit.

He wasn't without it long. As soon as he was released, Jaime turned him on again. Too chopped up and drained to hustle, and with two habits to handle, Gene went back to the restaurant chain, working double shifts to keep up with what they were firing. But then one day in the Spanish Harlem apartment, Gene O.D.ed slightly and fell onto a hot

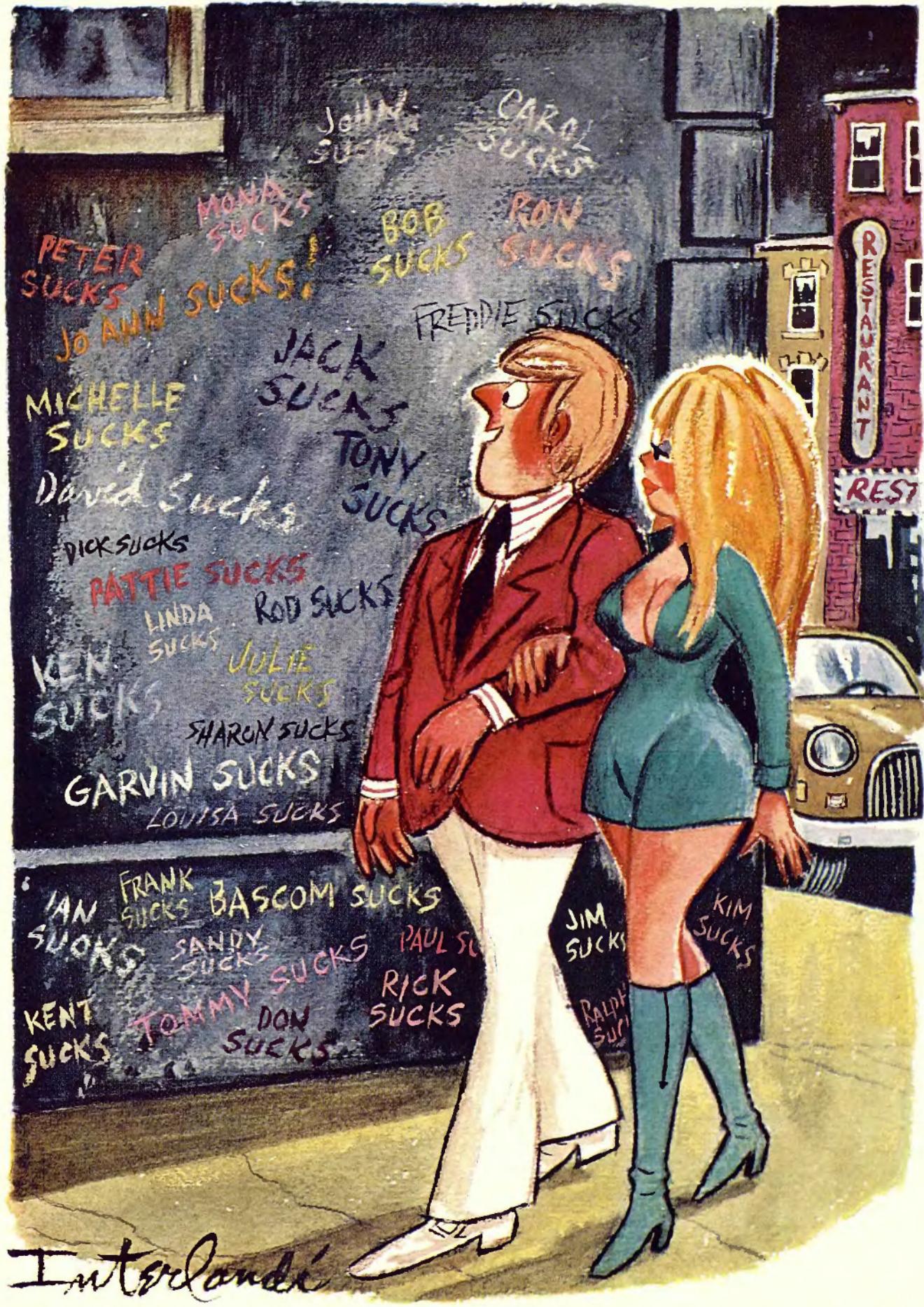
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"Seems like a nice friendly little neighborhood."

radiator, burning himself so badly he couldn't work.

Scared and going sick, he called an old lover named Kevin in Chicago. They'd met in 1960, in a North Side gay bar, and Gene moved right in with him. He says he stayed for a few months and then split for New York; that they lived together off and on after that. It doesn't quite go with his portrait of constant family life with Jaime, but Kevin did start sending him money—and, between long snits, still does.

Kevin kept him warm for a while, but then, angry or hurt, shut him down for the first of many times. Gene saw everything getting ahead of him, way ahead of him, and finally in resigned panic went to *Odyssey House*—a therapeutic community designed to help junkies kick their habits for good, working on the assumption that junkies *want* to kick their habits for good. He had to threaten suicide to get in—swallowing rat poison in this case—but they took him. After two months, though, he couldn't handle it anymore—the responsibility of keeping himself clean, the feeling they were trying to tear his roots out of junk and plant them elsewhere—and one night late he ran out, straight to Jaime's apartment and a good hit.

Down: Less than a month later he was on an operating table in *Harlem Hospital*, paying the heavy admission price for three weeks of dope and attention. Jaime had split for parts unknown, leaving him sick and lonely in their apartment, so he went back to a game that worked. The doctor took out ten blades this time and carted Gene off to be detoxed. He turned out to be so generous and understanding that Gene went back for more of the same when he got uptight a month later.

*Then I got on this methadone program they had. Had to go down there every day and drink methadone. And they got me on welfare, \$140 every two weeks, to pay for apartments. I was supposed to be living at the *Court Hotel* on 21st Street, but I no more lived there than the man in the moon. I had a deal with the owner, who was an ex-junkie, give him a few dollars and he'd hold my checks for me. In the meantime, I was staying with Jaime, and sometimes shooting galleries and rooftops and different apartments and flop-houses, you name it, I've been there. And I'd take the welfare money, and what did I do, I'd go right down to Jaime's place and say, "Well, I can't shoot heroin because I'm drinking methadone, but I sure can shoot a lot of cocaine and amphetamines."*

Gene celebrated the arrival of 1969 at an *s & m* party in *Queens*, auld lang syne with the whips-and-chains set. It was a mistake. Without bothering to ask first, someone slipped him acid early on,

and a few hours later, in the first false dawn of the new year, he was out in the snow nearly naked, doubled over in pain, half walking, half crawling to a hospital a few blocks away from the house. The night comes back to him only as an unstrung series of melted acid flashes—but at some point, during an inspired tableau that involved chaining him to the floor, one of the participants badly ruptured Gene's intestinal tract. Then, in keeping with the tone of the party, he left Gene there to deal with it as best he could. Gene had three or four bags of heroin with him, so he fired that to dull the teeth tearing at him inside. But he still hurt so much when he tried getting dressed that he just said fuck it and headed out into the cold.

I remember that somebody opened up the front door of the hospital, and then I was on a stretcher, screaming out of my mind for painkiller, with four or five doctors wheeling me someplace, and they were running, not walking. They gave me something, but it didn't faze me, so I told them I was a narcotic addict and how much I was shooting. They brought out another shot, it must have been something to knock you out, because that's the last thing I can remember. When I woke up again, the doctor said I had to have an emergency operation or I'd die from hemorrhaging inside, so I signed a piece of paper for the operation. I was in a coma for three weeks afterward. Nurse said later they almost gave me up for dead, had the chaplain in giving me last rites and everything. But they gave me another operation, and luckily with God's help I woke up from it. But in the meantime I went down from 180 pounds to 124 pounds.

Not long after that Gene realized that he couldn't handle New York anymore. Only rarely could he afford the lady, and even her gaudy friends were getting harder and harder to come by. Most of the time, he was stuck staying straight with methadone, and having to show up every day to drink the stuff was one of those inflexible duties that made him crazy. To make walking-around money, since he was too butchered and weak to work, much less hustle, he picked up a Navy uniform and a crew-cut and panhandled full time. But it wasn't enough; he'd been around too long. Too many people—cops, pushers, doctors, tricks—knew him too well. Time to move the act.

* * *

I was uptight when I got into Chicago. I took the last methadone I had on the bus, and it started to wear off. I started to get sick, and I didn't know what sick was until I started getting sick on a methadone sick. It's twice as bad as . . . you ache, man, you ache all over. The stuff gets in your bones or something. So I was uptight. I started going

*around, went to about 15 hospitals, and nobody would help me. You know, "We're sorry about that, we're not allowed to give it out, we don't have no beds." This was before I was on welfare here, so I didn't have no green card, medical card. Finally found my way over to *Cook County Hospital* and I talked to a doctor who was going to head a methadone program they were starting. So I was accepted right away, and he wrote me out a scrip for two days. But when I came back for more it was late one night, and I got another scrip, but it was on the wrong blank, and the guy said the doctor wasn't there, nothing he could do. So I ran it down to *Henrotin Hospital* and did a lot of fast talking to a doctor there. He gave me 100 milligrams and made me drink it on the spot. I went back to *Cook County* next day, and they told me they didn't have the Class A narcotics scrips they needed, and it would be a while before they could initiate the program. So I said, "Doctor, you got to do something for me or I'm going to swallow some razor blades or something to get in the hospital." He said, "Well, I'm a great believer in letting people do what they want to do. If you want to swallow razor blades, go right ahead." Well, I was getting sick, I had no place to go, my money was getting thin and I was getting desperate—so I said, fuck it, if that's what he wants me to do, that's what I'll do.*

So Gene's new start in Chicago began with three weeks in a hospital bed, getting detoxed and recovering from an operation that took 19 razor blades out of his stomach. But three years of scalpels cutting at him were beginning to add up: his body was tired of forever healing itself and this one put him through more slow days of pain than any of the others had. Figuring it with his own special brand of logic, though, it wasn't his fault. *If that's what he wants me to do.* The doctor had practically told him to do it. That's how it seemed to Gene later, anyway, and when he got transferred to psychiatric after three weeks, he wasn't happy to discover that the same doctor had been assigned to him.

Now, I've already got an attitude against him. He's already got an attitude against me. So basically we accomplished nothing together. If they would have gave me a different psychiatrist I might have wound up in completely different circumstances than what I am now. I believe I was stupid at the time because I believe I had a hell of a good case against them. I had a case because they pressed me and almost forced me into doing what I had to do to get into the hospital. I could have sued them.

Chicago, it seemed, wasn't about to treat him any better than New York had. The next eight months—until September of 1971—were an accelerating 181

bummer, so many frantic moments that he can't even put them in order, too many hospitals and operations and therapeutic programs to sort out anymore. Every time he got detoxed, if he could afford it, he went right back to the lady. Rehabilitation wasn't on his mind. But, except for living a few easy weeks with a Clark Street heroin dealer who liked his sex strange and paid for it with dope, Gene was finding the streets colder and colder. Cold enough, in fact, that he went through seven more operations in as many months. He was running a lot harder to stand still.

The instincts that had kept him alive this long must have been shouting at him to quit, hang it up and stay clean; but Gene wasn't having any. All the hassles and scrambling and trips to the desperate edge seemed finally worth it, every time he felt the clear magic swirl of heroin in his head. Something about that drug. He had been detoxed, completely clean, more times than he could remember, but the habit always sputtered back to life again, a gleam that would leave his blood but never stopped glowing in his mind.

I could kick a habit cold turkey. Physically. But I cannot kick a habit cold turkey mentally. Doctors have observed me after I got off, with no physical need. But I'd be climbing the walls. They can take away the physical part, but they can't take away up here in my brain, what it does for me. It's like what I don't find in love and affection on the outside, I get a complete substitute out of heroin. When I'm on heroin I can say fuck all you pretty young boys out there that don't like me, I don't need you no more. That's the difference between methadone and heroin. Methadone will get me stoned, but it doesn't give me the same psychological effect as heroin. The only thing I get out of it is body peace. It appeases the wants and desires of my body. And rather than get out and fight in the rat-race to get body appeasement plus mind appeasement, you have to settle for one or the other. So I settle for the body appeasement. But it still doesn't bring that inner peace you get from a shot of heroin.

It was a miserable period, lightened somewhat by the discovery of a doctor he could hit for methadone prescriptions. The object, of course, was to get enough to stay smashed, not just straight. He'd show up a day early to pick up his weekly batch of pills, shaving a day off how long they had to last; he'd con the doctor into raising his dosage by claiming to have shot his maintenance level a few notches higher; and he'd invent any elaborate lies necessary to string the doctor along and still squeeze more pills out of him. One that worked involved a fake long-distance call from Iowa, where

Gene was supposedly visiting his family. *I have to come back to Chicago right away, and I need another scrip because my sister is ill, she's dying of cancer, and I gave her some of my medication to ease the pain.* He had in fact been shooting killer dosages of methadone, flopping around zonked and hallucinating in a foul little hotel room on Superior Street, but the story nudged him into thinking: Why not? Why not really go home?

Through his reflection he watched the cold November fields flashing past, the train plunging into the Illinois countryside like a vast iron rush. It would be another of those homecomings. Smiles and glad hands as long as his money held, moral lectures and slammed doors as soon as it was gone. But fuck them: At least he'd score some dope. Just one visit to that doctor he scared shitless the last time: *Boo! Order me all the dope in the world.* Then they couldn't touch him. He'd have plenty to shoot, plenty to take back and sell. But LaVerne always liked him; she'd be nice. He stared out the window at the dark ground, shoving home out of his head with a delicious shopping list for the doctor: morphine, Dilaudid, Ritalin, methadone. . . .

It was already dark when the train crossed the cramped steel trestle over the Mississippi and pulled up at the clean little Fort Madison station. Gene got off and hardly looked around; he'd seen it too many times. In front of him, the lights of town dimming and thinning as they spilled up the uneven hills; and behind him the river, nothing but an empty black presence in the moonless night.

He took a cab to the Cape Cod Motel, which is fancy by Fort Madison standards: Midwest Colonial, white aluminum siding frosted with Sears wrought ironwork. After checking in and cleaning up some, he went over to the little strip of roadhouses strung out along Highway 61 on the south end of town. A couple more had died since the last time, but the Lone Star was still open, so he went in. Two guys shooting pool back in the corner, people scattered like a Morse-code message along the bar. The bartender recognized him. "Hey, Genie, how you doin', thweetie?"

He brought Gene a beer and told him that one of the guys at the pool table was looking for a game, if Gene was in the mood. He was. They started with eight ball at two dollars a game, but two hours later Gene had teased him up to ten dollars a round, and was up \$70 or \$80 on the night. His sucker was smelling a hustle in the air and not liking it, but Gene didn't notice. *The bartender did. He took me aside and said, "Walk out the back and keep walking and don't come back before tomorrow."* He said

the guy was getting very irritated and had a gun and might kill me. So I told the guy that I had to take a piss. The exit is back there by the john, so while he wasn't watching I went on out the back door and around to my motel. Left an eight-o'clock call for the morning.

Scoring the dope was almost too easy to be believed. He took a cab over to the doctor's office, walked in and told him what he wanted. All the doctor wanted was to get him out of there fast, so he wrote a scrip as ordered and sent him away. Gene took it over to Baum's Rexall and had it filled. No trouble. For \$20 he bought enough dope to sell for \$1500 in Chicago. Not bad. *As soon as I got it, I went back to the motel and put some Dilaudid and some morphine in the cooker and I fired, you know, and I fired some more, but it seemed like the methadone just kept gobble, gobble, gobble. I fired enough morphine to kill ten people, and enough Dilaudid to kill another ten, and all it did was just take my sickness away. So I went back to the Lone Star and ran into my cousin Eunice there. I bought a couple of drinks and she said, "Are you still on dope?" I said yes, and she gave me a cuss you wouldn't believe.*

While they were sitting there, Eunice's son Steve, a good-looking kid in his early 20s, came in with his head all bandaged, escorted by two cops. He said he needed \$50 for bond; otherwise he was on his way to jail. Something about a bar fight over a lady whose boyfriend caught her being overly friendly to Steve in the parking lot.

Gene looked him over and decided it was worth the full treatment. They went down to the police station, where Gene paid the bail. Then he insisted on buying Steve dinner at The Tradewinds, a steakhouse with a good country band out on 61. *I got a bottle of champagne, my cousin never tasted it in his life, but he didn't know.* Halfway through dinner, Steve's head began hurting, and Gene offered him some methadone. Steve refused, seriously afraid of getting hooked; but Gene kept after him until he took one pill. They bar-hopped after that, starting with the Lone Star and ending at a dingy place in the black section of town. By the time they got there, the methadone was hitting Steve, *he was getting pretty woozy.* So Gene aimed him back to his motel room and moved into high gear: feeding him Jim Beam laced with sex stories told in loving microscopic detail. *Cousin or no cousin, sex is sex.* No way he was going to miss this chance. And he didn't.

In the morning nothing was said. It hadn't happened. Gene rolled out of bed and cooked up his morning shot. In the chill air his veins seemed to shrink, become elusive, and most of the good ones were collapsed or clogged with beads of old scar tissue anyway, so he

had a hard time finding a hit. I was shooting here and shooting there and I was getting mad because I couldn't get a goddamn hit. Steve woke up to the sight of him jabbing the needle into every vein that might work; it made his hung-over stomach churn, and he pleaded with Gene to stop. No chance. Finally I got a hit on this one leg. I shot the stuff in, but the fucking needle plugged and I had to use another one. Pain in the ass.

After breakfast, Steve drove him over to see Gene's sister LaVerne, a kind, middle-aged factory worker who continues to think of him as her brother, not as a junkie. Her husband wasn't thrilled to find Gene at his door, but LaVerne gave him the warmest welcome he'd had in a while. They talked for two hours, staying with the safe things, old times, who's doing what now, carefully stepping around the sharp edges of the painful subjects—Gene's dope habit, his father. It was a comfortable morning. After she fed them lunch—for Gene, Swiss steak with wild mushrooms—they drove out to visit Gene's brother Virgil, a weathered construction worker in his late 40s. To him, Gene is a junkie who used to be his brother. They stuck it out for a couple of hours, Midwestern politeness at its worst, strained and cold. Virgil wouldn't talk much about the family and didn't want to hear anything about Gene's life. Finally they gave up and left. On the way out to the pickup, Steve couldn't keep it inside anymore. "Gene, there's something they're not telling you, and you should know. Your father is pretty sick, with cancer, and he's in a hospital in Keokuk." I said, "Why in hell didn't anybody tell me? I would of gone down there a long time ago."

Lying there on the hospital bed, his father looked to Gene like an old skeleton draped with skin. But nothing else had changed. He was the same man who had slammed him across the kitchen 18 years earlier. Cranky old son of a bitch. Mean as ever. He wouldn't react; it was like I was living there. No reaction of joy or of disgust. It was a blank. But finally he broke down and told me he wasn't feeling too good and all this bullshit, and that he didn't know what was wrong with him. So I called our doctor and found out the cancer was in his lung. I went back in and told him they wanted to take him to Quincy to operate, but he flat refused, so I let it drop for a while. They tried talking about the good old days, but it didn't quite work. "Remember that time we went out on the river and I lost that big catfish and you hit me on the head with an oar—and I almost drowned?" "Well, you son of a bitch, you should have drowned, you would have been better off than being on narcotics and dope." Whatever we talked about, he

kept coming back to the dope thing. So I finally said, "Listen, you stubborn motherfucker, if you don't get to Quincy and have this taken care of, you're gonna know what a dope fiend is. You're on Darvon now, and the pain is going to get a lot worse. By the time you get through with narcotics you will be a worse dope fiend than I am." He just said, "They still ain't going to operate on me. I hope I'll die."

Flat-out and depressed. Gene drove the pickup back from Keokuk, shooting along 61 in the pale early-winter twilight. Half-drunk, the dope really coming on, sad and down, full of that old ache for better times to remember. He drove hardly watching the road, feeling instead for the pieces of his past that didn't cut him when he touched them. He thought of the old farmhouse by the river. *I remembered going over to the riverbank, taking off my shoes and just propping myself up against a tree, you know, and throwing a line from a cane pole in. It made me want to take my shoes off again and walk in the sand and just look at the old place.*

He found the gravel section road in the fading gray light and turned off 61. The same fields full of Guernseys, the same ancient crusted barbed-wire fences, rotten posts pointing everywhere but up. It was right. It felt good. He tried to get Steve to look, but Steve stayed slumped down in the seat, sick from the liquor and methadone. He wasn't interested. Gene bumped along slowly

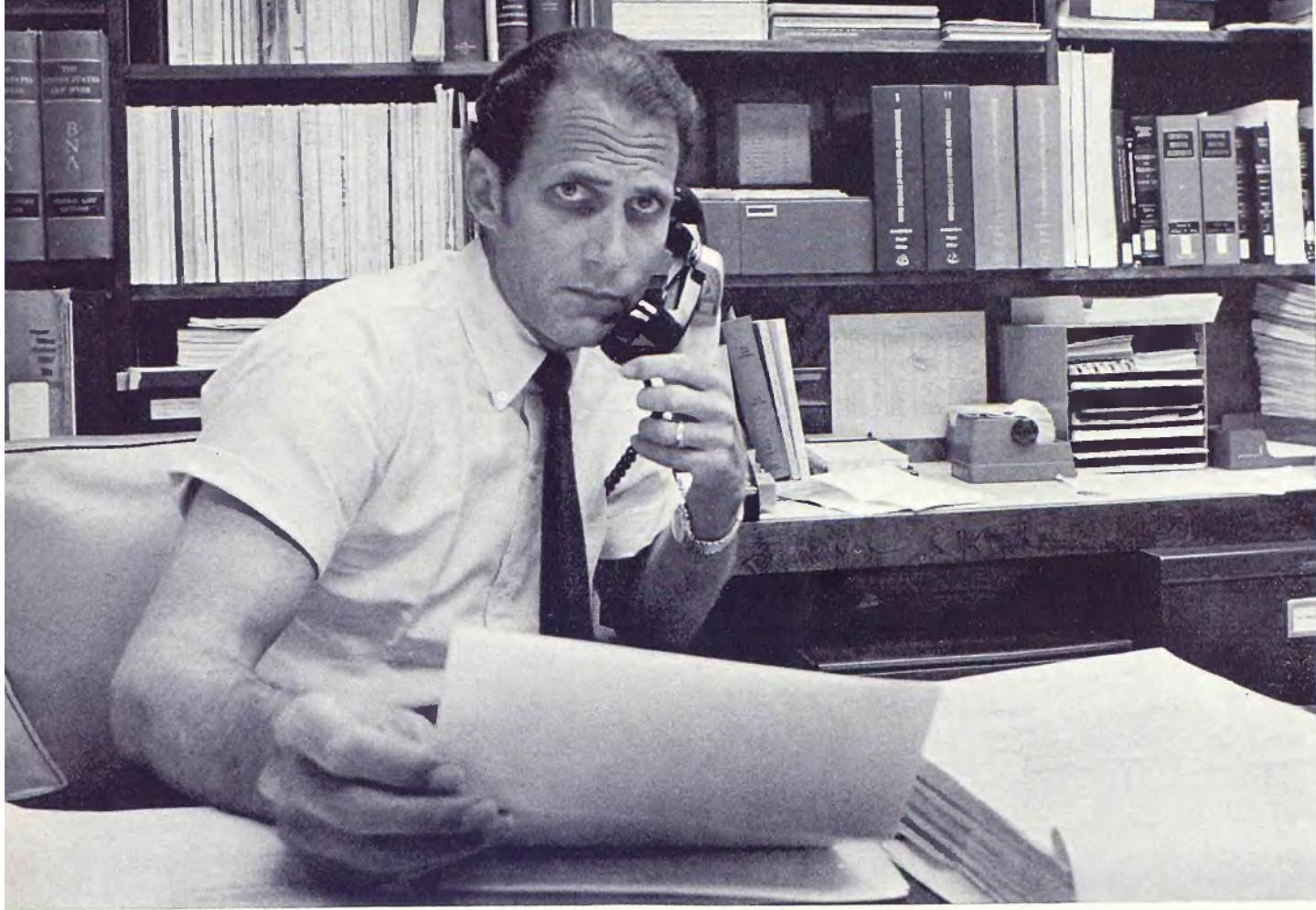
over the section road, past two or three farms with splayed barns that told a losing story. He turned onto a little dirt road that dropped unevenly but gently down to the river. Less than a mile now. And it was all just right.

But then up ahead through a break in the grove of trees lining the road he saw something that definitely was not right: a yellow teardrop of flame floating above a thin white smokestack. He didn't have to drive much farther to be sure: Sitting exactly where he remembered a willow grove and riverbank fields was a fertilizer plant, smoking and flaming, a tangled metallic clump of outer-space technology sitting in the middle of an Iowa cornfield. Gene's Iowa cornfield.

He drove to the house anyway; fuck it, he'd come this far, might as well see it all. It was still there, barely. He pulled up in front and got out to take a look. Dead, cleaned: standing empty to the wind, doors all gone, windows torn out, rooms stripped to the baseboards. Leaves and field-mouse droppings on the floors. He turned his back on the house and went to the pickup. Reaching the window, he pulled out a beer and popped it open. The taste almost made him gag, and he leaned against the truck to let it pass. Inside Steve was shuddering against the urge to puke, moaning when he could manage it. Gene stared for a long minute at the dark sky, and then looked down hard again at the abused old house. He took another stomach-turning sip of beer. He was home.



"Women's lib has trickled down to the second grade."



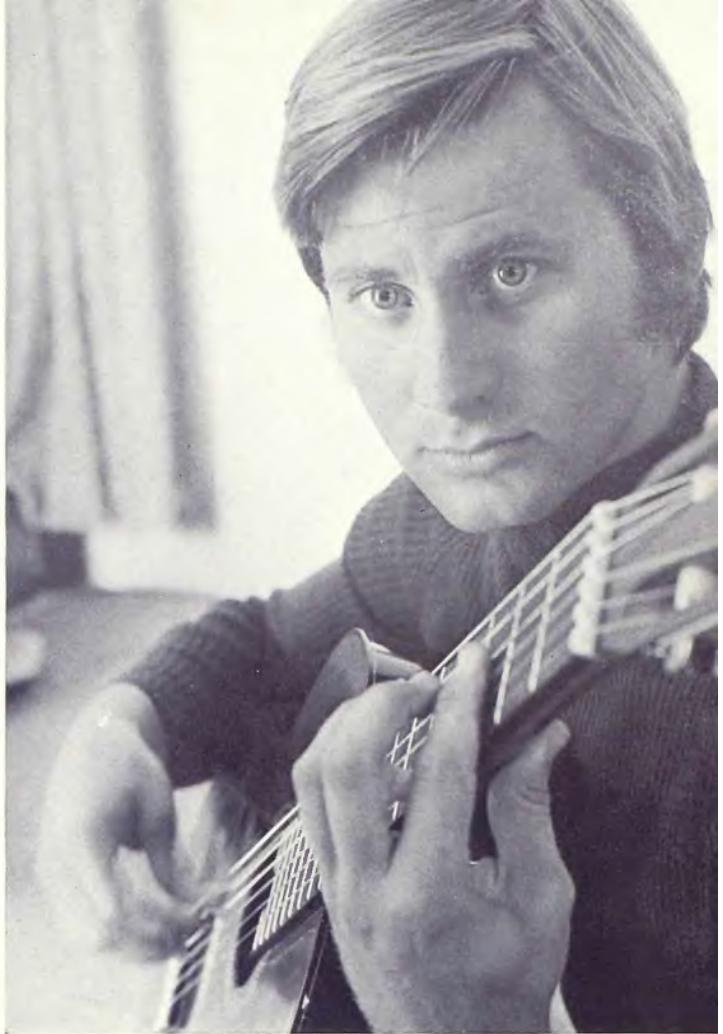
ANTHONY AMSTERDAM *death defying*

"A DISPROPORTIONATE NUMBER of the poor and socially unacceptable get executed," says Anthony Amsterdam, 36-year-old professor of criminal law at Stanford and a leading strategist in the fight to abolish the death penalty. Amsterdam was awakened to this tragic form of racial and economic injustice ten years ago while serving as attorney for the NAACP Legal Defense Fund, representing Southern blacks charged with serious crimes. Through the Sixties, his involvement intensified, culminating last January in two murder cases argued before the U. S. Supreme Court. In ruling on one of these cases late last June, the Court declared the death penalty unconstitutional as cruel and unusual punishment, and the lives of 600 death-row prisoners were spared. Amsterdam had earlier won a case affirming the unconstitutionality of execution in California. More than a one-issue civil rightist, he is currently fighting several freedom-of-the-press and school-desegregation cases, was the lawyer to win bail for the now-acquitted Angela Davis and helped get Bobby Seale's contempt-of-court conviction reversed. Much of Amsterdam's success is due to his understanding of what happens on the other side of the bench—a knowledge gained from his job as law clerk to the late Justice Felix Frankfurter after being graduated *summa cum laude* from the law school of the University of Pennsylvania (he's a Philadelphia native). Working for Frankfurter, he was able to observe lawyers' techniques, from which he developed his own commanding courtroom style, which includes a masterful use of language and a retentive memory for obscure judicial references. At Stanford, Amsterdam teaches his method with a video-tape machine that films students' performances. All this leaves him free time for little more than an occasional tennis match, but that's his own choice. "I have a refined sense of injustice. I get mad about people being mistreated." And since Amsterdam accepts no legal fees, he gets but one reward: satisfaction in righting wrongs.

MOTHER WADDLES *lady with a mission*

EVERY DAY the poor of Detroit's decaying east side swarm by the hundreds to a huge medieval-fortresslike building on Gratiot Street. Some come for medical treatment, some for jobs, others for the 35-cent meals dished out daily—almost all for a generous helping of soul from the Reverend Mother Charlesetta Waddles, founder of the Perpetual Mission for Saving Souls of All Nations. An ordained Pentecostal minister, 59-year-old Mother Waddles, as she's affectionately called by her flock, started her mission 15 years ago to provide "service to the total man." According to her, "A church should take care of people's spiritual and physical needs. And that's what we try to do here." Besides offering food, clothing and shelter, Mother and her all-volunteer staff also handle drug, immigration and financial cases that others won't touch; in fact, the U. S. Senate Committee on Hunger recently was shocked to learn that most social agencies in Detroit refer dire emergencies to her. But, as an ex-welfare mother, she has a special understanding of indigents' troubles. A native of St. Louis, she was forced to quit school at 12 and go to work. By 19, she'd been married and widowed. After a second marriage, she was left alone in Detroit at 33 with eight mouths to feed on very slim welfare checks. She made it, though, remarried—and turned around to help others. "I think the hard knocks have been a kind of blessing. Everything you go through gives you a chance to do good." As an old hand at living hand to mouth, she seldom worries about where the money will come from. Mother's mission receives no Government or institutional funding; contributions are almost entirely from individuals—a surprise \$30,000 loan from a businessman, a dime taped to a postcard. "Somehow it appears right when it's needed," she says. "There've been rough times, but God hasn't let me down yet. I just think that maybe He had me in mind for this work. As He said, 'I'll take the foolish and confound the wise.' I always tell folks that I must be foolish."

ON THE SCENE



CHRISTOPHER PARKENING *classical gas*

GOOD AND BAD, from Charlie Christian to Duane Eddy, America has produced more than her share of guitar pickers. But classical ones? No way, you say; that's a European thing. Well, we have news, if you haven't already heard: There's no more exciting classical guitarist today than the slim, serious 24-year-old pictured above. It was at the age of 11, in his native Los Angeles, that Christopher Parkening picked up the guitar; a year of studying with Celedonio and Pepe Romero, a father-son teaching team, prepared him for his first recital; two intensive work years later, an audition for the Young Musicians Foundation got him a gig as soloist for its 1962-1963 concert season. It also led to a friendship with composer Mario Castelnovo-Tedesco, with whose *Concerto in D* Parkening made his formal concert debut. After performing with a number of California orchestras, Chris entered a master class with Andrés Segovia, at Berkeley. Further studies with Segovia led to an invitation to judge a guitar competition in Spain; though not officially entered, Parkening played (at Segovia's request) and was awarded first-place honors. In the meantime, he'd signed with Columbia Artists for his initial concert tour and begun teaching at USC; a couple of months later, Angel would release his first two albums. Currently, Parkening is gassing both critics and audiences with his crystal-clear recordings and his seemingly effortless concert performances, in which he and his instrument collaborate closely to bring out the best of everything from Satie to Bach. Parkening thinks the guitar is "the answer to the saving of classical music. One of the great attractions it has for my generation is that it can be played alone and quietly, and so it has become a private and personal means of expression. Since the kids think of it as their symbol, they respond to the pure beauty of classical music as played on the classical guitar." If Parkening really feels it's the guitar, and not Parkening, that fills the concert halls, then we've got news for him, too.

history of beer

(continued from page 114)

pale, which, for variety, is sometimes called Burton—after the city where most of it is made. To add to the confusion, draught beer means ale drawn from wooden barrels, while keg beer refers to the same brew in aluminum barrels.

By tradition, beermaking is a happy industry. Brewery employees in Europe, who have always been among the best-paid industrial workers, received social-security protection, old-age pensions and medical and educational grants for their families long before such benefits were enacted into law. To add to their contentment, they are usually allowed to drink their fill of beer while on the job—six bottles daily in Denmark, 68 weekly in Bavaria. The same magnanimity extends to visitors. Most breweries maintain convenient taprooms where deliverymen, postmen, business callers and tourists are invited to have a glass on the house.

It would seem there is no end in sight

to the beer boom. Breweries have proliferated from Tromsö in northern Norway to Punta Arenas on the Chilean tip of South America. "A national brewery is the first industry every new nation seems to want," observed a UN economic advisor. To meet their demands, European beermakers have opened plants abroad. Famous Danish brands are now brewed in Morocco and Turkey; Irish stout, in Nigeria and Malaysia; Dutch beer, in Baghdad and Curaçao, where, for the lack of any other source, it is made with distilled sea water.

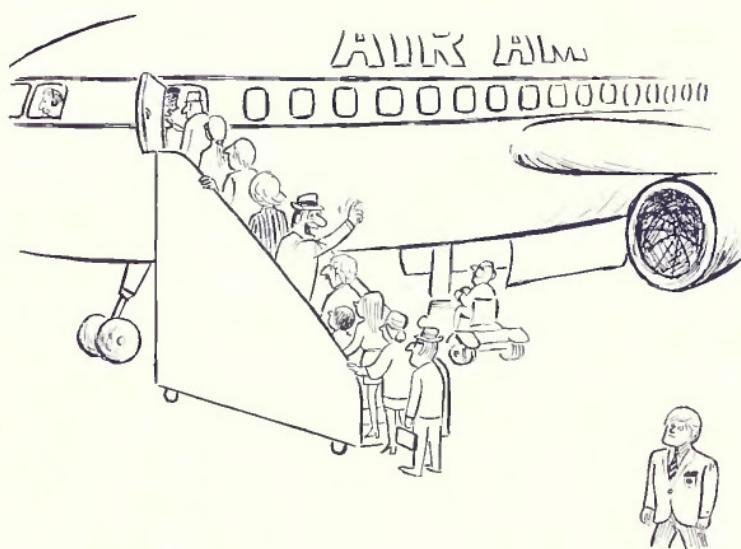
Delighted as the brewers are with the increased sales, they are decidedly unhappy at the way their delicate brews are too often ruined by unsophisticated purveyors and consumers. Contrary to popular belief, beer is a sensitive, prima-donna beverage that must be treated with care. If too roughly handled in shipment, it can become bruised, bilious

or seasick—to use the brewer's own terms. If exposed too long to light, it may be sun-struck. If too old, it can taste astringent, acidy or metallic. American beers are deliberately made thin enough to be drunk at near-freezing temperatures. But richer European beers, if chilled below 45 degrees Fahrenheit, are apt to lose their delicate flavor, turn cloudy or produce a sediment. British ale and stout require even higher temperatures, 55 degrees Fahrenheit. If drunk too cold, the carbon dioxide will not escape on the tongue but in the stomach.

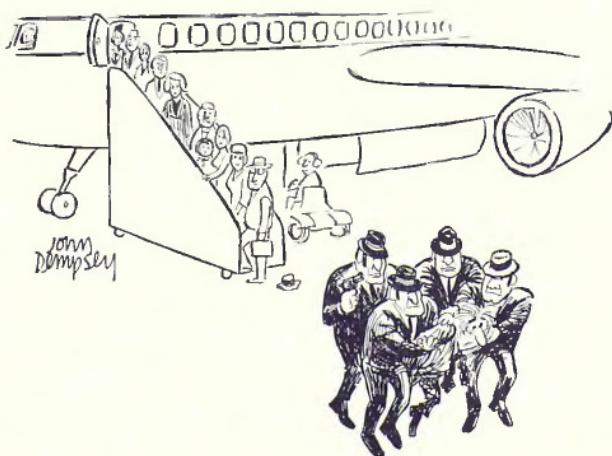
Above all, beer should be drunk fresh and never more than six months old. It gains nothing through storage. Bottles should be kept in dark, cool places. If put in the refrigerator, they should stand upright, exposing the smallest liquid surface to the air in the bottle. If stored on their side, they will go flat much faster. If you prefer draught beer, frequent a tavern with the largest turnover, since a barrel that has been tapped for longer than two or three days loses much of its taste and carbonation. Ideally, it should be emptied within 24 hours.

The proper way to serve beer is with a head on its body. This can be done by splashing a little into the bottom of the glass, so that a foamy head is created that will protect the carbonation—wait a moment—then decanting the rest down the inside of the glass held at an angle. Or you can simply pour it slowly straight into the glass. (One exception to the rule is British stout, which may not form a head at all unless the liquid is poured *against* the side of the glass.) Grease is beer's worst enemy, destroying the foam in seconds. Beer glasses should be used for no other purpose and must be kept out of the kitchen, where they are exposed to greasy steam.

To the dedicated beer drinker, however, any beer is better than none, no matter what its condition or the circumstances under which it's drunk. When Irish rebels set up roadblocks during the time of the troubles, the only vehicles they allowed through were hearses, ambulances—and beer trucks. One of Sir Francis Chichester's greatest worries during his one-man voyage around the world, perhaps equal to wind and weather, was his beer keg, which had no gauge on it. Although his supply of suds turned warm as soup in the tropics, he lived in fear that every glass he drew might be his last. And when members of the British Trans-Arctic Expedition reached the North Pole over the ice, recently, they discovered that the beer they'd taken along to celebrate the occasion had frozen solid. Undeterred, they opened the cans and licked the frozen brew like Popsicles.



"Hi Jack."





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Ah yes, what could be more dazzling than watching the candidates parade about, kissing babies and flashing winning smiles.

Consider the man in the top picture. He promises to spend your tax dollars wisely.

But see how he spends his campaign dollars.

On a very fancy convertible. Resplendent with genuine leather

seats. A big 425-horsepower engine.

And a price tag that makes it one of the most expensive convertibles you can buy.

Now consider his opponent.

He promises to spend your tax dollars wisely.

But see how he spends his campaign dollars.

On a Volkswagen Convertible. Resplendent with a hand-fitted top.

A warranty and four free diagnostic check-ups that cover you for 24 months or 24,000 miles.*

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So maybe this year you'll find a politician who'll do what few politicians ever do:

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BACK TO CAMPUS

(continued from page 169)

wouldn't be caught dead in anything but boots and Levis; while the West Coast was out the window, with students in suits and bathing suits seated side by side. Today, however, the college fashion scene is so diverse that regional differences have all but disappeared. Still, there are important style trends manifesting themselves nationwide.

Take plaids, for example. According to advance reports, plaids of all shapes and sizes, from authentic tartans to glens and giant windowpanes, will be seen on quadrangles across the country made into everything from duffel coats to dress shirts, from socks to suits.

Then there is the layered look, which begins with a shirt that features a long-pointed collar, over which is worn a U- or round-necked sweater and then a sports jacket. It's low key, in a rather English way, and very comfortable—especially on brisk days when you wouldn't mind a little extra padding for those walks to class.

The nostalgia craze for sights and sounds of other eras is also manifesting itself on campus in the form of funky old-fashioned garb that, a few years ago,

would have gotten you laughed out of the dorm. Baggy Forties-type slacks worn with a skinny rib-knit top and stacked-heel shoes; sleeveless, crocheted sweaters that look as though they were knitted by someone's grandmother—all, now, are good bull, as Southwesterners used to say. Nobody's kidding himself into believing that this is great fashion. It's nothing but students having fun with what they put on their backs—an approach to dress that's been missing too long from the college scene.

In the suit department, styles are still shaped with ultrawide lapels, high armholes, deep center vent or side vents and, often, a half belt in the back. Tweed models with hacking pockets that give the wearer a country-squire look, too, are gaining increased popularity, as are three-piece suits. The important point here is that undergrads now are wearing suits because they want to, not because they have to. Styles today feel good and look great, which puts them in step with the whole personal-expression movement that has swept menswear in the past few years.

So what else is there to say? This fall, pick the duds you like, put them on and have a ball. That's really what fashion is all about.



WACHSMUTH SYNDROME

(continued from page 156)

cause of your mutation. I strongly suspect your genes—you know, the little things that carry the coded information that determines the growth and character of your cells. A change in your genes may have affected your gonads. But a whole complex of other factors must have entered the picture to bring about so radical a mutation in so short a time. We shall need some extended research, consultations, more tests. We'll call in a top biologist, a geneticist, a gynecologist, a biophysicist, other men as required. We won't hurt you. We'll just ask you to hold yourself in readiness for further examinations. Of course, if you prefer our not doing anything, if you wish to stay what you have become—from what I can see, you are now a perfectly healthy woman—I can't force my services on you. But in the interest of science and in your own interest, madam—I mean, sir—I wish you would help us get to the bottom of this extraordinary, this singular, this most promising new phenomenon, which I should like to call the Wachsmuth syndrome."

A comparatively obscure item in the *Journal of Applied Sexology* set the ball rolling.

The journal reported Professor Anatol Wachsmuth, M. D., D. S., D. Lit., etc., the well-known sexologist and hormone specialist, as having mentioned to several distinguished colleagues that he had found a complete case of spontaneous mutation (male to female) in a fully grown member of a species of higher vertebrates. Professor Wachsmuth was preparing a paper on the case that was considered singular.

