ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1974 • $1.25

PLAYBOY

TAKING SEX OUT OF THE BEDROOM —A PICTORIAL

MALE SEXUALITY: THE GAME HAS CHANGED, BUT THE EQUIPMENT REMAINS THE SAME

PLUS AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH ANTHONY BURGESS

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PLAYBILL "WOMAN IS THE NIGGER of the world," said John Lennon, not so long ago. But during these past few years, women have demanded, with good reason, that men take a new look at them—and they have. During this reassessment, men haven't just stepped back to the side lines to gawk at the girls. They've been changing, assimilating, evolving—perhaps even questioning. What men haven't really done so far is to assert this, to let people know they're still on the field. Women ask them through clenched teeth, "How would *you* like to be a sex object?" The men shuffle, look at their shoes. . . . Maybe it's time for them to admit that they might like it fine, just fine. In this context—and also because it's about time somebody took an interest in where men are, what they're doing and where they're going—we set out to create *You've Come a Long Way, Buster*, a man-sized project coordinated by Staff Writer David Standish and Assistant Art Director Alfred Zelcer.

Richard Woodley's *We Have Met the Enemy and He Is Us* is what you might call the big picture. The subject is the present state of male sexuality, and it's a steep descent into the underworld of an everyman, led by Woodley himself. Zelcer put together the three-ring graphic circus of *Heroes*, where, if you look hard, you'll find everybody you always wanted to be. Standish and Senior Editor G. Barry Golson, with an impressive total of three semesters of freshman psychology between them, came up with a thematic-misconception test called *Just Which Kind of Man Are You?* Read it and weep, Kinsey Institute. And Craig Karpel examines the growing phenomenon of letting it all hang down in *Impotence Chic*.

Gay Talese has been working on a book called *Sex in America* for three years now; Articles Editor David Butler interviewed him for *The View from Talese's Head*. Now, after all that, you may feel you've been left between a rock and a hard place. If so, read Senior Editor Geoffrey Norman's *Hanging Tough*. It'll take you to a few of those places where you'd damn well better not try to open some little honey's marriage without first checking to see how big her mate is. On the other hand, there's Fred Powledge's *Memoirs of a Househusband*.

There are some ghosts, some spirits in this issue. John Skow even finds them at airports in *Stopover*. Andrew Tobias explains how to tame the ghost in the machine with *How to Keep Your Head in Today's Market* (illustrated by Darlyne Murawski)—in which we learn how to make reasonable bucks in a sane fashion. But the one you could mistake for a spirit turns out to be real: *Bringing the War Home* presents David M. Rorvik's discoveries about how much of the conflict in Vietnam has followed our GIs right into your back yard. "Researching the article opened my eyes to some goings on deserving of the gravest alarm," Rorvik says calmly, "but it also introduced me to a conspiracy groupie who, upon learning which magazine had commissioned me, took me aside and solemnly alerted me to the fact that on New Year's Day 1975, Hugh Hefner and Howard Hughes (who are one and the same) will lead an aerial invasion of Cuba—after which, presumably, the Bay of Pigs will be renamed the Bay of Bunnies, the 'Havana challenge' will wither Las Vegas overnight, the Mafia will be wiped out and the American economy will quickly follow suit, after which H.M.H.H.H. will return to the unmanned mainland and take it over, too." And if that keeps you from sleeping at night, you're in good company. Henry Miller's, in fact. As he tells it here, he lives with and often fights the demons of *Insomnia* (the book will be published by Doubleday). We asked him some questions—like what his current activities were ("Practically nil") and his future plans ("Try not to make any. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' "). The article helps explain such answers.

When we asked another illustrious writer, Anthony Burgess—subject of this month's *Playboy Interview*, conducted by C. Robert Jennings—what *his* current activities were, we ran out of paper just taking notes. Suffice it to say that Burgess is a busy fellow, with opinions (trenchantly expressed here) on subjects from Norman Mailer and Catholicism to taking dope and jerking off.

John Collier's *Don't Call Me, I'll Call You* is about a good old-fashioned obscene phone call. As it turns out, however, it's not as old-fashioned as it seems. Other fiction is by David Ely, *A Place to Avoid* (in which superstition proves the safest position to take); and by Evan Hunter, *Jazzing in A-Flat* (about a blind musical prodigy who gives his first big performance in the sack), which will form part of *Streets of Gold*, to be published by Harper & Row.

We don't particularly condone sodomy, but have you ever noticed your pet rhododendron gazing longingly at you with a glassy look on its leaves? Well, read *Do Plants Have Orgasms?*, by Richard Curtis. He's a plant lover and should know. "I am growing a coffee tree," he says. "In 20 years, it will have beans. There will be only enough beans for one cup of coffee. But it will be a helluva cup of coffee."

Staff Writer Reg Potterton has decided to take up brain surgery and raise frogs. This doesn't explain why he wrote *I Am Jerry's Brain*, but we can tell you it's the sequel to a feature we never ran called *I Am John Wayne's Wig*.

In case you're wondering how we keep these lines so straight, we cheat. We use a machine. We have to use a machine, because Emanuel Greenberg was just here with a case of some very special Scotch, and the rest is history. He tells about it in *The Adventures of Peat MacMalt*. Try some—but don't get blind drunk, because there's a lot to see if you can manage to turn the pages (we haven't got a machine for that, but we're working on it). For example, have you ever been walking along with your favorite consenting adult and suddenly had this absolutely uncontrollable urge to fuck her brains out? *Do It Now!* shows you how to do it in the library, in the pool, in the—oh, well, look for yourself, it's your magazine. Anyway, where else can you get a show like this for a buck and a quarter?

ELY

COLLIER

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GREENBERG

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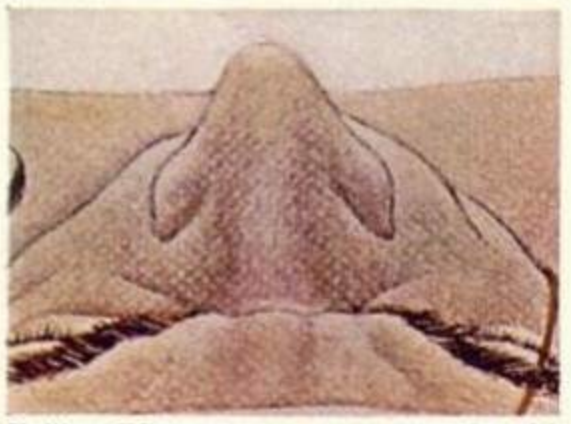

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PLAYBOY, SEPTEMBER, 1974, VOL. 21, NO. 9. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BLDG., 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHGO., ILL. 60611. SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHGO., ILL., AND AT ADDL. MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., $10 FOR ONE YEAR. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLO. 80302.

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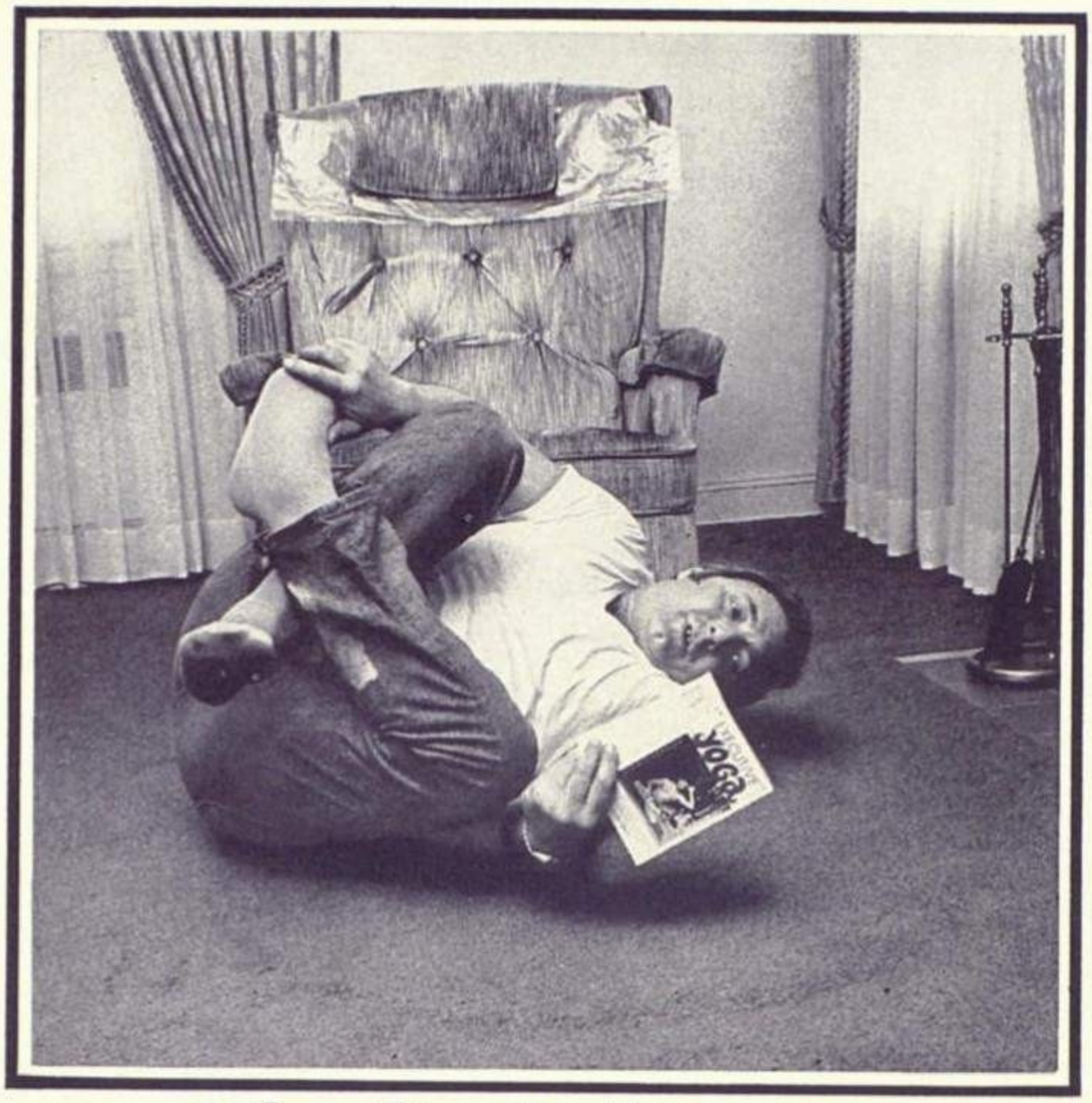

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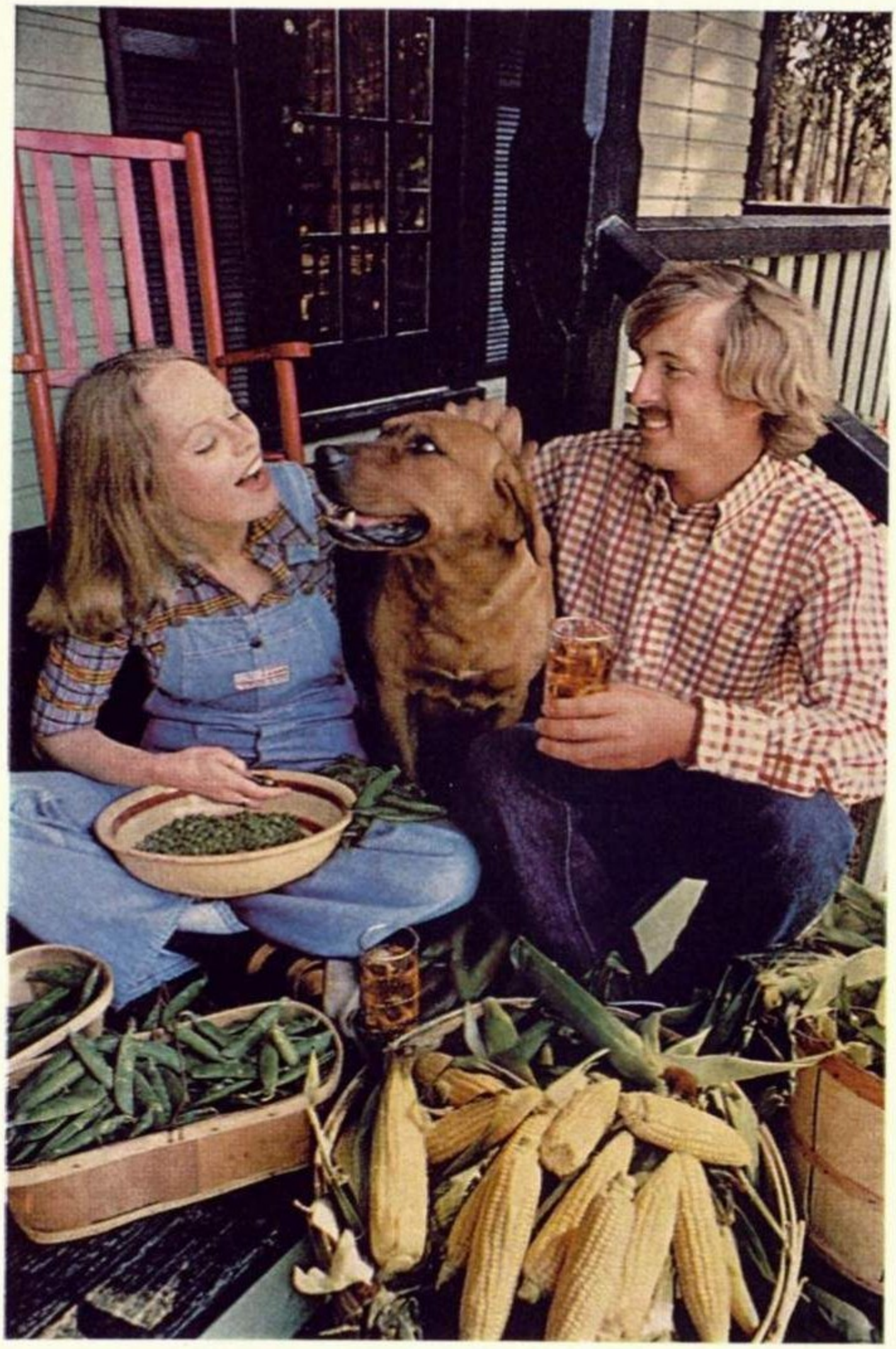

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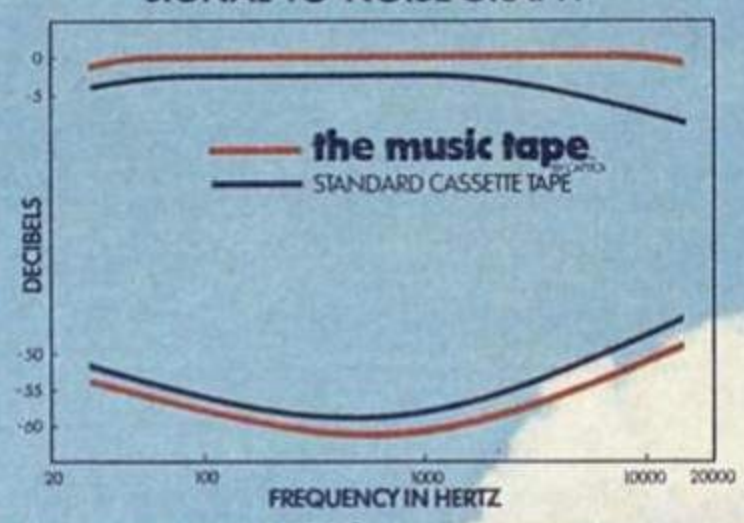
SIGNAL-TO-NOISE GRAPH



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Z-GRAMS

Since I'm on active duty in the Navy, I was especially moved by your June interview with Admiral Elmo Zumwalt. He's brilliant, human and admirable. I regret that he must step down as Chief of Naval Operations; he'll be missed, at least by me.

Dennis J. Black
Bethesda, Maryland

Thank you for your interview with Zumwalt. One of the most frightening facts he brings forth is America's weakening military position in relation to that of the Soviets. This has been the case for some time and I agree with his gloomy prediction if the situation persists. What a shame it is that we've lost such a tremendous military mind! An even greater shame, however, is that the warnings Zumwalt has voiced will go unheeded.

Brian Voltz
Northbrook, Illinois

Your interview demonstrates that the controversial admiral is not losing his penchant for overdramatization and doomsday rhetoric as he enters retirement. Admiral Zumwalt is a candid man and he has been a positive influence for desirable internal reforms within the U. S. Navy during his term as Chief of Naval Operations. Nevertheless, in his well-meaning efforts to get the American people and the Congress to support a massive infusion of funds into the Navy, he has too often resorted to exaggerating the Soviet threat and to belittling U. S. military strength. Defense Secretary James Schlesinger and Admiral Zumwalt seem to disagree about whether or not the Soviet naval threat is all the admiral alleges it to be. Schlesinger states that *perceptions* of relative military capabilities between the U. S. and the Soviet Union are as important as actual capabilities. If this is true, it is quite possible that the U. S. Navy and Admiral Zumwalt are serving U. S. security poorly by constantly raising false specters of U. S. weakness and imminent catastrophe. Recalling the story of the boy who cried wolf too often, perhaps it may be judged that Admiral Zumwalt's frightmongering sales techniques serve to undermine the credibility of other Defense Department spokesmen. Indeed, his alarmist approach to promoting the Navy budget seems to be running into stormy seas not only in Congress but within the Defense Department as well. In the interview, the admiral attacks me and the Center for Defense Information for allegedly giving an incorrect picture of the strategic nuclear weapons owned by the Soviet Union and he says that the U. S. could not destroy the Soviet Union even if we dumped every one of our nuclear weapons on that country. He also states, in the accustomed alarmist style, that "the Soviets have a possible first-strike capability." My response is that the admiral sees only what he wants to see and today he sees only what fits his preconceived notion of U. S. weakness and Soviet strength. The fact is, the U. S. is *not* falling behind in the strategic-arms race but is rushing forward to break new ground at a pace far in excess of that of the Soviet Union. A year ago, Schlesinger said that the U. S. had 7100 strategic nuclear weapons and the Soviets had 2300. In mid-1974, again according to Schlesinger, the U. S. had more than three times as many strategic nuclear weapons as the Soviet Union (7940 versus 2600). The U. S. lead has increased since the SALT I agreement in 1972 and, further, the U. S. is producing new strategic nuclear weapons at a rate of about four per day, the Soviets at a rate of probably less than one per day. Also, *all* new U. S. strategic missiles deployed since 1970 have been MIRVed. Continued U. S. MIRV deployments will mean that the U. S. lead in this area will continue to grow at least through 1977. At last accounting, the U. S. had more than 750 operational MIRVed missiles: the Soviets did not have any.

Rear Admiral Gene R. La Rocque, U.S.N. (Ret.), Director
Center for Defense Information
Washington, D.C.

Zumwalt failed to impress me in your interview—except unfavorably. He justifies our intervention in Vietnam as honorable. What does it say for Zumwalt's concept of honor if he stakes it on the protection of a corrupt, dictatorial regime like Thieu's of South Vietnam and justifies lying to the American people about what is happening? If the so-called leaders of this country such as Zumwalt had any sense of honor at all, they would

PLAYBOY, SEPTEMBER, 1974, VOLUME 21, NUMBER 9. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES, ITS POSSESSIONS AND CANADA, $24 FOR THREE YEARS, $18 FOR TWO YEARS, $10 FOR ONE YEAR. ELSEWHERE $15 PER YEAR. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611, AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. MARKETING: RICHARD S. ROSENZWEIG, DIRECTOR OF MARKETING; EMERY SMYTH, MARKETING SERVICES DIRECTOR; NELSON FUTCH, MARKETING MANAGER; LEE GOTTLIEB, DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC RELATIONS. ADVERTISING: HOWARD W. LEDERER, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; HERBERT D. MANELOVES, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; JULES KASE, JOSEPH GUENTHER, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGERS, 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017; CHICAGO, SHERMAN KEATS, MANAGER, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE; DETROIT, WILLIAM F. MOORE, MANAGER, 615 FISHER BUILDING; LOS ANGELES, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 8721 BEVERLY BOULEVARD; SAN FRANCISCO, ROBERT E. STEPHENS, MANAGER, 417 MONTGOMERY STREET; SOUTHEASTERN REPRESENTATIVE, PIRNIE & BROWN, 3105 PIEDMONT ROAD, N. E., ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30305.

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have admitted their mistakes and pulled out long before the death count reached anywhere near the final toll. Zumwalt's proclaimed ignorance of the many American atrocities committed against the South Vietnamese people and their environment isn't hard to explain: Zumwalt's just another lifer afraid to criticize the atrocious actions of our Government. What is frightening is that he's probably one of the more rational military leaders around.

Roger Stang
Missoula, Montana

The antiwar questions that interviewer Richard Meryman addresses to Admiral Zumwalt make me wonder more about the interviewer than about the interviewee. Meryman asks Zumwalt how he could have served in a war in which "the Navy dropped a third of all the bombs, a war in which 22,000 square kilometers of cropland and hardwood forests were defoliated, in which nearly half of the 22,500,000 population became refugees, often several times over." If the war to which Meryman refers had been World War Two and the country Germany, would he have had any doubts about the "morality" of bombing or defoliation? The question is not: Is any war just or moral? All wars are unjust and immoral, because loss of human lives is the inevitable result. But until those who use hate, extortion and murder as short cuts to power are dissuaded from doing so, I can see no alternative to defending human rights through war, if necessary.

Steven W. Browning
Williams AFB, Arizona

Having just finished reading your interview with Zumwalt, I'm almost as depressed as I was on the night of November 7, 1972, when I listened to the returns of the Presidential election. If Zumwalt's conclusions are valid, the entire human existence has been a sham and its continuation is an exercise in futility without rhyme or reason. In short, if Zumwalt is right, the jig is up!

Norm Pliscou
Holtville, California

SOMEBODY DOES

John Blumenthal's June television-nostalgia quiz, *Who Was That Masked Man and Who Cares?*, is quite amusing, but I must correct the answer he gave to the question "In *Wanted—Dead or Alive*, Josh Randall, played by Steve McQueen, carried a:" The answer given, "sawed-off shotgun," is incorrect. Josh Randall carried a sawed-off Winchester lever-action rifle. If you are looking for a character who carried a sawed-off shotgun, it was Nick Adams, in the series *The Rebel*.

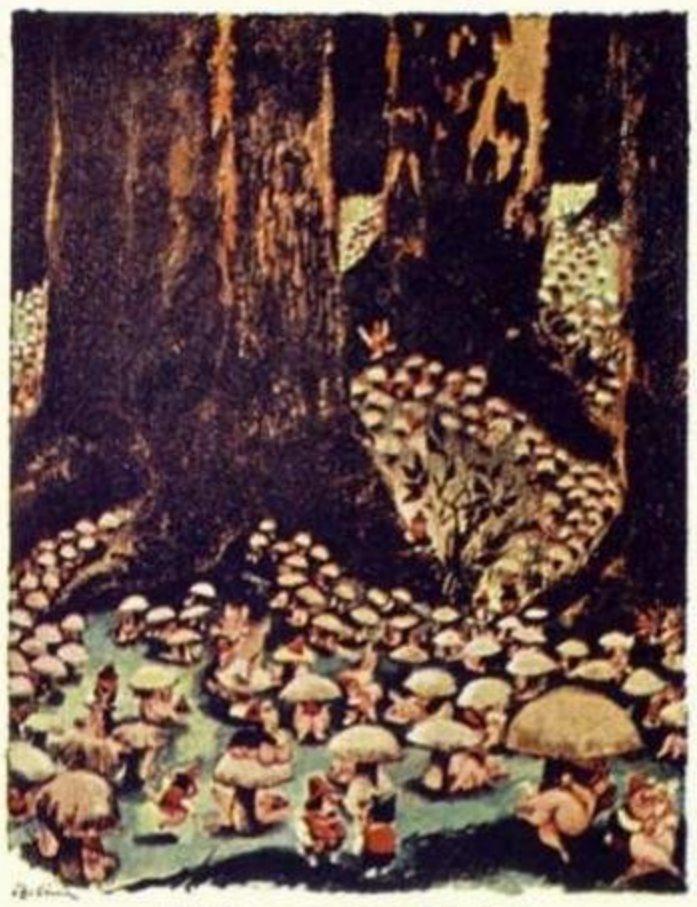
William C. Colacino, Jr.
Hackensack, New Jersey

NOT ALL FUN AND GAMES

It is with great pleasure that I inform you that a cartoon drawn by Eldon Dedini and originally published in your April 1973 issue has won the second-prize award of $750 in our Population Cartoon Contest. The cartoon was selected for its outstanding treatment of the population problem from among approximately 250 entries submitted by many of the nation's leading professional cartoon artists, representing most major syndicates, magazines and newspapers. Congratulations to Dedini and to you.

Beth Blossom, Associate Director
Communication Center
The Population Institute
New York, New York

Below, the winning entry.



"Either we start pushing birth control or we're going to be up to our asses in little people!"

FROM UNIMPEACHABLE SOURCES

Many thanks for your final installment of Bernstein and Woodward's *All the President's Men* (PLAYBOY, June). It reads like a horror story and stands as a terrible indictment of the mores and complacency of the American public.

N. Dwight Harman
Redondo Beach, California

I commend Bernstein and Woodward for their investigation of the Watergate scandal, but after reading *All the President's Men*, I must say they sure let this thing go to their heads.

Dave Rodriguez
Chicago, Illinois

Within the past year, our republic has seen a President who could resign wait for impeachment, a Congress that could impeach wait for public pressure and a public that stands ready to exert the pressure but doesn't. Given these factors, I think we all can thank Bernstein and Woodward for their endeavors.

Frank Gallagher
Superior, Wisconsin

BARBI BOUQUET

Like any maitre de at a hotel worked by big-name entertainers, I'm suspicious of rave reviews and good publicity. But when Barbi Benton played the Crown Room at Milwaukee's Pfister Hotel recently, the raves came from the customers directly to me, raves that confirm your enjoyable review of Barbi's Las Vegas debut in your June *Playboy After Hours*. Said they: "The show was excellent. . . . Barbi's a little girl with outsized charms and talent. . . . The funny thing is when she's done, you'd like to sit and talk to her. She comes across as a friend."

Gino of the Pfister
Pfister Hotel & Tower
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

GURU KUDOS

Robert Scheer's article *Death of the Salesman: Rennie Davis* (PLAYBOY, June) delves into the personality of an old friend of the author's, but in the process of criticizing his friend, Scheer makes several references to the Guru Maharaj Ji to which I take exception. I have been a disciple of Guru Maharaj Ji for three years and have experienced a peace of mind and an inner joy that are growing every day. In his article, Scheer states that the aim of Guru Maharaj Ji "is to bring us all peace through the complete control of our emotions, thoughts and life force," implying that Guru Maharaj Ji teaches people to repress emotions and thoughts. On the contrary, devotees are taught to merge emotions and thoughts into the universal vibration that moves all life. Scheer also writes that the Guru Maharaj Ji's plan is to create a "race of celibate, hypnotized, austere inhabitants of a divine kingdom." Most of the devotees of Guru Maharaj Ji are not celibate, not austere in the least and are not hypnotized by anything external. Out of 40,000 disciples in the U. S., only 900 live in the Divine Light Mission ashrams, where rules call for vegetarianism, celibacy and a regulated schedule. It is my experience that the devotees are some of the most spontaneous, free and loving people anyone could meet. The things Scheer writes about the personality of Rennie Davis may or may not be true, but he should not allow his frustrations to get in the way of understanding that Rennie has sensed something real and beautiful in Guru Maharaj Ji. We all would be wiser if we thought deeply before we rushed to criticize and judge.

Scott Hess
Divine Light Mission
Boston, Massachusetts

It's obvious to me that Scheer prefers to write most about things he knows least. Any writer with a truly open and aware mind would have refrained from creating such scornful prejudice concerning another person's beliefs. I have

The Song of The Sergeant Major.

It was a ballad they sang at the Rangoon Racquet Club (G.O.), about arms and men and the drink born there in the sunset of the Empire.

The Rangoon Racquet Club (G.O.), that makeshift institution, seems to have traveled about with its membership from Burma to the Northern Frontier during the troubles of the '80's.

As every British schoolboy used to know, it was one of the Club's members, Sir John Tripp Chaput, who in the heat of battle said: "Give me one Sergeant Major and I shall win the war."

However, an army's drinking songs often bear better witness than the historians. In attempting to compile our own *Collected Ballads of the Rangoon Racquet Club*, we were not surprised to run across one fragment that has the actual quotation in it. During the engagement referred to, Chaput and his cohorts were young Officers of the Line. Fighting under the glowering crags of Afghanistan, they had their work cut out for them—just to stay alive. The experienced and determined enemy had quickly thinned the ranks of The Queen's troops; and the new replacements sent up were hardly her best. As the song goes:

They sent us babes from mothers' arms
For men there were no more.
The Afghans cheered to see 'em come
And Captain Chaput swore:
"If I had a Sergeant Major
I'd win this bloody war!"
The Afghans raised their carving knives
And loosed their battle-roar...

This fragment led us to want to know more. We turned up the story (which may be apocryphal) of a much-decorated Sergeant Major who "could curse in all the twenty tongues of India including English." He was thus capable of teaching some discipline to the ragtag soldiery, Native and British.

This was the same Sergeant Major who invented the drink that today bears his name. And he vowed he would share the formula with no man. (The one time he shared it—with a woman—is another story.)

So it was that Chaput and his brother officers arranged to detain this irreplaceable walking recipe back at the Club, out of harm's way.

That decision, foolish as it sounds, may have won the war. In the actual battle, Chaput regretted it and remarked, "If I had a Sergeant Major..." etc.

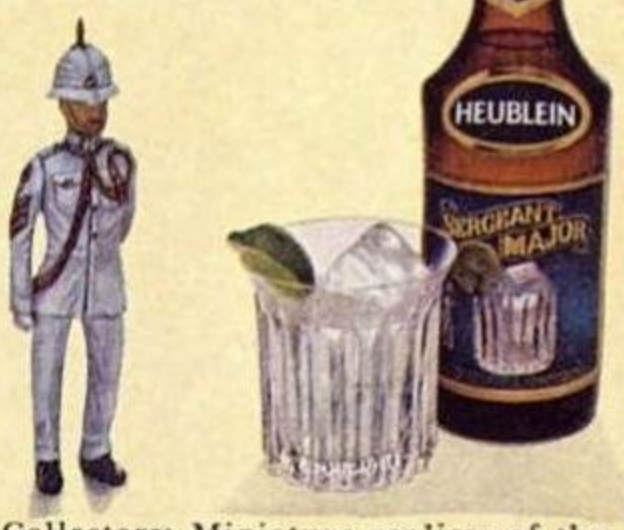
A private, crouching behind a rock nearby, heard and misunderstood, thinking his Captain wanted a drink. He scrambled to his feet and dashed off in a hail of rifle-fire, returning in minutes to hand over a brimful canteen.

The enemy, mistaking this stupid act for heroism, slackened their fire and wavered. Chaput seized the moment and called out, "Sound the charge!" His Company leapt to the attack. The entire Regiment took heart. As it was sung thereafter at the Club:

The foam was on the Afghan beards,
The blood was in their eye
But we tucked 'em in quite peacefully
Before the moon was high.
So we'll hoist a Sergeant Major
And if any man ask why,
Let him ask five hundred Afghans
At the roll call in the sky!

We'll be pleased to share the Sergeant Major, the drink, with you. (The recipe we prefer to keep to ourselves.) It's tart, crisp, and lively as rifle-fire. And simply wizard when you're swapping old war stories with your friends.

The Sergeant Major from Heublein



Collectors: Miniature replicas of the Sergeant Major are available from Valiant Miniatures, P.O. Box 394, Skokie, Ill. 60076

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seen Rennie Davis in one of Guru Maharaj Ji's ashrams so filled with happiness and peace that it is difficult to believe that Rennie is scared and misguided. As for Guru Maharaj Ji, having met him personally, I can truthfully say there is not a finer person on this earth.

N. H. Scholin
St. Petersburg, Florida

After reading Scheer's article, I feel I know more about Scheer's elaborate cynicism than I do about what's happening with Rennie Davis. In these harried times, I would like to hear from someone who has some better answers to our frustration and isolation.

Julie Cooper
Tallahassee, Florida

GRAVY TRAIN

I enjoyed John D. MacDonald's *The Taste of Gravy* (PLAYBOY, June). Superb is the only word for it. The author is a rare talent and your pages carry this particular jewel very appropriately, indeed. Congratulations.

Thomas D. Rhodes III
Union Correctional Institution
Raiford, Florida

CLINICAL ORGASMS

Linda Wolfe's June article, *Take Two Aspirins and Masturbate*, gives an interesting and well-researched picture of the state of the treatment for sexual problems among Americans. I agree wholeheartedly with her conclusion that sex therapy is a necessity, considering it is far briefer in duration and less expensive than other forms of therapy. I do not always agree with the form of therapy practiced, even by many sex clinics. I will, however, be among the first practicing physicians to admit that in many cases, such therapy does work. The clinics of the National Academy of Medical Hypnosis have their own format for therapy that brings about essentially the same results. After all, an orgasm by any other name is still an orgasm.

Emil V. Spillman, M.D., Director
National Academy of Medical Hypnosis
Atlanta, Georgia

It has been very disturbing to me over the past several months to see "sex-therapy" clinics spring up around the country. In many of these clinics, people are taught mechanics at the expense of emotion. Most of the people whom I am called upon to treat have gone through much of the Masters and Johnson routine (frequently with incorrect instructions) and still have not been able to fulfill their needs. Individual problems are masked or neglected. A woman may not be climaxing and be perfectly content, but her husband is frustrated by the situation. This is a difficult situation to treat, because she has no desire to change. It would be futile to put this couple through a sex mill and expect a unifying result. To answer the prime question posed by Wolfe—are sex clinics sincere?—in many cases, I doubt it. The greatest thing that can be said in defense of the lay sex therapist is that he has at least made some doctors and medical schools realize they have been negligent for years.

W. O. Ward, M.D.
Richmond, Virginia

COVER UNCOVERED

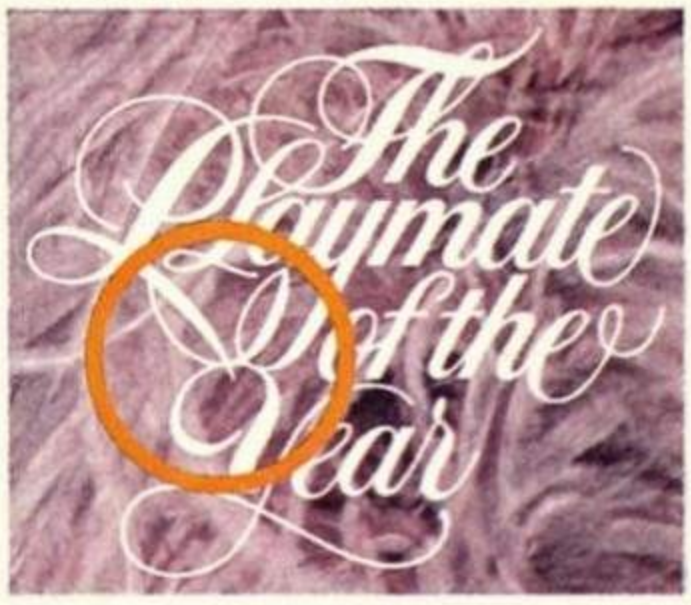
Compliments to your cover designer, Arthur Paul, for his clever concealment of the Rabbit on the cover of your June issue.

Joe Silvio
Oxnard, California

OK, where is it? Where is the Rabbit on the June cover?

Fred Crumrine, Jr.
Suisun City, California

Thanks, Joe, and, Fred, here it is.



YOU GOTTA HAVE FRIENDS

Thank you for the update on Timothy Leary in your June *Playboy After Hours*. You are the only publication I know of that regularly reports on Leary's condition and insights. I was pleased to read that he is maturing along with the rest of us. It's sad to live in an America that jails its intellectuals for being honest about controversial issues, while its politicians lie, cheat and steal with impunity. I wish I could give you my name, but I'm on probation for a 1969 pot bust. But thanks again for giving us the report on Leary.

(Name and address withheld by request)

VIEW FROM THE REAR

Your June pictorial *Hindsight* has endeared you to me for a long time to come. I have had a love affair with the female bottom for as long as I can remember and I am glad your magazine finally showered some light on it. Outstanding!

W. J. Wald
Toledo, Ohio

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Cassandra, eat your heart out: Jeane Dixon, who writes a syndicated horoscope column, had this remarkable admonition for those born under the sign of Taurus, as published in the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*: "Wind up your work week as early as possible. Personal concerns arise which take extra time, with indication of satisfaction in the dong."

•

Some people just have to do things the hard way: In Milwaukee, Kenneth Hanyzewski was sentenced to 90 days in jail for trying to forge Mike Grzadzieliwski's name to a check.

•

The *Philadelphia Daily News*, in an article on gay bars, noted with disarming candor, "Now an independent operation, the Gay Coffeehouse, 'has built a steady work-of-mouth following,' says Allen Kratz, its publicity director."

•

Hi. Would you put Saul of Tarsus on the line? John Middleton is the sexton at Albuquerque's Cathedral Church of Saint John. We are informed that a long silence usually greets Middleton when he answers the phone: "Saint John's Cathedral, John speaking."

•

Bumper sticker of the month, spotted by a wary driver in South Dakota: PASS WITH CARE—TOBACCO CHEWER.

•

Unsettling news for vegetarians: A sign in a South American restaurant advises North American patrons as follows that its food is safe to eat: ALL FRUITS AND VEGETABLES IN THIS ESTABLISHMENT HAVE BEEN WASHED IN WATER ESPECIALLY PASSED BY THE MANAGER.

•

Some more of those crimes we're not sure should be prosecuted: In L.A., a couple of guys robbed a drive-in restaurant, but their getaway car stalled. They returned to the restaurant, asked a waitress to take the money back and ran off to push their car down the street. . . . A student in San Francisco was awakened at three A.M. by a young woman standing near his bed with a finger to her lips. "Shh," she whispered, "I've just been with your roommate. Where's the front door?" The student grinned hugely and gestured toward the door. The next morning, his roommate said he'd been alone all night and a search showed $15 missing. . . . And in the village of Chard, France, a holdup man walked into the post office wearing a giant false nose as a disguise and demanded money from the cashier. The nose was so weird that the cashier burst out laughing and the gunman ran out empty-handed.

•

Sound advice to crutch users, from the El Camino Hospital in Mountain View, California: "Check tightness of nuts periodically; they sometimes loosen with use."

•

Two members of the Department of Political Science at Miami University (Ohio) are currently studying the changing nature of graffiti on university men's-room walls in the Seventies. The proposed title of their thesis: "Social Psychological Dimensions of Graffiti in University Men's Rooms: The Other Peter Principle."

•

In case you're wondering how to dispose of a loved one, may we suggest a funeral parlor in the Grand Rapids, Michigan, area whose director is named Jay A. Posthumus?

•

No wonder the World Football League wanted him: Larry Csonka, the Miami Dolphin football player who signed with one of the new teams, is a fairly big guy, and the *San Juan Star* tells us *how* big: "A crowd of reporters broke into laughter looking at the massive Csonka, a 6-foot, 3240-pounder founder."

•

Classified ad in a Bowling Green, Kentucky, shopping guide: "For sale—one sweetheart formal: red velvet top, white satin; bottom, never worn."

•

An English female probation officer recently went to court to testify in behalf of a local prostitute. She pointed out that the defendant was offering a "social service" and suggested it ought to be available through Britain's National Health Service. The probation officer's name is Jillian Pickup.

•

In a story about a car that was driven through the warning gates of a drawbridge and dropped into the river below, *The Indianapolis Star* reported that the driver was ticketed for excessive speed and "reckless diving."

•

We doubt if a young equestrienne, who shall remain nameless, was pleased with the publicity afforded her by a polo-match press release issued by the International Sports Core in Oak Brook, Illinois. It read: "Miss Janet _____ grew

up in Oak Brook adjacent to the polo field and has been stick and balling since she could mount a horse."

•

Next time, just hand him the Scope: Jerry Burley of St. Paul, Minnesota, noticed that another man had bad breath and pointed it out to him. The man evidently took offense, for he pulled out a gun and shot Burley in the head, wounding him slightly. A newspaper account reported that police were looking for "a bad-breathed assailant."

•

Wonder what he meant by that? According to the *Los Angeles Times*, an unidentified man accosted two Las Vegas showgirls in a parking lot near

OBSCURITY IS THE BEST REVENGE

If you have had Watergate to the gills and are ready to turn to drink the next time some fatuous television announcer mentions "the crucial March 21st conversation," take heart. There is a silver lining to the whole thing. It's not anything like learning from past mistakes and strengthening our constitutional safeguards. We might learn from history every now and then, but we inevitably misapply the lesson. No, my silver lining has more to do with aesthetics. With poise and moderation in the world.

Consider: No matter what happens in the next few months, some things are certain. For instance, there will not be any Nixon schools, highways, parks, office buildings, libraries or stadiums. Small profit, you say? Well, when you go looking for silver linings, you take what you can get. But still . . . imagine all the dedications that will not take place. All the asinine speeches recalling those wonderful days of high purpose and firm leadership. There will never be a week when you open your *Time* magazine and see a picture of Tricia breaking a champagne bottle across the bow of the nuclear carrier Nixon.

And that goes for memoirs. Nixon may get a book contract from somebody—Agnew did—but what can he say? Is he going to give us an inside look at his White House? Fat chance. So there is a book you won't have to read that you can add to the list of commemorations that won't be noted in *Newsweek* or on the evening news. How are we doing so far?

OK, then, how about all the honorary degrees that Nixon will not get and commencement speeches he will not give? Magazine articles with glossy pictures of a vigorous Nixon in retirement that will simply not appear? That's something. And there won't be weeks of suspense every four years while the country waits with bated breath to see whom Nixon endorses for the nomination.

There was some talk before things got so unpleasant that Julie Eisenhower was a real political comer. Right now she looks about as promising as Harold Stassen. Same for her husband. Though she might have become a good and diligent Congressperson, there would have been those constant references to her father's achievements and wisdom and private advice. We can live without that.

And finally, there is the Nixon legacy itself. I am 31 years old and I do not recollect a time when Richard Nixon was not in some way crucial to national politics. I grew up with the man. The very first glimmering I had of something called politics came in 1952, when the television in our house was tuned to the national conventions. I fully expected to *die* with Nixon still thrashing about in the affairs of state and in the newspapers I cannot seem to keep from reading. But not anymore. It is like the lifting of some great burden. (And I say this though I voted for the man. I won't say how many times.)

The most durable legacy a public man leaves is his words. You can find these scraps that our leaders left us by picking up a *Bartlett's*. Most Presidents are in there, but not all of them. Calvin Coolidge is. And Grover Cleveland. But not James Buchanan, whom Henry Steele Commager called our worst President. Obscurity can be the kindest fate.

But it won't be Nixon's. He'll be in there, but it won't be a long entry. Just enough to give us the spirit of the man and his times—and, sad to say, they are his times. Consider for a moment the truly memorable Nixon lines. (Oh, he *tried* to get into the spirit of the New Deal, Fair Deal and New Frontier with New Federalism, but it just didn't wash. Didn't even play in Peoria.) What you remember from the lips of Richard Nixon are:

"You won't have Nixon to kick around anymore." (Wrong again.)

"But it would be wrong." (Good thinking.)

"There can be no whitewash at the White House."

And the one for immortality, the one that will be his epitaph:

"I am not a crook."

So school children generations hence will not have to sweat out learning any long and arch pronouncement from President Richard M. Nixon. The thing he has left us (quotewise, as Ronald Ziegler might put it) is short and direct and comes easily off the lips. And it shouldn't take up more than a single line in future editions of *Bartlett's*. Thanks, Dick.

—Geoffrey Norman

the hotel where the girls were featured in a revue titled *Love of Sex*. The assailant tied the girls up and fled with their G strings.

•

This should answer your question, movie fans: The Fun-Lan drive-in theater in Tampa featured *Blazing Saddles* as its 8:15 show, followed at 10:15 by *Where Does It Hurt?*

•

A reader reports that a café in Burlington, Vermont, has become increasingly popular with young people in town since the menu began advertising its Continental Club Breakfast: Included in the price is "Coffee, Pot or Tea."

•

And with good taste, too: Odell McBrayer, Republican candidate for governor of Texas, said the press misunderstood him when he was quoted as saying he's in favor of televised executions. "I favor televising executions only if not done offensively," he stated.

DINING-DRINKING

If a yellow chicken feather should happen to drift lazily onto the untroubled surface of your Buffalo Bill, where would you be? Undoubtedly, at ***Nickels,*** a new Manhattan steakhouse located at 227 East 67th Street, and you would be drinking their lethal version of a boilermaker, perhaps named in honor of the one buffalo nickel that can be found three quarters of the way down the bar, embedded there along with some 10,000 other nickels. Where did the chicken feather come from? Well, the Muppets have their headquarters upstairs in the robber-bar-on-baroque carriage house that houses Nickels on its first floor, and one of Big Bird's feathers must have floated downstairs—or is that the old chicken himself drinking in the corner booth? Less fanciful is the decor of Nickels: brown. Brown wood paneling, brown wood-beamed ceiling, brown floor tiles and smoky mirrors with bronze highlights. Even the cover of Nickels' menu is brown, and so is the type describing all their permutations and combinations on the theme of steak. Nickels' broiler is hot enough to turn out a black-and-blue

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sirloin to suit the finickiest steak fancier; charcoal black and crusty on the outside and still blue on the inside. Nickels' meat is the rich, marbled stuff that you have to get to the meat market at four A.M. to buy. There is also a special of the day, sometimes a crisp, crackly *duck à l'orange* or a chicken *cordon bleu*, and a particularly zesty bouillabaisse heads the fish department on the menu. All of these favorites are in harmony with an extraordinary side dish known as Nickels Potatoes. Almost the size of your mother's leaden potato pancakes, they are light and fluffy patties of riced potato, chopped prosciutto ham and Italian parsley. Rolled in blanched almond flakes and parmesan cheese, then breaded and sautéed in butter, they make French fries taste like . . . French fries. Nickels Special Salad is a combination of avocado, asparagus spears, cherry tomatoes and Bibb and romaine lettuce. The secret ingredients in the delicious dressing are grated scallion tops, carrots and celery. These unexpected vegetable flavors in no way play hob with the other salad ingredients; in fact, their own natural flavors are enhanced. Nickels' waiters are fleet of foot and eager to please. If it's your birthday, you can be sure they'll get your name right. None of that "Happy birthday, dear Garble" stuff. Prices are appropriately nickel and dime (well, almost) to double eagle and all major credit cards except Mobil and Exxon are accepted. Nickels is open seven nights a week from 4 P.M. to 11:30 P.M. and reservations are suggested (212-794-2331). A word of warning: If you should see Bert and Ernie chugging Buffalo Bills and prying loose the nickels embedded in the bar, don't stop on the way out and tell them how great they are on *Sesame Street*. They're probably looking for a group scene.

BOOKS

The book business in midsummer isn't exactly hot lunch. Everybody is waiting around for the release of the new fall line ("I'd like something in a Vonnegut, please: not too long") and, in the meantime, pickings are slim. So we spent the time mostly reading comic books. And found out that, even there, the world is not the same. In the good old days, Superman used to march around smashing anti-American villains and holding off Lois Lane, who went into heat whenever she saw him. The villains were completely rotten and evil, and Superman's job was to save the world from them seven days a week—and keep Lois out of his pants. It was a simple life. But the superhero business, like everything else, isn't so easy anymore. Even Superman himself can today be seen sitting on rooftops holding his head in anguish, torn because he is a freak and an outsider, rejected by Lois because he is such a *macho* brute.

The man who is responsible for this—indirectly, in Superman's case, since he flies for the competition—is Stan Lee, head of Marvel Comics. In the early Sixties, after grinding out monsters and mysteries for years, slightly bored by the sameness of it all, he had an idea. As he tells it in ***Origins of Marvel Comics*** (Simon & Schuster), a book of full-color reprints of several first episodes, "For just this once, I would do the type of story I myself would enjoy reading . . . the characters would be . . . flesh and blood, they'd have their faults and foibles, they'd be fallible and feisty, and most important of all—inside their colorful, costumed booties they'd still have feet of clay."

First to appear were the Fantastic Four, the Hulk (he's the green gentleman on this page) and Spider-Man. These days there are so many Marvel heroes running around—they visit from

comic to comic and fight with one another a lot—that you have to be a fanatic to tell the players with a score card. And if they were good heroes for the Sixties, they are even better in the Seventies. Spider-Man is still the most popular. He became the first teenage superspider during chemistry class, such are the dangers of higher education in Marveldom, and leads a soap-opera life between bouts with the Green Goblin and Doctor Octopus. In recent issues, his best girl has been killed, his roommate has had a nervous breakdown and his old Aunt May has been kidnaped by a maniac. Luke Cage, Power Man—he's the one busting through the wall—was just a nice guy until he was framed on a drug charge, in prison he became embittered *and* Super, and is presently an escaped felon, trying to clear himself and hiring out his talents on the side. After being beaten up by Spider-Man for being a mercenary, he says, "I dig, Spider-Man . . . but here's something you *don't*: Some dudes have to do this number for a *livin'*—we ain't all rich playboys like Bruce Wayne!" Captain America—teamed up here with the Falcon—is an old Forties hero who didn't die, after all, but was merely sleeping in an iceberg. He thinks he is too old for the business. "I can't shake it tonight. The feeling that I'm a walking anachronism . . . a guy who looks like he's 20 . . . even though he was fighting Hitler's hordes some 30 years ago!"

Two of the Fantastic Four are now divorced; Daredevil is stone-blind. Iron Man has a terrible heart condition—it's really too sad to tell. And very much fun. Our favorite is the Hulk. He was merely Bruce Banner, brilliant scientist, before he was zapped by those gamma rays. As the Hulk, he is incredibly strong—he travels in huge froglike bounds—and just about as dumb. Most of the time he hasn't the slightest idea why those people in uniform are trying to hurt him with those nuclear missiles. And—Marveldom Zen—he can turn into Bruce Banner again but reverts whenever he gets agitated or angry. Most of the good ones are like that—like some upbeat Dante's *Inferno*, where a superhuman talent or power is offset by an equal and ironic defect. People have written graduate papers on just such themes and for them—and all other true believers—Marvel has brought out a calendar book called ***Mighty Marvel Calendar for 1975,*** full of more esoterica than anybody else would care to know. If you *care* that Gwen Stacy died on January 28—or know what that means—you

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probably should have it. We're heading for the newsstand. We left the Hulk in big trouble last month.

•

Perhaps the Kalb brothers, Marvin and Bernard, both well-known CBS correspondents, wanted to do an honest and unusual book about Dr. Henry Alfred ***Kissinger*** (Little, Brown), but the portrait is soft and sprawling. They have done a huge amount of homework, but every so often Kissinger's deadly dazzle seems to blind them, too, just as it has most of the American media that seem "to ignore what he ignores," as one Kissinger critic complained. Perhaps, because they are put off by the spooky, stagy men in this Administration, even good reporters seem pacified by Kissinger Theater, and so, on page five, the Kalbs pay this odd tribute to their subject:

"He would sip champagne with Kremlin leaders, humanizing them for a whole generation of Americans raised on the Cold War." Others might take exception to that.

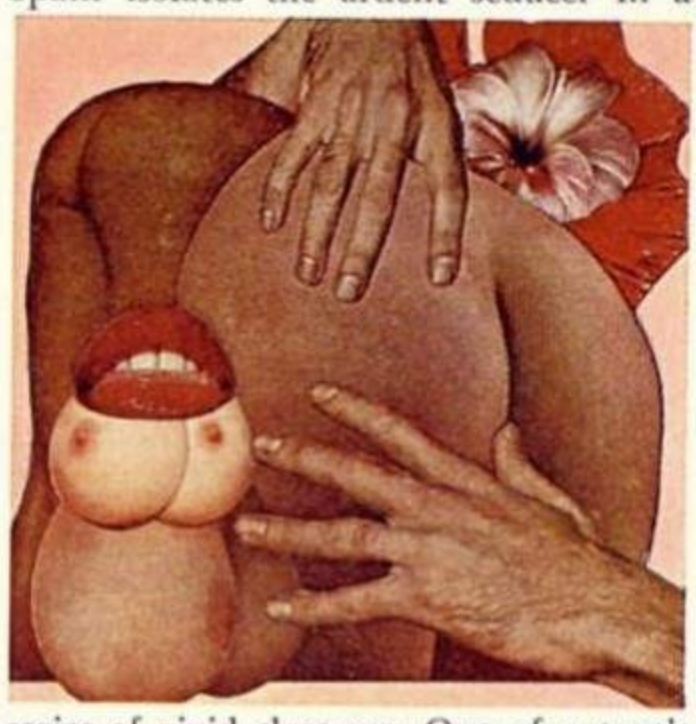
Although the German-born Secretary of State may be the most admired man in America (and he apparently loves hearing that), he has fierce, intelligent enemies who might wish the Kalbs had probed a little deeper and been a little meaner. For Kissinger, after all, was deeply involved in the secret bombing of Cambodia, the invasion of that country by U. S. troops, which did not wind down the war but widened it; the bombing of North Vietnam in December 1972; U. S. support of a corrupt dictatorship in Pakistan during its brutal repression of the Bengalis; devaluation of the dollar, which severely hurt Japan's economy; the standby alert of U. S. nuclear forces on a worldwide basis last year (which Kissinger promised to explain but did not).

In the past five years, Kissinger has almost ignored the human-rights issues as well as economic problems, but the Kalbs did not ask him why. Instead, they have explained classic Kissinger techniques in diplomacy and the Secretary's arguments against moralism in diplomacy.

They have, quite rightfully, shown his brilliance, his stamina, his ambition, his genius for negotiations and the clever use of humor "to ingratiate himself with his audience, to deflect attack and, when possible, to lower the level of criticism." The long and exhausting Vietnam and Middle East negotiations are reported as well as possible, considering that the Kalbs were kept outside the conference rooms, totally dependent on American sources for their version of what happened. What is not told is just as important. It is how Kissinger, so close to President Nixon, could not have known about the Ellsberg break-in or some of the uglier Watergate chapters.

•

Richard Gardner's ***The Adventures of Don Juan*** (Viking) wittily weaves history and myth together, in a densely tapestried examination of *Homo eroticus* as man at the reasoning, questing center of things. Elegant framing devices highlight the legend latent in the man; the "historical" Don Juan is kept remote and mysterious. But Gardner's zestfully encyclopedic portrayal of 17th Century Spain isolates the ardent seducer in a



series of vivid close-ups. One of nature's luckiest noblemen, the fledgling Juan Tenorio becomes all the representative men of his age: He is student, courtier, actor, artist; later in life, a disenchanted penitent morosely schooled in mutability, imperfection and *post coitu triste*. The boy Juan successfully resists the blandishments of the spiritual life (but its humorless realism dogs his idlest amours—embodied as dark-cloaked priests of the Inquisition; or, worse, in his own prompting of inexplicable terrors). His first "experiences" are unadulterated humiliations; must the roué's life, too, be a short, unsatisfying one? Undaunted, Juan sinks easefully into a lascivious plethora of satiations: seducing the sausage-shop girl, on the dares of fellow students; patiently bearing the ingenious experimentations of a lissome sadomasochist; even trying out "poofery," with an insistent male. Don Juan's winsome "deficiencies" are memorialized with paradoxical gusto. A zealous *philosophe* in pursuit of the golden mean, he plumbs earthier depths, too, hoping for that parallel "golden moment" of mutual orgasm. The amazing key to his sexual success: Juan is afflicted with *retardismo* (afflicted?); ladies gratefully adore his overmastering idiosyncrasy—"the state of always desiring more." Ever aware of the sardonic void that trap-doors just beneath sensory pleasurings, this Don Juan is a complex, knowing citizen of delicately intersecting opposed spheres. Gardner's sophisticated romance is a memorable portrait of an irresistible late-Renaissance man, for whom the exercise of erotic power is a salutary brandishing of all man's hungry potentialities.

•

Why is it that when the world really needs a book on one subject or another, it always seems to get the worst book possible? Mick Jagger and The Rolling Stones may not have a lot to say about the way we've been living for the past ten years or so; but *they*, themselves, tell us more about these times than all the sociologists, priests, soothsayers, diviners, pundits and oracles in the Western Hemisphere, and you can throw in half the Eastern Hemisphere to sweeten the pot. So what do we get? We get Tony Scaduto and ***Mick Jagger: Everybody's Lucifer*** (David McKay). Which is to say, we get garbage.

Scaduto (whose last outing was a bad portrait of Bob Dylan, so what did we expect?) has tried to tell us of the Stones in a technique and style that some deranged friend or editor must have told him was "new journalism." The results are to Gay Talese what Rod McKuen is to William Blake. Scaduto himself must not have been sure that he understood the method, because he uses italics to let the reader know when some passage is terribly important. For instance: Here is Marianne Faithfull, Jagger's former girlfriend, waxing insightful on the soul of the man she loves: *"Mick thinks of himself first. Not always, a lot of times he doesn't. But basically, Mick's selfish. Maybe not selfish, exactly, but just self-centered. That's understandable, certainly, because of all the attention he gets and can command, the pop star. He'd have to be a saint not to be self-centered under these conditions, he'd have to be*

working against it and wearing hair shirts. And only a saint can do that." Heavy, huh?

But it's no worse than Scaduto's own ramblings. He spends about half the book telling the reader just how close Brian Jones, an original Stone who drowned a few years back, was to death, wishing it and courting it. The way Scaduto tells it, Jones spent more time near the edge than a hangman. Then there are the drugs, suicide attempts, busts and riots. But nowhere, not even in a careless paragraph, is there one lucid insight, one original note. So until a real writer goes after the Stones, you'll have to play the albums, sniff a little coke and write your own book.

•

America's legendary trout angler is back again, this time with two hired guns at the turn of the century in the Dead Hills of Oregon. ***The Hawkline Monster***

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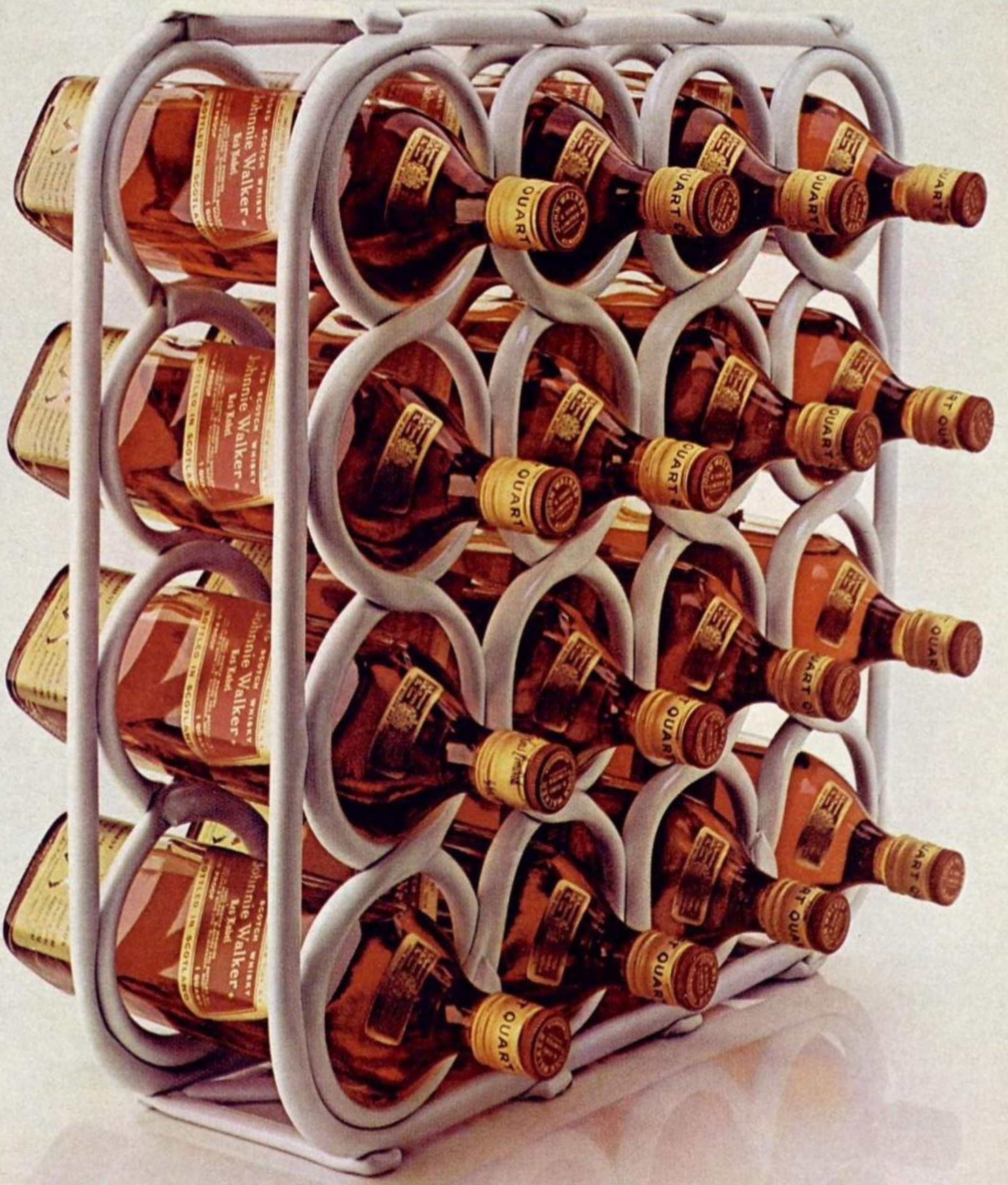

Bob really knows how to throw a party.
He never runs out of Johnnie Walker Red.

(Simon & Schuster), subtitled "A Gothic Western," by author Richard Brautigan, is as slim and grotesque as a Victorian hag creeping through ice caves and about as subtle as a flying buttress.

The affable killers, Cameron (who counts everything from bullet holes in a cross to the number of times he chews his food) and Greer (who seems to have Brautigan's knack for timely assertion), are hired by Magic Child, "quite a pretty" Indian girl who "looked so calm you would have thought she had been raised in a land where bodies hung everywhere like flowers" and who has studied at the Sorbonne.

The job: Kill a monster who skulks and howls in the ice caves beneath the now-deceased Dr. Hawkline's basement laboratory. Dr. Hawkline had created his monster from ingredients ranging from Himalayan potions to drops of something from the Egyptian pyramids and, it was rumored, Atlantis. In return for the gift of life, the monster turns Dr. Hawkline into an elephant's-foot umbrella stand. Hawkline Manor is occupied by the doctor's identical daughters, Miss Hawkline and Miss Hawkline (who are identical to Magic Child). All three are *exactly* identical, which seems to bother nobody but the Hawkline Monster, and everything bothers *it*. Phosphorescent and assuming small changeable forms, sounding like water being poured, a barking dog and a drunken parrot, it is followed by its well-meaning, independently minded but physically bound shadow as the monster drags it through Hawkline Manor, a kind of "back East" St. Louis mansion.

And there is a real plot and a thread of continuity that runs through chunky, one-page chapters containing passages that run a gamut of style from Poe to Zane Grey, from Ian Fleming to George V. Higgins. This is certainly Brautigan's most simultaneously unified and eclectic work.

Recent and notable: Some new books by veteran novelists. Richard Condon's ***Winter Kills*** (Dial) uncomfortably updates his memorable thriller *The Manchurian Candidate*. This time, we're made to look backward, from 1974 to 1960, when popular Irish-American President Tim Kegan was assassinated in the City of Brotherly Love. A Government commission confirmed the single-assassin theory and closed the case. Years later, Kegan's half brother Nick Thirkield hears a deathbed confession from the "second rifle." Condon keeps it moving breathlessly, back and forth across the globe. In calmer times, Condon's breakneck plot and florid resolution might seem crazily melodramatic; these days, it totters right on the edge of plain credibility. ***The Road to Many a Wonder*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), by David W. Wagoner, is another lively chronicle of American innocents afoot in remarkable experiences. It reminds you a lot, in fact, of Charles Portis' *True Grit*. Hero Ike Bender narrates—in dialect that does go on a mite long—his awkward odyssey as a gold prospector heading for the Promised Land of Pikes Peak. Dragging his trusty wheelbarrow (christened after an admiring girl), Ike ambles over a bustling terrain mined with quick-witted robbers, traveling evangelists and stampeding buffaloes. Surviving them all, he arrives wearily at manhood, and something more ("You have struck it baggedy-ass rich"). Louis Auchincloss continues his urban studies of powers that be and haves that control in ***The Partners*** (Houghton Mifflin). In elegantly shaped, interlocking stories, the conflicting desires and ambitions of several protagonists are set against the patient assumption of understanding that comes to Beeky Ehninger. Though competitive pressures force his Wall Street law firm into disagreeable new alliances, Ehninger keeps a complacent faith in the law as "an unmistakable and liberating truth." If this sounds unconvincingly pat, it is framed in a realistic account of the way men and institutions function. Quietly, compellingly authoritative. The have-nots hold center stage in Jose Yglesias' ***Double Double*** (Viking), a laconic chronicle of not-so-young radicals on the ideological circuit. Its plot wheels right along, sparkling with the detailed toils and troubles of those explosive, dangerous days (was it really only four or five years ago?). But the real center is Yglesias' frightening antihero, Seth Evergood. "The only American Sartre trusts" is, despite that endorsement, a bundle of exposed nerves and inherited uncertainties. En route to liberation, Seth runs across some unlooked-for epiphanies that resonate ominously for him—and the rest of us.