A few days later, the local daily carried a front-page story referring to the item in the *Journal of Applied Sexology*. The paper added that the species of higher vertebrates in question was, in fact, the species *Homo sapiens*, and that the mutated person was a respected young member of the bar whose name was being withheld but who was known to the editor. In the adjoining two columns, they printed a photograph of me, a black oblong superimposed on part of my face to avoid possible legal action, and what they called an artist's conception of me in a bikini, after my mutation. Several paragraphs set in italics followed the story. They were written by the science correspondent, who spoke highly of the past achievements of Professor Anatol Wachsmuth, M. D., D. S., D. Lit., etc., and predicted that his discovery of the new mutation syndrome, to be aptly called the Wachsmuth syndrome, would immortalize him. An editorial on the fourth page hinted broadly that the Wachsmuth syndrome, unless it remained restricted to the case of Mr.



"The pictures show the various positions a woman can assume in bed to avoid sexual relations."

(or was it now Miss?) Dash Dash Dash, might well take care of the population explosion.

The joker who wrote that should have known how close he was to the truth.

• • •

Things happened then.

It didn't take ten minutes for the rest of the papers, for the news services, for television and radio to detect my name and address. The telephone started ringing and never stopped. In the lobby of my apartment house, lines formed at the reception desk and in front of the elevators. Friends I hadn't seen in years casually dropped by to inquire how I felt, now that I had mutated. Newsmen would do anything to get an interview with me; photographers begged, "Mister, give us some cheesecake, that's fine, that's a good boy, God bless you." One television station actually hired a fire truck and ran the ladder outside my window to get some footage of me *en déshabillé*, brushing my teeth. Some vicious voices that spoke of a giant hoax were silenced by the sworn statement of Dr. Tauber and by the public display of my Army fingerprints, which were irrefutable. I received offers from motion-picture companies wanting me to star in the most daring films, from television networks willing to pay any amount for anything from a half-hour show to a series, from some of the most eligible bachelors prepared to lead me to the altar and from dirty-minded creatures of all ages suggesting the most outlandish games. I was offered a judgeship, the first female judge in the country to have been a male. I was invited to teach at the biggest universities. Women's clubs wrote that, as a new woman, I owed them a lecture on how it felt to be a woman. The women's liberation movement nominated me vice-president, saying that, as a former man, I would have a particular appreciation of the disadvantages and discriminations from which women suffered. The Government considered sending me on an international good-will mission: There were astronauts and cosmonauts by the dozen, but only one mutant. My glory reached its pinnacle when one of the most notorious underground organizations threatened to kidnap me. As the nation's most treasured individual, I was placed under 24-hour police guard.

But Wachsmuth was not satisfied. He grew increasingly moody, though I kept my appointments with him religiously.

"Your life belongs to science," he growled, "not to this circus. The whole world talks of the Wachsmuth syndrome—do we have any idea of what it is or why it comes about? And what of your genes? Have they changed? If so, how? You have learned to pronounce deoxyribonucleic



"My God! He's getting an erection."

acid without getting your tongue twisted, but do we know what effect, if any, it had on your sudden sex shift? There you are, a rather good-looking young woman with a male past: That's all we really know. But that we knew the day Dr. Tauber brought you into this office—" He broke off. "Ah, you'll never understand."

But I thought I understood. Something in me had stirred, a feminine instinct.

• • •

But was I a woman? I mean down in my heart?

The big colloquium that was to decide that ended in failure. There were those rows and rows of great men, come from a number of countries—psychologists, psychiatrists, sexologists, what have you—myself and Professor Wachsmuth on the platform and the press up in the gallery and the cameras grinding away; and they were asking me these embarrassing questions.

Maybe I should have told them one way or the other and been done with it; but I honestly didn't know: Did I still feel attracted to women or had I a recent penchant for men? The thing with Susan was over; that much was fact. She had said she was willing to stick with me, but I felt I shouldn't take advantage of her loyalty. There had been a young lift boy who brought me a floral arrangement sent by an advertising agency: He suddenly blushed and asked if he just might kiss my cheek,

and I let him. But that was all. In all the rush and business in which I was constantly involved, I simply hadn't had the opportunity to get any sort of feeling about a man or a woman.

"Gentlemen," I said, after cutting a rather sad figure. "I'm afraid I can't make up my mind about that. I just know that none of you in this hall arouse anything in me."

That got me laughs, but it didn't settle my problem. And I saw the deep frown on Professor Wachsmuth's face.

• • •

Suddenly my situation was altered.

A news flash burst upon the world: A Liverpool dockworker, Gus Emmett, had turned woman and was calling himself Gwendolyn. A few hours later the same thing was reported from Istanbul, where a Turkish trumpeter named Hakim al Bülbül had changed sex. Further mutation stories emanated from Lima, Peru, and Bangalore in southern India; but the cases referred to, a donkey driver and a practicing guru, were not confirmed by medical authority.

At any rate, I no longer was the sole specimen of the Wachsmuth syndrome. I can't say that I was unhappy. It's always a consolation to have fellowship in misfortune, if becoming a woman after some good years as a male may properly be called a misfortune. I wrote to Gwendolyn, offering my advice as a mutant of several months' experience. Gwendolyn wrote back gratefully and related some

► delightful anecdotes about the reaction of her dockworker friends to her new status. If I had known Turkish, I should have similarly written to Hakim al Bülbül; however, I couldn't see myself exchanging confidences through a translator.

Professor Wachsmuth flew to both Liverpool and Istanbul. On his return, he seemed depressed. The symptoms, he told me, were exactly as mine: The two men had turned into completely equipped females, shedding in the process every vestige of their male appurtenances; the process itself remained a mystery, since, just as in my case, it occurred during a deep, dreamless sleep.

The press and the commentators grew cautious. One mutant was a sensation, a freak, an object of public wonder. Three of them, or five, if you trusted the reports from Peru and southern India, gave cause for thought: Not yet a matter of public concern, it was nothing to be brushed away lightly. The various scientific opinions on the origins and possible cures of the Wachsmuth syndrome were duly registered and their contradictory nature was noted with misgivings: If the medical men on whom the public relied were that much at odds, how was the average citizen to behave in the face of the new phenomenon?

A certain urgency manifested itself in the editorials and news comments when, on the Monday after Epiphany, a spate of reports appeared of fresh mutations in Norway and Italy, in South Africa and Brazil, in Ohio, Florida, Maine and Ontario, in Japan (two), on Bali and in Thailand, in Israel, in Iran and in Morocco. The next day, new cases were added from Finland, from Tirol, from the Sudan, southern France, Spain (one in Catalonia, one in Valladolid), from Mexico, Paraguay, Barbados, also from Pakistan (three), Honolulu and Australia. Even in Iceland, a glacier guide, a giant of a man, had suddenly turned female. He refused to wear women's clothes, though, and continued to affect a bass voice in the hope that with the return of summer, his renowned masculinity would return as well.

Here was a new illness, opinion ran, if an illness it was. True, it didn't kill. True, it had not reached epidemic proportions. Its eeriness lay in its erratic behavior: no predicting when, where and whom it would hit. A man might peacefully fall asleep beside his lawfully wedded wife, to awake in the morning a member of the opposite sex. What this did to his family life, his job, his business was anybody's guess. But what of our medical science? Was the Wachsmuth syndrome beyond the power of our great doctors, our institutions of learning and research? And what about the governments? Billions were being

spent on all sorts of things—why was there no international project to investigate the Wachsmuth syndrome; why was there not even an international scientific symposium on the subject? Did we want to wait until it was too late?

From the East came differing voices. Nothing in the faintest resembling the Wachsmuth syndrome had been noticed in the socialist countries, wrote *Literaturnaya Gazeta*: Obviously, this strange mutation of men into women was a symptom of capitalist degeneration, akin to public immorality and the widespread use of harmful drugs. *Literaturnaya Gazeta* changed its line when in Poland a number of Catholic monks turned into devout nuns and when from Kazakhstan, Estonia, Vladivostok and Yerevan reports trickled into Moscow of man-to-woman mutations in those areas. *Literaturnaya Gazeta* calmed its readers by declaring that the Wachsmuth syndrome in truth should be called the Bezymensky syndrome, after Professor Andrey Philippovich Bezymensky, who in the Sixties of the past century had observed similar mutations in a Urals mining field.

• • •

This was the state of things when the avalanche broke loose.

I well remember that spring: Never had the trees budded more beautifully; never had the sky seemed so high and so blue. But people were panicked. A few dozen cases per day of the Wachsmuth syndrome, spread over the globe, mushroomed to hundreds, then thousands, then tens of thousands. The thinning out of the male population on the streets of the cities, in the theaters, on buses, trains, planes, was frightening to observe. The remaining men became shy, introspective; they had something about them of the tired old flies that crawl across the window sill on a winter's day. Wives, suddenly widowed by mutation, tried to keep up a semblance of married life; but as their boy children turned into girls, the institution of the family assumed a new, perplexing character. Elsewhere orgiastic parties were being thrown at which the few males the hostesses could procure were shamelessly exploited. Several governments thought of introducing a system of rationing men; but the rapid increase in the mutation rate outdated every quota before it could become law.

Science was helpless. In their desperation, men tried their own remedies. Some shut themselves off in garrets, caves, lonely mountain huts, preferring life as recluses to life as women. Others believed in garlic, in frequent massages of their pertinent parts, in curare, in the waters of certain springs. Mass pilgrim-

ages were undertaken to Lourdes, Mecca, Banaras, Zagorsk, Lhasa; but of every 1000 male pilgrims setting out, it was calculated that an average of 300 returned as mutants. Writers treated the new subject and its attendant complications in film, on the stage, in stories and novels; several authors who began their works as men finished them as women, which offered to critics and students fine material for comparative studies of male and female writing.

The news media that initially published daily mutation figures based on representative sample areas ceased that practice; they restricted themselves to reporting the most prominent cases, such as that of a Greek shipping magnate who, having mutated, blew himself up together with the entire island he owned. But this was an extreme. On the whole, once a man had mutated, he took his fate like a man and tried to make the best of his new face and figure. A number of people told me they even derived a certain satisfaction from seeing a hefty girl, obviously a mutant, handle a bulldozer or climb the mast of a high-tension line or bounce a recalcitrant male out of the corner bar where the poor fellow had gone to drown his apprehensions in vodka.

Though they were patently senseless, I kept up my visits to Professor Wachsmuth.

He now lived as under a curse, as though he had invented the syndrome that carried his name. He had been the center of hopes that some means might be found of combating the dreaded mutation; as these hopes dwindled and the jokes whose butt he was grew stale, he retired more and more to his serums and his slides.

One day it wasn't the nurse who opened the door. "Why!" I said. "Isn't this—"

"Call me Agnes." The professor drew me into the office and motioned me to the chair on which I always sat. "It's happened. Last night. I expected it for the longest time; why should I be exempt from my own syndrome? I had hoped I'd feel some of it, observe, make notes. But no, I slept through it. How do I look?"

"Great!" Professor Anatol Wachsmuth had been a fine figure of a man, youthful for his years, well knit; some of that had transferred into the female. "Perhaps, if you combed your hair a little differently. . . . May I?" I led the professor to the mirror, took out my pocket comb and did a few things. "Now, isn't that better?"

"You know, I'll have to learn so much from you."

We sat down on the couch. Professor

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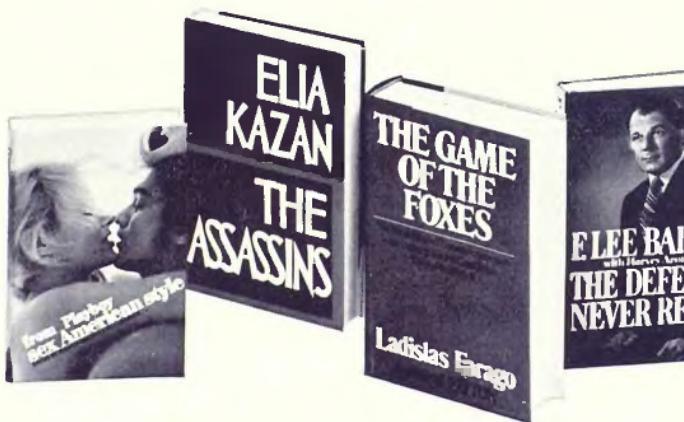
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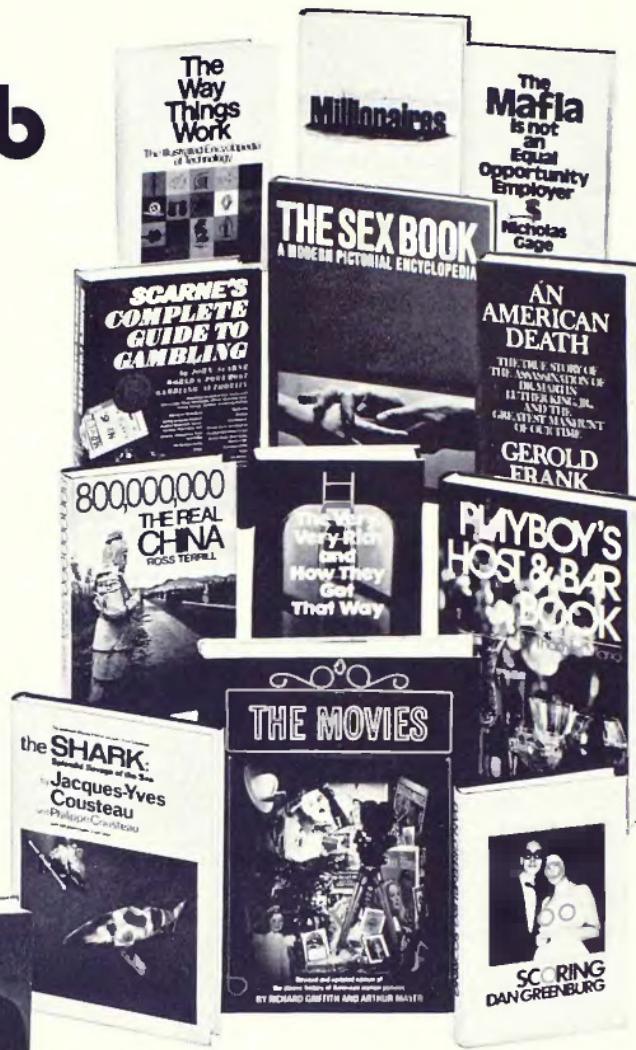


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Wachsmuth held my hands.

"I was thinking last night, before I—before I mutated. 'Wachsmuth,' I said, 'nature is nature. Remember all those little bugs that we used to kill with penicillin: Suddenly there appeared a strain that was penicillin-resistant. Wachsmuth,' I said, 'somewhere on this globe, right this minute, there must grow one gene that is mutation-resistant; all we have to do is find it.'"

"Isn't that a pretty large order?" I said. "And if you found it, wouldn't it be too late—for you, for me?"

"So much in this world comes too late." Professor Wachsmuth caressed my fingers. "I've been meaning to tell you, dear. I've loved you all along. I fell in love with you the day you came here the first time. . . ."

"Anatol!" I blushed.

"Agnes," the professor corrected. "That's just it. Too late."

I kissed her, the chaste kiss of one mutant kissing another of her kind.

• • •

Those who had theorized that mass mutation would end the prevalent social conflicts were mistaken. On the contrary, as men faded from the picture, as both radical groups and the forces of law became increasingly feminized, class and radical clashes grew increasingly vindictive. As for the current wars, they just went on.

But a whole complex of conflicts entirely unknown in recorded history arose between the OWs (original women) and the MWs (mutation women). The OWs, being of pure, unmutated sex, claimed not only superiority but seniority: The positions previously held by men in business and in the professions, plus the former male privileges, now were rightfully theirs; let those sexual bastards, the MWs, take their turn as cleaning women, kindergartners, nurses, typists and receptionists. The MWs, on the other hand, held that by training and experience, by their very masculine past, they were entitled to stick to the jobs they had held as men: If it was a men's world no longer, it was not going to be a women's world, either. Without formally organizing, the MWs functioned like a Mafia, furthering one another and protecting one another against OW competition. "Oh, you're one of us, too?" or a few casual words like these would suffice to assure the MWs of the sorority's assistance. This, in turn, caused the OWs to take countermeasures. An embittered struggle ensued, a new sort of civil war that was fought in the jungle of day-to-day life and that was the more terrible for the fact that both sides consisted of women.

On the surface, little of that showed. The political institutions created by the

rapidly vanishing males somehow continued functioning, much as a wrist watch ticks on though its owner lies dead of a stroke. The British, as usual, made the smoothest transition; of course, they were ruled by a queen long before the appearance of the Wachsmuth syndrome; her majesty now was married to the Duchess of Edinburgh. Chairman Mao simply became Chairwoman Mao; all feminine virtues and wisdom were immediately ascribed to her and a number of excellent Chinese recipes were added to the Little Red Book. On the day the general secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union turned into a rather ponderous elderly lady, the MWs took control of the Politburo; a communiqué was issued in which the continuity of Soviet policy was stressed and all governments were assured that the U. S. S. R. would scrupulously hold to its treaty obligations. There was some constitutional debate in the United States because a daily decreasing number of enfeebled males protested that they had never elected a woman President; but the vice-president had mutated nearly three weeks before the President, and the opposition could offer no proper substitute for the Chief Executive. In a new election, which some demanded, the men would have been heavily outnumbered; so the call for it was quietly dropped.

• • •

By and by, it dawned on people that the Wachsmuth syndrome meant the end of the human race. As in the natural course of events women and mutants aged, died and were buried, as fewer and fewer infants were born and those of the male sex mutated within the first ten days of their lives, people began to long for the days when the public talk was of the population explosion, and would the earth be able to hold our progeny? The saurians, whose huge skeletons enlivened our museums of natural history, were thoughtfully remembered; a time was predicted when the remains of the strange bipeds who once roamed the earth and burned and bombed it as the spirit moved them would be displayed to interested groups of termites, or night owls, or crocodiles; and wry tribute was paid to the long-mutated editorial writer who had warned of the development when there was only one sample of a mutant, myself.

Deep gloom spread over the globe: *Götterdämmerung* was obviously at hand. Churches, mosques, temples, tabernacles filled with wailing OWs and MWs; preachers called for penitence, public officials for law and order. There was no general relaxation of morals, because there was nothing to relax your morals with; a famous poetess wrote

some lines to her mutant friend that were set to music and played in every discothèque:

*The two of us,
Dearie,
Will be the last,
So let's de-e-e-e-part
Together.*

And then word reached Professor Wachsmuth of a boy baby born in the small town of Kötzschenbroda, in a European country called the German Democratic Republic, who refused to mutate. His proud mother called him Otto; his father had mutated shortly after begetting him, so that Otto was in a sense a posthumous child.

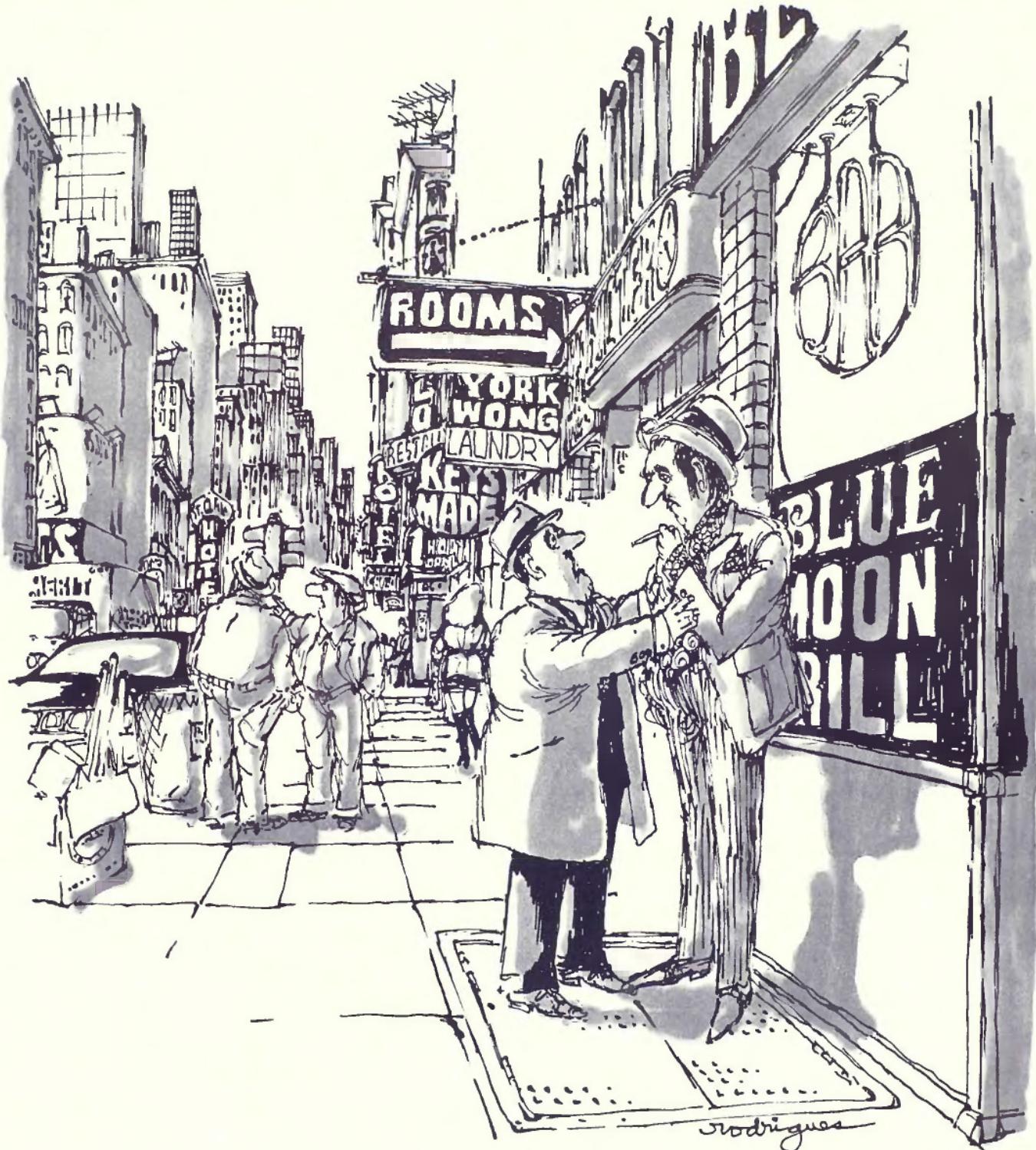
I never saw Agnes so excited. "That's it!" she cried as she paced her laboratory. "That's my resistant strain!" She took the next plane to East Berlin and reached Kötzschenbroda in due time. There, in an old-fashioned house that breathed *Gemütlichkeit*, lay Otto in his crib, happily gurgling and sucking his big toe.

Agnes described him to me, her face wreathed in a motherly smile: a fat, good-natured baby—"And he's got everything!" She showed me the pictures she had taken for the paper she would write and soon publish. "It's the fulfillment of my life," she proclaimed, "the second Wachsmuth syndrome!"

I looked at the photos with a certain melancholy: Once I, too, had been like Otto. But I had no right to complain. If those little things I saw there survived, the human race would go on, with all that implied.

The article on baby Otto by Professor Agnes Wachsmuth, M. D., D. S., D. Lit., etc., in the *Journal of Applied Sexology*, proved a bombshell. The front page of the biggest tabloid in town blossomed with the giant-sized headline "RACE SAVED," and a picture of Otto's saving equipment; the paper stated editorially that apologies were due Professor Wachsmuth, who had been made to suffer so much for the sake of her science but who in the nick of time had come forth with the answer to humanity's problem: the second Wachsmuth syndrome. The paper also called for immediate diplomatic recognition of the German Democratic Republic, the only country on earth that could boast of a male.

That call was taken up in every capital, and the German Democratic Republic, formerly the rejected orphan of the international community, by this strange fluke became the most recognized republic of the world. Its government wisely prevented little Otto from being victimized as I had been by a sensation-hungry press. Otto and his mother were efficiently screened off; a commission of medical



"Look, I'm her father, I'm only interested in her welfare—but she won't listen to me! Please talk to her—tell her to come home with me to Akron. She'll listen to you, you're her pimp. . . ."

women and educators was named to assure Otto a normal childhood; his entire future was planned and parcelled out, the socialist countries naturally having first choice. But that share of Otto's future natural resources that was made available for export to the West proved sufficiently

valuable to turn the once-despised East mark into one of the most sought-after currencies.

The secret worry of everyone concerned is, of course, that Otto might not last, that by some quirk of fate he, too, might mutate, dashing all the proud

hopes that are set on him. But to judge by the daily bulletins issued by the governmental commission, he still is complete and growing lustily.

At this writing, that is.



screenewryter's tale

(continued from page 110)

14th Century poem is going to take over my last position on the studio charts. So I reared back and—with a shot of the grape now and then to stimulate invention—dictated a neopastiche of Chaucer so unblushingly outrageous it would be jeered off the boards of a third-rate prep school in French Lick, Indiana. It wasn't even all Chaucer. I threw in parts of Rabelais, Homer, Cervantes and Sussann (Jacqueline). I even threw in a Harley chopper because I once heard there's never been a bike movie that lost money.

Spent, I went home for the weekend. On Monday Maurice was sitting at my desk. He said that as producer of *Getting It on with Chaucer*, which the studio had agreed to underwrite, he would be needing the office; but as his writer, I would be welcome to work on his sofa. I said not to worry and wedged myself in on the anteroom couch between a convict's widow come to demand more payoff money for her late husband's film biog and two leather-coated Panthers waiting to audition for a sadie-massie called *Off the Pig!*

When the producer looked free I barged in. He was trying on this wild tie-dye tunic that looked outasight

with the Afghanistan love and peace symbol around his neck. I told him I didn't want to work on a rock version of Chaucer. I was determined to work on my movie, my own little movie, with all its faults and foibles and its crazy, lopsided plot that I have been fooling with for years and which I have begun to love as one loves an old lame cat. He answered quickly, for he had four movies going now and amenities were too costly:

"You do that, you'll never work again in this town."

I considered this for a moment. They actually *say* things like that. They speak dialog. I thought of the nightmarish months ahead necessary to wrench, flog and cajole a rock Chaucer into a producer's vision of art, a young untried cat producer whose weaknesses I couldn't even exploit because I didn't know them—of the hours of trying to explain to him what each line meant only to find I wasn't even sure myself what it meant, and the further hours of explaining that every line doesn't *have* to mean anything. "Never work in this town again," I thought. Well, different strokes for different folks. I took the producer's small soft hand in mine and said:

"Thanks. I needed that."



YOU CAN'T SEND A KID UP

(continued from page 167)

Response B: "Drugs. Damn kids are all on drugs."

Response C: "I don't know, but I sure aim to find out."

3. *Statement:* "But it's been so long. I don't even know if I'll be able to recognize him. How does he look?"

Response A: "Well, I'll have to admit, those Danish doctors have a damned deft touch."

Response B: "Oh, just about the same. I guess. Maybe a little older. A little tider."

Response C: "Oh, just about the same, I guess. Except for that funny hair that sprouts all over him once a month."

4. *Statement:* "I'm going up there after him, Ben."

Response A: "I know, Charley, I know you have to."

Response B: "He's Ben. I'm Bruce."

Response C: "Give him another ten minutes, Charley. You know how long it's been since he's had any."

5. *Statement:* "I think this is our dance . . . Mother."

Response A: "Are you out of your tree? What do you think your father would say?"

Response B: "Keep your pants on, Junior. The way I've got my card listed, your dance comes after Fred Jordan's and before Reverend Caulfield's."

Response C: "Oh . . . Son!"

6. *Statement:* "Will we ever meet again, Rachel?"

Response A: "It depends. I guess. Do you always take this bus?"

Response B: "Sure. How about tomorrow during recess, over by the swings?"

Response C: "No, John. It's better that we don't."

7. *Statement:* "You got a real pretty little wife there, McGraw. Real pretty. I'd sure hate to see her face made over with a meat chopper."

Response A: "Really? Why?"

Response B: "Jesus, you can say that again."

Response C: "Is that supposed to be some kind of threat, Lucchi?"

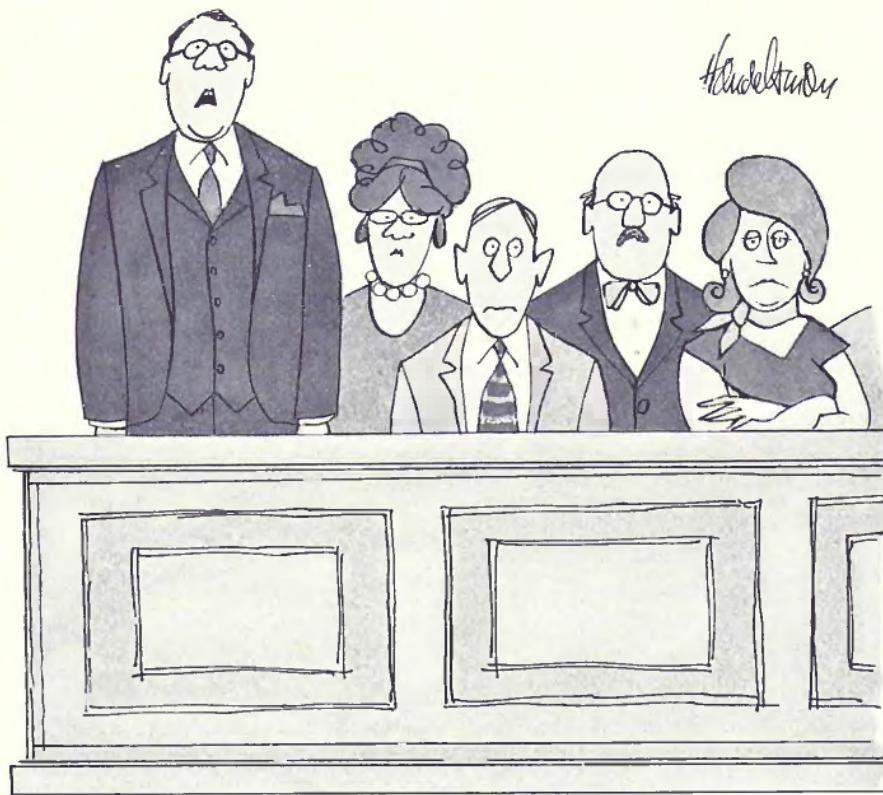
8. *Statement:* "You got a real nice place here, Feinstein. A real swell joint. Sure would be a shame to see it smashed up."

Response A: "You should bite your tongue to even think a thought like that."

Response B: "Naw, it wouldn't be too bad. I'm covered up to fifty thousand dollars."

Response C: "Is that supposed to be some kind of threat, Lucchi?"

9. *Statement:* "My liege, the crowd has broken past the inner guard and is making its way to the castle!"



"We find the defendant guilty, but we're also not too crazy about the plaintiff."

Response A: "They are my people. They will not harm me."

Response B: "Filthy rabble! I told you we never should have issued them shoes."

Response C: "Is that supposed to be some kind of threat, Sir Giles?"

10. *Statement:* "These men need rest, Captain."

Response A: "The men will rest when I tell them to rest."

Response B: "Already? Gosh, it seems like we just started. OK, guys, let's take five."

Response C: "They need rest? My dear Sergeant, I was at a coming-out party last night that just went on for days and days."

11. *Statement:* "It ain't a pretty sight, is it, Son?"

Response A: "Depends on what you're into, Dad."

Response B: "But, Dad, he's our President."

Response C: Silent gagging.

12. *Statement:* "Fuzzy, I think I'm gonna take that job."

Response A: "It's all right with me. But your old lady's going to have a hell of a time trying to explain that her son works in a Whips of All Nations retail house."

Response B: "But, Tex, that's like jumping into a barrel full of ornery wildcats."

Response C: "You're not going to take anything until you quit calling me Fuzzy."

13. *Statement:* "Will he ever forgive me?"

Response A: "To be perfectly frank, I doubt it."

Response B: "In time, perhaps."

Response C: "I don't know, Howie. He was awfully fond of his wife and children."

14. *Statement:* "Won't your family be worried about you, little fella?"

Response A: "Only until the bomb goes off."

Response B: "Fuck 'em."

Response C: "I haven't got any family, sir."

15. *Statement:* "What do you make of it, Corporal?"

Response A: "If I may say so, Major, that's one stacked broad."

Response B: "Comanches. Ten, maybe twelve ponies. Heading south."

Response C: "Looks to me, sir, like a case of manic-depressive neurosis manifesting itself as antisocial behavior."

16. *Statement:* "I'm Dr. Parker."

Response A: "Hi, Doc. It's about this rash . . ."

Response B: "I don't care if you're Albert Schweitzer. No one clears Customs with four kilos of opium."

Response C: "You're Dr. Parker! But I had expected . . . I mean we



"Harold, aren't you going to give your sweet old grandmother any pot?"

thought, sir . . . I mean, ma'am . . . that you would be . . ."

17. *Statement:* "What'sa matter, Mom?"

Response A: "Something's happened to your father, Son."

Response B: "Cramps."

Response C: "I don't know how to tell you this, Jimmy. Daddy just ran off with your little girlfriend from day camp."

18. *Statement:* "And if I am unable to save the Apache?"

Response A: "Well, I guess that means one less Apache."

Response B: "Then he and that horse will be one, forever."

Response C: "You die."

19. *Statement:* "Bob, please . . . please be gentle."

Response A: "Relax, will you? I told you, I've done this a million times. Just turn over on your stomach like I said and take deep breaths."

Response B: "I love you, Susan. You're just going to have to remember that . . . always."

Response C: "You're putting me on. Tell me you're putting me on. This really isn't your first time, but you're having a little joke at my expense, right?"

20. *Statement:* "Doctor, this time you've gone too far."

Response A: "Really? I knew I should have turned at the last cloverleaf."

Response B: "Fool! I am pursuing the secret of life—I cannot be concerned about a few bodies."

Response C: "I'm sorry—my hand slipped."

Correct Late Show dialog responses:

1 - C	6 - C	11 - C	16 - C
2 - C	7 - C	12 - B	17 - A
3 - B	8 - C	13 - B	18 - C
4 - A	9 - A	14 - C	19 - B
5 - C	10 - A	15 - B	20 - B



her day. Turn up the radio volume. Voice from the tower rudely in my ear, "Enter left base two zero."

Helped by gravity, the landing gear cranks down electrically, with much clattering of chains and wind buffeting, the bird's mild protest at returning to an environment she will never consider home. We touch, taxi to the hangar. I shut down the engine. The gyroscopic instruments make a friendly lingering whine. Everything appears different, sharper, fresher, newer, the world after a short afternoon rain. I make sure the Staggerwing is bedded comfortably, drive off in my car, but its controls feel puny and inexact, wrong. A part of me is still in the sky. I am tired, but it is the fatigue of a good massage rather than a day at the office. My mind is as clear as it will ever be. If someone asked me now why I fly, I could explain at least in part. There is the power and the quaint quirky romance, but most of all it is a way to tranquillity.

• • •

Forty-five minutes of play provides answers, but they are not the only ones. Lindbergh spoke of the "miracle of the air," and it is true, sometimes you do see things so beautiful, so extraordinary, so magical and profound that they may be described only in terms of the mystical. Such encounters invariably leave you changed; not made better or wiser, a safer pilot, more tactful, healthier or less an insomniac; no, the effects are in the realm of consciousness expansion.

Take a trip in central Mexico, a flight from the town of San Miguel de Allende to the metropolis of Guadalajara. It has been raining steadily for a week. The field at San Miguel, never more than a minimal sod strip, has been reduced to a near bog. The mountains—central Mexico is full of mountains, all shapes and sizes, which on occasion make for interesting problems in navigation—are invisible, packed in great wads of dirty cotton batting.

The time is break of dawn and the countryside is awash with fog and hush. It is too wet for roosters, too early for people, cold enough for warm jackets. The grass squishes underfoot as I do my walk around, check fuel tanks for water contamination, add a gallon of oil, pull the prop through by hand to make sure none of the bottom cylinders have filled with oil, spray silicone lubricant on the gear slide tubes, wipe the layer of rainy oil from the windshield.

My two passengers—wife and brother-in-law—untie the ropes that hold the wings and tail to earth in case of strong winds. My wife is barely awake and shivering. My brother-in-law, the mad midget,

(continued from page 138)

white-haired, 12 going on 87, a personality perpetually ricocheting between Einsteinian gravity and Dennis the Menace, is playing the good copilot.

"All untied. We going on instruments?"

"We'll have to," I say. The ceiling is maybe 200 feet.

"Good," my wife says. "I like clouds. It's all gray and cozy and introverted inside them."

We stow baggage, belt in, fire up. I taxi cautiously, head out the side window in the maelstrom of the prop blast for better view. Douglas does the same from the copilot's seat, hair streaming like some albino Indian chief on a war charge, a hand clasping his professorial horn-rims. At the east end of the runway I turn around, lock the tail wheel, run through my check list. The strip is on a hilltop, which creates some interesting optical effects. The runway is much foreshortened, like a slope photographed through a long lens. The wind sock is over the brow. Though actually mounted on a 20-foot pole, it looks from here as if it were pegged to the horizon. There is a cow off to the left, and I hope she has enough sense to stay there. I pull the carburetor heat on and the engine rpms increase, which means ice has been forming. Douglas notices, points.

"You got to watch it on mornings like this," I say. "Everybody belted in good?"

Carb heat to cold, throttle forward. We begin to trundle through the grass, very slowly at first, as the Pratt fights the grade and soft footing. We pass the cow, who raises her head solemnly to watch our progress. The tail comes up. The wind-sock pole appears like a periscope breaking water. The wheels unstuck and I give the big yellow bird a mental pat on the back. She has used barely 1000 feet, even under these conditions. San Miguel is a true high-country bush field, well over a mile above sea level, less than a half mile long, and the air here never offers much substance to wings or prop. I think of a good dozen newer craft I have watched run along this grass to the last inch and stagger into the air graceless as a drunk.

"Gear up," I say.

"Rog," Douglas says and flips the switch for me.

I do my winching act, am applauded by the red light. I have held the bird low, not wanting to go on instruments in the midst of violent exercise. Dead ahead lies the town, and we thunder down the main street still at full power and windmill height, and I laugh thinking of the rattling windows and sleepy cursing tourists. For some reason it is only Americans who object to my ma-

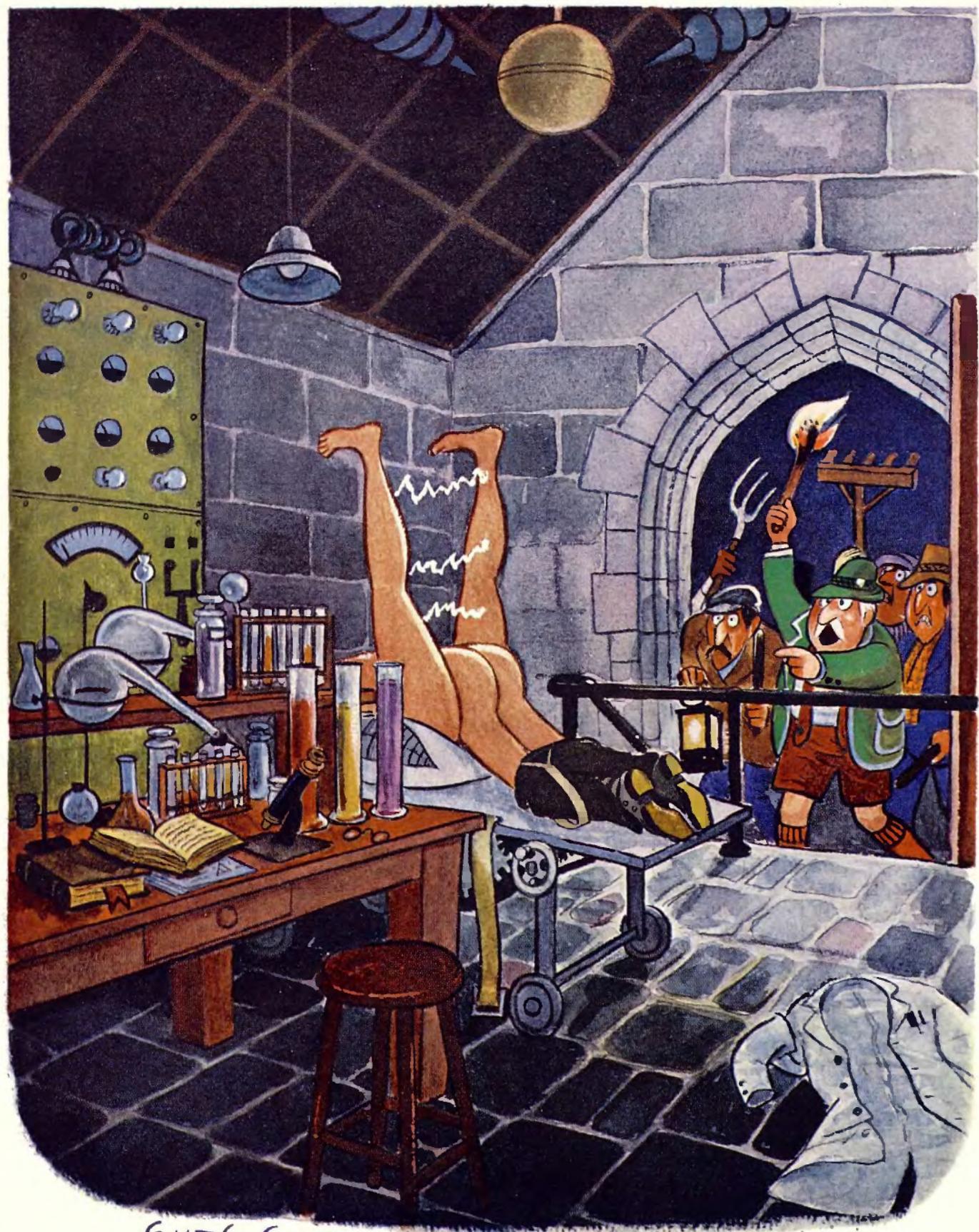
chine, my low flying and impromptu air shows. I can walk nowhere in the town without at least a few small boys following me, shouting in Spanish, "Tomás, Tomás, when will you take us for a ride? When will you loop the loop again?"

I trim the nose upward a few degrees and the rate-of-climb needle crouches, then leaps. The prop hacks into an underbelly of mist. I wriggle deeper into the seat, settle on the gauges, adapt myself to a milieu where the senses are reduced to a role of pure treachery. An instant on the engine instruments—oil pressure, oil temperature, fuel pressure, cylinder heads, suction; an instant on the flight instruments—wings of the toy airplane in the gyro horizon steady, altimeter winding up, air speed 115, gyro compass steady and it agrees with the magnetic compass. My right hand reaches over my shoulder, turns the rudder trim on the roof to help control the torque and asymmetrical propeller thrust. Engine instruments, flight instruments, my glance swings back and forth like the pendulum of a grandfather clock.