THEATER

Previews: It's ***Good News*** for backward-looking Broadway this season. The revival of the 1927 DeSylva-Brown-Henderson rah-rah musical, now starring Alice Faye and John Payne, is scheduled to unpack its traveling trunk of old songs on November third (at the St. James). A new ***Gypsy,*** with everything presumably coming up roses for Angela Lansbury following a successful stint in London and around the U. S., will open September 23 (at the Winter Garden). The season's big new musical, ***Mack & Mabel,*** is about old movies; its title characters are silent-comedy-maker Mack Sennett and his star Mabel Normand. This David Merrick special, with score by Jerry Herman, book by Michael Stewart and direction by Gower Champion, is scheduled to open at the Majestic in October, starring Robert Preston, Bernadette Peters and Lisa Kirk. Bette Davis has promised to make her musical debut in ***Miss Moffat,*** a transposition of her 1945 movie *The Corn Is Green* from a Welsh coal-mining area to the American South. The book is by the original author, Emlyn Williams, and Joshua Logan, who will also direct. On tap is a black *Wizard of Oz*, to be titled ***The Wiz,*** as in "We're off to see The Wiz."

An influx of British theater will be headed by Peter Shaffer's hit ***Equus,*** which probes the psyche of a stableboy hung up

on horses (opening October 24). Alan Ayckbourn's ***Absurd Person Singular*** (October eighth at the Music Box) is an American production of a London play about three friendly married couples. Starring are Richard Kiley, Geraldine Page and Sandy Dennis. ***Habeas Corpus,*** Alan Bennett's doctor farce, may bring Alec Guinness back to Broadway.

A "political fantasy" by, and starring, Peter Ustinov that documents ***Who's Who in Hell*** is promised for November. ***The Madness of God,*** a spiritual and psychological drama, by novelist Elie Wiesel, about the repression of Jews in Russia, tried out last spring at the Arena Stage in Washington, D.C., and is now ticketed for Broadway. Melodrama will be represented by Russell O'Neil's ***Call Me Back,*** whose central character, an actress, is to be played by Arlene Francis (directed by Anthony Perkins).

A highlight of Joseph Papp's second season at the Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center will be the American stage debut of Liv Ullmann in ***A Doll's House.*** The resuscitated Circle in the Square on Broadway will present revivals of ***The Member of the Wedding***, ***Death of a Salesman*** and Eugene O'Neill's rarely performed ***All God's Chillun Got Wings,*** plus its postponed musicalization of *Look Homeward, Angel*, abbreviated to ***Look Homeward.***

And Ron White and his crazy confederates, who gave the world *El Grande de Coca-Cola*, will turn to comic crime with ***Bullshot Crummond.***

•

Doug Henning is fantastic. A magician—he calls himself an illusionist—this

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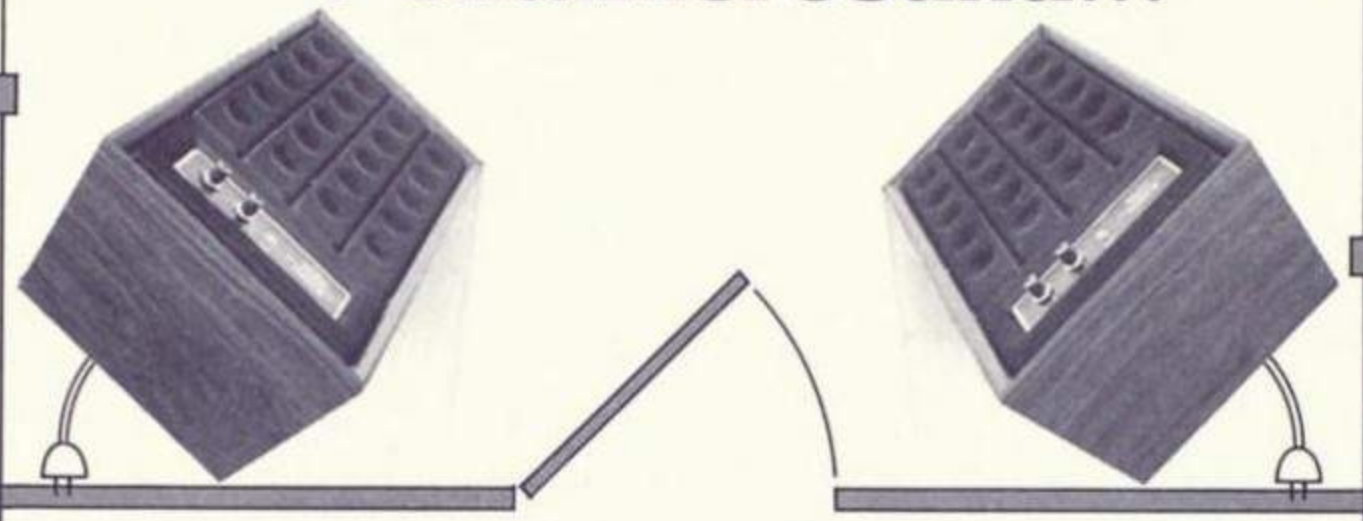

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27-year-old Canadian turns legerdemain into an art form. In ***The Magic Show,*** he transforms a dove into a rabbit and a lady into a lion—and that's only the beginning. There is also a levitating lady, a woman sawed in half (the bottom half is removed from the stage) and a demonstration of "Houdini's Metamorphosis." A girl is tied in a bag and locked in a box; then, presto, poof, the girl is out of the box and the magician has magically taken her place (and even managed to change his costume in the process). The illustrious illusionist who does all this prestidigitation is no top-hatted Mandrake but a dungareed, disarmingly unassuming young man who makes it fun for us to be fooled. The one trick he should immediately add to his act is to make the rest of *The Magic Show* disappear. For some reason, the producers have decided to trap Henning in a book musical, something about a fourth-rate night club in Passaic, New Jersey, and a tenth-rate magician (played by David Ogden Stiers) trying to break up the upstart's act. The songs by Stephen Schwartz sound like retreads of *Godspell* and *Pippin* (maybe because he wrote them), and the book by

Bob Randall (who wrote *6 Rms Riv Vu*) should be drowned in the riv, along with two noisy chorus girls who screech bad jokes at each other. It would have been much better if Henning simply headed a vaudeville bill. By himself, and even ensnared in *The Magic Show,* he is sensational. At the Cort, 138 West 48th Street.

•

Charles Ludlam, the demonic force behind the Ridiculous Theatrical Company, is a playwright, director, actor and comic lunatic. His bizarre creations, ranging from the necromantic insanities of *Bluebeard* to the country-western corn pone of *Corn,* have spiced experimental theater in New York and on tour for many years. Now he has returned to one of his, and Garbo's, greatest roles as ***Camille.*** For Ludlam, who specializes in mad

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doctors, crazy clowns and court eunuchs, it's a rare role in drag. Although he is, well, convincing as Camille, he does not disguise his masculinity. This Camille has a hairy chest. The show is partly a put-on and partly in earnest. The straighter—so to speak—the performance gets, the more fun it is. Ludlam, as usual, has surrounded himself with his

Ridiculous band of cutups, including plump Lola Pashalinski, the towering John D. Brockmeyer (villainous, as is his custom) and the inimitable little lady who calls herself Black-Eyed Susan. The company is a comic treasure. At the Evergreen, 53 East 11th Street.

•

Scapino, the hero of Young Vic's free-wheeling version of Molière's *Les Fourberies de Scapin,* is a scalawaggish con man whose adroit meddling bilks old misers, unites young lovers and delights an audience for two delirious hours. Scapino is Jim Dale (co-adapter of this work with his director, Frank Dunlop). Dale's a pop singer and composer who also happens to be an extraordinary clown with an elastic body and a gymnastic wit. The setting is Naples (so it says in the program), filled with high-flying plates of spaghetti and shouts of Mama Leone instead of *Mama mia.* One larky lyric by Dale manages to include everything Italian from macaroni to Mama Mia Farrow. The supporting cast—particularly the misers, Ian Trigger (a waddling agitated duck) and Paul Brooke (a fuming Colonel Blimp)—is a perfect foil for the zany star. Dale turns Molière's classic sack scene into an avalanche of laughter: He convinces the portly Brooke to hide in a sack in order to elude his enemies and then swats the old man while pretending to be Long John Silver and his parrot ("Shut up, Polly"), a toothy Japanese bandit

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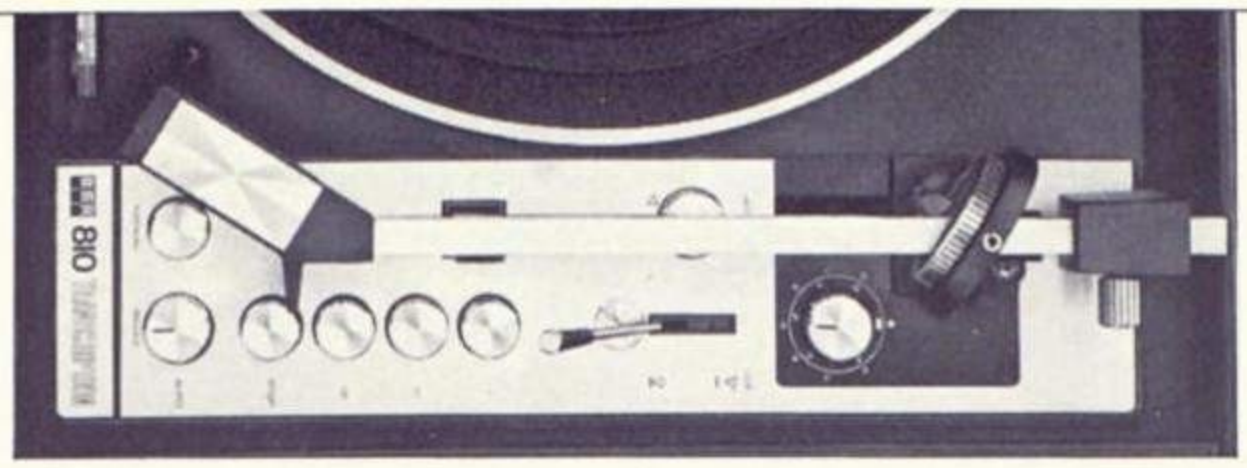

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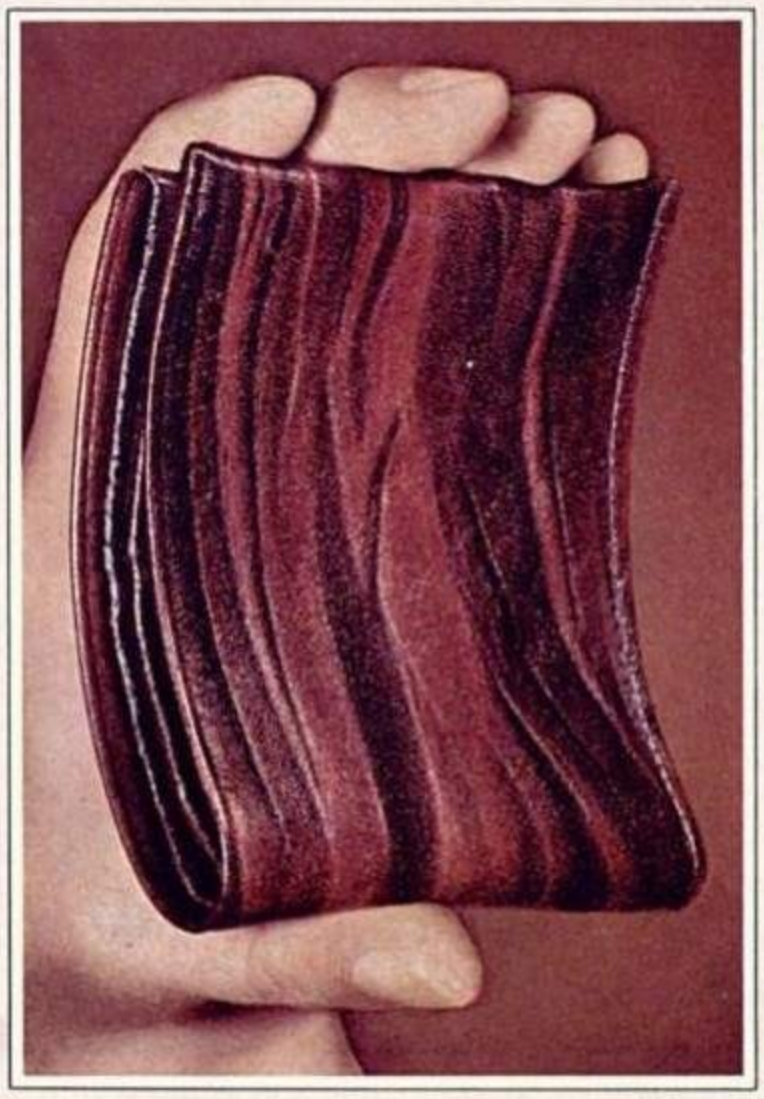

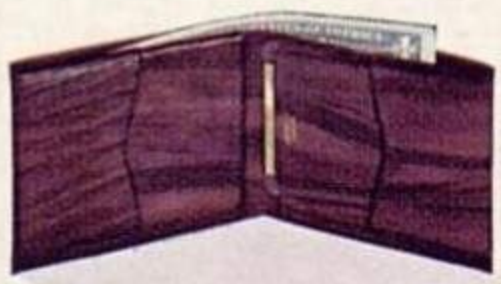

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delivering a "Kung Fu chop suey" and, finally, an entire regiment of marching men and clattering horses—with a little

help from a happy, hysterical audience. At the Circle in the Square/Joseph E. Levine, 1633 Broadway.

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Hearing that Paul Sills's Story Theater troupe had put down new roots in San Francisco, we sent our tireless correspondent Herbert Gold to case the joint. Here's his report:

Improvisational theater, which traces its descent from Punch and Judy, the Piccolo Teatro of Milan, the theories of Viola Spolin and the acting up of American burlesque, Bert Lahr and the Marx Brothers, was the great stage discovery of the beatnik era. The Compass Players begat Second City, which begat The Committee, which begat many minicommittees doing gigs on Broadway and college tours. Improvisational theater's impact depended on educated, slightly alienated audiences; it won its battles to alarm, convince and amuse, and then began to flounder during the noisy final agonies of the Vietnam war, when satire became a way of life for a whole nation.

In the summer of 1968, in Chicago, Paul Sills wove the threads of improvisation and traditional folklore together into a new fabric, ***Story Theater***. Having passed through New Haven, Los Angeles, Washington, a season of Canadian television and another on Broadway (where it won two Tony Awards), Story Theater has found a new home on hospitable ground, in San Francisco's Montgomery Playhouse, built on the spot at 622 Broadway where The Committee opened 11 years ago.

As interpreted by Story Theater, contemporary madness fits with timeless relevance into the legends once heard at your mother's knee: *Our Lady's Child*, a fable about knowledge in which a lady raised in heaven opens a forbidden door and learns too much; *The Farmer and the Moneylender*, a parable of sacrifice delivered in hilarious mime; *The Blue Light*, in which an old soldier confounds

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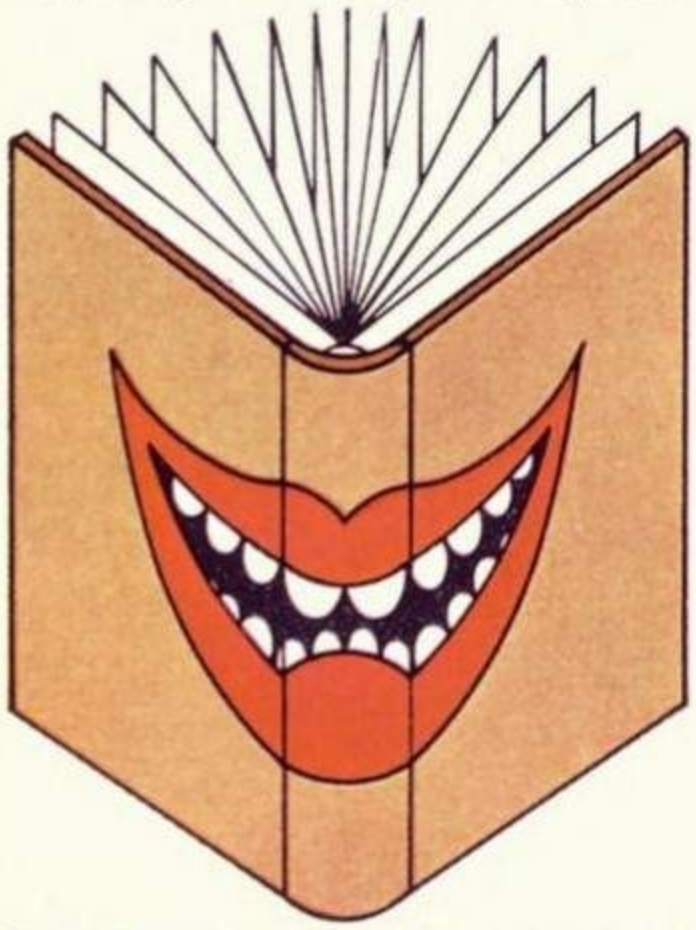
his enemies with a magic lamp not produced by Dow Chemical; and many others, changing with the whim of the performers.

The barest suggestion of music, lights and motion sets the mood: A man walks in "slow-is-fast" fashion and the stage seems buffeted by crop-destroying whirlwinds; a wave of the hand in the air creates a kingdom by the sea, and a fast chop brings it tumbling down. A perfect



fox, with crafty tail and cunning snarl, puts on a long black cape and becomes your archetypal heart-warming, princess-saving prince. Story Theater is magic, it is satire, it overcomes history and distraction, it is disturbing and it fills 90 minutes with laughter.

All this is carried out by a sterling cast of high-I.Q. freaks, including Gardner (John) Brent; Melinda Dillon, who originated the role of Honey in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* on Broadway; Richard Schaal, tired of starring in commercials and getting rich in TV; and Sinbad X. Nimrod (Garry Goodrow), whose program listing is equally divided between credits—Living Theater, *National Lampoon Lemmings*—and the fact that "his first arrest for civil disobedience occurred in 1956."

In the lobby of the playhouse is an eating establishment called, sensibly enough, the Lobby Restaurant. Though it deals in standard 1974 groovy—plants, skylight, no bras, plenty of real wood—lovers of gustatory nostalgia can wallow in some pertinent rarities. The fish is genuinely fresh, the vegies seem never to have known a freezing compartment and the waitresses are friendly, agreeable, charming—and prompt. There is one flaw: the wallpaper, a new and expensive pale-green flocked pattern that would be better suited to the top charm school in Dubrovnik. But you don't have to eat or listen to the wallpaper, and its effect disappears once Henny Penny, back onstage, begins her absolutely up-to-date account of the sky falling. Story Theater is open every night but Monday and Tuesday; Sunday matinees for kids and tourists.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

Chris Miller writes regularly for the National Lampoon *and is becoming our Unofficial East Coast Depravity Scout. His latest report:*

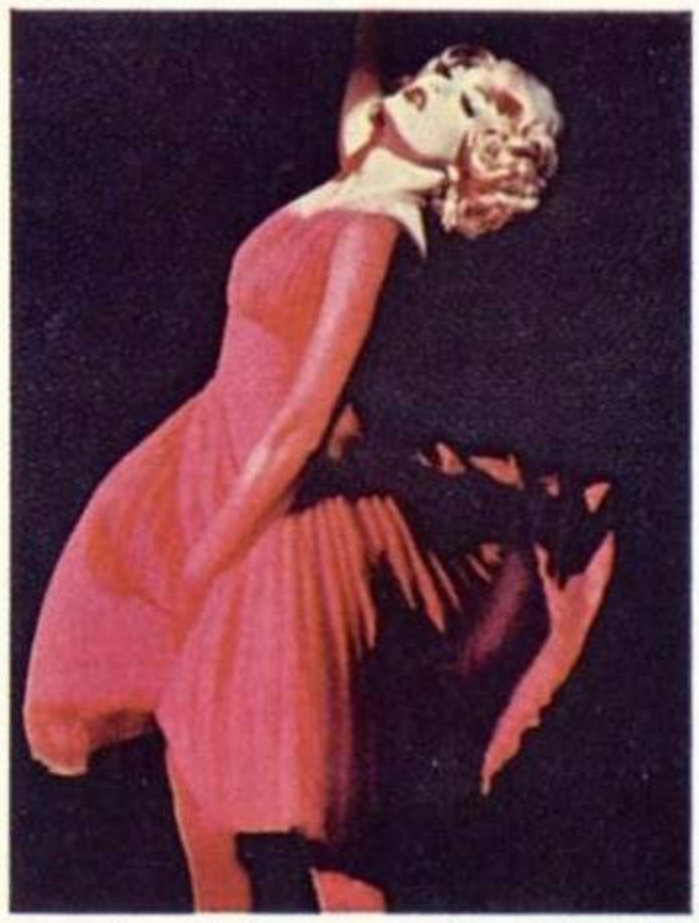
Still searching for some genuinely decadent entertainment in this, our era of political and moral decay, my friend Linda and I attended a performance of **Zou,** the imported Parisian cabaret revue that has quickly built for New York's Blue Angel a reputation as the chicquest night spot in town and has been described repeatedly in ads and write-ups as "elegantly depraved." Well, it wasn't exactly what I would call depraved—depravity to me has always meant something more along the lines of naked women squatting to pick up wine bottles without using their hands—but it was great fun and, especially since the cost of the show has been reduced from a genuinely depraved $100 to $15, which includes a dinner, it could be well worth your while to check it out.

What occurs is this: Twenty-five or so cast members, decked out in a splendid variety of costumes and make-up, charge on and off the stage, singly and in groups, to perform an hour's worth of good-natured impersonations (or caricatures, depending on your point of view) of the likes of Marlene Dietrich, Jean Harlow, Bette Midler and Sonny and Cher, lip-syncing to vocals provided by a continuous, well-programed music tape played through the club's sound system. The pace is rapid, the show nonstop, and if Mae West, Liza Minnelli and the Andrews Sisters are your bag, you may find the parade of pseudo celebrities euphoric and dizzying. What it all reminded me of was my college days, when a bunch of us would cluster drunkenly around the jukebox and enact the Temptations singing *My Girl*, complete with hand jive, knee dips and syncopated spins. Doing Temptations moves, if you're into the Temptations, is a lot of fun, and the cast of *Zou* seemed to be having just as much fun imitating *its* showbiz heroes. Long before the confetti-throwing, music-blaring cancan finale, the audience had become totally infected with the cast's good cheer, clapping their hands, pounding their tabletops and generally leaving the cares of the day far behind.

Because several of the male performers are in drag part of the time, *Zou* is widely believed to be a transvestite revue. Strictly speaking, it isn't—the cast includes only five part-time transvestites, plus one individual described by the show's producer as "half 'n' half"—he takes hormone injections to create petite but perceptible boobs. This confusion about the performers' gender just adds a bit of titillation. Much audience time is spent speculating about who has what between his/her legs. To set the record straight, there are fully 13 females in the cast, so the odds are at any given moment that the woman you're glomming actually is a woman. But not always. Could that be *hair* on Marlene Dietrich's chest? A bulge in Carol Channing's groin? One can never be sure, and if the show can be said to have a point, it's that we can all be sexy in whatever mode we choose, regardless of what sort of genitals the Lord has stuck us with.

Intermingled with the impersonations are several comedy bits. In one particularly strange episode, a person called Unbelievable Michelle—who turned out to be the aforementioned half 'n' half—sporting a long clinging gown and lovely auburn hair, lip-synced a torch song while six guys behind him, dressed only in football helmets, shoulder pads and large athletic supporters fitted with basket-shaped cups, did a Sid Caesarish dance routine that included much bending over and mooning the audience. As the spotlights played across those pert posteriors, my friend Linda pointed out that this particular group of dancers was graced with hairy asses, which she liked.

She was most struck, however, with the penultimate act of the show. In this sequence, what at first appears to be a sultry female transforms herself into a male before the audience's fascinated eyes,



removing clothes, bra, wig and make-up, then donning jeans, T-shirt and leather jacket and walking off the stage, to disappear into the crowd.

This turned Linda on, but, unfortunately, at no time during the evening did I share her sense of arousal. I really did like the show, but I guess I'm just too coarse, hetero and American to be affected pruriently by its displays of naughty European unisex. As far as I'm concerned,

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American sexiness is much sexier. Two cheeseburgers and a Marilyn Chambers to go, please.

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Over the past two years in the Big Apple, there has been an extraordinary proliferation of jazz clubs. During any given week now, jazz of diverse styles is on hand in nearly 70 night clubs in the five boroughs of the city of New York. Nonetheless, the recent opening of ***Buddy's Place***—on Second Avenue and 64th Street (part of what has long been swingers' row, as far as singles are concerned)—is a singular addition to the Manhattan jazz scene.

The Buddy whose name the place bears is virtuoso drummer, sometime pugilist Buddy Rich. Having decided it was time, after decades of almost continuous traveling, to have a base of operations, Buddy now has his own room, where he'll be playing at least 26 weeks a year, with such jazz figures as Joe Williams and George Shearing taking over for interim periods.

Housed in a red-brick building above Sam's, a steakhouse of some repute, Buddy's Place seats 200 comfortably. All around the room are photographs of the owner-drummer, who has never been accused of being overly modest. There is Buddy the boy vaudevillian, Buddy the prominent sideman with bandleaders he has since eclipsed and the more-or-less mature Buddy Rich of now—in full color.

Of course, what will make Buddy's Place flourish, or slide into oblivion, is the quality of the music. Rich, who still plays with the expression of a plain-clothes detective moving in on a suspect, is setting high, swinging standards for the jazz makers who will alternate with him from time to time.

Complementing Rich's own exuberantly precise drumming is Jimmy Maeulin, a marvelously loose but vigorous conjugator of bongos and conga drums. Also in the rhythm section are pianist John Hicks, a crisp modernist; Fender bassist Tony Jackson; and guitarist Jack Wilkins, a stunning technician whose conception is uncommonly fresh and often quite moving. One night, he gentled the lively crowd—usually a mixture of the young and the middle-aged—into nearly absolute silence while creating a whole new dimension of inner voicings in *A Day in the Life of a Fool*.

Cooking on the front line are Sonny Fortune (alto, soprano and flute) and the hard-edged, driving tenor of Sal Nistico, a noted alumnus of one of the Woody Herman Herds.

The ambience at Buddy's Place is as informal as the leader, whose attire usually consists of sweater, sport shirt and slacks. At the end of one set, Rich told the manifestly pleased audience, "We're taking an intermission and we'll be back—well, we'll be back when we feel like it! It's *my* joint."

Buddy's joint is dark on Sundays. There's no cover, but there is a music charge of four dollars on week nights and five dollars on weekends. The food (ribs, hamburgers, barbecued chicken in a basket) comes from Sam's downstairs.

RECORDINGS

There have always been individual women in rock 'n' roll who can kick the brains out of the back of your head—Joplin did it all too briefly and Maggie Bell, among others, is doing it today. But there's never really been an all-women's group that could switch on the heavy-boogie light in your head—so we were happy to get a call from Josh Mills, who told us he'd found one. Josh does reviews for the New York Daily News, *among others, and here's what he had to say:*

Several feminist friends have dragged me off to hear Isis, the eight-woman rock band that's the rage of underground New York, and I'm not sure what to expect, politically or musically. When we

get to Trude Heller's, one of New York's few remaining *discothèques*, a glitter joint frequented chiefly by gays and bisexuals, it's jammed.

Over against the bar, Carol MacDonald, the leader and founder of Isis, is having a double. With her five-inch silver-heeled boots, she's just tall enough to see over the bar. Her left hand on her hip, cape flung back to reveal the gold-and-blue sequined jacket, Carol looks tough, and I approach apprehensively. "It always helps to get shit-faced before a show," she announces. "No, wait—that's not true. Just a couple of drinks to loosen up." And she turns and gets another double. My political expectations? I dunno; dancing and sweating and drinking are what's going on, women's band or no. The stage is really no stage at all, just a portion of the floor blocked off from dancing. But tonight is special, for as Carol polishes off her second drink, Trude herself is clearing dancers from the floor, setting up a good sight line from the bandstand to the Important Guests: record-company executives, Lou Reed, Alice Cooper, Three Dog Night and Herb Alpert, all ready to listen and perhaps bid for Isis' services, since it is without a recording contract.

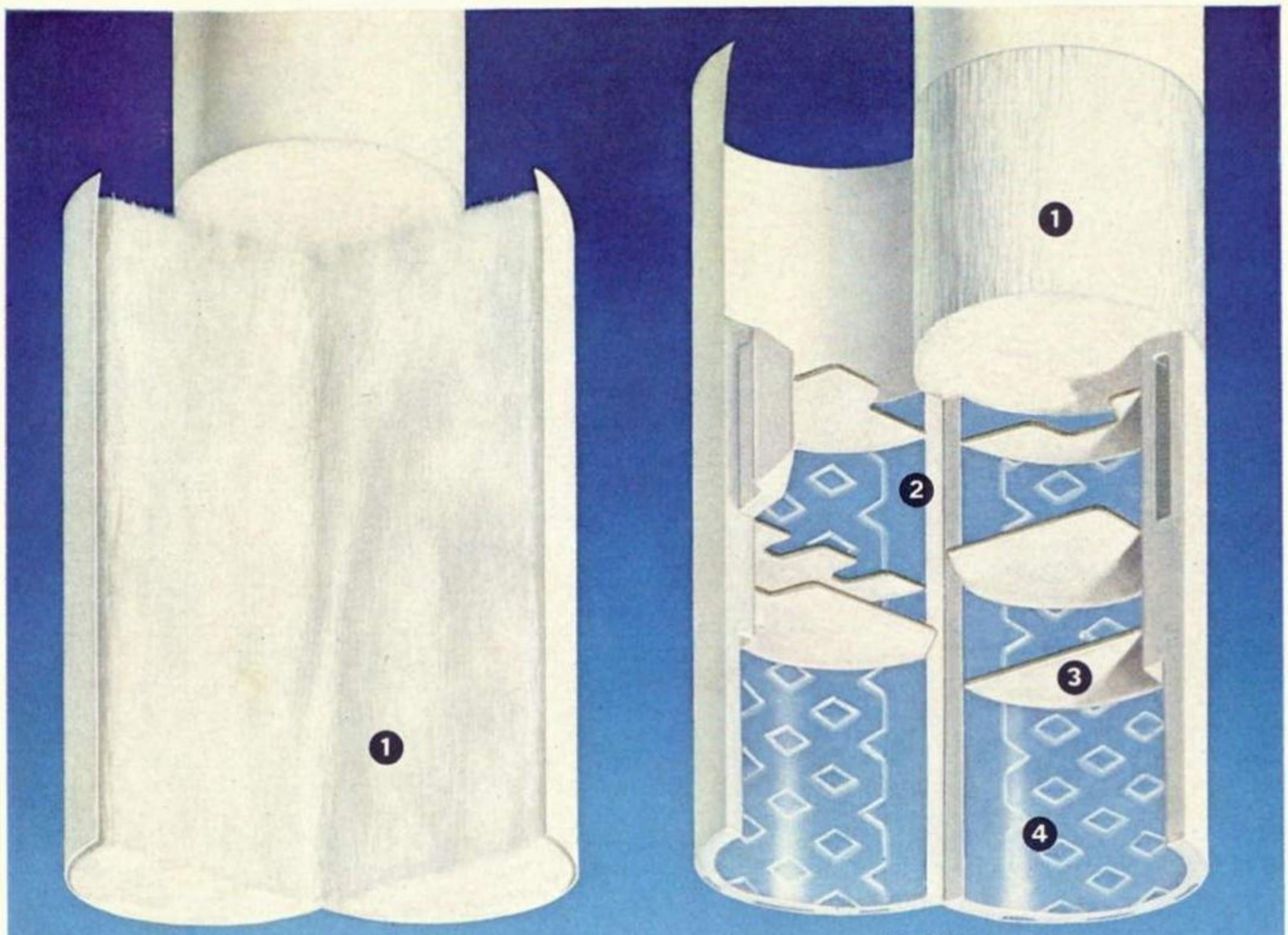
It's time for music and I'm still bewildered. Will they blow their chops? (Do women have chops?) Isis strides out, assertively. It's not the first all-woman rock band, a tradition that dates back at least to the Sixties, when Goldie & the Gingerbreads (Carol was a Gingerbread) opened tours for The Rolling Stones. Isis is a lot to take in. Three horns, drums, congas, bass, two guitars. The members range in age from 20 to early 30s and in dress from Carol's glitter and cape to the trombonist's overalls, half unbuttoned. Several of them are openly gay, I've heard, and one lives with a guy, and the rest, well, I'm fantasizing and half-trying to look at them as musicians.

But they start in and make it easy! I'm overwhelmed, jumping up and down on the bench, screaming with excitement, more nuts than I've been at a concert since I first saw The Who in a small club ten years ago. The record-company men are beating time and trying not to sweat. Three Dog Night rocks back and forth (and later signs Isis as the opening act for its tour). Herb Alpert is covering his eyes; he later said he didn't want to be influenced by how they looked—but he looks like he's praying to drive away a nightmare, eight women blowing music a good deal hotter than his middle-of-the-road mariachis.

The music builds. At its best, Isis mixes the horn lines and precision of Chicago with the rhythms of Santana, and it's cooking, and the crowd's jumping, and the women are grinning, and I am, too, and not because Isis is a women's band but because it's blowing its chops off, yeah! With equal disregard for the Karen Carpenter flash-those-teeth-and-roll-those-eyes flirtation and the Tina Turner suck-your-cock approach, Isis makes *music*. But women musicians slapping each other on the ass after solos? It takes some getting used to.

That night was a few months ago. Bids came in, despite the vinyl shortage, and Isis has an album out on Buddah Records, and the cover should lay to rest feminist obsessions: eight glistening nude bodies, covered hair to sole in silver paint. Not really attractive, but, God knows, it's striking and will make you look twice, and hopefully tote the album home and play it, and that's what it's all about.

While falling short of the magic of that night at Trude Heller's, ***Isis*** is still a fine first album. Carol's singing is husky,



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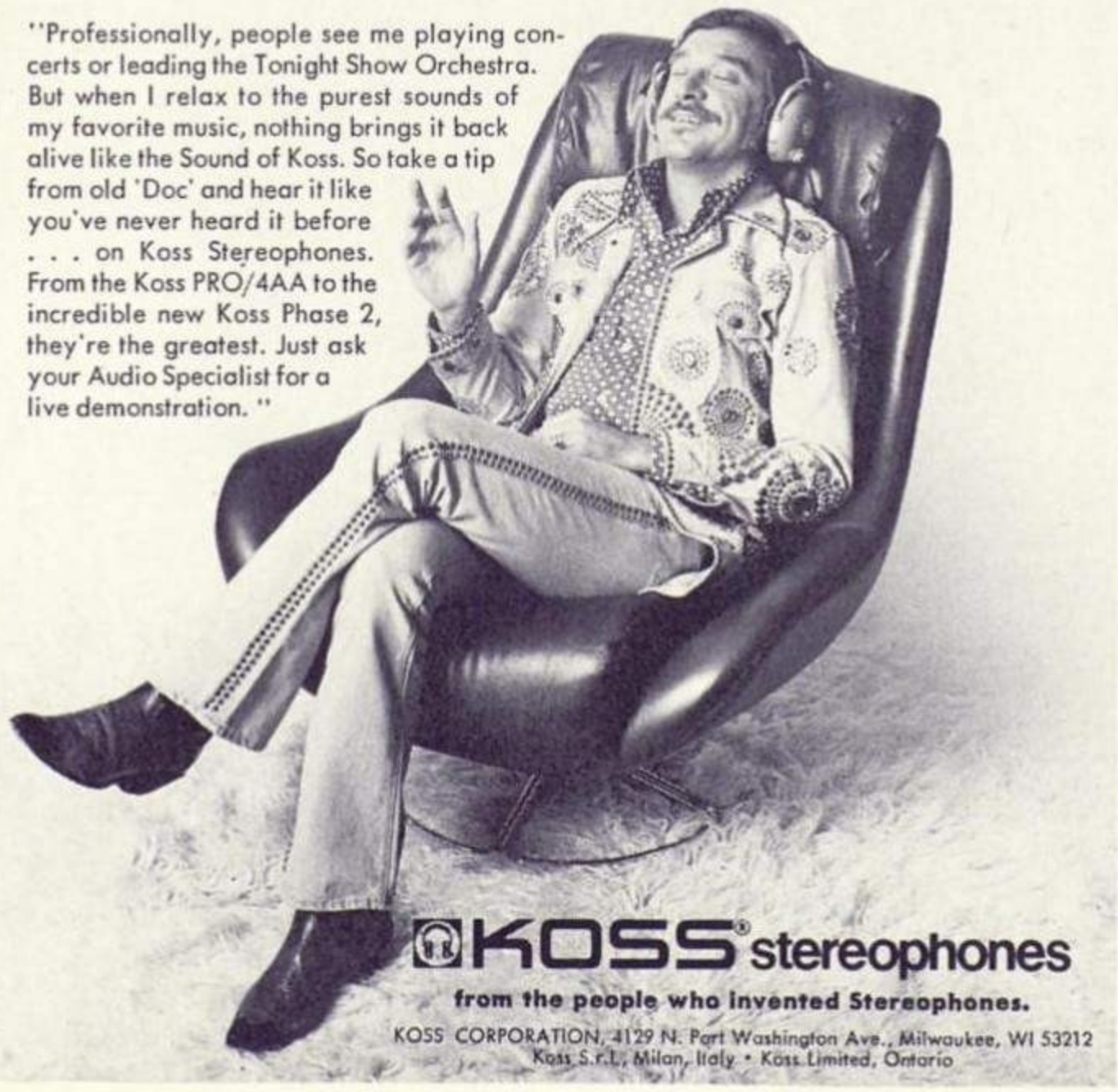

assertive, never laying back and lulling you off guard but nudging you continually. It stands up well in front of the big band. Producer Shadow Morton has opted for longer solos and duets more often than the wall-of-sound effect, which makes for a few curious effects: a jazzlike specter runs through the album, the cuts are long (too long for AM radio play) and some of the intensity is diffused.

The best tracks are when the horns shift from punctuating to blowing lead, when the guitars slash instead of strum and the Latin rhythms sweep through the song; in short, when they cook. *Waiting for the Sonrise*, wisely placed as the opening cut, bears hearing twice to get all the nuances. *Servant Saviour* and *April Fool* left me whistling for days. Mixed among the rockers are some ponderous ballads, but it takes a while for any large band to find a studio groove. In the months since Trude Heller's, Isis has been on the move. It's played TV concerts and two long tours and caught crabs in Kansas City—all those germinatin' experiences that make veterans of the unproven. It's movin' right smartly down the road.

•

Bob Wills began his musical career with one hand reaching for the "breakdown" fiddle his daddy taught him to play at ranch dances, the other dragging in whatever Dixieland jazz might have strayed west from New Orleans to Turkey, Texas, over the Twenties airwaves. With the simplicity characteristic of genius, Wills combined them. He took the mountain breakdown and taught it how to behave in a Georgian mansion. The music still reeled, but it also bowed and curtsied. Wills formed a band in the Thirties, and it not only worked, it made him famous. By the early Forties, Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys had ridden the crest of Western Swing into the mainstream of American music. His influence is still so pervasive that, well, do you hear that jazz lick on guitar or fiddle quietly rippling behind the latest crusty hillbilly lyrics? You can almost be certain Bob Wills or one of his Playboys holds the water rights to it.

And that's the reason why Merle Haggard came down from Chicago in late November 1973 and why Los Angeles trucker-d.j. Larry Scott didn't show up for work on the night of December first. Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys recorded ***For the Last Time*** (United Artists) December third and fourth in Dallas. Remember the dates. In its quieter way, the session is as much a landmark for country music as Woodstock was for rock. True, it's nostalgia: the creator of jazzbilly guitar, Eldon Shamblin; the creator of steel guitar, Leon McAuliffe; the creator of country-swing piano, Al Stricklin; Johnny Gimble, who is probably the best fiddle and electric mandolin

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player in America; and Merle Haggard—the best musicians around looking back to the Thirties, when, broadcasting out of KVOO in Tulsa or touring the Stampede ballrooms of the land, Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys revolutionized musical taste in the Southwest. The vocals on such classics as *Stay All Night, Bubbles in My Beer, When You Leave Amarillo* and *Milk Cow Blues* are as good as they are largely because instrumentalists Gimble and Shamblin continually tease and incite the singers with beautifully supportive yet self-sustaining backup solos, a re-creation of the free-and-easy Thirties jam sessions that have practically disappeared from modern jazz. The fiddle breakdown *Comin' Down from Denver* and *Crippled Turkey*, arranged and performed by Hoyle Nix, are worth fighting for. The album exists at all because Wills's closest friends wished to gather around him once more. And it's the real stuff. The *real* stuff.

•

If there was ever a better recording by the Modern Jazz Quartet than ***Blues on Bach*** (Atlantic), we don't know about it. J.S.B. and the MJQ are obviously soul brothers. Whether the Messrs. Lewis, Jackson, Kay and Heath are respectfully restructuring the likes of *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring* or stretching out on the four blues items interspersed with the Bach offerings, the connective link between past and present has never been more apparent. It's especially so when Lewis moves over to the harpsichord—the ensemble sound is fascinating.

•

Poor Bill Wyman. After a decade as low man on the Stones' totem pole, practically invisible in the shadows of Jagger and Richard, painfully neglected, he's taken the big leap and made a solo album, ***Monkey Grip*** (Rolling Stones). Now he's *completely* invisible. He got the best studio musicians around—including Leon Russell and Dr. John—and paid them to play while he sang his own songs in a voice reminiscent of Topo Gigio on a bad night. It's a collection of little dingbat ditties packaged in a curiously anachronistic honky-tonk-*cum*-country style with a few rock-a-billy horn riffs and obligatory black-chick backup vocals. What would you expect from a decadent, worldly, middle-aged Englishman? As for the bass playing, it's in no way adventurous or surprising—just more of the utilitarian stuff he plays for the Stones. And those lyrics! One cut, titled *Pussy*, is the kind of low-grade porn you wouldn't think a high-class rock star would try to peddle. Wyman must really be The Rolling Stones' resident Dirty Old Man.

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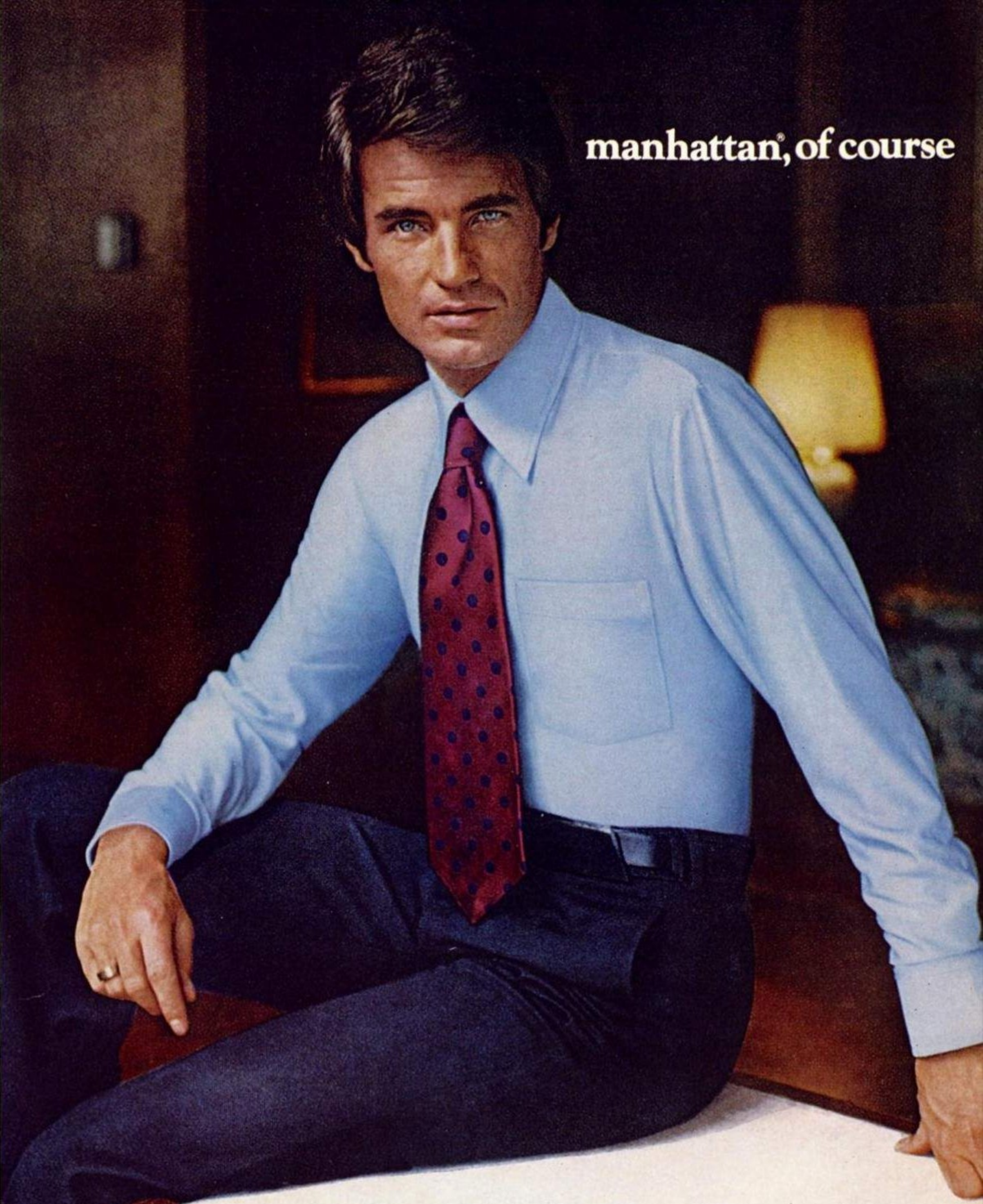
The latest bulletin from Weather Report, ***Mysterious Traveler*** (Columbia), calls for more storms—we assume that wherever you are, it's been raining—and,



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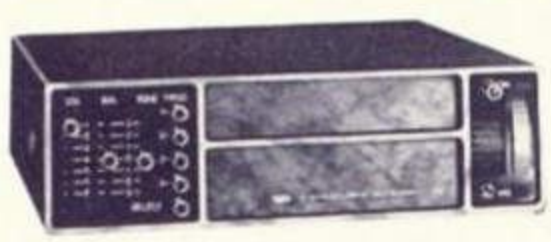

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eventually, clear skies. But not until you've been thoroughly convinced that Josef Zawinul, Wayne Shorter and their fellow Reporters are the most dynamic and sophisticated musicians anywhere. The LP kicks off with a jazz-rock juggernaut in *Nubian Sundance;* it sounds bigger than life and twice as exciting. *Cucumber Slumber* and the title tune are also high-voltage numbers. But after coming through these musical storms, you get a moment of real tranquillity in *Blackthorn Rose,* a duet by Shorter and Zawinul; a majestic piece of Moog-flavored music in *Scarlet Woman;* and *Jungle Book,* which closes the record as it begins, with a tasteful reference to its African roots—embellished with a number of Third World instruments, from tabla to kalimba, and suffused with a beautiful cooled-out feeling.

•

We found Miles Davis' twin-LP ***Big Fun*** (Columbia) a big frustration. It is obviously a major undertaking—four Davis compositions, one to a side—with almost every major name in the jazz business on hand in groups that range up to 12 in number. So what's the problem? Well, we think Davis has lost the forest for the trees. Three of the sides are filled with fragments, bits, pieces, never offering enough solid substance for the listener to grab on to. It is only *Go Ahead John,* done with half the men of the other tracks, that does it all for us, but *it* is absolutely smashing. There's Miles on trumpet, Jack De Johnette on drums, Steve Grossman on soprano sax, John McLaughlin on guitar and Dave Holland on bass. Davis, particularly when he overdubs himself, is at the top of his powers.

•

I-40 Country (Mercury) is the latest in a long line of exceptional country-and-western offerings by master showman Jerry Lee Lewis. From the opening steel-guitar licks of *He Can't Fill My Shoes* to the closing strains of the classic *Room Full of Roses,* it's an album packed with down-home country blues and rock-a-billy swing. With a piano that can pump or tinkle with the best of them and the familiar glissandi that punctuate Jerry Lee's soulful vocal stylings, the performance fairly bristles with the easy bravado that comes of nearly 20 years as a chart topper. The anonymous sidemen provide a high degree of good taste and smooth execution, with the pedal-steel-work displaying some out-of-the-ordinary expressiveness and imagination. The Killer is alive and well in Nashville.

MOVIES

Previews: Disaster looms on the movie horizon as a major theme, Hollywood's predictable response to such gilt-edged investments as *The Poseidon Adventure*

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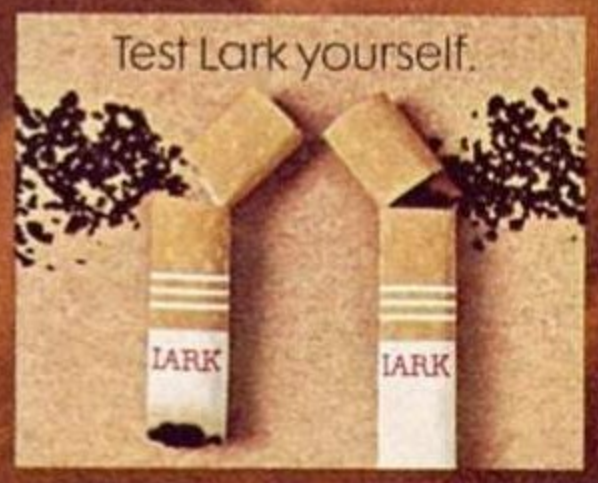

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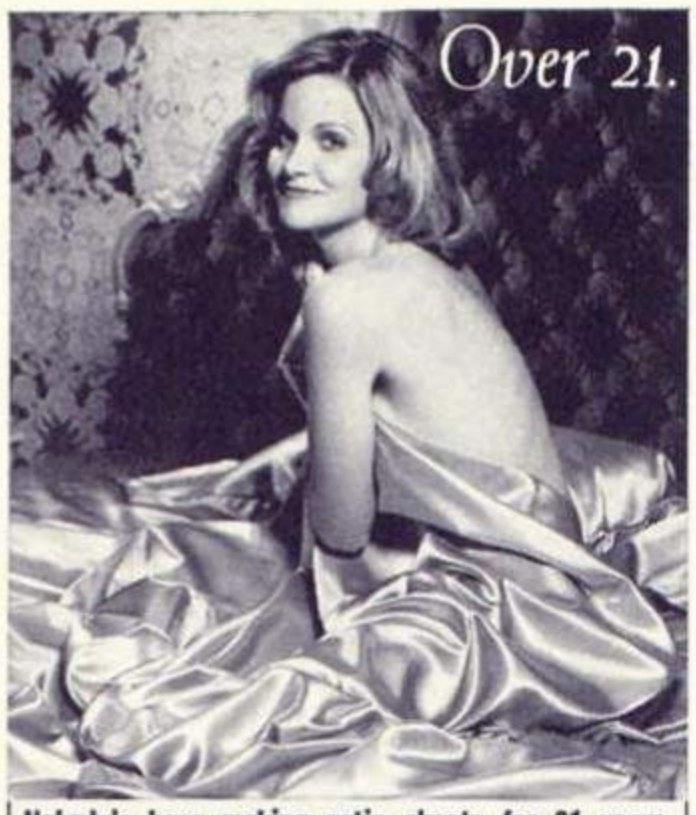

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and *Airport*, both whopping financial successes. Look for an inevitable sequel titled ***Beyond the Poseidon Adventure*** sometime next year (another ocean liner in distress, presumably), preceded this fall by ***Airport 1975,*** taking off with an all-star cast of nail biters led by Charlton Heston, Karen Black, George Kennedy, Susan Clark, Myrna Loy, Gloria Swanson and singer Helen Reddy.

Among the chief holiday attractions for late '74 (while guns blaze around Al Pacino, Robert Duvall and their adversaries in ***The Godfather—Part II***) will be two large-screen epics of destruction. First, producer-director Mark Robson's ***Earthquake*** describes the effects of massive natural catastrophe in the Los Angeles area, Heston and Kennedy attending again (two stouthearted men for any emergency), alongside Ava Gardner, Richard Roundtree, Victoria Principal and Genevieve Bujold. Then comes ***The Towering Inferno,*** with appropriate heroics from Steve McQueen, Paul Newman, William Holden, Faye Dunaway, Fred Astaire and Jennifer Jones, while the world's tallest skyscraper goes up in flames.

Had enough? Not yet you haven't. Turn off those TV talk shows and stay tuned for subsequent SOS signals from producer-director Robert Wise's ***The Hindenburg,*** co-starring George C. Scott with that famous doomed blimp, and ***Juggernaut,*** with Richard Harris (at sea, but sinking fast). Just to round out the cycle, 20th Century-Fox has had scenarist Edward Anhalt at work adapting a novel titled ***The Day the World Ended,*** which certainly sounds climactic.

If spectacular events don't sell a movie, spectacular stars appear to be the most popular form of insurance with current film makers. The trend is toward big names and bigger names, in thick clusters. On this score, few can top Paramount's Christmas release, ***Murder on the Orient Express***—an Agatha Christie suspense classic directed by Sidney Lumet, with England's Albert Finney playing detective Hercule Poirot vis-à-vis a trainload of suspects including Lauren Bacall, Myrna Loy, Wendy Hiller, Martin Balsam, Ingrid Bergman, Jacqueline Bisset, Sean Connery, Michael York, Tony Perkins, Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, Richard Widmark and Sir John Gielgud, no less. Moving right along into 1975, theater marquees will be lit up with such provocative combos as the one in ***Shampoo,*** Warren Beatty top-billed as a phenomenally horny hairdresser who teases Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn and dozens of other willing victims into his lair. Director Peter Bogdanovich's Cole Porter musical, ***At Long Last Love,*** has a batch of unpublished Porter tunes as well as a mixed bag of stars headed by Burt Reynolds, Madeline Kahn and Bogdanovich's favorite songstress, Cybill Shepherd.

Talk about superstars, can any duo top Katharine Hepburn and John Wayne, teamed for the first time in ***Rooster Cogburn,*** a sequel to Wayne's *True Grit*? Robert Redford will be back soon as ***The Great Waldo Pepper,*** a barnstorming pilot of the Gatsby era, with Margot Kidder and Susan Sarandon worrying about him. Someone must care that Natalie Wood returns to movies after a five-year absence (since *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*) opposite Michael Caine in ***Fat Chance,*** a Hollywood yarn set in the Forties. Some California rumrunners of the Thirties are the subject of director Stanley Donen's ***Lucky Lady,*** in starting position, with Liza Minnelli superstarred. Now, *there* are a few casting coups that should skirt disaster and give the nostalgia boom a badly needed lift.

•

Robin Lee Graham was a California teenager who set off alone in a 23-foot sloop to sail around the world and find himself. While doing so, he met and married an ex–airline stewardess named Patti. Graham's real-life adventure lasted five years and could hardly have been more romantic—getting shipwrecked, getting laid in exotic South Sea ports of call, getting married

and getting home at last in triumph. ***The Dove,*** produced by Gregory Peck (and named after Graham's boat and the book he wrote with Derek Gill), has some seaworthy cinematography by Sweden's Sven Nykvist but wastes too much time ashore charting passionate reunions—from Fiji to Madagascar to Capetown—between Graham and Patti (played by Joseph Bottoms and Deborah Raffin). Though Bottoms is only a passable actor, he's not responsible for *The Dove*'s lackadaisical airs. Director Charles Jarrott, saddled with a soso screenplay, obviously gave up the subjective approach in spelling out this tale of guts, self-doubt and stubborn determination, which might have made a fine movie. What he offers in its place is a round-the-world scenic tour as backdrop for an intensely ordinary love story about a boy sailor with the same girl in every port. While dawdling over Graham's shipboard romance, Jarrott misses the boat.

•

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U. S. Senator is shot during a public appearance in Seattle's lofty Space Needle—and ends the same way, several years later, when a conservative candidate is gunned down while rehearsing for a campaign rally. Meanwhile, seven witnesses present at the disaster in Seattle die mysteriously and three others appear to be in imminent danger. If all this has a familiar ring, summoning up memories of the Kennedy and Wallace cases, that's exactly what is intended in producer-director Alan J. Pakula's re-creation of a pungent political novel by Loren Singer, smoothly adapted for the screen by David Giler and Lorenzo Semple, Jr. As a deep probe of contemporary America—which turns its subjects belly side up to expose quite a few ugly blisters—Francis Ford Coppola's *The Conversation* is a better movie but seems to be slumping at the box office. *Parallax View* is more contrived and superficial, also more apt to hit the jackpot commercially, because its supervillains are as glossy and abstract as those in a James Bond epic. Still, even a light-voltage shock may open minds hermetically sealed against disturbing doubts about reports from the Warren Commission and all such investigative bodies. It's time to consider the facts behind this explosive fiction about a huge, rich, reactionary corporation whose main business is murder: recruiting and training assassins to do what's best for the country, corporation-wise. The three priority targets are played by Warren Beatty, as a nosy reporter who tries to infiltrate the death squad; Paula Prentiss, as a TV news gal; and William Daniels, as a top advisor to the slain Senator. Hume Cronyn adds some fussy characterization as a skeptical newspaper editor, but the mainstay of the picture is Beatty, fleshing out his one-dimensional role with the energy and presence of a natural-born star. Pakula puts the emphasis on headlong action and twists of plot, for nonstop excitement—which is given a further hype by Gordon Willis' dazzling cinematography, almost a show in itself. After exposure to *The Parallax View*, you will find you have been overwhelmed by sheer physical skill. You may also find yourself greeting the next official Government explanation of the unexplainable with eyebrows raised another fraction of an inch—and for the cynical Seventies, that look is becoming classic.

•

The vogue for films labeled MADE IN FRANCE is gone but not quite forgotten. What the world wants now are American movies—not *films*, either, by God—which are often imitated by foreign moviemakers lighting candles to Art. All the same, a handful of recent Gallic imports resists the trend toward Americanization with varying degrees of success. Writer-director Claude Chabrol's ***Wedding in Blood*** is a typical Chabrol exercise

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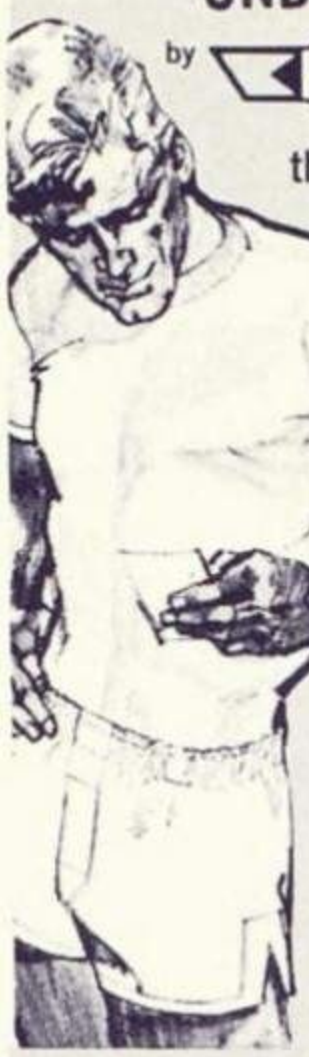

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in suspense, full of Hitchcocky humor and sophisticated irony. The plot might have been written on the head of a pin—just a provincial matron and her lover who want to dispose of their respective mates with the least possible fuss. This sort of thing has been done a thousand times, but seldom with such crescendos of understatement. As the married lady, silky Stephane Audran (Mme. Chabrol offscreen) displays her usual elegant cool, still slipping into a role the way she might slip into a chic St. Laurent original, without even a glance at the price tag. As her lusty paramour, Michel Piccoli is just right, too. Talk about movie love scenes: There have been few to match the spectacle of these two, colliding and clawing through every rendezvous in a hilarious but dead-accurate depiction of overheated, guilty passion.

•

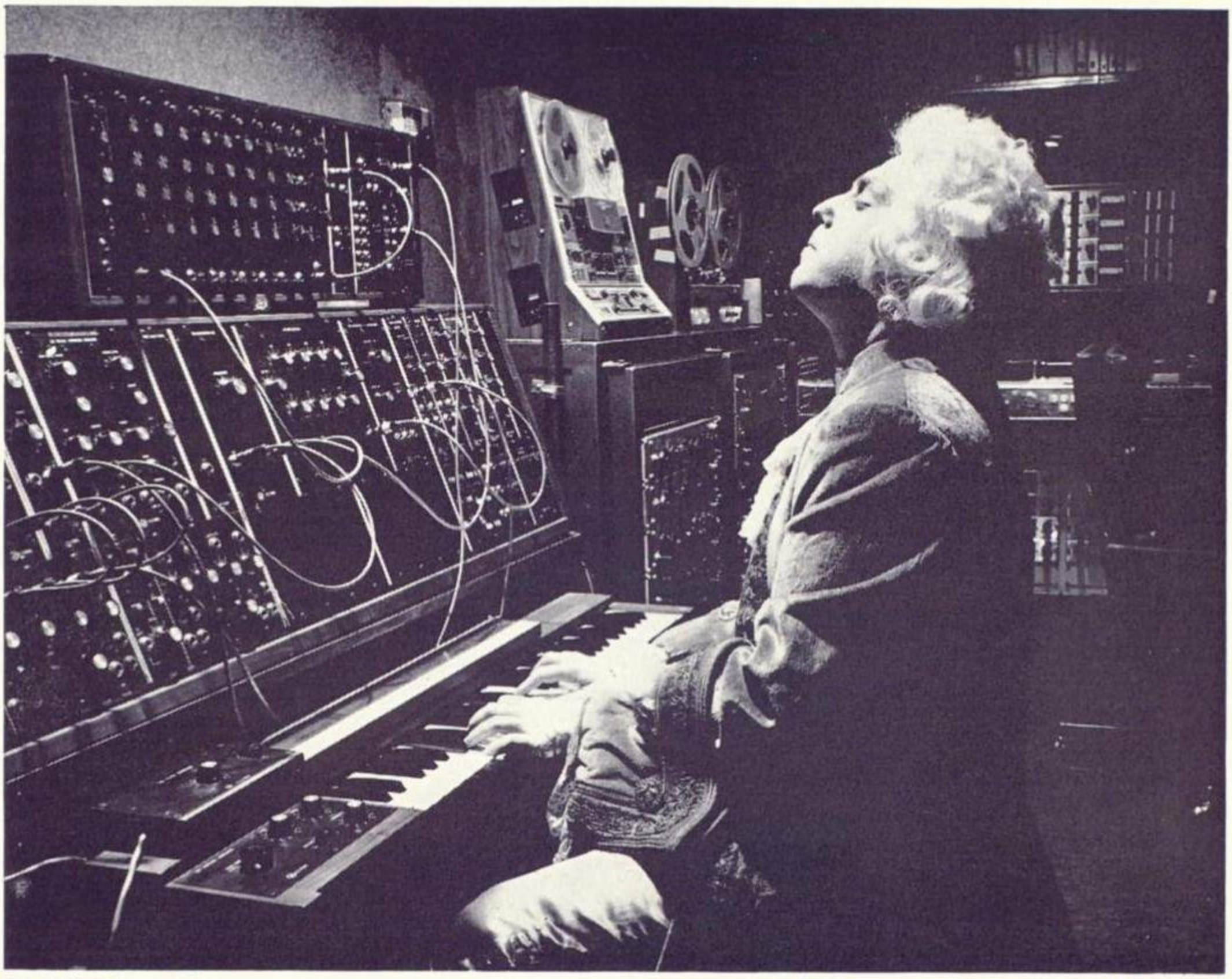
In the homicide division, George Segal and master mime Marcel Marceau bring star quality to a couple of tall tales about killers activated by push-button technology. Marceau's ***Shanks,*** subtitled "A Grim Fairy Tale," is the lesser of the two, though it has moments of comic-strip horror you won't forget right away. In his starring role, Marceau doubles as a deaf-mute puppeteer and an eccentric old scientist who has found a way to raise the dead through electronics. The old man drops dead unexpectedly and soon the mild-mannered puppetmaster has him lurching around the premises like a windup toy, disposing of nasty relatives and hippie vandals on command. When Shanks, push button in hand, takes his dear departed stepbrother and sister-in-law (Philippe Clay and Tsilla Chelton beautifully executing Marceau's choreography) to town on a shopping expedition, or resurrects them as servants at a young friend's birthday party, the results are both witty and bloodcurdling. Under director William Castle, however, too much of the movie looks artsy and self-conscious—the use of old-fashioned title cards between scenes is no help at all when flashed on simply to introduce, for example, OLD WALTER'S STRANGE MANSION. Could be that Marceau's special art works better in unpolluted form, on stage, where distance lends enchantment. And the show's Punch-and-Judy appeal is finally soured a bit by an unsavory sequence involving the rape-murder of a child, which makes this a dubious bet for kiddie matinees.

Segal as ***The Terminal Man,*** adapted by producer-director Mike Hodges from Michael Crichton's novel (which first appeared in PLAYBOY), plays a computer scientist, suffering a mental disorder, who becomes proof of his own theories about man *vs.* machine when computer-controlled electrodes are planted in his brain by surgery. Something goes a little bit off in the circuitry and the mental case becomes a rampaging homicidal maniac programmed for destruction. The way Segal portrays him, in his patented regular-guy manner, he is believably human as well as terrifying, both victim

and nemesis—a kind of Frankenstein monster in a Gatsby suit. *Terminal Man* poses some heavy questions about the morality of mind control, and also points up the irony of overzealous medical men using human beings as guinea pigs, then citing statistics to justify a tragic mistake. There's a lot of intelligence in the supporting cast headed by Joan Hackett, Donald Moffat, Jill Clayburgh and Richard A. Dysart, yet *Terminal Man* in retrospect seems more spine-tingling than thought-provoking. But there's no cause to complain. From Crichton's morbid theme, Hodges has turned out a first-rate shocker in a style so clinical and chillingly detached that every scratch and whisper on the sound track begins to jangle the nerve ends. Call it a cranial cliffhanger, with fringe benefits for the serious-minded.