The wings slice upward through the formless gray. A rain shower spatters on the windshield. There is no turbulence. Ahead of us, I know, are mountains, high ones, but in a few minutes we will be above their summits. Guadalajara is 45 minutes away and possibly it will be clear. Possibly not. Mexican telephones and reporting systems being what they are, I could as easily have learned about the weather on the far side of Saturn as in Guadalajara. I don't really care. I have plenty of fuel, know this run as well as a housewife knows the walk from sink to refrigerator. Guadalajara has instrument approaches, but if the weather is so bad I can't even use those I have a dozen alternate strategies. Only engine failure is a matter for real concern, and I trust this greathearted lion of a Pratt more than I trust myself.

En route we may break out on top, but I don't count on it. We've hardly had a glimpse of blue in a month, this is the zenith of the rainy season, and my guess is that we will see neither earth nor sky again until a few moments before touchdown. I am confident of the outcome of our journey, yet I am not wholly comfortable. The truth is that I do not like instrument flying. High-performance airplanes must be useful if they are to be at all. That is a fact of economics. I could never afford the Staggerwing if she were not able to take me where I need to go under almost any meteorological circumstances, quickly and with a minimum of fuss. But I don't care for timed turns, black boxes, bearings, localizers, radials, glide slopes, beacons, binders thick with approach plates, the alphabet soup of VORs, MDAs, ADFs, DHs, ILSs, HATs, all the appurtenances

(continued on page 200)

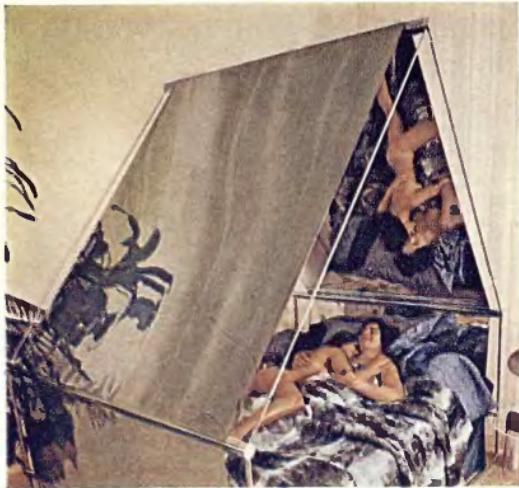


Buck Brown

"Look! The fiend is performing another of his experiments!!"

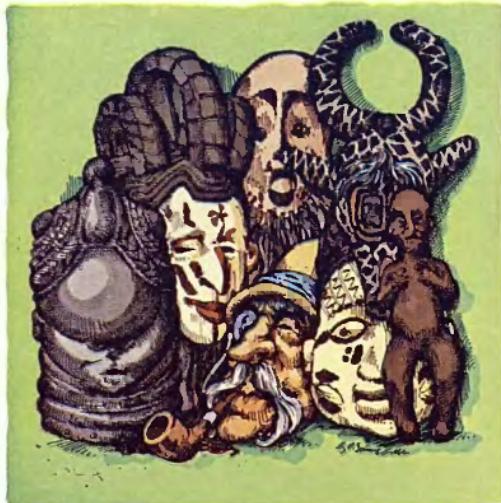
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE BED

Occasionally, something crosses our desk that makes us stop and admire the versatility of the imagination. Shown above is the Reflectabed, a chrome frame on which a canopy of silvered polyester film is hung. Theodore's Furniture in Washington, D. C., which sells the Reflectabed, claims it "combines the effects of overhead mirrors and the intimacy of a canopied bed." We can't tell you what those effects are, but you can always pony up \$275—and see for yourself.



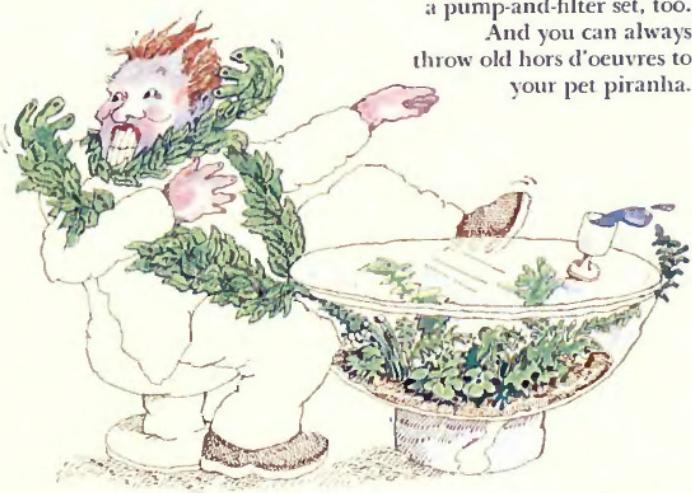
TRIBAL DRUMBEATING

Lady Cynthia: "Rodney, dahling, that's such a *fantastic* Nigerian deformity mask you have up there next to that *divine* Mandingo chief's *funerary* statue." Rodney (thinking): *I do* hope she doesn't discover I got them at Tribal Arts, a *fabulous* African gallery in Manhattan, instead of on safari in darkest A. Lady Cynthia (thinking): Silly boy, he could have bought these at Tribal Arts. Rodney: "They're *original*, you know." Lady Cynthia (thinking): Too bad you aren't.

DID YOU WATER THE TABLE, BABY?

A transparent coffee table can be looked at in a lot of different ways. The one shown here, the Aqua Dome, will safely hold 40 gallons of anything: tropical fish, exotic plants, king-sized cocktails. Featuring a chrome base and a glass top, the clear-acrylic bowl stands 18 inches high and measures 40 inches in diameter. A Dallas firm, The Kenton Collection, sells the Aqua Dome for \$200; if your tastes run more aquarium than terrarium, they make a pump-and-filter set, too.

And you can always throw old hors d'oeuvres to your pet piranha.



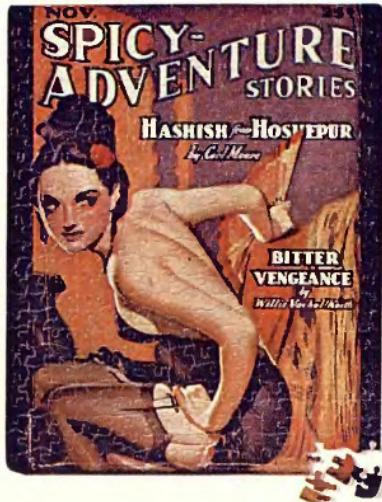
EASEL RIDER

We're not sure if such *macho* motorcyclists as Sonny Barger and Evel Knievel would approve, but fine art has invaded their rough-and-tumble milieu in the form of painted crash helmets. The artist is the accomplished Peter Hewitt, and his creations, which go for \$90-\$150 (plus postage), can be purchased from a shop called Genesis at 1049 Madison Avenue in New York. There, you can browse through dozens of models decorated with Hewitt's imaginative stylings (ranging from art deco to neo-Beardsley). Or bring your own helmet and have it painted to order.



RECYCLING PULP

It's a puzzle to us why this *Spicy Adventure* cover was once deemed pornographic. But no matter. The dagger-carrying siren is finally out from under the counter and onto tabletops as a giant 16" x 20" poster puzzle that's available from a firm called International Polygraphics for four dollars. And for those who want to know what evil lurks in the hearts of men, there's also a *Shadow* magazine cover. Best of all, once you've gotten the pieces together, you can keep them that way by affixing the finished puzzle to a gummed sheet that comes with each. Run for covers!



WIPING UP

OK, you're stretched out on the beach, soaking up Old Sol, when suddenly, splat, raindrops are falling on your head. Now, most people would head for cover, but cool you can simply push the magic button that's connected to the large blue-tinted eyeglasses on your face and—swish, swish—a pair of battery-powered tiny windshield wipers clears the rain away. Available from a Manhattan mail-order house, J. Carlton's at 176 Madison Avenue, for \$8.98, the glasses are also ideal for those who like to shower with shades on or open fire hydrants.



SAFETY PIN

Last December, we brought vasectomy veterans the glad tidings that they were entitled to sport a gold lapel pin for undergoing the operation. Now the Association for Voluntary Sterilization tells us that women have equal rights to a badge of courage. Any female who opts for sterilization surgery can obtain—for two dollars—a similar pin in the shape of the female sex symbol with the circle ends crossed.

SALVATION FOR SINGLES

That blithe spirit Ambrose Bierce once defined marriage as "a community consisting of a master, a mistress and two slaves." The Reverend Richard Chen, a Southern California minister, may not agree, but he does think ours is nonetheless "a couple-oriented society where the unmarried and the formerly married often are burdened with guilt" and other problems uniquely their own. So what's a man of the cloth to do? Form the First Singles Church, pitch it to the divorced, widowed and never-been and pass the plate.



DEBUGGING THE BEETLE

All you Beetle nuts in the audience will be intrigued to learn that the dwarf '37 Ford crouching below is, in reality, a standard Volkswagen that has been modified with a fiberglass-and-aluminum Wunderbug front end. The conversion kit, which is made by Lieffring Industries in Kansas City, Missouri, costs \$299 (\$399 installed), fits all 1949-1972 Bugs (excluding the Super Beetle) and can be obtained at most friendly neighborhood VW dealers. Perhaps there's a phony Ford in your future.



STAGGERWING

of blind navigation. It smacks too much of the age of computers.

We pass through 11,000 feet. The local mountaintops are a good 1000 below us. I adjust the radios to Guadalajara frequencies. As soon as the needles on the navigation set twitch with life I will try to call, obtain destination weather and a clearance. I plan to level off at 12,000, an altitude that I know will put us 1500 above any peak within 25 miles of our route. Later, if it becomes necessary to detour to Uruapan or Apatzingán, we will have to go much higher.

"How's Susan?" I ask.

"Asleep," Douglas says.

"You want to fly?"

He looks at me archly over the top of his glasses. "Are you crazy?"

I often let him steer during cruise. As yet he is too short to reach the rudder pedals, and I have never given him any instrument instruction. Still, he reads a great deal about airplanes, can match me fact for esoteric fact in conversation, and it is understood between us that he will become a pilot.

"Well, maybe you're not quite ready for actual IFR."

Back and forth, back and forth move my eyes. Everything is normal. This is really very easy, at least when there is no turbulence or ice, when your engine is healthy and you carry six hours of fuel in reserve. I make a minor adjustment in the elevator trim and fold my arms across my chest. The bird flies on rock steady even without my touch. Douglas eyes me skeptically.

"See," I say. "Nothing to it. These old ones were so stable they didn't need autopilots."

"Sure. It's calm. I'd like to see you do it if we were in a thunderstorm."

Twelve thousand feet, and what have we here? The clouds are definitely thinning, gray of wet concrete changes to a film of milk. Suddenly we pop out. The vista is awful, in the literal sense of the word, like nothing I have ever seen before.

Technically we are between layers, for many thousands of feet above is another deck of clouds. Below is a lumpy plain of the familiar grimy cotton. But between, the sky is like some vast cathedral, an enclosed yet nearly infinite space suffused with incredibly subtle lighting. I have long thought that whoever is in charge of heavenly effects is a great if wasteful artist, a genius in the use of primary colors on massive canvases, but rarely is he moved to attempt the delicate. You expect him to overwhelm you with brightness and dazzle, not something like this.

The air is alive with sea colors and pastels in stained-glass tones, aquamarine blues and greens, a masterful tint of crimson in an upper corner. There are

(continued from page 196)

dozens, no, hundreds, of vaporous rainbows. They arch around us in profusion, form long corridors and vaults of stupendous height. Tendrils of cloud hang suspended, glowing lavender and turquoise and pale green as if lit from within.

I level us off, trim the bird, make power adjustments and lean the mixture, but it is all I can do to wrest my attention from the world outside. I bend across to Douglas, so that I can speak to him in a whisper.

"Wake Susan."

He nods, twists between the seats like an eel. In a moment he belts back in and I feel my wife's hand on my shoulder. I turn and she smiles.

We fly on through a mounting impression of quiet. The Pratt rumbles, the air flow hisses, yet we seem to move in stately and ethereal silence, a ghost ship running with the wind down some skyscape from a dream. This is a place never intended for human beings. Lindbergh said that flying was sometimes "like a vision at the end of life forming a bridge to death." He must have had some morning such as this in mind. Perhaps this is a glimpse of eternity. I am in no way a churchgoer; in fact, except for weddings and funerals, have not set foot in one since prep school and loathsome mornings of compulsory chapel. But I think this is the kind of feeling the great Catholic architects must have been trying to create. If the builders of Chartres could see this they would understand and feel very inadequate.

Beneath us now are a few breaks. Through one we see a little Mexican hill town—tile roofs and cobblestones and whitewash and the inevitable church. Somehow it is in direct sunlight. Pink stone is transformed to living blood. A little later we see a breast-shaped mountain, also in sunlight. It is a green twice as bright as an ad for bluegrass seed, deep as an Iowa sky at midsummer dusk. A field of the Lord if man ever saw one. The gaps close, the big yellow bird glides on.

Thirty minutes pass, and we are still openmouthed with awe, not yet accustomed to the sublime variety of this new realm. We point fingers at each tangle of rainbows and hall of violet cloud stalactites, as if to reassure ourselves they are not mirages. Occasionally our path leads through a feathery scrap of cloud and the cabin is filled with a dozen misty colors. A rainbow curves away from our lower wing. It's near enough so that I could roll down the window and grab a handful.

But the radio picks up the Guadalajara omni station strongly, and it's time to think about coming down. Earphones on, a crackle of static. Communications

set to approach control. I give our identification, position, altitude, ask for weather. I speak in English, the international language of aeronautics—theoretically the control-tower personnel in Timbuktu should be able to speak English.

"Beech five four three," the controller says. "Weather Guadalajara is seven hundred feet overcast. Raining light. One-mile visibility. You make the instrument approach?"

"Yes."

"Hokay. You clear for instrument approach runway two eight. Call the tower outbound. Altimeter two nine nine eight. No other traffic."

I repeat, motion Douglas to get my book of approach charts. A last long look around and we sink back into the clouds. Our personal rainbow dissolves away from the wing root. The altimeter unwinds, a scientific recording of descent from the supernatural. My eyes take up their sliding rhythm across the panel, pause to make sure the book is opened to the right page. We are enveloped in gray again and noises assume their normal proportions. Susan is right. It is cozy in here, familiar and comforting after what we have seen. Five minutes pass. A flag on an instrument flips, now says FROM instead of TO. We have crossed the station; through the clouds below is the airport. I dial the tower, say, "Five four three outbound for procedure turn."

"Five four three, report procedure turn inbound."

"Procedure turn inbound."

I twist a knob, turn the plane to a new heading, reduce power. Carb heat on. Punch the stop-watch button on the dashboard clock. We are descending steadily to 8500. Monitor head temperatures so they do not cool too quickly. Richen mixture gradually. Three minutes on the stop watch. I take up a new heading. Another minute, another turn.

I discover that I am enjoying this as I never have instrument work. The little series of mathematical problems succumbs to precise mechanical maneuvers. Everything the bird and I do is quantifiable, explicable, a clear result of specific action. This time the process makes me aware of myself, who I am and what I am capable of, in a way that is very pleasant.

"Five four three procedure turn inbound two eight."

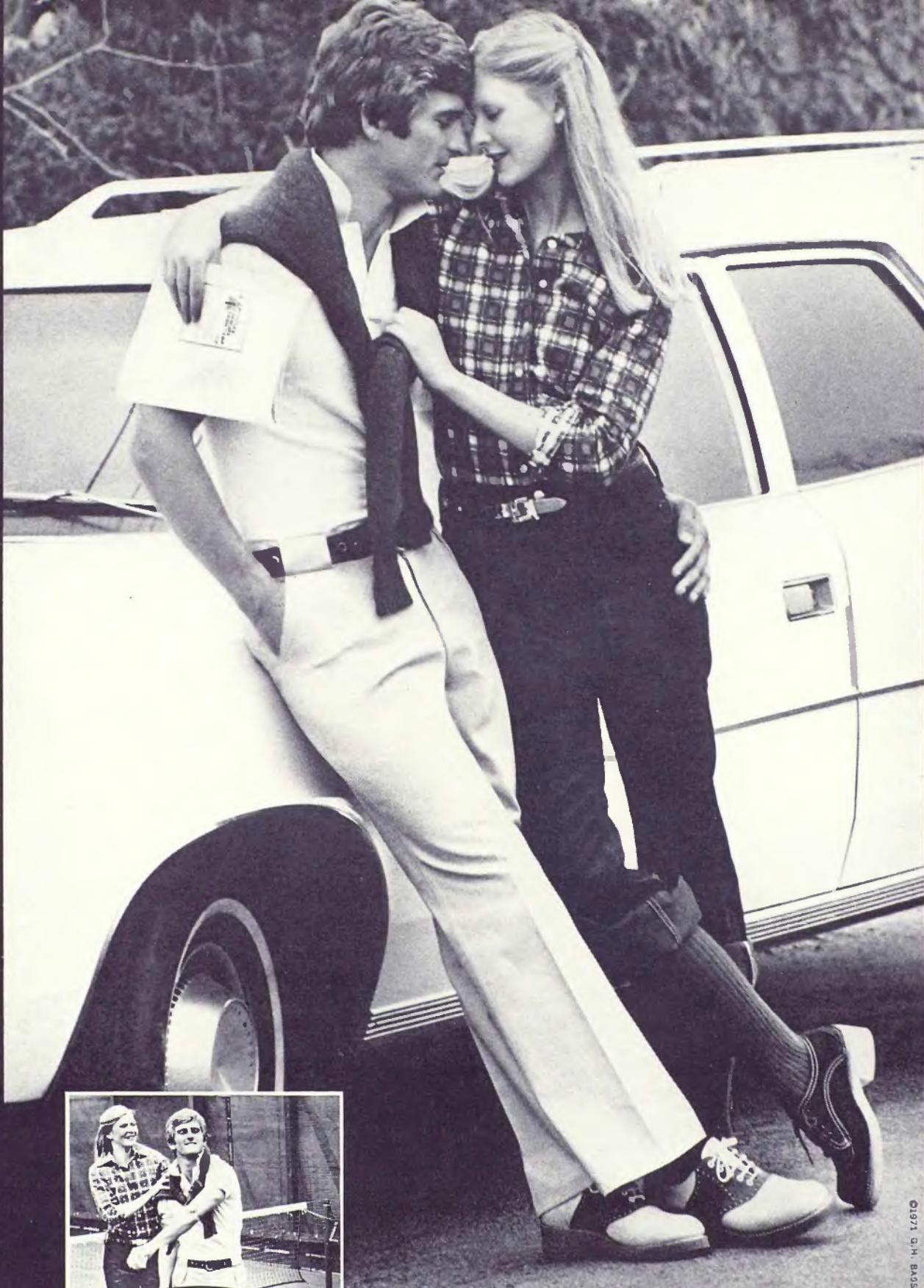
"Report runway in sight."

The Staggerwing locks on the inbound heading, slides down the undimensioned gray. Six thousand feet. We should break out soon. I glance up, still the gray cloak. I review the missed-approach procedure mentally. Five thousand eight hundred.

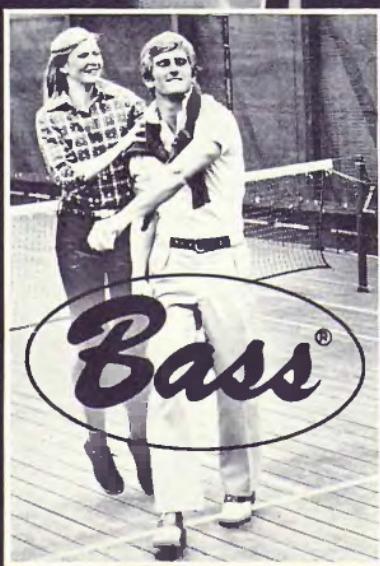
"Runway in sight," Douglas says.

"Good boy."

Rain patters at glass. Ahead is a long



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WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO BE IN HIS SHOES?

His: Knobby saddle in bone and tan. With full grain leather uppers for that incredible saddle shoe comfort. And red cushion crepe soles and heels for easy crusin' around. From the Bass Saddle Collection. About \$25.

Hers: Bump-toe navy tack. With full grain leather uppers. And genuine, plantation crepe soles and heels to give you bounce when you need it. From the Bass Tacks™ Collection. About \$20.

By the makers of Bass Weejuns.®



*"If it wasn't for property settlement and alimony,
I'd say marriage is irrelevant, too!"*

slab of black asphalt. It glistens luminescently in the wet. I lower the gear, twist with my crank to make sure it is down and locked. In moisture it's wise to place no faith in the yellow bird's electrical system. I've seen it short out in heavy dew. Flaps down.

"Five four three has the runway."

"Clear to land."

We cross the threshold. Nose up. A tad of throttle. The Staggerwing floats on, spinner rising and rate of sink decreasing with every millimeter we drop. This runway is forever, the longest in Mexico, no need to plunk down in the first 100 feet. I make the best landing of my life. The three wheels touch, but we cannot feel the contact. The air speed bleeds off to zero. Otherwise, the only clue that we are not still flying is a watery hiss, the tires aquaplaning.

We taxi to parking. The prop twirls through inertia revolutions into silence. Rain taps on the fabric. The gyros whine. We sit for fully two minutes, unable or not wanting to talk. Finally Susan leans forward, kisses me on the cheek. I reach over, ruffle Douglas' hair, a gesture he finds especially annoying. He punches me on the arm.

"Mongers, man," he says. "That was better than *Star Trek*."

The three of us laugh aloud.

• • •

Many intelligent laymen regard airplanes with hostility. They see them as

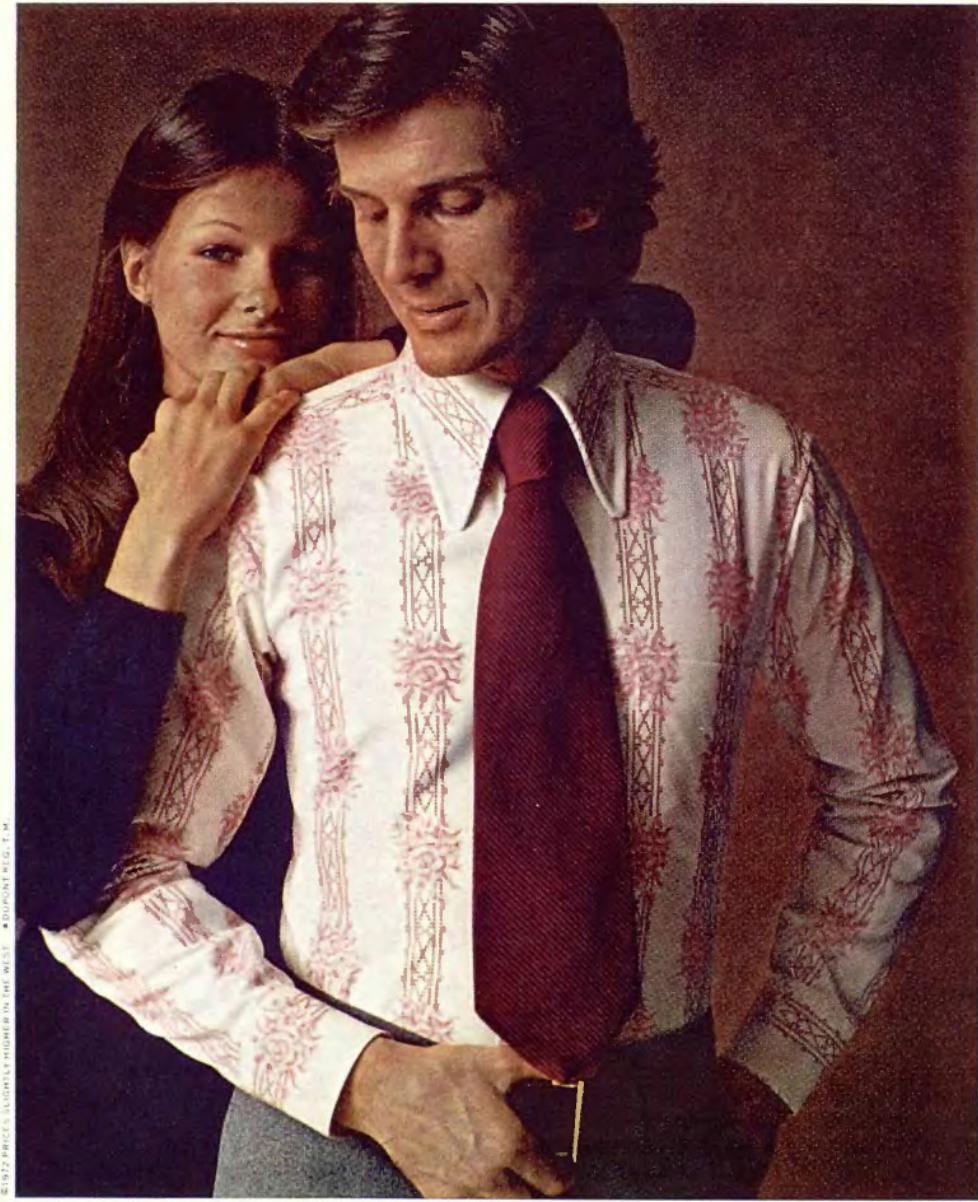
minimum of 17. I've asked several operators about this, but their answers ring with all the sincerity and credibility of an East Village pusher explaining hard times to a junkie.

Labor in repair shops is expensive, which is all right if you get your money's worth, for no one but an utter fool stints on the care of an airplane, but the attitude and too often the aptitude of mechanics is enough to enrage the most temperate owner. During the course of one year, I had an engine go rough in a serious situation because it had been timed incorrectly; a cowl nearly came loose in flight because it had been secured improperly; and a landing gear jammed when it was supposed to retract because the motor had been hooked up backward. At a shop where I'd been spending an average of \$300 for many months an arrogant young foreman wanted to charge me \$10.75 an hour for the use of an idle spray gun, two cents' worth of solvent and a mill of electricity. Another time I asked a mechanic to help me cowl the Staggerwing, a job about as time-consuming and difficult as moving a desk chair ten feet, and he said, "Not without a work order."

Too many pilots, who above all others ought still to be partial to the old mystique, are just as soulless. Take an acquaintance, a charter pilot who is an expert on modern milk-stool tri-gears, machines every bit as exciting as last year's Chevy economy sedan. He's a decent fellow, good beer company, kind to friends in distress, something of a rustic wit. Recently he has even grown fashionable sideburns. One day we were discussing the merits of the Staggerwing. In an unseemly excess of enthusiasm, I pointed out her superiority in nearly every regimen of performance to the newest and most expensive single-engine products, went so far as to suggest he might well employ one in the charter business. He looked at me with an expression of genuine outrage tinged with pity, like a priest who has caught a mentally retarded acolyte urinating on the altar during High Mass. "The Staggerwing's nothing but a . . . a masculinity symbol," he said. "They may have been good planes once, but no customer would even want to ride in one today."

So if you fly biplanes and think paved runways of great length are an unnecessary luxury, and fancy yourself a round-engine man in the era of the turbine, it doesn't take much time nor any great sensitivity to realize you're part of a special sect, more than a bit of an outcast, a heretic, counted unclean of thought and not very bright by your peers. Consequently, you tend to cherish fellow travelers. You meet them in weird places at odd times, and they have no common denominator of age or

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background or class or physical type, although many are older—only a certain light in the eye that bespeaks rare knowledge of pleasure when you mention the old names and types and techniques. And even the successful ones and the young seem somehow slightly out of tune with the America of corporations and time clocks and institutions and Government agencies. I call them the true believers, and spending at least an hour or two a week with one of them has become a necessity for me as well as a pleasure, a renewal of the faith.

• • •

Last, and perhaps most important, flying provides a vehicle for self-discovery, a means to test your skill and knowledge and resolution against adversity. That is an aspect much downplayed by professionals, who out of congenital modesty will tell you there are old pilots, and bold pilots, but none who are both; and the manufacturers, who insist that flying may be learned rapidly and adequately by nearly anyone who can drive a car; and the FAA, which would have you believe that thanks to the thoroughness and wisdom of its rules, the splendid accuracy of the science of meteorology and the reliability of modern machinery (all licensed to FAA specifications), any flight that leaves the ground with proper preparation will be secure and serene.

Perhaps, but listen again to Lindbergh discussing the Atlantic crossing:

If I make the whole flight without meeting anything worse than those scattered squalls in Nova Scotia, I'll feel as though I'd been cheating, as though I hadn't earned success, as though the evil spirits of the sky had disdained to sally forth in battle. A victory given stands pale beside a victory won. A pilot has the right to choose his battlefield—that is the strategy of flight. But once that battlefield is attained, conflict should be welcomed, not avoided. If the pilot fears to test his skill with the elements, he has chosen the wrong profession.

Evil spirits, battlefields, a celestial malignancy to be challenged and conquered. Hardly. Flying is safe, really and truly. I myself have been known to deliver a half-hour lecture to doubting passengers, replete with quotations from actuarial statistics, to prove that travel in a good light plane, properly maintained and competently piloted, is the safest means of transport devised by man. And yet...

One time instructing in a Cessna the rudder came unhinged. I had checked the bolts myself that morning, so had two of my students. Had the elevator gone instead of the rudder I would have died for sure.

An acquaintance, a pilot of enviable reputation, ran into his own rotor wash in a helicopter. The machine was destroyed, the pilot shaken up considerably, the passenger seriously injured.

Another acquaintance, a professional, hit a hilltop three miles from an airport he had been using for years, spent months in the hospital, emerged in a framework of braces. His eyes were set in the bright vacant glaze I remembered from certain young Marines in Vietnam, the men stationed in the heavily shelled fire bases below the DMZ.

In Vietnam a helicopter flying formation not 100 yards from a ship in which I was riding exploded for no apparent reason. Three friends dead.

Another professional, a man whose aeronautical beginnings dated back more than 40 years to Standards and Swallows and Eaglerocks, to Hissos and ON-5s, Liberty DHs and Sunday crowds at county fairs, was run down and killed by an Air Force jet not ten miles from the Albuquerque airport. Both planes were in radar contact.

A charter pilot of two decades' experience hit a hilltop on a night approach in Nevada and died.

A duster pilot, a friend in Mexico, crashed on take-off. The plane caught fire and he was incinerated while 20 people watched helplessly. Some said he had collided with an especially vicious dust devil. Not five minutes before, I'd drunk a Coke with him, helped him choose a ticket for the national lottery and taken off myself in the Staggerwing.

All these friends and acquaintances damaged or destroyed within a span of two years, and none of them were neophytes, innocents, only half-trained or plagued by poor equipment. Proof enough that progress and technology, science and commerce, have not had much success in shackling the evil spirits; reminders of the penalty for failure, evitable or otherwise, in aeronautical tourneys.

Every so often, no matter what your degree of experience or type of aircraft, you have a flight that pushes you to the limits of your resources, stands you face to face with the difficult and forces you to contemplate the truths of possible disaster. Such flights are not the norm, but they stud the logs of any serious pilot with a random consistency. Let me describe just one. It was not a record attempt in an untried craft, was in no way a tribute to some special talent of mine, for any number of more experienced men would have considered it a drafty and cold piece of routine, but for me at my level there was enough of the unexpected and the unknown to extend the boundaries of my abilities and cause me much anxiety and a glimpse of fear. And when it was over, a trace of pride in victory honestly won.

It began on a cold gray afternoon at a strip in the heart of the Texas rice belt, near a little elm-tree town called Cuero. The ceiling is low, visibility no more than a mile. I am walking around my new mount, an open-cockpit Stearman biplane, a type of mean reputation. They were built in the early Forties as military trainers, and wags said, "There are two kinds of pilots. Those who have ground-looped a Stearman and those who will." The beast sits high on rangy legs and the main gear is placed far forward, none of which promises easy handling. And this particular specimen is no resurrected primary-training play toy, but a crop duster, in which role her original Continental 220 has been replaced by a gargantuan 1340 Pratt and Whitney of 600 horsepower. It is comparable to dropping a blown Indy Offenhauser into a battered jeep.

I am to ferry her to Las Vegas, New Mexico, and her former owner, a wise old ag pilot and charter-member true believer, has left me a note of much wit and equal foreboding. It reads in part: "Tom. She is a nice-flying old bird. I have checked her out. But be careful. (1) Be careful on the brakes or you will end up on your back. (2) Be careful with the throttle or you will end up on your back. Good luck. Henry." Dusters work on short strips and this Stearman has been re-equipped with truck brakes powerful enough to halt a locomotive, ten times over powerful enough to catapult a plane onto its back if improperly applied. The 600 horsepower, if not handled on a gentle rein, will accomplish the same. I can receive no check-out, a few comforting introductory circuits with someone ready to retrieve my mistakes, because the front seat and dual controls have been removed to make room for a hopper. It occurs to me that Henry is not here himself because he can't bear to watch.

I climb in, clad in long underwear, regular clothes, lightweight flying coveralls, winter flying coveralls, jackets, mittens over gloves, felt-lined boots, my old motorcycle hard hat. I am close to suffocation, feel as though I am working weights in a gym when I lift my arm. The 1340 Pratt sports a 24-volt starter, but the plane has no integral electrical system. Hence, what little view I have over the nose is filled with hood-raised automobiles connected to each other and finally to the starter by dozens of yards of jumper cables. A mechanic stands by with a fire extinguisher. Another is placed at the starter, an arm's length behind the prop.

"Switch off."

"Switch off," I repeat.

He engages the starter and the prop

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grinds through several revolutions.

"Switch on. Brakes on."

"Switch and brakes." I make the magneto hot.

"Contact," he says. The old litany.

The Pratt catches with a report like a fieldpiece and a cannon ball of black smoke booms out of the stack, whizzes down the fuselage past my ear. The mechanics disengage the jumpers, the cars back away carefully from the lethal medallion of propeller. The Stearman is alive with the vibrations of a mighty power, rocks alarmingly on her springy gear, and the Pratt is only idling. Jesus, I think, what will happen when I shoot a little throttle to her?

I study the gauges carefully. There aren't very many of them, as agricultural flying is strictly seat of the pants. No flight instruments except altimeter and air speed, so I will have to stay out of the clouds. A glance overhead, the ceiling is oppressively low. I consider shutting her down, saying I'll wait until tomorrow. Nonsense. I've flown in worse weather in lesser planes, and I have a very long way to go. I can still see and I know that westward along my course the conditions are better. I motion the mechanics to pull the chocks.

Taxiing, I begin to gain confidence. Her brakes are indeed quick, but they have good feel. Just remember to touch, not stomp. She has excellent tail-wheel steering and I can get a fine forward view by leaning out the left side. I turn around at the end of the strip, run the engine up. If anything, the vibrations are less with a little boost. Only the compass bothers me. It twitches through variations of 30 degrees. Probably no problem; it will settle down as the bird smooths out in flight.

The big moment. I line up ever so carefully down the center line, feed in the throttle gently as a caress. Even so, we leap forward, accelerating like a double-A fuel dragster. I am ready with right rudder, but the bird has no excessive tendency to swing left. I raise the tail, still nothing abnormal. We are airborne. I note that the throttle is not halfway to the stop. What a machine!

A moment to sigh in relief, wave at the mechanics as they pass underneath, congratulate myself on still being alive. Then the problems start. I reach into one of the many pockets of the winter flying suit for my first map, but trying to unfold it in the manner I want is about as easy as typing on a motorcycle at speed. Finally I take the glove and mittens off my left hand. Instant frostbite, but I am able to force the paper into usable form.

Now, where are we? Cuero has been swallowed up in the mist. I spot a rail line. There are several leading out of

town. I check the compass to see if this one is laid in the right direction. Surprise. The compass is spinning like a top. I can't obtain even the most wildly approximate bearing from it. The altimeter is also playing games—it's unwinding and presently informs me I am flying 1000 feet below sea level. But this compass problem is serious. East Texas is singularly featureless: I remember the panic of my first cross-country solo, conducted in the same area, when all roads looked alike and never ran exactly where the map said they should, but I had a radio in that plane and simply followed a signal back to San Antonio. Now I have no idea which way I'm going. I could turn around, but that probably wouldn't help matters. I decide to press on, as the runway was pretty well aligned with my course, and one railroad track was pretty well aligned with the runway. If I didn't turn while fiddling with the map I ought to be aimed in the general direction. Sooner or later the track will lead to something I can correlate with the map.

I relax a little, feel out the bird. She flies nicely but is none too stable. Take my hand off the stick and a wing drops. She is also slow, held back by a chemical and seed spreader affixed to her belly as well as by the drag of massive gear legs and myriad flying wires. It is said of Stearmans that no matter how many horses you give them they still cruise at 90 mph. Which brings up another problem—range. The Stearman carries only 44 gallons of fuel, enough to feed this Pratt for no more than an hour and a half at moderate power settings. Any flight of more than 125 miles will bank on luck and perfect navigation, and here I am lost already. In fact, I may have set a new record—lost two minutes after take-off.

Ten minutes pass. Fifteen. The ceiling is lowering and I am mildly alarmed. I know it was clear to the west, because I just flew in from there. It's getting colder, too. I'm down to telegraph-pole height, peering ahead alertly for landmarks. Also I search for towers. I'm well below the top of an average radio tower. I'd better find something pretty quick, or else pick a landing ground. There's an abundance of fields, but they're all quite wet and I'd chance nosing over. I can always use a farm road, but that is likely to incur the wrath of authorities. Still, the prospect amuses me. Set her down beside a farmhouse, stroll up to the kitchen door in my flying togs. "Ma'am, could you tell me which way to San Antone?"

Twenty minutes. Fear is beginning to constrict my chest. I do not like this at all. In places the clouds merge with the crops. And the engine is throwing oil. Most radials do so to some extent and I know very well that a few drops spread along the windshield and fuselage by

the knife of the wind are nothing to worry over, but the narrow windscreens ahead of me is absolutely opaque. If I stick my head out to see, my face and shield are pelted with hot droplets.

Then a few houses pass under my wing, a road joins the track. I try to match these events to a position on the map and fail. A tower looms ahead, red warning lights blinking feebly. I break off to the left, give it wide berth in fear of guy wires. More houses, the edge of a town. Maybe I'm back in Cuero. I make for a water tower at no more than 50 feet. I can see tricycles and lawn chairs in back yards. If some irate citizen takes the Stearman's registration number I will have a lot of explaining to do to the FAA. YORKTOWN, it says on the tower. I never heard of Yorktown. I put the bird in a tight bank around the tower, search the map frantically. Christ. I swear aloud. Yorktown is south of Cuero. I have been headed toward Mexico, not the Rockies.

Thirty minutes later, I am circling the airport at Cuero. Someone once said the moment of truth in a new airplane is the first time you have to land her. I line up on a long final, feel sweat oozing out of my armpits. The runway looks too short and cruelly narrow, though I know its dimensions to be more than adequate. There are fuel pumps to one side, and I think that if I do lose control I must employ any expedient to avoid hitting them. Over the trees and I chop the power. The bird drops like a disconnected elevator. Evidently 1340 Stearmans are not fond of gliding. Back in with some power. Ease into a flare. Wait. Seconds stretch into years. Precious runway flees beneath. Nose up a bit more. The tires squeak, the Stearman rolls straight as a plumb line. It wasn't hard at all. Relief and a queer disappointment mingle.

One of the mechanics climbs up on the wing, alarm in his face. "What's the matter?" he shouts over the engine. "Don't she run good? Henry said she run fine."

"She runs all right, but the compass doesn't work. I got lost."

He peers in at the offending instrument, which is still spinning gaily.

"Hell," he says. "We never thought to check it. All our pilots know where they're going."

An hour later, I'm refueled and airborne again. A fresh compass, ripped from another airplane, is attached by baling wire to the dash, where it works sensibly beside its insane relative. The engine is still throwing oil, but it hasn't missed a beat, and I've taken precautions to ensure visibility. Tucked beneath my new compass are rags and a bottle of Plexiglas cleaner, so I can wipe the windscreens and my face shield

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any time I need to. The events of earlier are confined to memory, stored for some unforeseen future use. Such happenings rarely frighten me in retrospect, instead foster what may well be a dangerous illusion, for I feel that each problem coped with, each emergency overcome, merely burnishes the armor of my experience against the next.

Daylight is fading and ahead is an airport, New Braunfels, and I decide to land. We're not far from San Antonio, where I have friends, and I look forward with relish to describing the day's adventures. I circle the field once, noting the wind sock. It is an elaborate establishment, many runways of great breadth and length, and a number of modern machines parked on the ramp.

I land, taxi toward the tie-down area. Quite a crowd, at least five or ten people, is gathering to watch my approach. A man directs me into a slot and I chop the engine. People press up against the ship.

"Where you come from?"

"Cuero," I say.

"How long it take you?"

"About an hour." Cuero is almost exactly 55 miles away.

"Hot damn, she's a fast one, ain't she?"

"She's not made for speed," I say, a little defensively.

"How many horses?"

"Six hundred."

"Hot damn, that's a bundle."

"We heard you come over and we all come outside. We thought you was Orville and Wilbur."

Beneath the banter I sense respect, perhaps a touch of envy.

"You gonna spend the night?"

"Yes," I say. "Fill her with eighty and let's put in a gallon of oil. The heaviest you have."

The man in charge is very nice, efficient and considerate, and in a few minutes the Stearman is ready for tomorrow and I am scrubbing at the first layers of oil and sweat, waiting for my friends. My face in the lavatory mirror is wind-burned a deep red brown and Lava soap is not about to remove the grime from the creases in my knuckles. I'm beginning to look my part, an observation that pleases me.

Take-off next day goes well. The airport attendant is philosophical about being rooted from bed at five in the morning—I have 700 miles to cover, so an early start is imperative—and he's only a little nervous at standing a few inches behind the prop to work the starter. Airborne, I get my map out, pick up my course and begin to learn the true meaning of the word cold. The morning wind has an arctic edge, a thousand tricks to thwart the most extensive clothing. It sifts between layers until it reaches my skin with the consistency of ice granules. I pull every zipper to its limit,

rewind my two scarves a dozen different ways, put my hands in my armpits, sit on them alternately, stamp my feet and kick hard at the tubular-frame members to help circulation . . . all to no avail. I think of the old barnstormers and airmail pilots with new wonder. The tortures of riding an open-cockpit ship in the Midwest, say on Lindbergh's old run from St. Louis to Chicago, at night in the dead of real winter, defy imagination. Or the World War One fighter pilots, who took machines not so very different from this one as high as 20,000 feet, to patrol and fight. At 20 grand the temperature is usually many degrees below zero. Combat must have come as a welcome diversion.