•

At one point in ***My Name Is Nobody,*** a muddled horse opera made in the U. S. and Spain by Italian director Sergio Leone (king of the spaghetti Westerns), Henry Fonda and Terence Hill wander into an Indian cemetery and come upon a grave marked SAM PECKINPAH. Meanwhile, Fonda is being pursued, to thundering symphonic music, by a gang of 150 bad guys known as The Wild Bunch. Obviously, Leone does not expect to be taken too seriously. He casts Fonda as a celebrated gunslinger, Hill as a young upstart itching to take his place—and both are slowed down by reams of cretinous narration. But *Nobody* is designed mainly to introduce Hill as a candidate for stardom in the saddle where Clint



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Eastwood used to sit. So let's introduce him. Born in Venice as Mario Girotti, Hill speaks flawless English with a nice twang, has half a dozen profitable pictures to his credit (especially *They Call Me Trinity* and its sequel). He is also agile, muscular, strikingly handsome—at first glance as all-American as downtown Cleveland, with the brightest blue eyes this side of Paul Newman's—and so set on being wholesome-boyish that he smiles too much, as if he were about to whip out a pencil and declare he's selling magazine subscriptions to pay for his last year of college. Hill will surely be back by popular demand, thanks to *Nobody* in particular.

•

Those three asterisks in the title of **S*P*Y*S** provide a clue to the producers' hope that co-stars Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland will have another hit the size of *M*A*S*H*. It is a lot to ask of an asterisk, lacking both a director as good as Robert Altman and a script with a sardonically comic point of view. Under director Irvin Kershner, *S*P*Y*S* fields Gould and Sutherland as a team of inept U. S. cloak-and-dagger men, whose bungling has marked them as expendable—so that even *our* side agrees they should be eliminated in a kind of sacrifice play to even the score after a couple of enemy agents have been bumped off by mistake. A series of fiascoes occurs between London and Paris, which are peopled by caricatures of Chinese and Soviet spies, a defecting Iron Curtain athlete and a winsome anarchist (played by Zouzou, star of Eric Rohmer's *Chloé in the Afternoon*). All this Cold War comedy looks just a little passé in the era of *détente*, and *S*P*Y*S* somehow resembles the revival of a movie made a decade ago. Only Gould and Sutherland save it—which is what they were hired to do—with their special, contemporary brand of boredom and casual contempt for the institutions of one-upmanship. Mildly amusing, then. But it ain't *M*A*S*H*.

•

It might be possible to milk an essay on homosexual trends in cinema from the cop-and-robber couples so prevalent in new American films. Viewed from that angle, ***Thunderbolt and Lightfoot*** teams Clint Eastwood and Jeff Bridges, of all people, as two crooks—a safecracking smoothie and a punk kid—who show unusual concern for each other as they wheel around the picturesque hills of Montana searching for a cache of stolen

money. Their unlikely love story has quite a few subtle flourishes of gay lib—Bridges blowing kisses to rile George Kennedy, a grumpy accomplice, or dolling up in drag to lure a Western Union clerk away from his burglar alarm. Writer-director Michael Cimino, a TV recruit making his feature-film debut, either wants to interrupt this action drama for a message or intends a sly send-up of the Eastwood–John Wayne brand of *machismo* movie. Probably the latter. Anyway, he gives you something to think about when the guns go off.

•

The performers in every other current gangster epic look like eight-by-ten glossies compared with the rogues' gallery collected by director John G. (*Joe*) Avildsen for ***The Stoolie,*** an offbeat but refreshing answer to all *The Godfather*'s ambitious heirs. Starring comedian Jackie Mason as a sleazy Weehawken, New Jersey, hustler who cons a local detective (Dan Frazer) out of $7500 and escapes to Miami Beach, the movie treats Mason's Roger Pittman with decent disrespect—as a flabby, slow-witted loser, with just enough crazy *chutzpah* to suggest that the vengeful cop he has bilked might help him pay off by cosigning a bank loan. The cop, the stoolie and an eager Long Island secretary (played neatly by Marcia Jean Kurtz) who is conducting her own Florida manhunt wind up together on a crook's tour of Miami Beach that Avildsen seems to have planned with mischievous malice aforethought. Trade gossip has it that Avildsen left before *The Stoolie* was finished, which may account for some dwindling of comic energy, yet his brand of crime-movie spoofery is visible throughout. Seeing itself portrayed as a junky dreamland full of rip-off artists, wedding-cake hotels, suntan lotion and trained cockatoos on roller skates, the sunny state of Florida may decide to sue.

RADIO

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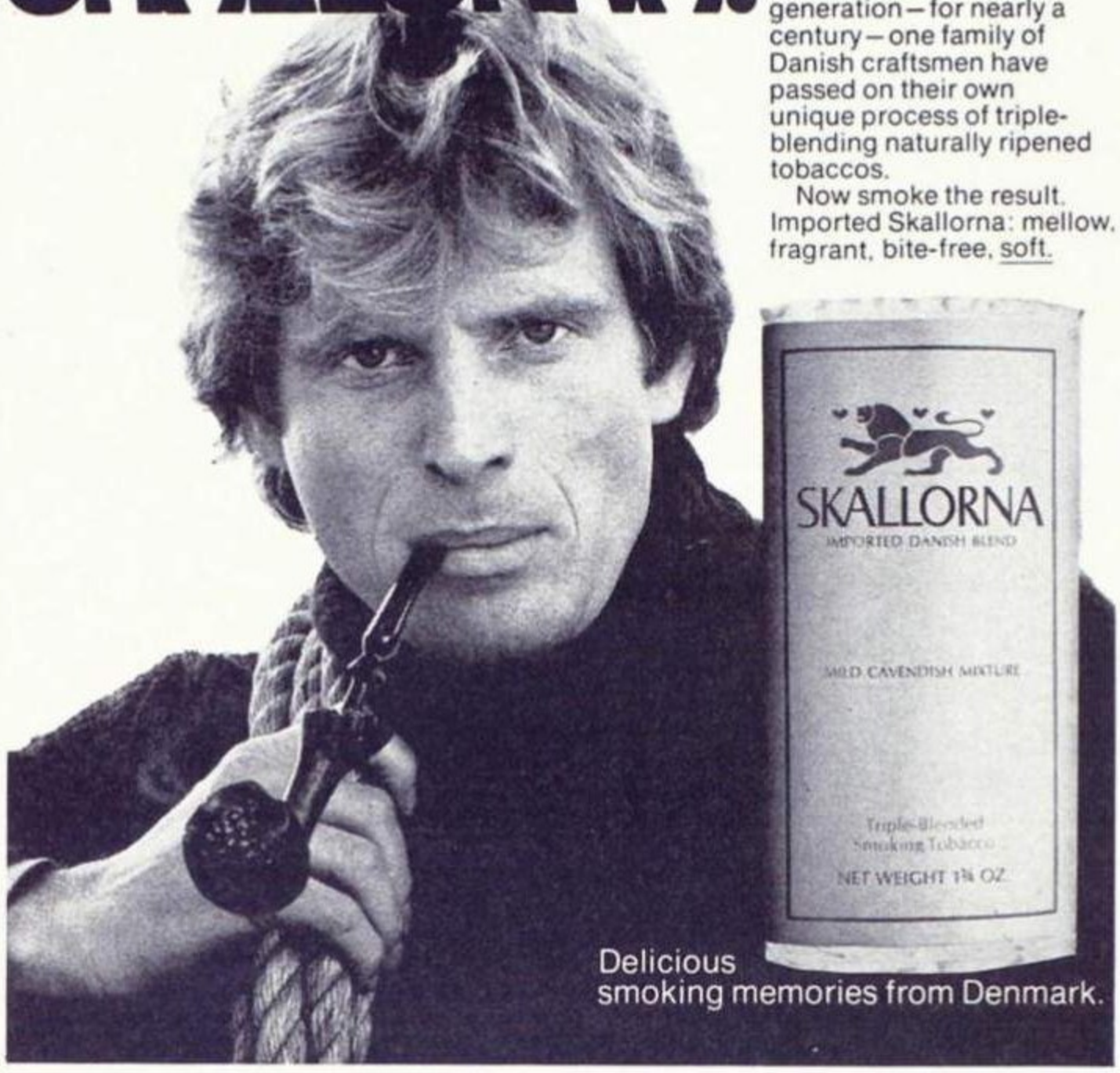

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"I don't foster a belief in spiritualism or the occult," says Falkenstein. "I do say I can bat 1000 on getting people's birthdays, Social Security numbers and phone numbers and such. And I don't use any plants or stooges. It's not supernatural. It's something any salesman can do."

Well, radio personalities are nothing if not salesmen. Perhaps that explains why psychic radio has caught on in L.A., New York, Kansas City, Boston, Miami, Albuquerque and who knows where else.

Not all the practitioners are as demure as Falkenstein about their gifts. David Hoy, a constant guest on radio call-in shows around the country, doles out—in precise, Dr. David Reubenesque tones—advice to callers on matters marital, moral and monetary. Last spring, Hoy made headlines in Pittsburgh, where he volunteered his psychic services to attempt to solve three murder cases. (Though his press agent vows that Hoy came up with some "fantastic clues," the long arm of his mind resulted in no early arrests.) When he appears on a radio or TV station, Hoy claims, his problem is to hold down the advance publicity, not hype it. A St. Louis woman, hearing that he was to appear on radio station KMOX on a Friday, called the previous Tuesday and asked to be put on hold. And TV station KPLR in St. Louis claims to have recorded 250,000 phone-in attempts in one hour when Hoy was a guest last January.

We caught one of his typically brisk mornings of psychic derring-do, a stint of just under 15 minutes as a telephone guest on Decatur, Illinois, radio station WDZ's *Hot Line*. During that brief period, Hoy assured a woman caller that her arthritis wasn't really cancer; told his spellbound hostess how he had been invited by Pennsylvania state police to help solve those murders (an arrest was "imminent," he confided, and the case would be "over by fall"); plugged the latest book done about him (by a "very prominent Australian writer"); reminded his listeners that he had predicted "the divorce of Liz and Dick"; told another caller that at the present time he did not "see" her husband changing his job; informed yet another caller that she'd be pregnant before the end of July; and predicted that the President would serve out his term. All of this by long-distance hookup from his home base of Paducah, Kentucky.

Gilbert Holloway, a 6′4″, 250-pound minister (of The New Age Church of Truth, Inc.), sends his ESP vibes out over a 13-state broadcast area two hours daily from his home radio station, KOB-AM in Albuquerque. Holloway is fascinated with UFOs and tends to ramble on with his theories about them—though to this date, he hasn't claimed to have talked to, or thought at, one. And New York has its clairvoyant in Hans Holzer, who calls himself "the Billy Graham of the ESP world."

Calling on their "gifts of the spirit" and favoring their faithful with on-the-spot "personal analyses," many of the

radio psychics come off as just slightly more sophisticated versions of that other radio subculture, the fundamental revivalists. But at least they don't hustle autographed photographs of Jesus Christ. Before psychic radio runs its course, its superstars may get so good at their craft that people can do away with their radio sets altogether—which may be a historic public service. Question: Would the FCC step in and make a rule against people thinking dirty at one another?

EVENTS

Having seen our share of old gangster movies, we know all about the people in the jukebox and pinball business: They're swarthy, mean-looking mobster types in snap-brim fedoras who persuade trembling café owners to install new entertainment machines to replace the ones they've just smashed with axes. So naturally our adrenaline was up when we went to the annual convention of the Music Operators of America at one of Chicago's fanciest hotels. The M.O.A. is the trade organization for the manufacturers of all sorts of entertainment equipment, from pool tables to electronic dart boards, but especially jukes and pinballs, and to call themselves something as innocent-sounding as Music Operators of America didn't fool us a bit.

Imagine our disappointment, then, when the hundreds of M.O.A. conventioneers turned out to look like ordinary people. They weren't wearing black on black or white on white, shoulder holsters or dark glasses; they didn't smell of garlic or talk in a heavy accent through teeth clenching fat cigars. We finally asked an M.O.A. official where we could find the Cosa Nostra exhibit and he told us we watch too many movies.

So we contented ourself with wandering around two large display-filled rooms, playing dozens of coin-operated games for free and thinking that any 12-year-old in a place like this would run amuck and probably damage himself. We also got a few impressions. The state of the art and the wave of the future seem to be electronic TV-type devices, which started out with a simple ping-pong format and are now proliferating into everything from rocket ships penetrating meteor showers (complete with sci-fi sound effects) to variations on a rat maze. Projection-type shooting games were also big. We riddled squawking wild fowl, broke clay targets and, on Flying Tiger, shot down a moderate number of enemy bombers (discreetly unidentified, since Japan is a growing market for U.S. entertainment equipment). On one obviously rigged machine that deceitfully purported to measure sex appeal, we registered BLAH and hurried away to the pinballs.

We didn't see much new in that field, which seems to have reached a plateau of playing and scoring complexity so high that serious players must acquire their skills in special training camps. Moving on, we dug an electronically sophisticated replica of a Forties cathedral-style Wurlitzer jukebox, then happened onto an ingenious device called Watergate Caper, which, according to its literature, "stimulates the larceny in all of us to see if we can break in and not get caught" by the machine's electronic "double agents." Instead, we were caught by the sight of a shapely blonde parading around in little more than a banner proclaiming TWO BIT HOOKER. Reaching into our pocket for a handful of change, we pursued her to her lair—only to discover that she was promoting a table-soccer game you can play for a quarter.

Just before we left, we found, tucked away in a remote and lonely corner of the huge display room, a genuine antique that was struggling heroically to survive in the computer age of arcade devices. It was that old familiar mechanical game that uses a swivel-mounted pistol in a glass case to squeeze off ball bearings at some Tom Mix–style bad guys who stick their heads up in the windows of a tin saloon. The two quiet, smiling, elderly gentlemen who tended the machine gave us actual nickels to play it—and a leaflet that boasted, "No wires. No electrical systems. No engineering know-how. No service tools required. 10 TERRIFIC SHOTS FOR 5 CENTS."

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It's a method of *night-time* application: you apply Mitchum Anti-Perspirant at *night*—before you go to bed. Instead of in the morning. It's the way to say good night to problem perspiration *effectively*. And, as you'll soon see, there's no madness to this method.

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Several things. **First:** since you apply this unique anti-perspirant at *night*–before you go to bed–Mitchum's two anti-perspirants have a whole night's time to work their benefits into your skin. (When you apply an anti-perspirant in the morning, that first rush of perspiration may wash away your protection before it has sufficient time to work.) After a night with Mitchum's anti-perspirants, you'll wake up to all-day protection from problem perspiration. Makes sense, doesn't it?

Second: Mitchum's anti-perspirants do not seal or plug your underarm pores. What they *do* is gently re-direct problem-causing underarm sweat. It leaves through other, less bothersome areas of your body. (Of course, you perspire from many areas of your body. But you're particularly aware of the perspiration problem when those sweat glands under your arms start gushing.) Mitchum's anti-perspirants help eliminate that moist, uncomfortable sensation.

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Here's how: even though Mitchum Anti-Perspirant contains high percentages of the two best anti-perspirant ingredients, aluminum chloride and aluminum chlorohydrate, its formula has been specially *gentled* by a process called *buffering*. To avoid stinging or irritating normal skin. Mitchum works *comfortably*.

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Yes. You see, odor is caused by sweat coming in contact with bacteria on the skin. (Sweat, itself, is odorless.) Therefore, if there's less sweat, there's less chance of odor. Here's what we suggest: use Mitchum four nights in a row at first. Then, even if you occasionally skip a night, you'll feel protected the next day. (Of course, you may use Mitchum any time you prefer.)

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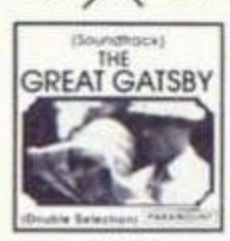

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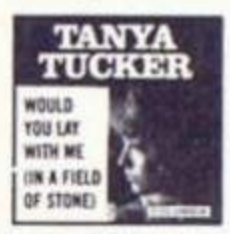

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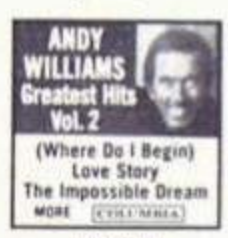

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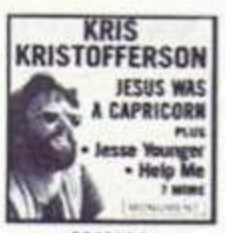

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

The other night, my girlfriend of five years accused me of lack of interest. She asked me why I no longer talk to her and said she fears that the romance has gone out of our relationship. I replied that I express my love for her in bed, sexually. The rest of the night was spent in silence, both sexually and verbally. How do we get out of this impasse?—K. L., Detroit, Michigan.

Cynics and irate lovers like to say that the only things communicated by sex are disease and/or the genetic code. If you're interested, our Unabashed Dictionary defines a sex object as a conversation piece. Anthropologist Ray L. Birdwhistell conducted a study of 100 couples who had lived together happily for more than 15 years and found they spent a median of 27½ minutes per week talking to each other. The topic of conversation usually involved directions to parties or other social events. One interesting side light of the Birdwhistell study—couples apparently have their most intense dialogs on the third date and then again in the year before they get a divorce. Birdwhistell concluded that human communication is essentially nonverbal. We agree. You seem to equate sex with the nonverbal, while your ladyfriend equates interest with the verbal. It's not that simple. We tend to view relationships in terms of investment potential. The initial exchange of words is a principal sum that compounds interest daily. Obviously, the interest will never be as large or as romantic as the original sum, but it is still something to look forward to.

What can an innocent abroad do to survive the suicidal driving habits of foreigners? Or even find out about them in advance, without learning the hard way? I barely escaped with my life from a recent tour of Mexico. One night I was approaching a narrow bridge when a car on the other side flashed its lights. I thought he wanted me to dim my high beams; it turned out that he was declaring his intention to cross the bridge first, as I discovered when we met somewhere near the middle. My car was totaled and I had to take buses for the rest of the trip. Also, can you explain the peculiar way Mexican buses pass cars on dark mountain roads? I noticed that the driver would flash his lights once and then both the car and the bus would turn off their lights. Maybe they figured that the car would drive off the road in the dark or something. I'm thinking about touring Europe next summer, but I've heard that driving habits there are even more insane than in Latin America. Any hints?—B. H., Los Gatos, California.

If you rent a car overseas, ask the agent to explain the local quirks—your life and his property depend on it, so he'll gladly give you the gruesome details. If you're taking your own vehicle, or buying one there, check with that country's American consul. Also, talk to the border guards of every country you enter. They'll keep you posted on the latest traffic tactics. Buses in Mexico turn off their lights before they try to pass, so that the driver can see the lights of cars approaching from around the curve. If they don't see anything, they make their move. It's a great idea, except for one thing: We always wondered what would happen if there were a bus trying to pass a car on the other side of the curve and all four vehicles turned off their lights at the same time.

I've had it up to my eyeballs with meaningful relationships. I have established intimate dyadic bonds with every girl I've met and, quite frankly, it's become boring. Perhaps, as a change of pace, I could become a pimp. There is something clean-cut and refreshing in that style (i.e., *dealing* rather than *dealing with* women). Unfortunately, nothing in my Ivy League education has prepared me for the position and, to my knowledge, there are no correspondence schools on the subject. How does one become a pimp?—S. K., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

If you have to ask, it's not your style.

Most of the medical reports I've read warn that going braless may lead to pendulous breasts, a condition known as Cooper's droop. I have not worn a bra for six years, yet my breasts do not sag. I seem to be defying the law of gravity. Is there a local ordinance I don't know about, or were those reports simply exaggerating the problem?—Miss J. N., La Grange, Illinois.

There's nothing like a woman's breast to make a doctor put his foot in his mouth. As near as we can tell, there has never been a controlled study of the effects of going braless. (Uncontrolled studies are another story.) One doctor who wrote to Ann Landers at the peak of the braless fad stated, "Almost everyone has seen films of tribal African women, which are conclusive evidence. The females have never worn bras and they all have Cooper's droop." Other doctors, who cut their visual teeth on pictures in National Geographic, *make the same claim, using still photographs of Polynesians. Never mind that the first doctor didn't look at comparable films of tribal American women or that there is no accounting for the editorial tastes of certain magazines—the fact is that you don't need Columbo to tell you that this is not conclusive evidence. We are less*

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amused by the scare tactics of bra companies. One ad reads: "And everybody said that nothing is going to happen to your breasts if you go braless. But the truth is, something can happen. . . . So please put your bra back on." They fail to specify that the something that can happen is probably going to happen anyway, whether or not you wear a bra. It's nature's way. The shape of a woman's breast is largely the result of an internal net of fibrous tissue called Cooper's ligaments, which connect the fatty tissue around the mammary glands to the pectoral muscles. Cooper's ligaments tend to grow lax as one grows older (cf. Buck Brown's dirty old lady). Also, if ligaments are stretched, they cannot contract to their original length (cf. a football player who has wobbly knees after a clipping injury). Cooper's ligaments may stretch when the breasts swell during pregnancy or when a woman gains, then loses weight. Factors such as individual tissue tone, heredity and general health all determine the degree of change. It is impossible to predict whether or not one woman's breasts will sag: A large-breasted woman may have strong ligaments and a small-breasted woman may have weak ligaments. In the face of confusion, go with what's comfortable and/or pleasing to the eye. Love has no foundation.

Recently, I went camping with my brother in Bar Harbor, Maine. He insisted on preparing a lobster dinner. I've never been much for seafood—I figure that if it doesn't have four legs (or two), it wasn't meant to be eaten. The fete did not start auspiciously. The pot was small and the lobsters kept crawling out into the fire. With whip, chair and side arm, my brother managed to get them back into the boiling water. They were served by candlelight. My brother instructed me to spear anything that was white, dip it in melted butter and swallow. I spied something that was white, speared it, dipped it in melted butter and swallowed it. *It* was a pat of butter that had slithered off my corn on the cob and had gotten mixed with the lobster. After recovering from cardiac arrest, I finished the meal. Did you know that lobster dipped in melted butter tastes the same as butter dipped in melted butter? I think I really like the taste of melted butter. Do you know any other foods that can be served with this nectar of the gods?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

Crabs, steamed clams, asparagus, artichokes and escargots *(snails) are frequently served with melted butter. Not that it matters: With your taste buds, you could be food editor for* Guns & Ammo *magazine. Actually, you are not the first person to discover that these gourmet treats are just an excuse for a cholesterol orgy. One of our friends realized that he never tasted the snails when he ate* escargots *and that he was wasting money. Subsequently, he impaled a piece of sponge rubber (carved in the shape of a snail) on a toothpick and used that to dip into the melted butter. To vary his menu, he occasionally added garlic, salt and pepper or lemon to the "nectar of the gods." Keep those provocative and pertinent queries pouring in, folks!*

Business trips take me away from home for extended periods of time. I've considered giving my wife a pair of Japanese love balls, or *ben-wa*, to keep her happy while I'm gone. Supposedly, they can be quite stimulating. Can you tell me how they function?—B. A. W., San Francisco, California.

Ben-wa *consist of two small spheres, usually made of ivory, plastic or metal. One sphere is hollow, the other is filled with mercury. A woman places the hollow sphere in her vagina, follows it with the mercury-filled sphere, then goes about her business. Theoretically, the vibrations caused by the balls clacking together are sexually arousing, but don't count on it. The vagina, like most other internal organs, is virtually devoid of nerve endings. Only the outer third is sensitive to sexual stimulation (so much for penetration).* Ben-wa *do not even touch the clitoris, which is the sexual nerve center for most women. Still, go ahead with the gift idea. If your wife doesn't get off on the Japanese love balls, she can give them to the kids. They make great marbles.*

Can I use chromium-dioxide tape on a cassette recorder that does not have a bias switch? I would like to record albums on my deck at home (which does have a switch), then play them on an *el cheapo* portable when I travel. Can I do it?—G. Z., Tampa, Florida.

It's all right by us—as long as the tape is recorded on a machine that has a bias switch. Bias is the electronic signal that prepares the metal particles on the tape for recording; it is not used in playback. The ferric oxide on regular tape is more magnetic and requires less bias than chromium dioxide. If you try to record with chromium dioxide on the portable, which is designed for ferric-oxide tape, the bias signal will be too weak and the sound, if any, will be sketchy and distorted. The device on your home deck is for those who would rather switch than fight; you can increase the signal without rewiring the machine.

My boyfriend has heard that sniffing amyl nitrite (a kind of smelling salts, or instant adrenaline booster for heart patients) during intercourse really gets you off. Is this true? Have you ever tried it?—Miss J. L., Sharon, Massachusetts.

Can't say that we have. However,

Robert Anton Wilson states in "Sex and Drugs" that amyl nitrite "relaxes the involuntary muscles of the body and dramatically lowers the blood pressure. The effect is a quick 'flash' that men regard as highly stimulating. . . . Devotees like to sniff amyl nitrite 'poppers' just before the moment of orgasm—a quick and easy solution for those who chronically find their sexual climax unsatisfactory. Some evidence indicates that habitual use is likely to provoke heart attacks; therefore, this pastime can be dangerous." So it seems that amyl nitrite is like other abused drugs, i.e., sometimes you get the elevator, baby, and sometimes you get the shaft.

One of my girlfriends has me bothered. She tells me that she enjoys feeling me climax inside her—apparently the involuntary muscle contractions involved in ejaculation trigger her orgasm. Fine, except that she seems to be cutting it close by making her orgasms dependent on my pleasure. I have a vague feeling that I'm being set up for a charge of male chauvinism or that her unselfishness disguises a casual attitude toward sex (not unlike the professional's "the customer comes first"). A man *used* to be the center of the universe and it was a woman's *duty* to please him. What with liberation and all that, I feel uncomfortable when my satisfaction is the primary goal. Any suggestions?—M. R., Kansas City, Kansas.

They also serve who lie in wait, eh? We won't discuss your paranoia—it's a sign of the times and, besides, as long as there is pleasure, there is no problem. It sounds to us like your finely tuned girlfriend is taking care of herself. Women often can achieve orgasm by concentrating on the subtle details of lovemaking. Did you ever have a teacher who would drop his voice to a whisper when he wanted your attention? The class would have to strain to hear what he was saying, but they seldom missed the point. Put yourself in the position of the teacher and you may understand your lover's response. While you're at it, try the following experiment: After penetration, twitch the muscles of your penis voluntarily. When she reaches orgasm, cry "Fake out!" then rush full steam ahead to your own climax and her second.

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

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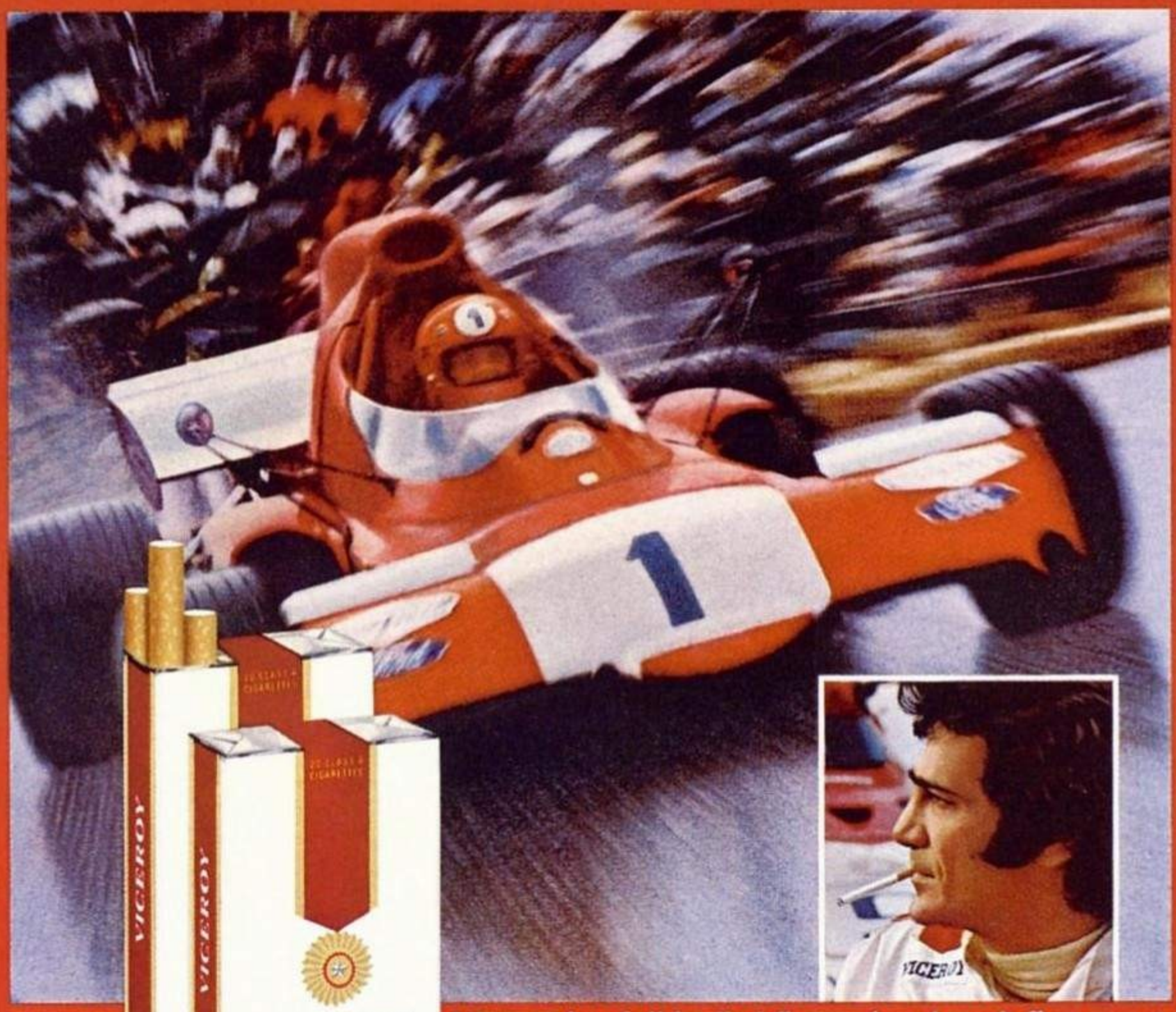

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

LONG, HOT SUMMER

My candidate for Wowser of the Year is Mayor Albert Zak of Hamtramck, Michigan, who proposed an ordinance banning hotpants and bikinis from the town's main thoroughfares. He claims such attire is "inviting for some possible immoral acts." He explained the inspiration for his proposal as follows: "It was the first hot day of the year, there she was, a young girl, walking up Jos. Campau Avenue. She had a long, long coat. All the way to her ankles. It was very warm, and she had it fluttering in the breeze as she walked . . . and all she had on underneath was a bikini thing. It immediately dawned on me, hot weather was just around the corner." Zak called girl watching "unhealthy" and said, "It tends to demoralize. I'm sixty-five. You're talking to an old man."

Donald J. Novello
Lansing, Michigan

But such a clean old man.

THAT GOOD, EH?

Mrs. Billie Lasker (*The Playboy Forum*, March) is still running hard to earn the title of Wowser of the Year. She led 60 supporters to a confrontation with St. Louis County prosecuting attorney Gene McNary and demanded that a sex-education book for first graders be banned as obscene. "Let's be fair, Billie," said McNary. "You brought it in a month ago and I told you then that I couldn't ban it. Now you bring this group in to try to force me to do something I cannot do."

Mrs. Lasker replied. "Well, if I were a seven-year-old and had read this book, I'd want to run out and find a seven-year-old boy and have sex."

David Ross
St. Louis, Missouri

MY FILTHY VALENTINE

In an article titled "Greeting-Card 'Smut'" in the *Washington Star-News*, Marjorie Holmes declares: "Firms whose very names once stood for America, motherhood and good taste are offering, among their wares, cards that are not only sexy and suggestive but downright raunchy and obscene." I, for one, can see no harm in one of nature's basic functions being recognized on greeting cards. Holmes writes of suggestive cards being "forced" into gift shops and drugstores. If people didn't want these cards, people wouldn't buy them; if people didn't buy the cards, reputable firms wouldn't publish them and stores wouldn't carry them.

Incredibly, Holmes concludes her diatribe with the cry "Grow up, America! Get back some principles and good taste." I think that the fact that we can finally laugh at ourselves in bed as well as out of it is a damn good sign that we are growing up.

Anthony Marocco
Rockville, Maryland

VIRGIN QUEENS

The letter in the April *Playboy Forum* about the high school principal who said, "Only virgins can run for homecoming queen," made me wonder. Unless he examined each candidate himself, I'd bet his rule was often honored, not in the observance but in the breach.

David W. Reed
Buford, Georgia

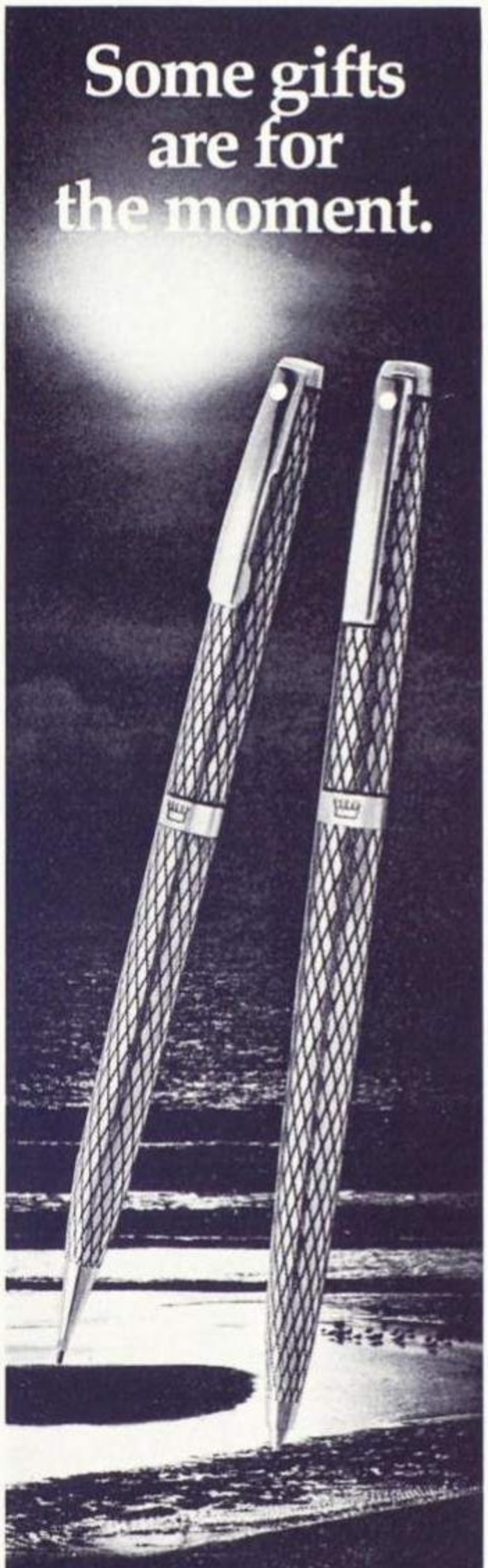
THE BOOK BURNERS

You'd think the school board and parents of Drake, North Dakota, would have learned something when their burning of Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s *Slaughterhouse-Five* was greeted with horror from coast to coast. They have. They are getting rid of Bruce Severy, the English teacher who assigned the book to their students. The board has voted unanimously not to renew his contract because the parents threatened to take their children out of school if he was retained.

Andrew Crawford
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The more we learn about this case, the worse it sounds. It seems Severy tried to teach three books: "Slaughterhouse-Five," "Deliverance" and "Fahrenheit 451" (which is about book burning). All three were banned, copies of "Slaughterhouse-Five" were burned and two boycotts were organized. One was by parents, who pulled their children out of Severy's classes. The school administration immediately caved in and hired a substitute teacher for the boycotting students. The other was an advertisers' boycott of the local paper that made the mistake of covering the book burning (as most papers across the nation did). The paper went bankrupt. Just in case Severy didn't get the message, he and his wife came home one day to find that someone had killed their dog with a shotgun.

Severy, with the help of the American Civil Liberties Union, has filed suit, seeking a judgment that the Drake board of education may not censor



his students' reading materials. The A.C.L.U. learned that 22 out of 35 of Severy's students had petitioned to be allowed to read the books, but the board—which claimed to be concerned only about the books being imposed on unwilling students—refused permission. The one student who had complained about the books was excused from reading them. As we go to press, Severy is sticking it out in Drake, without a job, and his case is about to be heard.

RELATIVE JUSTICE

In commenting on last year's Supreme Court obscenity decisions, I thought it humorous to suggest that by authorizing legislatures to act on unproved assumptions, the Justices were giving aid and comfort to relativism (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1973). Comes now John D. Hodson (*The Playboy Forum*, April) to remind me that if Nixon, Burger et al. were really relativists, they would not have to tolerate anyone else's view but could impose their own views with the argument "It's true for us."

But a relativist is not a person who believes that only his views are correct; that's a megalomaniac. A relativist believes that each person's views are correct relative to that person. A relativist doesn't have to shut up and take it if somebody disagrees with him. He simply replies, "It's true for you, but not for me." Where does that leave us? With the recognition that no moral dispute can be settled by an appeal to philosophical doctrines. It has to be settled on the level of practical politics, which means either you throw the other guy in jail (which Nixon and company would probably like to do) or you let him live his life in peace (which is what I advocate).

J. Green
New York, New York

SEXUAL PSYCHOPATHY

George F. Gilder's book *Sexual Suicide* should appeal only to psychopathic women, in that it approves cold, calculating manipulation of males by females (*The Playboy Forum*, May). This policy would preclude both self-respect in either sex and a sincere relationship between the sexes.

Gilder claims that the sexual oppression he advocates would lead to a happier society. One has only to consider the sexually oppressive societies of the past, such as that of the Victorians or the Salem witch-hunters, to see how wrong he is. A sexually satisfied person is more likely to be reasonable than one who is frustrated, and a society of sexually healthy people is more likely to be harmonious and creative.

C. V. Compton
Dallas, Texas

SEX IS BEAUTIFUL

I'm noted for my defense of purity, decency and true American entertainment, but the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*'s

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE

LIDA JUNCTION, NEVADA—*Beverly Harrell, who lost her fight with the U.S. Government to operate a brothel on leased Federal land, has entered the September third Nevada Democratic primary as a candidate for the state assembly. She bills herself as "the first active madam in U.S. history to run for state-wide office," and is campaigning on a platform of legal and land reform: legalized prostitution in all counties, equal rights for women, full rights for 18 year olds and "opening up more Federally held public land for development by Nevada businesswomen and men." (The Government refused to renew the lease for her popular Cottontail Ranch and she has had to relocate on privately owned property.) She told reporters that if elected she would "show the assembly how to run an orderly house."*

GAMBLING REFERENDUM

TRENTON—*Voters of New Jersey will be given the chance to legalize gambling in their state by means of a referendum on the November ballot. If the referendum is approved, the legislature will draft a bill to make New Jersey the second state with legal casino gambling. However, under the proposed bill, the casinos would be state operated, and Governor Brendan T. Byrne has said he would veto legislation that would permit casinos anywhere in the state except in Atlantic City.*

BURIAL SERVICE ABORTED

CHICAGO—*A 27-year-old woman, killed in a sky-diving accident, was denied a Catholic burial when her parish priest learned that she worked as a counselor and administrator at an abortion clinic. The priest explained, "I did not find out about [her] association with the clinic until I read about it later in a newspaper. As soon as I saw it, I called the chancery and they agreed that the mass could not be performed. Certain activities prohibit a person from receiving a Christian burial. Abortion is one of them." The dead girl's mother said that after newspapers carried the story, "right-to-life advocates" started harassing her by telephone.*

I.U.D. RISK

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*One of the country's major pharmaceutical firms has warned doctors that its brand of intrauterine device, and possibly other brands, can endanger both mother and fetus if it fails to prevent pregnancy and then is not removed. The company reported 36 cases of septic abortion among pregnant women using the Dalkon shield, of which some 2,200,000 have been sold since 1970. One case was traced to the Birenberg bow I.U.D., made by another company.*

POLICE AND THE PILL

MUNICH, GERMANY—*Munich police must now make birth-control pills available to any woman they arrest and put in jail. The order was issued to avoid lawsuits stemming from unwanted pregnancies because contraception was interrupted by imprisonment. A police*

official said, "It would be unthinkable for the police to get involved in paternity suits."

ELECTRONIC VASECTOMY

COLUMBIA, MISSOURI—*Researchers at the University of Missouri School of Medicine are hoping to achieve male contraception through the use of ultrasonic waves. Working on the principle that heat stops sperm production, the researchers have succeeded in temporarily sterilizing rats by exposing their testes to painless low-level ultrasonic radiation—the same way that electromagnetic radiation is used to heat food in microwave ovens. The treatment appears to produce no changes in hormone balance or sexual behavior, and once its safety is further established it will be tried out on human volunteers. According to Mostafa S. Fahim, the reproductive pharmacologist in charge of the research, a few minutes' exposure to ultrasound would feel "like a massage around the testes" and, depending on the dose, would theoretically render a man infertile for months or possibly years.*

MASSACHUSETTS MADNESS

BOSTON—*In a determined effort to replace the obscenity statutes ruled unconstitutional by the state supreme court* (Forum Newsfront, *August*), *the Massachusetts legislature is pressing for a porn law so tough and specific that it would ban virtually all types of erotic material. Already approved by the house, with*

senate passage expected, the bill would prohibit the sale of any magazines, books, films or paintings depicting male or female genitalia, the nipple of the female breast and any actions closely resembling sexual conduct.

NOVEL PROTEST

ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS—*The Rock Island school board has voted to retain the book "Go Ask Alice" in school libraries despite strong protests from some parents over its use of profanity in portraying, in diary form, the death of a young girl from drug abuse. During a meeting where the issue was debated, a man smeared with dog excrement, and carrying a Bible and a briefcase containing more excrement, entered the room and took a front-row seat to protest the book. He left upon request and explained to reporters afterward that he had brought the briefcase of feces so others could join in his protest. No one accepted his offer, however.*

PORN IN PARIS

PARIS—*Parisian pornographers have organized the Association for the Unfettered Knowledge of French Erotic Arts and Commerce to fight against what they consider police harassment and discrimination. Protesting in behalf of 40 publishers, 30 printers and ten writers who are being tried for "insult to good morals," A.U.K.F.E.A.C. president Daniel*

LeBeau said that the authorities are persecuting pornographers whose wares are sold discreetly in shops with no outside displays while overlooking the nudes on the covers of magazines displayed openly on public newsstands. Another official of the group added, "The day pornography wins freedom from censorship, we will have time to improve the literary quality of our output."

CENSORSHIP OUTFLANKED

RACINE, WISCONSIN—*Part of a high school newspaper, labeled "too pornographic" to be distributed to students, was reprinted by a local daily newspaper in its regular edition. The school principal had ordered the student paper,* The Bronco Times *of the Union Grove High School, confiscated because it contained a group of articles on abortion, pregnancy, contraceptives and rape, based on material from the library and health classes. After reprinting the controversial articles, the city editor of* The Racine Journal-Times *said, "We did not find the stories at all objectionable and felt the content was exceptional."*

BETTER DEAD THAN WED

CHICAGO—*Despite his wife's alleged plot to have him murdered, a 45-year-old suburban Chicago man has been ordered*

to pay her $400 a month temporary support, $750 toward her lawyer's fees and to have her car repaired while he sues her for divorce. The woman has been charged with giving a $100 down payment for her husband's murder to a state's attorney's investigator posing as a crime syndicate hit man.

POT LAWS ATTACKED

Decriminalization of marijuana has been urged by the board of governors of the Illinois State Bar Association and by more than 100 law-enforcement and correctional officers attending a professional seminar in Florida. Both groups recommended repeal of current pot laws for essentially the same reason: that the individual and social costs of enforcing the laws outweigh their benefits.

FLAG LAW OVERTURNED

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*In a six-to-three decision that apparently voids similar statutes in many other states, the U.S. Supreme Court has overturned a Massachusetts law making it a crime to treat the American flag "contemptuously." The Court evaded the First Amendment issue of symbolic speech in the case of a man sentenced to six months in jail for wearing a flag on the seat of his pants; it found the law unconstitutional for vagueness, because it "fails to draw reasonably clear lines between the kinds of unceremonial treatment [of the flag] that are criminal and those that are not."*

account of my remarks in a debate about erotic entertainment, as reported in a letter by B. Benson in the January *Playboy Forum*, is incorrect. In the first place, the conversation described was not broadcast on television, as the paper stated. The paper's story was an account of an offscreen discussion in which I participated, and even then it did not quote me correctly.

Furthermore, Benson misstated my position when he accused me of saying that sex is connected with "mire," "sewer," "filth," etc. I always teach that sex is beautiful, not debasing or degrading.

Miss Gerri Madden
Honolulu, Hawaii

PLAYBOY *contacted the* Honolulu Star-Bulletin *and it agreed that the statement about the discussion's being shown on television was an error, but insisted that Miss Madden was quoted correctly.*

SEX ON THE FIRST DATE

The letter from the young woman in Camden, New Jersey, who describes her progression to the point of being willing to have sex with any man who attracted her (*The Playboy Forum*, June) recalled my own maturing experiences. My sister and I went through the same series of stages in our last two years of high school. We had been warned by our mother that we mustn't kiss boys until the second date, and we didn't. Even so, we lost our virginity at ages 15 and 16—in each case on the sixth date.

After we had each gone through several affairs with different boys, we agreed it was foolish to wait all those dates. We began to kiss on the first date, go on to mutual masturbation the second time out and to screw on the third date. Then we would do anything but screw on the first date and wait till the second to get what we really wanted. By the time I was 17 and my sister 18, we had taken the final step—the logical, efficient way of getting ourselves screwed. If we liked the boy and turned him on, we happily and enthusiastically fucked the first time out. In fact, we never let our dates have any doubt of it from the first few minutes after he picked us up, if it wasn't already understood when he asked us out. This was especially true if the boy had already made it with the other sister—as was the case very often.

We never felt guilty or regarded ourselves as promiscuous. In our girlish way, we just decided that it was our ambition to enjoy a lot of sex without involvement, regrets or shame. I'm now 25 and married and I still feel that sex is too important to deny yourself its pleasures.

(Name withheld by request)
Garden City, Kansas

GOOD VIBES

I've been dating a registered nurse and we make love regularly. The last time we were together in bed, she

reached over to the night stand and took one of those penis-shaped vibrators out of her purse. She then squeezed some K-Y Jelly onto her fingers and began massaging the area around my anus. Putting more jelly on her fingers, she pushed them into my rectum and lubricated the opening thoroughly. She told me to mount her then, which I did, and after lubricating the vibrator this time, with my penis inside her, she plunged the vibrating plastic penis deep into my rectum. My own penis felt as if it were bigger and harder than it had ever been, and my orgasm, which arrived quickly, was almost unbearably intense.

I guess she learned something from all those years of taking rectal temperatures.

(Name withheld by request)
Reno, Nevada

TASTELESS JOKE

To call sex between virtual strangers liberation is little more than a tasteless joke. Free love is no emotional bargain; a man may feel dissatisfied and a woman may well feel guilt. Postcoital depression exists even among society's swingers, and the question "Is that all there is?" may be a manifestation of the alienation that casual sex creates.

While some may argue that letting go of inhibitions is always good, it seems to me entirely possible that in many instances what passes for sexual passion is in fact bottled-up hostility. Sexual honesty in the "now" generation can sometimes be sexual deceit. Chastity may have lost its meaning for many people, but therein lies human dignity.

J. Horseman
North Amherst, Massachusetts

Postcoital blues are a problem—sometimes, for some people. Psychologist John Money writes, "Sexual liberation—sex as sport—is too much for people to cope with, if they were reared on the dogma of sex as a serious and sacred rite. The social battle over sexual liberation will be with us for some time to come." The feeling that casual sex is morally wrong will certainly sour it; so will the unrealistic expectation that sex by itself will dispel loneliness, create a meaningful relationship or fulfill other emotional needs. Wanting more from sex than it can provide is what raises the question "Is that all there is?" Better to view free love not as a bargain but as a gift.

OLD-FASHIONED VIRTUE

The April *Forum Newsfront* reports that a woman in Princeton, New Jersey, is suing State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company and the Retail Credit Company for invasion of privacy. State Farm canceled her automobile insurance after Retail Credit reported that she was living with a man out of wedlock. *Newsfront* added that the Federal Trade Commission is attempting to restrict some of the Retail Credit Company's activities and to require it to open its files to people who have been investigated.

Although I do not like some of the practices of such companies as Retail Credit, Hooper Holmes Bureau and Service Review, I think their existence is necessitated by the thoughtlessness, greed and outright dishonesty of a large portion of the population. About 50 years ago in this part of the country, people never locked their doors at night; they left the key in the car parked outside; most would never have considered driving after drinking or smoking pot, for fear they might accidentally kill someone; people would not buy anything on credit that they couldn't pay for; and trying to swindle an insurance company was unthinkable. This is all changed. It seems to me that people today can't live without insurance and they can't live without credit cards, and these companies can't function without investigating potential customers. If Retail Credit is prevented from doing the job, the investigatory work may well end up being the responsibility of the Federal Government.

Because I am a former investigator for the Retail Credit Company, I request that you withhold my name, to spare me problems both with Retail Credit and with people whom I or my colleagues may have investigated.

(Name withheld by request)
Lubbock, Texas

THE REFORM THAT FAILED

In the May *Playboy Forum*, D. Rose mentions a couple of bizarre prostitution cases from Portland, Oregon, and wonders whether local law-enforcement agents may have "a psychotic hatred for prostitutes." I doubt that, but Oregon's approach to the problem of prostitution certainly has been peculiar. During its 1973 session, the state legislature debated a bill, sponsored by local female solons, calling for prostitution to be legalized. When that bill failed, the ladies, exploiting their male colleagues' fear of being labeled sexists, introduced a bill that imposes equal criminal liability on both the buyer and the seller of sexual favors. Oregon Revised Statutes Chapter 52 was passed and went into effect in October 1973.

The Portland police marked the event with two remarkable busts. The first resulted in a popular local sportscaster's being charged with responding affirmatively during a conversation on a public street with a prostitute. He was subsequently fired from his well-paying television gig, denied unemployment compensation and so thoroughly blacklisted that he ended up checking groceries in a market for two dollars an hour. He stood trial and was acquitted, because there was no evidence he had made a binding offer to the prostitute. His local career was ruined, though, and his former employers exacted from him a gentleman's agreement under which he promised to forgo filing suit in exchange for their helping with his job hunting. He got a new job and left town.

The other prominent case was that of a 78-year-old man (*Forum Newsfront*, February). Prosecutors claim they were led to him by the ads he ran in an underground paper. They dispatched a female vice officer, who handed him money, then busted him.

A monument to equality at any price. Chapter 52 demonstrates that the law makes a poor vehicle for sarcasm.

Patricia Ann Mapps
Portland, Oregon

GANG BUSTERS

In Sacramento, California, he who is not chaste may end up being chased. I mean *really* chased, like in those thrill-a-minute auto chases in movies glamorizing our heroic police officers. In a case there, two vice detectives had just arrested a guy for soliciting a "prostitute" (actually an undercover police agent) when they saw another sucker approach her. They attempted to arrest this lawbreaker, too; but instead of surrendering peaceably, the second miscreant took off in his car, with one of the cops hanging onto the door for 150 feet or so before letting go and falling off. The officers then gave chase in earnest, just like in the movies. Alas, there was no movie ending; at an intersection, the police crashed into a van, injuring themselves and damned near killing the first arrestee (who was handcuffed in the back seat). That's right: This poor goat ended up in a hospital intensive-care unit just for going out in the evening to look for a bed partner.

Fornicators, beware of Sacramento. The cops take their work very seriously, and they come on like Gang Busters—or ball busters.

T. Riley
San Francisco, California

PRIESTS WITH GUNS

Since *The Playboy Forum* holds that the term "crimes without victims" can be misleading (June), you may be interested to know that Charles McCabe, columnist for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, has proposed the more accurate term "crimeless crime." McCabe notes that many so-called victimless crimes really do have victims:

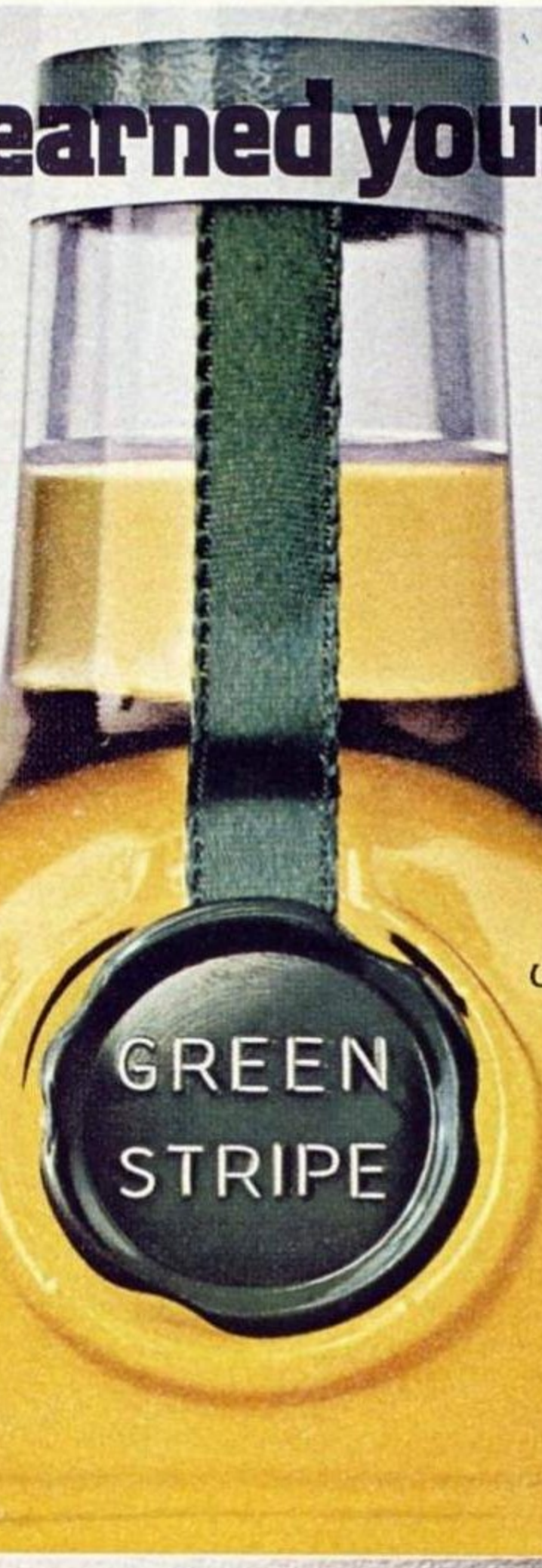
> There is no denying that the families of gamblers and drug users and drunks are frequently victims of the habit which grips one or more members of that family. . . .
>
> A much better term has been suggested to me by a friend. "Crimeless crime," he says. I agree. This is by far the best way to describe what the opponents of laws against morality are fighting. . . .
>
> There was some time in our culture when sins and crimes were

You've earned your stripe

...when you can look forward to being forty.

...for finally admitting to yourself that you take better pictures with your Brownie than with your fancy reflex camera.

...because at a staff meeting you noticed you're wearing unmatched socks, but you put your feet on the desk anyway.



...because you chose your Scotch for value. And the Scotch you chose was the one that started all the others on the road to lightness. Usher's. The original light Scotch. With an original light price tag. Usher's. We earned our stripe in 1853.

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viewed as a separate matter. Sin was dealt with by priests. Crimes were dealt with by cops. But the things began to get mixed up. . . .

All this confusion has resulted in that strange modern institution, the vice squad. These lads are essentially priests with guns, who see to it that people conform to the true and the good as viewed by society.

McCabe urges that such pursuit of sins, or crimeless crimes, should be abandoned entirely by the police. Certainly with the skyrocketing increase in homicides, burglaries and rapes, we would all be safer if the police were restricted to protecting us and gave up all effort to enforce some church's moral code.

M. Hopkins
San Francisco, California

ABORTION COVER-UP?

The advocacy by the National Right to Life Committee of a constitutional amendment to overthrow the Supreme Court's ruling legalizing abortion was characterized in the May *Playboy Forum* as a "Last Ditch on Abortion." In fact, the committee's effort is a *first* attempt to treat the public to a thorough, open and honest discussion of the issues at stake. Abortion advocates have made progress so long as they have been able to disguise the issue and to confuse abortion with contraception, health and liberation considerations.

The media's role should be to provide full representation of both sides of this question. When the public sees the truth, it will bring about the end of the great cover-up, and the end of abortion as permitted by the January 22, 1973, Supreme Court decision.

The Rev. Warren A. Schaller, Jr.
Acting Executive Director
National Right to Life Committee
Washington, D.C.

We don't know what you mean by a first attempt; until a few years ago, the public heard little but the case against abortion. And using a current catch phrase like "cover-up" to imply that your opposition is trying to disguise issues and confuse people is not a good way to promote "open and honest discussion." Nor is accusing legal-abortion advocates of believing things they don't: No knowledgeable person says abortion is an acceptable substitute for contraception.

Health considerations can't be excluded from an intelligent discussion of abortion. For example, Chicago's Cook County Hospital admitted about 4000 women annually for treatment of complications from criminal abortions between 1962 and 1968. In April and May 1973, after the Supreme Court's decision, there were fewer than five such cases each month. In California, the frequency of abortion-caused maternal deaths decreased steadily to about ten percent of the former frequency after abortion was legalized; in New York City, there was an 80 percent decrease. Also, when legal abortion isn't an option, the death rate from pregnancy itself tends to be higher, since some women will feel compelled to go through with dangerous pregnancies rather than risk botched criminal abortions. Thus, the number of maternal deaths among women with medical handicaps, nearing menopause or who have a history of problem pregnancies decreased by 51 percent in New York City and by 45 percent in California after abortion laws were changed.

Liberation is also a genuine issue, perhaps the crucial one, in this controversy. A woman should not be compelled by law to follow the dictates of someone else's conscience.

CONSUMER ABORTS

Sister Helen Mary McCarthy wrote an editorial for a newspaper called the *Catholic Register* attacking both birth control and abortion, which is no surprise. That the good sister considers these practices immoral goes without saying. Rather amazing, though, is what she does say, a bluntly nonspiritual admission that she is against population controls because they would deprive the U.S. military-industrial machine of cannon fodder and customers. Here are some choice excerpts:

The population myth is also a cover-up. Abortion and birth control set off a vicious circle, giving the economic cycle a run-around that literally ends in a dead end. . . . The squeezed or strangled birth rate causes a shrunken market. The consumer needs less baby blankets, baby bonnets, scooters, tricycles, raincoats, swimsuits. The school child needs fewer books, maps, pencil sharpeners, blackboards. . . .

Happy, healthy children like American products, but they must be alive to enjoy them at all. . . .

How can we "build the youth of today into the manhood of tomorrow" if they are not there at all? In a war-torn world, crisp uniforms are fit only for store-window dummies if there are no real red-blooded American men who love our country well enough to protect her from foreign-power politics who would subvert her and her destiny. This is the real "fuel shortage" that needs re-evaluation today.

And I always thought that people should have children because they want and love children, rather than to satisfy the needs of the economy or the military.

Roger Johnson
Washington, D.C.

FORNICATION LAWS

I commend you on your editorial "The Law Against Love" (*The Playboy Forum*, June) and your efforts to abolish laws that make crimes of fornication and cohabitation. A man I love and I were badly hurt by such a law. He happened to go to bed with a woman in Sheboygan, Wisconsin. As PLAYBOY has repeatedly noted, officials in that city are obsessed with persecuting fornicators, and an old biddy in the neighborhood complained to the police. The couple were arrested and, to help this woman save face, my friend agreed to marry her. Two years later, they got a divorce, and now I can have him back. Three lives were messed up by a trivial sex act because of a stupid law.

(Name withheld by request)
West Milwaukee, Wisconsin

TEXAS SEX LAWS

Regarding *The Playboy Forum*'s survey of fornication and cohabitation laws in different states ("The Law Against Love," June), I'd like to point out that Texas is no longer among those states that have penalties for fornication and cohabitation. Under the new Texas penal code, which went into effect on January 1, 1974, fornication, sodomy and cohabitation between consenting adults in private are no longer crimes. Homosexual activity is an exception; it is a class-C misdemeanor, with a fine of up to $200.

E. Hart
Fort Worth, Texas

CANADIAN BACKLASH

The June *Playboy Forum* editorial "The Law Against Love" quotes a Michigan D.A. as saying that in Canada the penalty for fornication is public flogging. The ignorance of some Americans amuses and, at times, sickens me. That D.A. is the kind of American who comes up to Canada in the middle of July with skis and snowshoes strapped to the top of his car.

I'd write a longer letter but my hands are tied to the whipping post (I got laid last night).

Terry Moran
Calgary, Alberta

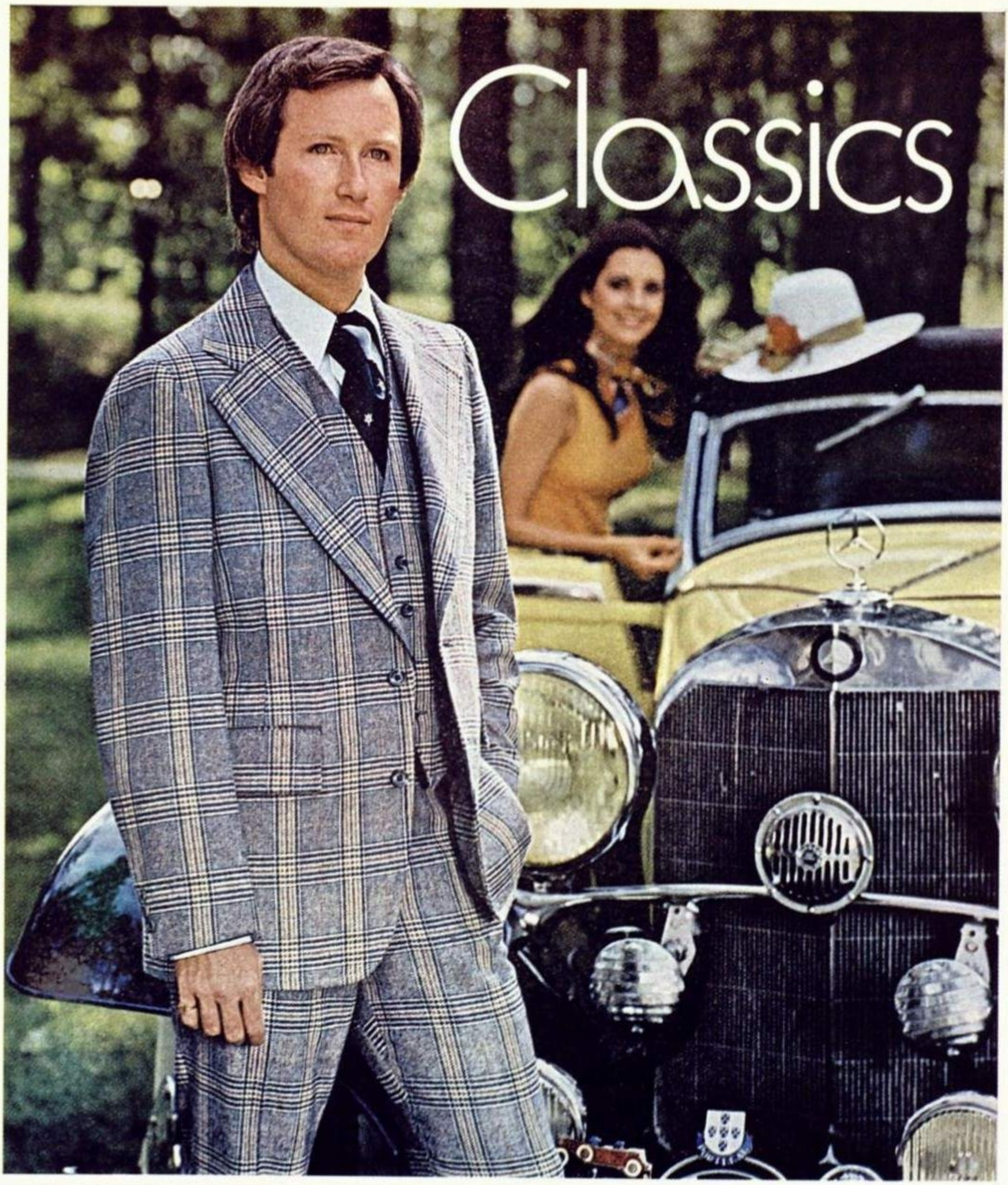
Public floggings do not occur in Canada. If fornication can be considered a crime, then stupidity in public office is an even greater crime.

Rob Kitchen
Winnipeg, Manitoba

If the Michigan district attorney has a penchant for making bad jokes about Canada, *he* should be publicly flogged. After all, it was Pierre Elliott Trudeau, our prime minister, who said, "The government has no business in the nation's bedrooms."

R. J. Razma
Thunder Bay, Ontario

Public flogging for fornication in Canada? If such were the case, a large number of my compatriots could find themselves



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in acute discomfort. As an unmarried Canadian who is not averse to the opposite sex, I'd be interested in finding out when and where the last public flogging for fornication (or anything else) took place in this country.

Suzette L'Abbé
Montreal, Quebec

Well, we didn't think that D.A. was any too up to date. Cohabitation and fornication are not crimes anywhere in Canada. Public flogging is not now used as a punishment. According to the Canadian Public Archives, the last public flogging occurred in Montreal in 1827: 39 lashes for grand larceny.

THE LAW IS QUEER

You are to be congratulated for *The Playboy Forum*'s June editorial, "The Law Against Love." It effectively reinforces the point that victimless crimes are, or should be, clearly outside the scope of any civilized system of law and justice. Unfortunately, however, editorials and petitions often don't change anything.

For example, there has been much talk about the rights of homosexuals as citizens of the United States. As taxpayers, homosexuals should be able to expect the full protection of their rights by the public servants in the law-enforcement and judicial systems. Yet they continue to be the victims of idiotic persecutions by the very people whose salaries they help pay; they are funding their own harassment. Under these circumstances, it is the law that's queer.

Michael Washburn
Raleigh, North Carolina

LOVE WITHOUT GENDER

The "straight" contributor from Evanston, Illinois, who had the best blow job of his life from a fraternity brother (*The Playboy Forum*, June), said that heterosexuals who can't make it with a member of their own sex have a mental handicap. Maybe so. However, he also stated that all homosexuals are similarly handicapped by their inability to respond to members of the opposite sex. I think he's operating on a false assumption here; very few gays are incapable of an old-fashioned male-female ball. Sure, there are some gays who can't make the straight scene, and they probably belong in the same category with the straight guy who can't get it up for another male. But on either side, these are the exceptions, not the rule. For most, it's a matter of preference. The handicap is social, not mental.

I'm not putting down the writer of the letter, anymore than he is putting down homosexuals. In fact, I admire any basically straight male who can admit to blowing a friend or two. He has come a long way toward eliminating the handicap he says exists. Hopefully, the time is not far off when everyone will be able to think of sex in terms of love and/or physical pleasure, without regard for relative gender and without the mental limitations most of us still have in the form of preconceived straight or gay preferences or prejudices.

(Name withheld by request)
Seattle, Washington

GAY-RIGHTS EFFORTS

Early this year, the city council of Boulder, Colorado, passed by a five-to-four vote an ordinance prohibiting discrimination because of a person's sexual orientation. Announcement of the ordinance caused an uproar. Many people saw it simply as another step toward equal rights for all, but others attacked it as implying approval of homosexuality. Assurances that other cities had already passed such laws with no ensuing troubles only brought stridently expressed fears of gay bars, gay teachers of children and the possibility of preferential treatment for homosexuals.

Businessmen, the chamber of commerce and conservative community leaders in general all strongly opposed the ordinance. A concerned citizens group was formed to work against it. The local papers were swamped with letters to the editor. One warned, "A person cannot be homosexual and a Christian, too, as this practice is incompatible and contradictory to Christian teaching so the trick is to destroy *your* religion!" A choice typo appeared in another letter to the *Daily Camera* when a lady stated, "I for one am not going to give up my oral values."

One woman published an open letter accusing Boulder Gay Liberation of a number of things, including putting antireligious and Satanist literature inside her screen door at night. Gay Liberation filed a $10,000 suit charging defamation.

When the city council decided to put the matter to a public vote, Boulder citizens rejected the ordinance by a vote of nearly two to one.

Meanwhile, a group began to work for the removal from office by recall of Penfield Tate, Boulder's first black mayor, and Tim Fuller, a liberal councilman who had once been a member of Students for a Democratic Society, because of their support of the gay-rights ordinance. Both men were elected in 1971 with heavy student support. The recall movement quickly obtained the needed signatures for their petitions, and an election was set for June—when most of the students would be out of town—but a court action has been filed to have the petitions invalidated and the election date is uncertain.

Boulder is one of the first cities in the U. S. to be confronted with this issue, but it won't be the last—nor can the question be really resolved here. How will other communities react when the gay-rights controversy hits them? I hope this letter will help people to start thinking about the problem now.

H. Glenn Carson
Boulder, Colorado

The events in Boulder are part of a nationwide legislative drive for gay rights, which had previously been sought mostly through the courts. A number of cities have enacted homosexual-rights laws ranging from small amendments to existing codes to full-scale civil rights packages. Elsewhere, as in Boulder, such efforts to secure gay rights have been defeated by vociferous opposition. Last spring, the New York City Council considered a bill that would have banned discrimination because of sexual preference in housing, jobs and public accommodations. Politicking against the measure was spearheaded by the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York, which called homosexuality "an increasing threat to sound family life in our city," and the Uniformed Fire Officers Association, which argued that the law would "force an employer to hire a pervert" and "expose our children to the influences of sodomites." In case you're wondering what upset the firemen, columnist Nicholas von Hoffman has an explanation; he writes that they "are angry about the prospect of gays sleeping in the same firehouse." The bill was defeated by a 22–19 vote. In contrast, the little Upstate New York village of Alfred a few weeks earlier quietly passed an ordinance barring sexual-preference discrimination. Other cities where new anti-discrimination measures have been passed are Ann Arbor, Michigan; Berkeley, California; Columbus, Ohio; Detroit; East Lansing, Michigan; Minneapolis; San Francisco; Seattle; and Washington, D.C.

ASININE LEGISLATORS

After reading about the James L. Lemon–Donald Gann anti-homosexual bill (*The Playboy Forum*, June), I have concluded that Nazism is alive and active in the Missouri state legislature. To make it possible for an anonymous informer to deprive a citizen of his rights is to open a Pandora's box of viciousness. Representatives Lemon and Gann should introduce a bill to require idiots and bigots to be registered and deprived of their civil rights. The rest of us would be far safer.

The Tennessee state legislature has long been considered the ass end of the lawmaking mentality because of its war on the theory of evolution. If the Lemon-Gann bill passes in Missouri, its legislature should get the title.

William A. Collier
Nashville, Tennessee

Sadly for Tennessee, the Missouri anti-homosexual bill died in committee.

RESPONSIBLE REPRESENTATIVE

Roy R. Covyeau makes three mistakes in his letter to the June *Playboy*

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PLAYBOY

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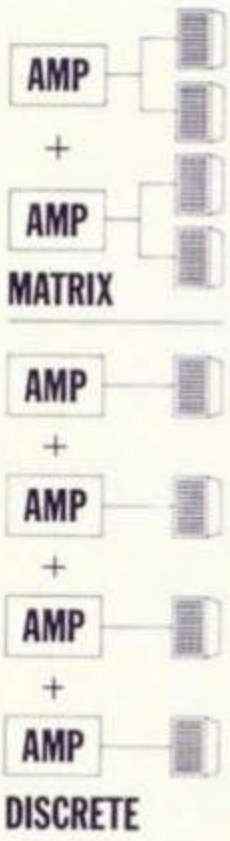

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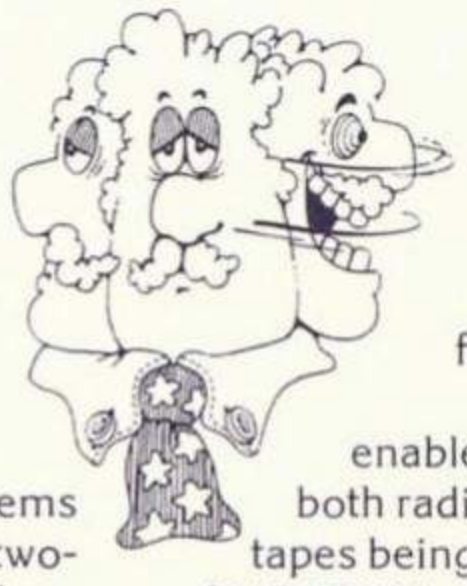

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WS
2

National Headquarters 401 West Artesia Boulevard, Compton, Calif. 90220

Forum criticizing state assemblyman Alan Sieroty's opposition to capital punishment (*The Playboy Forum*, March). First, he accuses Sieroty of not representing the will of "the majority of voters in California." But it's his district, not the whole state, that elected him and the majority of people in Sieroty's district, Beverly Hills, may in fact oppose capital punishment. Furthermore, it can be argued that a representative's first duty is to act in the people's best interests, rather than simply to do what they want.

In the second place, the people of California voted for a proposition that reinstated the death penalty, but they did not vote for the particular law Sieroty opposed, which makes capital punishment mandatory for those found guilty of any of 11 different crimes. There's no evidence, to my knowledge, that a majority of Americans favors a mandatory death penalty. So it's not even clear that Sieroty was going against the will of the people of California.

Third, Covyeau accuses Sieroty of "attempting to impose his moral views on the people of his state." If we go back and look at Sieroty's letter, we see that he opposes the death penalty because it does not deter homicide or other violent crimes and because restoring it will divert public attention from efforts to remove the causes of such crimes, which is the only practical way to reduce the number of them. Sieroty also says he is philosophically opposed "to state-sanctioned killings," but his main arguments are on pragmatic rather than moralistic grounds.

The June *Forum* also published letters describing the idiotic remarks and the behavior of legislators in Vermont, South Carolina and Missouri. From these and other instances I've read about, I'd say we Californians are darned lucky to have an enlightened man like Alan Sieroty as one of our state lawmakers.

Albert Clark
Los Angeles, California

LYNCHING NOT ALL BAD

Opponents of capital punishment often like to compare it to lynching, which they say is emotionally satisfying but barbaric and socially counterproductive. It seems to me that if executing the perpetrator of a heinous crime invokes the same feelings as a lynching, that isn't necessarily bad.

Of course, lynching has the obvious drawback of dispensing with such niceties as trials and due process, making it prone to error; I do not favor its revival. However, executing a dangerous criminal *can* perform the useful social function of dissipating potentially harmful aggressive feelings at the same time that it eliminates the threat he represents.

Lest my liberal friends be moved to lynch *me* figuratively and intellectually, I ask that my name be withheld.

(Name withheld by request)
Boston, Massachusetts

SIMPLE-MINDED S.O.B.S

The state of Washington, for the past few years, has had a program called People in Need, which distributes free food to the poor. California, a much richer state, never had such a program until the Patricia Hearst kidnaping, whereupon some Washington People in Need coordinators were brought in to set one up to meet the demands of the kidnapers. Governor Ronald Reagan then announced—after a hefty luncheon with some of his rich Republican friends—that he hoped there would be "an epidemic of botulism" among the people who received the free food.

Meanwhile, the Georgia senate's Republican leader, Armstrong Smith, has proposed that the state sterilize mentally retarded women and castrate rapists. According to United Press, the Georgia senate rejected the castration bill 33–19 and has not yet acted on the sterilization proposal.

There's always some smug son of a bitch who'll advocate a simple-minded—and often cruel—remedy for a complex problem as long as it doesn't inconvenience him. (Recall the Congressional hilarity focused on the problem of rats in the ghettos a few years back.) When such a sadist is an elected official, I don't know whether to be angry or just plain scared.

H. Dixon
San Francisco, California

RAPE-LAW CHANGE

At present, nine out of ten rapes are not reported, and most rapists escape with impunity. The major reason for this is the tremendous embarrassment to which a rape victim is subjected when she is examined on every intimate detail of her sexual history as part of the investigation and trial. Far too often rape victims, in effect, become the defendants in the trial.

Happily, this may soon change—in California, at least. The state senate here has passed, by a vote of 31 to 3, my bill, which provides the first meaningful reform in California rape law since before the turn of the century. It changes the law regarding rape trials to render inadmissible any evidence of the victim's prior sexual history except for previous sexual contacts with the person she has accused.

This legislation has received strong support from many segments of the population as well as in the senate. Similar legislation based on the California model has been introduced in Nevada and New York and is being contemplated in Florida. I sincerely believe that the frank and explicit discussion in *The Playboy Forum* on various aspects of sexuality in general and rape in particular has contributed substantially to the changes in public attitude that have made possible this necessary and long-overdue change in our laws on rape.

State Senator Alan Robbins
North Hollywood, California

SUBCONSCIOUS GUILT

I'm skeptical about the alleged "better break" veterans with less-than-honorable discharges will get if the stigma is removed by legal action, as reported in the May *Forum Newsfront*. An A.C.L.U. lawyer predicts that Government agencies and private corporations will no longer be able to refuse these men employment. This reminds me of Jean Paul Sartre's play *The Condemned of Altona* in which a German officer guilty of war crimes is protected from facing the consequences of his actions by his father. The result is that guilt drives the son mad.

I think that if those who disobeyed military discipline are not made to suffer in some way, they, too, will fall victim to adverse subconscious reactions.

Pfc. Dennis N. Peskey
Camp Pendleton, California

Given a choice, most veterans would probably take the job and risk the "adverse subconscious reactions."

LESS-THAN-HONORABLE DISCHARGES

Among the casualties of the Vietnam war are approximately 350,000 veterans who got less-than-honorable discharges. These veterans will be blocked from educational and medical benefits, from insurance policies, civil-service positions and re-employment rights. Unable to take their place in society as productive citizens, many of these men will become burdens to their families, go on welfare, turn to drugs or end up in mental institutions or prisons. Most of them are men who got into trouble at 19 or 20 years of age because of drugs, racial discrimination or opposition to the war. A disproportionate percentage are members of minority groups; 20 percent of general discharges went to non-Caucasians.

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(continued on page 242)

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ANTHONY BURGESS

a candid conversation with the visionary author of "a clockwork orange"

In 1959, John Anthony Burgess Wilson, an education officer for the British Colonial Service in Malaya, began suffering from headaches. Doctors imputed them to a brain tumor, told him he had only a year to live and invalided him home to England. Aided by an inborn Elizabethan prodigality—and "massive doses of Dexedrine and gin"—he wrote five and a half dazzling novels during his allotted twelvemonth, in a desperate struggle to earn a legacy for his prospective widow, herself ailing and alcoholic. Whereupon fate played one of its ironic twists: The brain tumor had apparently been misdiagnosed and Anthony Burgess—his pen name—did not die. But his wife did.

Since that time, Manchester-born Burgess, 57, has been only slightly less prolific in his literary output. He has written more than a score of books—many of them novels, including his recent blockbuster success, "Napoleon Symphony," and his best-selling vision of a mind-controlled society, "A Clockwork Orange"—but several of them are erudite literary studies on an astounding variety of topics, from Shakespeare to the structure of the novel to a translation of Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac." (Burgess loves to play with languages—nine of them.) He has also written stage and screen plays, composed two symphonies, concertos for flute, bassoon, piano and percussion, a brace of sonatas and some incidental music. "I wish," he says wistfully, "people would think of me as a musician who writes novels, instead of the other way round. I find I still plan a novel rather like a musical work"—a scheme that is most evident in "Napoleon Symphony." And when he isn't writing or composing, he's lecturing, teaching and traveling between his temporary and permanent homes in Rome, Malta and the U. S. He's a hard man to keep up with, as PLAYBOY *interviewer C. Robert Jennings discovered. Jennings' report:*

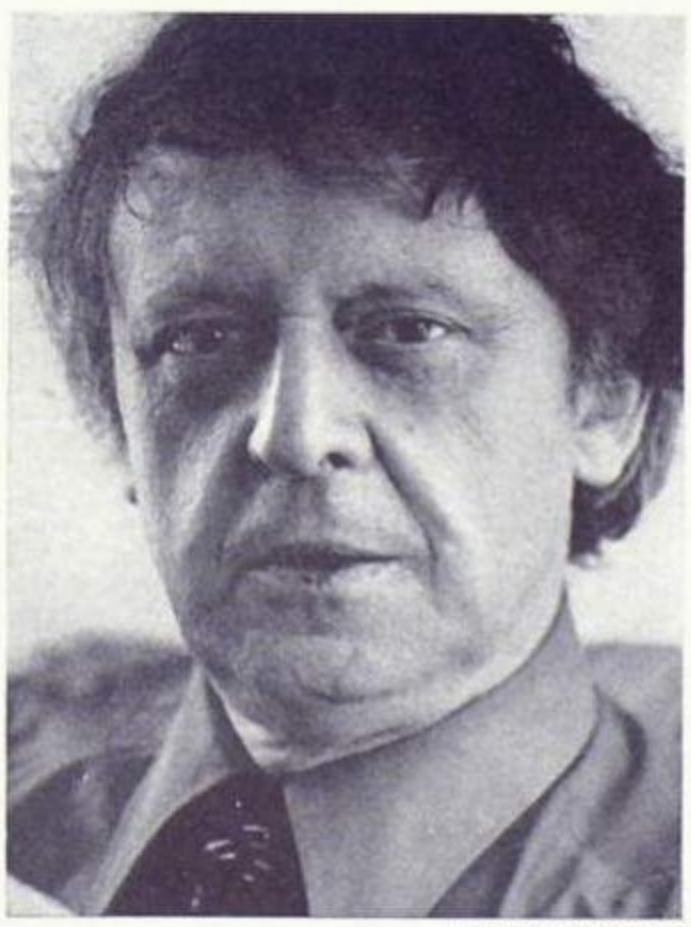
"I finally located Burgess in New York. He was teaching classes of City College students in a cluttered, spacious apartment at 93rd and West End Avenue, where he was living with his second wife, an Italian contessa *named Liliana, their young son, Andrea, and an Ethiopian secretary. Concurrently, he was appearing on TV talk shows, making assorted commencement addresses, giving a poetry reading, meeting with the Italian producers of a television series on Moses, discussing a suit against the film producers of 'A Clockwork Orange,' outlining the libretto for a musical on the Don Juan legend, working to revive interest in his completed screen musicals on Shakespeare and James Joyce's 'Ulysses,' launching a 12-part TV series on Shakespeare, beginning work on a movie musical about Houdini, outlining a play based on the life of Christopher Marlowe and gearing up for immediate departure on a college lecture tour for which he had made no preparations. 'I don't plan my lectures,' he said. 'I just leave it to God.'*

"Obviously, he had no time to talk to me in New York, so I followed him west on his campus tour. Though our actual taping sessions didn't begin until he returned to New York, I caught up with him in the murky depths of a pseudo rathskeller in Berkeley, where he was dining with his lecture sponsors and the editors of various magazines, deftly parrying questions about Ezra Pound, Kipling, Lawrence, Dickens, Sartre, Greene, Sterne, Dylan Thomas, Pope, Evelyn Waugh, Joyce, Goethe, Milton, Gerard Manley Hopkins, T. S. Eliot, Vonnegut—and autographing everything from books (often by other authors) to the backs of Blue Chip stamps.

"A huge, shambling haystack of a man, Burgess looks as if he spent his days rummaging through attics. His unkempt brown hair doesn't seem to spring naturally from his great round head so much as surround it, like some nimbus. His face is pasty, his clothes are rumpled; his general mien is that of a man whose daily grind hangs over him with the imminence of Damocles' sword—and yet whose pain at the world's follies is intermittently

"Our reluctance to eat human flesh is parallel to the Hindu reluctance to eat any kind of animal flesh. We have to get over it sooner or later if we're going to survive."

"Nobody knows what poverty is in America. Standards are so high—and God bless America for this—that a person without a refrigerator is regarded as a specimen of suffering humanity."



J. BARRY O'ROURKE

"I tend to identify with certain minorities such as the Boston Irish. My people are the poor and downtrodden, the drunk, the fat-bellied and the garlic-smelling, the Catholic and the sentimental."

eclipsed by his Rabelaisian relish for life's sensuous delights. Like Salinger in the Fifties, Vonnegut and Tolkien in the Sixties, Burgess has become something of a cult figure on college campuses. That celebrity brings him not only lecture bookings but some rather down-to-earth offers, like the one from a dude in Berkeley who advised: 'You're old, but you're important, man. I can get you some chicks.' Burgess was vastly complimented. Since most of his new-found collegiate notoriety derives from Stanley Kubrick's film version of 'A Clockwork Orange,' a discussion of that work seemed a good starting point for the interview."

PLAYBOY: Since *A Clockwork Orange* is easily your most famous work, and one of the fulcrums on which your talks turned during your last tour of this country, it seems a propitious place to begin.

BURGESS: One must make concessions to one's hosts, but *Clockwork Orange* is the book I like least. We're all inclined to love the pornography of violence, but for me that work was a kind of personal testament made out of love and sorrow, as well as of ideas and theology. My first wife had a traumatic experience during the war, when she was working at the Ministry of War Transport on ships for the D-day landings. She was working very late one night, and coming home off the dock she was very severely mauled by four GI deserters. It often happened that young GIs, probably from unsophisticated states, would think that warm English beer was very weak stuff and would drink too much of it. They'd get drunk, perhaps assault an officer, get frightened, desert and live underground. A lot of these people did odd jobs, but some of them went around mugging and, of course, the blackouts were a natural cover and there weren't very many police around.

My wife was one of their unlucky victims. It wasn't a sexual assault, it was an attempted robbery, and they tried to take her wedding ring off and she screamed and then they hit her; she was pregnant at the time and lost the child. Involuntary abortion. This was followed by a disease that was very hard for the gynecologists to explain. It brought on perpetual loss of blood, perpetual menstruation, so there had to be a corresponding intake of fluid. She was not able to have any children or even to have intercourse for a long time. The gynecological complex begot its own psychological aura. Things never got really right again. And so she just resigned herself to the idea of wanting to die and drank steadily. I couldn't stop her. Finally she got what she wanted.

PLAYBOY: How old was she when she died?

BURGESS: Too young—in her early 40s.

PLAYBOY: And you distilled this experience into the *Clockwork Orange* rape?

BURGESS: Yes, that was an attempt to cleanse the whole thing out of my mind, by objectifying and fictionalizing it. It was a means of clearing the genuine hatred out of my mind. Pure catharsis, a *jeu de spleen*.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you originally get the idea for *Clockwork Orange* when some penologists suggested "conditioning" prisoners to behave well?

BURGESS: Yes. I spoke to many people in pubs about this, and they said it was excellent, it was fine. "Knock the bloody heads off the bastards, it would make good citizens of them." That people really believed it was a good thing—that frightened me.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you sold the film rights to *Clockwork Orange* for $500?

BURGESS: It's not quite as simple as that. What happened was that in the mid-Sixties, The Rolling Stones wanted to make a movie out of the book with Mick Jagger playing Alex. A New York lawyer—one of this new breed, who is also the executive producer—came on the scene, and I sold it to him then for $500. I needed the money. I've had a couple of *ex gratia* payments since then, which have brought the total sum up to something like $3000, but in comparison with what the film makers themselves are likely to earn from the global receipts of the picture, it's still not very much.

PLAYBOY: Does it depress you that everybody else is making so much money on it?

BURGESS: In a way it does, but on the other hand, I don't *want* a lot of money, because that means you have to buy a yacht and a villa, and you have to find time to devote to these things. I *have* no time. I have to write seven days a week, for the most part, and the fewer things I have, the better.

PLAYBOY: If money doesn't motivate you, how about fame? Are you enjoying the celebrity status you've achieved since *Clockwork* became a best seller—and a hit film?

BURGESS: In a curious, humble way, it gives me a sense of solidarity with ordinary people. It's especially pleasant in New York to be able to go into a shop and be recognized; it's nice to be in that position, like being in a family or living in a village. It has nothing to do with fame or ability, it's just that one likes not to be anonymous. I'm often recognized by people who've seen me on television. It's a curious thing—I enjoy talking, and going on TV talk shows means that I can be listened to without being interrupted too much. And the smell of grease paint is very pleasant. This may strike you as being absolutely stupid, but I also enjoy the heat of the lamps. I sweat like a pig under them, but I like that sensation of being in the warm.

PLAYBOY: On those talk shows, and in the discussions after your lectures, one question always seems to come up—so we'll ask it, too: What did you think of the film version of *A Clockwork Orange*?

BURGESS: I thought it was very good. I felt I was in the presence of a classic from the moment the film began, with the Purcell music done electronically and all that. But in terms of adaptation, there were many, many faults in the film. It misses many of the main points of the book. Kubrick makes violence very attractive, and the ending was changed drastically.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

BURGESS: Well, I can't blame Kubrick for this; he was working from the American edition of the book, even though he was making the film in England with British artists. But the American edition is a truncated one, only 20 chapters, in comparison with the British edition, which has 21. In the last chapter of the British edition, young Alex is growing up and regretting his violence as rather a waste of time. He is changing from within; he wants to get married and have a child and perhaps become a composer of music. The film gives the gloomy impression that the cycle is going to begin again, which was not my intent. Mine was a positive ending. Of course, the whole book is an optimistic book. I was, after all, brought up a Catholic, and Catholics are *trained* to be optimistic about man, because they accept at a very early age the great premise that man was born into a state of evil. Once we realize that, then we can only go up, we can't go down. Whereas liberals, religious or secular, believe otherwise; they believe that man was born with at least an equal potentiality for good—perhaps *only* with a potentiality for good—so they become disappointed when men commit evil.

Catholics of my kind don't become disappointed, because we *expect* evil; we know man is, as it were, programmed that way. We're *surprised* at his capacity for good. Look at history, and you'll see that man has survived only because of his odd flashes of goodness. We feel that man will probably go on, not getting better but certainly surviving, and producing more Hitlers—but also more Mozarts and Caravaggios, and so on. As a lapsed Catholic, I find my sense of good and evil is quite simple, really: I don't think of God as being good in the sense of giving money to the poor and meek, who definitely have *not* inherited the earth. God is good when He gives us a grilled steak. There's good when we make love or eat an apple or watch a sunset. Evil certainly exists, too; it is undoubtedly evil to fart during Beethoven's *Ninth*. But choice is all. To *impose* good, whether through force or through some technique like aversion therapy, is evil; to act evil is better than to have good imposed.

PLAYBOY: Was aversion therapy being used anywhere at the time you wrote *A Clockwork Orange*, or do you think the current practice was inspired by your book?

BURGESS: Aversion therapy dates back at

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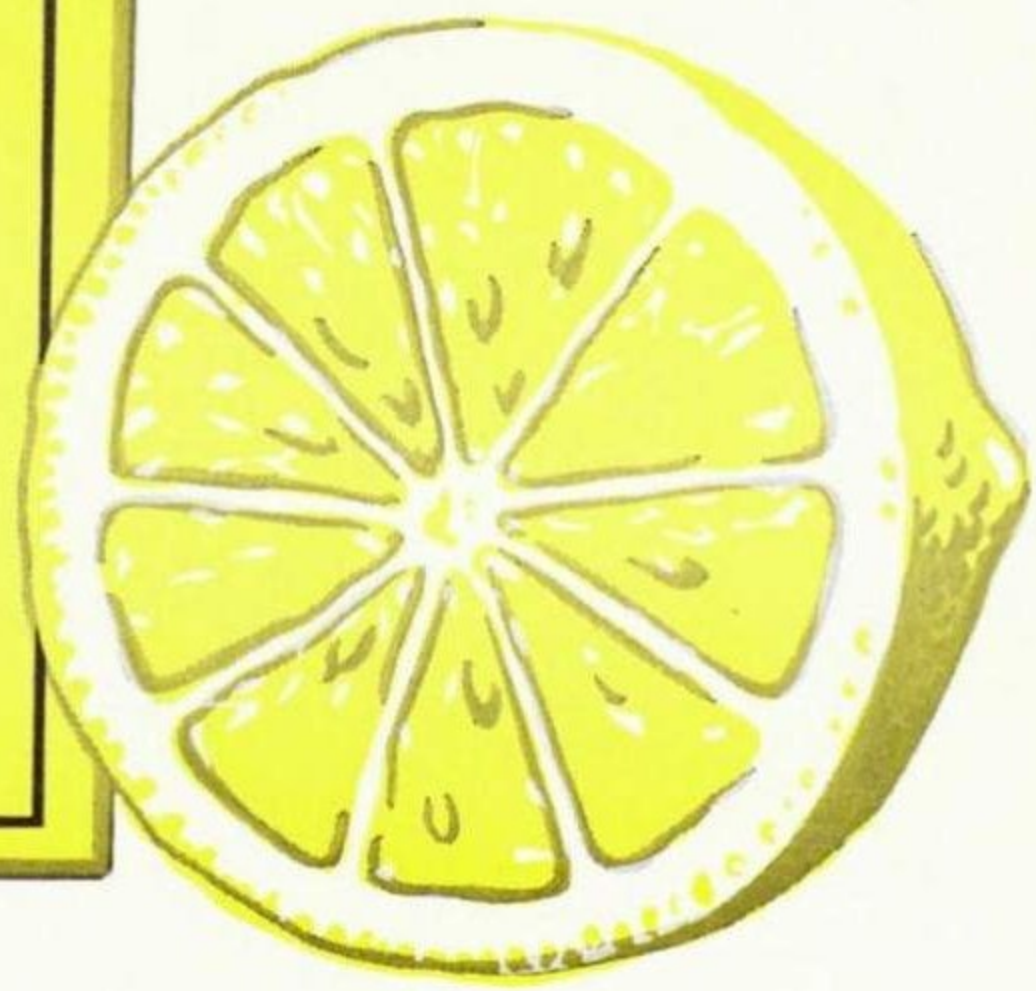

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least to the experiments of Pavlov, of whom it may be said that he was one of the fathers of the Russian Revolution. At least he was quite willing to let his laboratory experiments be extended to help produce a kind of new Soviet man who should be conditioned to be happy in the social situation imposed upon him. The technique was not always aversive; he used both pain and pleasure as triggers for promoting responses. But during the period of the Cold War—or, in Korea, the hot war—and during the Revolution in Russia, it was always aversive techniques that were used for changing people's minds, or for brainwashing them. The techniques used in *Clockwork Orange* are also aversive, but this doesn't deny the fact that more positive inducements are possible. The big difference between the vision of *Clockwork Orange* and the vision of B. F. Skinner, for instance, is that Skinner hates the idea of aversion therapy and thinks totally in terms of positive inducements. He thinks we can become good—and achieve it pleasantly—if given rewards for doing the right thing.

PLAYBOY: What's your opinion of Skinner?

BURGESS: I think he's very dangerous. There's obviously a great desire on the part of the American people, and to some extent on the part of Europeans, to want his kind of world: one in which everything is made easy, in which you shall be wound up like a clockwork machine and be good all the time and have no worry about making ethical choices. What horrifies me about Skinner is that he can think the human soul responds only to rewards. That isn't true at all. If I could be given candy and yachts and houris for becoming a mechanical creature, something inside me would still say no. If one of the conditions of being a free man, of being able to think my own thoughts and come to my own conclusions, was that I should be lashed every day, or live on bread and water, I would still prefer *that* to luxury without freedom. People aren't quite as simple as Skinner thinks.

Not long ago, I spoke to the New York chapter of Phi Beta Kappa; it was a lecture for which I was given no money and for which everybody came very late—and in order to make it, I had to give up a lecture in Ohio for which I would have been paid $2000. But a fat-bellied surgeon there said to me that nobody does *anything* without the inducement of money. I didn't say any more than "Oh, yes?" But it's rather American to assume that people do things only for tangible rewards. I don't think it's true of man at all. Man has done many things with the sure knowledge that he would be *punished* for doing them. Such as translating the Bible during the pre-Reformation period or believing in the Trinity when it was taught that the Trinity was heresy.

PLAYBOY: Even if you didn't get paid for that Phi Beta Kappa speech, don't you lecture primarily for the money in it?

BURGESS: I don't seem to have made any money out of it at all. I've worked very, very hard this past year, been all over the Union lecturing to students, but all the money seems to have gone into hotel bills, meals, air fares, which all comes out of one's own pocket, and into standing drinks for the students. So you have to end up by thinking of it not as a profitable undertaking but as a means of meeting the students. And from that angle, it's been rather interesting. I enjoy meeting American students. They're sharp and they're anxious to hear people talk, which is something you don't find in Europe. Americans like writers to be real people who will talk to them and discuss their books. There is a very bad novel by Somerset Maugham called *Cakes and Ale* in which there is a character who says that Americans prefer a living mouse to a dead lion, and I agree with him totally. That's one of the things I like about America.

PLAYBOY: You were something of a living lion as a visiting professor at Princeton, but you've been quoted as having hated that experience. Why?

BURGESS: I was definitely the dead mouse there, not really wanted. I had great difficulty even finding out what was going on in the English Department. Quite apart from that, I resented a lot of the kids who were ragged in appearance but very rich. It's a horrible aspect of the heresy called Americanism. You have a lot of money: your father owns Quaker Oats or General Motors or something, and you've got to go about in bare feet with holes in your trousers and talk about the virtues of poverty. But you're at Princeton, which is not a university for the poor, and you spend money freely, carelessly.

PLAYBOY: Why should you be so disturbed by what students choose to wear?

BURGESS: I suppose I've been going through a sour period as regards the sartorial habits of the young because I'd been running a creative-writing course for American students in Majorca, in the village of Deyá, where Robert Graves lives. And there I saw a lot of hippies, members of the drug culture, dressed in *espadrilles* and ragged jeans and butterflied T-shirts. That is how the peasants of that island *have* to dress. They don't choose to dress that way; they'd be glad to wear tuxedos every evening. But these cool children sat there cadging coffee and toking on their joints, mocking in their very dress these peasants who have to wrest a living from the sea and the soil. It was an assumption on their part that only fools worked. Well, *somebody* has to work.

These kids were a special elite, and they are the very ones who cry out against elitism. But what I think sickened me more than anything about these kids in Deyá was that once a week they gave up one of their number—in this particular case, it was a young man called Michel—to the local police to be beaten up. He was their scapegoat, their Jesus. Michel would be beaten up and return with bruises on his body, and the whole company could be sustained in peace for another week, until it was time for Michel, who was the dumbest of the group, to be beaten up again, the sacrificial lamb, lord of the flies.

PLAYBOY: It's interesting that you should mention *Lord of the Flies*, since the violence of its film version—like that of *Clockwork Orange*—was damned by some critics as having a possibly brutalizing effect on movie audiences. You no doubt read that Arthur Bremer wrote in his diary that just before he decided to shoot George Wallace, he had gone out to see *A Clockwork Orange*. Do you feel that a vision of violence can precipitate real violence?

BURGESS: Art never initiates. It merely takes over what is already present in the real world, such as violence, and makes an aesthetic pattern out of it, or tries to explain it, or tries to relate it to some other aspect of life. If I am going to be blamed, however remotely, for the attempted assassination of Wallace, well, I must point to Shakespeare's *King Lear* or to *Hamlet*. *Hamlet* may have been made responsible for many a young man's killing his stepfather, or trying to. Or point to the New Testament—specifically, its description of the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, which drove a multiple killer in England to the murder of many women, so that he could drink their blood. That was his way of taking the Sacraments. And that man in New York State who killed, I think, 65 children before being caught because he wanted to offer them up to Jehovah: he wouldn't have gotten that idea into his head if he hadn't read the Old Testament. Even the holiest art can be said to inspire violence, but the impulse is already there in humankind. There may be a trigger of some sort: it *could* be a work of art, or a chance association of ideas. But the artist himself cannot be blamed for that.

Unfortunately, if you're going to create a work of fictional art, you have only two main topics: sex and violence. These two major impulses in man—the aggressive impulse and what I suppose is the philoprogenitive impulse, the desire to procreate—have to be the two main themes. We're told that their representation in the popular art forms has led to sin and crime; therefore, presumably, we must get rid of art. Yet we *cannot* get rid of art. We have to accept that the possibility of a work of art's causing such an aberration or such a triggering of an

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impulse of violence is very much the exception, something we have to put up with. It's a small payment we have to make.

PLAYBOY: How about the cathartic value of art for the artist himself? Do you suppose that if Hitler had been able to get into the Vienna Academy, freeing him from the drudgery of house painting and paper hanging, he might not have become the psychopath of the century?

BURGESS: I think most men would much prefer to create something, a work of beauty, than merely to be in a position of power, which normally means to be *destructive*. What I'm really trying to say is that the desire to create a work of art has something to do with the desire to beget children. I think it's significant, possibly, that Hitler had no children. He was not the sort of man who *would*. Yet he wanted to have *something*, and since he couldn't create works of art, he had to have power and he had to destroy. I don't think the case of Mussolini is altogether cognate with that of Hitler, because Mussolini was a writer; he wrote novels. He wrote a novel, which I have read, called *The Cardinal's Mistress*. It wasn't a bad novel, but obviously he wanted to be another D'Annunzio. He couldn't be D'Annunzio, so he had to become a great dictator instead. I don't know how much research has been done on this, but I should imagine that there are a fair number of men who have done great harm in history through thwarted artistic impulses. One knows from one's own personal experiences how bitter, destructive and thoroughly misanthropic small failed artists can be.

PLAYBOY: You said earlier that *Clockwork Orange* was the book you liked least. Which is your favorite?

BURGESS: I don't like any of them very much, because when you read a book you have written, you see so many of your own faults. So the favorite book is always the next one. You feel that in the next book you'll get rid of your faults, but the faults are always there, in the very first sentence. You have to write a book out of your imperfect self. A man who says he loves his books is either a liar or a bloody fool.

PLAYBOY: Is it as painful to write as it is later to read what you've written?

BURGESS: Agonizing. Especially the beginning. When one starts a new novel, one has to get the first sentence right, and this takes a long time. Then one gets that right and one tries *another* sentence, and it takes a long time to get *that* right. Probably about 50 pieces of paper go into the wastebasket before I've got the first page right. But once the first page is right, it becomes easier as one goes on. This explains why my original manuscripts are not very valuable. They don't fetch much money on the market. Whereas an original typescript by, say, Philip Roth, which is *covered* with loops and corrections and is obviously the single effort, must be very valuable. Probably he knows this and writes them that way deliberately.

PLAYBOY: How much do you normally write during a day?

BURGESS: In the days when I was working full out, I would produce 2000 words a day. But after that I diminished my output to 1000 words a day, because of other commitments. But it still strikes me that the only way to write a novel is to get up in the morning and make your coffee and have your breakfast and work steadily from about nine until lunchtime and then have no lunch; have a pot of strong tea. It is essential that one work in the afternoon and probably stop about five or six, then perhaps do a little more work before going to bed, in the cool of the evening. The afternoon has normally been the taboo time as far as writers are concerned. Afternoon, they say, is a dead time. Well, I say it's a very *live* time, because you're touching new areas of the brain. You're not quite as conscious as you were in the morning, or will be again at night, hence various things will come up in the unconscious, which most people waste in the siesta. The important thing is not having lunch. Once you start having lunch with gallons of wine, it's the end of the day.

PLAYBOY: Why do you say the writer is more conscious again in the evening?

BURGESS: I think in the evening one has a much sharper view of what one's done during the day and can do some correction, if correction is necessary. With the artificial light glaring down, the workroom becomes a kind of laboratory. I suppose you could sum it up by saying that in the morning one is working consciously, but there are odd threads of unconscious motivation going on; in the afternoon the unconscious becomes much more important; then in the evening one is totally conscious—or even self-conscious.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever write while sitting on the toilet, as your quirky poet does in *Enderby*?

BURGESS: No, but I've known at least two poets who actually imitated the Enderby method. I know one quite considerable poet who had this little table made for himself just big enough for him to sit on the lavatory seat and work from—which is an admirable idea, because the bathroom was almost *made* for that purpose, with a huge wastepaper basket, where you can just *throw* things, and hope the tap doesn't drip.

PLAYBOY: What contemporary writers do you read? Do you enjoy the so-called New Journalism?

BURGESS: Well, I'm not a fan of Tom Wolfe, yet I've never been prejudiced against him. I admire his *titles*, and I admire him very much as a draftsman; he draws extremely well, and this is probably his primary vocation. But I don't think he's a very good writer. I think he is a very stodgy and rather boring writer. The rhythms of his prose don't seem to be derived from speech. It's as though he's building a little machine for himself, a rather bizarre machine that shall have validity as a machine, quite apart from any purpose it serves in real life. It's almost like a kind of Fabergé egg, only on a very much lower level: it's not jeweled. I don't find in Wolfe any of the joy one gets in reading an older writer like, say, Evelyn Waugh, who does have this bejeweled kind of Fabergé quality, but also has the rhythm of speech *and* a little popular humor derived from the people. All of Wolfe's humor derives from what he thinks the kids may like. There's usually something wrong with writers that the young like.

PLAYBOY: They dote on Vonnegut. What's wrong with him?

BURGESS: I'm possibly totally mistaken, but I've sensed a kind of common quality in Vonnegut and Saroyan. What I found in Saroyan's work was a kind of oversimplistic gloomy optimism, a platform for nonsense. He produced a film I'll never forget as long as I live: *The Human Comedy*. It was the stickiest piece of false optimism I've ever seen in my life. There was a major war going on—but what the film showed was how *nice* everybody was. There was the mother playing the harp at home and then one GI saying, to a whole gang of GIs in a passenger train, "Why don't we sing a good old-time church song?" This is false, and I find the same kind of falseness in Vonnegut. I could put up with Vonnegut as a minor science-fiction writer until it came to *Slaughterhouse-Five*. *Slaughterhouse* is a kind of evasion—in a sense like J. M. Barrie's *Peter Pan*—in which we're being told to carry the horror of the Dresden bombing and everything it implies up to a level of fantasy, which means that neither the fantasy nor the realism works. And, at the same time, the thing is bound together with this nomic phrase "And so it goes." It's the *tone* of the thing that's so sentimental. It's the only book I think I've ever read that I had to give up 20 pages before the end. Only 20 pages left, but I said no, I cannot finish it.

PLAYBOY: What about Vonnegut's use of language?

BURGESS: One has the sensation that he's deliberately holding back on vocabulary: this is the great American thing to do, not to be too effusive. But the result is a tremendous monotony. I understand American usage very well, although frequently I pretend not to in order to force the users into thinking out and explaining such tropes as "uptight" and "cop out" and looking for the etymologies of "rap" and the universal greeting "Hi."

"Hi" is, I think, the one seasoning of American life that I cannot accept, although I find it hard to give a reason. Perhaps it's British reserve or something. "Hi" is too casual, so familiar that it has overtones of contempt; it sounds like a mockery of an Amer-Indian greeting or the password of some such preposterous society as the Elks or Water Buffaloes. I'm not too keen on "wow," either, although the Yale professor who is called the "Third" Reich thinks highly of it and, indeed, makes it the chief vocal expression of Consciousness III ecstasy. The lady who wrote *The Sensuous Woman* likes it, too. Her recipe for what I suppose has to be called penilambency involves coating the member with double cream, coconut and icing sugar; she has a low-calorie alternative for weight watchers. The first tongueful brings an ejaculation of "Wow!" On second thought, is it "Mmmmmmm!"?

PLAYBOY: Whatever turns you on. How about Salinger?

BURGESS: I still admire Salinger. I think he was a very considerable writer. I have to say *was*, though, alas; he no longer writes. But I thought *The Catcher in the Rye* was a major novel; it's rather the innovation of a special narrative style that represents a breakthrough in that phase of Anglo-American literature.

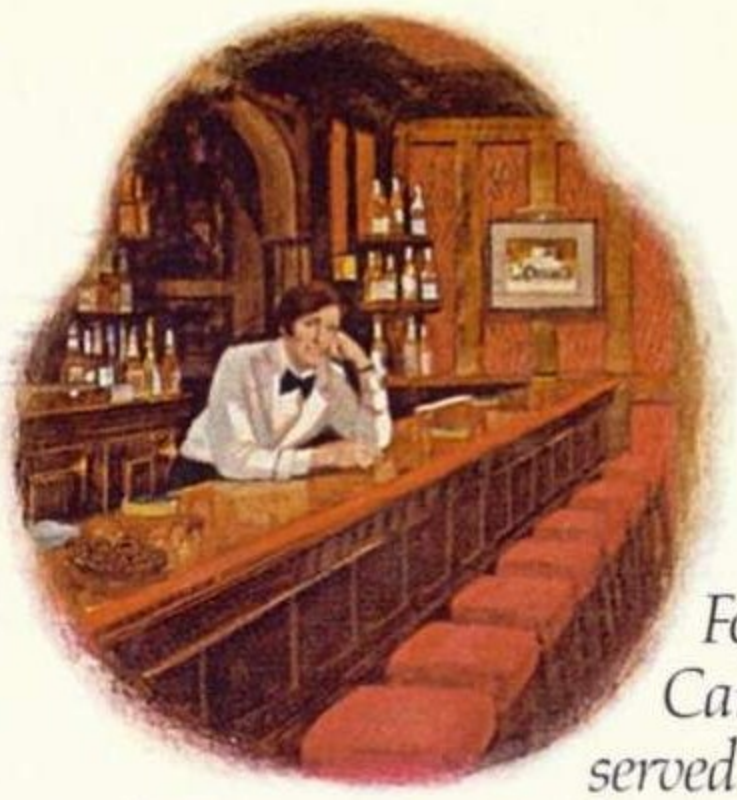
PLAYBOY: How do you rank Ken Kesey as a writer?

BURGESS: I read Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* when I was reviewing. I suppose I helped introduce him to England. I thought highly of that novel in 1962. But I never thought it was worthy of having a cult built on it. The young have seized on certain figures of madness, certain vaguely deranged figures, as representing possibly a sane culture—as if this that they're living in is sanity. One can name various other books like this—let's say, the Hobbitt books of Tolkien. His characters are mad figures in a sense.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of them?

BURGESS: I don't think very highly of them. I thought very highly of Tolkien as a scholar. He was playing a game; he was entitled to his games. But they were very much the games of a philologist. I owe most to him, and I think the young ought to think they owe most to him, for having produced, with Professor E. V. Gordon, that beautiful edition of *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*. That was his real work.

But we were talking about the New Journalism. I can't take it very seriously. I don't see where the break has occurred between the old and the new. If you mean the tendency of "mere" journalists—I put the word in quotes because I am a *mere* journalist in some ways myself—to make their journalism into books and to expect their books to be accepted as major opera, if this is the New



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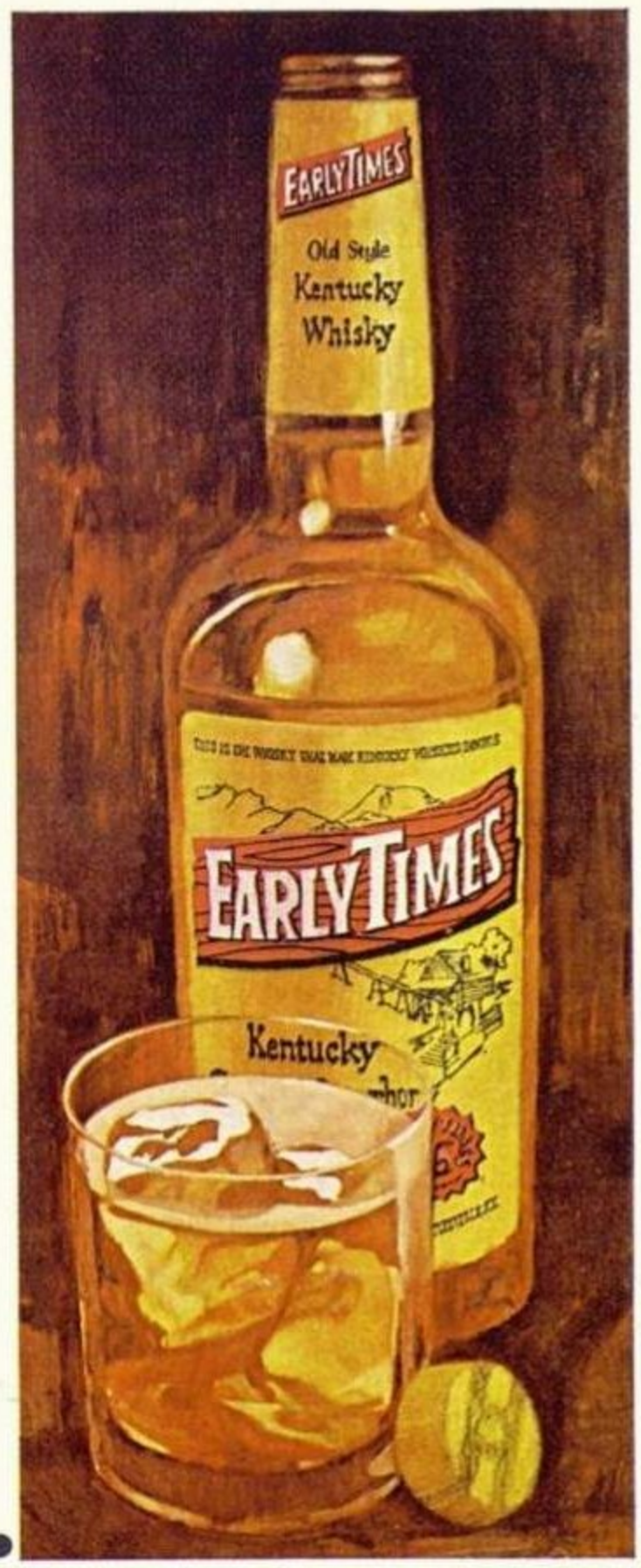

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Journalism, then I'm not sure that I like it very much.

PLAYBOY: Truman Capote seems to consider himself the father of the New Journalism because of *In Cold Blood*.

BURGESS: I agree. I find Capote's earlier work extremely interesting and extremely beautifully written. *Other Voices, Other Rooms, The Grass Harp*. But there's a rather fatty, unventilated preciosity about it, which I think is one of the aspects of the Southern genius: this humidity, this enclosed, hermetic, incestuous quality, if you like.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it has anything to do with homosexuality?

BURGESS: I was going to suggest that it might. I'm very scared of saying it, but this interest in making a prose style out of bric-a-brac is something you find in a lot of minor homosexual writers. On the other hand, there have been so many *big* homosexual writers—Socrates, Plato, Forster, possibly William Shakespeare—to whom this doesn't apply. *In Cold Blood* is very well written, rather overwritten at times. I had no objection to the style, or to the treatment, but I had a large reservation about Capote's interest in the subject. I was worried about the author rather more than about the book. In any case, I would say that this book is nothing compared with Norman Mailer's *The Armies of the Night*, which is a very considerable work, indeed.

PLAYBOY: Are you a Mailer fan?

BURGESS: I'm not a Mailer fan. I refuse to be a fan of his. Why should I be? I can't learn anything from Mailer, any more than he can learn anything from me; he goes his own way. But in that I like Mailer, in that I've read all of Mailer and will go on reading all of Mailer and regard him as a very considerable figure—yes, I *am* a fan.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that contradictory?

BURGESS: Well, it depends on what the term fan means. I always take a fan to mean somebody who sits at the feet of another, making oblations. I don't do that, but I think very highly of Mailer's work.

PLAYBOY: Mailer thinks very highly of it, too.

BURGESS: It's a pity about that. But his mode of journalism, if you can call it that, is far superior to anything the genuine journalists, by which I mean the regular writers who suddenly put their journalism into books, ever achieve. Mailer is using a very much earlier technique than anything the 20th Century has discovered—the technique of Daniel Defoe, of either presenting reality in the form of a novel or presenting the materials of a novel in the form of reality. You can take your choice between the two. *A Journal of the Plague Year* presents real events in the form of a novel. The mere collocation of those two elements is enough to make us think of 20th Century techniques such as Mailer uses in *Armies of the Night*. You're aware of the reality; you're aware of the fictional techniques. You can in some measure make them fertilize each other.

PLAYBOY: Would you include Mailer in a modern-literature course, if you were giving one?

BURGESS: I wouldn't give a course that covered *any* author later than, say, Graham Greene or Evelyn Waugh.

PLAYBOY: Well, then, let's start with Joyce. If you were giving a post-Joyce course, whom would you include besides Greene and Waugh?

BURGESS: Well, I would certainly cover John Dos Passos. I would also cover a writer whom nobody respects: Sinclair Lewis, one of the seminal fiction writers of our age. I would say that Joyce's prose style in *Finnegans Wake* is a parodic embellishment of the prose style of Sinclair Lewis' *Babbitt*, that the basic rhythms of Joyce's figures are derived from Lewis. You get them perhaps best in the novel *It Can't Happen Here*, where you get these post-Dickensian sentences with big encrustations of detail, taken over by Joyce and parodied. It's a point that's not been made before, but which I think is reasonable. I don't have to excuse myself for having read *Babbitt* at least 30 times: give me a copy and I'll read it a 31st time with great pleasure. One can't despise a man one reads so often. I recommend Dos Passos to my creative-writing students and tell them to learn from him how to deal with problems of cohesion, how to bring together the *cinéma vérité* and the fictional. I would also teach Hemingway. But I would *not* teach Scott Fitzgerald.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

BURGESS: Because I think that Scott Fitzgerald, although a very brilliant short-story writer, failed to enter the modern age in his prose style. He yearned toward the verse of Keats and he tried to get too many of the rhythms of Keats's verse, the devices of onomatopoeia, into his prose style.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean you're anti-Keats?

BURGESS: Not at all. It means that Keats is all right for 1800. But Scott Fitzgerald wasn't writing in 1800. *Gatsby* is a good novel but not a great one. Hemingway, on the other hand, was a great prose innovator, far more than is realized, and I would certainly teach Hemingway very closely, indeed, his early works especially. I think Fitzgerald has been overrated.

PLAYBOY: What about Henry Miller?

BURGESS: Miller has had nothing to write about since the *Tropic* books. He has lived too long. God bless him. It's a testimony to what heavy smoking and drinking and sex can do to a man. I don't think there's anything pornographic about Miller, though, because the sexual act as he depicts it is totally unreal. Some of the acrobatics in *Tropic of Capricorn* seem improbable. The scene where the wife of the narrator, who is presumably Miller himself, is ill in bed and a girl comes in from the neighboring apartment to see how she is, and Miller gets behind her and copulates with her from the back: This doesn't seem likely to happen. The wife would know what was going on. *Somebody* would know what was going on.

PLAYBOY: The things that go on in *Naked Lunch* wouldn't happen, either: A man dies while he's being screwed.

BURGESS: That's just our friend Bill Burroughs being heavily didactic and heavily anti-junk. He's very Swiftian in some ways. Bill's favorite authors are Jane Austen, Jonathan Swift and Laurence Sterne. I have a very powerful image of Bill, when my first wife was very, very ill, reading Jane Austen to her. Imagine this great drug cultist with his heavy black-framed glasses and his undertaker's suit reading Jane Austen: "'Tis a circumstance commonly observed," etc. He was an 18th Century man who believed he was a reincarnation of Sterne and Swift, which is probably true. James Joyce said that Sterne and Swift were misnamed, because Sterne is swift and Swift is stern. Bill managed to combine the two in *Naked Lunch*, but what he is trying to say is merely that the body is junk, which is very puritanical, even very Manichaean: dark forces fighting against the forces of light.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of that, what do you think of the drunken poets, the Dylan Thomas–Brendan Behan crowd?

BURGESS: Dylan wasn't a drunken poet at all, though he drank a great deal. When he wrote his poetry, he was stone-sober. He attacked it with great sobriety, building it up coldly and in an immensely systematic way, and then he would go and get drunk after a long session of poetic labor. I think to compare him with Brendan Behan is to do both a great injustice. Behan wasn't really a writer at all.

PLAYBOY: More of a raconteur?

BURGESS: Yes. He was a man who put his conversation down on paper. But can this kind of confessional writing really become literature? I don't think so, because literature involves selection and there was very little selection in Brendan's talk. The fact is that Brendan was also a man who wrote sober, but he was rather more willing than Dylan to give up writing and drink when the pubs were open. He got his greatest satisfaction from being a bard; to him being a bard was being in a saloon bar drinking heavily, feeling the euphoria welling up. Then he would sing and he would talk. That was his major fulfillment. To write, to sit coldly in a room and write, was to

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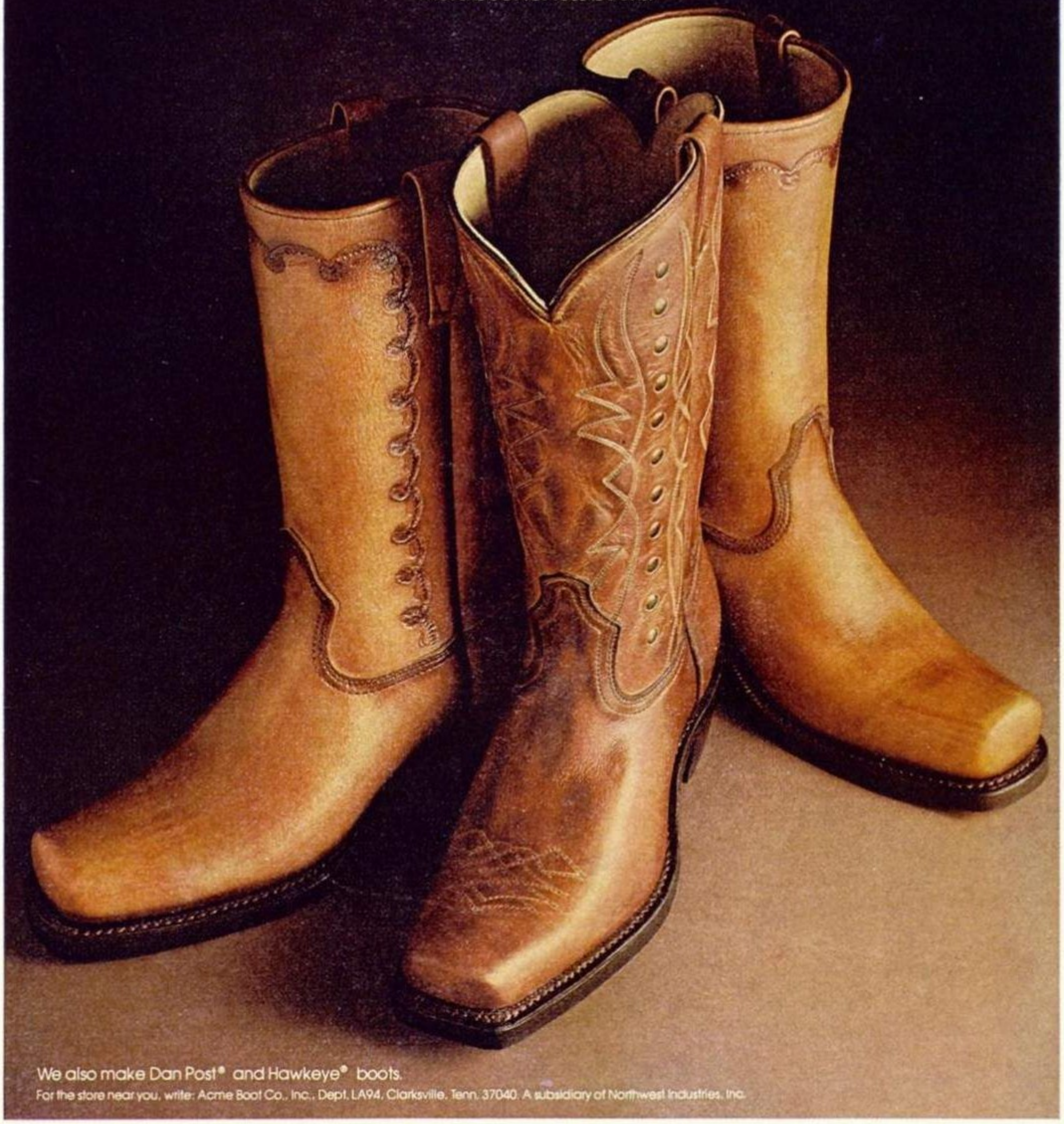

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him torture. He was fulfilled only in a pub. This was not true of Dylan. Dylan was not a great talker in pubs. He would sing a little, but I always found him strangely taciturn, rather shy.

Another aspect of Dylan's reputation was that he was said to be a great satyromaniac who couldn't keep his hands off women and was very fond of sexual exercise. That's not true either. He was almost impotent. My first wife, who was Welsh, slept with him frequently—was by way of being his mistress, I discovered—and she told me all he really wanted was to get into bed with a woman and be comforted by her, to feel her warmth and hold her tight. His sexual activities normally took place in the bathroom; he was a great masturbator. I was amazed when I first came to America and I met a woman, a drunken faculty wife at a party, who said, "Can you *screw* as good as Dylan?" Obviously, she had no experience of Dylan screwing.

PLAYBOY: Is masturbation a common release for writers, to your knowledge?

BURGESS: Yes, I think most artists find that when they're writing something, they become sexually excited. But it would be a waste of time to engage in a full-dress—or undress—sexual act with somebody at that moment. So they often go into the bathroom to masturbate. Thomas did this all the time. Quite a number of artists masturbate, then they write. Our sexual energy has been aroused, now we come, now we're able to concentrate on the *other* aspect of this energy, which is the creative aspect. In other words, the sexual act becomes a kind of irrelevance, and rather a nuisance.

In my own most creative period of writing, I had less sex than I'd ever had in my life before. During the four years when my first wife was very ill and the period I was writing things like *Enderby* and *Tremor of Intent* and the Shakespeare book—highly sexed books, incidentally, which may have a lot to do with sublimation—I was sort of acting a lot of sex out in the books. I have a very full sexual life now and I find I don't feel inclined to write about it much. If I weren't living so full a sexual life, I would probably be cramming everything with sexual connotations, sexual symbols and sexual acts. When I read novels by young men or young women that are full of sex, I often feel the authors are probably quite frustrated. This, of course, I know to be a fact from the work I get from my students: horrifyingly hair-raising and generally nauseating fantasies of sex and violence, mostly from the women, which are not literature but are extremely disturbing, obviously derived from a period of frustration.

PLAYBOY: Pornography, which is used to relieve sexual frustration, has never been more popular in America. How do you account for that?

BURGESS: It's a very refined country, America, and it goes in for very sophisticated pleasures. The pleasure one derives from masturbation, abetted by certain pornographic images, can be far more keen than normal sexual intercourse, which is—to me, anyway—a matter of very great affection, of linking of bodies, elating and pleasurable but not essentially manic. It doesn't lead one into an area of demons, that world of the dark gods. But I think that people *want* this other world occasionally and they get it best from masturbation and pornography. So that it is as much a purgative as senna or rhubarb. It may also help defossilate a dying marital impulse.

PLAYBOY: A great many marital impulses must be dying, if one can judge by the fact that close to 50 percent of our marriages fail in America.

BURGESS: Let me be totally naïve and totally honest about this: I just do not understand why marriage breaks down in America. It's quite exceptional in the whole world. I'm an ordinary person—indeed, I'm more irritable and more wayward than most, being a kind of artist—but if I could manage to sustain marriage for 26 years with a person who wasn't necessarily the best person for me in the world, I don't see why the hell other people can't. I would say that once you enter into a marriage, you're entering into a mode of life to which you are committed, and you must make up your mind about this when you start. I think marriage ought to be made harder, if you like. Obviously, people in America don't think about what they're entering into. Or it may be the fact that the tradition of divorce is strong here because of your Puritan background, which made adultery, in some areas, a capital crime. You don't have mistresses, as Europeans do. America goes in for serial polygamy, or serial polyandry—wife following wife or husband following husband. This is very much an American pattern. It stems from the desperate fear of fornication.

But why Americans cannot get on together, I'm damned if I understand. It's as though they don't even comprehend what marriage is about. They seem to regard it as mainly being about sex, but it's not about sex at all. It's a matter of setting up the primal social unit, and this isn't just a matter of begetting children. It's a matter rather of building up a kind of miniature civilization in which there's a culture, in which there are immense subtleties of language, immense subtleties of communication. In some ways, this is what life is all about. If life is mainly concerned with communicating with others, then we have the most subtle, the most rarefied, the most varied kind of communication in the married state. And you've got to *develop* a marriage, over the years, in order for this civilization to develop. You can't just marry for five years and then get out of it and start again. It's a terrible waste of the whole communicative process. But I've seen the most admirable people living together and suddenly he decides to go off with some chick or other or she gets into bed with the milkman. This is no ground for divorce. I mean, if you fornicate quietly, it's just something quite transient. It's nothing to do with the major issue of marriage, which is about an immense complex intimacy with another person; sex is neither here nor there.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that the cohabitation of the young outside marriage—whether it's at a college or in a commune—will help reduce the rate of marital breakdown, perhaps by giving them more understanding of the problems of living together?

BURGESS: They ought to know precisely what they're entering into when they do it. When I was young, we were more furtive about sex, which gave spice to the whole business and promoted the sexual urge as fear. We weren't blasé about it; we were aware that there was something we had to look forward to, that there was a tremendous responsibility in living with somebody for a long time. And I don't think these kids have that. They're brought up in the American tradition, whereby you can get out any time you wish. I think that's very bad; it promotes irresponsibility. I don't *like* too much freedom. It distorts the discipline demanded of creative urges.

PLAYBOY: Do you think drugs—especially acid—impede or release those urges?

BURGESS: Well, they don't do *me* any good, because as an artist, I'm much more concerned with passing visions on than merely enjoying visions. I think LSD is a fairly selfish means of attaining some vision of ultimate reality. When I lived in the Far East, I took opium regularly, as the Chinese took it, at the end of the day's work, in the cool of evening, and it was highly relaxing, promoted sleep. I found it extremely healthful. Whereas so many white men in the tropics cracked up, fought, killed, committed suicide, I was always fairly calm. And when I'm in Tangier, I normally take some kif, but I don't find it does anything for me. I think drugs are really for the mentally impoverished. What they can't contrive through the normal conscious processes, they contrive through an outside force over which they have no control.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been so far out of control that you sought outside help, such as analysis?

BURGESS: No, nor ever will. *Never.* A close friend of mine, who's been under

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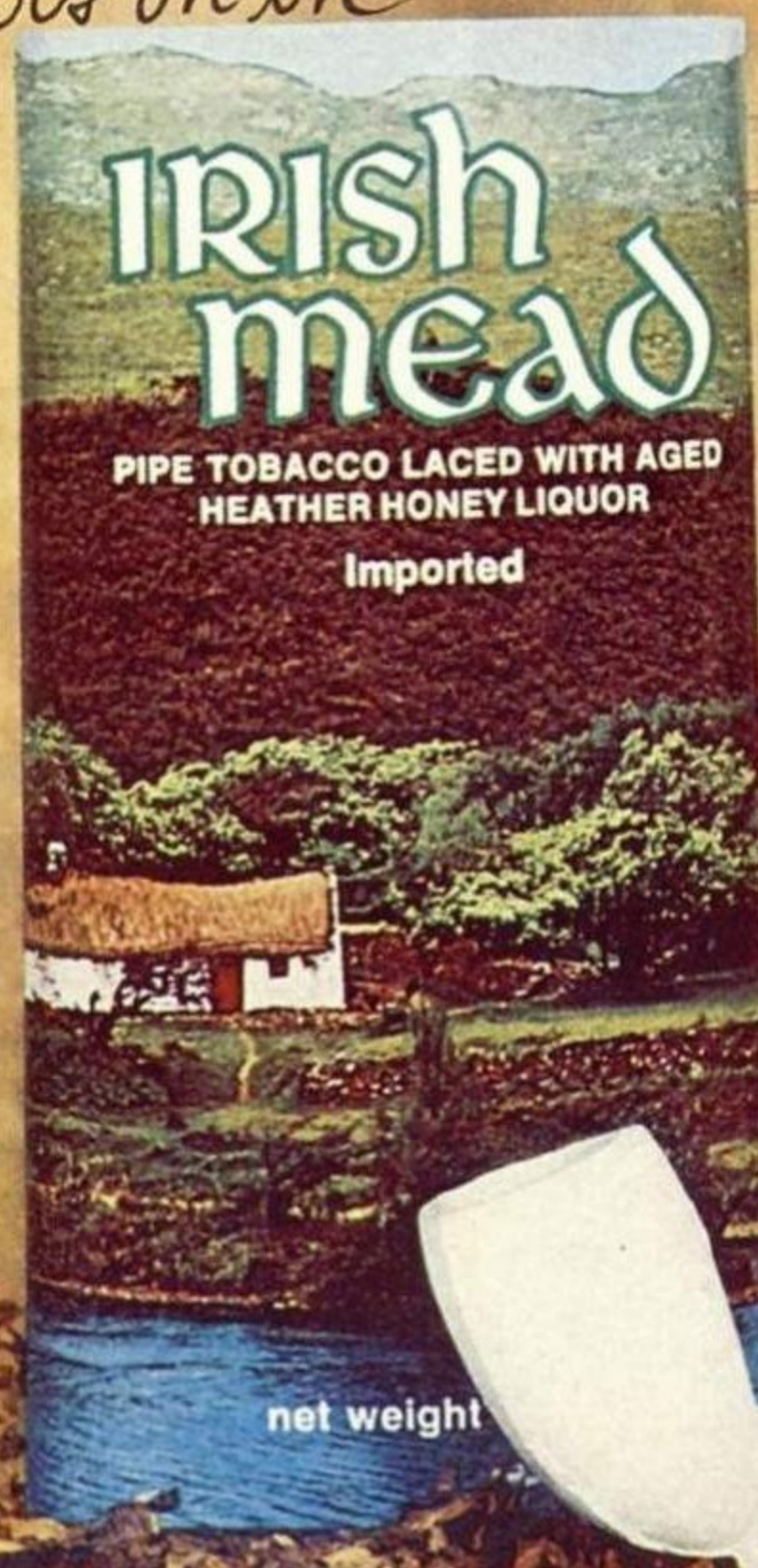

heavy analysis for some time, even suggested to me that I might be a better writer if I underwent analysis. And I said, Why? It's my job *not* to be fully aware of the unconscious process. If I'm going to *understand* everything, if I'm going to be rid of various fixations, then I probably won't write at all. A very bright young girl said to me, "For Christ's sake, don't get rid of your guilt, because that's the source of your writing strength; once you cease to be guilty, then you won't write so well." I would agree with that. But I have a lot of writing students who go to psychoanalysts because they're having difficulty in living with their wives or something, and when they're under analysis, of course, they're not doing any writing. The process of self-discovery that goes on in writing disappears and the business of another man's discovering what's going on in your mind takes its place.