For a half hour everything is placid. I rumble over the lake country between San Antonio and Austin, watch my progress across the map. There is an overcast, but it looks thin, lets the sun show through in places in a low-wattage glow, and I have plenty of room to maneuver. Then, quickly, the overcast begins to thicken and lower. I pass above a ranch strip, debate about landing to wait for improvement. But I have miles to go, promises to keep, time is important—the Stearman is meant to be towing sailplanes at a soaring meet this hour tomorrow—and yesterday the Pratt showed a stubborn reluctance to start again after it had been running. Today I've made up my mind to replace fuel and oil without shutting down. I cross a highway that eventually leads to Johnson City and the clouds drop even lower, no trifling matter now, for we have left the flatlands behind and are winding between hills.

Fear begins its insidious crawl up my chest. I'm following a gravel farm road, flying a tunnel between cloud and hillside. I tell myself there is nothing to worry about so long as there is room to turn around. But what if the clouds are dropping behind me in an impenetrable curtain? They shouldn't be—the weather forecast was favorable, this is mostly ground fog, a morning condition that usually dissipates rapidly with sun and heat—but I'd happily trade a month's university salary for gyro instruments, for even a simple vacuum-driven turn and bank. Then I wouldn't be helpless if the next turn revealed an impasse and I were forced to begin my retreat blind.

Instrument flight without instruments holds a special terror for me. Once I was practicing in a Link—an artificial training apparatus so realistic it is not at all uncommon to emerge from a session in one sure you have really been aloft in a storm—and the plane began to gyrate as if it were in a spin. Nothing I did brought it back under control. I shoved the nose down, added power, chopped power, employed full opposite rudder and still the wild descent continued until

there was nothing left to do but sit there with my stomach knotted in panic. Just before impact, I came to my senses and climbed out, shut the machine off. The trouble was a blown fuse, but some corner of my mind refused to believe I wasn't dead and I walked around the room for several minutes touching things like desk chairs and paper clips with groveling humility. Spiraling into a Texas hillside with vertigo is definitely not the way I want to check out.

We pass a farm that looks like a leftover from *The Grapes of Wrath*. Barn of bleached boards with sagging roof, sagging corrals, junked cars with rusted fenders sitting on blocks, a few scraggly cows with hipbones stretching their hides, a sad house with all its lines and angles driven askew by wind and years, a windmill so rusty I can almost hear it crank over the sounds of engine and slip stream. What a place to crash.

Another twist in the road and I can go no farther. Clouds and earth are one. I add throttle, drop the left wings in a tight bank, feel the gs shove me hard into the seat. The right wings cleave into the overcast above. I concentrate on keeping the left lower tip on a gate beside the road, do not want to drift into a hill. We level out, fly back down the road and over the farm with my pulse pumping rapidly. A woman is standing in the front yard, wearing a long dull dress like a sharecropper's wife in a Walker Evans photograph. I wave but she does not return it, just wheels slowly to watch us pass. In a moment of fancy I imagine she might be Dame Death.

We pick up the blacktop, turn toward Johnson City. To follow this road will take us north, of course, but it's better than turning back. Forty-five minutes have elapsed. The cork in the glass-tube fuel gauge ahead of me bobs at the halfway mark on its journey to empty.

The Stearman plays with cars, passes them ever so slowly, but my mind is elsewhere. Twice I follow openings to the northwest but am forced back by lack of visibility. On one try I press an instant too long and am swallowed by a cloud. My turn is a desperation affair, for I lose all but the barest contact with the ground to veils of mist. I am aware again of blood shoving through my arteries at unnatural speed.

Even on the road the clouds are too low for comfort, and they seem to be getting lower by the minute. I work ahead of the bird on the map to ascertain the location of towers but never keep my eyes inside the cockpit for more than a few instants. It is best not to trust maps totally. I remember once in Mexico, on a day only a little better than this one, when I was following a rail line that disappeared abruptly into a tunnel.

Ahead now a power line crosses the

road where it drives between two hills. The wires are at my height, perhaps 50 feet, just below the murk. I slide into the middle of the road, the low point, and drop. If a car comes through that pass the driver will be in for a distinct surprise. We flick under the lines with a wing span to spare, our wheels brushing the pavement.

An hour and 30 minutes. The fuel cork is bottoming now, and some time ago I employed every trick I know to stretch the last gallons. I have leaned the mixture, though we are thousands of feet below where that is advisable, and set the prop to turn 1600 rpm, so slowly I can count the separate blades. But there are clusters of houses, the harbinger of towns, and in a minute I am over Johnson City, spot the airport. I circle once, squirt cleaner on my face shield and wipe with the rag. No time to bother with the windscreen. I ease power back, slip over some high lines, flare and hear the lovely squeak of rubber on asphalt.

The runway is pocked with chuckholes and the field is deserted, home to not even a weekend pleasure craft. I taxi its length hoping to discover some sign of occupancy, climb out of the bird and chock her wheels without killing the Pratt, and run into the street. I feel like a man in a space suit, some television Martian invader. Drivers see me and cars swerve. My toes tingle with returning blood. I barge into the office of a heavy-equipment company; a blocky man with mechanic's hands looks up from a desk.

"Help you?"

"I need gas." I'm panting. "Landed at the field over there. About out of juice. Bird won't start when she's hot."

"There's a pump there," he says. "But the fuel ain't been used in a year. Contaminated for sure."

"What can I do?"

We hear the Pratt rumbling in the background. How many drops left?

"Well," he says, "tell you what we maybe can do."

Within ten minutes I am feeding auto gas from a Mobil pumper into the Stearman's tank. Several pickup loads of spectators watch. She takes 42 and a half gallons. I climb down, say to the Mobil man, "I thank you very much. What do I owe you?"

He thinks a minute. He is tall, sandy-haired, wears a droll expression. He looks at the bird—her fuselage sides are glistening with oil, the Pratt grumbles gratefully—and at me. "Nothin'," he says.

"No, I owe you. I really appreciate your coming out here."

"Hell, son," he says. "This time it's on the house. Flyin' a machine like that you need all the help you can get."

No one, least of all me, takes the line as humor.

The rest of the trip was eventful,

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perpetually interesting, even exciting, painfully cold, but never difficult. The clouds lifted a little, and then burned off. I indulged in the childish pleasure of flying over Lyndon Johnson's billion-dollar homestead on the Pedernales about ten feet off the rooftops with both prop and throttle at their forward stops. I hope it sounded like Pearl Harbor, made L. B. J. feel for just a moment as if he were in downtown Hanoi, though my extended middle finger was admittedly a poor substitute for high explosive. A man at a West Texas airport refused to sell me fuel unless I killed the engine—how he thought gasoline was going to blow forward against the 100-mile-an-hour wind from the prop to ignite on hot cylinders escaped me—so I had another fretful 20 minutes watching the cork before the next town. At a stop in Santa Rosa, New Mexico, the Stearman landed in a 20-mile-an-hour direct cross wind without a dicey moment. So much for the legends of ground loop.

And finally, after some eight hours of flying, I brought her home. The eastern sky was dark and the Sangre de Cristo Mountains a wonderful twilit purple. I felt flat and a little sad. I set up my last approach, fought through my fatigue and the cold to make it a good one, and touched and taxied her to the hangar as they turned the runway lights on. I was weary to the last molecule of marrow, partially deafened by the constant tear of wind and heavy snoring from the Pratt; my face was permeated with oil to the bottom layer of skin; my ears were crimped into aching nubs by the helmet and I knew my legs and back would be stiff for days. I pulled the mixture to idle cutoff, but as the rumble faded away and the prop spun on I had an almost irresistible urge to shove the mixture rich again, to catch her before she died and take off and climb for the evening star, doing rolls and loops along the way.



Christensen

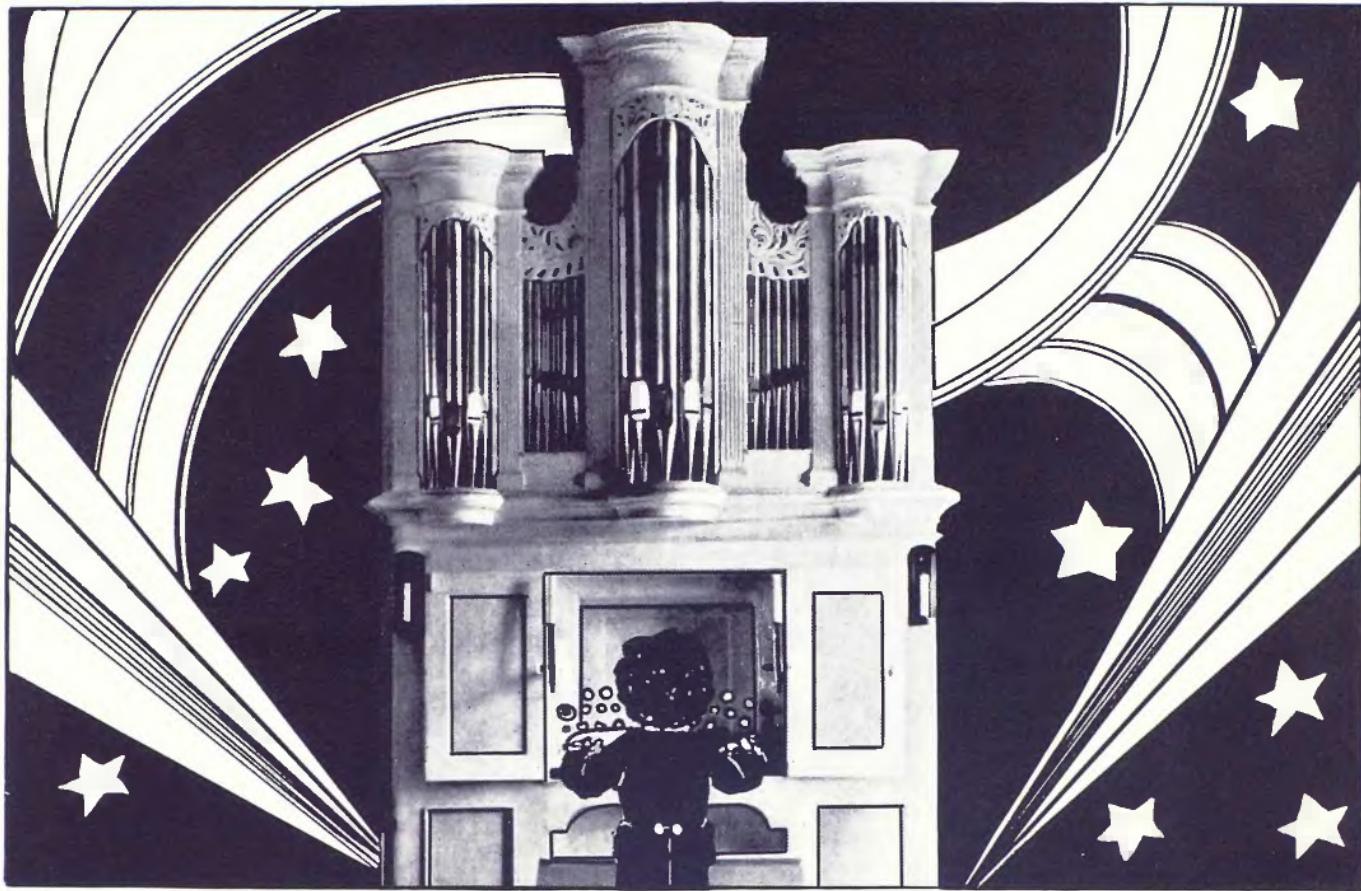
"I was into awareness. Now I'm into money."

CORPORATE PUSHERS

(continued from page 112)

meet FDA standards to this effect, but they generally slip past the Federal obstacle without much difficulty. The fine print at the bottom of the page lists the warnings, side effects and hazards of addiction, which, in the case of the barbiturates, can be more severe than with the opiates. Even assuming the doctors waded through the columns of details, and remembered them, the propaganda would achieve its desired result: making the psychotropics seem an unextraordinary presence. At Senate hearings before a subcommittee of the Small Business Committee chaired by Senator Gaylord Nelson, the Wisconsin Democrat was told that most general practitioners—who prescribe 70 percent of the psychotropics—and even most psychiatrists—who account for another 20 percent—know little or nothing about pharmacology. They are almost as helpless in weighing the scientific basis for the claims made in the ads. And the unbiased, scientific sources of information they do have tend to be financially dependent on the drug companies, as in the case of the medical journals, and are therefore drowned in a sea of specious, misleading Madison Avenue hucksterism. But the ads really speak best for themselves about their philosophy and technique. Here are a couple of examples that illustrate how our corporate drug pushers would have our medical profession view the psychotropics.

In early 1971, two-page spreads began appearing for Serentil, a powerful phenothiazine drug manufactured by Sandoz and approved for use in serious mental disorders, including schizophrenia. Side effects can include drowsiness, dizziness, nausea, vomiting, rash and a host of cardiovascular ailments. (Though no causal relationship had been demonstrated, said the fine print in the ad, "several sudden and unexpected deaths apparently due to cardiac arrest have occurred in patients . . . while taking the drug.") The background for most of the two pages was a plain, green jigsaw puzzle with one piece missing. Looking out from the hole was the face of an anguished woman. The bold headline was: "FOR THE ANXIETY THAT COMES FROM NOT FITTING IN." Below that, the text said that Serentil was "suggested for this type of patient: The newcomer in town who can't make friends. The organization man who can't adjust to altered status within his company. The woman who can't get along with her new daughter-in-law. The executive who can't accept retirement." Presumably, by emphasizing the word can't and stating that a "disordered personality" frequently finds these situations intolerable, Sandoz figured it was protected from charges of



did you know that 2001 begins with a note of music?

Well it does, a very low note played on an organ, and the reason you didn't hear it at the theater when you saw the film or at home when you listened to the record is that there are only a few music systems in the world capable of reproducing this very low note. Why have they even bothered to record it? Well, you'll know why when you listen to the record played through the music system shown here at any Pacific Stereo store. It's an experience well worth a trip and you just might not leave without this \$1200 music system.

The Bose 901 stereo speaker system simply has to be heard to be appreciated. The Bose 901 uses several unique design concepts (which explains the compact size) but much more important than impressive technology is sound reproduction that reviewers and owners have called more realistic than anything they've heard before or since.

The Bose system requires a lot of amplifier power and that's one reason the Sherwood SEL-200 receiver is included. The SEL-200 is rated at 275 watts ($\pm 1\text{db}$) and has an FM stereo tuner section as good as anybody could possibly want. It's also simple as can be to use. (The walnut case is optional.)

The automatic record-player is Garrard's new Zero 100 whose radical straight-line-tracking arm together with an installed ADC 10E Mk IV cartridge traces record grooves with absolute perfection. It's about all you could ask for in a record changer.

When you have a music system as good as this one, it's almost beside the point to mention savings, but at \$1200, you do save \$101.10 off Pacific Stereo's normal discount price and you're covered by a written five year warranty.

It's a tremendously exciting music system.



 **PACIFIC**
STEREO

BERKELEY
2801 Shattuck at Stuart
LA HABRA
2321 Whittier at Beach

SAN FRANCISCO
1422 Market near Van Ness
COSTA MESA
2338 Harbor near Harbor Center

HAYWARD
24040 Hesperian at Winton
SANTA MONICA
2828 Wilshire Blvd. at Yale

MOUNTAIN VIEW
391 San Antonio Rd. near El Camino
NORTH HOLLYWOOD
4830 Vineland at Lankershim

WALNUT CREEK
2702 North Main St.
TORRANCE
3842 Sepulveda at Hawthorne

SAN MATEO
5th and Delaware
POMONA

SAN JOSE AREA
3291 Stevens Creek Blvd.
SAN BERNARDINO
590 North Indian Hill Blvd.

WS

THE MODERATE SMOKE.

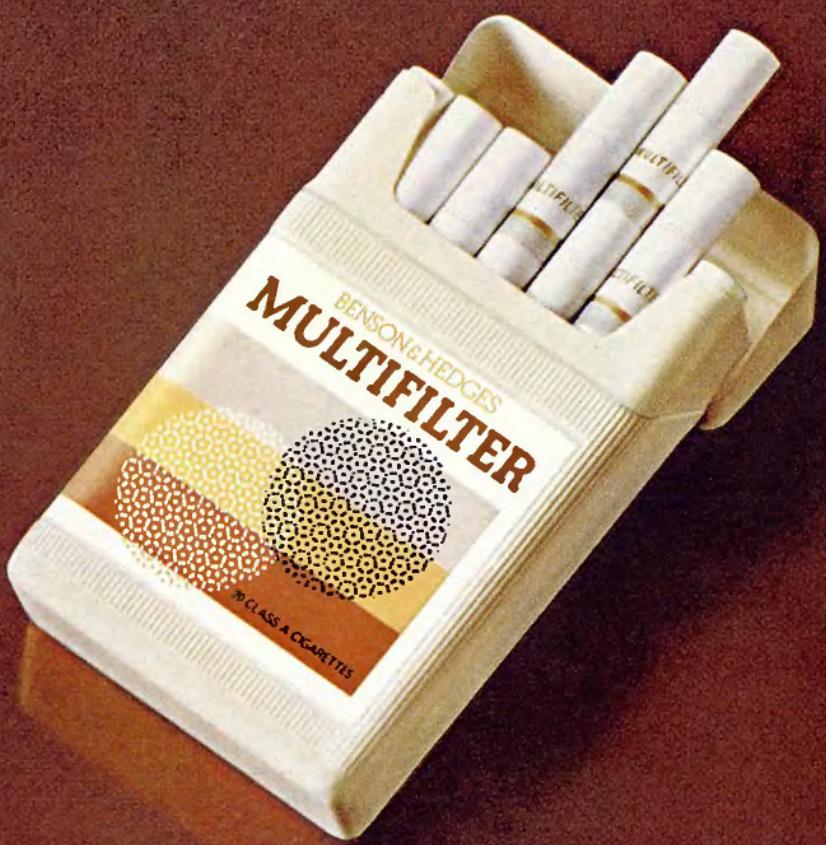
It's not strong. It's not weak.
It's blended for the middle.

There are no excesses, except
those in quality.

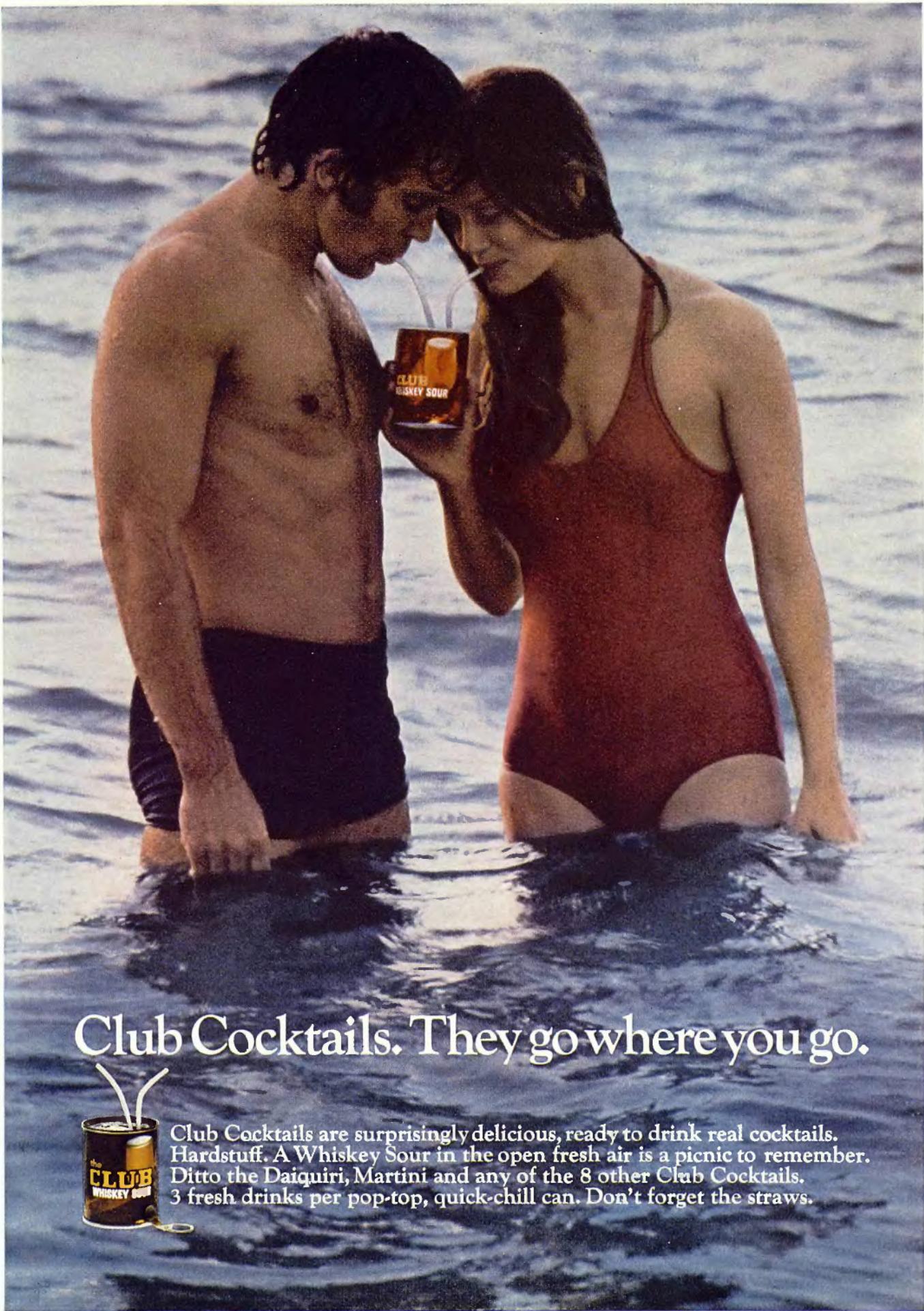
It has premium tasting tobaccos.
Two advanced filter systems. And a
thoughtful Humidor Pack. To keep
your smokes fresher, longer.

Try the Moderate Smoke.
It's the cigarette you can feel
comfortable with. Enjoy. And stay with.

BENSON &
HEDGES **MULTIFILTER**



Regular: 14 mg "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 72



Club Cocktails. They go where you go.



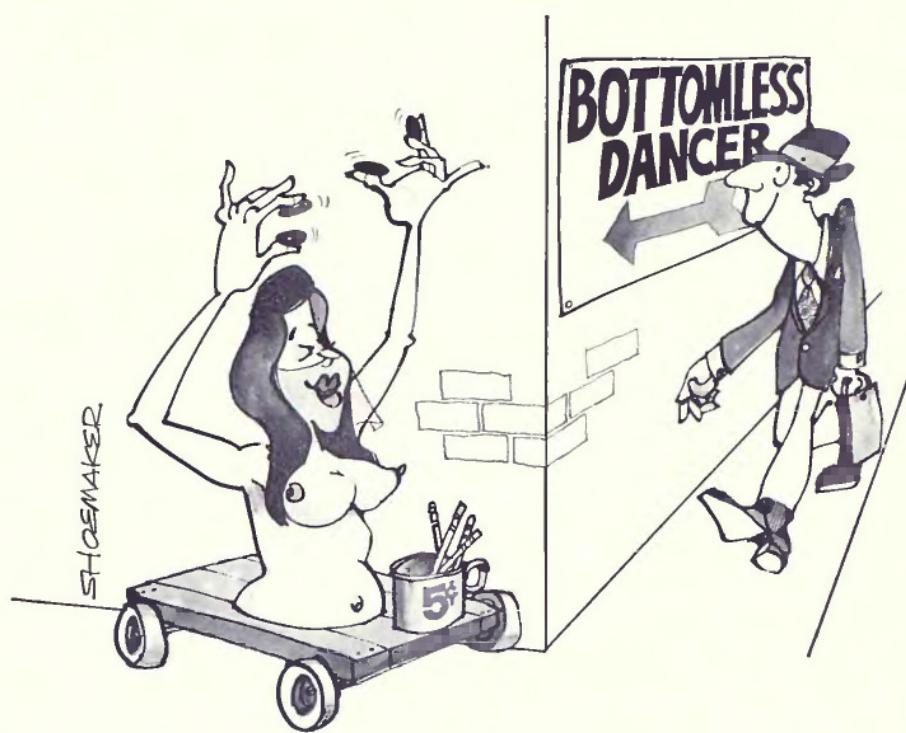
Club Cocktails are surprisingly delicious, ready to drink real cocktails. Hardstuff. A Whiskey Sour in the open fresh air is a picnic to remember. Ditto the Daiquiri, Martini and any of the 8 other Club Cocktails. 3 fresh drinks per pop-top, quick-chill can. Don't forget the straws.

exploiting everyday anxiety situations as new mental illnesses. It was wrong. The suggestions in this particular ad were too preposterous even for the normally pliant FDA, which demanded a retraction. Dutifully, Sandoz complied, after the damage was done. It had made claims it knew weren't justified from a medical standpoint. Doctors read them and then, months later, saw a retraction that admitted a mistake.

The FDA rarely asks for retractions, generally preferring to let even some of the most colossal medical nonsense stand unchallenged. Not a murmur was heard about a series of ads that Aldous Huxley would surely have included in *Brave New World*—if he'd imagined them. The three-page ads, for Ritalin, an energizer manufactured by CIBA, announced to physicians that a brand-new mental illness had been discovered: "ENVIRONMENTAL DEPRESSION." One installment in the series dealt with "Noises: A New Social Problem"; another, with "Tie-Up: The Transportation Problem"; yet another, with "Brownout: No Power to the People." In this one, it was explained that environmental depression may be "often expressed [by the patient] as listlessness . . . complaints of tiredness." Patients who suffer from E.D., the doctor was advised, "may not complain specifically of being depressed. More likely they will complain of tiredness, early-morning awakening, poor appetite, lethargy, or vague aches and pains which have no detectable organic basis." What, then, are the specific causes of E.D., as understood by CIBA? "Air conditioners are turned down, or off. Lights dim. Transportation slows down, or stops—usually in a long hot summer. This is when comfort, conveniences and productivity suffer. So does the emotional outlook of some individuals. Already frustrated by the constant din around them, helpless in the face of situations they can't control, and faced with the daily exposure to bad news and crises, they fall prey to a phenomenon of the times—one that may overwhelm the patient and may cause symptoms of mild depression to occur more frequently." By the standard of being mildly depressed from brownouts, bad news and crises, is there anyone who *shouldn't* be taking Ritalin? As the ad says, "Ritalin will not help all depressed patients faced with environmental problems, and it certainly won't change those problems or an individual's response to them. But Ritalin can improve outlook . . . help get your patients moving again."

I should say it can. It is addictive if used excessively, and during withdrawal, says the fine print in the ad, "effects of chronic overactivity can be unmasked." Get them moving again!

Women are particularly victimized in, and by, these ads. Dr. Robert Seiden-



berg, clinical professor of psychiatry at the State University of New York, who has studied the ads' contents extensively, wrote last year: "The drug industry openly acknowledges the enslavement of women, as shown in an ad with a woman behind bars made up of brooms and mops. The caption reads: 'You can't set her free but you can help her feel less anxious.' Another one pictures a woman who, we are told, has an M.A. degree, but who now must be content with the P.T.A. and housework. This, we are advised, contributes to her gynecological complaints, which should be treated with drugs." Valium, a tranquilizer that can impair mental alertness, was the suggested drug in the latter case. Dr. Seidenberg wryly noted that a better recommendation by the doctor would be that she use the prescription money "as a down payment on an electric dishwasher, or a more radical change in life style."

Naturally, there is no place for women's liberation in these advertisements. "Anyone sensitive to the issues raised by the women's liberation movement would be angered by the recommendation that this woman should be *tranquilized* into accepting her life as it is . . . by medication usually prescribed by a male physician," Dr. David Lewis, director of the Medical Outpatient Department at the Beth Israel Hospital in Boston, testified at Nelson's Senate hearings on this subject last summer. "As you can see, once daily living is defined as disease, how logical it is for us to attempt to treat that disease. I do not believe that the public's health is well served by such advertising." James Bicket, president of the Academy of the General Practice of Pharmacy, put

it even more bluntly, testifying that this type of drug advertising has become, all by itself, "a major public health problem."

With the public so alarmed by the drug epidemic, why has so little been done to remedy the situation? The FDA, which last year declared itself "thunderstruck" by the number of ads that go "way overboard," has little preventive power. It cannot demand pre-clearance of the ads, and each retraction ordered requires months of legal fights against batteries of industry lawyers. Until recently, the Federal Trade Commission showed no particular interest in cracking down on the invalidity of many of the scientific claims. But the principal responsibility for the deterioration of the situation rests not with the Government, which should not have to act as censor in the first place. The medical profession itself is supposed to be a protector of the public health, and if it lived up to that responsibility, the present situation would never have developed. The profession, especially its supposed leading organization, the American Medical Association, deserves ethical and moral blame for developing a severe drug-dependence problem of its own. Apparently for no better reason than money, the A.M.A. publishes even the most aggressively exploitative ads, including those that are patently in violation of the association's own stated policy on drug advertising. There has been no major effort undertaken to unite the profession against the pharmaceutical industry, and anyone suggesting to the A.M.A. that doctors should receive their information on drugs solely from unbiased scientific

sources is likely to receive the answer that such a step would mean higher subscription rates for the journal.

Sir William Osler, a famed British physician, once said that "the desire to take medicine is perhaps the greatest feature which distinguishes man from animals." The task of the medical profession, he said, "was educating the masses not to take medicine." The A. M. A. seems not to have heard that little piece of wisdom, and perhaps America's physicians need some education on this point. "Physicians have fallen into a rut and lose sight of alternatives to drug use," Dr. Richard Feinbloom, from Harvard Medical School, testified at Nelson's hearings. "The message we receive is very one-sided. Like the public, we are bombarded with ads for drugs and hear no opposing argument. Our journals and meetings, heavily subsidized by drug companies, are devoid of critical debate on the issues of using psychotropics."

Since the pharmaceutical industry and the medical profession have shown no in-

dication of assuring a balanced message, the Government must act, first by placing an FCC ban on the ads for nonprescription drugs on television, just as liquor and cigarette ads are banned. Failing that, the commission should at least require the networks to provide free air time for public-service ads offering scientific evidence and philosophical arguments against the casual use of these drugs; and it should ban all pill ads from children's programs. Perhaps, also, the time has come for legislation authorizing the FDA to screen the advertisements for psychotropics in medical journals.

These are serious Government interventions, but the consequences of doing nothing about the current laissez-faire attitude toward drug pushing are too great to ignore. Unless we recognize the interconnections between this promotion and today's drug problem, we are going to find ourselves with a crisis of unimaginable proportions by the end of the decade.



M*A*S*H DISH

(continued from page 162)

found a more sensible way to master the language; she moved in with one of Brasil '66's musicians, a cozy two-year arrangement that enabled her—among other things—to become totally fluent. The quaint Brazilian custom of maintaining multiple mistresses was not as simple to comprehend. In the wake of discovering the musician in a Georgia motel room with a bossa-nova groupie, she moved into a Los Angeles apartment of her own. Regular sessions with a \$35-an-hour psychologist eventually enabled her to understand why her romance had failed but supplied little help in rationalizing the disoriented life of a musical group on the road.

"Everybody has the idea that show business is exciting and glamorous," Karen said, seated poolside at Las Vegas' Caesars Palace during one of her last engagements with Mendes. "But when you're catching a plane at six-thirty in the morning and you've had only three hours of sleep, it all narrows down to irritation, constipation and room-service sandwiches. I don't even bother dressing up anymore. All I carry in my suitcase are a couple of changes of underwear, a toothbrush and however many birth-control pills it's gonna take."

Virtually every male eye stared at her skimpy black bikini as she stepped through the maze of oiled sun worshippers. One of them flashed a peace symbol and waved the key to his room. "At six o'clock in the morning a few days ago, I got a call from a lawyer who wanted me to come up and look at the mirrors on the ceiling in his suite," she said. "Las Vegas encourages that shit by stimulating your senses with an overabundance of luxuries. It follows that if you have incredible room service, you expect to have somebody in your bed to enjoy it with. The pity of it all is that there's no emotion involved."

Now she was passing among coves of Iowa matrons bellied up to the wheel of fortune and big spenders draped over the casino's crap tables. "When you've been on the road for a long time," she said, "the one thing you miss is feeling healthy." During one Lake Tahoe engagement, at least, she was able to escape the malaise by visiting nearby swimming holes at daybreak, splashing nude beneath waterfalls to cleanse the bad vibes. "If only people would leave the casinos and look at the trees," she said. "The trees in Tahoe are beautiful, man. I've always liked big, huge, monstrous trees. It's probably phallic or something like that. My trunk fetish. No amount of psychiatry can put you together faster than a good environment for just one day."

Her air-conditioned hotel quarters hardly fulfilled those specifications. A vulgar mural depicting Roman ruins

dominated one of the walls. Drawn curtains barely shut out the artificial light flickering from the Strip. Her sole contact with the real world was the babble from a television set glowering cobalt-blue images. The film clip of a Nixon press conference recalled Brasil '66's 1971 appearance at the White House, a command performance honoring Prince Juan Carlos of Spain, where Karen had been requested in advance to subdue her normally uninhibited movements. She met the President and members of his family on a receiving line following the minimusical.

"I was expecting to be a little impressed," she said. "After all, he is the President. I was more impressed seeing Barbra Streisand at Schwab's. When he said, 'Oh, you're from Abilene, Kansas, you graduated from Redlands'—probably something that the CIA had turned up from one of my old biographies—I felt like saying, 'I know it! I was there. For God's sake, you must have better things to be doing than telling me that. You've got Vietnam to consider. We're not in that good shape.' Instead, he was being a politician. The whole evening was just another boring moment in my life, just another gig."

Now she was buckling the sequined hotpants that dominated the *Barbarella*-influenced space suit she would soon wear

onstage, a gaudy outfit Karen regarded as dehumanizing. On her dressing table was a Los Angeles critic's assessment of the newly rechristened Brasil '77's opening a couple of weeks previous. "Mendes' music offered little to the good-sized audience," he had written. "Response to the contrived, uninteresting performance was perfunctory."

Between sips of hot tea calculated to lubricate her desert-dry throat, Miss Philipp concurred. "Compared with what we used to do, these are flat shows," she said. "What bugs me most is that the music is not particularly thought-provoking or stimulating, although I suppose some people find it entertaining, just as the Nixons do."

Within several weeks, Karen had reached the end of the road, submitting her resignation in favor of making the rounds of Hollywood producers and casting directors—a chore made especially difficult by her lack of acting credentials. It took two months to land her job in the pilot version of *M*A*S*H*, making the most of a soapy shower sequence in which she appeared to be nude—although disappointed stagehands will attest that she actually wore a skintight, flesh-colored leotard. The shower scene required no singing. Karen did her vocalizing last spring when she learned that *M*A*S*H* had won a place on

CBS' fall schedule (Sunday nights, eight o'clock, *E. D. T.*)—with herself in a recurring role. The song celebrating her exuberant reaction was *I Did It My Way*, performed *a cappella* in a phone conversation with the agent who had relayed the good news to her.

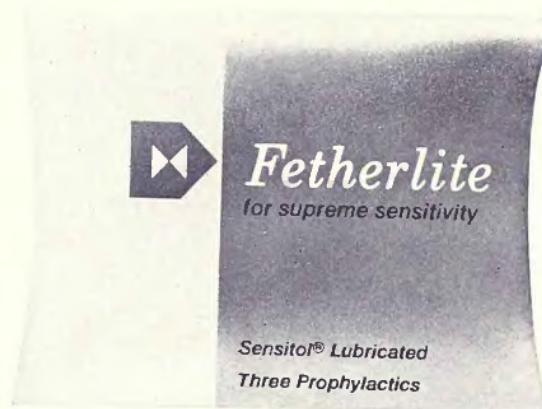
"You just have to find out what makes you happy," she noted before shooting her first episode at the 20th Century-Fox studios. "That musician I was living with didn't. Pills didn't. Sergio Mendes didn't. Maybe this break will be the start of something meaningful."

There were additional optimistic signs that buoyed her once-sagging spirits: modeling assignments for Buick and Viceroy, a pair of TV singing commercials and a third commercial in which she was to be seen breaking out of an eggshell, introducing a new deodorant. Furthermore, in the months since the split from Brasil '77, her waning interest in music has been revitalized.

"Ultimately, I want to record my own album," she observed on the eve of negotiations that would likely result in a recording contract. "My goals are a million-selling gold album, an Emmy and—who knows?—maybe an Oscar. You've got to admit that those are knickknacks that might look pretty nice around the house."



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Fetherlite.

If Fetherlite was just another male contraceptive we never would have made it. But it's not. Fetherlite is thin. Ultra thin. Without sacrificing reliability and personal security. Its strength and quality are ensured by highly sophisticated electronic testing. One thing more: New coral colored Fetherlite combines thinness with a unique natural lubricant, Sensitol®. Fetherlite the male contraceptive unsurpassed for sensitivity.

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JULIUS SCHMID, INC. MAKERS OF XXXX (FOUREX)®, RAMSES®, SHEIK®, AND OTHER FINE BIRTH CONTROL PRODUCTS.

ladies of the magnolias

musketry, their golf courses now mowed and groomed over the sites of savage Civil War collisions that are only discreetly denoted by historical markers set off in the pines along the fairways.

The peculiar triumph of the Lady of the Magnolias is that she has uncannily persevered, across all the generations, as an utter social figurine, a creature of manners—manners that once may have adorned a certain scruffy and haggard grandeur but since have adorned not even that, merely a life of Junior League teas, tennis, Republican den meetings, football weekends and perhaps a few indecisive suburban infidelities. An Atlanta matron delivered something like the ultimate benedictory tribute to Southern ladyhood when she recently noted of a friend, "So help me, Martha has just worked wonders with those daughters of hers. They grew up thoroughly plain and unexceptional, they simply never made it into swans, but somehow she managed to make them *feel* they were charming, *feel* they were desirable. And, you know, because of that—they almost are." Indeed, they do possess a capacity for a kind of oddly poignant private gallantry and doughtiness. They have always managed to appear dauntlessly chipper even in the midst of the most vulgar travail, such as Reconstruction or the difficulties with maids and yardmen visited on them by the civil rights movement of the Sixties. As one Charleston dowager empress explains it, "They are just as steady and gracious and lovely in times of duress as they are at parties."

But there are forbidding aspects to such a fortitude. The maverick scion of a New York banking family recounts, "Once I was engaged to this Southern girl, for something like a year and a half, actually. Evelyn, I'll call her: an exquisite creature who carried herself with an unfaltering serenity and self-possession despite her rather spectacular lusciousness. I mean, her calm was almost Oriental. There was also this other girl in town I'd been seeing off and on, mostly at those times when I'd start feeling a strange little chill setting in at the edges of my spirit from Evelyn. This other girl was Evelyn's absolute antithesis: dark, earthy, carnal, hungry and sensuous as hell, with a touch of gypsy berserkness about her. Anyway, one night I'm sitting in this little uptown bar, playing cards in the back, with Evelyn watching serenely from a table beside me, when all of a sudden I look up and this other girl is standing right over me. She has simply materialized out of the snowing night, her hair wet and her eyes burning, feverish and high again on those pills she was always gulping. 'Are you going to take me home?' she says right away in a strange

(continued from page 121)

little shriek, and I say, 'No. I'm not.' Whereupon she commences to hit me, on the head and shoulders and back, while screaming about all the varieties of a son of a bitch I am. It was one hell of a clinical catalog. I cross my arms on the table and put my head down while she pummels away, until finally the manager drags her—literally drags her, for God's sake—back out into the street, back out there into the goddamn snow. Then, after a few moments, I look over at Evelyn: She's still sitting there absolutely composed, her hands folded formally in her lap, like she had just tuned herself out for the length of the scene. Finally, she gives me a gentle little smile. But she never had one thing to say about the incident, not even an angry stare. For about two weeks, I kept waiting for her to say *something*, but it was like, for her, it had never happened, she was just too much of a lady to have noticed. Hell, I don't know—a few weeks later, when I broke up with her, she maintained that same complete and imperturbable calm. She was poised to the end. It was heroic. But as for me, I had to start seeing that crazy gypsy again, just to get my soul thawed back out. It wasn't her who'd really been stranded out in a snowstorm, it was me."

The truth is, contrary to all the conventional celebration, the Lady of the Magnolias is finally and profoundly antisensual. She cultivates an elaborate femininity abstracted altogether out of the glandular: evanescent, scintillating, but ultimately and indefatigably inconclusive. The pattern of her life consists of passing maybe her first 25 years after pubescence as an imperishable belle, a deathless debutante, and then converting herself at a certain point into an austere formidable Romanlike dowager, delivered safely beyond the gusting of the senses into a kind of camphor-scented quiescence. Of course, a few, like Blanche DuBois, never quite make the transition. But through both incarnations, she skips any middle mellow period of true easy intimacy with men.

One young Southern swain not long ago speculated, ruefully but gamely, "I reckon when Leila and I finally get married, she's gonna want separate bedrooms during our honeymoon." Such a resignation—such sweet and painful broodings from separate quarters, from genteel distances—tends to prompt both secret ravishment fantasies, like the fictional mayhem visited on Temple Drake in Faulkner's *Sanctuary*, and a kind of awed reverence on the part of Southern men, not only for their own ladies but for all femaleness. If familiarity breeds contempt, this formal and systematized unfamiliarity has worked to breed the kind of fevered exorbitant lyricism

about womankind in general often found in Faulkner: "A quality completely female in the old eternal fashion, primitive assured and ruthless. . . . She moved at last, shifted, a movement one single complete inherent not practice and one time older than man . . . composite of all woman-flesh since man that ever of its own will reclined on its back and opened . . . and he thought, *She already knows more than I with all the man-listening in camps where there was nothing to read ever even heard of. They are born already bored with what a boy approaches only at fourteen and fifteen with blundering and aghast trembling. . . .*"

Indeed, this may have been their original gambit: the adoption of a devious female choreography operating on the principle that heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard, merely intimated, are incomparably sweeter—and never-finishing. To be sure, the Southern woman has always somehow suggested the unravished bride of Keats's Grecian urn, forever poised a breath away from a kiss, from capture. And this glimmering unending elusiveness may be an ancient ruse whose contrivance has long since been forgotten and has become now merely a feminine habit.