PLAYBOY: Why are Americans so possessed with psychoanalysis?

BURGESS: Once you get a particular commodity available, that commodity has to be purveyed. And if there weren't so many expatriate Viennese and Germans, brought up in that very special Viennese bourgeois tradition of neurosis, hysteria, and so forth, coming over to America and having to impose that pattern on America, I don't think America would be so concerned with analysis.

PLAYBOY: But some of the things you've said—about America's sexual attitudes, for example—would suggest that Americans are, perhaps by tradition, more neurotic and uptight than most Europeans.

BURGESS: I think that the American myth has been a most dangerous one. It strikes me that from about the middle 17th Century, America was a new Eden. It was the land where you could forget that you were born into original sin, and so you could make a fresh start. Here was Paradise. But things turn out to be just the same in America as anywhere else. So there is this huge disappointment. The point is that all of the disappointments of history spring out of the failure of the liberal idea to work. The discovery we were discussing earlier—that man is always unregenerate, always fallen—often manifests itself in rage and bitterness, and in the kind of corruption and violence you find in America. In Europe, we aren't likely to be disappointed anymore. We know the worst, so we don't expect too much of man. But I think there is still a tendency in America, especially in the Midwest, for man to be regarded as some great beloved creature of God whose finest flower is in America, where he will find the just and the affluent society. In mythic terms, fallen man is given a chance to go back to Eden. The discovery that that's not true leads to frustration, often to violence.

PLAYBOY: Is that why America has more assassinations, and attempted assassinations, than Europe does?

BURGESS: That certainly has a great deal to do with it, I'm sure. If Eden fails, there's no place else to go, so they kill God, and God happens to be the President. I think it goes deeper than that, though. The Americans who are mad and manic enough to try to kill political figures may be submerged voices of the subconscious recognition that there's something wrong with the American Constitution. Under it, your President is not quite a monarch, but nevertheless a possible despot who functions not under the glamorous guise of despotism but with the voice of plain-spoken democracy. It's just a theory, but I feel that a dissatisfaction with the Constitution itself has been manifested throughout American history. Very few people have been prepared to argue this rationally: the Constitution is more or less sacrosanct. It's only the manic voices and the manic guns that seem willing to protest against the various anomalies built into it.

PLAYBOY: What would be your notion of the ideal government for America today?

BURGESS: I wouldn't have a Presidency at all. I'd find some tottering monarch somewhere, or some bland, pretty one. Perhaps I'd take Princess Grace of Monaco and set her up as a nominal monarch. Then she would officially, technically appoint a government and, of course, the party system as in England would come into being and you would have a prime minister who would be *very* subject to the will of the people and to the will of his own colleagues in, say, the House of Representatives. I think that would be a healthier system. The head of the Executive should not be dirtied by politics.

This is the great lesson of the limited monarchy of England, which does work. Whatever people think about monarchy, it works in England. I *hate* the queen, because I think she's anti-intellectual, somewhat stupid and somewhat snobbish. But I like some members of the family. One knows Tony Armstrong-Jones. One meets Princess Margaret, one meets Anne and Charles, one meets the Earl of Harewood because of his musical activities. One knows these people. If you go to a party given by Time-Life in London, it's "Hi ya, Tony. How is Maggie? She OK?" Tony says, "I'm sorry the missus couldn't come tonight. She's got a bit of a cold." The queen keeps out of that pretty well, though. And this is good, this is sensible. She is untouchable by scandal, for the most part. Your President certainly is not. This is the main difference.

I'd love to see America come back to the monarchical principle; if it did, the prophecy of George Bernard Shaw in his play *The Apple Cart*, which nobody dares put on these days, might well be fulfilled. This play is set in the future, which means the past, for it was written in 1930. It's about a King Magnus, a very constitutional monarch who presides over cabinet meetings, and so forth; but because of his personal charm and skill, he has far more power than the government does. But the point is that in the second act, the American ambassador comes in and says that the Declaration of Independence has been canceled and America is coming back to the mother country. But "not poor, not hungry, not ragged, as of old. Oh, no. This time he returns bringing with him the riches of the earth to the ancestral home." The king is appalled, for he realizes what this entails: It means the imperial government moves to Washington and, in consequence, England loses all power. It all goes over to America.

PLAYBOY: Do you seriously think anything like that could happen?

BURGESS: Not in our lifetime, but possibly American constitutional legalists might see the value of a constitutional monarchy here—and it could well come out of a scandal rather like Watergate.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of Watergate, you must have some thoughts about American politics and the sorry state it's in now.

BURGESS: I've no respect for politicians. I think they're all equally bad, and I've lived in various countries. In England, Nixon would have to resign, just as Lords Lambton and Jellicoe automatically resigned after the sex scandals, which are the kind we seem to have in Britain. But here, the notion of a President's resigning would be as traumatic, I think, as the idea of an abdication in Europe. This is why, in some ways, one sympathizes with Nixon. One realizes how reluctant he must be to show the comparative impotence—or the comparative humanity—of the Executive, the fact that the Executive is subject to popular feeling and to popular conviction. In Europe, there's the sense that there has to be some connection between the Executive and the legislature. And this could only be through a representative of the Executive, like a prime minister.

PLAYBOY: Nixon claims to stay up until four o'clock in the morning reading the works of a famous Prime Minister, Disraeli, but does he utter a word that would smack of that?

BURGESS: Well, perhaps he has a sort of *Reader's Digest* version of Disraeli's novels, or does he read the political speeches? One doesn't know. If he reads the novels, there's a possibility he may be corrupted by a very fine spirit of brilliant and witty cynicism. They're the greatest political novels ever written. But possibly he's not really capable of understanding those. I should imagine that he

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probably just has a book there and sees *himself* as Disraeli. But nobody more unlike Disraeli than Nixon could conceivably be imagined. A man like Adlai Stevenson was far closer to Disraeli. Of course, he had to die. You wouldn't get a Disraeli either in England or America now. Those days are over. Disraeli was too honest, too witty, too brilliant.

PLAYBOY: What are your own political leanings, when you're at home in England?

BURGESS: One's got to be agin the government, *any* government, because the people in it are bad people or else they wouldn't have got in. But politics is something that depends on temperament, depends on circumstance. I am Catholic. I am, hence, very conservative. I am also agrarian, in that my ancestors lived in small rural areas for a long, long time. And I've never had any money, therefore I've no sympathy for the capitalists. But I object strongly to socialism, because it becomes a totem of terrorism; it has to be that. So I suppose I end up as an anarchist. I feel the most sympathy for the Catalonians, the Basques, and so on, who believe that it's possible to run a community without any government at all and even to build railways and factories through a kind of nonpolitical cooperative system. I suppose that's my ideal.

I *hate* government. I believe politicians are not only bad people but incompetent people. I think if they had any talent, they wouldn't be politicians, but artists, preachers or teachers. And so I end up with the ultimate conservatism, which is to leave men alone as far as possible and let them carry on as they will. In the wider historical sense, I believe things were best in the Middle Ages, when everybody was Catholic, when nobody worried very much about political parties, when one got on with the job and regarded the whole business of rule as something left to those who weren't fitted for anything else.

PLAYBOY: Many of America's dissident young seem to agree with you. Have you studied radical politics in America?

BURGESS: Nobody in America really knows what radical politics is, because nobody has suffered enough in America. What radicalism you had died in the late Sixties, because it had no roots to flourish in, probably through the grace of God. When we talk about poverty in America, we don't mean anything like the poverty in India, or poverty in southern Italy or even poverty in Northern Ireland. Nobody knows what poverty is in America. They've no idea. The standards in America are so high—and God bless America for this—that a person without a *refrigerator* is regarded as a specimen of suffering humanity. Radical politics has to do with people who are eating the vomit of dogs, which you'll find in Calcutta or in Haiti. America *can't* know that, and it is very much to America's credit that it can't, because it has already achieved a society so remarkably affluent that, although some people *seem* to be starving, they're really not in the sense that an Indian is starving. Or even in the sense that a Calabrian Italian is starving.

You can't *possibly* know anything about radical politics. If you walk through the streets in Calcutta, you begin to learn all there is to know about the nature of humanity. Tony Randall, a good actor and a very intelligent man, said on a program on which I appeared with him that he goes to India frequently to refresh his view of what human life is. He says when he walks through Calcutta he realizes that he dare not give a penny to anybody, because he will be killed or the person to whom he gives the penny will be killed. He daren't give a piece of bread to anybody, because the bread will be forced out of that person's mouth; the mouth will be torn apart; other people will be killed in the process of fighting for that little piece of bread; and nobody will get anything. "Compassion is a luxury of the affluent," he said, and how true that is. Only in this fat society, where nobody is really starving, can people talk about compassion.

PLAYBOY: You've had good things and bad things to say about America. As a transplanted Englishman now spending a good deal of your time here, do you feel at home in this country—or do you remain something of a disaffected alien?

BURGESS: I'm an Englishman; I have no place in America at all, except that I have an actual bond with America because we share a common culture. Very importantly, we share a common language, which I think has reached its finest flower in this country—not in England but *here*—and I feel a certain resentment when I meet Sicilians, Italians, Germans, Greeks or Poles in Wisconsin and find that they don't regard this culture as their native culture. I feel that this republic was set up as a culture devoted to the English ideas of justice and the English language, a literature made out of English literature. I feel unreasonably resentful when I find these *foreigners* here making claims for their own languages and cultures.

PLAYBOY: How do you relate to the blacks' insistence on a black culture in America?

BURGESS: Well, I've found that black men in America, for the most part, are not quite as suspicious of me as they are of their fellow Americans, although they should be. There's a curious sympathy between American blacks and Englishmen that lies in the fact that they speak in the same way. The typical black voice is not an American voice. It's not a Midwestern voice or a Brooklyn voice or a Bronx voice; it's very much more like an English voice. The Englishmen say fatha, motha; and blacks, of course, speak in precisely the same way. Of course, it's not a black lingo at all, it's Southern lingo. The "rrr," as in father or mother, which you get in the North, derives straight from 1620's mode of speech; whereas the Southern states, for the most part, developed in the late 17th and early 18th centuries. And some of the features of the later development of English are retained in Southern speech.

As for developing their own black culture, I've often wondered why American blacks want to learn Swahili. That's not their language at all. Swahili is a language from the east coast of Africa, with a strong Islamic-Arabic element in it; but the American black is a west-coast black almost entirely. His language is a language of the west coast—Ibo, which nobody is willing to learn. The American black is a very special kind of black who is extremely artistic. Jazz and other forms of black arts are really west-coast arts. You wouldn't find them on the east coast; you wouldn't find them in Central Africa or even in South Africa. And this partly explains the quality that blacks ought to think about sometime, the quality that made them slaves in the first place and the quality that makes them aggressive now. The aggression is not a natural reaction to a long period of slavery. It's something purely temperamental and allied to this artistic impulse. The white man was responsible for slavery, but between the white man and the slave was the black slave trader, the tribal chief who was black and who had as many bad qualities in him as the white man.

All I'm suggesting is that one ought to look a little more seriously at what is meant by negritude and to consider that the particular kind of negritude that black Americans represent may not be representative of the whole of Africa but only a very small, rather unusual segment of Africa. Englishmen, though they belong to an effete race and are an effete nation, have had a lot to do with Africa, far more than America has. And, of course, Englishmen were among those who pioneered the slave trade. But this black-oppression business gets in the way of *other* modes of oppression. It's driving out of our sights the long history of oppression against the Jews, and also the oppression of various forms of white man. I feel that I myself, as a northern English Catholic, have been oppressed for many centuries. My ancestors were threatened with actual state execution for refusing to become Protestant, and after that, they

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were unable to become members of the total national culture because of educational and job discrimination that still goes on.

PLAYBOY: Do you tend for that reason to identify with minority cultures?

BURGESS: I do tend to identify with certain minorities such as the Boston Irish, because of the Irish element in me; my grandmother was Irish. And with all Catholics, whether they happen to be Puerto Rican or Bavarian, I find a kind of multiple allegiance, a multiple identification. My people are the poor and downtrodden, the drunk, the fat-bellied and the garlic-smelling, the Catholic and the sentimental. But ultimately, I always go back to the Jeffersonian ideal, which is based on English culture. I feel that the prose of the Declaration of Independence is the most beautiful, the most inspiring, the very perfection of the English language. I admire those men of 1776, although I think they did the wrong thing in many ways. They should have waited a little longer.

PLAYBOY: For what?

BURGESS: For George the Third to die. I think it's a great, great shame that the English-speaking world is divided like this. The particular mode of neoabsolutism that George the Third proclaimed would have died with him, and there would have been a much more reasonable attitude toward the Colonies on the part of his successors. Then we never would have had this horrible nonsense with the Presidency, which has caused so much trouble in America. I don't think this mode of culture is really fitted for republicanism. The Americans are really a limited-monarchy people, not like these great mad republicans you get down in South America or in Spain or, for that matter, in Italy. If Canada can cope with that situation—Australia and New Zealand, too—and have less trouble than America, then this great hope of a genuine united culture could have done a great deal of good for the world.

Still, the day may come when England and America and the other English-speaking nations will be united within a single union. I want this to happen very, very much. Nothing has disappointed me more than to see England have to submit to what it has been fighting against for 2000 years: being absorbed into the Continent of Europe. In other words, Napoleon's great attempt at bringing England into Europe has at last succeeded, as I pointed out in the epilog to *Napoleon Symphony*. But this is not what we wanted. We should be looking farther west. We always *have* looked west.

PLAYBOY: So despite America's faults—her violence, her corruption, her puritanism, her pollution—you'd like to see her reunited with the mother country?

BURGESS: Yes. One talks about the badness of America. But at least America is full of understanding. The rivers are polluted, the air is polluted, but man *knows* this in America, and although he doesn't do a great deal about it, at least he's aware, and awareness of the process is the beginning of wisdom. In Italy, people don't seem to know anything about it. The whole of Ravenna, which is a beautiful city, is cloaked in industrial smog. Nobody gives a damn; nobody cares about the mindless noise in Rome.

PLAYBOY: Does it distress you, as it does some, that Europe is becoming Americanized in a processed, plastic, pop sort of way?

BURGESS: Well, I think the whole world has become Americanized. But it's not necessarily a bad thing to go into a restaurant and find a refrigerator there, find you can get ice in your gin and tonic. For many years in England—and I say this feelingly, because I know the trade from the inside; I was brought up in a big pub in Manchester, played piano in pubs—they did not serve ice in the pubs, nothing cold but lager. Well, it's not a good thing to have no ice, and if America has brought only ice to the world, I think that's an excellent thing. And I don't see anything against a cold Coca-Cola; it's the finest way of beginning a day after a hard night's drinking. I've lived in the Far East, and Coca-Cola is there, but when you see Coca-Cola in Arabic script, it doesn't look quite so bad. It's the standardization we object to. It's the image of some great anonymous cartel that lies behind the identity of the Holiday Inns and the Ramada Inns. If only they could *disguise* themselves. If the Holiday Inn is to appear, like all Holiday Inns, with its ridiculous sign—you know, "Welcome Aboard, Admiral!"—it deserves rejection.

PLAYBOY: Nietzsche said something about evolving from the ape to the human to the superhuman. And with the superhuman, he said, we would get ourselves into trouble. Is there anything of that Nietzschean nightmare about America? Have our hard-eyed technicians become superhuman?

BURGESS: Oh, yes, I think there's no doubt about that. I think the kind of Siegfried ideal, which Nietzsche took from Wagner—or it may be the other way around—is certainly incarnated in America. The superastronaut, the superpolitician—from Hamilton to Nixon—the supertechnician, the superscientist, even the superwriter like Mailer, this is a very American thing. These people soar above the purely human, and this probably explains why they make such a mess of the purely human, why such small considerations as concerning oneself with the rights of ordinary people go by the boards. Cartoons like *Superman, Batman* and *Captain Marvel* had to originate in America. It's interesting that Superman was invented by a couple of Jews. Lenny Bruce was foolish when he leaped out of a third-floor window and said, "Look at me. I'm Super-Jew." It wasn't a very clever joke, because Superman already *was* Super-Jew. He was a creation of the Jews, who are in many ways the conscience of America, its imagination.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned superastronauts. Do you see the space race as part of this process of moving toward a "superhumanity"?

BURGESS: No. I do think the exploration of space is one of the brightest things America has ever done, but I think the motivation has been mostly international rivalry, an attempt to do one better. It obviously has to be done, of course. Man has to explore, man has to understand the universe he's living in. And this obviously entails going to the moon, going to other planets. I think that one of the wisest, brightest and most imaginative things that America has done is to spend these billions—uselessly, if you like—on the various moon probes, and eventually achieve a moon landing. I think, though, that it's a testimony to the ingrained unimaginativeness and apathy of the American people that they didn't respond to the moon landings with elation, with a sudden outburst of poetry, which is what one would have expected. I think Americans are so inured to seeing science-fiction films on television that when they saw this real thing happening, it just struck them as a rather badly made sci-fi movie.

PLAYBOY: And to most people, Skylab was a pale imitation of the space platform in *2001*?

BURGESS: Exactly. One with a tatty old umbrella that's falling apart. But I know our own reaction to this in Europe was one of immense excitement. "God, a man has been put on the moon! This is incredible!" *The New York Times* commissioned me to write a poem celebrating the landing.

PLAYBOY: You predicted the moon landing in *A Clockwork Orange*—years before the actual event. Do you consider yourself something of a prophet?

BURGESS: It's fallacious to believe that there's such a thing as a fiction of the future. Any fiction that *seems* to be set in a future time is really set in the present, with a few fantastic embellishments that the writer can allow himself. For instance, *1984* is really about 1948—and that was the original title of the book. First of all, Orwell was talking about England. One recognizes England with all the bomb damage and the shortage of food and shortage of drink and good

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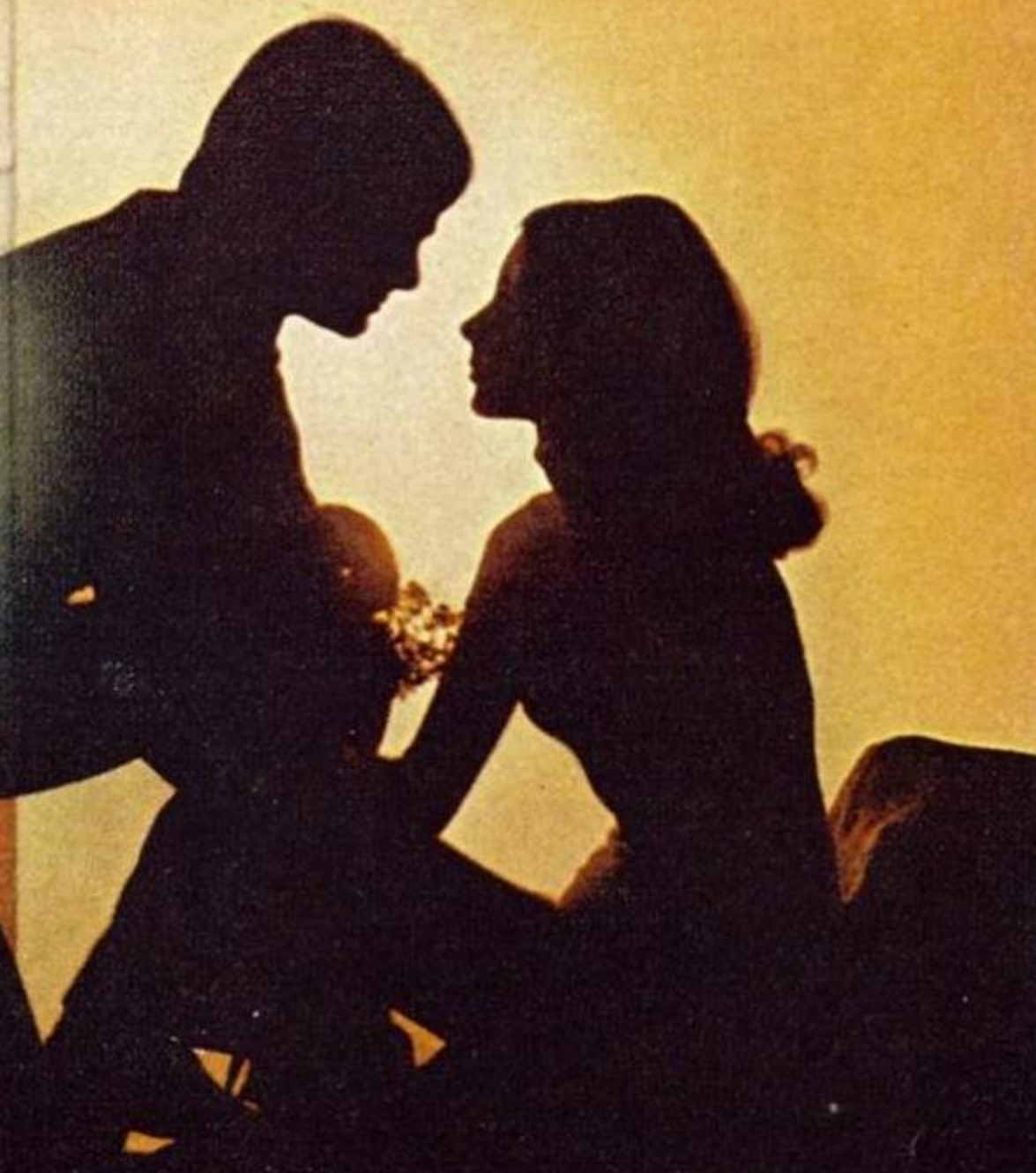

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cigarettes, and all he's done in the book is got the left-wing intelligentsia, the readers of *New Statesman* and *The Nation*, to realize their fantasy of imposing their will on the proletariat and perpetuating a kind of tyrannical, essentially intellectual socialism. So it was a satirical study of the present.

Clockwork Orange is a satirical study of life as it was in 1960, when the tone of postwar England was socialistic, collectivist, and I was really trying to satirize that sort of world in which people had nothing to live for, had no energy—except for the young, who could do nothing with their energy but employ it to totally barbarous ends. I was really writing about the present. The *then* present. The *now* past. The future is already in the past. In *Clockwork Orange*, I had world telecasts and men on the moon. Of course, these things have come true; but there's nothing in the book that wasn't already present in the technology of the early Sixties, except for the use of a composite dialect called Nadsat.

Of course, one doesn't always get the details right. In *The Wanting Seed*, a study of the population explosion that I wrote the same year as *A Clockwork Orange*, I created a future in which people say the Mass in Latin, and England still hasn't got a decimal coinage. You could say that was false prophecy. But I wasn't intending to prophesy. However, I also described an overpopulated world in which, because there isn't enough to eat, people have to start eating each other. And this *was* prophecy. But everybody thought it was a kind of Swiftian satire, like *A Modest Proposal*, in which Swift suggested that the surplus children of Ireland who couldn't be fed should be eaten by the English. I would merely ask people who worry about the lack of food in the world what they have against cannibalism. Murder is wrong, undoubtedly, but presumably war is *not* wrong; at least some wars, such as the one that rid us of Hitler, have been necessary—surgical, as if to remove a disease.

Anyway, in my novel I present artificial wars in which the corpses are immediately taken over by some processing organization that turns them into food. I think this is going to happen eventually. Indeed, in a science-fiction film called *Soylent Green*, it's *already* happened. We're so used to eating anonymous food from the supermarkets—I've eaten puddings that contained, as far as I could tell, no natural element whatsoever. You don't really know what the hell you're eating anymore. So what may well happen is that in supermarkets there will be cans of processed human flesh mixed up with sodium nitrates and monosodium glutamate and God knows what else. And we will eat it, and it will nourish us, and a great problem will be solved.

PLAYBOY: Do you expect us to swallow that?

BURGESS: I'm afraid so. It's the only thing in any of my fiction that I think might possibly come true—and will probably have to come true. Our reluctance to eat human flesh is parallel to the Hindu reluctance to eat any kind of animal flesh. We have to get over it sooner or later if we're going to survive. And so long as we have genuine cannibalism, we may have a return to Catholic Christianity with its sacrificial elements. We may have a unified Church again. There's no doubt that the Church is in a mess at the moment. It doesn't know where to turn, has no authority, doesn't know what it believes. I blame this on Pope John. The fact that we've left a noble language and a noble liturgy behind for the sake of the vernacular is a great sin, in my opinion. Pope John was obviously a good priest to have in a Communist town like Milan, but he wasn't for that reason qualified to be a Pope. A Pope should be intellectual.

PLAYBOY: But John had panache.

BURGESS: Pope John had panache, which very few Popes have had. Probably the Borgias were the last people to have it. I'm writing a novel now, based roughly, I suppose, on the character of Pope John. It's about an investigation preparatory to canonization—as, of course, they're trying to canonize Pope John now. The question to be resolved in the novel is whether a particular occurrence was a simple coincidence, a divine miracle or a diabolical miracle; whether this great and good Pope was really diabolically inspired. I believe Pope John was undoubtedly a good man; you dug him, but you dug him because he was a great human vulgarian. You dug him as you'd dig some great baseball player. Now his successor, this man who has not very much heart but a good deal of intellect, is striving with great difficulty to build on the ruins.

PLAYBOY: We were talking of the future—not just of the Church but of the world. Are you optimistic or pessimistic about our chances?

BURGESS: I'm not too gloomy about the future, because I think man is so ingenious that he will find solutions to his problems. We may even have a pretty good time.

PLAYBOY: You don't think we'll blow ourselves up?

BURGESS: I think we've gone past that. I think it might have happened in the Forties or the early Fifties, but it hasn't happened yet and I don't think it's going to. I think man is going to survive. He will have to worry most about overpopulation and about overcentralization of government. But there are solutions to these problems and I think we're going to find them. On the other hand, I don't want to live too long. I merely want to pass out when the time comes and leave it to others.

PLAYBOY: You don't fear death, then?

BURGESS: Death comes along like a gas bill one can't pay, and that's all one can say about it. I desperately believe in free will. But I know I'm predestined to die. I'm not really scared, however. I don't write out of fear. I write out of a strong urge to meet death on its own eternal terms, because the fact is that if you can write as little as a page of prose—even *bad* prose—that is eternal.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any vision of life after death?

BURGESS: No, I do not. I used to believe very strongly in hell and even in purgatory, in limbo, as well as heaven. Although I think most people find it hard to believe in heaven but have no difficulty believing in hell, which is a fair commentary on the kind of lives we live.

PLAYBOY: You believe, then, that when you die it's just all over?

BURGESS: Yes, I think it's probably true that when this body dies, when this brain is no longer fed with blood, then the mind goes with it. And when I go, I don't want to be cremated. I want to give some of my phosphates back to the earth. That's my ultimate ambition.

PLAYBOY: Have you given any thought to your epitaph?

BURGESS: I've always been in love with a particular epitaph that may or may not be appropriate, but I'm determined to have it. You'll find it in the pseudo-Homeric poems, fragments of Greek poetry including an *Ode to Pan*: "Him the gods have made neither a digger nor a plowman, nor otherwise wise in ought, for he failed in every art."

PLAYBOY: But you haven't.

BURGESS: Yes, I have. It's humble because it's true. We *do* fail if we attempt art. We're happier if we can do things like digging and plowing, just putting our hands to the ground, reaching Walden Pond. You can do that successfully because you have nature's help. But all artists fail.

PLAYBOY: That's rather a sad note on which to end.

BURGESS: The sadness is in *life*. One loves life regardless of its sadness, perhaps because of it. It's summed up in a line by Virgil: "*Sunt lacrimae rerum; et mentem mortalia tangunt.*" "There are tears in things, and all things doomed to die touch the heart." What one loves about life are the things that fade. It's a sense of things passing—so regretful, regretful—of things being beautiful and yet mortal, that makes life worth living.

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JAZZING IN A-FLAT

fiction **By EVAN HUNTER**

it was out of sight, that twelve-bar solo iggie played on susan

BACK IN 1937, Susan Koenig had gently patted my hand and told me my *Moonlight Sonata* was the most beautiful thing she'd heard in her life. In December of 1943, we were both 17 years old and I was itching to get into her pants (or *anybody's*, for that matter). I had no real idea what she looked like, but I had formed some tactile, olfactory and auditory impressions—I had touched her a little, smelled her a lot and hardly listened to her at all.

Every Friday afternoon, Santa Lucia's held a social for its juniors and seniors, and I had been dogging Susan's tracks for the better part of a year, seeking her out in the school gymnasium while the record player oozed Harry James's *I Had the Craziest Dream*, Dinah Shore's *You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To* or Freddy Martin's *I Look at Heaven*, a popularization of the Grieg concerto upon which I'd worked so long and hard. I was working equally long and hard on Susan, who—unless my senses were sending absolutely haywire messages to my brain—looked something like this:

1. She was approximately 5′4″ tall. I reckoned this by subtracting six inches from my own height, because, according to my Braille ruler, that half foot was the distance between the top of my head and the tip of my nose. The top of Susan's head came to just under my nose. Subtracting six inches from my own height, which was 5′10″ in 1943, I got a girl who measured 5′4″.

2. Her eyes were brown. She told me this. She wore shades all the time. So did I.

3. She wore her hair very long, almost

ILLUSTRATION BY ARSEN ROJE

to the middle of her back. It would brush the top of my hand as we danced. The style was unusual for 1943, when girls were wearing shoulder-length pageboys, with or without high pompadours. But Susan later told me it was simpler and neater for a blind girl to wear it long and straight.

4. Her brassiere size was 36C. I pressed against her chest a lot and based my estimate on empirical knowledge, having handled many such garments in my Aunt Bianca's corset shop and having been intimately involved with Michelle's bras during the 13-month period of her extraordinary growth. Michelle's bra size, when she moved away in 1941, was a 35D.

5. The top of Susan's head smelled of Ivory soap. Her ear lobes smelled of Worth's Je Reviens. She later identified this brand name for me while my nose was nestled between her naked breasts, where she also dabbed a bit of that intoxicating scent.

6. Her voice, angelic back there in 1937, when she'd praised me for my performance, had lowered in pitch to a G below middle C, was somewhat husky, always breathless, even when she wasn't whispering in my ear as we endlessly circled that gymnasium floor and tried to avoid collisions.

Did you know that blind people can detect the presence of an object by the echoes or warmth it gives off, and even by changes it causes in the air pressure, which are felt on the face? A little-known fact, but scientifically authenticated. I once detected the presence of a short, fat lady standing on the corner of White Plains Road and 217th Street and asked her if the approaching trolley went to Fordham Road. When she did not reply, I asked the question again and discovered I was talking to a mailbox. The mailbox did not answer me. But then again, neither did it answer the Martians when they insisted it take them to its leader. Which reminds me of what Django Reinhardt, the gypsy jazz guitarist, said when he first came to America, in 1946: "Take me to Dizzy."

Susan Koenig made me dizzy.

We did not talk very much as we danced our way around the world, preferring to sniff each other and rub against each other and derive whatever small erotic pleasures we could while the eagle-eyed nuns watched our every fumbling move. But in our brief, breathless conversations over the course of countless Fridays spent in that room lingeringly reeking of dirty socks and Jockey shorts, I learned that Susan's father had been born in Munich and that he'd gone back there in the fall of 1934 because he wanted to be in on the big resurrection Mr. Hitler was promising. Mrs. Koenig, an Irish-American lady born and raised in Brooklyn, chose not to accompany her brown-shirted mate on his return to the fatherland, and so the two were separated when Susan was eight and her older brother was ten. Her parents were legally divorced in 1938, by which time *Herr* Koenig was probably smashing the plate-glass windows of Jewish merchants—"Good *riddance* to him!" Susan said. She had no idea where he was now and no desire to find out. Her fear, before her brother was drafted, was that he might be sent to Europe, where he would meet his own father on a battlefield and put a bullet between his eyes. Not that she cared about her father. But suppose the reverse happened? The thought had been too dreadful to contemplate and she'd been enormously relieved when her brother was sent to the Pacific, even though she was terribly afraid of all the awful things the Japs did, like burying prisoners up to their necks in anthills and then covering their faces with honey and letting the ants eat them to death—*urggh*, it was disgusting. She could not wait for her brother to get home from the war. They had had such good times together.

The thing that interested me most about Susan's autobiographical meanderings as we meandered the length of the gymnasium and back again in time to Ellington's *Don't Get Around Much Anymore* (which I'd heard on one of my brother's Duke records as *Never No Lament*, before lyrics were added to it) was the incidental information they provided on her mother's occupation and hours of employment. Her mother had never remarried and she now worked as a saleslady at Macy's downtown. Normally, she worked only five days a week, Monday to Friday, from 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., except on Thursdays, when the store was open till nine P.M. But Thanksgiving had come and gone and the annual Christmas rush was on, despite the fact that a war was raging in Europe and the Pacific, and her mother had been asked to work a full day on Saturdays as well until the holidays were over. Counting off a steady four/four beat, shuffling around the gym floor, sniffing in Susan's Je Reviens and pressing against her as discreetly as I knew how, I made a lightning calculation: On Saturdays, her father was in Germany, her mother was in Macy's and her brother was on a censored atoll. This meant that Susan would be alone in the Koenig apartment any Saturday I decided to drop by to discuss jazz and the weather while inadvertently and accidentally taking off her pants. This was a discovery of no small importance to a 17-year-old blind boy. For, whereas normally sighted youngsters of my age were being granted licenses to drive in 1943, and thereby had access to mobile bedrooms, we underprivileged blind adolescents, possessed of the same overriding sex drives, could find no appropriate spaces for the unleashing of those furious urges, it being December and quite cold in Bronx Park, where, if you took down a girl's drawers, she might suffer frostbite rather than defloration.

Two weeks after the Friday dance at which I'd learned that Susan was alone in the apartment virtually all day every Saturday, I found my way to White Plains Road and asked a mailbox whether the approaching trolley went all the way to Mount Vernon or stopped at the Bronx border, as many of them did; Susan lived just a block over the city line. The mailbox turned out to be a short, fat lady who told me it did, indeed, go all the way. Determined to do the same, I hopped onto the trolley and rode it uptown, and then walked down the short street to Susan's block and found Susan's address with a little help from a kindly neighborhood *yenta* who led me into the lobby of the building, and summoned the elevator for me, and told me it was the fourth floor, and wanted to know if she should come up with me and show me the exact door, little did *she* know what was on the mind of the Mad Blind Rapist, Ignazio Silvio Di Palermo!

"Who is it?" Susan asked when I knocked on the door.

"Me," I said.

"Iggie?" she asked, recognizing my voice at once.

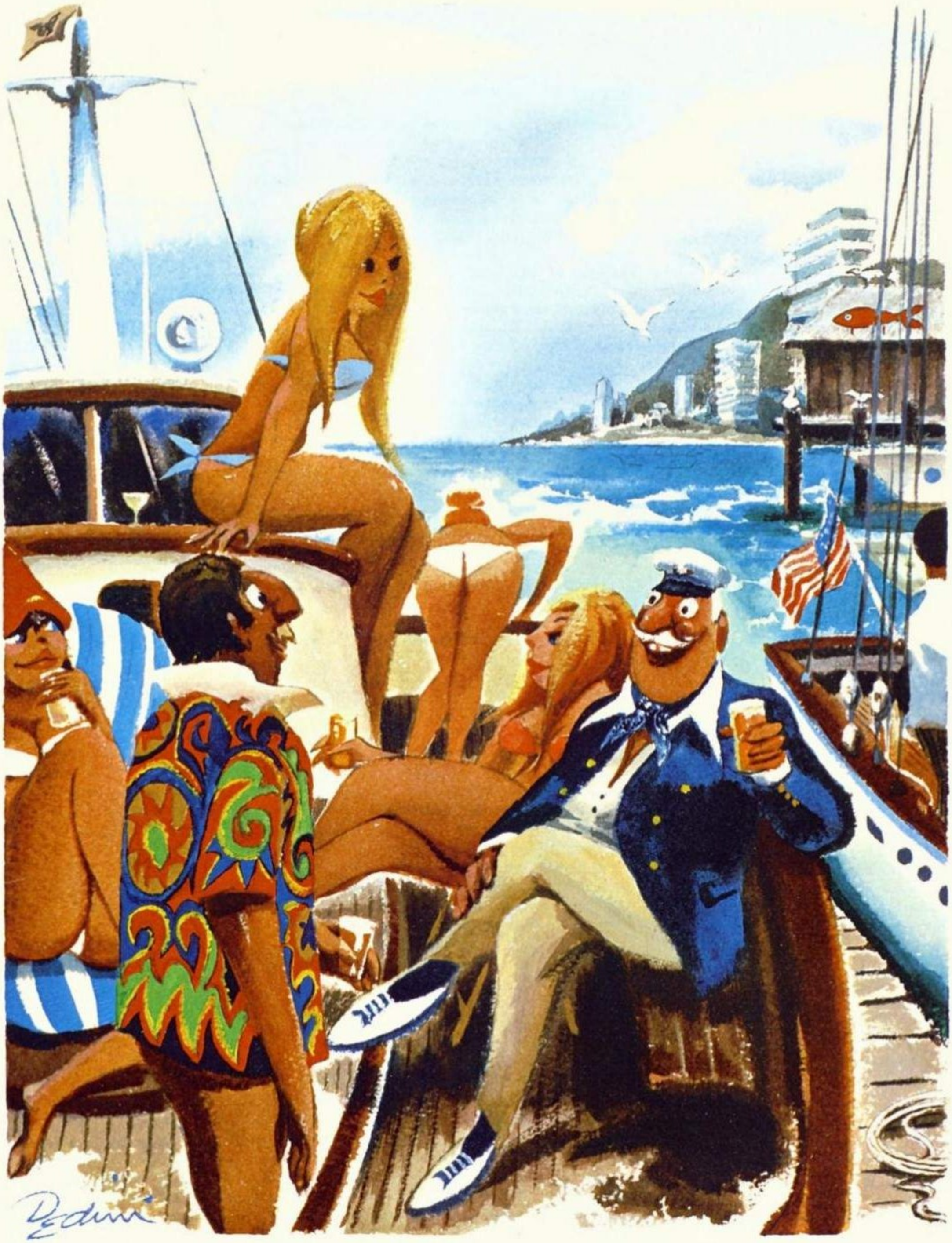
It was exactly 12 noon.

I lost my virginity an hour later.

• • •

I started by telling Susan I just happened to be in the neighborhood and thought I'd drop in. This was an outrageous lie that might have been swallowed had Susan herself not been blind. Being blind, she knew that none of us just *happened* to be *anyplace*. We took ourselves where we wanted to go, and normally we prepared ourselves in advance with detailed mental maps of the exact transportation systems we would use, and the exact number of streets we would traverse after we got off a trolley, train or bus, and the exact number of doorways to the dentist's or the fishmonger's. (Actually, we could *smell* the fish store and didn't have to count doorways.)

But she let the lie pass, which I thought was an encouraging sign, and she told me she was delighted I'd dropped in, or stopped by, or whatever it was she said, because she found it terribly lonely sitting here all alone in the apartment from eight in the morning, when her mother left, to sometimes nine or ten at night, when her mother got home. It was so cold this month that she hardly went outdoors anymore, and just sitting here listening to the radio or reading Braille got terribly boring, though now that her brother was gone and there was no one to help her with the selection of her clothes, she had begun occupying herself by marking them according to color and style, using little French knots on the red dresses and sweaters, or cross-stitches on the blue ones, or a single bead



"I'm not worried about the fuel thing. Hell, I haven't taken the old tub out in 15 years!"

sewn into a green skirt, where it wouldn't show when she was wearing it, and hanging color-coordinated belts with their proper skirts, and making little Braille labels for drawers containing different shades of nylon stockings or different-colored panties and brassieres. I cleared my throat at the very mention of these unmentionables and said that I myself paid little attention to my appearance, sometimes going to school wearing different-colored socks, or a green tie with a blue suit, or black shoes with tan trousers. My mother kept telling me I looked like Coxey's Army, whatever that was. Susan giggled. She didn't know what Coxey's Army was, either, but it sounded very funny. She told me it was different for a girl, a girl had to look attractive even if she *was* blind, and I told her *I* thought she looked very attractive, and she said, Why, thank you, Iggie.

Blind people, if you haven't realized it by now, accept the words see and look without any feelings of self-consciousness or embarrassment, except when some well-meaning dope says, "Just *look* at that rain, will you?" and then immediately and fumblingly adds, "Oh, for*give* me, please, I should have realized you can't . . . I mean, I *know* I shouldn't have . . . that is, I meant . . ." as if we hadn't heard the rain and smelled the sudden scent of dust riddled on a summer street, as if we hadn't *seen* the goddamn rain. Susan said if I were truly serious about becoming a jazz piano player (and I assured her I was), well, then, wouldn't that mean I'd have to perform before audiences? Sighted audiences? So maybe I *should* begin paying a little attention to the way I dressed, because whereas a suit with an egg stain on it didn't mean very much to *us*, it did offend people who could see and evoked the sort of pity none of us encouraged and all of us resented.

I told her maybe she was right, and since Susan had provided the perfect opportunity for further conversation, having mentioned jazz, I told her about all the exciting discoveries I'd been making, all of which I'm sure thrilled her to the marrow. I had figured out all by myself, for example, that a great many of the songs I was listening to and trying to learn had the identical sequence of chords in the first two bars and that the progression, in the key of C, at least, was C six, A minor, D minor and G seven. Susan would probably recognize these as the underlying chords of *We Want Cantor*—if she tried it, she'd see what I meant. Susan tried *We Want Cántor* in her husky, breathless voice and admitted she'd never realized such an amazing thing about that particular tune. Well, it's not only *that* tune, I said. Songs like *I Got Rhythm* and *These Foolish Things* (Oh, I *love* that song, Susan said), yes, I said, and *Blue Moon* and dozens of other songs I'd been learning, *all* started with those same chords in the first two bars.

That's really interesting, Susan said, would you like to see how I've arranged my things?

She led me into her bedroom and told me that because all her bobby sox were white, she had them all in this drawer here, but when it came to nylons, they were difficult to tell apart because there were her *best* stockings, for example, which she wore to the socials on Friday, and her everyday stockings for less special occasions, like when somebody was coming to the house to visit, and also they came in so many different shades (though she tried to buy neutral shades that went with any color) and she usually identified the pairs by tying them together after she'd rinsed them out and let them dry and immediately putting them into drawers marked with Braille labels—here, Iggie, these are my good stockings, feel them, they're much better than the ones in the other drawer.

When it came to garter belts, she had only two of them, a white one and a black one, and she identified the white one with a tiny button sewn here near the catch, can you feel it, Iggie? The brassieres were another problem, because if she wore a dark brassiere under a white blouse, it showed through the fabric, and if she wore a white brassiere with a black dress, say, and one of the straps showed, it looked positively horrible. She'd never had any trouble with her clothes when her brother was home, because he'd helped her choose colors and styles and was kind enough and honest enough to tell her when something looked dowdy or shabby. Well, as a matter of fact, he'd begun helping her dress when she was seven years old and her father left the family and her mother had to take a job and left for work early each morning. Here's one of my drawers for panties, she said. These are my favorite ones, they're a pale blue with lace around the leg holes, can you feel the lace, Iggie? They're rayon, I don't usually wear rayon panties for everyday, I've got a drawer full of cotton panties, those are here, Iggie. Like, for example, when I'm just wearing an old skirt and a blouse, like today, I'll just wear a half-slip and cotton panties under it, that's what I'm wearing today. My brother used to kid me a lot about wearing cotton panties, he said only snot-nosed little kids wore cotton panties, if I was as grownup as I *thought* I was, I'd be wearing rayon, he always used to kid me that way. Well, I'm sure you're not interested in my underthings.

We sat on the edge of her bed and I told Susan I'd known her for, gosh, how many years was it now . . . ?

Six, Susan said.

Yeah, six years, I said, *wow*, that's a long time to know somebody. And whereas I had *some* idea of what she looked like, because, you know, we'd talked a lot and all, and naturally, I knew a lot of things about her . . . but I'd never in all that time explored her face with my hands, which was possibly the only way I'd ever *really* get to know what she really looked like, ever get to form a mental image to augment the other impressions I'd. . . .

You can touch my face if you like, she said, and very softly added, Iggie.

I touched her face. Gently, lingeringly, with both hands, I touched the wide brow below the delicate hairline, and then gingerly explored the arched eyebrows, and then lifted the dark glasses onto her forehead, away from her sightless eyes, and touched the lids and the lashes, and while the glasses were still raised, I touched the bridge of her nose and felt along it to the delicately curved tip, a fine film of perspiration on it, and then moved my hands outward toward her cheekbones. I have freckles, she said, and I answered, You never mentioned that, and she murmured, Yes. And then I gently lowered the glasses over her eyes again and ran my hands lightly over her cheeks and the line of her jaw and her chin, and explored her mouth, touched the bow of her upper lip where it curved away from her teeth, and the fleshy lower lip, and then the moist inner membrane as she parted her lips and I said, You're beautiful, Susan.

Sitting on her bed, my hands in my lap again, we began talking about the nuns at school, the ones we particularly loved or despised, and about kids we'd known for God knew how long, and how we would miss them after we graduated next June, though I said it wasn't necessary to lose track of people you really liked or admired, it would be a shame, for example, if she and *I* lost contact after we'd known each other such a long time. Susan quickly said, Oh, *no*, we mustn't let *that* happen, and I agreed, *No*, we certainly mustn't, not now that we were really getting to know each other even better. Susan said there were some kids, though, she wouldn't *mind* seeing the last of. Kids like Donald Hagstrom, who was always using being blind as an excuse to go feeling around, did I know what she meant? No, I said, and Susan said, You know, he puts his hands out in front of him and goes feeling around, you know, hoping he'll, you know, bump up against someone, you know, like in the coat closet or someplace, just feeling *around*, do you understand what I mean, Iggie?

Oh, I said.

He's done that to me a few times, Susan said. I slapped his face for him one time. I *know* he can tell I'm there, and it's not only me, it's lots of the other girls, too, he knows we're there, he just makes believe he's groping around, it's really

(continued on page 192)

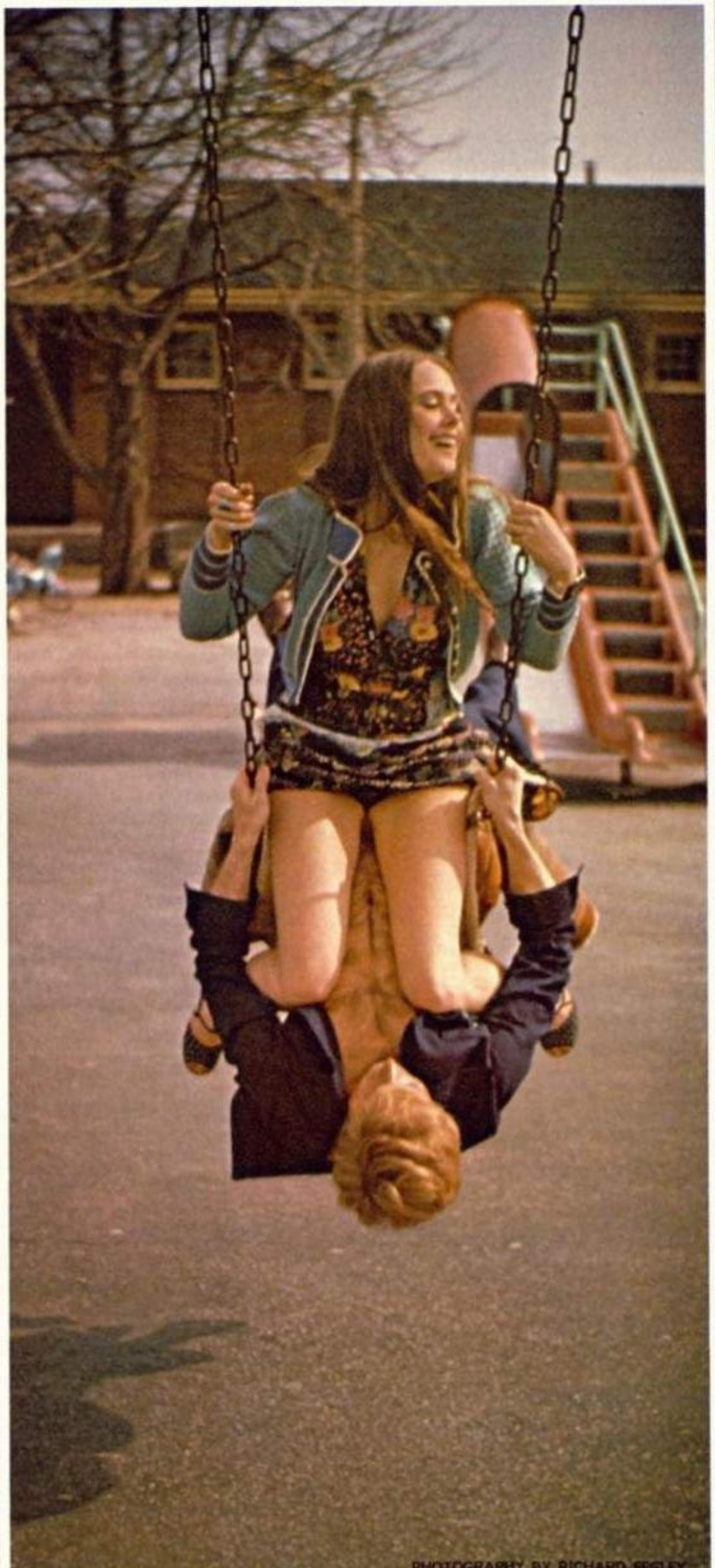
DO IT NOW!

if the spirit moves you, why wait?

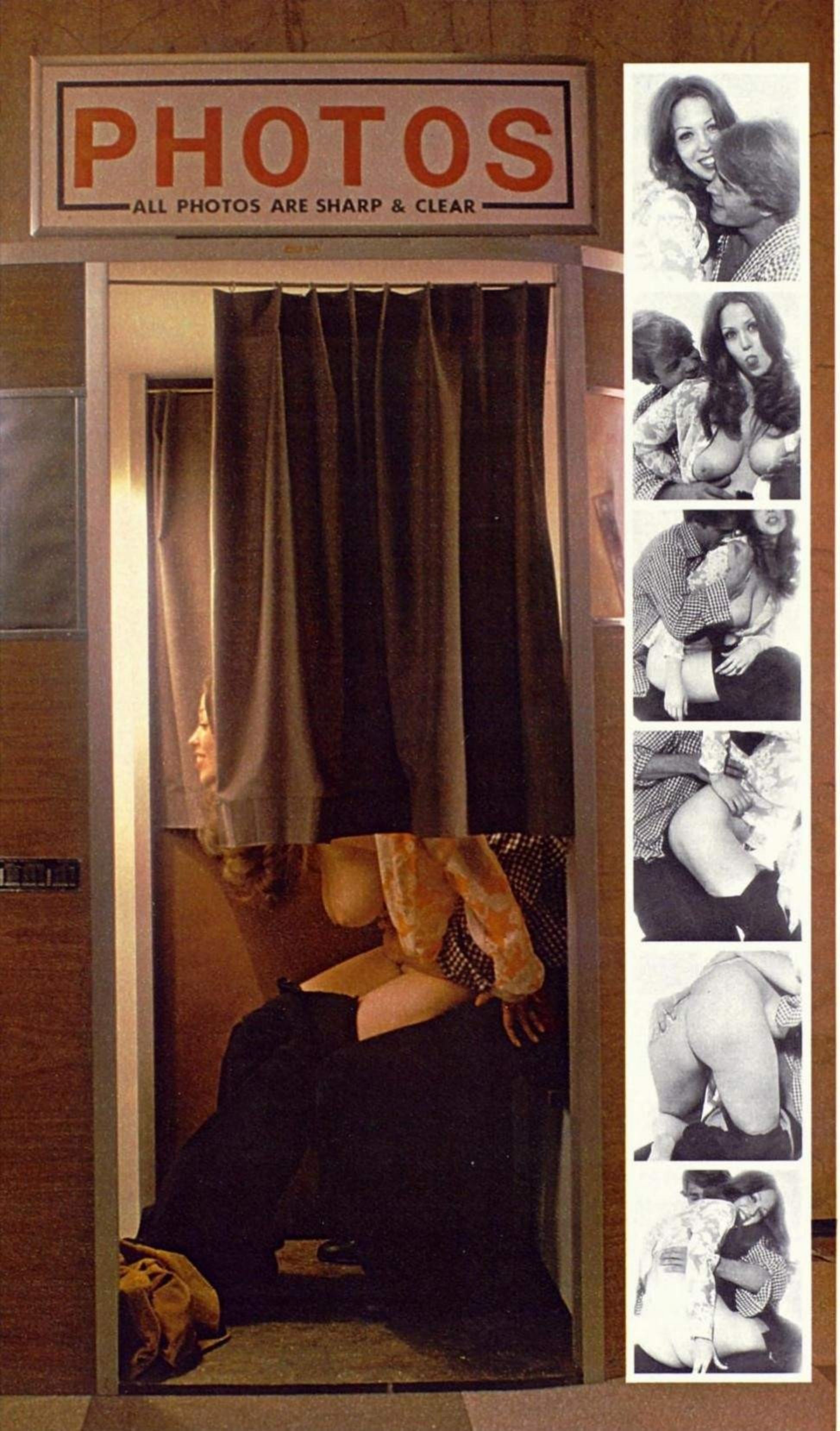
a sex scenario in ten impulsive acts

IF, AS WE'RE SO OFTEN ADVISED by psychologists amateur and professional, this is the age of letting it all hang out, perhaps the world is ready to forswear sexual hypocrisy in public places. Why should you suffer in painful silence when you're suddenly overcome by a fit of passion, just because you happen to be riding the subway or taking in the last half of a Shea Stadium double-header at the time the spirit moves you? How much better to strike, as it were, while the iron is hot! Such impromptu encounters might, through their very spontaneity, provide that certain note of piquancy lacking in the everyday "Your place or mine?" sort of assignation. In fact, the more we thought about the proposition, the more exciting it got. So we decided to follow that impulse, pictorially speaking, and indulge in a little fantasy fulfillment. Care to join us? Come right along.

Who says that libraries are dull places? Ever browsed through the erotic-books section? Whatever it was that set him off, the gentleman below left has discovered that the books aren't the only things that are neatly stacked. As for the folks at right below, they're real swingers.

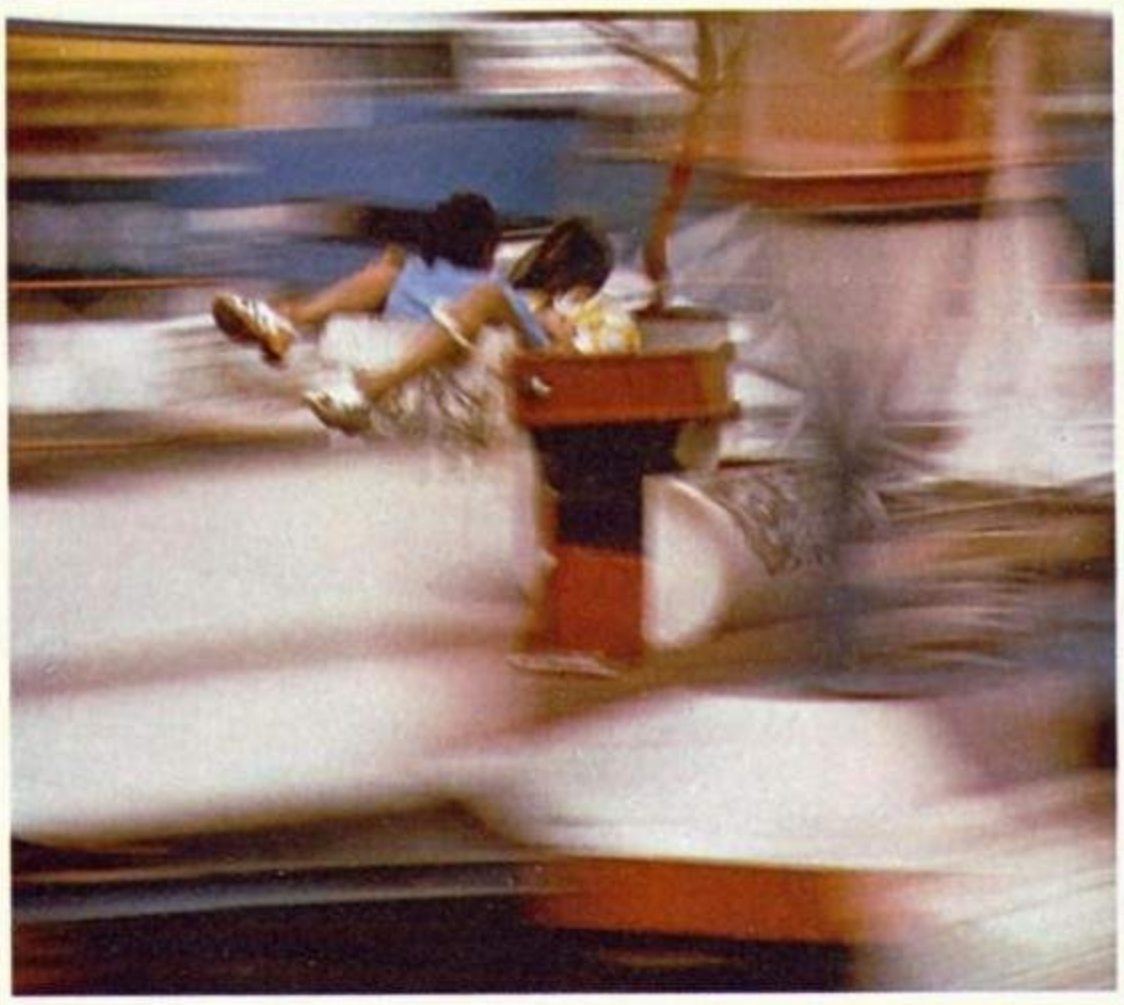


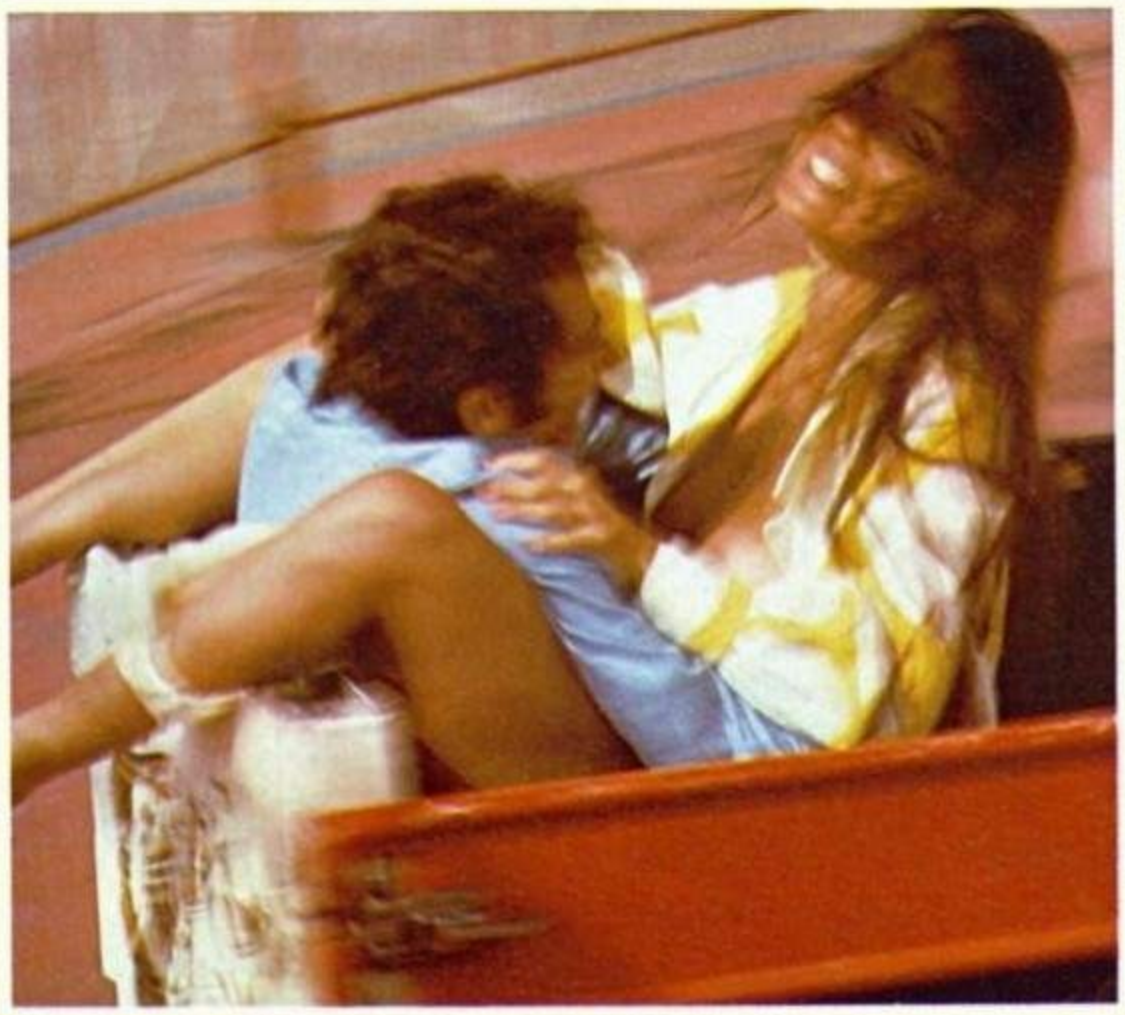
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD REGLEY

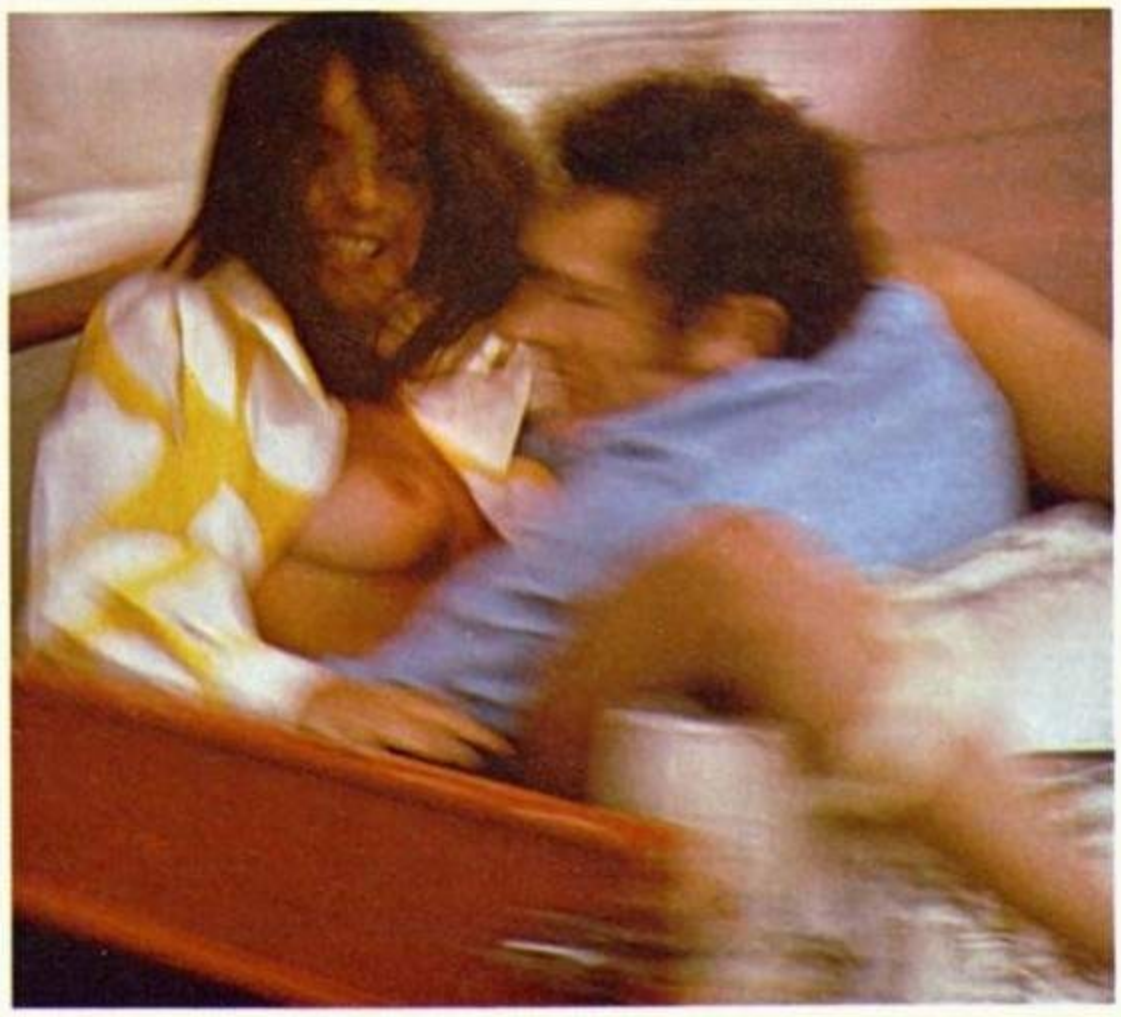


Honest! This pair didn't start out to make a sequel to *Behind the Green Door* (or the canvas curtain, as the case may be). The idea was to make a couple of passport photos, but things just started to develop.

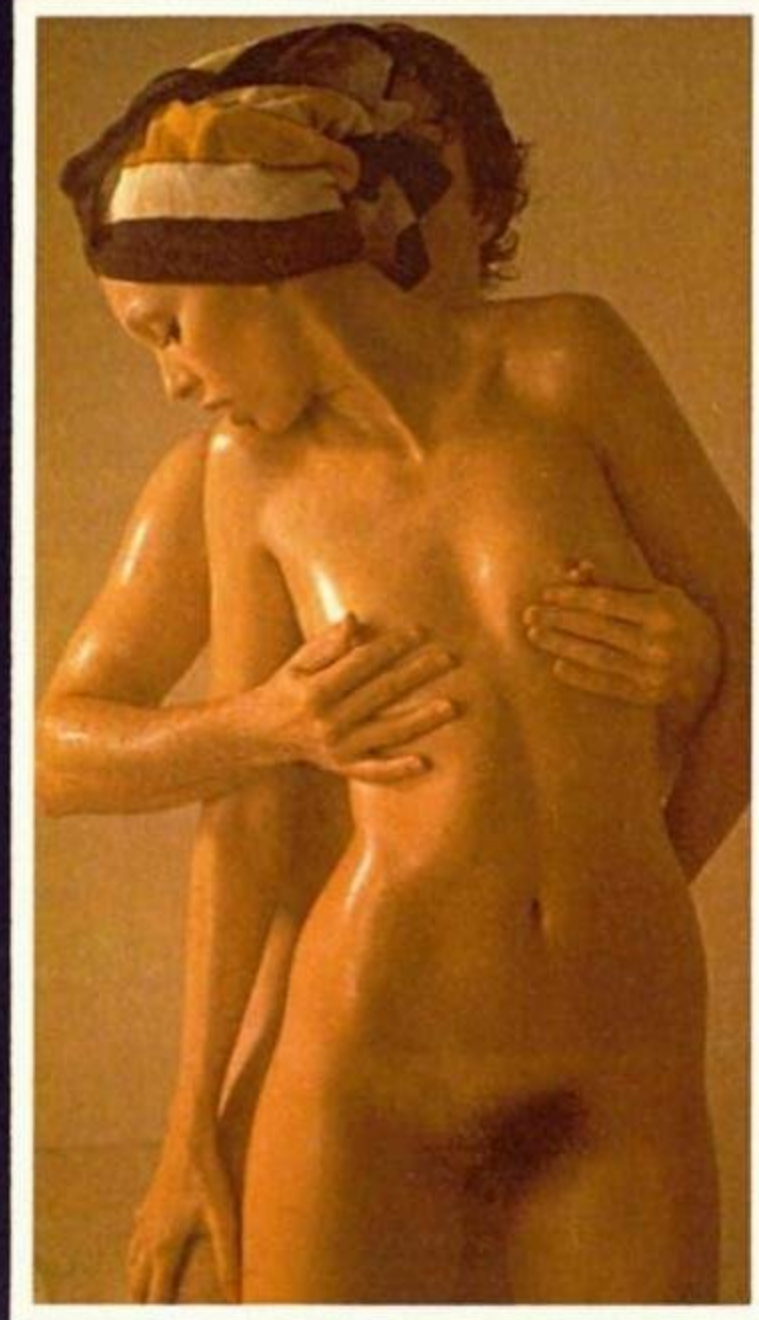
The Brooklyn Bridge has never enjoyed (if that's the word) the lover's-leap reputation associated with San Francisco's Golden Gate span. But, as you can see here, there are times when the place is really jumping.

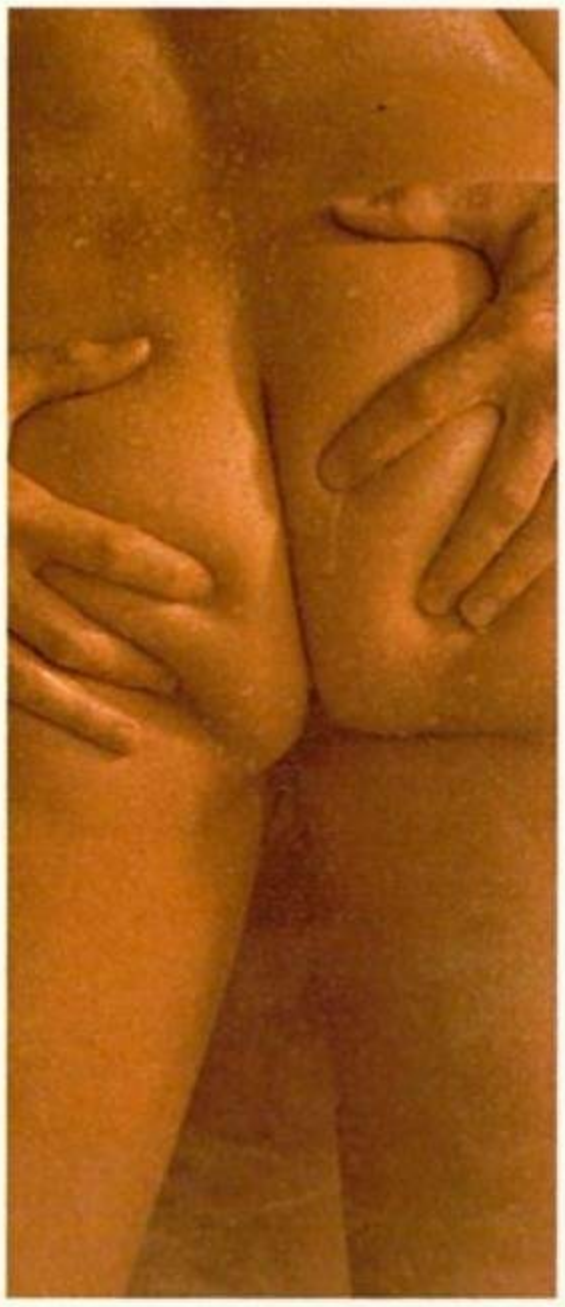


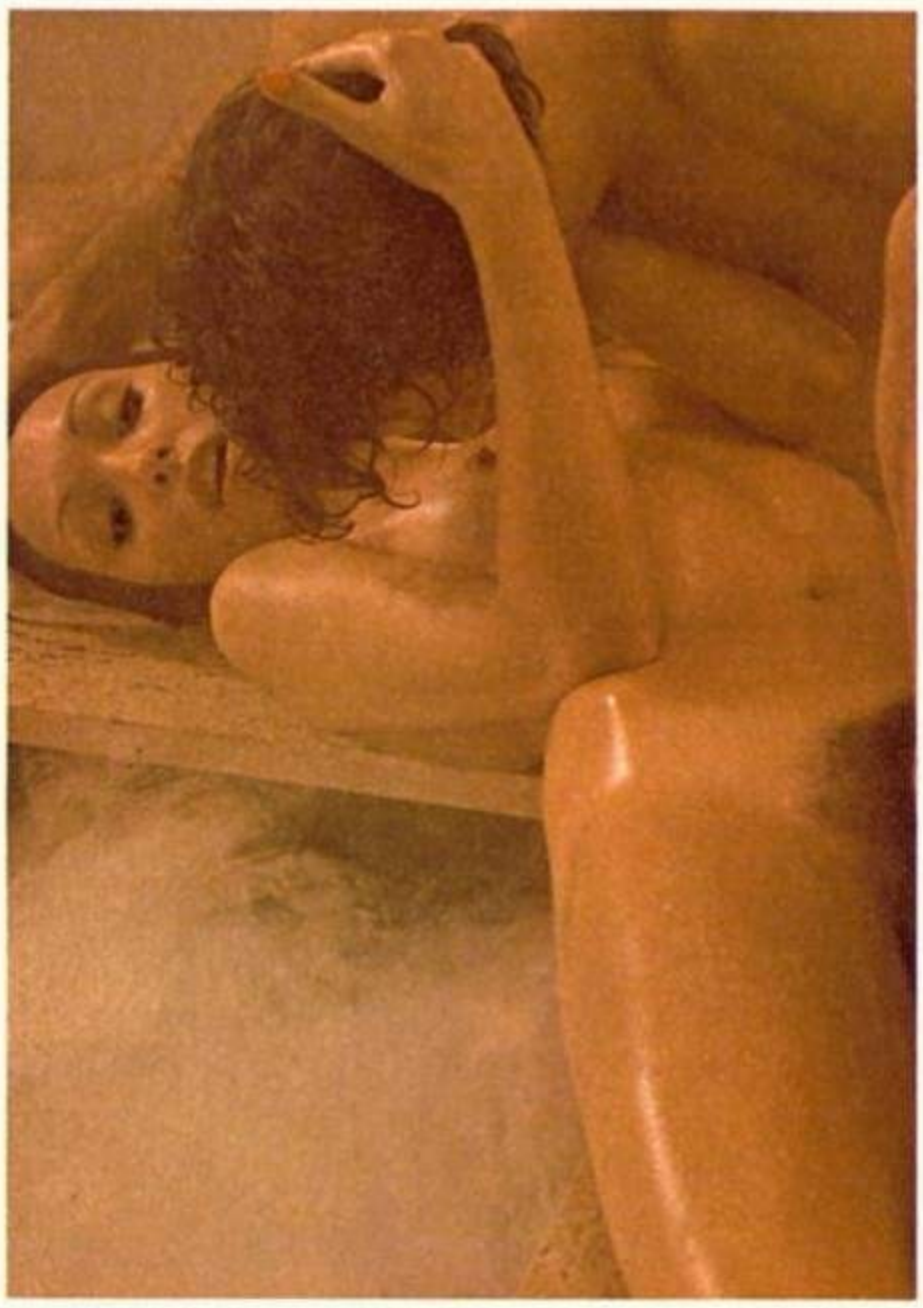




Carrousels can be fun, but for an even merrier go-round we suggest a whirl with the Scrambler (left) or a spin on the Ferris wheel (above). You may have found amusement parks merely amusing when you were a tad; little did you realize the exhilaration you might experience if you explored the deeper meaning of a joyride.







It's easy to get all steamed up in a Turkish bath. And if, deep down inside, the idea of performing before an audience intimidates you, this ought to be the perfect spot to tame your overheated desires. After all, in all those clouds of vapor, who's to see what's going on—or in?

This is not what the underground magazines mean when they refer to "water sports," but it certainly appears to be good clean fun. Besides, it's a great opportunity to brush up on your breast stroke, side stroke, backstroke or whatever kind of stroke happens to turn you on.

Sex at 30,000 feet is, we have it on the most reliable authority, absolutely the *only* way to fly. A natural high, it definitely beats putting out $2.50 for headphones.

This couple, refusing to accept the fact that it's a self-service elevator, enjoys an uplifting experience. It's easier, experts advise, in the 50th-story-and-beyond-express variety.

Not everybody believed Mayor Lindsay's contention that New York was Fun City. On the other hand, not everybody takes advantage of its unusual fringe benefits; e.g., horsing around in a Central Park hansom cab.

BRINGING THE WAR HOME

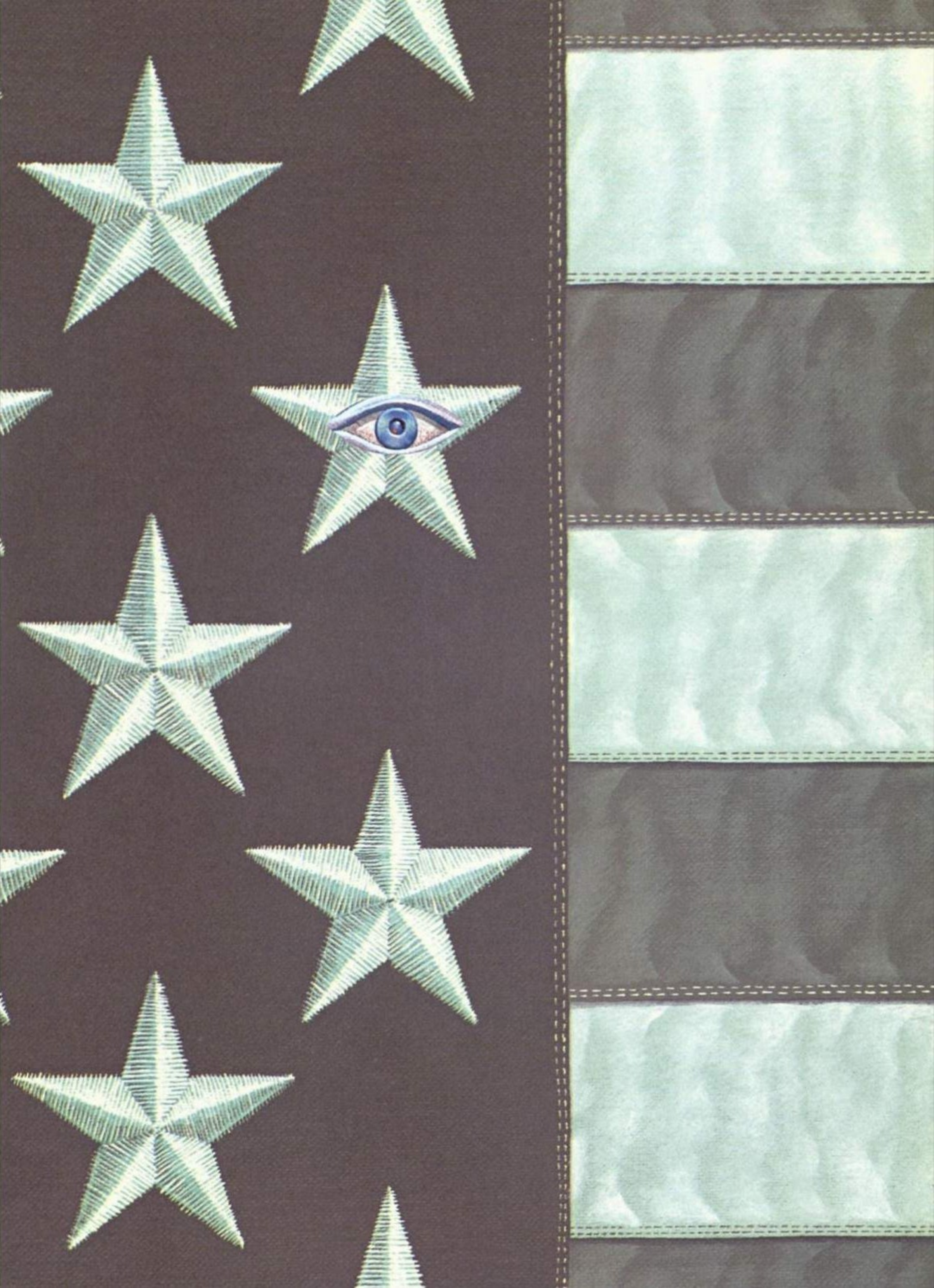
article **BY DAVID M. RORVIK** *we got out of vietnam, right? so the cops are using sensors that were field-tested on the ho chi minh trail and surveillance devices they can plant in your brain. now, if they could just call an air strike at park and 56th...*

FROM THE FIRST "peace scare" on, there was corporate, military and bureaucratic breast-beating and brain-trusting over the question: What will we do when the war in Vietnam is over? The enterprising answer that finally emerged: *Bring it home.* As early as 1967, Paul Baran of the Rand Corporation, the California think tank that attempts—successfully at times—to make prophecy a science, envisioned the use of exotic surveillance technologies on the domestic law-and-order front. He worried that "by moving in this direction, we could easily end up with the most effective, oppressive police state ever created"; observed that "any new device created solely with a legitimate police activity in mind can and will probably be misused"; cautioned that the "new technologists must be men of high ethics"; and then went on to concede that high ethics have "never been regarded by my technical colleagues as a necessary prerequisite for those in the trade." He predicted that ways would be found to rationalize the development of domestic surveillance devices and, indeed, finally came to the rationalized conclusion himself that "the high payoff possible by investing more in technological development is so great that it would be shortsighted to outlaw the development of many of these new devices."

Government and industry obviously agreed. By 1969, the newly established Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA) of the Department of Justice had $63,000,000 to help local police Americanize some of the war technology and, in general, to develop more sophisticated weapons for the "war on crime." By 1971, the LEAA budget had rocketed to $480,000,000 and today is somewhere close to the one-billion-dollar mark. The House Subcommittee on Legal and Monetary Affairs, in a report critical of the new organization, noted that "no Federal grant-in-aid program has ever received a more rapid increase in appropriated funds than LEAA."

Ways were soon found to help Government, business and academic communities share this new fortune. Among other things, LEAA is pumping millions of dollars into new police-science programs—reminiscent of the now largely defunct R.O.T.C.—at universities across the land. And at a Carnahan Conference on Electronic Crime Countermeasures, a symposium that is conducted each year at the University of Kentucky for a number of law-and-order interests, Howard E. Trent, at the time Kentucky's assistant attorney general, told attending corporate engineers and law-enforcement personnel that "there is a great unrestricted area of electronic surveillance and electronic countercrime measures in which there needs to be expansion and further innovation." Stressing that legal restrictions on surveillance are few, he rallied the assembled with the intelligence that "the challenge is wide open."

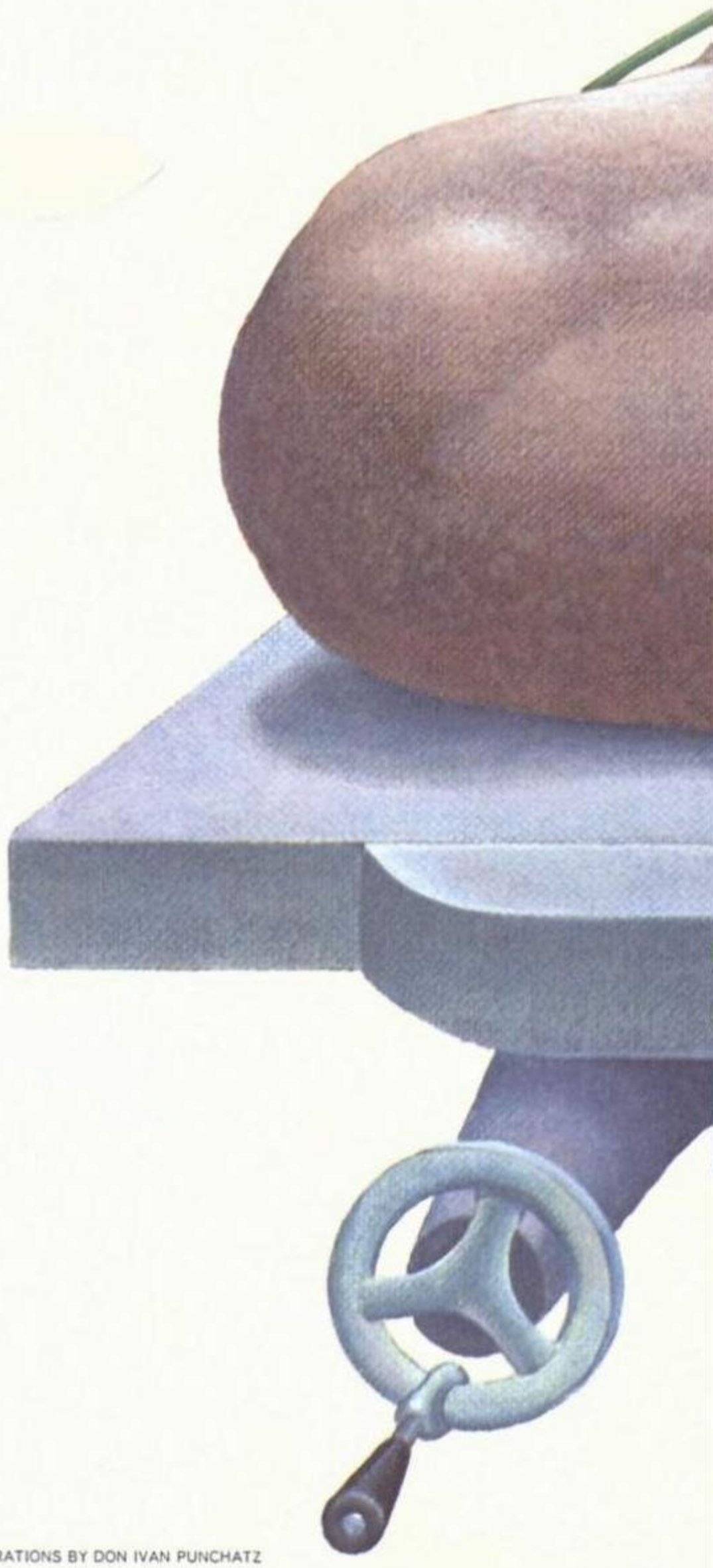
By 1972, according to the Electronics Industries Association, U.S. corporations were accepting the challenge to the tune of $400,000,000. Their production of surveillance devices, "command-and-control" systems and police communications equipment under LEAA and other Government-agency grants was described by *Electronics* magazine as "part of a Nixon Administration shifting of resources from the Defense Department into domestic programs." Robert Barkan, an electronics engineer, writing in *New Scientist*, summed up the situation more



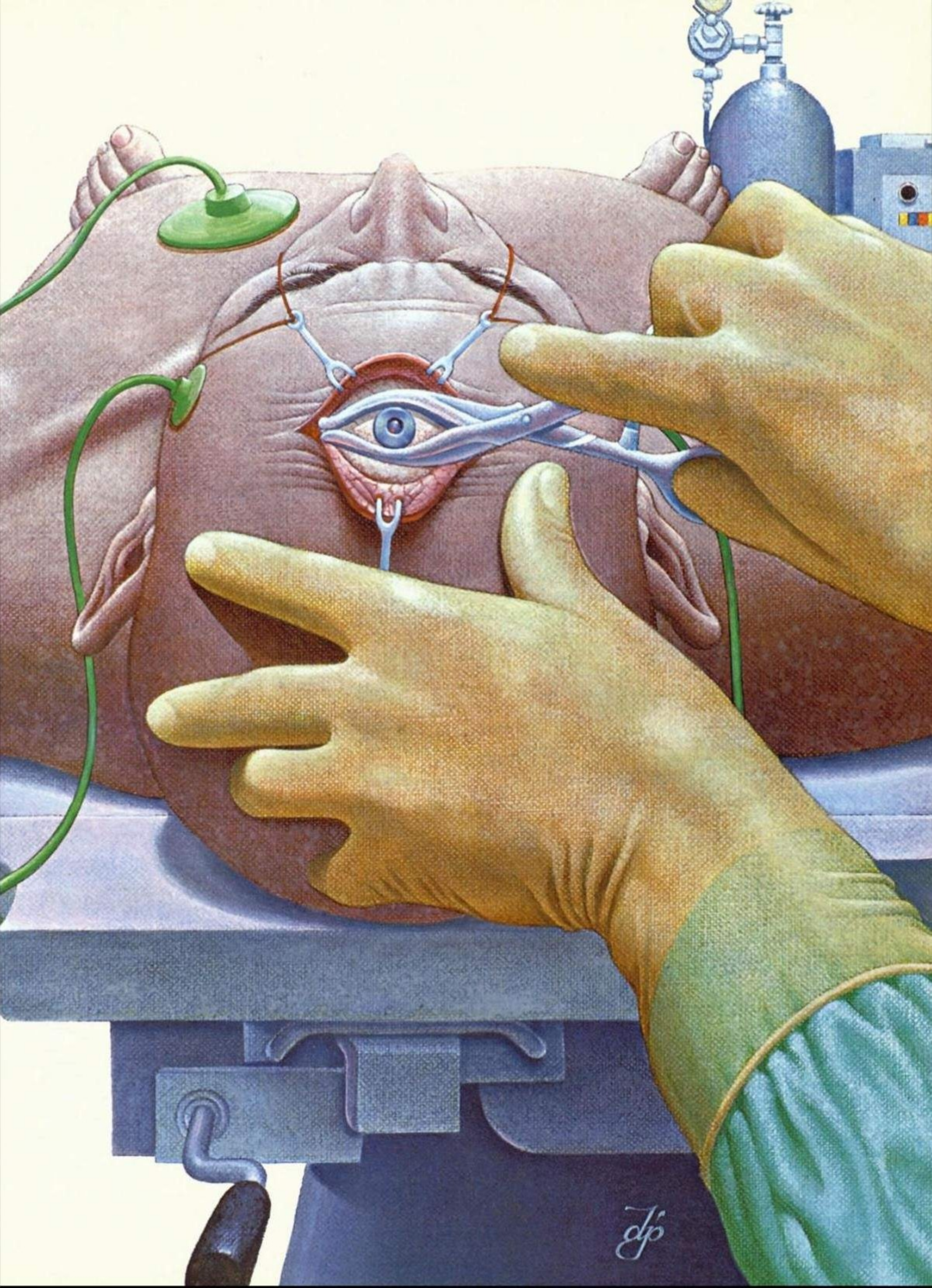
directly: "American companies, faced with dwindling Federal funds for aerospace and defense, are eagerly looking for new markets. Surveillance equipment for the home front is a particularly easy transfer of Vietnam technology. . . . To industry, the choice is clear. The extent of its concern for the way technology can best serve humanity was succinctly expressed a few years ago by a vice-president of the giant Avco Corporation: 'We have a modest amount of altruism and a lot of interest in profits.'" Martin Danziger, asked while he was serving as assistant administrator of LEAA whether a number of Buck Rogers–type weapons now being developed for control of domestic criminals, rioters and "dissidents" were really necessary, replied, "The business community has taken substantial interest in them, and I have faith in their judgment." Former Attorney General Ramsey Clark, under whom an embryonic LEAA was formed, warned that the organization "could be a disaster . . . funds that aren't specifically set aside for riot control could end up being spent to stockpile arms for use during riots or demonstrations. It's another potential, and an enormous one, for repression."

There is evidence that this potential is already being realized. Law and order has become big business. The Chicago police have an annual budget of nearly $100,000,000, the New York City police have more than $350,000,000—both big enough to qualify for *Fortune*'s list of the 500 largest corporations. Some 40,000 police agencies, employing nearly half a million people, are clamoring for a bigger piece of the rapidly expanding action. And they're getting it. *Congressional Quarterly* reports that even some lowly backwash police departments, far from the front lines of Harlem and Watts, are getting equipment, including helicopters and tanklike vehicles, sufficient to quell small armies. One small community in Ohio, for example, recently acquired $230,000 worth of patrol cars, guns, gas masks and assorted other riot-control equipment, even though there has never been any hint of a disturbance in that area. Similarly, a small cow town in Montana got enough Mace to stop a giant stampede.

As the war technology is Americanized, the demand for ever more exotic surveillance and riot-control equipment is being answered. Start with our 3.25-billion-dollar "computerized battlefield," a complex of sensors strung along the Ho Chi Minh trail. Task Force Alpha, as it was called, was largely a failure, frequently mistaking wandering water buffalo for truck convoys. After bombing the hell out of animals, winds wafting through the buffalo grass and even raindrops—all of which activated the sensors—the Defense Department unplugged its rampaging white elephant and brought it home. Now the Justice Department's Border Patrol is trying to put it to more effective use detecting drug smugglers along the Mexican-American border. Remote-controlled pilotless aircraft developed for use in Vietnam may also be used to monitor the sensors and relay data to computer



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON IVAN PUNCHATZ



centers. There has been some Congressional opposition, but Sylvania Electronics Systems, which proposed the project, has sought to calm the uneasy in Government with the statement (contained in a "proprietary" report) that "the political implications of using surveillance equipment along a friendly foreign border have been considered by selecting equipment that can be deployed without attracting attention and easily concealed."

Other devices developed for use against the Viet Cong have been declassified and diverted to the home front. Among them are black boxes that can "see" through walls and low-light television systems that can spot a man in extreme darkness half a mile or more away. The black boxes—foliage-penetration radar developed by the Army to ferret out guerrillas in thick Vietnam jungles—are now being modified to penetrate brick and cinder-block walls. They are said to be useful in controlling civil disturbances.

Night-vision devices, employing recently declassified war components, are selling briskly to police. The devices can be mounted on guns, police cars, helicopters and building tops, then linked to closed-circuit TV systems that scan entire city blocks. The Singer Company, which manufactures some of the light-intensifying devices, notes that they have been effectively used "to monitor suspicious group meetings." In a number of cities, including San Jose, California, Hoboken, New Jersey, and Mt. Vernon, New York, police have set up hidden 24-hour surveillance systems to watch city streets. Despite citizen opposition to the Peeping Tom cameras, some of which are capable of penetrating apartment windows, a Government advisory committee has recommended that several million dollars be spent to establish a pilot 24-hour TV surveillance system covering nearly *60 miles* of Brooklyn streets, giving those monitoring the cameras (at a modest two dollars per hour) the fringe benefit of being able to zoom in on everything from a first-class mugging to a teenage petting session beneath the once protective shadow of an elm tree.

In another 24-hour surveillance system funded by the Justice Department, the state of Delaware was given a number of civilian trucks that, according to the grant, "are to be used as the basis on which patrol is to be conducted under covert conditions; e.g., uniforms of dry cleaners, salesmen, public utilities, etc., make it possible to be in a neighborhood without being obvious." The equipment was designed for covert photography "of persons whose activities are suspicious in nature."

Beyond those devices whose roots can be traced directly to the war in Vietnam, a perusal of some of the recent "Proceedings" of the Carnahan Conferences reveal the development of a wide array of new law-and-order gadgetry, either proposed or in the making, including "crime-predicting" computers; electronic license-plate scanners; national computerized fingerprint analyzers and data banks linked to orbiting police satellites that instantaneously relay information on individuals; postal X-ray machines that peep into letters and packages without breaking seals; bioluminescent bacteria that light up if you're stoned; hidden lie-detector machines that measure stress in your voice; "hand-held" dogs that are carried through crowds to sniff out drugs and explosives; hidden magnetic detectors and "low-dosage" X-ray machines that examine your body without your knowledge.

Other documents, such as a report entitled "Communication for Social Needs," prepared for former Presidential assistant John D. Ehrlichman, reveal that the Nixon Administration concocted a plan that would require the installation of FM receivers in every boat, automobile, radio and television set, thereby enabling the Government to propagandize day and night if desired. (Another Nixon proposal called for devices that could automatically turn radio and television sets on and tune them to "emergency" messages.) When the FM plan was exposed by Representative William S. Moorhead, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Government Information, Dr. Edward E. David, Jr., director of the White House Office of Science and Technology, denied that there was any intention of actually implementing the plan. Representative Moorhead remains skeptical, calling the plan a "blueprint for the Big Brother propaganda and spy system which George Orwell warned about in his novel *1984*. The fact that the Government has been testing a system that would give it access to private homes raises serious questions about the truthfulness of Dr. David's statement."

• • •

But Big Brother must come equipped with more than just exotic ears. To be truly effective, he must also be able to deliver swift and persuasive punishment to those who stray too far or dissent too vigorously. Hence the emergence of a dazzling night gallery of "nonlethal weapons": the "photic driver," which delivers a toxic combination of light and sound pulses, inducing in the uncooperative epilepticlike "flicker fits" (giddiness, nausea, fainting and even convulsions); the Shok Baton, an electronic prod; the Stun-Gun, which fires pellet-filled canvas bags capable of knocking a man down at a range of up to 300 feet; "limited-lethality riot projectiles," such as 12-gauge shotgun shells filled with plastic pellets; plastic bubbles that immobilize rioters; indelible dyes to mark dissidents and make them easier to apprehend once crowds have been dispersed; darts loaded with immobilizing drugs; the "banana peel," a chemical that makes the ground so slick that one can neither walk nor drive on it; the "cold-brine projector," which slaps the dissident in the face with an incapacitating blast of icy liquid; the "instant cocoon," which sprays crowds with an adhesive substance that actually makes individuals stick together; and the "taser," a gun that fires electrified barbs that paralyze the victim.

Malignant as some of these command-and-control systems sound (and they are the same that LEAA endorses owing to the fact that "the business community has taken substantial interest in them"), they are not even remotely as diabolical as Big Brother's subtler weapons—the electronic "conditioners" that seek to *change* as well as deter the dissident. One of the most alarming proposals in the realm of behavioral engineering is that of Joseph Meyer, a computer expert in the supersecret National Security Agency. Writing in the *IEEE Transactions on Aerospace and Electronic Systems*, Meyer explains in exhaustive detail a system in which 25,000,000 Americans would be forced to wear miniature tracking devices ("transponders") linked by radio signals to centralized computers. "Attaching transponders to arrestees and criminals," he says, "will put them into an electronic-surveillance system that will make it very difficult for them to commit crimes, or even to violate territorial or curfew restrictions, without immediate apprehension."

It would be a felony, under his plan, to remove the transponders and, in any event, it couldn't be done without the computer's knowledge. The devices would be attached as a condition of parole or bail, but Meyer sees them being used for "monitoring aliens and political subgroups" as well. Heaping insult on injury, he proposes to pay for the system by leasing the devices to the "subscribers"; i.e., those who are obliged to wear them, "at a low cost, say five dollars per week." Thus, he declares, is *poetic* justice achieved.

Meyer, however, is not without heart. He observes that the criminal poor and other minorities are at a disadvantage in learning how to "get along" in our generally affluent society. He concedes that these minorities need more than "a long apprenticeship" learning to fit in. And that's where his transponders come in. They can provide the deprived, he says, with "a kind of externalized conscience—an electronic substitute for the social conditioning, group pressures and inner

(continued on page 114)

"How will you ever forgive me, darling? I was convinced there was another man."

THE OFF-CAMPUS LOOK

IT'S MATRICULATION TIME, the start of another college year. At semester's end, of course, there will be exams—thick books to read in a hurry and all that. Which will necessitate a few personal appearances in the halls of learning. But that's many moons away; in the meantime, there's a lot of extracurricular living to do—both off campus and on. So our fashion story follows two undergrad couples through a variety of nonscholastic situations. It should come as no surprise that the guys no longer dress like Joe College. That's because, assuming that you haven't entered a military academy, *anything*—suits or sweaters, denims or tweeds—is cool in the groves of academe this year. What could be simpler than that?

obviously, coming
on like a joe college
cliché isn't
what today's undergrad is
all about

attire **By ROBERT L. GREEN**

Cycling over the dunes is an educational off-campus experience, if you've got a little time to spare and the right kind of rags—such as these wool herringbone slacks with extension waistband and leather side buckles, by Trousers by Barry, $65; a polyester/cotton buttondown shirt with barrel cuffs, by Sero, $16.50; and a shawl-collar pullover sweater of Excell acrylic knit, by Robert Bruce, $25.

Double your pleasure, double your fun: This guy seems to have lost his buddy and is squiring the twins about by himself. Obviously, it's a good thing that he's dressed for heavy action, in a shirt jacket with leather buttons and patch pockets, $36.50, matching tweed slacks, $35, a natural-wool turtleneck, $31, and a woolen cap, $6, all by Pendleton.

The girls band together while the man above left harmonizes—his slacks, by Trousers by Barry, $65; shirt and pullover, by Arrow, $13 and $16; and a wool knit tie, by Happy Ties, about $5.50. The other guy's got a cardigan and V-neck, by Interwoven Sportswear, $16 and $11; shirt, by Gant, $14.50; jeans, by Live-Ins, $12; Harris tweed cap, by Knox, $12.

The Welcome Wagon was never like this. Our man below left wears a corduroy hooded suit, by Scotts-Grey, Ltd., about $75, with a turtleneck sweater of Orlon acrylic, by Jantzen, $14. His utilitarian friend sports a hooded sweater with zip front, $26, tie-dyed denim jeans, $25, both by Faded Glory; and a ring-neck pullover, by Gentleman John, $17.

Denim, no matter what the maître de might say, is "in." That is, it's as fashionable as anything else and—at least in the States—it's still relatively inexpensive. This undergrad has a denim jeans suit with flap patch pockets, snap-front jacket, contrasting yoke piping, by H. D. Lee, $35; worn over a rib-knit, ring-neck pullover with an art-deco print, by Impulse, $12.

His *compadre*—not to be outdone—sports a denim vest outfit with patch breast pockets, contrast stitching and metal button closures, by Levi's Fresh Produce, $24. Adding to his rustic image are a plaid Western shirt of cotton/Lurex, by Gentleman John, $18; and a brown-vinyl cap, by Dobbs, $10. And you thought the world was running out of vinyl!

BRINGING THE WAR HOME

(continued from page 106)

motivations" that keep most of us in line. For these people, he declares, an externalized conscience is as necessary as "a heart pacer [is] to a cardiac patient."

Even less is left to chance in a plan outlined by self-described "social gadgeteer" Ralph Schwitzgebel, Harvard psychologist and pioneering behavioral engineer. In a monograph published under a National Institute of Mental Health (Center for Studies of Crime and Delinquency) contract, Schwitzgebel describes a plan that would literally bug the body. It involves attaching and *implanting* miniaturized radio transmitters on and inside the bodies and brains of subjects in need of "rehabilitation," not only to monitor their conversations, locations and even sexual responses but to deliver electrical shocks whenever needed to counter undesired speech, behavior or physiological responses. Schwitzgebel dwells at length on the problem of "sex offenders," particularly homosexuals, noting that there are now devices available that can detect even the most minute penile changes. In the event of an "inappropriate" erection, the programmer—computer or human—can zap the offender with corrective kilovolts (at low amperage) and thus, over a period of time, effect a "cure." Schwitzgebel says he recognizes, as a lawyer as well as a psychologist, the threat such a plan poses to individual civil liberties but then proceeds to suggest ways in which the system could be implemented without provoking a constitutional crisis. In the meantime, he's holding a patent on a nonremovable wrist transmitter of his own design.

Perhaps the most terrifying part of the Schwitzgebel scenario involves the brave new world of E.S.B.—electronic stimulation of the brain. Human subjects have already been wired with implanted brain electrodes. The result is that human programmers can electronically order some of their subjects' actions and emotions simply by pulsing radio signals into specific parts of their brains at the desired moments. Dr. José M. R. Delgado, until recently of the Yale School of Medicine, a leading E.S.B. researcher, notes that lab animals "with implanted electrodes have been made to perform a variety of responses with predictable reliability as if they were electronic toys under human control."

Dr. Barton L. Ingraham of the School of Criminology at the University of California at Berkeley suggests that bugging the brain could provide not only continuous surveillance of those with "criminal tendencies" but also "automatic deterrence or 'blocking' of the criminal activity by electronic stimulation of the brain prior to the commission of the act." Dr. Ingraham concedes that the use of E.S.B. would "require a Government with virtually total powers" but sees a number of things in its favor, including the fact that it would be "completely effective" and "relatively cheap." As for the economy of the matter, an electrical engineer named Curtiss Schafer agrees: "The once-human being thus controlled would be the cheapest of machines to create and operate."

So far, the new behavioral engineers and "psychotechnologists" have confined themselves to the prisons, which many of them obviously regard as convenient laboratories in which they can utilize human subjects whose civil liberties are not only dimly defined by society but poorly understood by the subjects themselves. At a 1962 symposium of social scientists and correctional administrators, James V. Bennett, then director of the U. S. Bureau of Prisons, was already urging the assembled to take advantage of the "tremendous opportunity" afforded by the 24,000 men then in the Federal prison system—"to carry on some of the experimenting to which the various panelists have alluded. . . . We here in Washington are anxious to have you undertake some of these things; do things perhaps on your own—undertake a little experiment of what you can do with the Muslims, what you can do with some of the sociopath individuals."

Among the things "alluded" to at that symposium were brainwashing techniques perfected by the North Koreans and biochemical restraints. By the late Sixties, some penal staffs included "prison thought-reform teams" that subjected the troublesome inmate to intensive group pressures, ridicule and humiliation in an effort to help him be "reborn" as "winner in the game of life." Drugs, aversion therapies that utilize pain and anxiety, sensory deprivation in which the subject is isolated from all or most stimuli, planned stress and psychosurgery might all come into play in the course of winning a new convert. Candidates for these elaborate therapies are often characterized in penal reports as uncooperative and revolutionary.

Jessica Mitford, in her book *Kind & Usual Punishment*, tells of a Maximum Psychiatric Diagnostic Unit (M.P.D.U.) for 84 convicts selected from various California penal units to serve as research subjects. Most, she observes, were chosen for having shown "disrespect for authority" or "because they are suspected of harboring subversive beliefs." (Thus, the Soviet tendency of equating dissidence with insanity, of the sort that might even justify radical psychosurgery, shows signs of proving equally useful in the "free world," or at least its prisons.)

Just what the M.P.D.U. 84 could expect was suggested at an assembly of behavioral engineers at the University of California at Davis in 1971. "We need to dope up many of these men in order to calm them down to the point that they are accessible to treatment," one suggested. "We also need to find out how he thinks *covertly* and to change how he thinks," said another. "Those who can't be controlled by drugs are candidates for the implantation of subcortical electrodes." One psychotechnologist calculated that at least ten percent of the men would "benefit" from psychosurgery designed to burn out the "source of aggressive behavior."

The courts have recently intervened to halt, temporarily, at least, some prison psychosurgery, concluding that prisoners are incapable of bona fide voluntary consent. Public outcry in other quarters has persuaded LEAA to withdraw the support it was previously giving several psychosurgeons. The psychotechnologists, however, continue to do battle. Dr. Ingraham is busy trying to persuade the authorities that the potential abuses of brain implants have been much exaggerated. In a recent Department of Justice monograph, he writes, "The new liberalism is . . . fanatical on the issue of extending legal due process into areas which were once considered reserved for the exercise of knowledgeable administrative discretion." Dr. Delgado, meanwhile, has removed his research to Spain for the time being. And in California, Ronald Reagan's proposed Center for the Study of Violence, previously shot down by fears that it would engage in improper experimentation, has been restored under a new name.

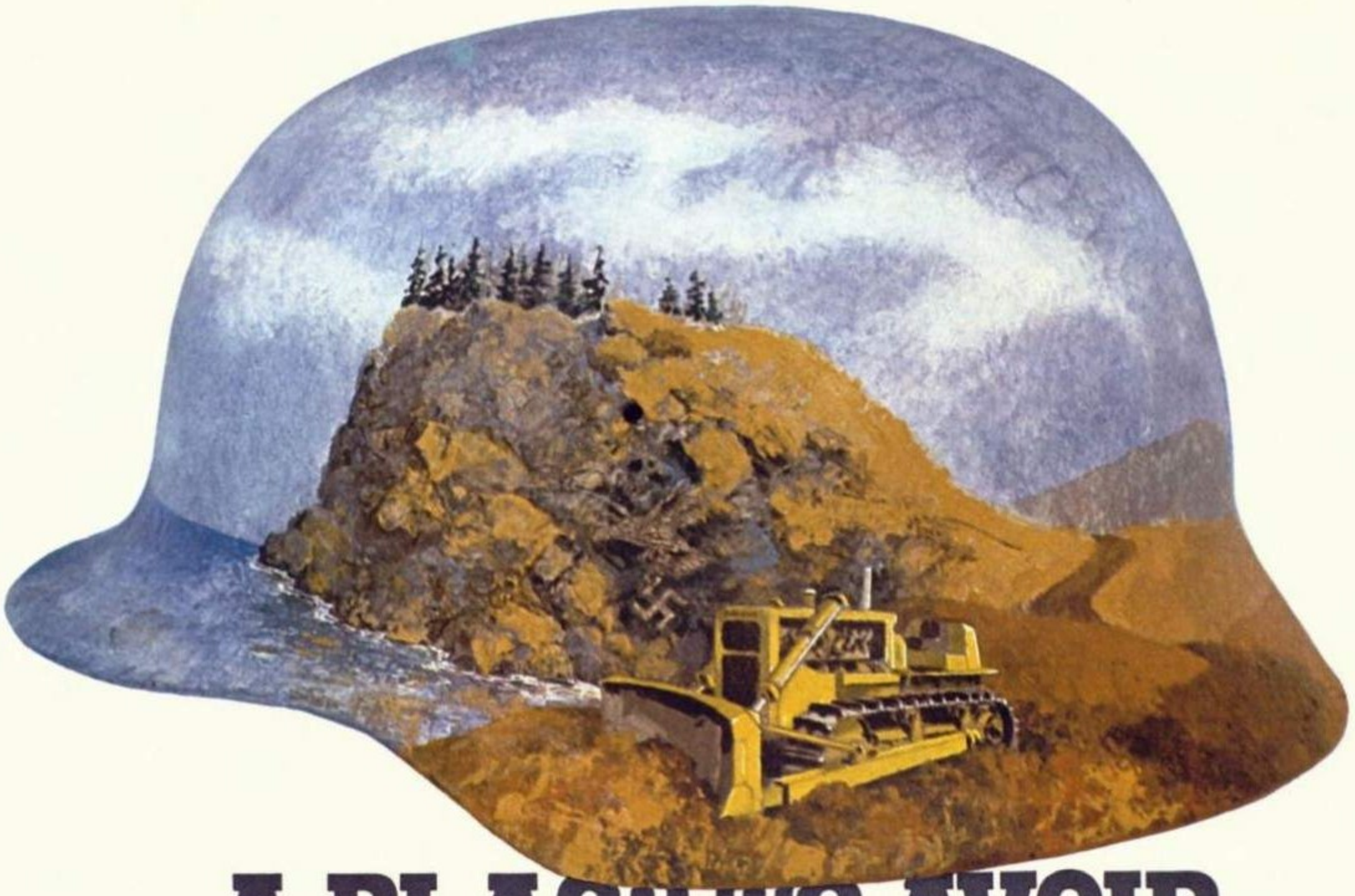
Finally, *World Medicine*, in 1973, six years after Paul Baran's prophetic Rand report, revealed that Rand was carrying out "exhaustive studies of 2000 cases of torture in South Vietnam to assess the viability of the methods used by U. S. forces." Could even this ugly part of the war be coming home?

• • •

Has 1984 arrived—ten years premature and crackling with teratological technologies that make Orwell's world look inefficiently quaint by comparison? The transponder generation has so far only been conceived, not yet hatched, and E.S.B. is still only a few barbs in a few brains. But upper-case Law and Order continues to grow, at the expense of personal liberty and privacy, and to grow by great leaps and bounds, involving not only the police and industry but even the military, which, with time on its hands, is looking for (and *finding*) a new enemy at home.

The Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights recently revealed that

(continued on page 204)



A PLACE TO AVOID

fiction **By DAVID ELY** *something awful had happened on that lonely promontory*

BAUER HAD TAKEN possession of his land.

He was a resort developer from the Rhineland, a big, burly man in his 50s with a comfortable paunch. Even in winter, he perspired easily. Now, tramping about under the Italian sun on a summer day, he was sweating prodigiously. The sea was just a stone's throw away, but there wasn't the breath of a breeze and the smooth surface of the water fired the sunlight back up at him.

Bauer's property did not seem promising. The only spot of any natural beauty was a rocky promontory, crowned by a grove of pines, that jutted out high above the water. The rest was sun-baked earth, almost bare of vegetation; the beach was narrow and pebbly. But Bauer was pleased. He had seen that land first during the war. Even then, he'd had an instinct about it. In the years that followed, he had thought of it often—thought and dreamed . . . and begun to plan. Now the project was under way. Within two years, the beach would be expanded by dredging and stabilized by jetties. The tennis courts would be in place and the golf links in playable condition. Then there would be the residential center, with its apartments and restaurants and shops, and cottages scattered along the rolling land near the shore. Up on the promontory, a cluster of villas would be built among the pines.

Bauer glanced up at the promontory, his soldier's eye automatically evaluating it as an observation post. He hadn't climbed up there yet, but he wouldn't be surprised to find an old concrete bunker sunk into the side of the cliff. If so, he might leave it. It would be a picturesque reminder of how greatly things had changed in 30 years. The Germans were occupying Italy once more—but this time it was an army of tourists that came rolling down from the north each summer. There were millions of them, literally millions. If Kesselring had had such forces under his command, Bauer thought whimsically, the Allies could have been swept out of Italy altogether!

His mood soured as he drove his jeep back over the rough terrain toward the site of the access road. The work was lagging, and now he saw to his annoyance that everything had stopped again. The bulldozer was silent, its great blade lowered. The laborers behind it were immobile, too, their picks and shovels dangling from their hands.

Leaving the jeep at the construction shed, Bauer strode over to the Italian work manager, a dark and spare young surveyor named Giachetti, who was talking to the bulldozer operator and the mechanic.

"So it's broken down again?" Bauer asked in irritation.

Giachetti explained in his fluent German what the trouble *(continued on page 136)*

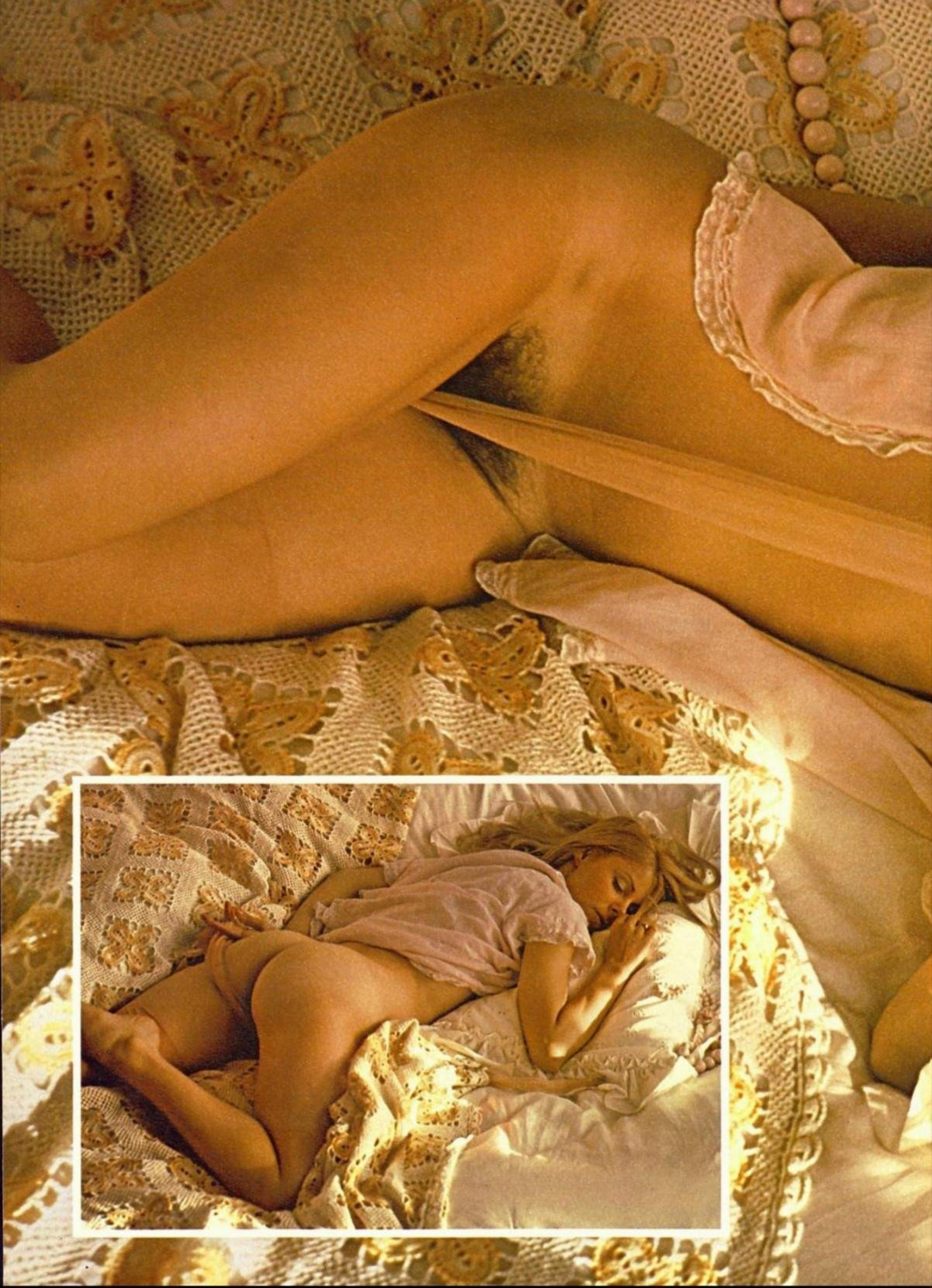
ILLUSTRATION BY KUNIO HAGIO

miss september deals black-jack part time, goes to college and plans to be a tv dancer. we wouldn't bet against her

DEALER'S CHOICE

UNDER NORMAL conditions, a blackjack player faces odds slightly favoring the house. But the gamblers at Harrah's Casino in Lake Tahoe, Nevada, have one additional problem: trying to concentrate on the cards they're holding when the lady on the other side of the table is someone as great-looking as Kristine Hanson. But we're sure nobody minds losing money to Kristine and, besides, she works at Harrah's only part time—when she's not attending class at California State University at Sacramento, where she majors in communications studies. "I'm learning all facets of

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN



"I'd like to spend the year after I graduate traveling. That would be the perfect time in my life to just sort of look the world over." And, fortunately for the world, vice versa.

television," she says. "I might start as a reporter in Sacramento and maybe eventually get my own local talk show or something like that." But that's only a contingency plan. Kristine's abiding dream takes her out of Sacramento, south on Interstate 5 and into L.A., where she'd become a dancer on a TV show. "If all the breaks fell the right way, I'd love to dance on a variety show." But there's one hitch: She prefers Northern California's woods and lakes to L.A. No problem. "I know of a girl who lives in Tahoe who danced on the Dean Martin show. She commuted to L.A. for tapings, so it can be done." When Kristine works at Harrah's, she lives with friends, including a special one, Jim Cooper, in a large house surrounded by the finest Northern California scenery; so with her man and nature so close, it's understandable why she loves Lake Tahoe. "I decided to try to be a Playmate before I met Jim, who also works at Harrah's, and frankly, it has taken him a while to get used to the idea. I guess he thought that once my pictures were published, all kinds of guys would be trying to get in touch with me." We appreciate his concern.

With some of her campus friends, Kristine has an instant-picnic lunch. Below: A working weekend finds Kristine behind the blackjack tables at Harrah's Casino in Lake Tahoe and talking with Emmett Kelly, Sr., who's performing at the club.

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS SEPTEMBER

Kristine and friends from school take an afternoon off for some horseback riding. "My stepfather really loves horses and has owned race horses. They're not as much a part of my life as they are of his, but I do find riding totally exhilarating."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"It was heavenly!" sighed the coed to her roommate about the results of her date with the school's star distance runner. "He lapped me at the halfway point but still had plenty of kick left, and we finished in a dead heat!"

"You were lucky," said the roommate. "My last date was with a sprinter, and he was in the shower before I even got out of the blocks."

"Dear, you must have a talk with Sally, because she'll pay attention to you," said the wife. "Today she was playing house again with little Tommy next door."

"So what?" answered her husband. "Didn't you play house when you were her age?"

"Yes, of course—but I didn't demand twenty dollars in play money!"

A cowboy out looking for strays in the foothills chanced upon a very attractive Indian girl climbing naked from a waterfall pool. Inspired by what he saw of her figure before she slipped behind a rock, he ventured, "Look, Setting Belle, I've got four bits that says I can show you the biggest and best time you'll ever have!"

Replied the maiden coolly, "I've got a buck that says you can't."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *premature ejaculation* as going off half-cocked.

During World War Two, a GI and his English girl were strolling down the local lovers' lane. As they walked hand in hand, the soldier pulled an orange out of his pocket and offered it to her. "Darling, I really can't accept it," protested the girl. "Oranges are so scarce in England right now that they're reserved for small children and pregnant women."

"That's OK, honey," said the GI. "You can take it now, and then eat it on the way back."

And, of course, you've heard about the guy who was so well endowed that he had a fiveskin.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *vice squad* as a pussy posse.

The stoned transvestite wandered into the cathedral and sat down in a center-aisle seat just as the richly vestmented priest began moving down toward the altar, swinging an incense-burning censer. "Say there," cooed the transvestite to the startled cleric as the latter came abreast of him, "I just lo-o-o-ve your gown, but did you know your handbag's on fire?"

Suspicious of his wife, a traveling executive hired a detective agency to keep tabs on her, and the agency brought all its technical facilities to bear on the assignment. When the man returned from his next trip, he was called to the agency's headquarters, where he was shown both still and motion pictures and heard tape recordings. It was true: His wife was having an affair, and with one of his friends. The evidence was conclusive: glamorous nights on the town, motel assignations, nude-bathing scenes, whispered endearments, intimate laughter. "It's difficult to believe," sighed the client.

"About your friend's involvement?" he was asked.

"No; I could believe anything of him," mumbled the husband sadly, "but I can't believe my wife could be that much fun!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *daisy chain* as a group of people getting their head together.

The secretary swiveled into the plush office and closed the door. "I have some good news and some bad news," she announced.

"No jokes, please," said her boss, "not on quarterly-report day. Just give me the good news."

"Sure," murmured the girl. "The good news is that you aren't sterile."

A *mortician's sly daughter named Maddie*
Told an eager but virginal laddie,
"If you'll do as I say,
We can have a great lay,
Since I've buried more stiffs than my daddy."

The two male surfers were gloriously bronzed except for their genital areas. Said one of them, "Let's go down to the end of the beach tomorrow and bury ourselves in the sand with just our pricks exposed. A couple of sessions like that and our tans ought to even out nicely."

While the surfers were putting this idea into practice the following morning, two vacationing spinster schoolteachers happened on the unusual sight.

"Oh, look, Martha!" exclaimed one. "What I wouldn't have done to get one of those when I was younger—and now, my God, they're growing wild!"

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 finally got me, Lucrezia!"

JE SUIS PAS PLUS CON QU'UN AUTRE

Où suis-je ?

C'EST CONNASSE

L'ennemi de l'amour est l'amitié
Entrez sans frapper

Parlez-moi d'amour

Happy days are here again

HAMAGURI

WATAKUSHI NA ANATAO ŁESITEMASU

A partir de ce moment je suis un autre

BANZAI

KOI

ENZA-BOBO

MUSHI-MUSHI

Foutre

WATAKUSHI NO

MITOKORO-ZEME

LA VIE EN ROSE

Le Sage-Feu de Big Sur

EL-HHEJI MĀ MEKMŪL BELA JIMĀ' BI'L

Henry Miller - Anne Jamais 1966

INSOMNIA

article

By HENRY MILLER

on wrestling with the devil at three o'clock in the morning when you're in love—and no longer young

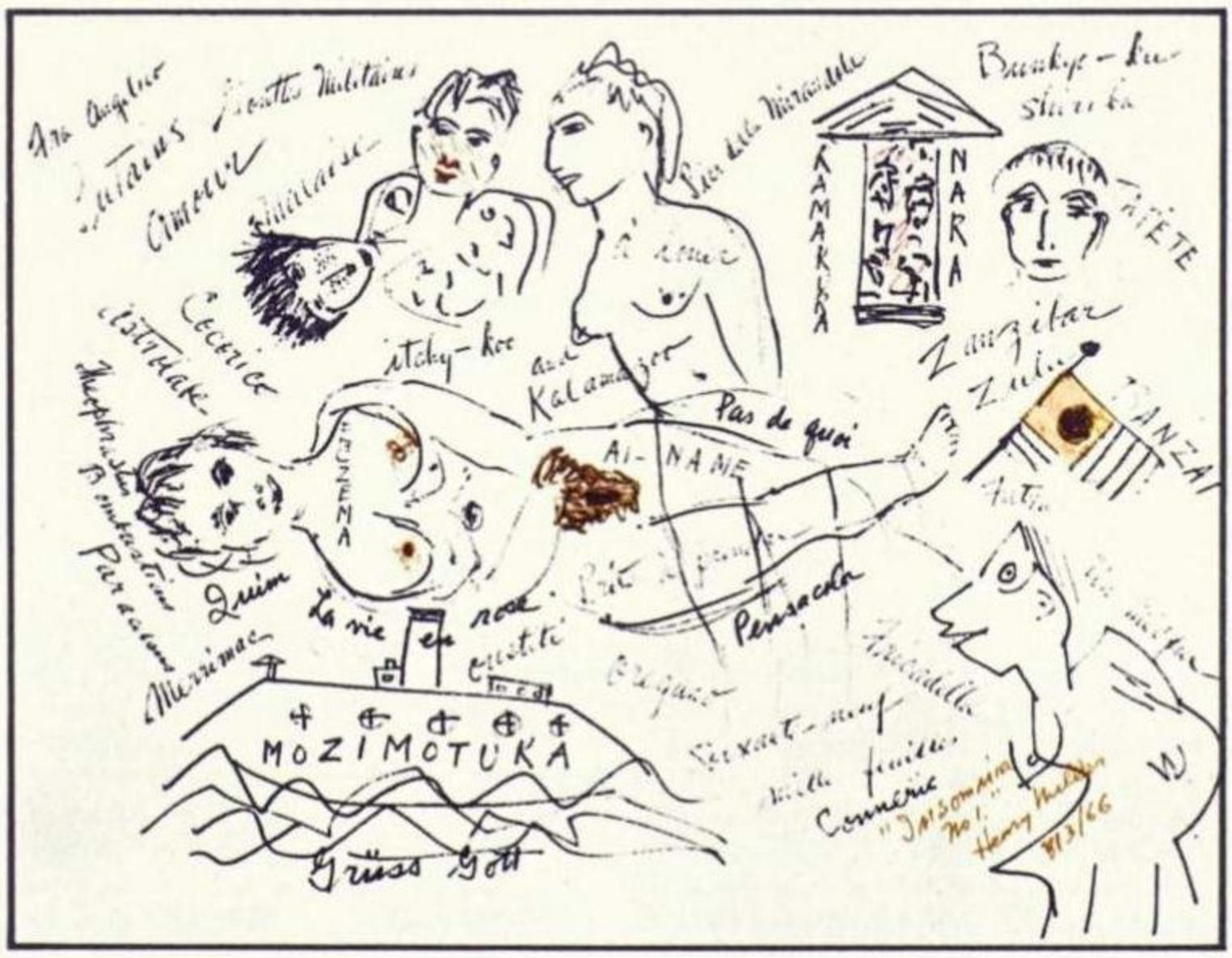
FIRST IT WAS a broken toe, then a broken brow, and finally a broken heart. But, as I said somewhere, the human heart is indestructible. You only *imagine* it is broken. What really takes a beating is the spirit. But the spirit, too, is strong and, if one wishes, can be revived.

Anyway, it was always about three in the morning when the broken toe awakened me. "The witching hour"—because it was at that time I wondered most what she might be doing. She belonged to the night and the wee hours of the morning. Not the early bird that catches the worm but the early bird whose song creates havoc and panic. The bird that drops little scads of sorrow on your pillow.

At three A.M., when you're desperately in love and you're too proud to use the telephone, particularly when you suspect she is not there, you are apt to turn on yourself and stab yourself, like the scorpion. Or you write her letters you never mail, or you pace the floor, curse and pray, get drunk or pretend you will kill yourself.

After a time, that routine palls. If you are a creative individual—remember, at this point you are only a bloody shit!—you ask yourself if it might not be possible to make something of your anguish.

And that is precisely what happened to me on a certain day around three in



Critic Miller analyzes artist Miller: "Let us not put Beauty on the chopping block. The illustrative material . . . makes no claim to beauty, intellect, madness or anything else. It is of the same fiber as the text, and the key to both is Insomnia. Some of the illustrations are neither paintings nor drawings but just words, and often mere hocus-pocus or jibber-jabber. They reflect the varying moods of three in the morning. . . . In their 'consubstantiality' they make a curious amalgam of anguish, frustration, melancholia and absolute nonsense. In other words, so much frivolous horseshit."

the morning. I suddenly decided I would paint my anguish. Only now, as I write this, do I realize what an exhibitionist I must be. Not everybody, to be sure, recognizes the anguish I depicted in these crazy water colors. Some look upon them as right jolly, don't you know. And they *are* jolly in a heart-rending way. All those crazy words and phrases—what inspired them if not a twisted sense of humor? (Maybe it began long ago, with another one, the first one, for whom I bought my first bunch of violets, and as I was about to hand them to her they slipped from my hand and, accidentally [?], she stepped on them and crushed them.) Little things like this can be very disturbing when you are young.

Now, of course, I am no longer young—which makes everything all the more ridiculous. Except, mark my words, that where love is concerned, nothing, nobody, no situation can ever be utterly ridiculous. The one thing we can never get enough of is love. And the one thing we never give enough of is love.

• • •

And so we have this reputedly famous old man (75, no less!) pursuing a young will-o'-the-wisp, the old man very romantic, the young songstress quite down to earth. She has to be down to earth, because it's her business to make men fall in love, do foolish things, buy expensive gowns and jewels. She lost her heart, not in San Francisco but in Shinjuku, Akasaka, Chiyoda and such places. That is to say, when she began earning her daily bread.

The old man (*c'est à dire moi, monsieur Henri*) had rehearsed the whole scene almost 40 years ago. He should have known the score. He should have been able to play it by ear. But he happens to belong to that tribe of human beings who never learn from experience. And he does not regret his weakness, for the soul does not learn from experience.