But even more, the mystery always lurking at the center of the whole white Southern psyche is the abiding figure of the black man. For three centuries, the two of them were alone together in the South, locked in a common moral and social saga, a common private epic, and the true communion between them—the unspoken underground interplay of frequencies—is the submerged unmapped continent of Southern history, the immense elemental but unarticulated story of the whole Southern experience. There is no way finally to understand the white Southerner apart from this unacknowledged shadow brother of his, the black Southerner. They are, really, one people. Most of the history of white Southern society can be read as a long pattern of reflexes to the subtly but fundamentally intimidating presence of the black man in its midst—beginning with slavery, an atrocity and absurdity accommodated, if not justified, by devising the notion of two orders of humanity, the brute simplicity of one defined and confirmed by the civilized and celestial sensibilities of the other: In fact, slavery *demanded* the cultivation of an answering mystique of gentility on the part of the enslavers.

Southern ladyhood, then, would be only one conjuration of this deliberately crafted mystique. More specifically, it has been speculated that the Southern woman's special feminine aesthetic—accentuating dichotomies between the decorous and the sexual, between the



"Don't mention it. The pleasure was half mine."

heavenly and the lascivious—had the effect of comfortably exalting her above the supposedly rampant and matchless carnality of the black women around her. However fanciful this suggestion, it is true that the two of them dwelt, at least in the dim unchronicled privacy of the South's beginning, in a casual social intimacy glimpsed only now and then through such incidental references as William Alexander Percy's recollections about his great-aunt in *Lanterns on the Levee*: "She gave a housewarming, a large affair, with dancing and champagne and a nougat from New Orleans. In selecting her guests she flatly refused to invite a prominent planter because he openly and notoriously lived with a Negro woman. . . . The planter found it easier to move from the community than to live down the stigma or to acquire a paler bolster companion."

One suspects, then, that it was all a kind of elegant fortification and can only guess how consciously it was constructed. But there's no doubt that the assumption prevailed with white Southern women as well as with their men that there was simply no way to outstrip blacks when it came to a facility in the lustier fleshly arts. That, after all, was implicit in the whole basic rationale for the system. So ladyhood for the Southern woman may have initially been the task of existing in melodic Mozartian counterpoint to the irrepressible sensual drum noise of the surrounding black women—a style she has sedulously continued to nurture, even if she no longer

really remembers why. But its effects, its triumphs have continued, like the memorial found in the rotunda of Mississippi's state capitol. There in alcoves illuminated by small light bulbs are delicately tinted photographs of Mississippi's two successive Miss Americas, enshrined like Magnolia Madonnas.

To be sure, she once enjoyed an immense fashionability—well before *Gone with the Wind*. During a more filigreed and ferny time in our nation's past, there prevailed a feminine style to which she was perfectly bred: that fine art of existing incandescently—with a light glittering gaiety on long afternoons, a demure abstract Debussy patter conducted with softly thrumming fans against a running secret counterplay of smoldering gazes and mute avid blushings—in an endlessly tentative suspension above any consummation, any ultimate physicality. This may be one reason the peculiar tragedy of the South has always been that its gentlemen of consequence have seemed to suffer, as Walker Percy has noted, from an abiding seductive vision of infinite unrelinquishable possibilities.

But at this moment in American society of strenuous sexual egalitarianism, she could hardly seem more of an archaic curio. She has traditionally proceeded on the intuition or calculation that her true strengths—her true inviolate equality and identity—lie finally in that primeval principle of woman as belonging to the more private dimensions of human affairs, always dwelling at a certain

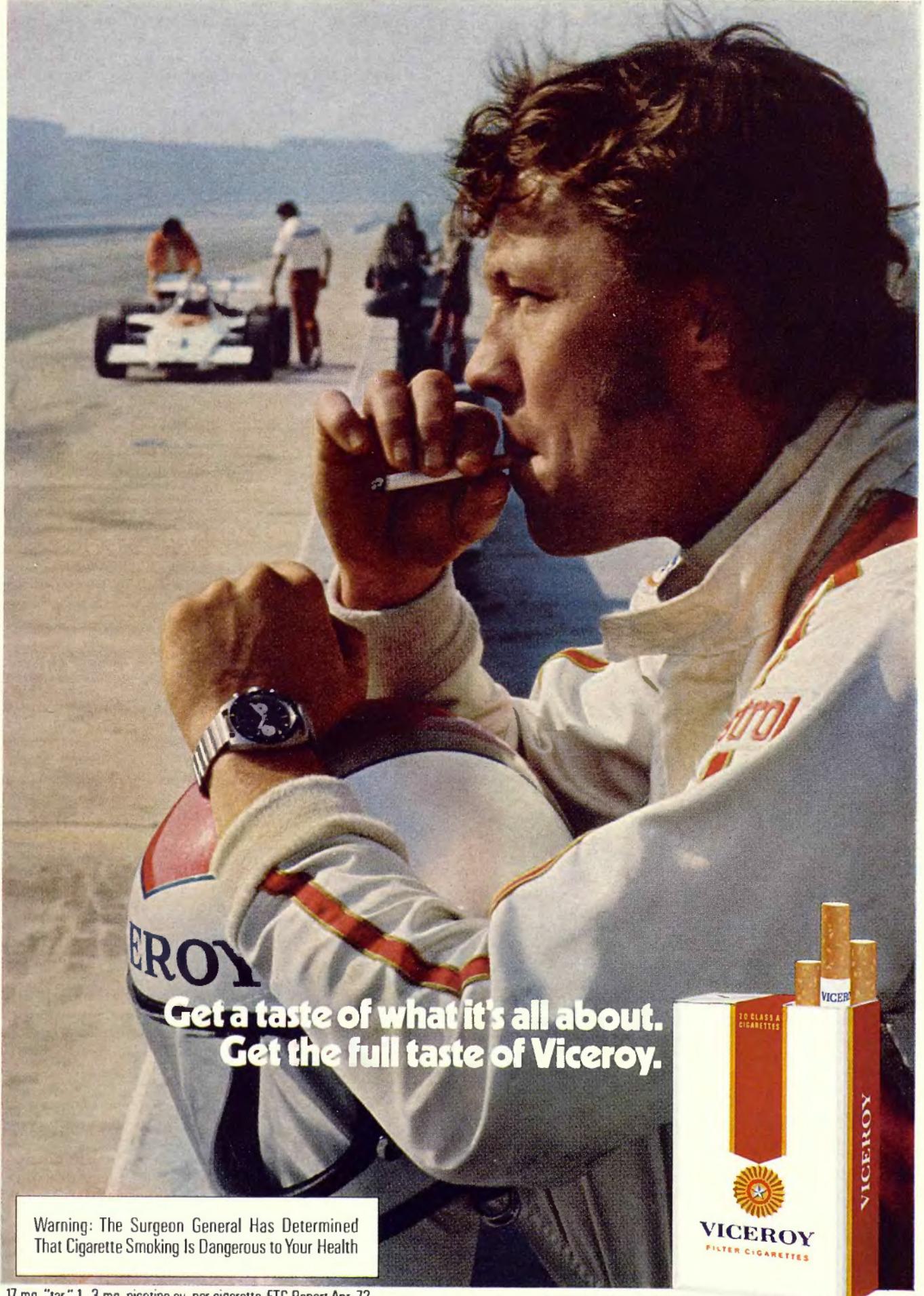
immutable detachment from men and their public barginings and blusters. Curiously enough, this worked to render Southern culture into a kind of covert matriarchy. It's no accident that the world's most titanic and persuasive soap opera happens to be about a Southern woman, Scarlett O'Hara. Because of its defeat in that total folk expenditure of will and hope and belief over a century ago, the South became the kind of society—languishing and static, preoccupied with the melancholy music of time, the sequence of generations and full play of destinies—over which women, particularly the older ones, naturally tend to preside and mediate. Even while posing as coquettes, Southern women became the Norns, the keepers of the shrines of memory and the ancient values, the ancient proprieties, with a certain fierce ecstatic sexless quality about them, beneath the crinolines and mincing delicacies. At the same time, however, they have also seemed to have a way of frequently transforming their sons into stale gentle lisping bachelors with an obsession for antiques.

Collectively, the Ladies of the Magnolias have never been conspicuously cerebral women. Their intellectual extensions tend to consist, at the best, of slight volumes about early Southern pastelists and affectionate biographies of their Revolutionary War ancestors—or, the worst, John Birch civic-missionary work or garden-club seminars on the meditations of Paul Harvey. Instead, their excellence has always lain in those more ornamental aspects of mortal existence having to do with how people comport themselves, negotiate themselves in the company of other people—that is, with appearances. But even those decorums have become a bit musty and eccentric, with the result that Southern women, on the whole, are a peculiar coy wine that does not travel well beyond its own indulgent clime. Northerners tend to find them faintly grotesque. "We had several Southern girls—belles from Atlanta, they were—who had been exported by their families up to Vassar when I was there," recalls a former women's-magazine editor, "and they all went around swatting riding crops against their breeches, and it seemed they all had a brother called Bubba."

Nevertheless, it remains a manner of ladyhood—a feminine gentility—to which all Southern women answer and ravenously aspire, whatever their sources. It is an improbably democratic order, encompassing not only afternoon teas in antebellum mansions but all the gatherings of the women's missionary circles of the Calvary Baptist Churches amid gladioli and antimacassars. Even George Wallace's late wife, Lurleen—a quiet, singularly uncomplicated but



"After the game, how about getting together and you can 'Give me an F, give me a U, give me a C, give me a . . .'"



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altogether pleasant woman whom he had found behind the counter of a dime store—confided once that of all the figures in the whole spectrum of history from the Pyramids to the Battle of Britain, she most admired “those brave and gracious ladies of the South who fought such hardships and tried to hold things together back during the War between the States, and that dreadful period afterward.”

All over the South now, there can be found the wives of prospering political figures, somewhat metallic and heatless women whose origins were the slatternly grease-sizzling outskirts of little slumping towns and who, as their husbands' fortunes rose, instinctively and systematically began to acquire tastes for glass figurines and enormous billowy hats and rather depthless precise nature paintings, along with an air of twinkling blitheness, and thereby successfully reconstituted themselves, for all practical purposes, as Southern ladies.

The particular melancholy lurking in all this is the fact that on those rare occasions when they are impelled by some awry happenstance to reconstitute themselves into anything else, the result is usually a vague deep dislocation. A photographer with the Southern bureau of a national magazine recalls, “We had a girl sign on with us as a secretary who was right off an Alabama campus. There was nothing even remotely radical or intellectual about her; she was just a decently bright girl, a quick student.” But, he continues, somewhere—somehow—she had contracted some small virus of discontent, had been jostled by some stray random voltage of restlessness. In the beginning, it was probably just a light appetite for novelty. But after a month or so exposed to the new excitements of the office, she began to seem haunted by sudden aurora-borealis intimations of larger experiences, larger meanings. “Her compass needle began wobbling seriously. She went through a hasty hectic succession of the sort of fellows for whom she had been tailored, she had always supposed she was meant to match—football players, old fraternity consorts, heirs to their fathers' businesses, you know—but each time, it seemed to end in deeper distraction and bewilderment. None of 'em were taking. 'They just aren't enough,' she told me once. So she began to worry about what the hell she really wanted, what was going to happen to her. One afternoon, after she'd spent about an hour ruminating about all this for me, I suggested to her, 'Pam, look, all you might need is one good hard thoroughgoing many-splendored lay.' She just paused for a long moment, with only a faint flush of her cheeks, and then she said, solemnly, 'Yes. That might be possible. That could be true, I admit it. But you can't just go up to somebody and say—I mean, well,

you know.' The last I heard of her, she had tried working in a Bahamian resort for a while and then had joined VISTA and was up in some village of Eskimos in Alaska. I've since wondered if all we managed to do was not just spoil her permanently and irreparably for the kind of life she'd been born and bred to.”

Indeed, they generally pass through college rather like fresh dewy lambent dryads tripping lightly through honey-suckled groves of academe, through a pretty nursery world of sorority houses and football games during which the central event is their getting pinned to the football player whom they will marry upon graduation and who will become a stockbroker or realtor in Jackson or Birmingham or Columbia. It's seldom that any other destiny seriously occurs to them. When, each year, the fraternities pluck from among them the particular girls who will serve as their symbolic communal sweethearts, it is like an affirmation and celebration—with semireligious candlelight and romantic hymns—of the whole belle mystique. She stands poised with a bouquet of violets or gardenias, the daughter of some banker or state senator or small-town Pontiac dealer now being formally consecrated as a soft newly hatched avatar of the old immemorial sentimentality, radiant and palpitating with her plump pigeon breasts welling and ebbing desperately in a low cuddling bodice, filmed with dampness in the candle warmth, yet a figure somehow beyond any touching, surrounded by a roomful of youths in crested blazers with the waxen sober faces of acolytes who, their hands folded with a regimental unanimity before them, unanimously and reverently chorus her; she merely smiles rapturously at them all, her eyes brimming just a little.

In fact, for the next 20 years of their lives, that remains more or less their pose: indestructibly virginal sweethearts to all mankind. They generally regard men as, essentially, animated coloring-book figures: plumber, soldier, businessman, artist, governor—they all amount to little more than paper-doll cutouts for them, ranging in substance from nice to not very nice, with sometimes the extra embellishment of cuteness or, occasionally, dash. “I first came across the belle species at a party once down in Mississippi,” remembers one journalist who is a native of the North. “This woman—a delicious affair, with a complexion like ice cream—came up to me like I was the discovery of her life, producing more exuberance and warmth in that short span of time than I'll probably experience altogether over the rest of my years, and, *goddamn*, it's flattering to have all that attention paid to you. But then she goes on to the next guy, and be damned if it isn't exactly the same thing with him. And then

another one of these creatures comes over to me and it's the same little instant ecstasy from *her*. You realize quickly that it simply has no relation whatsoever to you personally, you matter to them individually about as much as one orange blossom to a hummingbird.”

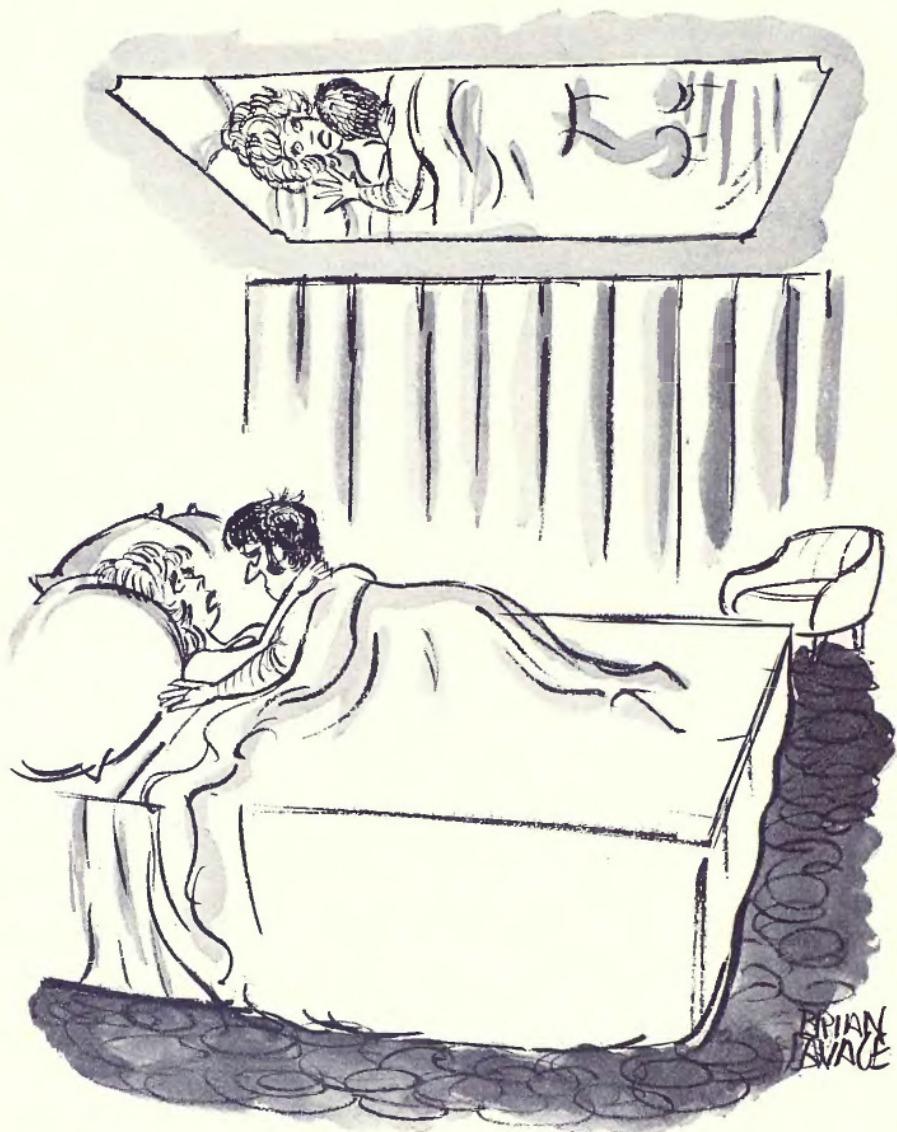
With a sense of femininity so preoccupied with distinctions like that between the polite and the profane, important divides are not crossed easily, and when they are, they are usually crossed tumultuously and totally. Probably the single most memorable casualty of the mystique was Zelda Fitzgerald, the daughter of a judge in Montgomery, Alabama. She quickly became the state's most conspicuous flapper, appearing at cotillion balls with a sprig of mistletoe fastened above her bustle, and later led a short manic shimmering life with Scott Fitzgerald, the two of them dancing across the tabletops of Europe, before finally winding up mad back in Montgomery, kept in her parents' old moldering ga-bled house, sheeted in white and given to religious prophecy. They still assure one another down there, over bridge tables and across the teacups at garden-club meetings, that, of course, it was Scott who ruined Zelda and really that man Hemingway who ruined Scott.

But all Southern ladies traditionally are possessed of a highly wrought sense of, if not exactly sin, at least unseemliness, in which unlicensed and unofficial toppling into sheets is centrally included. They tend either to abstain from that finality altogether or to enter into it with a kind of precipitous disarrayed abandon. This profound uneasiness with any casual diversions and exercises of the flesh contributes, at the minimum, to a pronounced gawkiness whenever they venture into what they imagine to be exotic indiscretions. One California writer recounts that, during a stay in a South Carolina city, he arrived at a discreet understanding with a somewhat eager and hectic matron there, slipped her his hotel-room key and later that evening opened his door to find her sitting brightly and prettily on the edge of his bed, smiling bravely, her hands folded tidily in her lap. After mustering a few faltering pleasantries, he picked up the phone to order drinks, turning to ask her what she would like. “Oh,” she chirped a little thinly, “I might have me a Pepsi.” He looked at her for a moment, then slowly lowered the phone and, with deep gentleness and solicitude and melancholy, led her to the door and sent her home.

At its more acute, though, this brittle delicacy produces a rather Armageddonal frame of mind after the fall. A Northern writer remembers, “I went for a while with this Southern girl who had been educated at some finishing school in Virginia, rode horses and all that—the classic belle, compulsively festive,

with tawny-blonde hair and a voice like a late-summer-afternoon breeze passing through a crystal chandelier. But it seemed like there was also this undercurrent of static always going on between us: I kept feeling like she was trying to glycerin me into one of those passive and deferential Southern gentlemen who exist more or less as decorative accessories to the lives of such women. It wasn't really until the whole business was ending that we finally went to bed—it happened on the way out and it seemed she just relaxed, turned herself loose for that one time, which we both knew would be the last, to experience this other alien part of being a woman. After that, we amiably stopped seeing each other. Then, the following New Year's Eve, I'm in Miami Beach, doing a magazine piece on the hotel life down there, and I find this note in my box saying that she's checked into such and such a room and will I call her. I go up, and after a few minutes, the two of us standing there with her luggage and hatboxes still scattered unopened over the chairs and bed, she tells me she's pregnant and I'm going to marry her so I'll be punished for the rest of my life for this thing I've let happen, while in the meantime she's going to raise the child so it will hate me with purity. This sort of thing went on for three straight days, with me taking her down to dinner every evening—my God, she looked like a vision of paradise, floating into that dining room in a swim of simple blue chiffon, a stunning victory of taste and grace and serene beauty in the midst of all those damn sequins and spangles—but after a couple of hours, we'd go back upstairs and it'd be another one of those hotel-room *Götterdämmerungs*. By God, I'll marry her or else she'll tell her daddy, after which it's only a question of exactly when I'll get my head blown off. Christ, she wasn't after a father for her child, and she wasn't particularly interested in being a mother, for that matter. She would have had no problems in comfortably negotiating the birth, managing that item. It was simply this terrible, monstrous thing that had happened to her that would distend the exquisite symmetry of her life and appearance—meaning both the event itself and the baby, they were the same thing. Because as soon as she realized I wasn't about to marry her wrath over this thing, wasn't about to enter into that kind of half-mad arrangement for vindication, she promptly and methodically proceeded to have an abortion. It was in New York and I stayed with her for those few days: She was quite calm then, only a little impatient to get it done and over with. And when the business was gotten out of the way, she left. Just that clean and quick. I never saw her again."

During the past few decades, as the



"Why, Ted, you're getting thin on top."

South has been grimly engaged in metamorphosing itself into a duplication of Los Angeles and Cleveland and Newark, there has begun to emerge a different population of women—mostly found in those instant outer suburbs of life-scale dollhouses of imitation Tudor and Georgian and Seville and Fontainebleau, a surrealistic frontier out in the jack pines and broom sage and red dirt where barbecue pits and lawn sprinklers are pushing out the possums and moonshine shanties. Whether by design or by happenstance, these mutated Southern matrons have apparently divested themselves of the old lacy mystique—aside from their accents and perhaps a whimsical Southern cookbook or two—and to a large degree are indistinguishable from housewives in Des Moines or Omaha or Cincinnati. But in this, they seem to have merely lost dimension: The airy buoyant graces and ceremonies and demure mysteries of mag-

nolia ladyhood, however much an artifice, have been replaced with a kind of drab flat chumminess with their men, perhaps a more comfortable condition but also a more prosaic one. They have acquired a quality of pleasant and even unbrightness without acquiring any of that carbonation, those brisk hints of mischief and adventure, that implicit electricity that Southern men have always secretly found so fetching in Northern women. They are, in a way, like displaced persons—or, as one imposing grandmother belle recently pronounced, "It seems these new ones have lost a certain tone." At the same time, out of the meager and mildewing little towns of the South's outback, there has accumulated into the measureless apartment warrens of cities like Atlanta an enormous host of young single girls, secretaries and receptionists, who cluster in fours in the downtown pubs and steakhouses during lunchtime, uniformly glossy and sleek and well 219

preened with a certain lacquered look about them, fastidiously sipping daiquiris and manhattans, and who, with an idle regularity, indulge in casual and somewhat tinny weekend liaisons at Panama City or ski resorts in the Blue Ridge Mountains. They give one the impression that all the modest wan Melanie Wilkeses of the South's small towns have transmuted themselves into a generation of airline stewardesses.

Nevertheless, the mystique will be a stubbornly long time dying. Back in those towns, still detached and remote from the violent chemistries taking place in the cities, the species implacably endures as it's always been. The dour prim grand duchesses of Southern ladyhood continue to perpetuate that oblique and meticulous and archaic femininity as they carefully raise their daughters to duplicate themselves. For anyone who tries to intervene in this process—who would intrude in more elemental terms, with any passion or heat or gustiness—the experience rapidly turns into something like a passage through all the cold fires of hell, a malarial and hopeless involvement with *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*.

One such unlucky chap, a writer who himself was reared in the Deep South, was sitting with a few of his colleagues in a Lower East Side Manhattan saloon one sleetling twilight not long ago and began recounting the distant episode: "It was back when I was a senior in high school and my family was living in a little South Carolina mill town I'll call Lintburg. There happened to be a girl there who was like some innocent and unknowing angel who'd been accidentally mislaid amongst us mortals, as fine and sweet and simple and fresh as an April morning, hair like honey and blue eyes that looked at you like the soft dreaming pang of mandolins, with this strange, almost classic Grecian air. She was Hellenic, by God, like some astonishing strayed murmur of those flutes and lyres on Aegean hillsides had filtered somehow through the centuries right there into Lintburg. Need I say she devastated everything in town old' enough to use a razor? She was picked homecoming queen and most outstanding everything else we could find to pick her. At one time or another, she had personally and critically stricken about every boy in the county, from the mill villages to the mill mansions. Emily Sims, I'll call her. Her father was a minor civic official in Lintburg, a rather quiet and sober burgher, but her mother was something else again—a true fearsome Valkyrie of a Southern woman, staunch and correct and implacable, whose central ambition was to graft her daughter onto the upper branches of Lintburg's somewhat skimpy social tree, up there among the few haggard blossoms that passed for our aristocracy. Emily herself seemed

compliant enough—I always suspected that she was probably a great deal like her mother had been at one time, she just hadn't been dried and cured and salted yet. But for the time being, she had all the soft elegancies of a really consummate and timeless femininity, which inspired me—when she notified one of her message bearers once that she thought I was 'fascinating,' as I think she put it—to begin immediately producing these long unbelievable epistles to her on Blue Horse notebook paper, comparing her to Helen of Troy and Josephine and Guinevere, by God. I don't think she had counted on touching off such epic De Millean theatics, and her responses were along the line that she wasn't really anything at all like I seemed to think, but I was awfully nice and sweet, you know, to say all those things. Pretty soon, after so many retorts like these, I began to feel a little bit delirious. A friend of mine suggested I was something like Leonard Bernstein trying to conduct Beethoven's Third with a lunch-hour string quartet that can't play anything but *Jeanie with the Light-Brown Hair*. Of course, I figured the son of a bitch just coveted her, too, so I dismissed what he had to say.

"Well, this went on for two or three months, and then her mother decided she'd better step in—I guess she concluded I was getting dangerously exercised about her daughter. One afternoon, she dropped by the department store where my mother was working and managed, through a kind of polite code, to give my mother to understand that she was somewhat dubious about certain developments and about me in particular. Then I called over there once and Mrs. Sims told me that Emily had been taken to a track meet by some college football player, but she just knew Emily would be terribly sorry she had missed me, to which I abruptly muttered, 'Yeah, I bet she will,' and with that, Mrs. Sims snapped, 'Matty, I don't think that's a very nice thing to say about Emily. It sounded sarcastic. I don't think it was very nice of you to say that, now—do you?' I tried to sputter out of it, but, by God, she wasn't about to turn me loose now: 'Do you think that was really a nice thing to say about Emily, now, Matty?'—until finally I mumbled, no, I didn't reckon it was. Whereupon she quickly ended the conversation with a pleasant goodbye. In all this, it was like she was performing some unobtrusive and discreet piece of surgery, a deft quiet excision. She was that kind of authentic Dragon Lady.

"Actually, though, it wasn't totally her own engineering. The truth was, Emily was a creature of almost unalleviated simplicity and conventionality who just happened to be clothed in all the exquisite graces of an Aphrodite. This just naturally invited the most unimaginable

variety of emotional accidents and mischarges—extravagant swooping hopeless expenditures of passion, lyricism, desperation, rage, jealousy, wiliness. Hell, it's a misery that is probably universal, ageless: these great lugubrious soulful booming gongs of the heart answered by only polite little tinklings. I remember one night toward the end, when I was alone in the house, literally beating on the walls and groaning, 'God, I got to have her, it has to be.' But it was really already over with. And I didn't perish—after a while, I came to suspect I had been drowning in a girl who, in fact, had been snugly and triumphantly raised to produce a home that would be more or less a replica of the one that had produced her, who would arrive at a more or less perfunctory marriage with some suitable local young man of good family and, in due time, bear a circumspect number of children, like two, and cook them all roast beef every Sunday in a brick home in some quietly fashionable neighborhood there in Lintburg, like the stars and her mother had decreed she would from the beginning.

"Only, it almost didn't happen. There occurred a short and unexpected season of dishevelment. I wasn't a part of it; I was just a spectator from a distance, you might say. The two of us happened to go to the same college, and during Emily's senior year, she came across this basketball player from a nearby school—Hank Campbell, I'll call him—a solitary and thoroughly inconspicuous and almost painfully awkward guy in any setting beyond a basketball court, where he happened to be transformed into a thing of magic. His father, so we heard, was a professional gambler up in Indiana or Missouri. Anyway, all of a sudden we began seeing Emily and Hank constantly together, usually off by themselves somewhere—it was probably the most unlikely pairing anybody who knew either of them could have imagined. But somehow, for that very reason, you also knew that it was a bit more than casual. You never saw him saying anything to her—he would just be sitting mutely and gawkily beside her while she talked to him in a steady whisper, as if she had deliberately withdrawn and closed herself eagerly around him. I mean, after years of performing perfectly and placidly for her mother, there came this sudden little aberration, like an abrupt small private assertion of herself beyond the scrupulous scrutines and orderings of her mother, a kind of tiny fitful last-minute reaching out of whatever feeling and self-identity were still left in the intricate and peaceful workings of her mechanisms. In any event, Hank Campbell was an entirely unprogrammed event as far as Mrs. Sims was concerned.

"At last, she began to take a hand in



"Someday, Orville, man, too, will fly!"



"It beats giving away toasters."

the situation. She looked around Lintburg for what was available and came up with a boy who wasn't exactly an Errol Flynn but who belonged to a family with a passable pedigree—Hugh Gates, we'll call this one: an utterly decent and likable fellow, if surpassingly inauspicious, who had proceeded through high school as a decidedly remote bystander to all the amorous lowing and churning around Emily, which, as I've said, included at one time or another anybody who could have been considered even faintly eligible for her. When Mrs. Sims commenced to go to work on the problem of Hank Campbell, this fellow Gates was off at some military academy, I believe, so what Mrs. Sims began to do was arrange, through Mrs. Gates, dates for Emily and Hugh that pre-empted her weekends with this odd ungainly, taciturn basketball player over at school whose daddy seemed to be some kind of gambler.

"What this maneuver startlingly occasioned, though, were—for the first time ever—taut and crackling little scenes between Mrs. Sims and Emily, repeated disarray and fraying, bedroom argu-

ments. While Emily submitted physically to her mother's arrangements, she seemed to become only more intense and intransigent and contrary about the boy back at school. After a while, Mrs. Sims began to panic just a little. Then one Sunday, Emily brought Hank home, and that night, before they left to drive back to school, Mrs. Sims abruptly stalked into the front room where they were sitting and blurted, 'Hank, I just want to know if you're planning to marry Emily!' With that, Hank arose and delivered what was probably the longest succession of syllables he had ever mustered in his life: 'Why don't you go straight to hell.' And just walked out, went through the door and got into his car and left.

"Not quite two months later, it was announced in the *Lintburg Sentinel* that Emily Sims, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Sims, was engaged to be married to Mr. Hugh Gates, the son of Colonel and Mrs. Winston Brevard Gates of North Coventry Drive."

At this point, the writer lifted his vodka martini and, with a small elegiac smile, murmured, "So here's to Mrs. O. P.

Sims. She not only endures, by God, she prevails." He took a short sip, and then began coughing—the ragged distracted hacking of a refugee from old familiar warmths and fevers too long stranded in the dim dank snows of the North. Finally he waved his hand and said, "But wait a minute, you ain't heard the real finish. Her *real* victory was yet to come. For several months after that newspaper announcement, see, nobody heard anything more about Emily. But the damn thing kept haunting me for some reason—maybe I just didn't believe that any actual struggle in a person's life, however token, could come to such a neat and trivial and banal conclusion.

"About a year later, though, I found out that not only had they gotten married but Emily had moved the wedding up four months—she didn't want to wait until Christmas, she told her friends. Not long after the business was transacted, Hugh left for his tour of duty with the Service, but Emily stayed behind in Lintburg. And while Mrs. Sims would occasionally drive Emily around looking for a place where she and Hugh might settle when Hugh returned, Emily lived there at home with her mother—in that same squat little brick house with those goddamn clean cold lacquered fireplaces, those icy mantelpiece mirrors, the piano still sitting in a corner of that front parlor where she'd practiced her music lessons as a little girl. She slept in her old bedroom, pink with dotted-swiss curtains, where once, like a moment now in some vague remote dream of delirium, she and her mother had engaged in those shrill arguments. She had some of her old girlfriends over now and then for tea and bridge and they'd report afterward that she talked about Hugh all the time, how she just adored him and couldn't wait for him to get back—though she never seemed to know exactly when that might be. Nevertheless, they said, it seemed she'd never been happier in her life. Everything had worked out beautifully. Then, one morning, she went with her mother to the doctor's office and found out she was pregnant."

The writer paused for another long taste of his martini, then a few more croaks of coughing. "Christ," he muttered, shaking his head with a bleary grin, "I'm gonna die if I stay up here much longer." He then added, almost like an incidental afterthought, "Only a few weeks ago, while Hugh was still off in Europe or Asia somewhere, she had the baby. She almost didn't come out of the anesthesia—she was under for more than a day, I understand. But the baby was fine and strapping. It was a girl and Emily named her after her mother."

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 90)

much of a gentleman to hit me, so he just got tangled up between us. His breath alone was strong enough to win the battle. Suddenly, the whole thing was so farcical that my anger just drained away. Bob Melish, the Labor whip, intervened at that point. He was trying to look outraged but couldn't help laughing. "Bernadette," he said, "that's quite enough." I'm proud to say that was the first time in history a lady ever assaulted a cabinet minister during a session of Parliament. It may not be the last time.

PLAYBOY: Would you do it again?

DEVLIN: If necessary. I'm sorry I didn't strangle him when I had the chance. Actually, that whole incident shows a lot about England: There was more popular outrage over my punching up a cabinet member than over 13 innocent people murdered by the British army. Of course, *Irish* life has always come cheap to England. At least now they've learned they have to pay for it with their own.

PLAYBOY: Can you see no grounds for reconciliation with England? Or will your bitterness, violence and misery be handed down to the next generation?

DEVLIN: There's a solution to any human problem. In this case, I can actually see two solutions, short term and long term. For the short term, hostilities could cease tomorrow if the British would unconditionally release all internees and other political prisoners, declare an amnesty for all those currently charged with crimes against the state and withdraw all troops to their barracks with a specified date for total withdrawal from Northern Ireland.

Stormont and the whole Unionist state apparatus would have to be permanently dismantled, not just temporarily suspended as it is now, under Westminster's direct rule. All parties in Ireland, Protestant and Catholic, conservative and revolutionary, could then get together to determine conditions for the peaceful reunification of their country and the protection of minority rights. That would be a short-term solution for the immediate suffering and bloodshed. It's far from perfect and it might not work at all, given our hardened sectarian attitudes.

PLAYBOY: If the British were to move out tomorrow, what would be the danger of a Protestant backlash?

DEVLIN: It's highly probable. I believe in times of crisis there are two ways to go—left and right—and the Protestants would probably go right. If they fight, we'll have to defend ourselves. But I don't believe that violence from any quarter is going to radicalize the Protestants; they've got to be radicalized on the class issues. So, for that matter, have the Catholics.

PLAYBOY: But would an independent Ireland be economically viable?

DEVLIN: Yes, but only on socialist lines.

For example, if we nationalized the mines, we would release £80,000,000 in the next seven years. The British say we can't live without their money. The British taxpayers pour approximately £150,000,000 into Northern Ireland every year. But we export £700,000,000 of profit from Northern Ireland to Britain in the same period.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't you lose those export markets if the relationship with England were severed?

DEVLIN: Why would we? We make the produce and sell it; we could sell it anywhere. We've got stuff that can be eaten, can be worn, can be bought. It's a great myth that without capitalism nothing can be bought or sold. Henry Ford personally doesn't have a clue how to build motorcars, how to sell them, how to repair them. But he's got all the money because his grandfather invented the motorcar. By accident of birth, Henry Ford continues to live on the work of other people. Everything England made and every penny she has taken out of this country, she made out of us. She stole the wealth beneath the ground, she stole the wealth above it, she stole the wealth of our labor. And she came here to do just that. If we keep all we have, we'll

survive. There's no doubt about that.

So you see, the ultimate long-range solution for Ireland, which I realize won't come about overnight, is independent socialism. Until we have a society in which we solve our own economic and social problems and control our own destiny, the present problems of exploitation and injustice will remain. That's why I'm a committed socialist and why more and more of our people are turning toward socialism as the only viable alternative. We can't have true freedom without social justice; and in Ireland, we can't have either without socialism. It won't come today, tomorrow or the day after. But it will come. It *has to come*.

PLAYBOY: In the light of all this hatred and bloodshed, are you really optimistic about the future of Ireland?

DEVLIN: Yes, I am. We've been fighting 800 years to bring a just system to this country, and for 800 years they've jailed us. Today our spirit is stronger than ever. I'm still here, and thousands of kids are growing up just like me. I've brought a child of my own into this world, and I'm convinced she'll live to see the society we're trying to build. If not, her children will. If you dream a dream long enough, it becomes reality. Our dream is coming. Nothing can stop it.



"Mother! What a lovely surprise! I was just thinking about you!"

PIGSKIN PREVIEW

line and an adequate passing attack will have to cover for a dearth of good runners. Unlike other teams in the League, there will be very little help from the sophomore crop.

Brown will be noticeably improved. Last year's 0-9 misadventure was a traumatic experience for all concerned, because the Bruins were winning or tied in the fourth quarter in four games and within three points in two others. Runner Gary Bonner is one of the best in the East, but he will have to operate behind a new line.

Temple is where many of the exciting things in Eastern football are going on. For decades Villanova has been the big-time college power in the Philadelphia area, but when coach Wayne Hardin took over at Temple in 1970, he decided to change all that, and he has. The Owls are gradually upgrading their schedule to a major college status and the squad muscle is growing even faster. Last season, the Owls lost only to Boston College and West Virginia while tying Villanova. The '72 schedule is tougher, but so are the Owls. They are also bigger and faster. Led by fabulously talented guard Skip Singletary, who could prove to be the top offensive lineman in the country, the offense should be extremely productive. In short, there will be fireworks in Philadelphia this fall. Look for the Owls to pull off a stunning upset in their first game with Syracuse.

The outlook at Delaware is, as always, bright. The Blue Hens' perennially potent wing-T offense (sometimes known as the chicken wing) won't be quite up to recent standards because of severe graduation losses, so the experienced defenders will have to hold off the enemy in early games while the offense gains some seasoning. This is what happened last year, and then the Hens won the college division national championship. Unless they get bumped by Temple, they could repeat.

Rutgers will be greatly improved. After a miserable beginning in '71, the Knights finished strong, and nearly everyone returns. Says coach John Bate man, "We're going to have more good football players this year than we have had since 1969."

Colgate's opponents should be wary. If they acquire linebacking help and defensive-line depth (moving tackle Bob Arotsky over from the offense will help), the Raiders will raise some hell, because the offense will be excellent. Quarterback Tom Parr and halfback Mark van Eeghen could play first string anywhere.

Ohio State, to put it as succinctly as possible, is loaded. Woody Hayes has better and deeper talent at his disposal than at any time in his coaching career. Needless to say, he will immensely enjoy

(continued from page 168)

laying waste to enemy forces in the best tradition of his idol, General von Schlieffen. Woody has some scores to even. Aside from being sacked by enemy legions last year, he absorbed large amounts of abuse from self-righteous Big Ten athletic administrators when he threw one of his matchless temper tantrums toward the end of the Michigan game, much to the delight of millions of television viewers and the chagrin of game officials, who promptly laid two 15-yard penalties on him for unspeakable conduct. They apparently felt a Donald Duck-style tirade was unbecoming a 58-year-old fat man. Sundry sportswriters and university dignitaries yelped for Woody's scalp, a sentiment with which we have very little sympathy. Woody screamed at the officials, but so what? Thousands of fans do the same thing at every game, and a coach certainly has more reason to be upset by a bad call (and it was a bad call) than any fan.

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

Ohio State	10-0	Illinois	6-5
Michigan	9-2	Wisconsin	4-7
Purdue	8-3	Northwestern	4-7
Indiana	8-3	Minnesota	2-9
Michigan State	6-5	Iowa	2-9

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Toledo	9-2	Bowling Green	7-3
Miami	8-2	Western	
Ohio University	8-3	Michigan	5-6

INDEPENDENTS

Notre Dame	6-4	Marshall	5-5
Northern		Cincinnati	4-7
Illinois	8-3	Dayton	4-7
Xavier	5-6		

TOP PLAYERS: Galbos, Bradshaw, Henson, Hicks, Hasenohrl, Gradishar (Ohio State); Shuttlesworth, Grambau, Logan (Michigan); Armstrong, Butz, Stingley, Bingham (Purdue); Fulk, Spicer, Lintner, Barzilaukas (Indiana); Van Pelt, DuPre, Clark (Michigan State); McCarren, Bennett, Wells (Illinois); Ferguson, Lokanc (Wisconsin); J. Anderson, Lash (Northwestern); Morgan, Kingsriter (Minnesota); Windauer, Nelson (Iowa); Schwartz, Calabrese (Toledo); Hitchens, Williams (Miami); Juenger, Gary, Bevly (Ohio); Miles, Bell (Bowling Green); Thomas (Western Michigan); Harmon, Poole (Kent State); Marx, Pomarico, Dampeer, Fanning (Notre Dame); Kellar, Clark, Hatter (Northern Illinois); Hyland, Banks (Xavier); Burks, Wright (Marshall); Harrison, Forrest (Cincinnati); Wingard, Nickels (Dayton).

It is true, of course, that Woody is a poor loser, but in a football coach, that isn't the worst of all possible faults. And let us consider what a loss Woody's forced retirement would be. Millions of dedicated Woody haters whose prime emotional catharsis is seeing Woody lose an occasional game would be deprived of their principal (if infrequent) joy.

Woody's fortunes this season are based on the return of 18 top-quality players whose injuries and operations caused them to miss all or most of the '71 season, plus the arrival of the most promising sophomore class in years. Best of the newcomers are quarterback Dave Purdy, fullback Champ Henson, receiver Billy Ezzo and tight end Mike Bartoszek. These and perhaps a half dozen other sophomores are so good that they will probably displace last year's starters before the season is over. The Buckeyes have the best chance of any team in the country to go undefeated, thus another national championship is probable.

Michigan will be as strong as last year, but that won't be good enough to recapture the Conference championship, because every team in the league, except Northwestern and Minnesota, will be stronger. The Wolverines will again be a powerful running team, but they will probably pass more with the added experience gained by last year's three rookie quarterbacks. The offensive line, a main reason for their awesome running in '71, will be even better with the shift of Paul Seymour from tight end to power tackle.