Ah, *the soul*! How many letters I wrote about the soul! I doubt if there is a word for it in her language. *Heart* they have, yes, but *soul*? (Anyway, so I would like to believe.) And yet, no sooner than I speak thus do I remember that it was her soul I fell in love with. Naturally, she did not understand. Only men, it seems, talk about soul. (It's a sure way of losing a woman, to talk about soul.)

And now we should talk a bit about the Devil, blessed be his name! For he had a part in it, as sure as I live. A very important part, I may add. (Forgive me if I sound like Thomas Mann!) The Devil, if I know him right, is the one who says, "Don't trust your instincts. Be wary of your intuitions!" He wants to keep us human—all too human. If you're headed for a fall, he urges you to keep going. He doesn't push you over the cliff—he merely leads you to the brink. And there he has you at his mercy. I know him well, for I have had traffic with him often. He delights in watching you walk the tightrope. He lets you slip, but he doesn't let you fall.

It's the Devil in her, of course, that I'm talking about. And it was that which made her so intriguing, so help me, God. Her soul was to me angelic; her self, at least as she revealed it, was devilish. Of what ingredients was she made? I often asked myself. And every day I gave a different answer. Sometimes I explained her by race, background, heredity, by the war, poverty, lack of vitamins, lack of love, anything and everything I could think of. But it never added up. She was, so to speak, an *insolite*. And why did I have to pin her down, like a butterfly? Wasn't it enough that she was herself? No! It wasn't. She had to be something more or less. She had to be graspable, understandable.

And how foolish this sounds. Everybody "had her number," it seemed, except me. To me she was an enigma. Knowing myself as I do, I tried to believe that it was all part of my usual pattern with women. How I love the unattainable! But it didn't work, this sort of calculation. She was like one of those numbers that are indivisible. She had no square root. And yet, as I say, others could read her. In fact, they tried to explain her to me. No use. There was always a remainder that I could never figure out.

That smile that she gave me occasionally, like a special gift, I gradually observed she could give to most anyone—if she were in the mood or if she wanted something. And I would go again and again just to watch her hand it out! Go where? Why, to the piano bar where she sang nightly and dispensed her charms. (Just as I did with the other who "taxied" her clients to paradise and beyond. Always thinking, poor fool, it's *me* she enjoys dancing with.)

The old man! How vulnerable he is! How pathetic! How he needs love—and how easily he accepts the counterfeit of it! And yet, oddly enough, the end is not what you think. He won her finally. At least, so he thinks. But this is another story.

Night after night it was the bar. Sometimes it began with dinner—upstairs I would watch her eat with the same attention as later I listened to her play and sing. Often I was the first one at the bar. How lovely, how enchanting to receive exclusive attention! (It could have been anyone else; he would have received the same attention. First come, first served.)

Those same songs night after night—how can anyone do it and not go mad? And always with feeling, as if delivering her very soul. So that's the life of our entertainer! I used to say to myself. Same times, same faces, same responses—and same headaches. Given the chance, I would change all that. Surely she must be fed up with it. So I thought. An entertainer is never fed up with the game. At the worst, she gets bored. But never for long. Life without acclaim is meaningless to her. There must always be a sea of faces, silly faces, stupid faces, drunken faces—no matter—but faces. There must always be that starry-eyed idiot who appears for the first time and with tears in his eyes exclaims, "You're wonderful! You're marvelous! Please sing it again!" And she will sing it again. And if he is a man of means, perhaps a shoe manufacturer, he will ask her to go to the races. And she will accept the invitation, as if he had bestowed a great honor on her

Sitting there at the bar, playing the part of Mr. Nobody, I had a wonderful insight into the whole show. Forgetting, of course, that I was a part of it, perhaps the saddest part. One by one, they would confess to me, tell me how much they loved her, and I, I would listen as if immune, but always sympathetic and full of understanding.

• • •

I try to think—when did I first fall in love with her? Not the first time we met, that's definite. If I had never met her again, it wouldn't have bothered me in the least. I remember how surprised I was when she called me the next day or the day after. I didn't even recognize her voice. "Hello! This is your little friend from Tokyo speaking." That's how it began, really, over the telephone. me wondering why I should be honored with a call. Maybe she was lonesome. She had arrived only a few weeks before. Maybe someone had tipped her off that I was crazy about the Orient, particularly about Oriental women. More particularly, about Japanese women.

"You really dig them, don't you?" a pal of mine keeps saying.

The ones I dig most are still in Japan, I guess. Like Lawrence said, "The whistlers go to America." There are people who are born out of time and there are people who are born out of country, caste and tradition. Not loners, exactly, but exiles, voluntary exiles. They're not always romantic, either: They just don't belong. And I mean nowhere. We carried on quite a correspondence. That is, I did. Her contribution was a letter and a half. To be sure, she never read all my letters, for the simple reason that I didn't mail them all. Half of them are in my quaint old New England chest. Some of them are stamped and marked SPECIAL DELIVERY. (What a touching thing it would be if someone sent her those after I was six feet under! Then, to paraphrase my beloved idol, I could whisper from above: "My Dear *Koi-bito*, how sweet to read these *rabu reta* [love letters] over God's shoulder." As the French say, *Parfois il se produit un miracle, mais loin des yeux de Dieu*. God isn't interested in

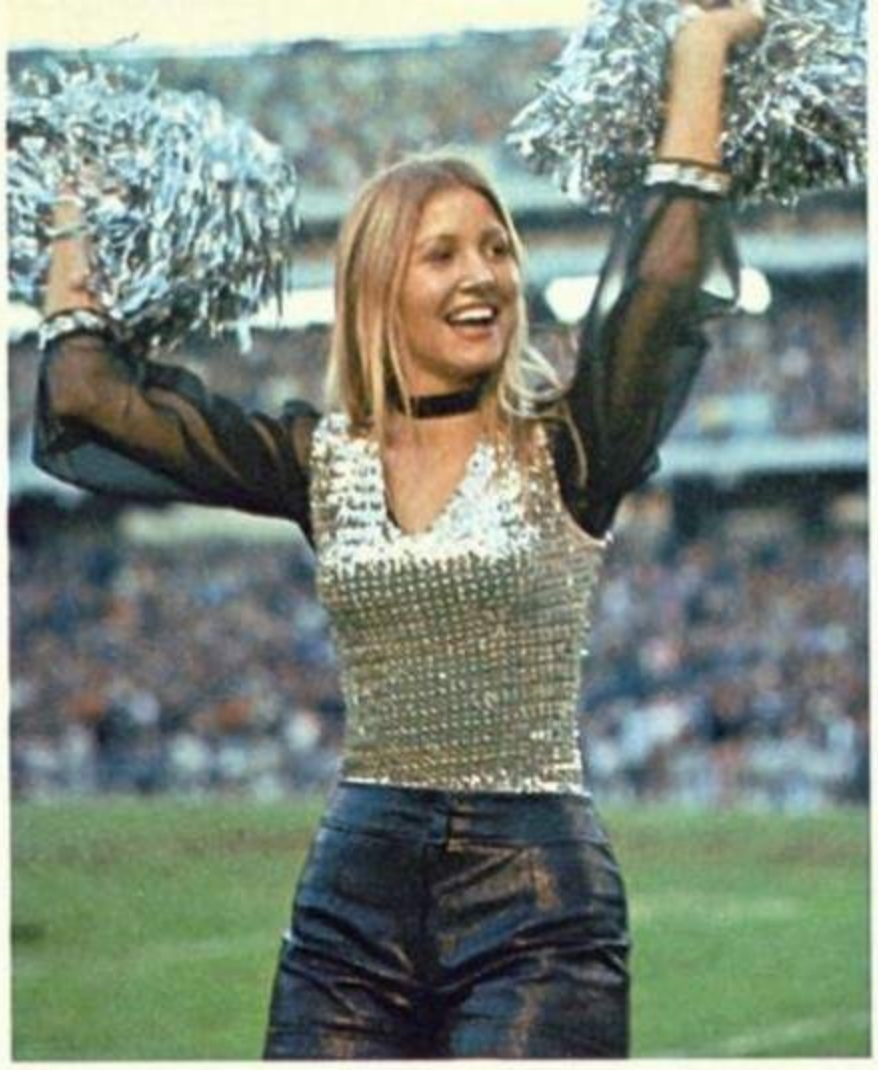
(continued on page 196)

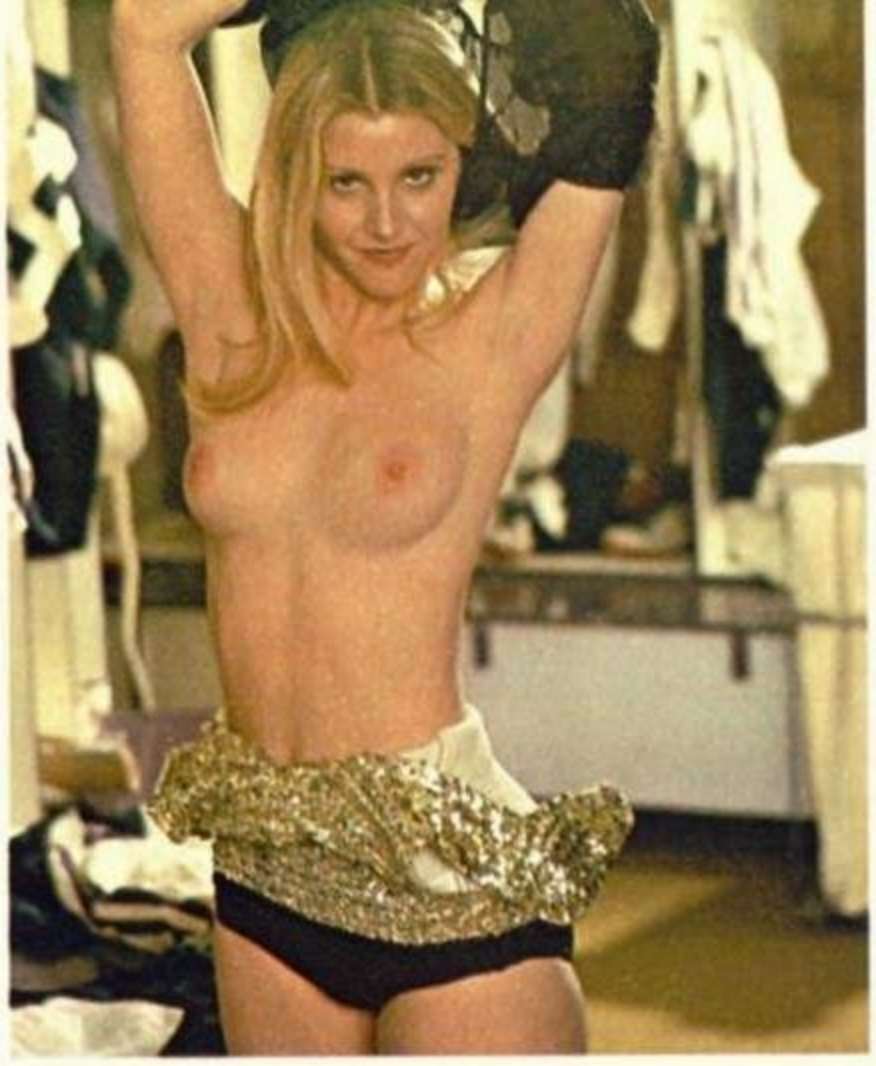
let's hear it for jane lubeck, pride of the oakland raiders

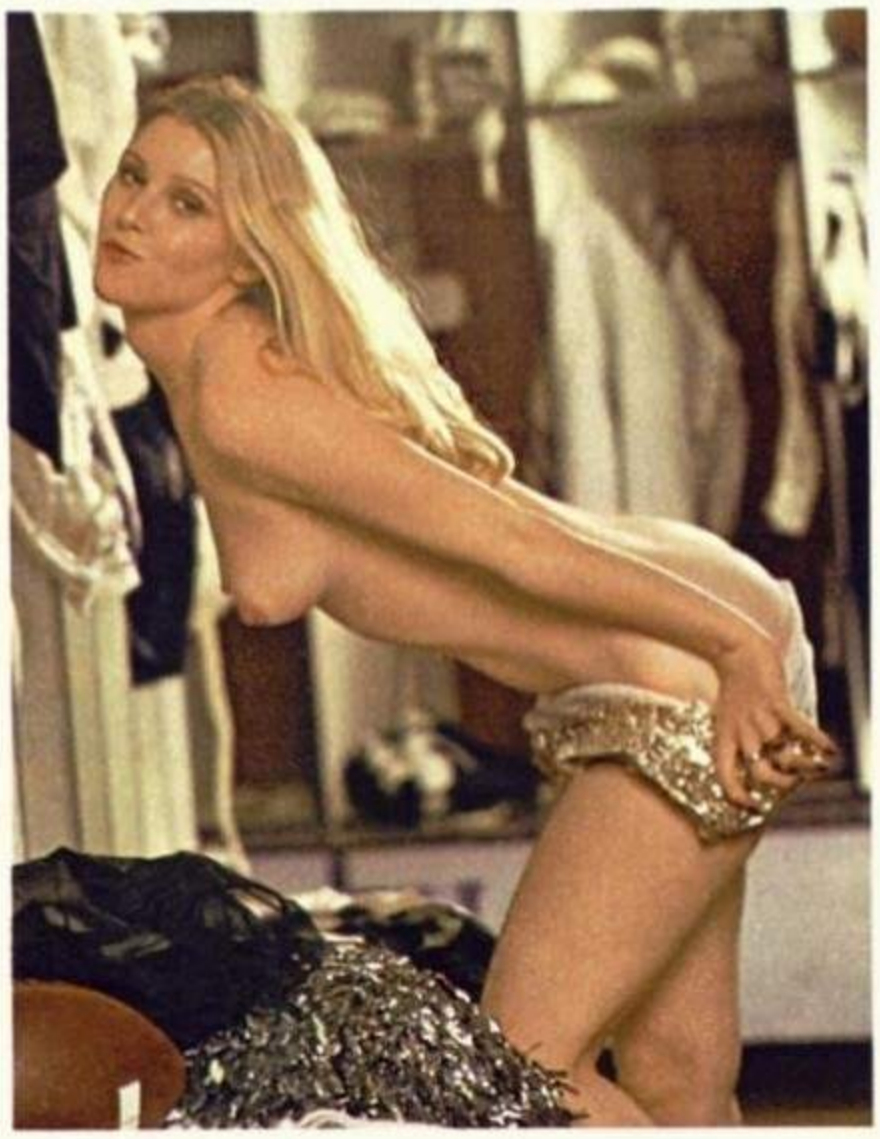
SIS! BOOM! AH!

YOU'VE SEEN HER before—when the action on the field slows down and the NBC cameras pan over to the lively band of pompon girls whooping up enthusiasm for the home team, pro football's Oakland Raiders. She's the brown-eyed blonde with the heart-shaped face, and you may have wondered who she is, what she's like—and how she'd look out of that Raiderette outfit. Well, sports fans, meet Jane Lubeck. She's 19, lives in Lafayette, California, plans to transfer from Diablo Valley College to Berkeley this winter and has been a Raiderette three years. "I didn't tell them I was only 16 when I tried out," she says. We'd never have guessed, either.

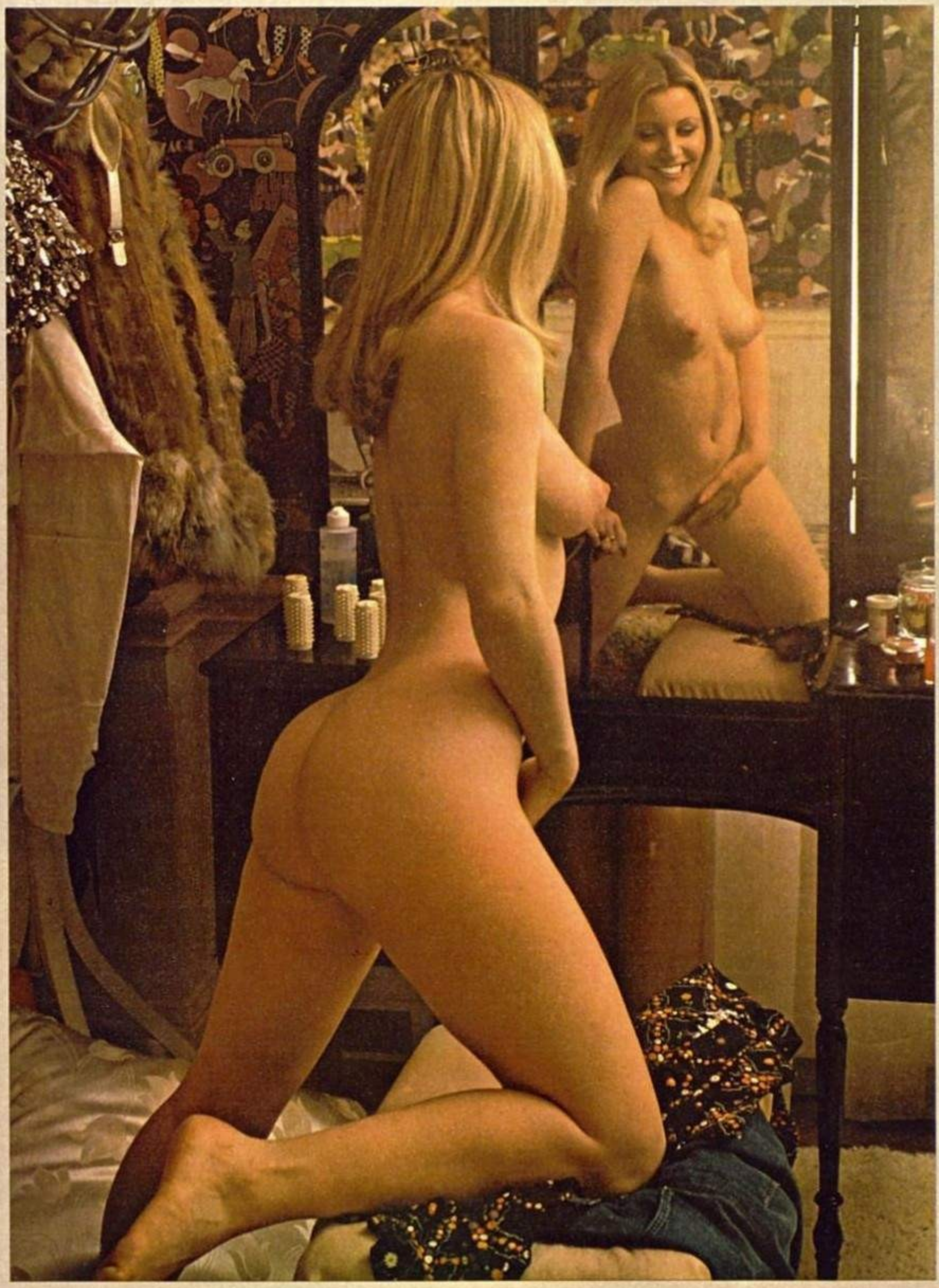
PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR







Jane's a pompon twirler for love of the game; Raiderettes are unpaid except for a costume allowance. As for the players, she admires them more on than off the gridiron: "Overall, they're on an ego trip. They expect a lot from a girl."



Because she's somewhat in the public eye—"and, I guess, because I'm friendly"—Jane is often approached by strange men (even PLAYBOY photographers). "I hate it when guys come on aggressive; I like them to really want to get to know me."

A PLACE TO AVOID

(continued from page 115)

was—he'd already sent a man to Grosseto for the necessary new part—but Bauer cut him short. "All right, all right," he said, his round, snub-nosed face flushed with exasperation. "We'll try to make up the time later. But what about those fellows?" he grumbled, indicating the laborers, men from the nearby village. "They're like statues. Are they afraid of a little sweat?"

"I'll have another talk with their *capo*," Giachetti said, but dispiritedly. He didn't think much could be done about the laborers. The young men had left the village for jobs in the cities. Those who remained were the middle-aged, the elderly and the infirm. One of the workers had lost a leg, perhaps during the war; he stumped about on a wooden peg. Another man, his face maimed by a terrible wound, was blind in one eye. Their leader, the *capo*, was in his 70s.

"If only I had a few tough Germans here to set the pace," Bauer said, kicking the dirt He scowled at the workers, who were regarding him impassively. "What's wrong with them?" he complained. "Maybe they don't understand that this project will mean a new life for their village. Those people won't have to work as peasants anymore. Once we train them, they'll have nice, light jobs as waiters and groundskeepers, with plenty of tips to put in their pockets. Tell them that, Giachetti," Bauer added, more energetically. "If they realize what they're working toward, then they'll give the job the best they've got."

But as he glanced at the workmen again and saw them still watching him, his face darkened resentfully. "What's wrong with them?" he muttered once more, but in his own Rhenish dialect, as though seeking comfort in that familiar accent from what so frustrated him in this foreign land.

Bauer lived in a camper-trailer parked just off the state highway near the beginning of the access road. It was snug and well equipped, with a tiny kitchen, where he cooked all his meals. For entertainment he had a radio and for companionship he had his police dog, Prinz, which he sometimes took with him on his jeep rides around the project.

At dusk the workmen trudged back to their village, a cluster of stone huts that topped an inland hill. The bulldozer operator and the mechanic drove by car to the town beyond. Giachetti, who also had a hotel room there, stopped by the trailer each evening before leaving to see if Bauer had any special instructions for the next day.

He found the German still fretting about the laborers. "Those peasants are capable of doing the work," Bauer said testily. "Why don't they do it, then? They're going slower all the time." The air was hot and damp; he sat sweating in his undershirt, absently scratching Prinz behind the ears. "It's not just laziness," he said. "It's more than that." The dog stirred, softly growling. Bauer cocked his head, listening. Across the darkening land, the evening breeze brought the distant syllables of the sea and a gentle sighing that might have been the wind in the grove of pines on the promontory.

Bauer glanced shrewdly at the younger man. "Tell me, Giachetti. What's bothering those peasants? Is it because of what's been happening to the bulldozer? The breakdowns?"

Giachetti hesitated. "Yes, I'm afraid so. They think it's a bad omen."

Bauer grunted in disgust. "Primitive nonsense," he muttered, mopping his brow.

"Yes, but they're primitive people. Whenever there is a poor harvest or an accident, they think it's the work of evil spirits, and now"—Giachetti shrugged his shoulders—"they've got the idea in their heads that the land itself is reacting against the project."

Bauer cursed under his breath. The mosquitoes were swarming in now. He had to get up and close the little window.

"One other thing," Giachetti said. "There's a legend of some sort connected with the woods—the pines on top of the promontory."

"Well?"

"They call it a place to avoid—*un luogo da evitare*. Something must have happened up there once. It could have been centuries ago. The people themselves may not know. These legends get distorted over the years and mixed up with other stories, and sometimes the original version is lost, so that all that's left is a vague feeling of aversion."

"Stupidity," Bauer grumbled. "Ignorance." He glowered across at Giachetti. "That's exactly the kind of thing I'm fighting against. There's nothing here but empty land . . . graves and shadows. What I intend to do is bring in a new world—the real world. Money and life and energy! Those peasants had better cooperate, Giachetti. I'll build this project with them or without them! But it's in their interest, too."

Giachetti was finding the trailer stuffy; he was aware of Bauer's odor and the rank smell of the dog. He thought of the reality of the new world Bauer proposed to build on that deserted shore—a playground for moneyed Germans, for whom the Italians would be servants. "The people here have little reason to trust outsiders," he said, more sharply than he had intended. "Their history isn't very reassuring on that point. They've had nothing from the outside but bloodshed and exploitation——" He broke off, reminded of his subordinate position. "Of course, I don't mean that you——"

"No, no. You've got a point," said Bauer, nodding. "These people have reasons for being suspicious, all right. They have long memories." He gave Giachetti a quick glance. "No, they don't forget easily," he said softly, staring down at his hands. Then, abruptly, he rose. "It's getting late, Giachetti, and you've got a drive ahead of you, so I'll say good night. See you tomorrow."

• • •

Bauer seemed balked no matter what he did. He ordered a second bulldozer and a grader but was told that the equipment would not be available for two weeks. He offered a bonus to the workmen, to be paid on completion of the job, but this seemed to make little difference. The work kept lagging; sometimes it seemed to Bauer that the road was growing positively shorter. One morning he took up a shovel himself to show the men how it ought to be done. For 20 minutes he worked furiously, drenched in sweat and dizzied by the sun, until the handle snapped in his hands. For several moments he remained stupidly grasping it, panting, the perspiration flooding down his face. Then he flung it away and stalked back to his trailer, where he dried himself and opened a bottle of beer.

By the time Giachetti stopped there at the end of the day, Bauer had drunk a lot. He wasn't tipsy, but his face was swollen and patchy and his eyes were bloodshot. "Listen, Giachetti," he said. "I know what the reason is. The real reason. Why they're sabotaging me." He leaned forward, squinting. "When we first went to the village to hire the men, I happened to tell a couple of them that I'd been here during the war. I was a fool to have done that."

"Oh, well," said Giachetti, "that doesn't mean anything now."

Bauer shook his head. "It's different here. You see, there was some trouble back then. The older people in the village must remember it like yesterday. But I had nothing to do with it. That's what I want you to tell them. They obviously identify me with it—being a German and an ex-soldier—and you've got to clear that up and explain it, see?"

Giachetti backed off a step to avoid Bauer's heavy breath. "What happened, exactly?" he asked, but unwillingly. He didn't want to hear Bauer's confidences.

"My regiment came through here in Forty-four," Bauer said. His voice was thick, but his little reddened eyes were keen. "We'd been fighting in the south and were being pulled back. We got a rest here, maybe ten days. We were the first German tourists," he added wryly. "Then we moved on north. Some other outfit came in, for coastal defense. They thought the enemy might try another landing, up here. Anyway, one night two of our men were going through the village on patrol—we'd heard there were partisans about—and they were shot. Murdered. Well, the villagers said they knew

(continued on page 162)

STOPOVER

a man can't do everything, but how much time had he wasted in transit lounges?

essay **By JOHN SKOW**

I AM SITTING ALONE in the airport at Athens, jangled with gin and mental fatigue, having a conversation with my grandfather. The subject is travel. Grandfather, who died in 1937, finds it praiseworthy that I have stirred my stumps to the extent of journeying all the way to Athens. Very enterprising, he thinks; it shows admirable breadth of spirit. He himself made several crossings of the Atlantic in the 1870s and 1880s, when crossing the Atlantic was no joke, but he never aspired to anything as adventurous as my voyage from the New World to the cradle of classical civilization.

Well, now, he says briskly, do I propose to visit the Acropolis first thing, and thus experience without delay the still awesome remnant of what remains even now the noblest flowering of our Western *(concluded on page 198)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID WILCOX

hell, yes—and
i enjoy a quiet
cigarette
afterward, too

do plants have orgasms?

humor **By RICHARD CURTIS** For some time, researchers have been amassing evidence that plants can think, feel and communicate with man. Recent books and magazine articles have suggested that trees, shrubs and flowers are capable of such feats as counting, responding to music or prayer, remembering, registering alarm or distress or hope or happiness and even reading minds. What most people don't know, however, is that some plants can pick their nose, eat with a fork, ride sidesaddle, yodel and even play a crude form of association football.

Such phenomena are commonly observed at the Kvidney Institute for Higher Learning, of which I have been acting director since the founder's death by self-abuse in 1973. Yet, astonishingly, they are only minor spin-offs of the research in plant sexuality conducted for the past decade in the institute's laboratories outside Mattoon, Pennsylvania.

Before I detail our work at the institute, it might be instructive for the reader to learn how I entered into communication with plants. A number of years ago, I was watering a crop of *Cannabis sativa* that had mysteriously sprung up on a 30-acre plot of my Virginia farm that had previously been devoted to *zucchini alla marinara*. Suddenly, I heard, "Psst. Hey, man." It was a feeble, droning voice tinged with desperation. I looked around but, seeing no one, shrugged and dismissed it as one of our moles, who frequently speak in tongues after nibbling Cannabis. I was about to return to my work when I heard it again. "Hey, man, down here. It's me, your plant." I examined the plants around me and spied one whose leaves were yellow and sere.

"My God!" I cried.

"You got any greenies?" he asked, nodding as if in a stupor. "I'm strung out, man; I mean, like, I am really *wasted*."

I realized that his pallor was a sure symptom of severe chlorophyll depletion and that his reference was not to amphetamines. Poor devil, this once-sturdy marijuana was but a roach of its former self. Acting quickly, I dropped two pieces of a brand-name chewing gum known to contain chlorophyll into his soil and sprinkled some water over it to help the gum stay moist. The transformation was remarkable. Within minutes the foliage became verdant, firm and glossy and the stem erect. The plant swayed gaily, though there wasn't so much as a zephyr about.

"Thank you, man," the plant said. "Whew! That was a bummer."

"You really can speak, then!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, sure. We just don't generally speak to humans. But I was in bad shape, you dig? Like, spaced out of my calyx."

"How did you get that way?"

"Potash, man. If I don't have a fix of potash at least once a day, my skin begins to crawl." Even as he said this, I noticed a number of aphides and mites dropping off his corymb. "You should see my roots, man," he continued. "They're about a mile long searching for the stuff."

I looked at him and swallowed hard, for I feared that in a matter of months this plant might turn up O.D.'d. But meanwhile, it was a golden opportunity.

"How would you like to teach me the secrets of plant behavior?" I asked.

He curled his staminode, which I have since learned is a plant's way of expressing uncertainty.

"Well, you did save my life, but I ain't gonna be good for nothin' unless I got my junk, you understand what I'm saying?" He glanced at a distant fertilizer shed and, of course, I grasped his meaning at once. I ran to the shed, opened a 50-pound sack of potash and took a cupful back to him. "All *right*!" he shouted, quivering with anticipation.

Thus began my initiation into the fantastic world that lies literally beneath our feet. For the next year, in every sort of weather, I trudged dutifully out to

DESIGNED BY TOM STAEBLER / PHOTOGRAPHED BY DON AZUMA

Marty (as he told me his name was) every morning, dropped a cupful of potash onto the ground around him and rapped with him until we both drooped from exhaustion.

Though we are coming to understand that plants experience pain in much the same way that people do, it is not well known that plants also have a sense of humor, and a rather keen one, at that. One of their favorite pastimes is telling jokes. Grape jokes are very popular among them and, in fact, almost any reference to fruits will send them into convulsions of laughter. For the same reason, pansies come in for a good deal of teasing.

The biggest butts of botanical jokes are cacti. Cacti are sort of the Poles of the plant kingdom. Here is a cactus joke currently making the rounds:

> This *Opuntia fulgida* was making love to his girlfriend when she moaned and said, "Oh, baby, kiss me where it smells." So he drove her to Gary, Indiana.

Many plants are mischievous and play pranks. Despite its name, the weeping willow is actually a very humorous fellow. It likes to penetrate home-plumbing systems with its roots and send them creeping along the pipes until they emerge inside toilet bowls, where they lurk in wait for unsuspecting girls visiting the john. I have actually seen this done a number of times and it never fails to crack me up.

Another fascinating if little-known fact about plants is that they generate tremendous amounts of electricity. What it could mean for the world if even a fraction of that energy were harnessed is food for endless speculation. One scientific investigator, noting that plants throw off huge electrical forces when they die, asserted that 500 green peas dropped into boiling water develop 500 volts, enough to electrocute a cook "but for the fact that peas are seldom connected in series."

To verify this contention, I removed the four C batteries, generating a total of six volts, from my N.F.L. Pro Football Game and substituted six freshly picked peas linked in series. I then lined up Atlanta against Houston, boiled a kettle of water and poured it over the peas. The results were astounding. Not only did the game function normally but the Oilers creamed the Falcons 61–17, holding them to just 13 yards' rushing the entire first half.

Marty was as interested in human behavior as I was in that of plants. I vividly recall his astonishment when I told him how people reproduce. "You gotta be pulling my roots," he said, and he remained a staunch skeptic till his dying day.

I was equally nonplused to discover that, contrary to our cherished agricultural practice, most plants do not like having manure spread on them. They are not, in other words, kakatropic. I'm afraid I learned this through a bitter experience. It happened that I went out to the Cannabis field one morning to find Marty in the throes of a desperate withdrawal fit. I rushed to the fertilizer shed, but, to my dismay, the entire supply of life-giving potash had been eaten by our billy goat, Randolph. But there was another source of nutrients near at hand. I raced to the pasture, scooped up a shovelful of cow dung and ran back with it to Marty. I shall never forget what happened next. The color drained out of him as if a valve had been opened, his leaves stood wildly on end and he began to shiver uncontrollably. Marty was freaking!

"Marty, what have I done?" I cried.

"You laid bad shit on me, man," he groaned, and with a last pathetic glance, he withered.

Not long afterward, my work with plants came to the attention of Dr. Sidney Kvidney, who immediately engaged me to work for him at a dollar a year plus all the fruit and vegetables I could eat. This last was a deceptive inducement. It is not easy to chew and swallow something with which, only hours before, you have been discussing Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s new novel or the pennant prospects of the Cleveland Indians.

Dr. Kvidney was a remarkable man. He had learned to commune with house plants by sitting in a large clay pot for weeks at a time, up to his shoulders in damp peat moss. Once, tragedy almost struck when his staff forgot to water him before the Labor Day weekend. They returned to find him badly wilted and covered with ladybugs. A quick-thinking colleague saved him by spraying him with a mixture of chlordane and Canadian Club, but he never quite regained complete use of his sphincter from that day on.

The work of the Kvidney Institute is divided into two fields of endeavor. The main thrust is sex activity in plants, but there is also quite a bit of minor thrusting among the staff after we knock off from work. One of our most important contributions to botany has been the reversal of a prudish tendency among biologists to refer to the sex organs of plants in Greek and Latin terms. Avoidance of proper nomenclature only obscures the fact that plants have essentially the same reproductive anatomy as humans. For centuries, a plant's vulva, uterus and ovaries have been designated as stigma, style and pistil, and male parts as filament, anther and stamen. At the institute, however, we always refer to female and male sex organs as snatch and whang, respectively.

To demonstrate how ridiculous it sounds to discuss plant sex in euphemisms, let us describe the floral sex act in Latin- and Greek-derived terms, from the preliminary, or "fucking around," phase to its climax. After softening up the female with his best line of jive, the male flower begins brushing the female's pulvini with his peduncles while caressing her pappus with his glumes. When she is sufficiently turned on, he inserts his catkin into her spadix and begins a slow, sensual turgor movement, faster and faster, until she cries out, "Oh, God!" and achieves epinasty. Of course, if she is estivating, it's best to resort to bracts and umbel.

The above describes a bisexual act, but it must be remembered that in the plant world, almost every sex relationship is a *ménage à trois*, for most plants are incapable of conceiving without the aid of pollinating agents such as birds, insects or the wind. This may be difficult for us to grasp, for very few human females use birds, insects or the wind, no matter how horny they are, though I do know one who slept with a literary agent and reported excellent results.

This raises the question: How do plants attract third parties to pollinate them? That depends. If it's the wind, a plant merely has to lie there with knees parted; but insects and birds require seductive wiles. One species of chrysanthemum, *Farshmayeter kop*, sports petals that look exactly like doggie-poo, thus attracting flies by the swarm. The carrion lily goes one step further and actually gives off an odor like that of rotting meat. Are these measures so radically different from our dressing attractively or using perfumes to attract members of the opposite sex? Certainly not. Indeed, there is a lady in my building who dresses like doggie-poo and smells like rotting meat, and she's never had any trouble attracting boyfriends.

Some people ask: Do plants have erogenous zones and, if so, where are they? People who ask these questions are the same sickies who visit playgrounds to watch little girls climbing up the slides. The answer to these questions, however, is yes, plants do have erogenous zones, the most sensitive being the strobile, the panicle and the hypogyny, the latter being extremely excitable. You touch a plant's hypogyny, you'll drive it right up the wall.

Besides touch, plants can be sexually stimulated by visual and olfactory stimuli. At the institute, we shpritz (to use the scientific term) cucumber blossoms with attar of roquefort dressing. Within moments, the plants break into a cold sweat, pant, bump and grind and caress their private parts suggestively. Another experiment demonstrates plant responses to visual excitants. At the lab, we attached electronic sensors to the leaves of a *Nymphaea odorata*. A technician then flashed a number of pictures in front of the plant, all of which were "neutral":

(concluded on page 196)

drink BY EMANUEL GREENBERG

BEFORE THE TURN of the century, before frozen orange juice and presliced bread, practically all Scotch was straight malt whisky. It was a handmade product—malted barley, slowly distilled in primitive pot stills to a rich, smoky resonance. Highlanders relished their "loud" whisky because it "went down singing hymns." Today's Scotch, however, is literally something else; a light, dry, muted spirit—obviously not the meaty mouthful of poem and legend. Nor is it a straight whisky. It is, in fact, a blend consisting of straight malt—the original usquebaugh—and grain whisky, another potation made in Scotland. Grain whisky is distilled at high proof, in modern column stills, primarily from corn and some barley, its virtue being that it is rather neutral—silent. When mixed with the loud malts, grains temper the frank, generous flavor and dilute the body, creating a lightness esteemed by consumers in 200 countries.

Malts are the soul of any blend, and without them there is no Scotch whisky. But nobody, least of all the shipper, will disclose the proportion of malt to grain in a blend, and the Government doesn't require that such information be shown on the label, as it is in American blends. Shippers have indicated privately that a few bulk brands (transported in barrels) have as little as 20 percent malt. Which would make the ultimate product pretty much a malt-flavored grain whisky—eminently palatable but certainly not the "ancient mysteri" of the Highlands. To know Scotch as it once was, you have to sample the unblended malt whiskies.

A single malt, logically, is the unmodified product of a single distillery. No other malts or grain whisky are mixed in. As with Bordeaux wines from different châteaux, singles have their distinctive character—each a bit different from the elixir distilled across the burn or over the glen. However, there are three major areas whose whiskies vary markedly in

flavor and aroma from one to another.

Most important are the Highland malts, accounting for roughly 90 percent of the total. They're produced north of an imaginary line drawn across the width of Scotland from Greenock in the west to Dundee in the east. The land is blessed with an abundance of barley, crystal-clear spring water and peat—these being the ingredients needed for fine Scotch malt. And the finished products are Scotland's spiritous jewels—medium-bodied, moderately peated, with a clean, fruity ambience that speaks of mountain air and heather. Their flavor may be penetrating, but it's never overpowering. With one or two exceptions, the familiar bottled malts are Highland bred—Glenlivet, Glenfiddich, Glen Grant, Glenfarclas, Macallan, Mortlach and Cardhu.

Their primary application is, of course, in blends, where they supply the background taste—the tenor notes. Malt distillers play this little game: They imply that their particular single is the top dressing in every premium blend but tend to be coy when it comes to names. However, The Glenlivet and Macallan people are not shy about claiming Chivas Regal; Glenfiddich acknowledges that it is used in the company's Grant's Standfast and deluxe Grant's Royal; and Cardhu almost certainly is a component of Johnnie Walker and Dewar's White Label.

If Highlands are the tenors of the blends, they're also the tenors of the malt chorus; and island malts, from Islay, Skye, Mull, Jura and the Orkneys, are the basses. As a group they're smoky, pungent, full-bodied and aggressively peated. Like the manzanilla sherries of Sanlúcar, island malts acquire a salty tang from the surrounding sea. They're invaluable as a foundation in blends but almost defy consumption as singles. Nevertheless, Laphroaig, an extremely assertive Islay malt, sells well in California. Hearing this, a crusty Scot expressed admiration for the stalwarts of the Golden State. "It takes a verra deterrmined laddie to get that stuff down."

Lowland malts, from the third major area, are relatively undistinguished. They hardly warrant bottling as singles, and seldom are. But they serve a function in blends as packing or filler. Campbeltown malts, from Kintyre in southwestern Scotland, are no longer significant. The place has just two working distilleries left, done in, perhaps, by today's quest for lightness.

There's a bit of Highland voodoo associated with the distillation of Scotch. Some companies protect their secret nervously, guarding plant doors and faithfully duplicating every bump and scrape in the equipment when replacement parts are needed. Others feel their dram is an accident of nature and invite tourists inside. Last year, a brigade of Japanese whisky moguls went through the Glenfiddich emporium, snapping thousands of photos. A visiting innocent suggested that there might be a Sayonara Scotch on the market one day. All hands within earshot fell down laughing at the idea. "Don't you see," one finally gasped, "they haven't got the water." In fact, there have been attempts to imitate Scotch whisky in other countries, including Nippon.

When you get past the malarkey and mysticism, distilling malt whisky is a simple operation, but the biology of it is fascinating. The basic raw ingredient is ripened barley, preferably Scottish. Each grain is an embryo plant, complete in itself. When conditions are right, in springtime the plant starts to sprout or germinate. In the process, enzymes are developed that convert the starch into sugar, food for the growing plant. It is this sugar that the distiller covets, so he simulates nature's warmth and moisture in his malt barn, "fooling the barley," which promptly germinates. Then, to prevent the plant from consuming its sugar, the malted barley is dried in kilns over peat fires, arresting growth. The acrid fumes permeate the barley, imparting the pungent, peaty aroma that is the dominating flavor in Scotch whisky.

Depth and character of flavor are controlled by length of peating. Islay distillers peat for three days, Highland only one. The damp weather and quality of Islay peat mean more drying time is required and Islay malts are prized for their redolence—in effect, making a virtue of necessity. Going a different route, some Highland brands mix coke with the peat, cannily muting the "peat reek."

After drying, the malted barley is rough-milled and mixed with hot water. Yeast, added to the "porritch," feeds on the sugar solution, creating alcohol as a by-product. This process is called fermentation. Finally, the alcoholic wash is distilled twice, in pot stills—essentially big copper kettles, very much like the alembics used for cognac. It is an ancient and, happily, inefficient method, which retains essential flavor elements that efficient, continuous stills eliminate.

Now comes the long wait, as the raw, water-white spirit matures into mellow whisky. Malts require long aging. Optimum time, according to one candid exporter, is "eight to ten years for palatability . . . 12 to 15 years for advertising." Beyond 15 years, malts take on a woody undertone unless they've been tenderly handled. There's a lot of talk about mellowing in old sherry casks. That may be edging into the realm of romance. Most sherry is shipped in tankers these days and used casks are hard to come by. But major producers manage at least a minimum of sherry-wood aging. To get some notion of what sherry casks do for malts, try this: Set up two wine-glasses: Dash some sweet sherry into one, swirl to coat sides of glass and discard the excess. Pour a shot of whisky into each glass, then sniff and taste to note the difference.

With the ascendance of blends, singles were becoming an endangered species, little known except to Scottish landed gentry and a tiny fraternity of buffs. But devotees of the flavorful and natural seem to be rediscovering the original Scotch. Connecting the interest in malts with growing sales of deluxe blends such as Chivas and Johnnie Walker Black, distillers declared a trend and increased their malt bottlings. Sales are still minuscule compared with blend consumption, due in part to a short supply. Glenfiddich, number-one brand in the U. S. as well as in the U. K., and the prestigious Glenlivet have gone into the spirit market to buy back their own booze, at roughly six times the former selling price. Both are now laying down a much greater share of current production for future bottling as singles.

Malt whiskies may not be for everyone's palate. Ian Coombs, chairman of Long John International, feels the vast majority of people isn't ready for them. "I don't think we should go out of our way to pour malts down [consumers'] throats too quickly." Nevertheless, if you're any kind of whisky connoisseur, you'll want to explore malts, the distiller's dram. Ice is *verboten*, that's like using a champagne swizzle on vintage bubbly. Nor is there any percentage in just knocking it back. Good form calls for a splash of water—about half as much aqua as whisky—to liberate the nose. Several importers are urging single malts in a snifter, as an after-dinner alternative to cognac.

Form notwithstanding, single malts are an addition in certain mixed drinks—cold milk punches and hot toddies, for example. Fishermen often pack a Thermos of Gaelic coffee in the tackle box—hot black coffee, cream, sugar, plus a hefty jolt of malt whisky. A new drink, actually a switch on the rusty nail, takes two parts malt whisky to one of oloroso sherry. Call it a Spanish nail.

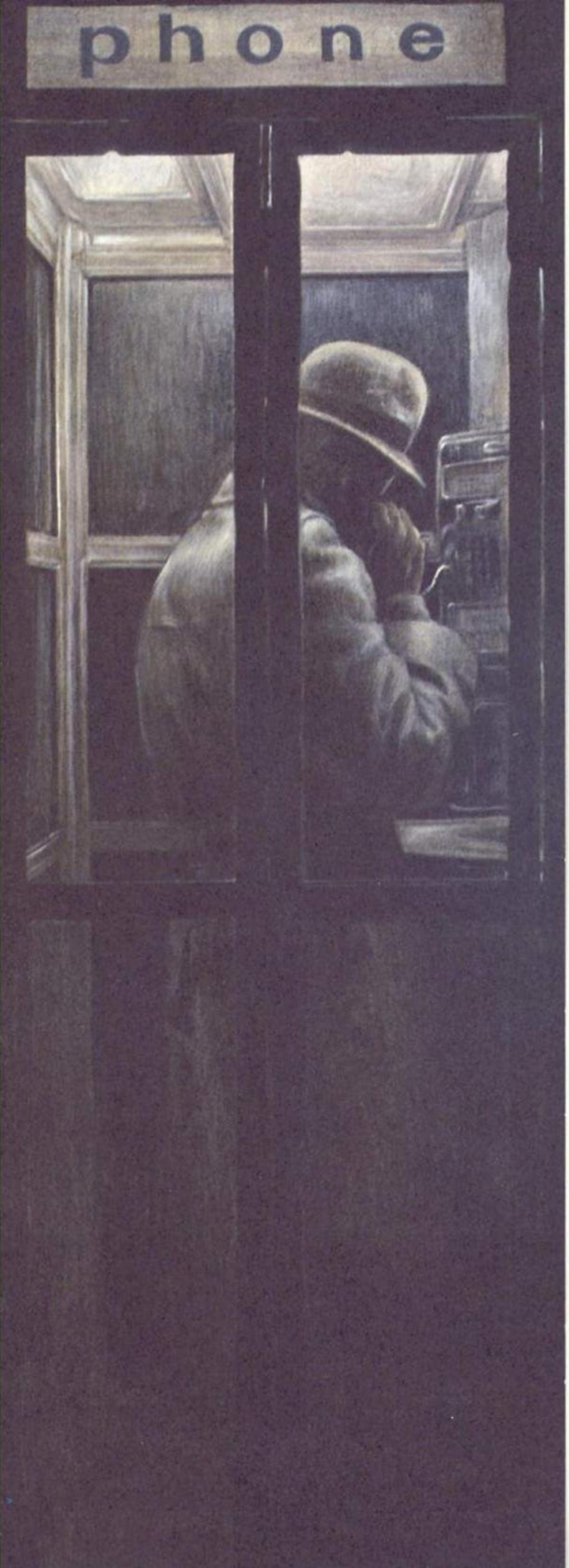
The latest caper among trendies is a malt nosing. It will never replace the cocktail party, but it is a nice change of pace. You set out three or four single malts and perhaps one blend, as a foil. Tasters study the subtle or obvious distinctions among the various offerings. You'll want as much diversity of flavor as possible. Peter Dominic's 12-bottle sampler pack of large miniatures is ideal for a tasting. Alas, Peter Dominic's wine-and-spirit shops are based in London. The sampler is something to bring back, though, next time you're there.

Taste perceptions are subjective, but the brief descriptions of the following malt-whisky brands may help you zero in on the malt of your choice.

The Glenlivet: 12 years, 86 proof:

The first legally licensed distillery in

(concluded on page 204)



when rosemary agreed to trap the phone freak, little did she guess the incredible outcome

DON'T CALL ME, I'LL CALL YOU

fiction **BY JOHN COLLIER**

"ROSEBAY 102? Miss Rosemary Underwood? Lieutenant Mackintosh calling. Stratton Police Headquarters."

Rosemary was always careful and efficient in parking her car. If she had had a dog, the dog would never have been permitted to foul the sidewalk. Indeed, that non-existent animal would never have permitted *himself* to foul the sidewalk. There was an aura of healthy wholesomeness about this rosy, personable lady that effectively discouraged any sort of fouling, on any level. Which goes, my dear reader, for you, on yours.

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"Ask not what you can do for *me*, Miss Underwood. It's what you can do for the whole community."

Rosemary was the village librarian. She loved her job and she loved her village. "For the community? Certainly. Whatever I can."

"You'll have to be a very plucky lady."

"I don't know about that, Lieutenant. I suppose I can try."

"It's about these phone calls."

"Would you mind speaking up a little? I'm afraid we've got a bad line."

"Obscene phone calls, Miss Underwood. This character's been making them in all the four villages. *He's* got a bad line, all right."

"Not here in Rosebay, surely?"

"Different village each week. First Idell."

"Idell? Oh, dear! I hope Mrs. Ferguson wasn't bothered. Her husband's away so often."

"It's only the single ladies. Then calls in Morton's Pond. Then Padwick. And now he's in your neck of the woods. Complaint every night since Monday."

"How really unpleasant! All the same, Lieutenant, I hardly see where *I* fit in."

"You're in already, miss. *(continued on page 160)*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KINUKO CRAFT

flavor and aroma from one to another.

Most important are the Highland malts, accounting for roughly 90 percent of the total. They're produced north of an imaginary line drawn across the width of Scotland from Greenock in the west to Dundee in the east. The land is blessed with an abundance of barley, crystal-clear spring water and peat—these being the ingredients needed for fine Scotch malt. And the finished products are Scotland's spiritous jewels—medium-bodied, moderately peated, with a clean, fruity ambience that speaks of mountain air and heather. Their flavor may be penetrating, but it's never overpowering. With one or two exceptions, the familiar bottled malts are Highland bred—Glenlivet, Glenfiddich, Glen Grant, Glenfarclas, Macallan, Mortlach and Cardhu.

Their primary application is, of course, in blends, where they supply the background taste—the tenor notes. Malt distillers play this little game: They imply that their particular single is the top dressing in every premium blend but tend to be coy when it comes to names. However, The Glenlivet and Macallan people are not shy about claiming Chivas Regal; Glenfiddich acknowledges that it is used in the company's Grant's Standfast and deluxe Grant's Royal; and Cardhu almost certainly is a component of Johnnie Walker and Dewar's White Label.

If Highlands are the tenors of the blends, they're also the tenors of the malt chorus; and island malts, from Islay, Skye, Mull, Jura and the Orkneys, are the basses. As a group they're smoky, pungent, full-bodied and aggressively peated. Like the manzanilla sherries of Sanlúcar, island malts acquire a salty tang from the surrounding sea. They're invaluable as a foundation in blends but almost defy consumption as singles. Nevertheless, Laphroaig, an extremely assertive Islay malt, sells well in California. Hearing this, a crusty Scot expressed admiration for the stalwarts of the Golden State. "It takes a verra deterrmined laddie to get that stuff down."

Lowland malts, from the third major area, are relatively undistinguished. They hardly warrant bottling as singles, and seldom are. But they serve a function in blends as packing or filler. Campbeltown malts, from Kintyre in southwestern Scotland, are no longer significant. The place has just two working distilleries left, done in, perhaps, by today's quest for lightness.

There's a bit of Highland voodoo associated with the distillation of Scotch. Some companies protect their secret nervously, guarding plant doors and faithfully duplicating every bump and scrape in the equipment when replacement parts are needed. Others feel their dram is an accident of nature and invite tourists inside. Last year, a brigade of Japanese whisky moguls went through the Glenfiddich emporium, snapping

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"You're in already, miss. *(continued on page 160)*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KINUKO CRAFT

YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, BUSTER

being an inquiry concerning men, wherein we discover that the game remains the same, but most of the rules have changed

ONCE, IT WAS SIMPLE—if not easy—to be a man in America. The rules were few and clear: Real men didn't wear hair to their shoulders; they didn't wear fruity clothes; they loved their wives, but . . . oh, you kid!; they wouldn't be caught dead washing dishes; they didn't back down from fights; and they never, never cried.

And back then, if you were a little slow, or feeling temporarily unsure of your role, you could model yourself on any one of many ideal media males, men whose radiance and sexuality had won them public esteem, great wealth and the mass adulation of women. You could try to do it the way Bogart would . . . or Clark Gable or John Wayne. But what do we have today? Who is today's Gable or Bogart? Mark Spitz? Only until he opened his mouth. Mick Jagger? Certainly a man among men, but how would *you* look doing the fox trot with David Bowie? Paul Newman? Sure, but it's been all downhill since *The Hustler*. Brando? Are we ready for our last tango? Muhammad Ali? If only he hadn't lost. Joe Namath? Too dissipated. Dustin Hoffman? Too short. Richard Benjamin? Too skinny. Robert Redford? OK, Robert Redford. That's one. . . .

And precisely at this moment, when we could all use someone to lean on, we find ourselves at a watershed in the history of human sexuality. The electronic and print media have allowed women to communicate with one another as never before, and out of this communication has come a sort of collective mind, a women's consciousness that is demanding from men what amount to psychic reparations—payment, we are told, for abuses dating back to the first cave man who ever beat on his old lady with a club. This generation of males, which is in reality as unchauvinistic as any in memory, is being informed—not in the most even-tempered manner, either—that it has to pick up the tab for the entire trans-historical soiree. And afterward, we can wash the dishes. Women have upped the ante. And some men are taking this sudden inflation of human sexual relationships rather hard. Whatever happened, they pine, to the good old days of find 'em, feel 'em, fuck 'em and forget 'em?

But the stakes have been periodically raised before; it's an evolutionary force that keeps the game interesting. Just when we think we've mastered it, we find that we're required to venture more in order to play. The whole concept of romantic love came out of such an upping of the ante. Before 900 years ago, there was no such thing. If you were a nobleman, your idea of relating to a woman was positively medieval: e.g., *droit du seigneur*; i.e., the lord's God-given right to deflower the bride of any vassal on her wedding night. But suddenly you discovered that all the women worth shaking your lance at were up in towers wearing pointed hats, singing *Green Sleeves*—and refusing to let their hair down unless you killed the dragon. And you'd never even *seen* a dragon before!

So you shrugged, mounted your steed and went and found a dragon, slew it good, and then, just to be on the safe side, made up a poem about how foxy was your lady fair and recited it to her to the accompaniment of a lute. Only then did she let down her golden tresses for you to climb and, at last, spend the night with her inventing romantic love.

A new dragon has appeared to test our chivalry. The 1974 model isn't green and scaly, but it breathes rhetorical fire and is capable of swallowing a nobleman whole. It is the embodiment of collective feminist consciousness barring the path to the fox in the tower. There's no use wishing it would roll over and play dead, 'cause it won't.

It is time for men to go up against the dragon, to seize the initiative from women. The age of male chauvinism versus militant feminism is over. The age of postfeminist, post–Bobby Riggs psychosexual tennis is here. The ball, gentlemen, is in our court; and our strokes begin overleaf. Join us afterward, ladies, for brandy and cigars.

GET LOST, CREEP! THERE'S A NEW MAN ON THE BEACH AND YOUR MACHO BULLSHIT DOESN'T CUT IT ANYMORE!

THAT MAN IS THE BIGGEST NUISANCE ON THE BEACH! WHY CAN'T HE LEARN THAT REAL MEN TODAY ARE GENTLE AND SENSITIVE AND...

THIS IS GETTING A LITTLE WEIRD...

HER

STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS, NO SHOVING. FOR NOT ONE THIN ADDITIONAL TENTH OF A DOLLAR, OF MALE FLESH EVER ASSEMBLED CAN YOU FIND THE 17 GUYS YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO BE? COULD WE HAVE ELDRIDGE CLEAVER WITHOUT JOHN DYLAN WITHOUT HOLDEN CAULFIELD? BUT

COLLAGE BY

OES

AND YOU GOT THERE FROM HERE

PLEASE. GO 'WAY, GIRL, YOU BOTHER ME.

WE GIVE YOU THE GREATEST EXTRAVAGANZA

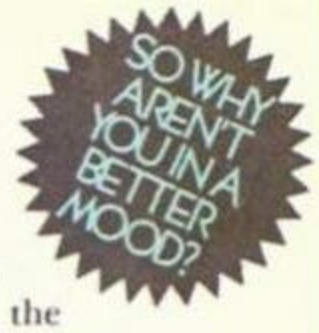
UNDER A SINGLE BIG TOP.

CAN YOU FIND THE 17 GUYS THEY ALWAYS WANTED TO BE?

WAYNE? BRANDO WITHOUT BOGART AND HUCK FINN?

WHO INVITED JUDY GARLAND? SEE PAGE 210.

ALFRED ZELCER



By RICHARD WOODLEY

The human male's first physiologic response to effective sexual stimulation is penile erection.

—MASTERS AND JOHNSON

SO LET US BEGIN with the erection. It is no wonder that men are hostile these days. We have come to a crucial and disturbing time in our evolution. Hallowed definitions of masculinity are being challenged, traditional sexual roles are becoming blurred. It is a time when to assert old-fashioned male characteristics of dominance, power, stoicism, bravery, independence, aggression, competition and toughness is to be derided as a misfit by the enlightened elite.

But erection of the penis—that is, the extension of one's member from its average three-inch length at rest to about six inches at arms, whatever causes it, whatever employment ensues—is unassailably male. Tumescence of the organ is a scientific physical fact, a matter of opening and closing gates in the tissues, a natural event that needn't be learned. You can see it, you can touch it, you can even photograph it. Virtually every man in the world experiences it, while both awake and asleep, from the time he is born until he is an ancient (Masters and Johnson got it up in an 89-year-old man).

However we may play our sociosexual games, however we may arrange our poses and plumage, however we derive our frustrations and satisfactions, everything can be faked but an erection. It is the one solid fact of masculinity. Scientists may disagree on innate qualities, feminists may demand equalities, men may debate equities, but walk into a room with a hard-on and your case is made: Nobody but a man can do it.

While at times it can be an acute bother (such as when you rise from a restaurant table with the crotch of your pants in triangle), when it occurs at desired moments, it is a source of deepest pride and pleasure.

Conversely, to fail at erection is an unmitigated male disaster. Everything hangs on an erection. Inability to produce it is the worst thing that can happen to a man, short of farting in church, and from such debility may spring a host of demons that seize a man in paranoia and depression frightful enough to destroy him. Except at times of proper performance, the cock is an unimposing pecker, a flaccid gargoyle that interferes with jogging. It is an object of ridicule that we hide behind the aliases of peter and dick. "If I were a man," said a woman privy to my privates, "I wouldn't want that soft thing hanging down there." Any beauty associated with that beast asleep has been in suggestive packaging—such as the exaggerated codpieces of Elizabethan times or the tight crotches of queens that blatantly divert the branch into right or left dress (yes, the queens advertise the male organ more than do the straights, a bit of cheeky irony that asserts their birthright).

The only thing an erection is for is sex. And sex, as Arno Karlen wrote in *Sexuality and Homosexuality*, "is the touchstone by which we define and judge ourselves." You can have sex without erections and erections, God knows, without sex. But an erection is the only sure indicator that a man is ready to perform.

All else about erections is irony. Orgasms are the goal of erections, their *raison d'être*. Yet the orgasm is the death of an erection—to use it is to lose it, as they say. Women don't need our erections. James McCary wrote in *Human Sexuality*, "Lesbians . . . are more likely to reach orgasm than heterosexual women are, and are twice as likely to be multiorgasmic on each sexual occasion as the latter. This finding confirms the conclusions of Masters and Johnson that orgasm, multiple orgasm, and greater intensity of response in a woman are all more likely through masturbation or digital manipulation than through sexual intercourse."

Not only that, for a how-de-do, but even if the parties accede to the traditional form, the male and female orgasms are at cross-purposes. To attain the masculine state of grace accruing to the act of giving a woman orgasms, a man must refrain from having his. The longer a man can keep it up—that is, postpone his own orgasm—the more he can deliver to the woman. It may seem a cruel hoax: As our culture would have it, the best lays among women are those who come and come; the best studs are those who don't. In that regard, a Turkish naval officer named Mehmet, a man of obviously iron discipline, has a reputation for studdery unmatched in my notes. His gig is not to come at all. His price for such an unselfish evening is to spend several succeeding hours in stiff-legged waddling pain we call blue balls. "It is a matter of pride with me," he said in his exotic inflections while unable to bend over to untie his shoes.

As Masters and Johnson have said, "Cultural demand has played a strange trick on the two sexes. Fears of performance in the female have been directed toward orgasmic attainment, while in the male the fears of performance have related toward the attainment and maintenance of penile erection."

So those two probers proclaim the primacy of the erection. Erections are the chief ballistic missiles in our offense, the Maginot lines of our defense. Erections, like pride, are associated with aggression (compared with the passive maw of the cunt). Vikings, it is said, went into battle with their penile heads held high. It was a sign of fearlessness.

For the greatest threat to an erection is fear. Fear and erections are as compatible as fire and water.

The postulate is this: What men are most afraid of these days is what state their masculinity is in. Though erections are physical, manhood, for which they stand, is a state of mind, "the continuing battle of one's life," as Norman Mailer says, the surmounting of an endless series of challenges that together comprise the goal. And if the goal, like sainthood, has always been impossible to achieve, it has been for the same reason a lifetime cause. Now the cause, the pursuit of which allowed us to develop an ego by which we could stand tall, is in disrepute.

While it has never been a picnic to be a man under the best of circumstances, today we are engulfed by a storm of *anomie* that makes it, at best, worse.

Men and women dress alike and have long hair; male cosmetics are a multi-million-dollar business rivaling the female lines; men sit before their TVs and roll up their *(continued on page 212)*

as mrs. freud finally said to her husband: "what does a man want?"

WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY AND HE IS US

MAYBE THIS IS WHY

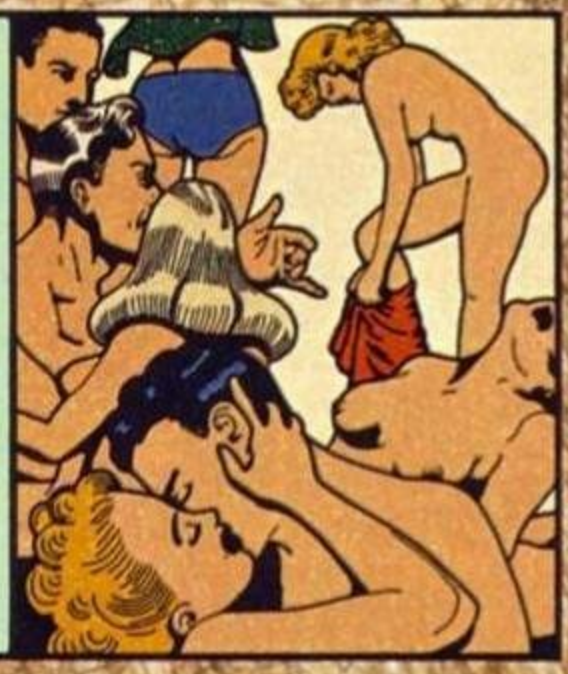
a quiz to tell where you rank: from flat-out piggery to militant feminism

JUST WHICH KIND OF MAN ARE YOU?

1. A. This man knows women are frail vessels; he holds the door open because she's too weak to do it.
   B. They're headed for his pad; after a quick bang, he'll send her out to do his laundry.
   C. This recently liberated man opens the door, remembers the oppression of women, starts to let it go—and freezes in indecision. The woman loses patience and goes out the back exit.

2. A. The man and the woman were washed ashore on a romantic beach and spent the night making the earth move.
   B. The guy scored with this broad; she's thinking about a wedding, he's wondering if her sister'll put out.
   C. The woman scored with this guy; he's afraid she won't respect him anymore.
   D. The man just ate the woman's bikini underpants.

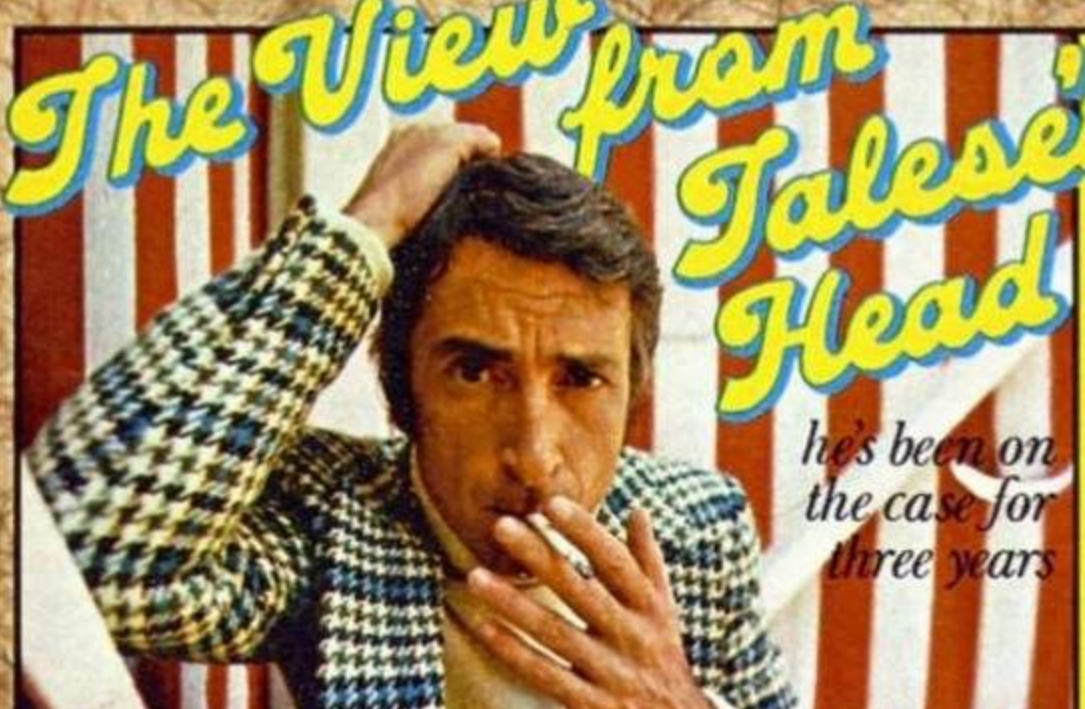
3. This is:
   A. a women's consciousness-raising group that's been invaded by loutish men with only one thing on their minds.
   B. a family picnic in Darien.
   C. some of the boys who've gotten together to have a few brews and watch the Vikings stomp the Cowboys.
   D. a map of downtown Berlin.