This will be the year when Purdue will regain national stature. Pro scouts took up residence in West Lafayette motels this spring to ogle the beef while coach Bob DeMoss put his squad through its paces. At least ten Boilermaker seniors are prime pro prospects. Otis Armstrong and Darryl Stingley are the premier brace of halfbacks in college football. Defensive linemen Dave Butz is currently tabbed by pro scouts as a possible first-round pick. The main reason for optimism, however, is the maturation of quarterback Gary Danielson, who should fix the distressing lack of passing consistency that has hurt Purdue's offense the past two seasons. The offensive line is still the most troublesome problem area, but conversion to the wishbone offense will help, because it is an easier system for offensive linemen to learn and execute. With improved passing, the Boilermakers should be a magnificent offensive football team. One of DeMoss' intangible problems will be how to avoid the peculiar lethargy that sometimes infects senior-dominated teams.

Indiana could be one of the nation's surprise teams. The Hoosiers have been crippled in recent seasons by a combination of bad luck, pointless player dissension and inexperience. Last year, coach John Pont had trouble with his offense and, by the time he'd oiled all the right spots, the defense had sputtered and died. Some energetic scrimmages in spring practice seem to have eliminated most of the kinks. This will be the toughest, most brutally physical team Pont has had at Indiana, yet it will be a quick and agile

squad. The only offensive lack is a runner. The defense, anchored by gigantic tackle Carl Barzilauskas, will be nearly immovable against the run.

Michigan State will be improved, partially because its offensive line will surely avoid many of last season's inexperienced mistakes. The Spartans will depend heavily on the running attack. They certainly have the ingredients. Four superb new runners are on hand: sophomores Clarence Bullock and Arnold Morgado, plus junior college transfers Damond Mays and Clayton Montgomery. The blockers are led by colossal Billy Joe DuPree at tight end. The defensive backfield, a problem in 1971, will be strong, because Brad Van Pelt, who is without peer as a defensive back, will have some able help.

The Illinois team will be much improved, but that probably won't do the won-lost record any good. Its first seven opponents are Michigan State, Southern Cal, Washington, Penn State, Ohio State, Michigan and Purdue. Nevertheless, keep in mind that coach Bob Blackman has done a nearly miraculous rebuilding job in Champaign. The Illini have more first-rate talent than they've had since the slush-fund scandal of 1966. Quarterback Mike Wells will be the key to whatever success the Illini can salvage from the schedule. The 6'5", 225-pound giant is a

superb option engineer, because he can run and he is also an excellent passer. He could be another Roman Gabriel if he becomes a professional.

Rufus ("The Roadrunner") Ferguson will singlehandedly make Wisconsin an exciting team. The 5'6", 190-pound scat-back is as difficult to tackle as a bowling ball. However, he won't get much passing support unless a creditable quarterback can be found to replace departed Neil Graff. If a good passer is located, the Badgers will have a potent attack, because they have unusually talented receivers. A leaky pass defense, the Badgers' downfall in several games last season, was strengthened in spring practice.

Northwestern's surprising flirtation with the Big Ten title the past two years was largely attributable to Alex Agase's sagacious coaching. If Agase were coaching at Michigan State, he would lose a game once every ten years. The past two recruiting years have been highly successful, laying the groundwork for a powerful team a year from now. But there isn't much for Alex to work with in Evanston this fall. Graduation nearly gutted the defense and also took his passing game. The Wildcats do have some good runners and a tough veteran offensive line, so Agase will field a ball-control team and hope the youngsters grow up quickly.

Rookie quarterback Mitch Anderson has the potential for future greatness.

Minnesota has a new coach, Cal Stoll, but not a great deal more. The returnees are numerous, but few are outstanding. If Stoll finds a quarterback to throw to his good receivers, he'll at least have a passing game. The defense will be on a par with last year's, which was somewhere between mediocre and awful. Stoll is installing the veer-T offense and recruiting day and night. Gopher fans, who are not renowned for their patience, will have to wait another three years for a winning team.

It has been a long, tedious climb back uphill for Iowa, and the Hawkeyes still have a long way to go. Both lines will be bigger and abler than last year's (which isn't saying much) and the running game will be stronger.

Miami should have the Mid-American Conference championship sewed up from the opening kickoff. Most of the offense returns, led by flashy tailback Bob Hitchens, and the passing will be 100 percent improved. Miami teams have always been strong defensively, and this year should be no exception. Bowling Green also has a supercharged tailback, Paul Miles, who could be an All-America before he graduates. If the Falcons survive the opener with Purdue,

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they could challenge Miami for the championship.

It will be a slightly off year for Toledo. The Rockets will probably have the unique experience of losing a game or two. Only six of 22 starters return. Although the replacements are able, lack of depth and experience will make the Rockets vulnerable to injury. In short, Toledo's position will be comparable to Ohio State's in '71. Joe Schwartz, a tailback last year, has been moved to quarterback and coach Jack Murphy tells us he is a gem. Two supersophs, linebacker Rob Branyan and offensive tackle Ed Farris, should star their first year.

Remember the name Rich Bevly. This Ohio University sophomore quarterback will be nationally known before he graduates. He will be throwing to another great soph, Cleveland Moutry, who was Bevly's top receiver in high school. Depth, as with most M. A. C. teams, is the Bobcats' only problem. If a cynical university administration, which seems to feel that having a winning football team is about as prestigious as having gonorrhea, will give the athletic department a little support, Ohio U will again be a power in a couple of years.

Bill Screws, another new quarterback, will be the principal attraction at Western Michigan. Tackle Bernard Thomas, an All-America candidate, will anchor a defense considerably weakened by graduation. Kent State is still rebuilding. Last season was a nightmare for new coach Don James. A talented rookie tailback, Larry Poole, will give the Flashes much added punch, and new linebacker Bob Bender will give a flacid defense some muscle.

This will probably be the worst season in ten for Notre Dame. To avoid that fate, several improbables must occur before opening kickoff. First, a top-quality quarterback is needed. Sophomore Tom Clements is a possibility, but a remote one. Also, a new defensive unit must be assembled that will at least approach the greatness of last year's defenders. That isn't likely, either, because the '71 defense was perhaps the best ever assembled on a college campus, and all but three have graduated. Tackle Greg Marx and sophomore defensive end Mike Fanning, whose advance notices make him sound like a combination of King Kong and Tarzan, will have to carry a very young and inexperienced crew. The ball carriers are better than a year ago and they will operate behind a sound, but thin, offensive line. Unless coach Ara Parseghian can find a passer, the Irish will play a lot of ball-control games this season. An extremely weak schedule will make the Irish look better than they are.

Freshmen were eligible to play varsity ball at Marshall last year, due to a special N. C. A. A. ruling resulting from

the disastrous air crash of 1970 that nearly wiped out the Marshall squad. Therefore, 21 starters return this year to a squad that has only six seniors. The incoming freshman group is so promising that many will displace last year's veterans. With a little luck, the Thundering Herd could have a winning season.

THE SOUTH

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Louisiana St.	10-1	Mississippi St.	5-6
Alabama	10-1	Auburn	4-6
Tennessee	9-2	Vanderbilt	7-4
Mississippi	8-2	Florida	3-8
Georgia	6-5	Kentucky	3-8

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

North Carolina	9-2	Virginia	5-6
Duke	5-6	North Carolina	
Clemson	6-5	State	3-8
Maryland	6-5	Wake Forest	2-9

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

William & Mary	6-5	Furman	5-6
The Citadel	7-4	Virginia	
Richmond	5-4	Military	3-8
East Carolina	5-6	Davidson	2-9

INDEPENDENTS

Florida State	10-1	Southern	
South Carolina	7-4	Mississippi	6-5
Georgia Tech	6-5	Tampa	6-5
Miami	6-5	Virginia Tech	4-7
Tulane	4-7	Chattanooga	5-6

TOP PLAYERS: Hannah, Davis, Mitchell, LaBue, Krapf (Alabama); Jones, Capone, Boyd, Rogers (LSU); Emendorfer, Lambert, Holloway (Tennessee); Veazey, Weese, Lyons, Malouf (Mississippi); Johnson, Poulos, Honeycutt, Rosenberg (Georgia); Grubbs, Dowsing, Bell (Mississippi State); Unger, Casey (Auburn); Abernathy, Stone, O'Rourke, Burger, Lee (Vanderbilt); King, Abbott, Lawless (Florida); Kotar, Bishop, McKay (Kentucky); Oglesby, Rusnak, Hyman, Kupec (North Carolina); Newman, Jones, Johnson (Duke); Seigler, Wirth (Clemson); Carter, White, Reitz (Maryland); Merritt, Williams, Land (Virginia); Burden, Yoest (North Carolina State); Garrett, Ramsey (Wake Forest); Knight, Deery (William & Mary); Lynch (The Citadel); Smith (Richmond); Crumpler (East Carolina); Shi (Furman); Bowman (Virginia Military); Shipp (Davidson); Huff, Smith, Thomas, Whitehurst (Florida State); Troup, Hodgin, LeHeup (South Carolina); Oven, Horne, McAslan (Georgia Tech); Foreman, Sears (Miami); Mullen, Truax (Tulane); Guy, Orange (Southern Mississippi); Matuszak, Edlin, Solomon (Tampa); Strock, Burnop (Virginia Tech); Brokas, Adams (Chattanooga).

Alabama and Louisiana State will compete for the Southeastern Conference championship. The issue will probably be decided on November 11 in Birmingham. LSU will be even stronger than last year if quarterback Bert Jones plays with the finesse he exhibited during the last part of the '71 season. The main problem is finding an adequate replacement for departed receiver Andy Hamilton. A big sophomore, Bo Harris has all the equipment to become one of the country's premier linebackers. He and veteran Warren Capone will give LSU two of the country's best at that position.

The Tigers' big surprise for opponents this season will be a pair of fabulous rookie runners, tailback Steve Rogers and fullback Brad Davis. Paired with quarterback Jones, these two will give the Tigers a dazzling offense.

Alabama could keep its S. E. C. crown because the Tide has a better-balanced offense to keep opposing defenses from ganging up on the line of scrimmage to stop the run. Though the ground attack will be strong, with Joe LaBue and Ellis Beck backed by good second-stringers, quarterback Terry Davis will get a better chance to show his excellence. The offensive line, led by center Jim Krapf and guard John Hannah, is awesome. Coach Bear Bryant, known for his candor, says his team has more players capable of being winners than ever before. The Bear's definition of a winner is somebody like Johnny Musso or Joe Namath. A scheduling freak gives the Tide nine home games, so it should be a delirious year in Tuscaloosa.

Tennessee will be as strong as ever, but the strength will be more evenly distributed. New quarterback Condredge Holloway should be the antidote for last year's anemic passing offense, but the defense won't be as able, because for the first time in many falls Tennessee begins the season without proven linebackers.

Mississippi was the surprise team of the South in '71. New coach Billy Kinard molded a group of unproven players into a team that won nine games and dismantled Georgia Tech in the Peach Bowl. Nearly all of last year's top players are back. The Rebel offense will be tremendous. Newcomer Bill Malouf, converted from quarterback to receiver, should be the finest in the South in his first year. He will be teamed with tight end Butch Veazey, who Kinard swears is number one in the country. The Rebels' Achilles' heel, if they have one, will be an average defensive line. Another liability will be the loss of last season's surprise factor: Opponents will be ready for the Rebels this fall.

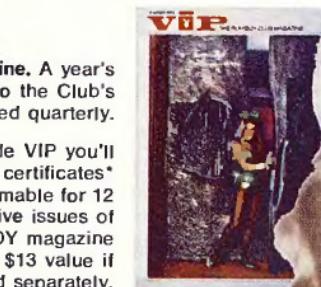
Georgia won't be able to duplicate last season's 10-1 showing. In '71, a superb rookie backfield operated behind a big experienced line. Both lines have been depleted by graduation and the replacements are last season's only adequate second-stringers. Of course, all the offensive backfield returns, including quarterback Andy Johnson and gifted runner Jimmy Poulos, and it's a coach's dream, with quality talent two-deep at every position. James Ray is surely the best number-two quarterback around and, since coach Vince Dooley plans to pass more this year, he may displace incumbent Johnson.

Mississippi State's dismal record last fall was largely due to quarterback problems. Coach Charley Shira tried three

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different ones, in desperation switched to the wishbone offense the last part of the season, but nothing seemed to help. In spring practice, the three futile passers were swapped for three promising rookie quarterbacks, Rocky Felker, Melvin Barkum and Mike Monaghan. Shira says both Felker and Barkum have tremendous potential, with Monaghan not far behind. If tailback Lewis Grubbs can return to the top form he exhibited two years ago, the Bulldogs will put a lot of points on the scoreboard. An added plus is the arrival of new offensive coordinator Bob Tyler, one of the ablest young coaches in America.

The big question at Auburn is what the Tigers will do without Pat Sullivan and Terry Beasley. Probably very little. The defensive unit, fortunately, is solid, so the Tigers will keep the ball on the ground and hope things work out.

This year, at last, Vanderbilt may have an impressive won-lost record. Each year, the Commodores seem to have a weaker schedule and better players, yet find new ways to goof up. This season there is better squad depth, the offense is returning to the I formation after a year of spectacularly unsuccessful experimentation with the wishbone and new quarterback David Lee will be at the controls. The running game, featuring Jamie O'Rourke and Steve Burger (last year's quarterback), will be excellent. The Commodores could be the surprise team of the Southeastern Conference.

Florida will be stronger, mostly because last year's pathetic defense was overhauled in spring practice. Two newcomers, linebacker Ralph Ortega and defensive back Tyson Sever, should be superstars before they graduate. Still, there is no one in sight who has even a modicum of the graduated John Reaves's passing ability. Ergo: It will be a grim year in Gatorville.

Kentucky suffered from inept passing last fall, so coach John Ray went out during the off-season and got himself a superb junior college transfer, James McKay, who dutifully nailed down the quarterback job in spring practice. The ground game should be something to see, with veteran Doug Kotar being joined by incoming freshman Alfred Collins, a high school All-America from Madisonville, Kentucky. The Wildcat squad will be bigger, stronger and faster than in recent years, so look for some upsets this season.

It will be another happy autumn in Chapel Hill. The North Carolina team will continue to dominate the Atlantic Coast Conference and should again wind up among the top 20 teams in the country. The look of the team will be a bit different, though, with a juiced-up attack featuring two good quarterbacks, veteran Nick Vidovic and sophomore

Chris Kupec. The only question mark on an otherwise outstanding offensive unit is tailback Ike Oglesby, who sat out the last half of the '71 season with a leg injury. He is Carolina's most potent outside threat since Charlie Justice, and if he's healthy, he may turn out to be the very best back in America.

Duke should be the second-strongest team in the Conference, but a rugged extra-Conference schedule that features Alabama, Washington, Stanford and Georgia Tech will probably keep the Blue Devils from looking as good as they are. It will be a young team, with as many as 12 sophomores possibly earning starting berths. Standout newcomer is another great soph quarterback (the A. C. C. seems loaded with them this year). Mark Johnson, who may be good enough to be All-Conference his first year. Tailback Steve Jones is a dandy and Ed Newman is the best defensive tackle in the South.

Clemson seems ready to regain respectability. Most of last year's losses were the result of inexperience and lack of depth. But those problems were apparently handled in spring practice and coach Hootie Ingram's starting units will be composed of players who were full- or part-time starters last season. Two good quarterbacks, Ken Pengitore and rookie Mark Fellers, will be joined by Jim Washington, a junior college All-America runner. One of the Tigers' most effective scoring weapons will again be place kicker Eddie Seigler.

Both Maryland and Virginia will be dramatically improved over last season. At Maryland, coach Jerry Claiborne has done an amazing job of turning a disorganized, lethargic and dispirited squad into an inspired, aggressive team. A fine group of sophomores will start ahead of several lettermen. Stellar newcomers are tailback Louis Carter and defensive tackle Randy White, both of whom should be All-Americans before they graduate. At Virginia, a new set of assistant coaches, another year's experience for a team that started ten sophomores in '71, a redesigned offense and several quality rookies will greatly help the Cavaliers. The two-yards-and-a-splash-of-mud philosophy has been discarded by coach Don Lawrence in favor of a "big play" offense.

After three straight losing seasons, North Carolina State is again trying to rebuild. The job won't be accomplished this year, primarily because there isn't a good quarterback. The running backs, as a group, are excellent, but the defenders will be green. It will be a tough beginning for new coach Tom Harper at Wake Forest. The Deacons will have a strong offensive line and a nonpareil running back, Ken Garrett, who should be a first-round pro draft choice next winter. Unfortunately, there isn't much

talent to support these quality players, so this will probably be a bleak autumn in Winston-Salem.

William & Mary will have the strongest squad in the Southern Conference, but the tough schedule will prevent it from having the best won-lost record. An excellent new quarterback, Bill Deery, is on hand to throw to receiver David Knight. The Citadel could win the championship if some adequate receivers can be developed. Richmond has a chance to retain the title if the passing game can be strengthened. Davidson, the smallest school (1000 men and, beginning this fall, a few deliriously happy girls) playing major college football in the U. S., ranked fourth nationally over the past five years in passing. With quarterback Scotty Shipp returning, the Wildcats will again be throwing much of the time. If East Carolina coach Sonny Randle can get support for superb runner Carlester Crumpler among junior college transfers, the Pirates will be stronger. If a top-grade quarterback emerges at Furman, the Paladins could make a run for the Conference crown.

Fans who saw the offensive spectacular in the Fiesta Bowl last December got an idea of what Florida State will be like in '72. If the Seminoles score fewer than 40 points in any of their games, it will be an off day. Gary Huff is probably the best quarterback ever to play in Tallahassee, and his prime target, Barry Smith, is another Ron Sellers. The main problem is to find another receiver to take the double and triple coverage off Smith. Sophomore Mike Davison and junior college transfers Hodges Mitchell and Mack Brown will provide improved running. Add to this a bolstered defensive platoon and some good luck, and the sweet aroma of an undefeated season is in the air.

South Carolina has a new quarterback with sensational advance billings. Bill Troup, a 6'5" transfer from Virginia, will direct an offense that deteriorated last fall from average to dreadful. The whole squad will be younger and much faster than any South Carolina team in several years, so look for progressive improvement throughout the season. Two recently enrolled junior college graduates, runner Ron Parson and safety Mel Baxley, will probably be starters.

A new coach, Bill Fulcher, takes over at Georgia Tech. The Tech fans, an uncommonly sullen lot, were up in arms last year because their team won only six games and went to the Peach Bowl. Fulcher's attempt to placate the mob is based on a promise that his team will be "colorful, exciting to watch and hopefully a winning one." Hopeful isn't good enough in Atlanta. Fulcher certainly has the material to be a winner his first year. Thirty-seven returning lettermen are joined by especially good



*"And to those of you who did contribute to
the church fund—our blessings."*

sophomores, best of whom is linebacker Joe Harris.

Miami will be improved, largely because last year's small offensive line has been replaced by one of the biggest in recent years. The ground attack, led by All-America candidate Chuck Foreman and rookie fullback Woody Thompson, should be excellent. The remaining need is for a quarterback.

Tulane had trouble last season adjusting to a new coaching staff and system, but progress in spring practice indicated those problems are gone. The team will be as fast as last year's edition, but bigger. If coach Bennie Ellender can develop some offensive consistency, the Greenies will have a winning year.

Southern Mississippi's team will be built around a supersenior who is undoubtedly the most versatile player in America. Ray Guy is the nation's best punter (last fall we saw him spiral a ball into the end-zone bleachers from his own 40-yard line) and his team's number-one defensive safety, and there is a distinct possibility that he will be its starting quarterback this fall. Most of Guy's teammates from last season have graduated, but he will be surrounded by a group of big strong sophomores, with

no fewer than 15 expected to make the traveling squad.

The Tampa athletic department has been working feverishly for several years in an attempt to build the football team into a national power. Guidance of the project is taken over this fall by new coach Earle Bruce. He should hit the jack pot his first year. The Spartans return 15 starters from an error-prone '71 team that threw away several games, including a one-point loss to Ole Miss. Principal asset will be supersoph quarterback Freddie Solomon.

Virginia Tech returns with one of the deadliest passers in the nation, Don Strock, and a juiced-up running game. Last year, the players had trouble with completely new offensive systems, but spring practice revealed a more confident and polished squad. With a pyrotechnic passing game, Tech will likely be one of 1972's most entertaining teams.

• • •

Nebraska's chances for a third straight national championship look good, indeed. There is more speed and size present on this Nebraska team than in any year since 1962, when Bob Devaney took over the Cornhuskers. Despite the return of flanker Johnny Rodgers

and fullback Bill Olds, the offense won't be quite up to last season's standards. The biggest if is whether or not new quarterback Dave Humm can adequately replace Jerry Tagge. He looked great in spring practice. There is no question about the Husker defense; it will be tougher than ever, if that's possible. Defensive end Willie Harper and middle guard Rich Glover overwhelm opposing linemen. This year, a prime incentive for the Huskers will be their desire to help Devaney end his college coaching career in fitting fashion. After ten years as the Nebraska head coach, with 92 victories, 18 losses and one tie, he will retire at the end of this season. His expertise and compelling personality have lifted Nebraska to a perennial place among the nation's best teams. In admiring recognition of this and his contributions to college football, we choose Bob Devaney as PLAYBOY'S Coach of the Year.

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

Nebraska	11-0	Kansas State	5-6
Oklahoma	10-1	Oklahoma St.	5-6
Colorado	9-2	Kansas	4-7
Iowa State	8-3	Missouri	1-10

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Arkansas	9-2	Texas A&M	5-6
Texas	8-2	Texas Tech	4-7
Texas Christian	8-3	Rice	3-8
Southern		Baylor	3-8
Methodist	6-5		

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

Louisville	9-1	North Texas	
Memphis State	8-3	St. St.	5-6
New Mexico		Drake	5-6
St.	10-1	Wichita State	4-7
Tulsa	4-7	West Texas St.	2-8

INDEPENDENTS

Houston	9-2	Utah State	5-6
Air Force	7-3		

TOP PLAYERS: Glover, Harper, Rodgers, Blahak, Dumler (Nebraska); Brahaney, Pruitt, Wylie, Selmon, Carroll (Oklahoma); Davis, Bryant, Magrum, Zumbach, Stearns (Colorado); Blair, Krepfle, Amundson (Iowa State); Morrison, Clarington, Coppenbarger (Kansas State); Blackman, Jacobson, Price (Oklahoma State); Schroll, Towle (Kansas); Reamon, Vanarsdall (Missouri); Ferguson, Reppond, Rhodes, Reed (Arkansas); Sisemore, Braband (Texas); Davis, Morris, Luttrell, Terveen (Texas Christian); Popelka, Maxson, Kelcher (Southern Methodist); Best, Hoermann, May (Texas A&M); Rives, McCutchen (Texas Tech); Barnes, Butler, Williams (Rice); Goree, Neely (Baylor); Jackson, Madeya, Stevens (Louisville); Fowler, Davis (Memphis State); Pisarcik, Dorris (New Mexico State); Henry, Scrivener (Tulsa); Hamburger, Bishop (North Texas State); Redmond, Samples (Drake); Gilley, Dvorak, Venerucci (Wichita State); Pritchett (West Texas State); Bourquin, Fuller, Johnson (Houston); Mitchell, Ogilvie, Haynie (Air Force); Adams, McMurray (Utah State).



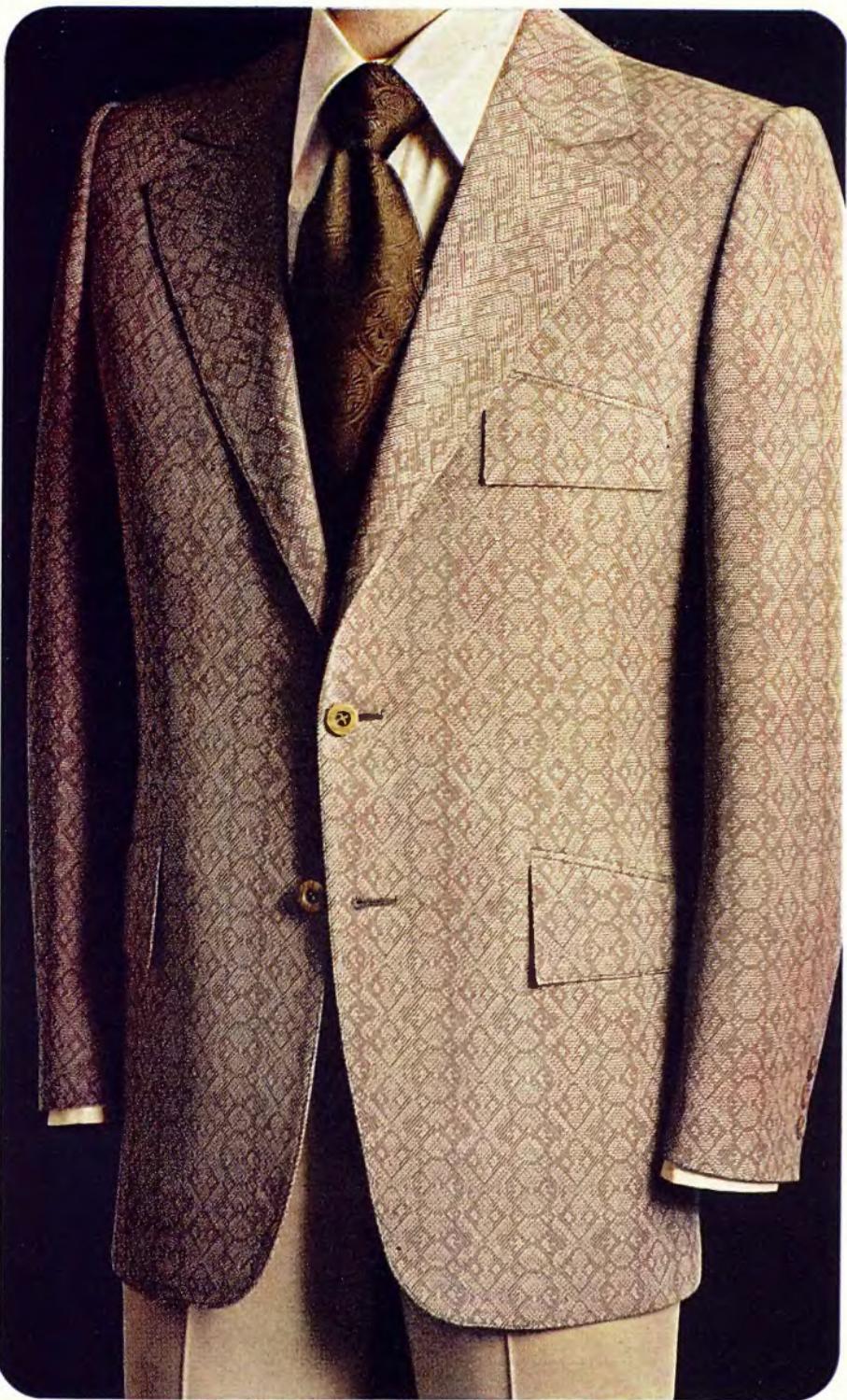
"Already? My—that certainly is a premature ejaculation."

an equally talented replacement for graduated quarterback Jack Mildren, the Sooners wouldn't lose a game. Unfortunately, a running quarterback like Mildren comes along once in three decades. Senior quarterback Dave Robertson appeared adequate in spring practice. If he falters, either James Stokely or one of two hot-shot incoming passers from Texas, Kerry Jackson or Scott Hill, will get the job in midseason. Pro scouts unanimously agree that Greg Pruitt is the best college running back in the land, and runningmates Joe Wylie and Leon Crosswhite aren't far behind. The defense was hurt by graduation, but the replacements are more than capable. The big problem is that the defenders often suffered from exhaustion last season. Habitually, the offense scored so quickly that the defense didn't get a chance to rest.

If any team has a more powerful running game than Oklahoma, it will be Colorado. Coach Eddie Crowder has so many fabulous running backs he has to figure out new ways to use them all. Jon Keyworth, who was supposed to be the Buffs' big gun last year, broke his leg in the LSU game (thus allowing Charlie Davis to bloom into greatness) and is being switched to wingback to utilize his pass-catching ability. Davis' runningmate will be fullback Bo Matthews, who could emerge, believe it or not, as the best runner on the team. The Buffaloes won't have a whole squadron of fleet receivers as they have had in recent seasons, but they probably won't be missed. Crowder says that J. V. Cain could become college football's best tight end. The Colorado defense will be vastly improved. Keep an eye on supersoph defensive tackle Bubba Bridges, who, say his mentors, weighs 270 pounds and runs like a tailback. The Buffs' only problem area is the defensive secondary. Cullen Bryant will be a consensus All-America, but there is very little depth.

Iowa State appears to have lost too much of its offense to contend for the Big Eight title. Wholesale position shifts have been made, including the moving of George Amundson back to quarterback, his position in 1970. Coach Johnny Majors held ten straight scrimmages to end spring practice in an effort to mature the offense. If he succeeded, the Cyclones will have a banner season, because the defensive unit is big, mean and experienced.

Kansas State will have plenty of offensive spark. Quarterback Dennis Morrison has matured and he is surrounded by good running backs and fine receivers. The problems, this year as last, are on the defensive platoon. To tighten the



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unit, Coach Vince Gibson tried a 4-4 defense in spring practice. Kansas State could be the dark-horse team in the Big Eight.

Oklahoma State was sailing along with a 4-2-1 record last season when seven starters were injured and November turned into a shambles. Assuming better fortune this year, the Cowboys should make a more impressive showing. Quarterback Brent Blackman can lead the offense, and he enjoys much better running support with the addition of junior college transfers Archie White and Alton Gerard. Former fullback Cleveland Vann, converted to middle linebacker, has turned out to be a head-hunter. Says a Cowboy spokesman, "If this Conference wasn't so tough, this could be a helluva good year for us."

The sports publicist at Kansas agrees with him. "If we could switch our franchise to some other division and get away from Nebraska, Oklahoma and Colorado, I would be a lot more optimistic about our prospects." The main problem at Kansas is a young offensive unit. The Jayhawks do have a couple of throwers, David Jaynes and Bob Bruegging, and a raft of good catchers, so fans can expect a lot of passing. The defense will be strong largely because of the arrival of Steve Towle, who may achieve linebacking eminence before he graduates.

Alas for poor old Mizzou. Prospects haven't been this bleak in Columbia for decades. The Tigers won one game in '71 and, incredibly, this year's squad looks even weaker. Junior college transfers have been imported in a frantic effort at reinforcement, but their contributions will remain in doubt until the season opens. Best of the transfers are quarterback John Cherry and running backs Tommy Reamon and Jimmy Smith.

Arkansas is loaded again. The Razorbacks would probably have gone undefeated last year if their fullbacks hadn't been wiped out by injuries. Falling asleep against Tulsa didn't help, either. The alleged weakness of '71, an inexperienced defense, turned out to be an asset, and the defenders are bigger, stronger and wiser this year. A new fullback, Marsh White, and senior fullback Mike Saint will give the Hogs a cogent ground attack to supplement passer Joe Ferguson, who, with a good season, could be tops in the land, and receiver Mike Repond, the best of a good collection. The Razorbacks' major problem is the fact that most of the Southwest Conference will be much stronger.

One of the more unconvincing dramatic performances each September is

Darrell Royal's sobbing appraisal of the prospects for his team. You can almost see the tear stains on the press releases issued by the Texas athletic department. But just look at the facts: The Longhorns won an unprecedented fourth consecutive Southwest Conference title in '71 with a largely sophomore squad. Fifteen of 22 starters are back, joined by the usual excellent batch of first-year players. The backfield greats of recent vintage are missing, it is true, and the replacements are untried. But Tiny Tim could gain yardage running behind the Longhorn line that is led by Jerry Sisemore, perhaps the greatest offensive tackle in the history of college football.

Texas Christian (with a little luck and an adequate quarterback) could raise all manner of hell in the Southwest Conference championship race. Sixteen starters are back. Two supersophs, linebacker Dede Terveen and runner Mike Luttrell, join the veterans. The defense will terrorize opponents. Junior defensive tackle Charlie Davis is incredible. A gentle, very likable guy off the field, he handles opposing linemen like so many practice dummies.

For the first time in a decade, the Southern Methodist passing game was not among the nation's best in '71. This season, coach Hayden Fry will return to the more familiar multiple offense and again emphasize the passing attack. Halfback Alvin Maxson, who led the Conference last season as a sophomore, will provide the running threat. The defense, with the added help of supersoph tackle Louis Kelcher, will be formidable.

Each year Texas A&M seems on the edge of greatness but somehow never quite makes it. As in recent seasons, the Aggies have excellent manpower this year. New coach Emory Bellard, who midwifed the wishbone attack as an assistant coach at Texas, will install his creation at A&M. Brad Dusek has been reconverted into a running back, and he should be a great one. Coach Bellard succeeded in recruiting a number of talented high school seniors for this year's freshman squad and a few of them will see varsity action their first year, now that freshmen are eligible to play varsity football. And reports from College Station are that squad morale is high, a pleasant change from the past few years.

Only a limp extra-Conference schedule will prevent Texas Tech from having the worst record in the Southwest. Coach Jim Carlen should have stayed at West Virginia. Recruiting in a fiercely competitive conference is a tough task at Tech. Few players are eager to spend four of their years in Lubbock, where dancing and card playing are considered

sinful, sex education a Communist plot and the primary diversions are shooting rattlesnakes and smuggling illegal booze inside the city limits. This season, Carlen will have a couple of top-grade runners (Doug McCutchen and James Mosley), a superb middle guard (Donald Rives) and very little else. The Raiders will be especially vulnerable to the pass, and in the Southwest Conference, that is a fatal weakness.

Rico was well on its way to regaining prominence last season before coach Bill Peterson abruptly quit and moved across town to the Houston Oilers. Now the Owls have to start all over again with coach Al Conover, who will retain Peterson's wide-open attack but add a few innovations of his own. The Owls will be bigger and deeper than in '71, but their schedule will make a winning season very difficult. The best scoring punch will probably be field-goal kicker Mark Williams.

Baylor also has a new coach, Grant Teaff, an advocate of the power of positive thinking. He couldn't have come at a better time, because the Bears have the material to be the most improved team in the league. The defense, led by end Roger Goree and junior college transfer nose guard Millard Neely, will be excellent. Sophomore quarterback Neal Jeffrey is quick, runs the option well and is a strong passer. If a contingent of junior college transfers can hold up a weak offensive line, Baylor will pull some upsets this fall.

Louisville and Memphis State are the favorites in the Missouri Valley Conference race. Their game on November 18 will probably decide the issue. Louisville seems to have the best talent going into the season. Its two star performers are vivid illustrations of the difference in college and pro football requirements and good examples of the folly of judging college players by pro standards. Louisville quarterback John Madeya is likely to be the first quarterback chosen in the pro draft next February. At 6'4" and 210 pounds, he fits professional standards for size. In sharp contrast, teammate Tom Jackson, likely to be recognized as the top college linebacker in the country, weighs just 220 pounds and the pro scouts fear he's too small. If he were 20 pounds heavier, some pro team would mortgage its franchise to get him.

A talented and creative new head coach, Fred Pancoast, has taken over at Memphis State and Tiger fans will probably see immediate positive results. Pancoast inherits a solid veteran offensive line, two of the best wide receivers in America (senior Stan Davis and sophomore James Thompson) and a rookie quarterback (David Fowler) who, Pancoast



"I'm losing my lip!"

tells us, is certain to be great. The Tigers will be small, quick and fast, so Memphis fans may see an offensive display this fall.

New Mexico State should have the best won-lost record in the Conference. There is a catch, though: The Aggies play only four Conference teams, the weakest ones. Still, there is more top-grade talent on hand than in any other year in the school's history. The aerial game, featuring quarterback Joe Pisarcik, will be devastating. In short, the Aggies are ready to take revenge on a few teams that have been drubbing them regularly the past several years.

Tulsa seems to be building a backfield with transfers from other major schools. Among this year's Tulsa stars will be runners Steve Bowling from Florida State and Raymond Rhodes from Texas Christian and quarterbacks Rick Pitalo from Alabama and Bart Stein from Kansas State. Drake joins the Missouri Valley Conference this year with an awesome passing attack. Quarterback Dennis Redmond, who could be a first-stringer almost anywhere, returns with all his top receivers and a massive line to protect him. Wichita State should be among the top defensive clubs in America, but the offense is so inept that the defenders will have to do some of the scoring in order for the Shockers to win more than half their games. Both North Texas State and West Texas State are struggling with rebuilding programs. Both have a long way to go.

Houston will be a weaker team, not

for any lack of speed or tonnage but because 16 of the starters will be new. Don't look for any drop in Houston's won-lost record, because the schedule is a breeze. The Cougars play only four teams that could conceivably beat them, and they will probably get by at least two of them. If the youngsters grow up in a hurry, Houston could be undefeated.

Air Force will move the ball better than in 1971, but the team will have to get good development from the new players at defensive tackle and linebacker to have an outstanding season. The schedule is extremely rugged: Arizona State, Army, Notre Dame and Colorado are its last four games. Fortunately, six games are at home in cavernous Falcon Stadium, where Air Force has posted a 15-4 record over the past four seasons. Junior quarterback Rich Haynie had an excellent spring. The pass receivers, all of whom were rookies last year, are a season wiser and the offensive line is practically intact. Look for a lot of points to be put on the board.

Utah State's premier quarterback Tony Adams returns, along with a good crew of receivers. The problem is that the Aggies will be vulnerable to their own poison, because the pass defenders will be the weakest part of the defense. Good runners are on hand, so the Aggies should continue to dominate teams from much larger schools.

At Washington, coach Jim Owens is floating in talented, seasoned players. Nothing short of a cataclysmic string of

injuries can keep the Huskies from being one of the top five teams in the country. Seattle residents are already planning their New Year's itinerary in Pasadena and their optimism is well grounded. Nineteen starters return from the '71 squad, which had the ability to score almost at will from anywhere on the field via the pass. The only thing the Huskies lack is a breakaway running threat, but with the explosive Sonny Sixkiller-to-Tom Scott passing duo returning, the running game will be only a side attraction, anyway. The defense appears to be one of the nation's finest anywhere, with lettermen two-deep at nearly every position.

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC EIGHT

Washington	10-1	California	6-5
Oregon State	8-3	UCLA	5-6
Stanford	7-4	Oregon	4-7
Southern California	6-5	Washington St.	3-8

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

Arizona State	9-2	Utah	5-6
Arizona	7-4	Brigham Young	3-8
New Mexico	5-6	Texas	
Wyoming	6-5	at El Paso	3-7

Colorado State 3-8

PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE

Long Beach	8-3	San Diego State	4-7
San Jose State	8-3	Fresno State	5-6
Pacific	6-5	Cal St.—L. A.	4-6

INDEPENDENTS

Idaho	8-3	Hawaii	6-5
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TOP PLAYERS: Sixkiller, Scott, Quinn, Cahill, Jones (Washington); Brown, Morris, Jurgenson (Oregon State); Winesberry, Pott, Moore, Boryla (Stanford); Young, Cunningham, Adams, Grant (Southern California); Sweeney, Duren (California); Walton, McAlister (UCLA); Fouts, Stokes (Oregon); Paine, Grandberry, Sinclair (Washington State); Green, Holden, Petty, Breunig (Arizona State); Wallace, Crum (Arizona); Henry, Urban (New Mexico); Beabout, Brown (Wyoming); Rydalch, Ingersoll (Utah); Hansen, Howard (Brigham Young); Keithley, Perea (Texas El Paso); Driscoll, Duda (Colorado State); Metcalf, Hammitt (Long Beach); Armstrong, Brown, Jones (San Jose State); Carroll, Harrell, Sutton, True (Pacific); Curtis, Freitas, Ferguson (San Diego State); Crump, Weaver (Fresno State); Sander (Cal State—Los Angeles); Muhlbauer, Peterson, Rembert, Marquess (Idaho); Stone (Hawaii).

The power center of Pacific Eight football is shifting north from Southern California. Like Washington, Oregon State is returning to its past prominence. Beaver fans will see an entirely new look this fall. Gone is the traditional thundering fullback attack so cherished by coach Dee Andros. In its place will be high-velocity halfbacks operating out of a veer-T offense (much like that used so successfully by Stanford), led by fast quarterback Ray Taroli.

When Jim Plunkett graduated a year ago, the Stanford coaching staff pulled passer Don Bunce out of cold storage and nobody noticed any difference. Now Bunce is gone, and it is doubtful that new coach Jack Christiansen can produce another instant star. The offense will be as explosive as ever, though, with brilliant John Winesberry, an outside receiver a year ago, being shifted to a running-back position to take advantage of his elusive running. Says Christiansen, "We want Winesberry to have the ball as often as possible, and hand-offs are easier to complete than passes." The quality of the defensive replacements will largely govern how well the Cardinals fare in '72.

Although Southern California will be at least as strong as last year, the Trojans will have a much tougher go of it, because the schedule is more difficult. The time is past when one or two teams could dominate the Pacific Eight. The Trojans' main problem is getting a talented, senior-dominated offensive line to play with consistency. Last year, they manhandled Notre Dame's great defensive unit but fell asleep against a scrawny UCLA line. But coach John McKay is optimistic. "We could have one of our best offensive teams ever," he says. "We had one of the best spring practices I have ever been associated with, and we are a better team now than we were at this time last year." What he didn't say is that the defense, especially the secondary, will be small and untested. Look for the Trojans to be picked apart by Arkansas' passing in the first game of the season.

The passing game—both the execution of and the defense against—was California's real weakness last fall. Both areas should be much improved this time out. Sophomore quarterback Steve Bartkowski is in the Jim Plunkett mold: big (6'4", 215 pounds) and rifle-armed. New coach Mike White needs to find a swift runner and another good receiver to go with Steve Sweeney.

Nearly every misfortune that can befall a new coach was heaped upon Pepper Rodgers at UCLA last year. Sophomore halfback James McAlister, who is supposed to be a human rocket, was declared ineligible, all the quarterbacks fizzled and injuries struck the squad. This season, the quarterbacking will be handled by Rob Scribner (a converted defensive back) and junior college transfer Mark Harmon (Tom Harmon's son). James McAlister is at last eligible and, if he is everything his promoters say he is, the running attack will be breath-taking. Coach Rodgers has installed the wishbone offense to take better advantage of available talent. Since the Bruins will be the only team in the Pacific Eight to use the wishbone this season, it could pose

some knotty defensive problems for Conference opponents.

The Oregon team's main concern, this year as last, is the defense. A lot of sophomores and some lettermen switched from offense have been thrown into the breach by new coach Dick Enright. The patchwork will be doubtful until the season begins. Offensively, the Ducks will have plenty of power with quarterback Dan Fouts, who Enright feels is the best in the country, plus great receivers. He also has a flock of excellent running backs who will operate behind an offensive line averaging 6'5" and 240 pounds!

The offensive line, in contrast, is Washington State's biggest headache. Last year's line graduated en masse. The defensive team will be a good one. Quarterback Ty Paine and runner Ken Grandberry will give the Cougars plenty of punch if a line can be built to block for them.

Arizona State will again be the best team in the Western Conference, but not by as big a margin as in the past two seasons. Quarterback Danny White (son of Whizzer) returns, as does halfback Woody Green, who should be the nation's premier runner before he graduates. Fullback Ben Malone is nearly as good. The Sun Devils have problems with the defense, though, because all but one member of last year's unit have graduated. Bob Breunig, a supersoph linebacker, will help.

Arizona will be the most improved team in the league. Last year's weak offensive line is now one of the team's strong points. An off-season weight program has added new muscle and quickness to the squad. A fine group of rookies, best of whom is halfback Jim Upchurch, will give added depth to a veteran team.

New Mexico, the bridesmaid of the Conference the past two years, is likely to fare no better this season. A rugged out-of-Conference schedule featuring Texas Tech, Iowa State and Houston will prevent the Lobos from having a winning season.

Wyoming is switching to the wishbone offense to get maximum performances from its fleet sophomore backs and to compensate for the lack of an outstanding passer. The Utah offense will be vastly improved in all areas. If coach Bill Meek can jack up the defense to mere respectability, the Redskins will have a winning season. Supersoph middle guard Joe Ingersoll, who is described by his coaches as "a real stud," will bulwark the line.

Long Beach and San Jose State will again be the class of the Pacific Coast Conference. The only thing that kept Long Beach from winning all its games in '71 was an inept defense. That problem



"Would the Greek gentleman mind stepping this way?"

has been cleared up with the addition of choice junior college transfers plus a Kansas State transfer, defensive back Greg Bailey. The Long Beach offense will be as dazzling as usual, mostly because of tailback Terry Metcalf. Despite his relatively small size (185 pounds), Metcalf is perhaps the best college running back in America this year.

San Jose State may have the biggest team on the West Coast. Fifteen starters return and they are joined by 15 junior college transfers, all linemen, who average 250 pounds.

Pacific will be much stronger. The ground attack will be volatile, with fullback Mitchell True and supersoph tailback Willard Harrell. If the Tigers emerge intact from their first two games, with Washington and LSU, they should enjoy a winning season.

Idaho finished the 1971 season with an 8-3 record, the best in the school's history. This year, with a new stadium, 17 returning starters and a number of blue-chip junior college transfers,

the Vandals will be better than last.

Finally, the University of Hawaii has decided to become a major football power. For years the Rainbows have played an attractive schedule, luring to their home stadium some national powers that wouldn't think of scheduling a comparably talented team on the mainland. But what better way for a coach to give his players a week of fun to break up the dreary grind of a long season? Last year Nebraska made the trip. This year it will be Grambling, San Jose State and Stanford, among others. In fact, the Rainbows condescend to visit the grim mainland only twice this year. Hawaii has applied for membership in the Western Athletic Conference and its acceptance is a foregone conclusion. After all, for teams that are based in such exciting places as Tempe, El Paso, Laramie, Provo and Fort Collins, the prospect of an annual trip to Honolulu should be irresistible.



SEMI-TOUGH

(continued from page 120)

The lovely Miss Cissy Walford is starting to blush as I speak her name.

She's sprawled out comfortably across the room from me with a vodka and tonic and a movie magazine. She has her legs draped over the arm of a big chair and she's wearing a pair of those expensive, crotch-tight, thigh-grabbing pants that must be made out of skin and she also has what obviously is a couple of dandy lungs underneath a silk blouse.

I guess I don't really need to point out that Miss Cissy Walford is some kind of good-looking, or she wouldn't be with old Billy Clyde. She's right up there in the majors with Barbara Jane Bookman on looks, and Barbara Jane, of course, is so damned pretty it makes your eyes blur.

The only thing wrong with Cissy Walford is that she's about half Eastern. She's got one of those lispy, semistutter, fake British accents that can really piss you off.

She's from out on Long Island somewhere with a momma and daddy who think Princeton still plays good football. They say things like they'd like to "go get a lob for dinner," meaning a god-damned lobster, and her fuckin' daddy wouldn't pick up a \$30 lunch tab if he owned Wall Street, which he does.

Barbara Jane says Cissy went to school somewhere like Briardale in Westchester County and majored in Bloomingdale's and minored in Bonwit Teller. Those are stores where women go in New York.

Well, Cissy likes hanging around with old Billy Clyde, so I guess she can't be all bad. To tell you the truth, I think she's deep down a pretty good wool, and if it weren't for the fact that she's such a self-centered, spoiled bitch, with that nitwit accent and her shit-heel parents, I'd probably marry her.

She just threw a pillow at me.

Missed, though. Kid never did have an arm.

Now I think I'd better get down to why we're all out here in California. The fact is that the New York Giants have got themselves a little old date this coming Sunday in the Super Bowl against none other than the dog-ass New York Jets.

This is some kind of joke back in New York, of course. Here are two New York teams in the Super Bowl, finally, and the game's being played in Los Angeles.

"Have you mentioned that we're gonna kick the shit out of the dog-ass Jets?" Shake asked me yesterday.

"That's a far-gone conclusion," I said.

"Put in there that I went on record as saying I would play the greatest game of my life," said Shake. "Put in there that



THE DINGO MAN. HE REALLY LIVES IN THOSE BOOTS.

I'll probably catch two or three balls behind Dreamer Tatum and at least once I'll dough-pop him on his black ass."

One thing my buddy Shake has never lacked any great amount of is confidence. I don't think anybody has ever truly embarrassed Dreamer Tatum, at least not in all the films I've seen. And I've never heard of anybody bringing him any bodily harm. Dreamer Tatum is a roverback for the dog-ass Jets, which means that he plays a combination cornerback and linebacker and sometimes covers deep pass routes. He got his name Dreamer in college at USC because he put guys to sleep when he hit them.

I'll tell you. Dreamer Tatum is a stud sumbitch on the football field. He's the only defensive specialist who ever won the Heisman Trophy. That's a trophy that's supposed to go to the best college player every year—and almost never does. Seeing as how me and Shake never won it.

But Dreamer deserved the Heisman the year he got it, which was really an upset over those fuckers who vote in the East and Midwest. And besides that, he's been All-Pro for all three years that he's been with the dog-ass Jets. Dreamer Tatum is what we call a pisser. All you can see in most any film of the dog-ass Jets is Dreamer Tatum sticking some poor sumbitch in the gizzle when the poor sumbitch has tried to run a sweep. All of a sudden the blockers go south and there's Dreamer knocking some poor sumbitch on his butt.

We don't know Dreamer so well. Shit, he lives out in Long Island somewhere, like most of the dog-ass Jets, and of course most of the Giants live in Manhattan or Greenwich or Scarsdale.

We know Dreamer well enough to say hidy, but that's about all. He moves up every now and then and falls into a classy place like P. J. Clarke's, which is where we go a lot. Usually it's when Dreamer is with some real-estate or insurance phony who only wants to be seen with him.

I hear Dreamer's really a good spook when he's not making somebody's hat ring, but my only thought about him right now is that he's on the other side from me in this game and that means we're at war.

As you might suspect, the newspapers are building it up about what's liable to happen when I run at Dreamer, or when Shake runs a route at him. Yesterday a guy in the *L. A. Times* quoted Dreamer as saying we were good in "an inferior league" and that playing the Jets would finally test how good we really were. The *Times* writer quoted Dreamer as saying, "I hope the Giants have got their hats on Sunday, because we want to welcome 'em to pro football."

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you read, of course. Most of it is bullshit. But you read it. Every football player does. Anyhow, Shake answered Dreamer in the paper this morning, and we all had a good laugh, even Cissy Walford, who doesn't understand any of it.

The paper quoted Shake as saying, "I just found out that Dreamer Tatum's real name is Obert Kimberly Tatum. The only Obert I ever knew was so dumb he couldn't figure out a ballpoint pen. And the only Kimberly I ever knew was an interior decorator. So now that I know Dreamer's straight name, I've got to wonder if he's the little bit of hell he's supposed to be."

I'll tell you something. The great miracle of our age is that the Giants are in the Super Bowl, with Shoat Cooper for a head coach. Him being the coach was a stroke of genius on the part of Burt Danby, the new owner, by the way.

When me and Shake were drafted, the head coach was Doyt Elkins, of course, who had originally been hired by the Maras, the old organization. I thought Doyt was a pretty good coach, considering that he communicated with the players only by memo.

We could have done all right with Doyt. But he went to the Cowboys and took the whole staff with him, except for the head scout, which was none other than Shoat Cooper. Burt Danby didn't even look for anybody else. He said the press liked Shoat because they got drunk together. Besides, Burt said, he was sick of coaches who made the game so mysterious.

When he announced at a press conference that Shoat had the job, Burt said, "God, I'm just so up to *here* with zig-outs and *fly* patterns. I mean, the way they all talk, they just practically make me do a total *face-down* in the old salad. Shoat Cooper keeps it simple. And take it from an old advertising cock that if no one knows what you're *saying*, you couldn't sell welfare in Harlem."

What Burt didn't add was that Shoat Cooper came cheap.

I'm not sure where to begin to describe the country sumbitch. Shoat's big. He doesn't have much hair left. He looks like he's got about 12 six-packs of Pearl in his belly. And he's always looking around for somewhere to spit. He's got a slow, deep, country voice. A husky kind of voice, like somebody who just woke up, or like a deputy sheriff talking to a spook who forgot to park his pickup truck between the white lines.

I don't think I've ever seen Shoat act like he's excited. The one time back during the regular season when we were behind, which was at a half time when the Redskins had us down by 30 to 14

on some lucky passes, Shoat Cooper just acted like nothing was any different.

When we all walked into the locker room at Yankee Stadium and slammed our hats down, there was Shoat on a little stool in front of the blackboard, looking down at the floor.

Everybody was bitching and moaning for a few minutes, those that hadn't peed yet or done various things. Finally we plunked down and got quiet and looked at him. Shoat sat there, chewing on a toothpick, and then he got around to telling us about the first half.

"Well, defense," he groaned slowly, "seemed to me like you all just kind of stood around and let 'em eat the apple off your head." Then he spit.

Nobody said anything back for a minute or so, and then Puddin Patterson said, "They stuntin', Coach. On blast and cutback, that fuckin' Seventy-six is comin' from somewhere and I can't get a piece of him." Shoat said hmmpmm.

Puddin said, "I believe we can catch 'em, Coach. We gonna roll like a big wheel this half."

Shoat said, "Well, we ain't gonna catch nobody unless our defense gets together and decides that they ain't gonna let 'em piss another drop."

Puddin Patterson said, "Coach, where that Seventy-six comin' from?"

Shoat looked at the floor for a while, and then he said, "I tell you what let's do, Puddin. Let's you just go out there this half and concentrate on tryin' to hit ever sumbitch that's wearin' a different-colored shirt."

As for our running game, Shoat said, "If you run the football up somebody's ass, then it's them that has to get their hands dirty tryin' to pull it out."

Shoat Cooper had been a great player in the N. F. L. himself. The old-timers will tell you that there weren't many linebackers any better. Maybe Tommy Nobis was. Or Dick Butkus.

But Shoat in his day was some kind of pisser, they say. They say he craved action so much he would beat his head on the locker-room wall until they let him loose for the kickoff.

Shoat came out of Arkansas, like his name suggests. He was from Possum Grape and played ball at the University of Arkansas, where the freshman team is called Shoats. But they say that's not where he got his name. I hear that when he was growing up, he looked just like a baby pig, so somebody started calling him Shoat.

I guess he might smile when we win Sunday. But in the three years he's been our coach, he hasn't.

You would think that Shoat might have smiled once or twice during our regular season, since we're undefeated and untied and already have a diamond

ring cinched for winning the National Conference.

Speaking of our ball club, this seems like a good time for me to go through our line-up and tell you a little something about each stud that you might find interesting.

At tight end, of course, we've got old Thacker Hubbard, who just walked into camp one day. He'd been drafted and cut by Detroit and nobody wanted him. Granted, he's slow. But he'll catch it if Hose Manning doesn't make him reach too far, and he can block. Thacker keeps to himself and does his job. He's from Idaho and likes sheep. He's about six, three and 235.

Seems like Thacker said something funny back during the season, but I can't remember what it was.

Sam Perkins is an offensive tackle on the right side of the line. Sam is just one of those spooks who never complain and give you a whole lot of effort. He's about six feet and 250 and he's been around long enough to know every kind of secret way there is to hold on a pass block.

Sam played college ball at Oregon State, but he comes from Los Angeles. That's where he lives in the off-season, somewhere around here, like Compton. He's got a real good off-season business designing women's clothes, they tell me.

Some people say Sam might like boys better than girls, and that's why he's never been married, but I hesitate to believe something like this about a friend. Anyway, I don't see how the Lord would make somebody an interior lineman, and black, and a fag.

Puddin Patterson is our right guard, as you already know, and of course Puddin is simply one of the all-time immortals. He must be the fastest big man that ever was, and he's such a good buddy that if I asked Puddin to kill somebody for me, he wouldn't say anything except, "Where you want this cat's body shipped?"

Because I like country music so much, Puddin calls me his "closet red-neck," but he knows I love his big ass, and Rosalie, and his two little cousins, too.

Through our connections, me and Shake helped Puddin get a beer distributorship in Lafayette, Louisiana, where he's from, and we also put his momma in the pie-making business, in which she is about to get semirich.

One of the things I think me and Shake will do one of these days when Puddin retires from pro ball is give his old school, Grambling, a \$10,000 scholarship in his name.

Puddin says that won't make up for the fact that we're white. He says, "You cats know how much better ball you'd play if you didn't feel so much guilt?"

We tell Puddin to go play the saxophone, or whatever it is spades do.

At center we've got a peculiar old boy named Nobakov Korelovich from Notre Dame. He's got a monk's haircut, no front teeth, real white skin and a cross eye. Everybody calls him The Pope and he kind of grins.

The Pope goes about six, four and 260, and one of the fascinating things he can do—for money—is drink a can of beer in four seconds. He just sucks it out in a giant inhale.

The Pope broke in as a rookie last year, and I'm sure he would have made All-Pro if he hadn't beaten up a sportswriter from Chicago when we were out there playing the Bears.

It was on Saturday night before the game and some of us were in Adolph's having dinner and some drinks when the sportswriter saw us and came over to our booth and started kidding The Pope about Notre Dame losing to Tulane.

The Pope vaulted out of the booth with a big steak bone in his mouth and grabbed the sportswriter and lifted him up in the air by his neck. He held him up in the air near the piano bar and slapped him a few times, growling through the meat in his mouth.

Then he took the poor old sportswriter out on the sidewalk, right there on Rush Street, turned him upside down

and shook him. He took the guy's money and threw it down the street and took the guy's glasses and ate them.

He just chewed all the glass out of the rims and swallowed it, growling some more, and went back into Adolph's and washed it down with some beer.

We got him calmed down and The Pope just sat there the rest of the night and said, "Fuckin' literary fuckers."

The sportswriter didn't press any charges. In fact, he wrote what I thought was a funny story in the paper the next day about how to interview Nobakov Korelovich. "Outlined against a blue-gray October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again. In dramatic lore they are known as Famine, Pestilence, Destruction and Korelovich."

Our other guard is Euger Franklin. Euger is from Nebraska and he's about as close as anything we've got to what some people might call a troublemaker.

There's no worry about Euger in a football game. He's a strong-shouldered old boy with a hell of a physique and he's quick as a turpentined cat. He weighs about 240 and stands about six, one. Shoat Cooper refers to Euger as his "malcontent."

Since I've been around Euger, which is roughly three seasons, he hasn't been overly friendly with the white studs on the team. He never hangs around with

any of us, even when there are other spooks in the crowd. Even Puddin Patterson, who sort of keeps Euger cool.

Euger is about the only spade on the team that you wouldn't get too funny with, in terms of race or anything. It's strange, too, because actually he's a lot lighter than the rest. Euger, in fact, could damn near pass as a Mexican or an A-rab.

Euger was a number-one draft choice of the Giants, and also an All-America and a Lineman of the Year at Nebraska.

He's married to a good-looking chick named Eunice, who's not a bad blues singer and who's been in the movies. He makes good money with the Giants. He's probably the highest-paid lineman we've got, next to Puddin. Or maybe higher, considering the bonus he got.

But Euger Franklin's been right there with every kind of spook movement that's gone on in the league. Like the white-shoe movement, which was when all the spooks decided they would wear only white game shoes. Things like that.

Our other offensive tackle is just a big old country boy named Dean McCoolby from the University of Texas. He's a rookie who hasn't said anything that I know of since training camp, when we made him try to sing *The Eyes of Texas* every night after dinner until he got the words right.

Dean's six, five and about 255. He's

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got buckteeth, wears glasses off the field and has a bit of a puzzled look on his semi-baby face. We call him Baby Dean and he collects match folders.

Our split end is Marvin ("Shake") Tiller, of whom you may have heard me speak. Shake Tiller. Pimp. Sex maniac. Dope fiend. Wanted for manslaughter in Joplin, Missouri.

We have a flanker who can't do much except outrun everybody, but that's really all he's supposed to do. He's Al ("Abort") Goodwin, the ex-Olympic hurdler.

I'll tell you. If you ever need anybody to run three and a half miles over brush and timber, you'd better get Al ("Abort") Goodwin. On a straight line, I don't think there's any doubt that Al Goodwin could outrun anybody in football. The thing he gives us is the deep threat. Real deep.

Al runs so fast down the side line that he very often gets 60 or 70 yards gone on a single pattern, but of course Hose Manning just can't throw it that far. Still, the defense has to assign one man to Al, basically on the chance that Hose will try to hit him once a game and he'll underthrow and the defensive back can intercept.

Al ("Abort") Goodwin is a real nice fellow who lives in Boulder, Colorado, teaches history at the university, is married and has four kids. He's never seen a day of the year when he didn't run some laps, or do some sprints, even in the snow.

Long before now, I should have mentioned our fullback, the guy who takes over some of my ball-carrying duties now and then and does a fine job of pass blocking for Hose Manning.

Our fullback is Booger Sanders from Alabama, and he's one of the best sumbitches who ever breathed air.

In the eight years he's been up from Tuscaloosa, Booger's had a lot of bad luck with his career. He's had every physical thing happen to him from a broken back to the clap. And two wives have just hauled off and left him.

Booger's kind of short and stumpy, but he's run under more than one tackler in his day. This is the first season that things have gone smooth for him. No injuries. And he's come up with a nice girlfriend who might not rob him.

Now we come to a fellow I just can't say enough about. This is our cerebral leader, Mr. Quarterback himself, otherwise known as Hose Manning. Shoat Cooper calls Hose Manning "the best milker on the farm," meaning he's the best quarterback in pro ball, I agree.

It's a known fact that a football team can't go very far without a good milker, and in my five years with the Giants, we didn't really start going anywhere

until we got Hose from the Vikings two years ago.

We got Hose from Minnesota after a turn of very sinister events that spring, when the Vikings thought he would never be able to play ball again after he was in a terrible car wreck back in his home town of Purcell, Oklahoma.

The story behind the trade is semifascinating and I think I'll reveal it. It would make a damn movie is all it would do. Hose had gone home to Purcell, like he always does in the off-season. He'd gone home to look after his chain of filling stations. Purcell is a little town near Norman, which is where the University of Oklahoma is. Purcell is also where they have the annual Old Fiddlers' Contest, which is an event where old fiddle players from everywhere gather for a few days and fiddle their asses off.

Down there that same spring to scout Oklahoma's spring training one week was Tom Stinnywade, the Vikings' chief scout. One day Stinnywade had nothing else to do but drive over to Purcell to hear some of the old fiddlers who were having their contest at the same time as Oklahoma's spring practice.

By a strange coincidence, Stinnywade happened to be passing along the highway just outside Purcell at the exact time that Hose Manning's Cadillac got hit from the blind side by one of those old yellow-dog school buses. You've seen those old yellow-dog buses. The kind with the straight-back seats. The kind junior college teams go to games in and throw Kentucky Fried Chicken bones out the windows of.

When Hose's car got hit, it turned over two or three times, they say, and rattled all the dishes in Grayford's Truck Stop Diner on the other side of the street. Tom Stinnywade actually saw the crash, hopped out of his own car, ran over and saw Hose lying on the ground, unconscious.

What Stinnywade did next is the key to the whole thing. Instead of seeing how bad Hose was hurt, Stinnywade ran into Grayford's Truck Stop Diner and called the front office in Minneapolis and got hold of Herb Fannerbahn, the Vikings' general manager.

"Trade Manning," Stinnywade said. Or something like that.

Now the plot thickens.

Herb Fannerbahn phoned up Burt Danby in New York and asked him if the Giants had found a quarterback yet. Burt obviously said no. Fannerbahn asked if Burt would like to have Hose Manning. For the Giants' first four draft choices.

Burt Danby is sometimes not so stupid and he told Herb Fannerbahn he'd get back to him within an hour.

Burt then phoned up Shoat Cooper,

who was down on his ranch near Lubbock, Texas. The Vikings want to give us Manning, Burt said, but there must be something wrong. Could Shoat find out what it was?

It just so happened that Shoat Cooper had a friend in Purcell that he could call. It was a waitress in Grayford's Truck Stop Diner named Louise the Tease. Shoat had done some scouting in his day and, like most scouts, he knew every beer joint and truck stop and waitress in America.

Shoat called up Louise the Tease and asked her if she had heard anything about Hose Manning lately.

"All I know is what I can see out the window right now," said Louise the Tease, "which is Hose Manning lyin' in a ditch."

Shoat asked Louise the Tease to do him a big favor, like run across the street and see if Hose was alive, and, if so, did he have all his arms and legs and hands, and, possibly, could he call an audible?

"I'll go see," said Louise the Tease. "But personally, I wouldn't give you two cents for him. He taken somethin' from between my thighs once and now he don't never come around."

Louise the Tease called Shoat back in less than five minutes and said Hose seemed to be all right. She said he even managed to smile and suggest something she could do that would make his crotch feel better.

Shoat phoned this news to Burt Danby, who immediately phoned up Herb Fannerbahn and made the trade.

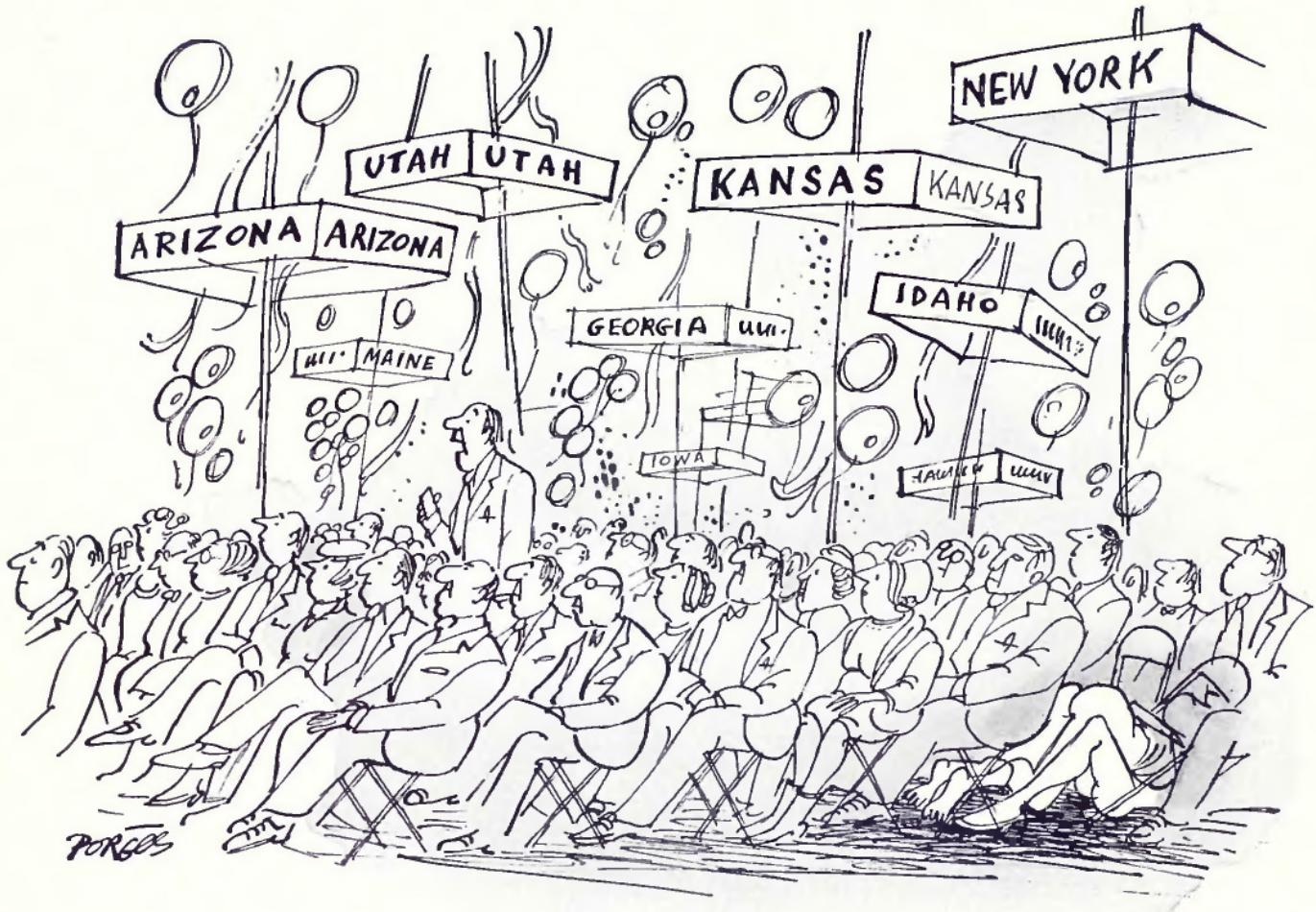
And that's how we got our milker. I don't know whatever happened to Tom Stinnywade. Last I heard, he was an assistant coach in a vocational high school on Chicago's South Side. And Herb Fannerbahn is a tour guide now at Hoover Dam, I think.

Hose Manning fit right in with us, of course. He not only gave us the arm we needed but he's a fine punter and field-goal kicker. A real all-round stud who nearly won the Heisman Trophy when he played for OU.

Hose is a tough leader. And he's not bad-looking for a guy with an Oklahoma face. He's got deep creases in his face and what's left over from a childhood case of acne. He's got black, stringy hair, and he's about the only quarterback left who wears high-top shoes. He's over six feet and weighs about 200. He's got a quick release and he throws what we call a light ball. The nose is up and it's easy to catch.

The only thing Hose lost in that wreck was one kidney. But, like he says, "If I'd lost it earlier in life, think how much less I'd had to piss."

As for our defensive unit, I don't know so many personal things about



"Twelve yea, eleven nay and two abstaining!"

very many of those studs, other than T. J. Lambert.

In pro ball, the offense and defense are like two separate clubs. We never work together. The defense is always down on the other end of the field figuring out its own problems.

Shoat Cooper's number-one assistant is an old fellow named Morgan Bujakowski and he handles the defense. Shoat calls Bujakowski "Ol' Army" because he played at both West Point and Texas A&M during World War Two. Most of the players call him the star-spangled Polack because he's still got a crewcut, keeps his shoulders reared back and wears an old Aggie cavalry hat to practice.

The star-spangled Polack likes to kick players in the butt and tell us that we don't know what real football is. He says face guards have taken fear out of the game.

What I'll do, I think, is just run through the defensive line-up for you, sort of quick.

T. J. Lambert, of course, is on one end, and you've already gotten acquainted with that great American poet. On the opposite end, we've got F. Tolan

Gates, who's from Stanford. He's a good fellow whose family is about half rich.

At one defensive tackle we've got Henry Knight from Arkansas AM&N, which the star-spangled Polack once said stood for Agricultural, Mechanical and Nigger. The other tackle is Rucker McFarland from North Carolina State, who met his wife on a float in the Peach Bowl parade. That's our down four.

Our three linebackers are Perry Lou Jackson, Salter Bingham and Harris Jones. Perry Lou's from Texas Southern. You might have heard of Perry Lou's older brother, Bad Hair Jackson. He got famous a couple of years ago for killing four prison guards at Huntsville. Salter Bingham played at UCLA and his sister was a well-known actress named Stepanie something. Harris Jones comes from Michigan State, where some people might recall that he was better known as a basketball player.

In the secondary, I'd guess that we've got more speed than a bunch of hookers at a convention.

Jimmy Keith Joy and Story Time Mitchell give us the two toughest corners in pro ball, I think. Jimmy Keith Joy is from Kansas State and Story Time

Mitchell is a rookie from Purdue whose whole life got changed by football. In the spring of his junior year at Purdue, Story Time Mitchell got caught being a lookout on a grocery-market holdup. The school decided, however, that it wouldn't be a good thing for an All-America, which he was, to have to go to jail. And the team voted that he ought to get to stay on the squad, figuring it would help rehabilitate him, and that way he could also keep returning punts and intercepting passes.

Story Time Mitchell has played real good for the Giants and stayed pretty much out of trouble with the law, although his roommate on the road, Perry Lou Jackson, says, "It sure is a lot of trouble all the time to have to take a shower with your money in your hand."

This leaves only our free safety and our strong safety, and they happen to be absolute streaks named Varnell Swist and Bobby Styles. Varnell Swist is from San Diego State and I don't think there's a better free safety in football. And Bobby Styles is from LSU, where he was a running back. In Baton Rouge, they say, the radio stations still play a

recording of Bobby's great run that beat Ole Miss a couple of years ago.

Well, this just about takes care of everybody important on our team, except for Randy Juan Llanez, our utility stud. All I can say about Randy Juan is that he comes from somewhere in South America, played college ball at Florida State and says he learned to run fast in riots after soccer games.

So there they are, folks, the New York Giants. Get 'em, Giants.

Which brings me around to giving you some description of the dog-ass Jets, champions of the American Conference and the teammates of Dreamer Tatum—who personally broke two Oakland jaws in the course of the play-off. It's hard to pin down their dog-ass personality, but you might say that they are cocky on the field and half rowdy off it—in whatever bowling alleys or low-rent districts they hang out. But I have plenty of respect for them, both as athletes and as people.

If the Giants never won anything but a coin toss or two for the last 15 years, the Jets were in about the same bad shape when Joe Namath retired a few years ago. But then the Mastriani brothers, Angie and Tony, bought the team and hired Rudi Tambunga for coach. Rudi has managed to rebuild the Jets with some good drafts and some stud trades.

One of the slickest moves the Mastriani brothers made four years ago was getting the dog-ass Jets to lose their last five games so they could finish with the worst record in the whole N. F. L. and be allowed to draft Dreamer Tatum.

In case nobody knows it, the last-place team gets the first draft pick. I heard a story that the dog-ass Jets celebrated their final loss to the Patriots in Shea Stadium by carrying their quarterback, Boyce Cayce, off the field because he had thrown four interceptions for touchdowns.

"This is a great bunch of guys," the papers quoted Rudi Tambunga. "I'm proud to be associated with a bunch that wants the first-round draft pick as much as the management does."

After the dog-ass Jets got Dreamer Tatum, they made a stud trade with Dallas and got Jessie Luker and Gruver Allgood to pep up the offense.

Jessie Luker is a hot dog from Alcorn A&M who's got hands on him like snowshoes. Instead of his name on his jersey across the back, he's got SEE YOU LATER stitched on there for guys to read when they're chasing him. In the regular season, he caught the most balls of anybody other than Shake Tiller.

Why Dallas gave up on Gruver Allgood has baffled a lot of people. He gained only 1035 yards last season for

the Cowboys and took them to the Super Bowl, where they lost down in Mexico City to the Chiefs, 56 to 3.

Gruver was popular in Dallas, despite his two arrests on sodomy. And that scandal he got into when he got caught stealing women's underwear off the clotheslines in back yards. He's sure done a fine job for the dog-ass Jets, and he's stayed fairly clean in New York.

There's another old boy who makes the dog-ass Jets what they are and that's Boyce Cayce. I don't think he's any Hose Manning, but you'd have to put Boyce in your top half of quarterbacks around the league. The sportswriters have been calling him "the grand old man" for several years, although he's never played on a great team until now. Boyce started out with the Rams about 12 years ago, I guess, and since then he's been with the Redskins, Saints, Oilers, Raiders, Browns, Bears, Dolphins, Chiefs and Broncos.

The dog-ass Jets got him four years ago and he sort of became a different person. Rudi Tambunga has handled Boyce real good. They say Boyce has cut down a lot on his fights in bars. He hasn't stolen a city bus in a long time. You don't hear so much about his drinking in public or his betting.

Now the Super Bowl is history and I guess it's time for me to settle down and tell my side of what happened in that extravaganza. I happen to be sitting on the beach in this place in the Hawaiian Islands called Kauai, where I always go after a hard season. It's a semiparadise, hidden away from everything. It doesn't have a telephone or a television or a newspaper or any assholes around. All it has is an ocean, a beach, a mountain, a valley, some lagoons, some waterfalls and no police that I've ever seen. Anyhow, here I am with my little old tape recorder and certain semipainful memories. I have thought about the game and replayed it a few thousand times in my head.

I still can't believe how nervous we were and how overeager we were at the start. Whatever the record was for tight assholes, the Giants broke it.

Shake tried to make some jokes just before we came out of the dressing room for the opening kickoff, but nobody laughed too hard. "Remember this, gang," he said. "No matter what happens out there today, at least six hundred million Chinese don't give a shit."

The dog-ass Jets won the coin flip and got to kick off, which is what we wanted to do. In a big game, we'd rather kick than receive. That's to get in some licks on defense and let the other side know you've come to stack asses.

Everybody who was there or watching

on television knows how fired up the Giants were just before the kickoff. That wasn't any act, the way we were jumping up and down and beating on one another.

The guys on our side line said later that everybody on our bench was hollering "Come get your dinners" at the dog-ass Jets and pointing down at their crotches.

Randy Juan Llanez and me are always the two deep backs on kick returns. I want to mention that in case you might have read some foolishness in *Sports Illustrated* about Shoat Cooper making a grievous mistake by using me on the opening kickoff. I've only been returning kickoffs my whole life.

It was unfortunate that the kick was a sorry one and scooted along on the ground, bouncing sort of goofy. Because Randy Juan Llanez never actually got hold of it before he was dough-popped by two or three green shirts on our ten-yard line.

I remember thinking instinctively, "Uh-oh, Jesus shit a nail." And I knew damn well I would get hit as soon as I retrieved the ball on our goal line. It's true, as *Sports Illustrated* wrote, that "the jolting blow momentarily separated Puckett from all that made intellectual sense—as well as the football."

Dreamer rang my hat when he busted me, all right, and then went on to recover the ball for a dog-ass touchdown on the very first play of the game. But I can't help laughing now at what he said to me after he came over and helped me up and patted me on the ass. Old Dreamer said, "Stick that in your fucking book."

Throughout the whole first quarter, even the first half, I guess it would be fair to say that we were in some kind of a daze.

For a long time, I didn't think Hose Manning would be able to draw back and hit the ground with the football if you held the turf up in front of his face guard. Shake got open three or four times, but Hose threw the ball only about 20 feet over his head, as if Hose were afraid an interception would give him syphilis.

Hose wasn't getting very good protection, I've got to say. Our line was trying to zone block or scramble block or some idiot thing that wasn't working. On situations where I had to stay back and protect, it looked like a junior high school recess coming at me.

"Sumbitch," said Hose once, trying to get up after the whistle. "I thought you could only have eleven fuckers on a side."

What got us was they were playing us normal, just like Shake and me felt they would. Dreamer played the wide part of

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the field, like any rover, even when Shake would split out toward the near side line. Obviously, they were guessing that a good pass rush on Hose was the best defense against Shake Tiller.

Their defense jumped around a lot, trying to confuse us, when Hose would be up at the line calling signals. Dreamer would move up on the line of scrimmage, like he might be intending to come on a blitz, but he would back off.

It caused a couple of bad snaps and one or two delay penalties when Hose would try to call an audible. Once Hose called an audible for Booger Sanders to follow me through right guard, but Booger couldn't hear the play.

It was actually kind of funny. Hose started his cadence at the line and then changed his play. When he was calling out the new play, Booger hollered "Check," meaning he couldn't hear the play. Hose called out the signals again and Booger shouted "Check" again. So old Hose raised up from behind the center and turned around to Booger Sanders and pointed at Puddin Patterson's butt and said, "Right fuckin' through here, you country cocksucker."

The dog-ass Jets broke up laughing, and so did the rest of us, and we got a five-yard penalty for delay of the game.

For a while, it was a little bit unsettling to have Dreamer Tatum talking to us on the line of scrimmage. Dreamer would say things like, "Hey, Billy Puckett, run at me, baby."

Or he would say to Hose Manning, "Watch it now, Mr. Quarterback. Dream Street comin' this time. Dream Street comin'!"

You have to be a stud athlete that everybody expects miracles from to know what it's like to get as humiliated as we were in the early part of the game.

I'll grant you that we looked rotten, all of us, but I want to point out that it just isn't true what all the newspapers and *Sports Illustrated* said about Shake Tiller—that he might have been suffering a slight case of overconfidence.

Some people have reasoned that this is why Shake dropped a couple of balls that Hose finally threw in his vicinity. And the reason he fumbled the one ball he did catch in the first quarter. Which resulted in another touchdown for the dog-ass Jets.

When Shake fumbled that ball he caught in the first quarter, for what would have been our initial first down of the game, it was frankly because Dreamer Tatum knocked his eyelids off.

Shake grabbed it over his shoulder—it was just a little old quick-out—but just as he stopped to throw an inside fake, Dreamer, who was steaming up on him, caught him a lick. The ball squirted straight up in the air, on our 45, and here came one of their dog-ass linebackers, Hoover Buford from Baylor, of all

places, to pick off the ball in mid-air and practically trot to the end zone.

The Baptist sumbitch could have stopped to take a leak and nobody could have caught him. I'd hit into the line and was too far away, and Hose, of course, is not exactly what you'd call your Metroliner.

Al ("Abort") Goodwin would have had a chance, provided he knew how to tackle, but Al had sprinted his usual 50 yards down the side line.

A few minutes later, the Jets scored on a 70-yard bomb from Boyce Cayce to Jessie Luker because Jimmy Keith Joy had slipped and fallen down.

Until T. J. Lambert smothered Boyce Cayce that time and got us a fumble on their 35, we were on the brink of giving up because nothing would go right for us.

That fumble T. J. captured, which I think he got because he farted so viciously that no dog-ass Jet wanted to go near the ball, enabled us to get a field goal and at least get something on the scoreboard.

I didn't want us to take the three when we only had fourth and one on their two-yard line, especially when we were down by 21, but Shoat Cooper wanted on the scoreboard.

That was Shoat's play and not Hose Manning's, so all of those Giant fans who threw all of those cushions and garbage at Hose when he came off the field ought to feel pretty apologetic about it.

I still think I could have stuck it in there for six, but we did what Shoat ordered. Shake Tiller held the ball and Hose Manning kicked it through there and we got our three.

I was all set to block Dreamer when he rushed, but he didn't rush. He faked like he would, and then raised up and laughed. And before he jogged off the field, you may have noticed how he patted Shake on top of the hat and shook Hose's hand to congratulate him. Would that piss you off at all?

Anyhow, that was the score, 21 to 3, when we went in for the strangest half time I've ever encountered.

I'm afraid that for about the first ten minutes we were in the dressing room, we acted like a crowd of convicts who didn't like their fat meat. Just about everybody kicked something and slung his helmet against the wall or on the floor. It was T. J. Lambert, of course, who made the most noise.

"Tootie fruities!" he hollered. "We're all a bunch of goddamned tootie fruities." T. J. snarled and puffed and built up to a roar and called out, "We're through takin' shit!"

There was general movement through the room, with guys going to get a Coke out of a drink box or going to take a dump or a leak.

"Hose Manning!" T. J. yelled. "You know what your fuckin' old offense looks like out there? It looks like a barrel of hog shit!"

Hose was over opening his locker and getting out a clipboard with pages of plays in it. He sat down quietly on the bench and started looking through the plays and smoking a cigar.

T. J. carried on. "By God, my defense ain't give 'em nothin' but one diddy-waddle pass and they don't get that if my nigger don't slip down back there," he said. "Jimmy Keith Joy, you Aferkin sumbitch, where are you?"

From across the room, you could hear Jimmy Keith's voice. "Yo, Daddy," Jimmy Keith hollered.

"Jimmy Keith, get your ass up here in front of everybody and take a fuckin' oath that there ain't no other tootie fruities gonna get behind you the rest of the day," T. J. said.

Jimmy Keith Joy hobbled over into the center of the dressing room. "I got 'em, Daddy. I got 'em," he said. "Everything's groovin'."

"We ain't takin' no more *shit*!" T. J. Lambert hollered, a lot louder than he can fart. "Giants has got one more half to be *men*," T. J. said. "Them fuckers ain't won nothin' yet."

A group of us around Hose Manning's locker got a mite testy. I guess Shake Tiller started it.

"How much did you bet on the Jets?" Shake needled Hose.

Hose only looked up at him.

"Why don't you try throwin' balls in the same stadium the rest of us are in?" Shake asked.

Hose drew on his cigar and squinted and said, "And when did you forget how to run your routes, playboy?"

Shake said, "I can't run 'em in the stadium tunnels. They call that out of bounds, where the ball's been going."

Puddin Patterson interrupted. "Let's stay together, babies," he said. "We can move it on them cats. I can feel it. We gonna sail like a big boat this half."

Shake said, "Bite my ass, Puddin. You haven't been off your belly all day. Sixty-four's all over you like the crabs."

Puddin said, "We gonna move it this half. We gonna fly like a big balloon."

"Yeah, and I'm gonna be the first nigger on the moon," Shake said, spitting on the floor.

I said for everybody to cut the crap and let's talk about what might work.

"A runnin' back wouldn't hurt us any," Hose said, calmly. "You haven't showed me a lot of Jim Brown out there."

"Line gonna move them cats this half," said Puddin. "We gonna spin like a big record."

"Nothing wrong with us that a



"That's what I hate about this job—hitchhikers!"



"Wonderful news from Vietnam, eh? It's all over but the shooting."

Namath or a Jurgensen couldn't fix," said Shake.

We had to get together, I said. "We got two quarters to play football and that's plenty. We only need three sixes if the defense can shut 'em down."

Hose said, "I think the counter will give us something if Puddin and Euger can start gettin' a piece of somebody."

"Fuck Euger," said Shake. "Seventy-one's spittin' his ass out like watermelon seeds."

"We gonna stuff 'em like groceries," said Puddin.

It was from the other side of the room that we all heard T. J. cut one that sounded like a drum roll and then heard him call out: "Where the hell are the goddamn coaches? Shit, I wouldn't blame 'em for not wantin' to hang around this bunch of tootie fruities."

It must have occurred to all of us at the same time. The coaches weren't there. Shoat Cooper wasn't there. The star-spangled Polack wasn't there. None of the coaches were in the dressing room at the half time of the Super Bowl.

The only indication that a coach of some kind had even *been* there was on a big blackboard at the far end of the room.

Written in big chalk numbers was a message of encouragement, I think you could call it.

The blackboard said:

24 TO 21

None of us saw it when we first got to the dressing room, because we were too busy throwing our hats and cussing one another. And who would have thought that the Giants' coaches would have sent us a simple message instead of their own selves? We never did get around to discussing among ourselves what we ought to try to do.

Football studs, by the way, get a considerable laugh out of the things they read in the newspapers and magazines after a game. We're always reading about our strategy and adjustments, and invariably it's wrong.

For instance, the New York *Daily News* said:

The half time was devoted to a serious discussion of the options the Giants had. Shoat Cooper and his war council of Hose Manning, Billy Clyde Puckett and Shake Tiller calmly agreed to go with less deception in the last two periods.

In the first half, Manning had

not been able to throw effectively into the seams of the Jets' sliding zone. Thus, the Jets had taken away Manning's favorite weapons—the double zig-out, the hitch and fly and the post and go, all to Shake Tiller.

The different look of the Jets' defensive line, which shuffled in and out of a five-two, a four-three, a four-four and a gap six, created disorder among the Giants' blockers.

"Our stutter rush, or what we call Fox Trot Green, gave 'em plenty of trouble," said Dreamer Tatum.

The rush not only stifled the Giants' passing game, it kept guessing exactly right on where Billy Clyde Puckett wanted to run. He had no room. He was virtually shut down, and you could see the frustration written on his square jaw as he came to the side line, time after time.

Wisely, however, Shoat Cooper went to Plan B. After half-time consultation with his war council—Manning, Puckett and Tiller—the Giants switched to Man blocking from their linemen and decided to employ basic muscle.

Although their lucky white jerseys with the blue-and-red trim were now soiled and tattered, and their proud blue helmets were dented and smudged by the relentless thudding of the Jets' defense, the Giants' attack came alive in the second half and prevented no less than an outrageous embarrassment.

Now, is that some cheap crap or isn't it?

The half-time festivities were practically over and we were getting ready to take the field when Shoat stuck his head in our door. He said, "You got thirty more minutes to play and you can do one of two things. You can play football the way you're capable or you can go back out there and keep on lookin' like a bunch of turds what dropped out of a tall cow's ass!"

There's no point in me trying to argue that we weren't lucky right after the second half started. Their kickoff went through our end zone and we got the ball on our 20, and it was important for us to show the Jets that we had come back with some spunk. What we needed to do was get a good drive going, and more than anything we needed to get us six.

In the huddle on first down at our 20, Hose said, "OK, ladies, let's tend to our knittin'. Lots of time now. Plenty of time. Let's block now, bunch. Everybody blocks. Ain't that right? OK, bunch. Here we go. Gotta be smooth now, bunch."

Shake Tiller finally said, "Why don't you call a fuckin' play so we can get on with it?"

As everybody knows, the drive was not

exactly semiperfection. An interference call on Shake Tiller didn't hurt us any, and neither did another one on Thacker Hubbard. Something else that didn't hurt was the quick whistle that saved us the ball at mid-field after Booger Sanders fumbled.

"We got a little luck goin'," said Hose. "A little luck, bunch. A little luck's out here with us now. OK, bunch. It's all there to be had. It's all there waitin' for us. Just a stroll in the country, bunch. That's all it is. Just pickin' up flowers."

Shake said, "Hose, you want to can the shit and call the game? We know why we're here."

That was a hell of a catch Shake made on a wobbly pass that Hose threw that got us down to their 31. Just a typical one-hander from the repertoire of old 88. I guess this was the first time that we felt like we had moved the ball, and we were sure in sniffing distance.

I made a little yardage on a sweep, thanks to Euger Franklin's blocking, and Hose scrambled for about ten, and now we were down on their seven and Hose called time out.

Me and Hose went to the side line to chat with Shoat, and this was the first time that I actually think I heard the crowd. It was almost as if I had just woke up. Say what you want to, but a big old thing like the Super Bowl causes nerves and numbness.

"What's workin'?" Shoat asked Hose.

"That interference play ain't bad," Hose said, winded but grinning slightly.

Shoat said, "They's men in the trenches and if we could score down in there, it would let 'em know they's men on both sides."

Shoat took the toothpick out of his mouth and said, "Try old Stud Hoss here. We ain't goin' for no more threes."

I got two yards on a slant and I got four more on a wide pitch, and we had third down at the one. Actually, Dreamer tackled me on the three, but I crawled to the one and the zebras let me have it. Then, on third down, Hose called me on a quick hitter and I went nowhere. That left it fourth and about a foot to go.

Hose called time out again. Over on the side line, Shoat chose to recite some coaching wisdom for us. "They's one thing you always do when you're down to the nut cuttin'. I never knowed anybody from Bryant to Royal to Lombardi who didn't say to go with your best back on his best play. Let's stick Stud Hoss here in there behind Puddin and see if we can get just enough of a crease. Tell that toothless Catholic sumbitch to give you a good snap."

Some people say that this was the biggest play of the game. Whether that's true or not, it was sure the one that caused the most fuss.

It's always a close call when a back

tries to leap up and dive over the line and then gets shoved back. Was he over or wasn't he? I climbed right up Puddin's ass, and I remember hearing a lot of grunts, and I surely remember the kick that Dreamer and Hoover Buford put on me, up there in the air, on top of the heap.

The question that the head linesman had to decide was whether I had crossed over the goal before the ball jarr'd loose, and I was thrown back, and there was that scramble and fistfight for the football.

One zebra signaled a touchdown. Another one signaled a fumble and a Jet recovery. Another one signaled time out. And, meanwhile, six or eight Giants and six or eight Jets got into what you call your melee.

Both benches emptied out onto the field, and whistles were blowing, and guys were cussing, but the one thing I could hear above all of it was guess what? You got it. T. J. Lambert cut some that really and truly belonged in a zoo. As much as anything, I think, it was the odor that broke it all up.

I didn't get into the fisticuffs, because all you do in something like that is get injured. Neither did Dreamer. What we actually did was sink to our knees, off to one side, and laugh.

When the fight stopped, the zebras talked a long time and finally decided to give us a touchdown. I don't like to think that their decision was swayed by the fact that T. J. stood right in the midst of them, snarling and cutting some short, sweet ones. But it might have been.

I understand that even on slow-motion instant replay, nobody could tell whether I scored or not before the fumble, but we got to count it, anyhow. That's the main thing. It was 21 to 10, after Hose made the conversion, and we were back in the ball game.

It was surely that drive to start the second half that made us a lot more eager to do battle. In pro football, being down by 21 to 10 is not nearly so bad as it seems, particularly when there's still a quarter and a half to go and you've suddenly got some momentum.

Of course, it took a little of the juice out of us when they came right back and drove 80 yards to our one-inch line and had a first down. And I'll never know how T. J. Lambert got back there and took the ball away from Boyce Cayce just as he was handing it to Gruver Allgood without being called for off side. That was certainly one of the biggest plays of the game, even though *Sports Illustrated* failed to mention it.

Of course, insofar as big plays go, you can't say enough about Jimmy Keith Joy's redeeming himself by recovering the punt they fumbled several plays later. Hose Manning really got into a good punt and it didn't hurt any that the ball took a Giant bounce past their

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twin safeties and rolled damn near the length of the field, or all the way to their 12-yard line.

Old Jimmy Keith Joy was chasing that sumbitch all the way, you might remember, as if a carload of red-necks were after him. And even though Jimmy Keith and Jessie Luker sort of wound up in a tie for the ball, I think the referee made a good decision when he awarded it to us on their 15. I knew with two successive breaks like that we would score quick.

In the huddle, Hose Manning called for Shake Tiller to split out by Dreamer Tatum, fake a hook and then beat him to the flag. "Drill it on the break," said Shake, "and my numbers'll be there."

It was really a pretty play. Shake put his move on Dreamer and left him hollering "Aaaaah, shit," and Hose blew it right in there at Shake's numbers and we had us another six.

When the fourth quarter started, it was some kind of a ball game, 21 to 17.

It was just about then that Dreamer Tatum intercepted Hose's screen pass and went 55 yards for his second touchdown of the game.

I don't mind saying that this gave us a sick feeling, to be on the verge of catching up, and then to have something like that happen. To pull up to within four points of somebody and then suddenly to have something terrible like that occur and fall back by 11 was almost enough to make us want to vomit.

We probably would have, too. We probably would have just sat down and thrown up and cried pretty soon if Randy Juan Llanelz hadn't taken that kickoff and run it right up their ears.

Some things I've read say that television clearly showed he stepped out of bounds twice, at our 40 and at their 22, but all I know is that Randy Juan Llanelz got credit for going 98 steps to their alumni stripe, and it was six more for our side.

And if he's not the greatest little spook spick I've ever known, then you can go browse through your *taco* huts and find one to top him.

I'm embarrassed that I made such a spectacle of myself when Randy crossed the goal line. I was running right behind him all the way. And I was so happy when he scored that I guess I must have looked like a dress designer the way I wrestled him down to the ground and hugged on him, celebrating.

All I remember is that I was overcome with joy and Randy Juan was squirming and squealing underneath me. He said his ankle was pinching.

I really wish I could tell you that we knew what we were doing there at the last. I'd like to be able to divulge that we said a lot of dramatic things to one another in the huddle. I wish I could say that every time we went into the huddle on that 85-yard drive, which was

against both the dog-ass Jets and the dog-ass clock, that we were fresh enough to be witty or clear-thinking or exceptionally heroic in one way or another.

All I can truthfully remember is that I was so whip-dog tired and bruised up that I was just going along on what you call your instinct.

I recall hearing Hose calling an audible at the line, now and then, like, "Blue, curfew, eighty-three," and at the same time I recall hearing Dreamer Tatum yelling defensive signals, like, "Brown, bruin, fox trot," and then The Pope would snap the ball and I'd run somewhere and take another lick.

That was a hell of a call Hose came up with when we had fourth fucking down on our own 37 and two to go. I knew we had to go for it, because of the clock. If we punted, we might never see the ball again.

Hose didn't make up a play so much as he made up a change of positions. He put Shake Tiller at tight end and he put Thacker Hubbard into a full-house backfield with me and Booger Sanders. The only guy he split out wide was Randy Juan.

Then he called tight end deep, only man down. This meant that it was going to be a deep pass for Shake Tiller, out of a run formation. It was going to be that or nothing.

"I got to have good boards on this one," Hose told Shake.

"Just throw that sumbitch. I'll get there," said Shake.

If Hose had thrown a real good pass, of course, it would have been a touchdown, because the play had everybody fooled, including Shoat Cooper. Nobody was within ten yards of Shake.

As it was, we got only 35 yards after Shake jumped up and caught the ball over his head and came down off balance and toppled out of bounds. Instead of semidead, we were down on their 28.

He caught the ball near our bench, and you would have thought he had just been elected Roman emperor, the way our bunch mobbed him.

I want everybody to know that I was fairly astounded later on, when I found out that I carried the ball six straight times from there. I don't at all remember the ten-yard sweep where they tell me I flat ran over Dreamer Tatum, cunt on cunt. And he had to be helped off the field for the first time in his career.

We called time out then, and I just sat on the ground. The scoreboard clock showed just four seconds left. There must have been a lot of roaring, but I couldn't hear a sound. It was really weird. It was like I was swallowed up in this great movie all around me, but it was a silent movie.

That last carry wasn't 23 blast like *Sports Illustrated* said but what we call Student Body Left, a play where every-

body pulls left and I run a slant or a sweep, depending on how our blockers clear the path.

I was so tired and numb then that I don't remember it. They tell me I climbed right over Puddin's big ass and then dived like a silly damn swan over the alumni stripe and onto my face guard to win the game.

What happened for the next few minutes is also pretty much of a blur. Let's see, now. They carried me off the field, of course, and I damn near got stripped naked from little kids clawing at me.

I can still hear Shoat rapping on my helmet and saying, "We done fucked 'em. We done fucked 'em."

T. J. Lambert lifted me up in the air and said, "Remind me to buy you a soddy pop."

Burt Danby had tears streaming down his face and went so far as to kiss me on the goddamn lips.

Well, as happy as I am to be on the winning side in the Super Bowl, I can't brag that 31 to 28 is much of a whipping. And I surely don't agree with *Sports Illustrated* that it was "beyond question the most memorable sporting event of the century, apart from the most recent America's Cup."

I'll say this. I think the sportswriters made a good choice when they voted Dreamer Tatum the Player of the Game. I'd liked to have had that trophy as well as the cabin cruiser and the year's supply of bubble bath. But Dreamer deserved the award.

There wasn't anything in the newspapers about Dreamer coming over to our dressing room to congratulate us. After he had showered and got dolled up, and after the crowd had thinned out, he came over. It was semibig of him, I thought.

He was wearing a leather jacket with a belt, a pair of pink velvet knickers with riding boots that had spurs on them and a bush hat made out of fur.

"Nice goin'," he said. "Had you cats in the box, but we let you out."

I thanked him for coming over. "It could have been different real easy," I said. "A lot of things could have happened the other way."

Dreamer smiled. "Say, I learned somethin' a long time ago about football, baby," he said. "What could have happened did. That's what I know." Dreamer also said that me and him ought to get to know each other better in New York. Maybe chase some wool together.

I told Dreamer that when we all got off the banquet circuit, we'd sure do that.

"You the champs, baby," said Dreamer, leaving. "Scoreboard done said so."

I thought to myself that Dreamer Tatum was some kind of a stud, all right, and I hoped I could have that much class when I lost the big one.



Raymond



"Peeping Tom!"

BLUE-COLLAR SABOTEURS

that they just couldn't do it. How do you think that makes a man feel?"

So if the company starts laying people off, in Callahan's view, it is the duty of the union to fight back. When the cars weren't being finished on the line, the company had simply asked for it. It was fair play. The sabotage claim was just so much crying. A union man wouldn't do anything like that except under unusual pressure. "There's always some of that going on. A guy gets mad at his foreman and takes a tool to the paint job. Things like that. A lot of what they were calling sabotage was people not being able to do the work they were supposed to be able to do. There just wasn't time. The rest of it wasn't anything more than what you normally have."

But a young inspector at the plant who stops in The Scene West to drink beer doesn't see it that way. "Oh, man, you should have seen some of those cars. No way that wasn't sabotage. Things were cut and scratched—you know, brake lines, gas lines, upholstery, windshields. Dashboards smashed up. Some engines had bolts driven through the block. They were just tearing those cars up." There's no way of being sure that isn't a lot of brave talk for the consumption of gullible journalists. The young inspector isn't especially verbal. He doesn't volunteer much except on the sabotage. Otherwise, it is just a shrug of the shoulders and a "You know, man, it's not anything special. Just a job."

The inspector's friends are more circumspect about the sabotage but ready to talk. Everyone knows at least one story. This thing a guy in his section did to one car. Or something he heard from a buddy who works down the line. They all agree there was sabotage, more than usual, and, hell, he should know. He's an inspector.

They are better on the things a man can do to get back without destroying any property, the spontaneous insubordination that goes on when men work together and that merely offends dignity and creates confusion. The soldiers in formation, for example, who bray like sheep when the sergeant's back is turned. A favorite trick at Lordstown is locking the keys inside a car as it nears the end of the line, ready to be gassed and driven off to the lot. "It doesn't really hurt anything," one man says. "The foreman just has to run like a scalded dog to get a master key before they shut the line down. And no foreman wants the line shut down on account of him."

Stick says that occasionally a man will weld an oily rag or glove to the body of a car, then light it. "It causes all kinds of smoke and confusion, but there's nothing anybody can do except let it burn out. Everybody starts shouting when they see a smoking car moving down the line.

(continued from page 107)

That's just a way of letting off steam. If guys didn't do things like that, they'd go crazy." Even John Grix, who is a thoughtful and articulate defender of G. M. A. D., allows himself a smile when this sort of thing comes up. He worked the line for one year back in 1959, when he first joined G. M. as an executive trainee. And most men remember the "us against them" fellowship of basic training, the construction gang or the assembly line.

But when Grix is asked about the claim made by some union men and workers that everyone dismissed for sabotage has been rehired with full back pay—an action that would be a complete capitulation by management on the sabotage issue—he is stern: "There are still men on the street who were fired for sabotage. And they'll stay on the street."

There were days when everyone was on the street. As the situation deteriorated and vehicles piled up in the repair lots, the plant was shut down early and the men sent home because of "poor quality of workmanship." This further exacerbated the situation. Some older men, married and worried about their bills, were willing to try to live with G. M. A. D.'s way of doing things, but they joined the cause when the work week fell below 40 hours. "I started taking home pay stubs for 30 hours," says Lee, the welder. "Then for 24. One week, I put in 17 hours. That was really a big bitch before the strike, almost as big as the speed-up."

Finally, the union membership, in a remarkable turnout of nearly 90 percent, voted to walk. The pro-strike vote was the largest in any local election in U. A. W.'s history. They stayed out three weeks while negotiators drew up a new local contract to replace the two that had been in effect with Chevrolet and Fisher Body. Concessions were made and tempers soothed. When the workers returned to the line, there was some residual tension, but most of the hot anger had cooled. Union men who are happy with the settlement claim that enough men have been returned to the line to ease the speed-up and that discipline has been relaxed. Many young workers claim nothing was accomplished, that the union lost. Grix points out that the repair lots are nearly empty and seems happy, at least, for that. It is, after all, a victory for G. M. A. D.

But if the Vegas are making it to the dealers without a detour to the repair lot, G. M. A. D.'s problems are far from over. When the strike was settled, so many orders had accumulated that the company began working overtime on every shift. Instead of eight hours a day, each shift ran ten or eleven. Absenteeism, especially among the younger workers, was high. Fridays and Mondays were

full of special headaches for foremen, who had to juggle their relief men and sometimes borrow men from other sections or from the sweeper force to keep the line running. The overtime was paid, of course, but the time and a half just wasn't enough to keep some men at the plant. And among those who did stay, there was resentment. "They hire me to work eight hours a day. But when they decide to up production and work ten, I don't have any choice," complains Stick. "It's forced overtime, and if I don't want to work it, I don't see why I should have to. But see what happens if I try to leave at the end of my eight hours."

There is one story, often repeated and possibly apocryphal, about a worker who constantly showed up four days a week. His absence the remaining day was virtually certain. After this had gone on for a number of weeks, his foreman approached him:

"Look, I've been noticing that you only show up four days out of the week. Do you want to tell me why you're only working the four days?"

"Because, man, I can't make enough money in three."

"Oh, yeah," Stick says, "I haven't heard that one, but I can believe it. I've seen guys go out of their way to get a D. L. O. [disciplinary layoff, usually for three days or a week] just to get some time off. They don't care about the money or their work record. They just want out of the plant."

Grix studies the problem of absenteeism both in his capacity as a G. M. executive and as a teacher of industrial psychology at Youngstown State University. "I've done some research on the problem and it's clearly the young man with no family, or with a wife and no children, who's not showing up. He doesn't have as much reason to. It makes sense. And I know from talking to these guys in class that the boredom of the job keeps people away. But while we understand that and are working on some solutions, we take the position that a man is hired to come in here and be on the line when it starts running. We don't draft him. And no court puts him here. We agree to pay him and he agrees to come in and do the work. But I know the whole work ethic is changing and we're going to have to find some new way of motivating people."

Many of the older men in the work force sympathize with management on the problem of absenteeism. "I'll have to give it to the company," says one, "the absenteeism is terrible. I've only missed one week in the last two and a half years. But there are so many guys not showing that it's tough on all of us. When I'm sick, I have to bring in a note from my doctor that says I was too sick to work. Even if I get the flu, I have to haul my ass out of bed and go down to

the doctor's office so he can tell me I shouldn't be out of bed and to take two aspirin when I get back in. I feel like I'm still in school."

According to Grix, the requirement of a doctor's note depends on a man's work record. Foremen are given discretionary powers in the matter. If a worker is chronic in his absence, the foreman can require a note. Otherwise, a man should be trusted.

But the workers believe the presumption is in favor of their guilt and general irresponsibility. Always. "You can't go into that infirmary in the plant and get any answer from those nurses except 'You're all right, go back to work,'" says one man. "There was a guy who went in there once with stomach pains—so bad he could barely stand up. One of the nurses looked him over and gave him some antacid pills and told him to go back to work. He did and about an hour later just keeled over from an ulcer. I know they see an awful lot of guys who're just dogging it, but, Jesus, you practically have to show them blood before they'll take you off the line."

Everyone understands that if the line is to continue running, men must be on the job. But the checks become punitive at some point. And degrading. "You're supposed to get permission before you can go to the bathroom," says one sander. "It's so the foreman can get a relief man to replace you. Well, a lot of them like to make you wait, and some guys just stand there holding it in. There's no way I'm going to take that. I just leave."

While the workers think they get a bad shake from the company, G. M. believes it is the one being cheated. Former chairman of the board James Roche said in a speech celebrating the corporation's 50th year: "Management and the public have lately been shortchanged. We have a right to more than we have been receiving. We must receive the fair day's work for which we pay the fair day's pay."

Roche is also impatient with the talk of monotony on the line. "Hell, I can write a story about my own job that could be a real tearjerker," he said in a *Wall Street Journal* interview. "You know, if all you want to do is talk about the problems and the pressures and the monotony and the reading of all the reports you have to go through—but it's a long way from being the facts of the case."

And the head of G. M. A. D., Joseph Godfrey, isn't so sure that monotony is a bad thing. He said, in *Automotive News*, "The workers may complain about monotony, but years spent in the factories leads me to believe that they like to do their jobs automatically. If you interject new things you spoil the rhythm of the job, and work gets fouled up."

The assembly line is based on the principle of simple, repetitive work. The idea is *not* to have people trained to do



"America's a free country, kid! That means if you don't get a haircut, I can kick the crap out of you!"

many jobs but to do one. And with an assembly line that moves 100 cars an hour, the jobs are simple and, by their nature, monotonous. According to Grix and other people in the industry, building a car any other way would be prohibitively expensive. "We could start building Vegas on some kind of team concept," he says, "where the man works on the whole car—sees it through from start to finish. But we'd be selling those cars for about \$12,000. It's just not economically feasible. Our competitive position isn't that strong as it is. Imagine what it would be if we abandoned the assembly-line concept."

"I don't know what the final solution is," says Bryner. "But there are some stopgap measures that the company could take. Of course, they'd cost money. Right away, they could cut down on the number of hours we have to work. We're supposed to work 40 hours a week, but it's usually more like 50. Then they could take steps to make the plant more human instead of more efficient.

Simple things like music and air conditioning would help. But those are just temporary solutions."

Bryner, a tall 30-year-old with the features of a good-natured rural pastor, is concerned with humanizing working conditions. Aggressive and bright, he testified about blue-collar workers and their grievances last June before the Democratic Party's platform committee. The old system, he believes, must go. In its place, there should be a means of production that challenges the worker, replaces monotony with variety, stresses individual satisfaction rather than efficiency. And, above all, doesn't require that a man spend the better part of his life on an assembly line. "Just try working in that plant for about two weeks. You'll see why we have all the problems with drugs, alcohol and divorce. That place drives people to it."

Not many of the workers at Lordstown can articulate the problem as well as Bryner, but they know what he's talking about. "I'll tell you," says one,

"you may only have one job to do all day long. Say your job is to shoot one little pissant bolt into every car. Well, after you've shot about 400 bolts, you start looking at the guy who's welding or sanding, wishing you could do his job. You'd rather do anything than shoot that bolt."

Everyone has his own way of breaking the monotony. On subassembly jobs, where parts are built before they go up to the line, a man can work fast and get ahead of schedule, then relax, if the foreman is loose. On the line, there are more stringent work rules and some foremen enforce them with a vengeance.

"When I was a committeeman, one of the guys in my section got a reprimand for singing," says Callahan. "I went to talk to the foreman about it and you know what he told me? 'Ray, I don't mind if the guy whistles, but he can't sing.' I couldn't believe it at first. I finally got the reprimand thrown out."

Grix says the foremen are told simply to enforce work rules that are designed to maintain good order and reduce dis-

tractions. Harassment is not condoned or encouraged by management. "We understand that a guy has to do something to relieve the boredom and we're sympathetic to that. What we can't put up with are disruptions, catcalls, people chanting obscenities.

"We try to spot foremen who use discipline excessively and counsel them. Some of the men who are older and rely too heavily on punishment are taken aside and given extra training. We have sensitivity sessions, where we'll get foremen off someplace and talk about the problems they have and try to find solutions that don't involve discipline. But sometimes a man has no choice. When he gives an order and the man refuses, then something has to be done. There's no choice; it's part of the job."

Work rules and discipline are constant irritants. The average age of the members of Local 1112 is about 29, as opposed to a national average of 42. Like their counterparts in the Service and in the universities, the young workers at Lordstown resist authority, especially

when it seems arbitrary or enforced strictly for its own sake. "I do my job, and if I'm doing it, I want to be left alone," says Lee.

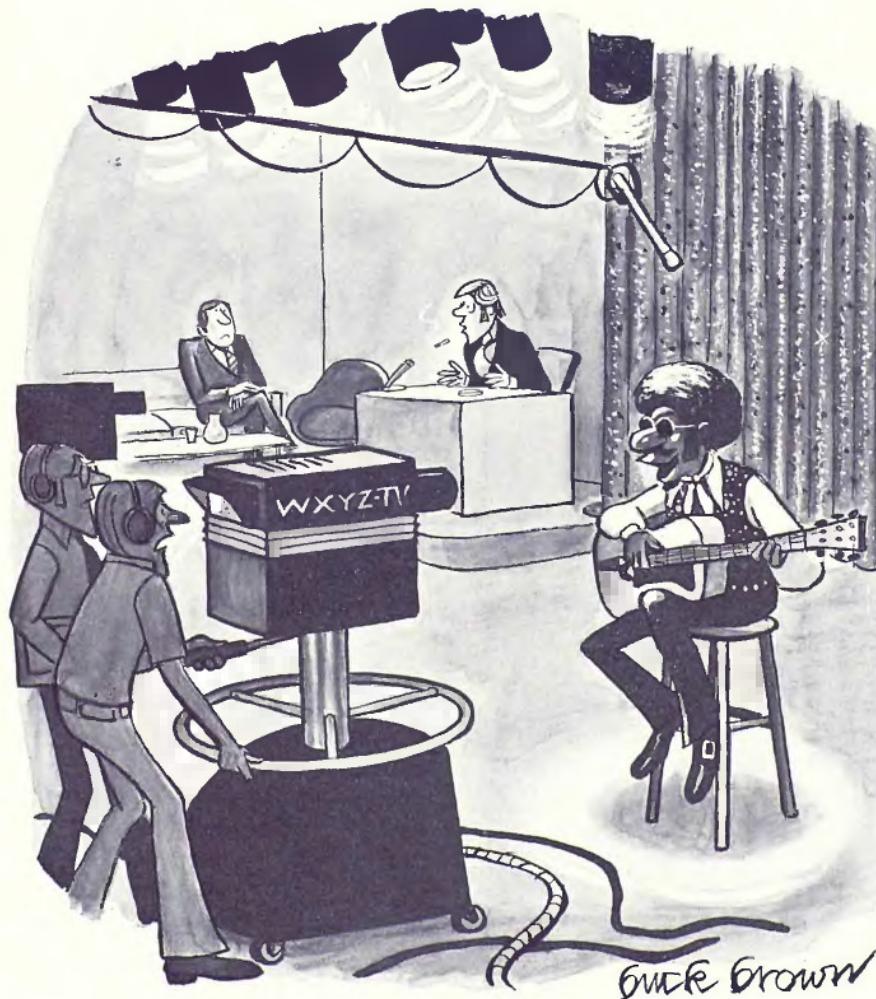
During the strike and its long prelude, journalists and business school Ph.D. candidates studied Lordstown for clues about the new generation of blue-collar workers, trying to discover just how these men differ from their fathers, from those immigrants whose culture is typified by boilermakers, tattooed forearms and Merle Haggard on the jukebox. Everyone, it seems, would like to know if we're stuck with Archie Bunker for the duration or can look for better days. Worse days, some might say.

The temptation is to deal in updated stereotypes. One publication called Lordstown an "industrial Woodstock," which is superficially appealing. You do see a striking number of long-hairs on the line. The seeming incongruity of a muscled freak in safety glasses leaning into a shower of welding sparks stops you for a second or two. And it's momentarily unsettling to listen to such a worker describe the monotony of his work as a "stone drag," his foreman as "uptight" and the disciplinary procedures as "hassling." But the clothes and the jargon of the counterculture have become public domain. No one should expect these younger workers to have crewcuts and listen to Montovani.

But beneath the superficialities, they are pretty much what you would expect. A lot of them smoke dope, but beer still sells. Most of them grew up within 100 miles of where they now live. Some married after high school or when they got back from Vietnam and now they are buying a house with a VA mortgage or living in a trailer to save on payments so they can have a week in Vegas or Miami. Others, not married yet, are paying for a new car, a GTO or a Z28, and taking off on long weekends for Virginia Beach. The money is nice and what they want now from the company is some time to spend it.

What does distinguish them from their fathers is a worldliness and cynicism that are the marks of the entire generation. They believe the Government lied about Vietnam, so "You can bet your sweet ass that G. M. lies through its teeth about rising costs." The foreman—the chairman of the board, for that matter—is, in their eyes, just another man who puts his pants on one leg at a time. "The main trouble with these guys," says one foreman, "is not so much that they don't want to work. It's that they just don't want to take orders. They don't believe in any kind of authority."

Hardly anyone who works on the line will say that he'd accept a job as foreman. "There's more pressure on those guys than anyone; I couldn't take it.



*"I'd like to dedicate my next number
to all you muhfuggers in love!"*

And they're always losing their jobs and getting put back on the line. Usually they get transferred to another section so they won't have to work with the same guys they've been in charge of. It's more money, but it's not worth it."

One man who did think it was worth it cut his hair and shaved his beard to get the job. "Yeah," he smiles, "when my committeeman told them I wanted the job and he thought I could do it, they told him, 'No way, with that hair and that beard.' He told them I'd get a haircut and they said they'd consider it."

He likes the job and the money. He leaves the line early to attend classes where leadership techniques are taught and company spirit is stressed. When he talks about it, he sounds like a young man just promoted to sergeant and certain that he'll be able to lead by example and persuasion. "What a lot of these older foremen don't understand is that you can accomplish more by talking to a man than by yelling at him or giving him a reprimand. I try to get to know my men and find out if they have any problems I can help them with. I had one guy who kept screwing up and I finally took him off the line and talked to him. He has a problem with his wife. Separated, you know. Well, I understand how that is, because I was separated from my wife for a while about a year ago. He's doing better now. But some of these guys just don't care and you have to be hard on them. We've got a lot of problems. Absenteeism. Drugs. I'd bet half the guys out there take some kind of speed. And a lot of them smoke dope. They've got to understand that their jobs depend on producing that car without defects. You know, last year 41 percent of the cars sold in California were foreign cars. If these guys don't show up, we won't be able to compete and we'll all be out of a job."

Management has tried, largely without success, to drive that message home. If the workers can be convinced that they're all in this together, the thinking goes, then the company can cut down on absenteeism, defects, disciplinary problems. Every employee sees a movie called *The Bug and the Beetle*, which praises the Volkswagen and Toyota as superbly built cars and challenges workers to strive for the same high quality in the Vega. Periodically, each section of the line is held at the plant at the end of its shift and paid overtime for the purpose of attending a "number-one team" meeting. Gripe are aired and motivational lectures are delivered in the hope of making workers feel they're important. But most of the employees dismiss these efforts as ineffective propaganda. The idea of G. M. threatened seems to most, preposterous. "Look," says one young man, an inspector, "if G. M. is in all that trouble, why are they building so goddamned many cars? Somebody must be buying

Vegas, or we wouldn't be putting in all this overtime. And they wouldn't be talking about building a new Vega plant in Canada."

G. M., the consensus goes, is fat. Never mind the reduced profits and the foreign competition; it has more money than most countries. Already workers are speculating about the issues in next year's bargaining for a new industry-wide contract. What interests them most is the "30 for 40" concept—namely, that auto workers should work a 30-hour week for 40 hours' pay. That is a dream that truly excites the workers at Lordstown. "Well, I don't get hung up on the numbers," Bryner says, "but I think we've got to have more time out of the plant. That's one of the most important changes we'll be working for."

Of course, the industry—plagued by Government action on pollution, slumping profits and foreign competition—sees the short work week as one more threat to its existence. But things may be getting a little better. Those Vegas that are rolling out of Lordstown have, along with Ford's Pinto and American's Gremlin, begun to challenge foreign control of the market for economy cars. Aided by Nixon's economic package—particularly his removal of the seven percent excise tax—sales of the American compacts are up significantly. This fall, G. M. will probably increase production of the Vega by nearly 30 percent.

The G. M. gamble paid off, but with a heavily ironic twist. The Vega is competitive and may have stemmed the foreign tide, but the technology that made it possible could be its doom. In pushing cost efficiency to the limit and beyond, G. M. may have made the assembly line obsolete. If the workers continue to resist, something must give—and it might well be the high-speed line.

But it's unlikely that G. M. will abandon either the Vega or Lordstown, to see that 1000-acre site returned to scrubby hardwood forest, cornfields or cattle pasture. Some people in the industry insist that the Vega was never competitive in the first place. G. M., they say, sells the car at a loss simply because it is unwilling to abandon any large chunk of the automobile market. It is, obviously, crucially important to the great corporation that young Americans go on starting their car-buying lives with a G. M. product.

But even if G. M. does give up the Vega—profitable or not—it's not likely to abandon the land. The rumor is that a vast reservoir of natural gas has been discovered on that land. No doubt some G. M. A. D. executives wish now that it had been tapped and sent off in long pipelines. Then the G. M. operation at Lordstown would be employee, if not defect, free.



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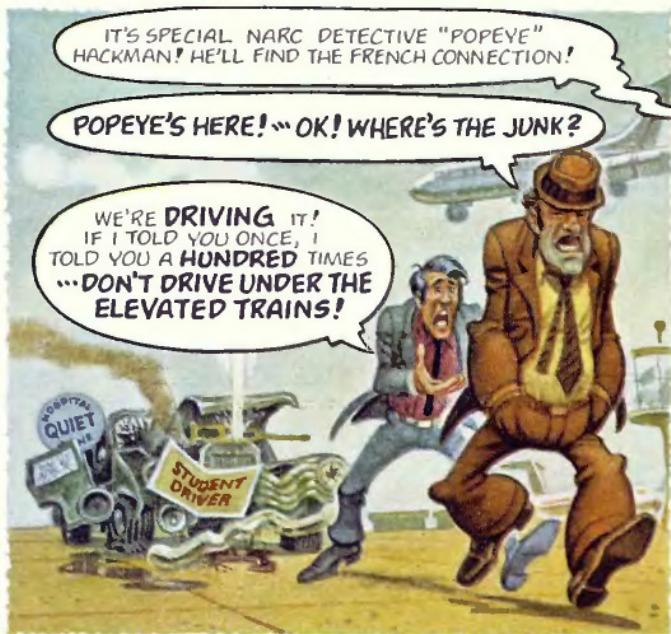
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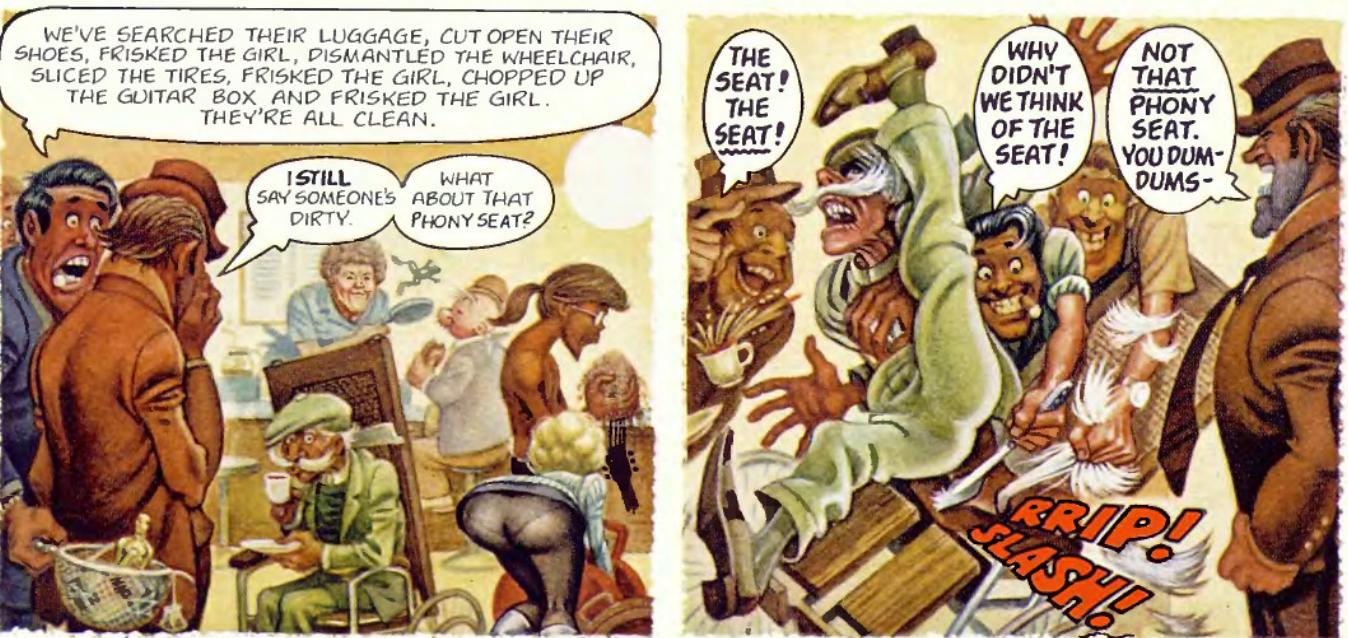
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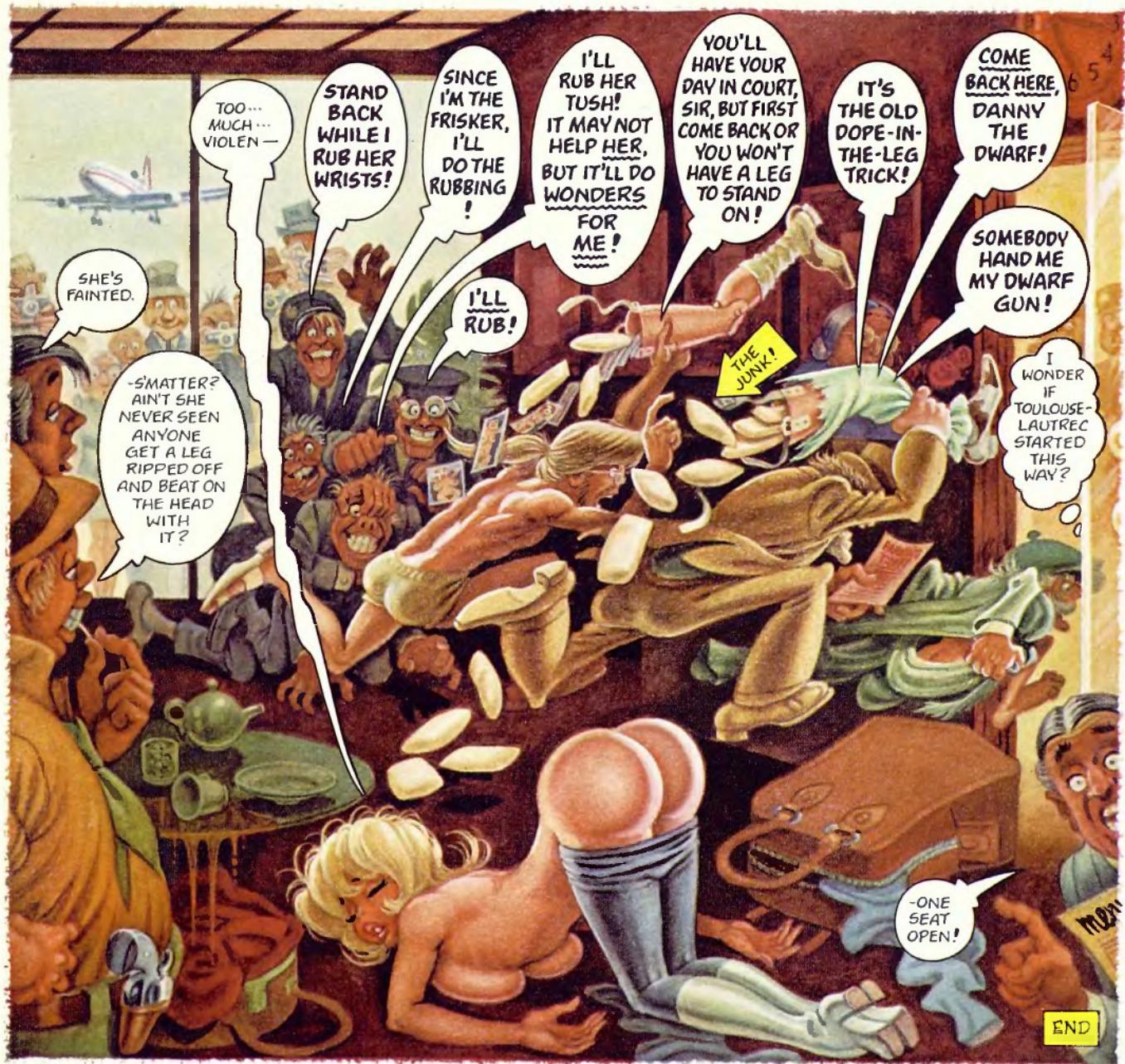
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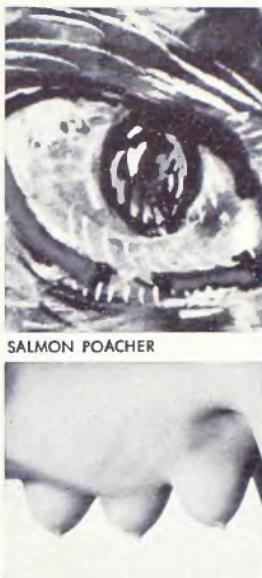
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