4. These are:
   A. hopelessly oppressed by men
   B. mammary glands for nourishing infants
   C. mammary glands for nourishing the entire 101st Airborne
   D. not my fault; I never saw them before
   E. a dynamite set of charlies

5. You and your girlfriend are at an elegant New York restaurant with a tremendously chic crowd. A handsome man at a nearby table first throws a roll at your girlfriend, then follows it up with a provocative note. How do you react?
   A. ignore him and make some devastating remark about his lack of breeding
   B. punch him out
   C. suggest to your girlfriend that she punch him out
   D. suggest to him that you both go over to the baths, find a nice steam room and settle this like men
   E. to hell with New York—move to Peoria

6. What I most need in a relationship with a woman is:
   A. kindness and understanding
   B. help in raising my consciousness
   C. big tits
   D. kindness, understanding & occasional blow job
7. The vagina is:
   A. Eros' golden bower
   B. actually very tasty, no matter what anyone says
   C. a little girl who needs to be reassured there is a Santa Claus
   D. a pervert's term for cunt (continued on page 240)



Since 1971, Gay Talese has been seen in nudist communes, marriage clinics, singles bars and just about everywhere else, talking to people for his next book, "Sex in America," scheduled for completion sometime next year.

PLAYBOY: Would you take a guess at how many men you've talked to in the course of researching the book?

TALESE: Hundreds, perhaps thousands so far. They would include men living in small towns, urban co-ops, nudist communes with wives or lovers; dozens of men waiting in massage parlors; and dozens of men, too, on airplanes and late at night in motel bars.

PLAYBOY: How are they doing?

TALESE: A lot of them are very lonely, especially the men

gad, it's an erection! there goes the neighborhood

IMPOTENCE CHIC

By CRAIG KARPEL

I USED TO CALL HIM Ronnie the Walking Erection. He's a 24-year-old disc jockey and he lives in Coconut Grove, Florida, and every time I went over to his house, when the bedroom door finally opened, there would be a different naked female sprawled on his water bed, dazed from the onslaught of his awesome *Bratwurst*—while he was in the bathroom shaving for his next heavy date of the evening. Ronnie actually bears a striking resemblance to an erect penis, his compact, muscular body the turgid shaft, his flushed face the engorged glans. When he opens his mouth, you half expect him to spurt all over you. So imagine my surprise when my man leaned across the table in Wolfie's Celebrity Corner, looked to the left, looked to the right and asked me in a confidential tone if I thought he was impotent.

For the first time in his life, Ronnie had fallen in love, with a model a few years older than he who had lost her husband in a tragic accident. The night before, they had gone to bed for the first time and his hunk of love refused to burn. I'd seen this penetrably *(continued on page 206)*

on the road. You see them sitting around after dinner in the bar of a Marriott Hotel in a small city where the cocktail waitress is the only symbol of sex around the place.

PLAYBOY: Do you find them hard to talk to?

TALESE: No, in part because the work that I do makes me one of them—makes me a man on the road, too. And also because men are more open and revealing than they might have been 10 or 15 years ago. Psychoanalysis; self-confession; marriage-therapy clinics, which are to be found all over the country; massage parlors—all represent an admission of need. Going off the sidewalk and up two flights of stairs to a massage parlor is clearly a matter of acknowledging the need for communication, the need to be touched. And these needs have been tremendously publicized in the media, so the man does not feel that his problems are unique or shameful.

PLAYBOY: Are there types of men, by age or by class, who are particularly unwilling to open up?

TALESE: Well, for example, the blue-collar worker, whether he's rural or urban, is much concerned with his ego and does not want to admit frailty in any way. His attempt at vulgarity—the whole *macho* pose—does not belie the fact that he is often pretty unsure of himself sexually. He goes to skin flicks and sometimes to massage parlors but is not liberated in the sense that he'd want oral sex with his wife—but that is changing somewhat. The skin flicks that he does see show oral sex regularly, and even though he *(continued on page 234)*

seven places where
men are men and women better be ladies

Hanging Tough

IN A FAIRLY COMMON American scene, men, perhaps with their small sons along for the thrills, sit in bleachers by the lake or the river or the airfield just outside town, waiting a little impatiently for the show to begin. It is midsummer; the day is miserably hot and the vendor's hot dogs sit on the stomach like a load of wet clay. The kids are getting restless. Heads ache with boredom and the heat. Then the loud-speaker comes to life and heads turn, eyes strain to catch the first glimpse of the planes.

They come by so fast that even the awesome statistics published about them in the program haven't really prepared the audience. Because their planes burn fuel so ferociously, The Blue Angels can perform for only a few minutes. But in that time, they put on a show that has young boys marveling and leaves their fathers with mingled feelings of regard and regret. Some of the men are almost certainly thinking: *If it just hadn't been for the bad eyes. . . . If I'd been a little better at math. . . . If I hadn't screwed up and gotten her pregnant. . . .* (perhaps even) *If I could've just gotten the hang of formation flying.* All of them try not to think: *If I'd only had more guts.*

At home that night, some man who watched the show is thinking of lost chances, rerunning that final maneuver in his mind: the improbably big machines climbing almost straight up, a fleur-de-lis of Skyhawks trailing white smoke. He quietly asks his wife to get him a beer.

Yes, my lord and master, she tells him sourly. Or: Get your own goddamned beer.

Probably he gets his own goddamned beer. The Blue Angels, he imagines, aren't putting up with that kind of shit. They are no doubt sitting in some dark air-conditioned bar having a few and enjoying the attention of really appreciative women. Lesser men, their mechanics, are getting the planes ready for the next show. (Knights should have their livery; that's only right, he thinks.) It is a slow corrosive evening in our dreamer's soul. If he ever played football, went through basic training, took an overnight hunting trip, he remembers it better than it was and the biggest part of what he remembers is that there were only men. Camaraderie, buddies, grab ass, death and danger. Right now, he'd like as much as anything to do something dangerous, survive it and retell it to his companions around a table that night.

The way the world has gone, there are precious few chances left for him even if he's young enough to take advantage of them. Women's lib took root in fecund soil: There aren't many things that men do nowadays that women can't do with equal competence. Nobody cared much about equal opportunities for clearing the wilderness or taming the West or putting the boot to the Nazis.

That's all changed. And like every other change, it came at a cost. Something had to be left to wither or be amputated—depends on how big of a hurry you are in. The academics call it male bonding and make it sound like some quaint unfinished evolutionary business like the appendix or wisdom teeth. The women are a little more contemptuous. There are even a lot of men who see the whole thing as kind of silly and juvenile at worst and arch at best. Burt Reynolds as a barely tolerable throwback in *Deliverance*.

There's hope, though. Out across the land (but you've got to know where to look if you're going to find them), there are men who say "Screw 'em" or who just don't pay the whole thing any attention at all. Like the last renegade Confederates who wouldn't quit, even in a lost cause, and instead went to Mexico or Brazil to re-create plantation society or stayed in the Southwest and fought on as bandits, they are stalwarts, holdouts. If you look close enough, you can see virtue in their stubbornness. One of them or one of their ancestors first murmured the fighting words: "Fuck him! He can kill me, but he can't eat me." Well, there are still some men whose only business, it seems, is to remind other men of how it can be—or how it once was. Let us now praise *macho* men. May their tribe increase, even though we all know it won't. Read about 'em and weep.

• • •

NASCAR drivers—and fans—take their racing straight. It started on old dirt tracks and was pretty much a way of finding out which hillbilly in the county drove the fastest car without tying up the public roads for an hour or two. And before that, it was a contest to see who could most often outrun Federal agents, they driving with the advantage of headlights, sirens and the full sanction of the law, while you handicapped yourself with 150 gallons of Daddy's very best squeezin's that had been aging since last weekend. There were nights not so very many years ago when the roads back in the North Carolina hills festered with cars whose business it was either to get the whiskey through or to stop it. Compared with that, sailing around an oval "superspeedway" drafting the fellow you got drunk with last night is almost easy. Junior Johnson, one of the best ever on the old dirt tracks, did a little time in the Federal slam at Chillicothe for moonshining, but they didn't catch him out on the road, so it wasn't anything for him to be ashamed of and he doesn't hold any grudges. These days he builds cars for Cale Yarborough, who stays pretty close to Richard Petty most races. Junior also sells some of the best pieces from his fried-chicken franchise out in the infield during a race.

Not many of the boys run any corn these days, because with the money there is in racing, they don't have to. But they're not exactly putting on any airs, either. They don't take racing seriously the way those old boys over in Europe who put Count in front of their names do. It's hard even to imagine Daryl Dieringer talking about his fear of death or about what secret and shameful thing it is that makes him go out and risk life and *(continued on page 232)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT

...BUT SOMETIMES
YOU WOMEN ARE
A PAIN IN THE ASS!

"The trouble was I was hot and he was in heat."

THE VARGAS GIRL

some thoughts on the science of onanism

By MARK TWAIN

Ribald Classic

One evening in Paris in 1879, The Stomach Club, a society of American writers and artists, gathered to drink well, to eat a good dinner and to hear an address by Mark Twain. He was among friends and, according to the custom of the club, he delivered a humorous talk on a subject hardly ever mentioned in public in that day and age. After the meeting, he preserved the manuscript among his papers. It was finally printed in a pamphlet limited to 50 copies 64 years later.

MY GIFTED PREDECESSOR has warned you against the "social evil—adultery." In his able paper he exhausted that subject; he left absolutely nothing more to be said on it. But I will continue his good work in the cause of morality by cautioning you against that species of recreation called self-abuse to which I perceive you are much addicted. All great writers on health and morals, both ancient and modern, have struggled with this stately subject; this shows its dignity and importance. Some of these writers have taken one side, some the other.

Homer, in the second book of the *Iliad*, says with fine enthusiasm, "Give me masturbation or give me death." Caesar, in his *Commentaries*, says, "To the lonely it is company; to the forsaken it is a friend; to the aged and to the impotent it is a benefactor. They that are penniless are yet rich, in that they still have this majestic diversion." In another place, this experienced observer has said, "There are times when I prefer it to sodomy."

Robinson Crusoe says, "I cannot describe what I owe to this gentle art." Queen Elizabeth said, "It is the bulwark of Virginity." Cetewayo, the Zulu hero, remarked, "A jerk in the hand is worth two in the bush." The immortal Franklin has said, "Masturbation is the mother of invention." He also said, "Masturbation is the best policy."

Michelangelo and all the other old masters—"old masters," I will remark, is an abbreviation, a contraction—have used similar language. Michelangelo said to Pope Julius II, "Self-negation is noble, self-culture beneficent, self-possession is manly, but to the truly great and inspiring soul they are poor and tame compared with self-abuse." Mr. Brown, here, in one of his latest and most graceful poems, refers to it in an eloquent line which is destined to live to the end of time—"None know it but to love it; none name it but to praise."

Such are the utterances of the most illustrious of the masters of this renowned science, and apologists for it. The name of those who decry it and oppose it is legion; they have made strong arguments and uttered bitter speeches against it—but there is not room to repeat them here in much detail. Brigham Young, an expert of incontestable authority, said, "As compared with the other thing, it is the difference between the lightning bug and the lightning." Solomon said, "There is nothing to recommend it but its cheapness." Galen said, "It is shameful to degrade to such bestial uses that grand limb, that formidable member, which we votaries of Science dub the Major Maxillary—when they dub it at all—which is seldom. It would be better to amputate the *os frontis* than to put it to such use."

The great statistician Smith, in his report to Parliament, says, "In my opinion, more children have been wasted in this way than in any other." It cannot be denied that the high antiquity of this art entitles it to our respect: but at the same time, I think its harmfulness demands our condemnation. Mr. Darwin was grieved to feel obliged to give up his theory that the monkey was the connecting link between man and the lower animals. I think he was too hasty. The monkey is the only animal, except man, that practices this science; hence, he is our brother; there is a bond of sympathy and relationship between us. Give this ingenuous animal an audience of the proper kind and he will straightway put aside his other affairs and take a whet; and you will see by his contortions and his ecstatic expression that he takes an intelligent and human interest in his performance.

The signs of excessive indulgence in this destructive pastime are easily detectable. They are these: a disposition to eat, to drink, to smoke, to meet together convivially, to laugh, to joke and tell indelicate stories—and mainly, a yearning to paint pictures. The results of the habit are: loss of memory, loss of virility, loss of cheerfulness and loss of progeny.

Of all the various kinds of sexual intercourse, this has least to recommend it. As an amusement, it is too fleeting; as an occupation, it is too wearing; as a public exhibition, there is no money in it. It is unsuited to the drawing room, and in the most cultured society it has long since been banished from the social board. It has at last, in our day of progress and improvement, been degraded to brotherhood with flatulence. Among the best bred, these two arts are now indulged in only in private—though by consent of the whole company, when only males are present, it is still permissible, in good society, to remove the embargo on the fundamental sigh.

My illustrious predecessor has taught you that all forms of the "social evil" are bad. I would teach you that some of these forms are more to be avoided than others. So, in concluding, I say, "If you *must* gamble away your lives sexually, don't play a lone hand too much." When you feel a revolutionary uprising in your system, get your Vendôme Column down some other way—don't jerk it down.

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

SAFETY FAST

sleek, sexy and overprotective, the bricklin is trying to gull-wing its way into america's heart

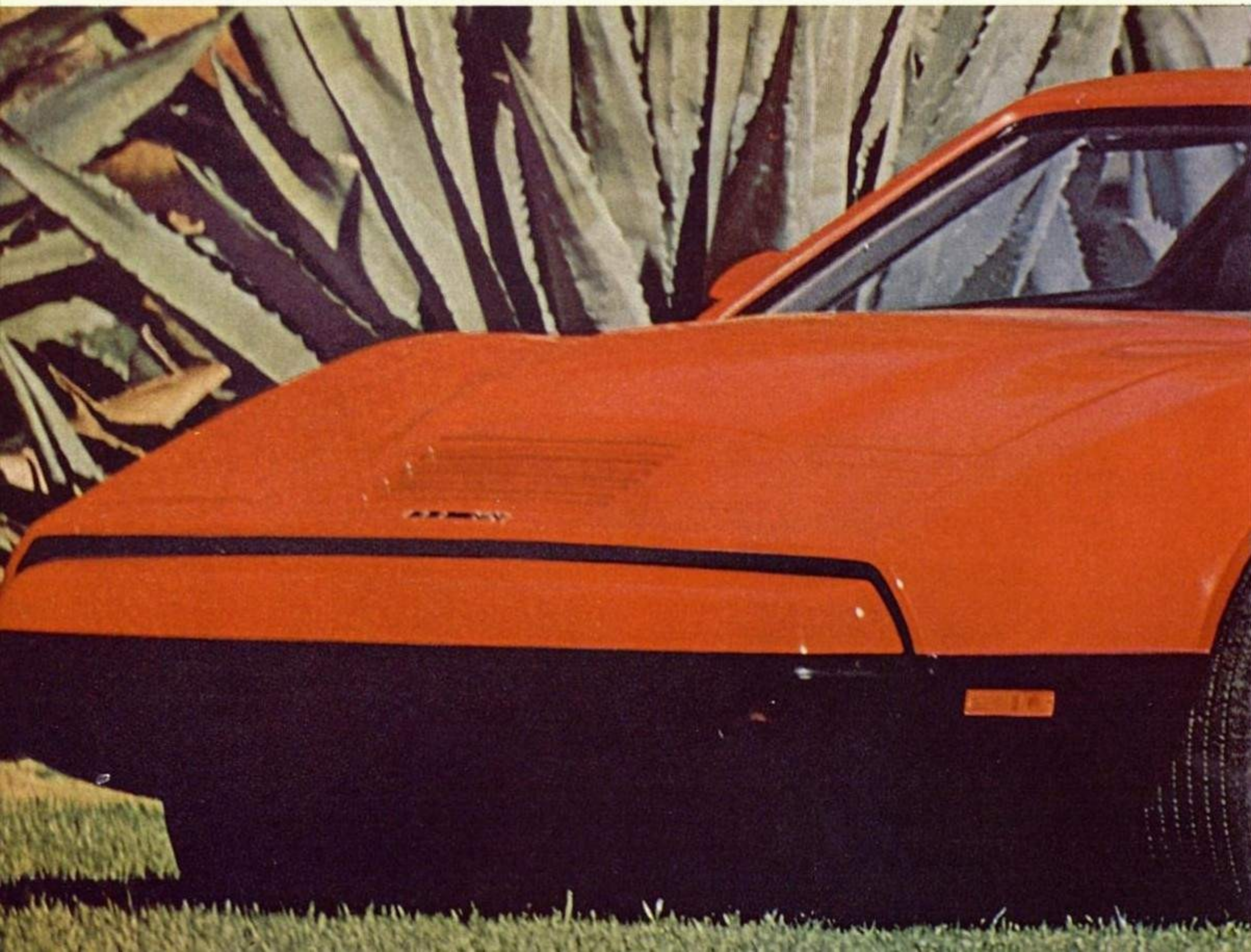
REMEMBER PRESTON TUCKER? No, we don't mean Preston Foster or Forrest Tucker. Right after World War Two, Tucker attempted the impossible—taking on Detroit's Big Three with what was heralded as a revolutionary new automobile, the Tucker Torpedo. As it turned out, it *was* impossible: the Tucker was torpedoed almost before it was launched. Now, more than a quarter century later, 35-year-old Malcolm Bricklin, a fast-revving entrepreneur who looks like Richard Benjamin, dresses like Carroll Shelby and thinks like Dale Carnegie, is going to take a crack at it.

Bricklin began several years ago with an infinitesimal (by Detroit standards) bank roll he had put together by transforming Subaru of America into a legitimate contender in the imported-car field. The first design for the car was attempted by Bruce Meyers, of Meyers Manx dune-buggy fame. After much sweat, heartache and expense, Meyers and Bricklin came to a parting of the ways. Meyers' place was taken by a young designer, Marshall Hobart, who, in three days, whipped up a model that was received with enthusiasm. Bricklin says he thought then that he had something. But it turned out to be a long way from the final product. His initial investment has now ballooned to about $20,000,000, most of which has been supplied by banks and the Canadian province of New Brunswick (now a partner of Bricklin's), where production lines have been set up. Cars are coming off those lines in modest numbers, but eventually they are supposed to turn out 1000 a month of what Bricklin hopes will be the most talked-about car to come down the pike in a long while.

The Bricklin has a gutsy don't-tread-on-me look about it—somewhere between a Datsun 240Z and a Maserati Ghibli, with Mercedes 300 SL–like gull wings thrown in for good measure. In addition to the usual amenities found in a $6500-plus car, it sports a reliable AMC 360-cu.-in. V8 under its hood, which, given the car's 3600-pound weight, can really move it along, plus a raft of safety features: a bumper system 200 percent more efficient than minimum Government requirements (some insurance companies have offered a 20 percent discount because of it), a roll cage, enclosed engine and fuel tank and doughnut-wide radial tires. The car's 96-in. wheelbase and 178-in. over-all length should perk up the interest of a lot of city slickers who find on-the-street parking an urban hazard. Speaking of which, the body is a unique combination of molded acrylic bonded to an undercoating of fiberglass; it's tough but easily repairable.

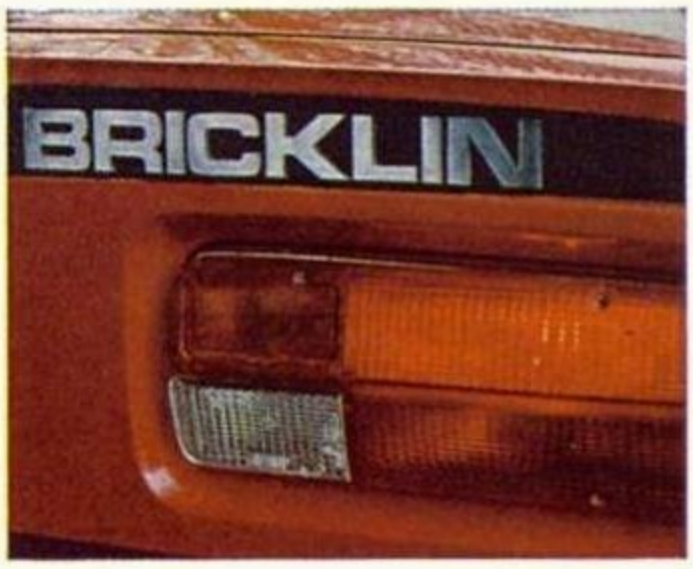
Will Mal Bricklin make it? Well, Preston Tucker may be forgotten, but does the name Henry Ford ring a bell?

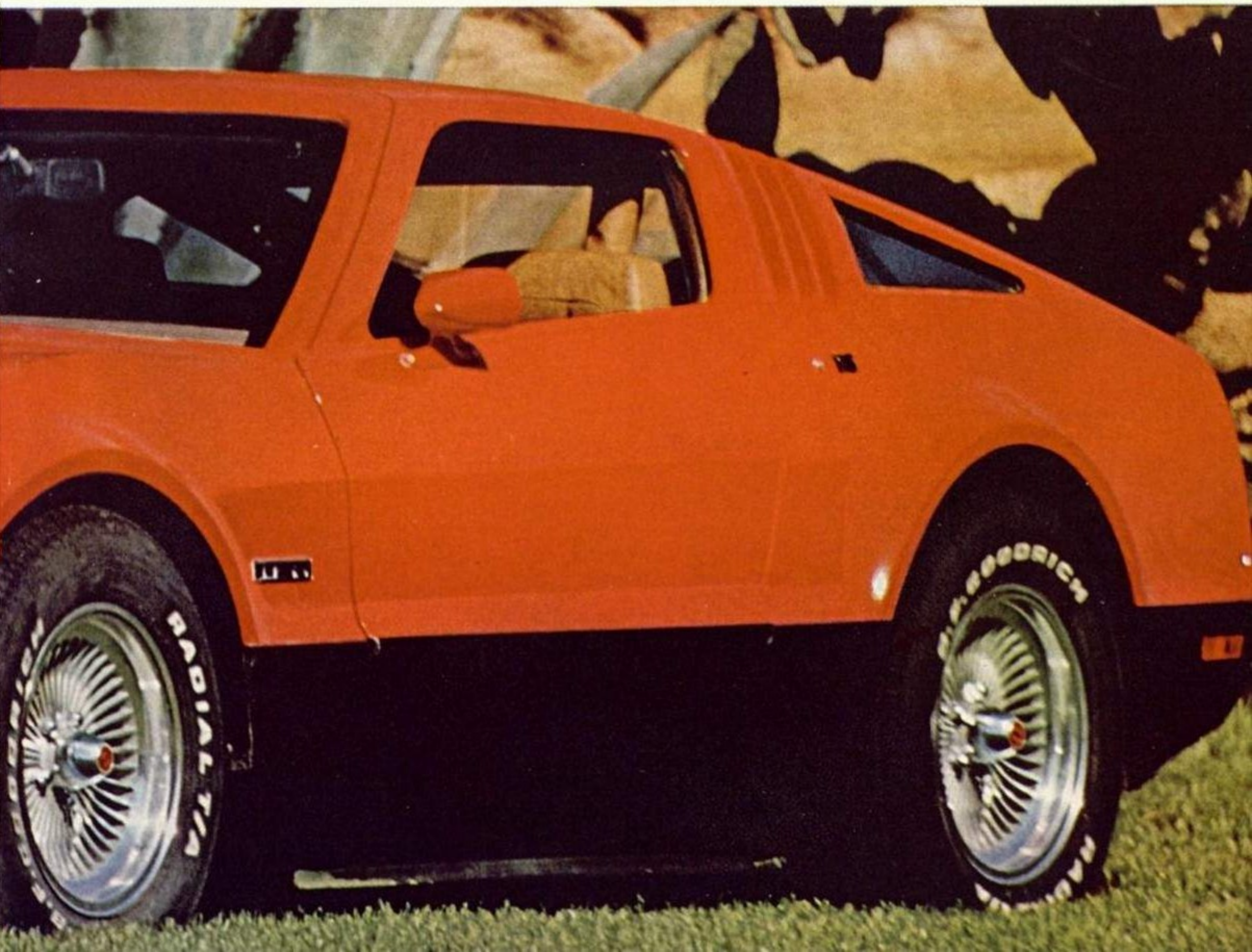
The Bricklin, whether ready to roll (below) or with its gull-wing doors raised (right), displays body lines that are an aesthetic delight.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT

From its interior combination of monochromatic carpeting, seats and dash housing no-nonsense gauges to its tasteful rear name plate, the Bricklin is understated.





DON'T CALL ME

(continued from page 145)

Up to your . . . well, up to your ears, let's say. According to our Extrapol Projection here on my blotter, he's got you lined up for his little talk show this very evening."

Obscene phone calls are often accompanied by heavy breathing, sometimes at both ends of the line. Rosemary's bountiful bosom rose and fell. It did so only slightly and only once, but it was like the soft swell of that unusual wave that tells of an upheaval in the distant deeps. She was left with just breath enough to ask, "But how can you possibly know that?"

"Psychology in crime prevention, Miss Underwood. *You'd* call this man a low-down, disgusting pervert. *We* call him the obsessive-compulsive type. In a case like that, you lock into his operating pattern; then it's just locate, arrive, arrest. Now, we've just got wise to what this individual's hung up on. In his case it's alphabetical order, and that lands him right on your doorstep."

"I'm afraid I don't follow."

"In the phone book. The single ladies. In Rosebay, it was Miss Daniels on Monday, Miss Jackson Tuesday, Miss Roberts, Miss Rutherford, and tonight it would be Miss Taylor, only it seems like our man's a bit of a peeper as well; we've observed he passes up all but the good-lookers. So we figure you're next in line. Just by way of briefing, Miss Underwood, he chooses what we might call the cocktail hour, doubtless hoping to strike it lucky with a lady who's had a snifter or two and lost her inhibitions. We're getting into the time slot now when he's due to be giving you a tinkle."

"Thank you for the warning, Lieutenant. I shall hang up immediately."

"That's the very thing we're calling you to ask you not to do."

"Not to hang up? Of course I shall hang up. What else do you expect? What are you asking of me?"

"We're asking you for time, Miss Underwood. Precious time, on behalf of the community. Time to get a fix on this unsavory character, using electronic detection techniques to locate the instrument he's operating on, make the snatch and rid society of one who tends to deprave and corrupt. How can we do that if you hang up on him, Miss Underwood?"

"You want me to listen to whatever he chooses to say to me?"

"Strictly as an act of public service."

"I'm sorry, I definitely will not be subjected to a torrent of absolute filth, Lieutenant."

"You definitely will *not* be subjected to a torrent of absolute filth, Miss Underwood."

"But you've just asked me to keep on listening."

"Not to filth. Erotic romancing I'd prefer to call it. Not a four-letter word in the whole program. Well, maybe just one or two when he's all steamed up right at the end, but reports agree that these are indistinctly uttered and barely audible. Anyway, that's the moment we make the pounce. Having waited for the medical evidence, if you want me to be scientific about it."

"Lieutenant Mackintosh, I'm afraid I can have no truck whatever with this disgusting creature."

"Now, hold your horses, Miss Underwood! Call him a dirty rotten pervert—that's your privilege. But disgusting may be too strong a word. I've got his composite word picture here on my blotter, boiled down from what all the ladies say. Type: professional or artistic. Voice: sensitive yet virile. Choice of vocabulary—get this: refined, poetic. Complainants' being asked to freely associate in terms of charm rating and good appearance with imaginary line-up of well-known movie stars. Paul Newman had it by a landslide. *That's* the gentleman who'll soon be engaging you in a little light conversation."

"Conversation? Are you suggesting now that I should reply to him? In his terms, perhaps?"

"We can't have him thinking he's onto some frigid square, now, can we, Miss Underwood? Or it'll be him hanging up before we can trace the call, much less lay hold of him. So if you *could* bring yourself to play ball just a little, just enough to keep him sort of spellbound, that's all we're asking of you. And we'd certainly appreciate it."

"I'm afraid you've come to the wrong type of person, Lieutenant. I wouldn't know how to help you at all."

"Not with all those new books you carry nowadays in the library, Miss Underwood? I'm sure you could recollect certain passages that would be a real inspiration to you."

"I don't like that sort of suggestion, Lieutenant."

"Well, miss, for your information and strictly off the record, we happen to know about those books, because they've been brought to our attention here at headquarters."

"And for your information, Lieutenant, each of those books has been found by the committee to possess redeeming social value."

"Please don't think I'm trying to pressure you, Miss Underwood. It's just that I'm thinking of the social value of the pure young schoolgirls this monster'll soon be pouring his insidious poison into the innocent ears of. Take it from me, you're the last of the adult ladies in all the four villages. Next time around, it'll be the fresh little flowers he'll be depraving and corrupting and scarring psychologically for life. Do you want to see it in their faces as you go along the street?"

Rosemary, remembering a gentleman with a flashlight encountered in her earliest teens, was forced to admit that she didn't want that at all. "How long would this business take if I *were* to consent to it?"

"Oh, not long. Not long at all. And, like I said, a well-chosen word or two from you would go far in speeding things up. Think of the satisfaction of hearing him pounced on!"

"I see no sort of satisfaction from any angle. However, if I must, I must. How will you know when this person is in touch with me?"

"It'll be any minute now. Just pull down your blind when the phone rings. Our radio car will see it. And leave the rest to me."

"I hope I shan't let you down."

"Believe me, Miss Underwood, we have faith in you as a great little trouper who's going to put on a real sizzling show. And in the name of your local law enforcement, and the whole community at large, I want to thank you in advance for——"

Rosemary replaced the receiver while it was still dribbling the gratitude and platitudes of the fuzz.

She looked around her beloved house as if to assure herself that nothing had changed. The menace was from outside: outside, in the soft evening, beyond windowpanes washed to a bright nothingness, stood her little, sweetly scented front garden, guarded by a picket fence as innocently white as the whitest lace.

Within, the furniture, simple, fragile, borderline antique, stood all in place and shone like the faces of a company of Sunday-school children. Even the clock-face was clearer and more candid, the very air seemed purer, and the covers and drapes softer and fresher, than in other rooms.

What a filthy mess you would have made, my friend, with your clumsy great shoes and your stinking pipe, had you somehow managed to penetrate this sweet tranquillity! But at this point of time, no such unseemly intrusion had occurred. Why, then, did all this spotless virtue look back at Rosemary, it seemed reproachfully, as if she had opened an entrance to the enemy?

What entrance? And what enemy? She suddenly saw it was that double agent, the telephone. Hitherto, it had rested on the table by the couch as innocent as a sea shell, murmurous only with the harmless gossip of the four villages. Now it had all the look of one of those villainous Oriental bottles from which at

(continued on page 199)

parody By REG POTTERTON *i think, therefore i am president—but not at the same time, please*

I AM A BRAIN. Compared with me, other wonders of the universe fade into insignificance. Nothing ever invented by man—with the possible exception of the sash weight—matches the intricacy of my construction or the speed and precision with which I perform essential tasks. I am about three pounds of gray-and-white stuff having the consistency of warm rice pudding, and my remarkable circuitry, if unraveled in a continuous line, would outdistance that of the most sophisticated flashlight, unless it were one of those with a built-in flasher, in which case I'd be a close second.

My component parts are staggering: some 17 neurons and almost twice as many cells, some of which work around the clock. I can add, take away, fall down, remember happy tunes and go to lunch—and all this fitted into the crown of a size-five fedora! I am incredible! I am Jerry Ford's brain. Lately, I've been feeling quite tired.

I'm not just part of Jerry—I *am* Jerry! His personality, his reasoning process, his reactions, his entire mental apparatus! I taught him how to place one foot in front of the other and how to use his legs in order to move his shoes from room to room. It took 45 years. I taught him how to use his ears for hearing, his eyes for seeing and his fingers for touching, achievements that Jerry, after some lingering confusion, mastered as one to the manner born. I taught him to know when he was standing up and when he was sitting down; I tell him when he's hungry and when he's got the sniffles; I govern his sex urges and all his funny little moods, including his recent tendency to lock the door of his office in the White House and run salad greens through the document shredder. Perhaps my greatest accomplishment since he became President was teaching Jerry how to face up to the lonely burden of his immense official problems and hope that they would go away before it got dark.

My job is to tell Jerry what's happening out there—or, rather, how to respond to the information retrieved by the senses I control. Most of the time he pays attention, but now and then he wanders off into some odd corner of the mind—that's me!—and dreams about the days when his world was simpler and his biggest problem in life was remembering that Democrat means donkey and Republican means elephant. Everything's changed radically since then, and now I have to be in there constantly, urging and prodding, and reminding Jerry to chew his food twice and not to follow the print with his index finger.

Naturally, I am the first to handle all incoming data—and you should see the volume! It's terrific. Messages from the Kremlin and other world capitals, situation reports from our embassies and an unending flow of minor and major questions from every branch of local and Federal Government here in the United States. How do I cope with it? Simple.

Inside me, at the heart of message-control center, multiple streams of information are relayed to the cortex, where they are defined and categorized automatically and then hastily rescrutinized for some kind of meaning, or, as Jerry's Presidential manual puts it, "further implications." Once this process is complete, my job is over, and it's then up to Jerry to draw on his vast reflexive and intellectual capacities to take the next step. In most cases, the next step is a deep and instantaneous sleep, but there are exceptions. One thing he never neglects is his correspondence course from the Yo-yo Academy, and he always finds time somewhere in his crowded daily schedule for an off-the-record chat with Roland, his pet radish.

Let's look at some examples of what I do for Jerry, bearing in mind the exciting notion that what I do for Jerry can have compelling effects on the lives of untold millions! Suppose it's raining and Jerry has to go outside; maybe he feels like rolling an egg on the lawn. Naturally, being President, he doesn't want to get wet. What does he do? Nothing to it! Under my subtle encouragement, he simply pushes one of several buttons on his desk and within minutes either a highly trained White House minion will be submitting a requisition to the kitchen for one egg, rolling, use of, or the Western democracies will be plunged into an insurmountable economic crisis.

Or we can take a more complicated instance, the kind where all my faculties and resources are brought to bear on a situation that may or may not determine the future of civilization as we know it. Let's imagine that an unidentified enemy *(concluded on page 176)*

I
AM
JERRY'S
BRAIN

A PLACE TO AVOID

(continued from page 136)

nothing about it. But, of course, they lied. They were hiding the partisans and that couldn't be allowed, you see."

"Yes?"

"And so. . . ." Bauer's voice sank. He spoke so softly that Giachetti had trouble understanding all that he said. "The commandant ordered a reprisal. Sixteen men of the village were executed by a firing squad." Bauer glanced up expectantly, but Giachetti said nothing. He stared down at the floor, not wanting to look at Bauer's face. "It's a small village," Bauer went on. "I suppose damned near every family there lost a brother or an uncle or someone. But I wasn't personally involved in it. It was my regiment, yes, but I was just an ordinary soldier and I had nothing to do with the executions. That's what you've got to make clear to those people." He shook his head muzzily. "They're taking revenge on me, Giachetti. They want me to fail and be forced to withdraw, but they're wrong if they think that without me the project will be built. The whole thing is mine. I've organized the financial backing and I'm the one with the ideas and the initiative, and I've got the connections in Germany, so you can see that everything depends on my continuing here." He sat smiling and nodding his head. "Tell them that, Giachetti. If I leave, this miserable little strip of shore will remain just the way it is—empty and useless. And then let them try to get jobs and money out of those devils and spirits of theirs! Eh? Let them try that!"

• • •

In the days that followed, Bauer became increasingly restless. He would go off for hours in the jeep. Sometimes Giachetti would see him bouncing along in the distance over the rocky slopes; at other times he would reappear, driving up sweating and dusty, and go directly to the trailer. When he did remain at the site, he watched the bulldozer with a peculiar intensity, squinting his eyes and hunching his body forward each time the machine strained to make another gouging scoop. Every so often, too, he would snatch up a pick and drive it deep into the soil, twisting it and wrenching it free, only to cast it aside and walk on. Sometimes he would go several steps out of his way to kick a clod of dirt or stamp on it with all his weight, crumbling it. It seemed to Giachetti that Bauer was venting his frustration on the earth itself, as though in some obscure way he had accepted the legends of the village and recognized that the land and the spirits that dwelt in it were his enemies, to be gouged and trampled and overcome.

But the work was finally going well. In a few more days the access road would be finished. The bulldozer had begun to level the final part of it, creating a plateau where the central buildings of the project would be constructed, and one work gang was cutting a path down to the sea. Giachetti strode about with his clipboard under his arm, relieved that things were moving so smoothly and taking satisfaction in the sounds of work—the whines of the earth mover, the shouts of the men and the occasional ring of metal against rock.

It was late one afternoon when he realized that the workers had stopped. They were standing immobile, gazing up toward the promontory. Giachetti looked that way, too. Halfway up the slope, Bauer was skidding the jeep along in spurts of dust, working a diagonal course toward the pine grove on the summit.

The *capo* came over to Giachetti, gesturing, and after a few hasty words with him, Giachetti hurried off at a trot. It took him 15 minutes to scramble up through the brush to where the jeep had halted. Bauer had gotten out and he was cursing. Some rocks blocked his way.

"Better not go up," Giachetti said when he arrived, sweating and short of breath. Bauer scowled at him questioningly. "They've stopped work down there," Giachetti added, pointing at the men below. "The *capo* says if you go on, they'll quit."

Bauer mopped his face. "I can't get up this way anyhow," he grumbled. He turned, his eyes searching the slope. "Back there, though, it might be easier."

"Listen," Giachetti said, "you'd better not go up at all—not until the job is finished. Just a couple of days more."

Bauer looked up at the pines. "*Un luogo da evitare?*" he remarked sarcastically. "Well, this is my land now, and I can go anywhere on it I damned well please—I'll prove that to those peasants, by God—and if there are any devils up there, I'll give them a good German kick into the sea!" He stared broodingly down the slope at the men on the construction plateau. Then he turned and climbed back into the jeep. "All right, Giachetti. Get them back to work." He started the engine and began backing the jeep down to a point where he could turn it around. "I won't go up today," he shouted. "You can promise them that. Not today."

• • •

That evening, when Giachetti stopped at the trailer to make his report, Bauer for the first time offered him a drink. "Sit down, Giachetti, sit down. What would you like? Beer? Whiskey? I've got some ice, if you like." His geniality seemed forced, though. He was restless and preoccupied. The trailer seemed too small to contain him as he moved about. Giachetti sat on a camp chair, holding his drink, and made his report.

Bauer didn't pay much attention. "It's strange, being back in Italy after all these years," he said. "And living out here alone the way I do—even with Prinz," he added, giving the dog a rough pat. "You come to feel isolated." He lifted his bottle of beer to his mouth and took a long pull at it. "There's nothing out there. I know that, Giachetti. But when you're alone, you can't help feeling as though you're cut off. You know—surrounded." He smiled wryly, but his face was morose and his eyes kept flicking to the window and the door. "You were too young for the war, Giachetti, but it was like that then for us . . . being cut off in the darkness, living in a strange country, hearing unfamiliar sounds, far from home. Oh, I wasn't alone then, obviously. I had my comrades and our loyalty to one another was a powerful force. We were like brothers in those days. And when one of us was killed . . . ah, it was terrible, terrible." Bauer shook his head moodily and sighed. "I feel I can speak to you frankly, Giachetti. We have much in common, after all. We are educated men. We are builders. There's a vast gulf between us and those peasants . . . and even if you don't know from personal experience what it was like during the war, I'm sure you can understand me when I tell you how it was to live on the very edge of death day after day, and night after night, never knowing when the attack might come, and being strafed and bombed. . . ." He closed his eyes for a few moments. When he spoke again, his voice was sharper and had a resentful edge to it. "In many ways, the worst thing of all was the untrustworthy attitude of the people, Giachetti. We felt their hostility keenly. It made many of us bitter—after all, we didn't want to be in Italy, I can assure you. If Mussolini had stayed out of the war, it would have been far better for both of us. With a neutral Italy," he went on more rapidly, his eyes fixed on his visitor, "there wouldn't have been those diversions in Africa and the Balkans. Germany would have had the strength to conquer Russia—we came damned close as it was! And then we could have made some sort of peace with England, you see, and the whole course of the war would have gone differently. . . ."

He went to the window and gazed out. Giachetti finished his drink and shifted position, preparing to rise and take his leave, but Bauer, sitting down heavily again on the edge of the bunk, continued:

"The reprisal was a cruel thing, Giachetti—but so was the murder of our two comrades. The commandant was, I understand, severely reprimanded for his action. Sixteen lives for two—that was excessive. But if we hadn't done it, the murders would have continued. And then later reprisals would have been savage. There might have been executions of women and children."

"That did happen," Giachetti said shortly.

"But probably not here. No, I think

(continued on page 194)

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

pre-season prognostications for the top college teams and players across the nation

Oklahoma quarterback Steve Davis breaks through the line on a keeper play as the Sooners, PLAYBOY's pick as 1974's best team, rout Texas 52–13 in the 1973 meeting.

TOP 20 TEAMS

1. *Oklahoma* 11–0
2. *Notre Dame* 11–0
3. *Southern Cal.* 10–1
4. *Alabama* 10–1
5. *Houston* 10–1
6. *Nebraska* 10–1
7. *Louisiana State* . . . 9–2
8. *Ohio State* 10–1
9. *Michigan* 10–1
10. *Texas* 10–1
11. *Georgia* 8–3
12. *Penn State* 10–1
13. *Auburn* 8–3
14. *UCLA* 10–1
15. *Maryland* 9–2
16. *South Carolina* . . 9–2
17. *Texas A&M* 8–3
18. *Pittsburgh* 8–3
19. *Wisconsin* 8–3
20. *Tulane* 9–2

Possible Breakthroughs: *Miami, Florida (7–4); Arkansas (8–3); Colorado (7–4); Arizona (10–1); North Carolina State (8–3); Kent State (10–1); Missouri (6–5); Florida (6–5); Purdue (7–4); Arizona State (8–4).*

sports **BY ANSON MOUNT**

SUNDAY, MAY 12, 1974. At 5:30 in the morning, Anthony Davis, USC's senior running star, and Anthony Dorsett of Pittsburgh, last season's magnificent freshman halfback, stroll across the lobby of a Chicago hotel. Their walk is regal and the colors of their high-fashion clothes could be seen 40 miles at sea on a dark night. Davis is giving Dorsett fatherly advice.

"No, man! You don't want to gain any more weight! You're fine just like you are. Let me tell you something: You gain ten pounds and you lose a half step of quickness and you're in trouble. You lose that ten pounds, you're a little bit quicker and all of a sudden you're Batman again. I know, man, I know!"

In the hotel coffee shop, sleepy-eyed patrons listen to an effusive waitress expounding on her good fortune at having two star college halfbacks sitting in her booth. Dorsett watches carefully, taking mental notes, as Davis handles the waitress with just the right mixture of detached grace and suppressed yawns. Suddenly Dorsett's face lights up. "Hey, man! I just thought of something! We're gonna be playing against each other in our first home game."

"Yeah," says Davis, "ain't that gonna be something? It'll be A. D. West against A. D. East! We'll give those folks a *real* show."

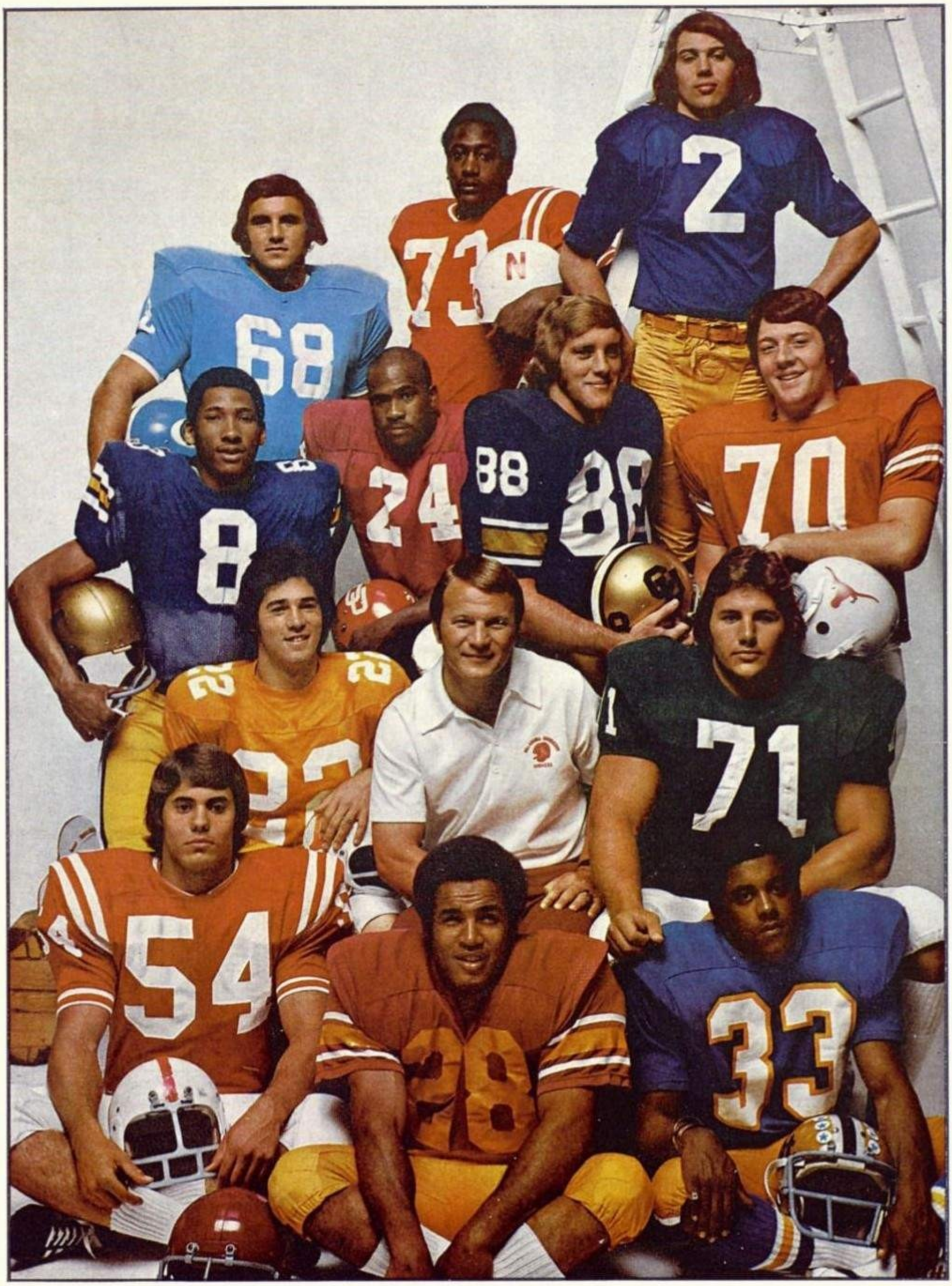
Indeed, they surely will, and we could not imagine casting a better confrontation to usher in the new season. But Davis-Dorsett will hardly be the only show in town. To get an idea of what more to look forward to this year, read on.

• • •

Penn State is in no immediate danger of losing its dominance of Eastern college football, but the Lions seem toothless when compared with the 1973 team. With most of last year's enormous offensive line gone, coach Joe Paterno will be forced to abandon his conservative running game. Quarterback Tom Shuman and tight end Dan Natale return, but, unfortunately, last year's top four wide receivers have graduated. Paterno also must replace three departed N.F.L.-caliber linebackers and two defensive backs.

Last year, Pittsburgh was the country's Cinderella team, going from a 1–10 record the year before to a 6–4–1 season and a trip to the Fiesta Bowl. The Panthers were also the nation's youngest team, with 22 freshmen making the traveling squad. Unquestionably, Pittsburgh will be much improved this year, with more experience, talent, speed and size. The schedule, however, will be tougher than last year's and the element of surprise is gone. Defensively, Pitt will be impressive (middle guard Gary Burley is especially able), but much work still has to be done with the offensive line and the passing game. Runner Anthony Dorsett was the best in the country last year as a freshman; whether or not he reaches his awesome potential could depend on how much time he spends reading his press clippings and whether or not he masters O. J. Simpson's skill at handling human relations with the people who block for him.

Temple's 9–1 season in '73 was the best in its history and the Owls look even stronger this year. Unfortunately, they, too, face a vastly upgraded schedule. Coach Wayne Hardin insists that Steve Joachim is the best quarterback in the country. He also has a wealth of running backs to complement the passing game and the defense will no longer be a major embarrassment. Philadelphians have awakened *(text continued on page 166)*



PLAYBOY'S 1974 PREVIEW ALL-AMERICA OFFENSIVE TEAM

Left to right, top to bottom: Ken Huff (68), offensive lineman, North Carolina; Marvin Crenshaw (73), offensive lineman, Nebraska; Tom Clements (2), quarterback, Notre Dame; Danny Buggs (8), receiver, West Virginia; Joe Washington (24), running back, Oklahoma; David Logan (88), receiver, Colorado; Bob Simmons (70), offensive lineman, Texas; Ricky Townsend (22), kicker, Tennessee; Barry Switzer, PLAYBOY's Coach of the Year, Oklahoma; Dennis Harrah (71), offensive lineman, Miami (Florida); Rik Bonness (54), center, Nebraska; Anthony Davis (28), running back, Southern California; Anthony Dorsett (33), running back, Pittsburgh.

PLAYBOY'S 1974 PREVIEW ALL-AMERICA DEFENSIVE TEAM

Left to right, top to bottom: Randy White (94), defensive lineman, Maryland; Greg Collins (50), linebacker, Notre Dame; Mike Patrick (59), punter, Mississippi State; Mike Williams (29), defensive back, Louisiana State; Roger Stillwell (91), defensive lineman, Stanford; Charles Hall (79), defensive lineman, Tulane; Ken Bernich (53), linebacker, Auburn; Pat Donovan (83), defensive lineman, Stanford; Dave Brown (6), defensive back, Michigan; Rod Shoate (43), linebacker, Oklahoma; Robert Giblin (24), defensive back, Houston; Randy Rhino (23), defensive back, Georgia Tech.

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: *Condredge Holloway (Tennessee), Pat Haden (Southern California), Mitch Anderson (Northwestern), Dave Humm (Nebraska), Dennis Franklin (Michigan), John Sciarra (UCLA)*

RUNNING BACKS: *Eric Penick (Notre Dame), Archie Griffin (Ohio State), Sonny Collins (Kentucky), Willard Harrell (Pacific), Mike Esposito (Boston College), Mike Strachan (Iowa State), Woody Thompson (Miami, Florida), Brad Davis (Louisiana State), Louis Carter (Maryland)*

RECEIVERS: *Pete Demmerle (Notre Dame), John McKay (Southern Cal.), Bennie Cunningham (Clemson), Dan Natale (Penn State), Pat McInally (Harvard), Larry Burton (Purdue)*

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: *Kurt Schumacher (Ohio State), John Nessel (Penn State), Steve Ostermann (Washington State), Bob Blanchard (North Carolina State), Doug Payton (Colorado), Dan Jiggetts (Harvard), Dennis Lick (Wisconsin)*

CENTERS: *Steve Myers (Ohio State), Lee Gross (Auburn), Jack Baiorunos (Penn State), Greg Krpalek (Oregon State)*

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: *LeRoy and Dewey Selmon (Oklahoma), Mike Fanning, Steve Niehaus (Notre Dame), Ken Novak (Purdue), Rubin Carter (Miami, Florida), Gary Burley (Pittsburgh), Tom Galbierz (Vanderbilt), Louie Kelcher (SMU), Ben Williams (Mississippi), Ecomet Burley (Texas Tech)*

LINEBACKERS: *Richard Wood (Southern California), Woodrow Lowe (Alabama), Steve Strinko (Michigan), Ralph Ortega (Florida), Theopilis Bryant (Kansas State), Bob Breunig (Arizona State), Ed Simonini (Texas A&M)*

DEFENSIVE BACKS: *Neal Colzie (Ohio State), Mike Washington (Alabama), Mike Gow (Illinois), Jim Bradley (Penn State), Bob Smith (Maryland), Rollen Smith (Arkansas)*

KICKERS: *Neil Clabo (Tennessee), Jose Violante (Brown)*

THIS YEAR'S SUPERSOPHS

(Listed in approximate order of potential)

Anthony Dorsett, running back ..... *Pittsburgh*
Theopilis Bryant, linebacker ..... *Kansas State*
Raymond Clayborn, running back ..... *Texas*
Dan Beaver, place kicker ..... *Illinois*
Billy Lemons, offensive lineman ..... *Texas A&M*
Sylvester Boler, linebacker ..... *Georgia*
Gene Washington, receiver ..... *Georgia*
Gary Jeter, defensive lineman ..... *Southern California*
Wesley Walker, receiver ..... *California*
Jesse Mathers, receiver ..... *Vanderbilt*
Billy Waddy, running back ..... *Colorado*
Shelton Diggs, receiver ..... *Southern California*
Wendell Tyler, running back ..... *UCLA*
Kjel Kiilsgaard, linebacker ..... *Idaho*
Gerald Skinner, offensive lineman ..... *Arkansas*
Walter Chapman, defensive lineman ..... *North Texas State*
Wilson Whitley, defensive lineman ..... *Houston*
Val Belcher, offensive lineman ..... *Houston*
Calvin Culliver, fullback ..... *Alabama*
Adam Duhe, defensive lineman ..... *Louisiana State*
Secdrick McIntyre, fullback ..... *Auburn*
Bill Copeland, running back ..... *Virginia*
Tony Benjamin, running back ..... *Duke*
Mike Voight, running back ..... *North Carolina*
Ken Callicutt, running back ..... *Clemson*
Don Abraczinskas, defensive lineman ..... *South Carolina*
Frank Glover, Jr., quarterback ..... *Miami, Florida*
Eary Jones, defensive lineman ..... *Memphis State*
Mike Northington, running back ..... *Purdue*
David Knowles, offensive lineman ..... *Indiana*
John Jones, fullback ..... *Minnesota*

to the fact that they have an exciting football team and ticket sales are zooming as fans sense that the Owls will soon be one of the strongest teams in the East.

The key to West Virginia's success is the continued development of quarterback Ben Williams, Jr. But if he should falter, either of two eager sophomores, Tom Loadman or Kirk Lewis, might be able to take over. There is an ample assortment of promising runners and PLAYBOY All-America receiver Danny Buggs is the best in college football. If Williams, Loadman or Lewis can get the ball to him, the Mountaineers should wind up in a bowl game.

THE EAST

INDEPENDENTS

Penn State	10–1	Villanova	4–7
Pittsburgh	8–3	Holy Cross	4–7
Temple	6–4	Rutgers	4–7
West Virginia	6–5	Colgate	3–7
Boston College	6–5	Syracuse	2–9
Navy	4–7	Army	2–9

IVY LEAGUE

Dartmouth	7–2	Harvard	5–4
Brown	7–2	Cornell	4–5
Yale	7–2	Princeton	3–6
Pennsylvania	7–2	Columbia	2–7

TOP PLAYERS: Hartenstine, Baiorunos, Natale, Bradley, Devlin (Penn State); Dorsett, Burley (Pittsburgh); Joachim, Hynoski (Temple); Buggs, Merrow (West Virginia); Esposito, Kruczek (Boston College); Cooper (Navy); Zimba, Ramsey (Villanova); Provost (Holy Cross); Jones, Pawlik (Rutgers); Anderson (Colgate); McNeely, Preston (Syracuse); Johnson (Army); Snickenberger, Williams (Dartmouth); Beatrice, Violante (Brown); Green, Moras (Yale); Bellizeare, Vaughn (Pennsylvania); McInally, Jiggetts (Harvard); Malone, Hicks (Cornell); Snickenberger (Princeton); Telep (Columbia).

Defense will be Boston College's strong suit this fall while coach Joe Yukica rebuilds an offense gutted by graduation. His biggest problem is fashioning an offensive line to block for runner Mike Esposito. Junior quarterback Mike Kruczek has the tools to be another stellar performer.

Nine of Navy's offensive starters have shipped out, leaving runners Cleveland Cooper (the academy's all-time rushing leader) and Bob Jackson but very little else. In fact, Jackson moved to the vacant quarterback slot in spring practice. Fortunately, some promising defenders were discovered during the spring drills.

Villanova's new coach, Jim Weaver, faces the same problems that ruined last season: little depth and less experience, especially on the offensive unit, where only three starters return. A speedy defense, built around tackle John Zimba and linebacker Steve Ramsey, is the Wildcats' only hope as they face one of their toughest schedules.

Holy Cross enters the season with an offensive backfield of inexperienced

"I know how you feel, dear, but my hands are tied by the regulations requiring at least three stewardesses on every airplane."

sophomores and untried freshmen. Bob Morton has the best chance at quarterback. Field leadership may also be a problem, since only six seniors will start. On the positive side, the defensive platoon returns nearly intact.

Nearly all of Rutgers' offensive team graduated, and the defense didn't fare much better. So this will be a less than impressive year for the Scarlet Knights.

Colgate stopped trying to act like an Ivy League team and held its first spring practice in 20 years. It needed it. Most of last season's highly productive offense is gone, although there's a plethora of runners. Winter recruiting was successful, so some of the freshmen will provide immediate help.

At Syracuse, new coach Frank Maloney's squad had little talent, no speed and a predisposition for making mistakes in crucial situations. The problem of speed was partly solved with the arrival of two fabulous freshman runners, Fred Glasgow and Jim Jenkins, while costly mistakes may be lessened with the team's newborn hunger to win, an attitude that surfaced in spring drills. It will be a young Orange team (as many as ten freshmen could start), but Syracuse is on the way back.

The memory of last season's 0–10 disaster will haunt Army for a while, but first-year coach Homer Smith promises an eventual return to gridiron glory. Smith indulged in such mass experimentation during spring practice that when the team lines up for the first game in September, it's possible that not a single player will be in the same position he filled last year. For example, Scott Gillogly, a defensive starter in '73, will probably be the quarterback. New offensive and defensive systems have been installed and the Cadets will be far more run-oriented than in the recent past. Keep an eye on them; they should at least be a very interesting team.

Some of the most exciting football games played anywhere are the weekly bill of fare in the Ivy League. The only monotony is Dartmouth's seemingly interminable hold on the championship. Last year's three top runners graduated, so the Greenies, whose forte has traditionally been the ground game, will use the air lanes while the young runners develop. Tom Snickenberger, a good roll-out passer, has four capable receivers, the best of whom is Tom Fleming, the most versatile athlete at Dartmouth in half a century.

The surprise team in the league could be Brown. The Bruins had their first winning season in more than ten years last fall, so there is a new excitement among the players. Nearly all the offense returns, hopefully recovered from a tendency to fumble, and a horde of sophomore reinforcements will preclude last year's frantic switching of players in both undermanned lines. This unaccustomed depth gives the Bruins, who've never won or shared an Ivy League football title, a good shot at the championship.

Yale also has a chance to dethrone Dartmouth if veteran quarterback Tom Doyle can provide a better air game to balance a rushing attack, headed by Rudy Green, that led the league last season. The offensive line is seasoned and able; the defensive front is not.

Pennsylvania will again be strong offensively, led by runner Adolph Bellizeare. But the best news for the Quakers is a fresh supply of sophomore talent to help a weak defensive platoon. After two winning seasons, Penn has at last lost its "losers" image and it will have another exciting, crowd-pleasing team.

The Harvard team lost premier quarterback Jim Stoeckel, but all the top runners return and Neal Miller should develop into the best fullback in the league. Milt Holt will be the new quarterback (and a good one), but there is no one behind him. Holt will be throwing to Pat McInally, a 6'7" receiver who makes breath-taking catches and who could become Harvard's first bona-fide All-America since Endicott Peabody in 1941. Both McInally and Holt are colorful individualists. Said a Harvard spokesman, "We are going to have the flakiest—and best—passing combo in the league." The Crimson's major problem is defense, where there are no proven replacements for a host of graduates.

At Cornell, coach Jack Musick must construct a new offense, for there is no established successor to departed passer Mark Allen. However, three sophomore runners, Kevin Scott, Tim LaBeau and Brian Lasda, will help Musick field a potent ground game.

Princeton will try to climb out of the Ivy League cellar with a strong backfield featuring runner Walt Snickenberger. The Tigers' success will depend principally on how many effective linemen they can field.

At Columbia, coach Bill Campbell faces a full-scale rebuilding in his debut year. Campbell's first priority will be to find an effective quarterback. He'll also do a lot of position juggling in his search for line depth. Without spring practice, it is unlikely all the adjustments can be made in time for the start of the season.

• • •

Ohio State, to no one's surprise, appears to have another unbeatable juggernaut. But appearances may be deceiving, for the Buckeyes have one weakness: The drop-off in player talent between the first and second units is alarming. In fact, the second-stringers are so poor that they are only about as good as the first-stringers on the other Big Ten teams. Thus, should a rash of injuries strike the Buckeyes, they'll defeat their opponents by only a touchdown or two.

Michigan will need some luck to again compete with Ohio State for the Big Ten crown. As in the past, the Wolverines will rely on a strong running attack and a solid defense, the staples that have won them four Conference titles in the past five years. Runners Gil Chapman, Chuck Heater, Gordon Bell and Rob Lytle are all very fast and quarterback Dennis Franklin combines elusive scrambling with pinpoint passing. The defensive backfield, featuring PLAYBOY All-America safety Dave Brown, is equally impressive. However, there are small chinks in the Wolverine armor: the tackle positions in both lines.

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

Ohio State	10–1	Northwestern	5–6
Michigan	10–1	Indiana	4–7
Wisconsin	8–3	Minnesota	5–6
Purdue	7–4	Michigan State	3–8
Illinois	7–4	Iowa	2–9

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Kent State	10–1	Western Michigan	6–5
Miami	6–4	Toledo	4–7
Ohio University	7–4	Bowling Green	3–8

INDEPENDENTS

Notre Dame	11–0	Southern Illinois	6–5
Marshall	7–4	Northern Illinois	5–6
Cincinnati	7–4		
Dayton	6–5		

TOP PLAYERS: Griffin, Cusick, Colzie (Ohio State); Franklin, Brown, Strinko (Michigan); Lick, Marek (Wisconsin); Burton, Novak (Purdue); Hicks, Gow (Illinois); Anderson, Boykin (Northwestern); Smock, Thomas (Indiana); Upchurch, Beaudoin (Minnesota); Baggett, Taubert (Michigan State); Douthitt, A. Jackson (Iowa); Kokal, Vrabel (Kent State); Cousino, Varner (Miami); Bevly, Green (Ohio University); Jorgensen, Birkholtz (Western Michigan); Swick, Seymour (Toledo); Russell (Bowling Green); Clements, Collins, Fanning, Niehaus, Penick, Demmerle, DiNardo (Notre Dame); Smith (Marshall); Clarence Sanders (Cincinnati); Schwarber (Dayton); Seaman (Southern Illinois); Smith (Northern Illinois).

Wisconsin will be much improved, with a reinforced defense and a talent-laden offensive backfield. Veteran quarterback Gregg Bohlig is backed up by Bob Falk, a good passer, and a fine runner, Bill Marek, will have to share laurels with Ron Pollard, Ken Starch and Larry Canada. So the outlook in Madison is optimistic, but the schedule is a nightmare. Wisconsin's first six games are against Purdue, Nebraska, Colorado, Missouri, Ohio State and Michigan.

With a year under his belt, Purdue coach Alex Agase has put his squad together the way he wants it (tough, big and fast), and though he still doesn't have quite as many giants as he needs, Boilermaker fans should be delighted with the results. The quarterbacking will be merely adequate, but a couple of spectacular sophomore runners, Mike Northington and Scott Dierking, will operate

(continued on page 177)

HOW TO KEEP YOUR HEAD IN TODAY'S MARKET

THE STOCK MARKET could hardly be simpler. There are just two ways a stock can go—up or down. There are just two emotions that dominate the market—greed and fear. There are just two ways to make money in the market—dividends and capital gains. And there are just two kinds of investors in the market—the "public," like you or me; and the "institutions," like bank trust departments and mutual funds. (It's the amateurs against the professionals, and last year both lost.) Finally—and here it gets only slightly more complicated—there are just three kinds of stocks.

1. There are stocks that the institutions keep tabs on and eagerly invest in. These are called the top-tier stocks, because they command premium prices—and there are several reasons why you should avoid them. (Read on.)

2. There are other stocks the institutions follow but do not invest in with any enthusiasm. These are the boring-but-visible middle-tier stocks. Some of them used to be called blue

article By ANDREW TOBIAS

a few simple rules for the small investor who could profit from them—but won't

SCULPTURE BY DARLYNE MURAWSKI

chips. They are still blue chips.

3. And then there are the overwhelming majority of stocks that the institutions neither follow nor invest in but simply ignore. These are called the bottom-tier stocks, because they have been relegated to the pits. Some of them, under certain circumstances, may be worth your looking into, even though you've been burned in the market before.

All stocks fall into another three categories, as well. They are all either overvalued, fairly valued or undervalued.

To suggest any correlation between these two sets of categories—to suggest, that is, that top-tier stocks are overvalued, middle-tier stocks fairly valued and bottom-tier stocks undervalued—would, of course, be the height of oversimplification, not to mention financial heresy. Still, it's a thought to keep in mind.

• • •

What is a stock worth? Market veterans will tell you that a stock is worth whatever people are willing to pay for it. Price is determined by supply and demand. If lots of people want it, it will be worth a lot. If everyone ignores it, it won't be worth diddly-squat.

In recent years, for example, the institutions, which have accounted for most of the action in the market, have been chasing a very few stocks. Therefore, these stocks—the top tier, or "nifty 50," or "vestal virgins," or "religions," as they are called—have been worth a great deal, while most stocks have been worth very little.

But it is too simple to say that a stock is worth whatever people will pay for it—because what people are willing to pay for a stock depends, in turn, on what they think it is worth. It is a circular definition, and one that is used as a rationalization of financial foolishness rather than as a rational way to appraise value.

The value of a stock should not be nearly so subjective as, say, the value of a Picasso sketch or of a 1909S VDB penny. Rather than entitling its owner to some inestimable aesthetic pleasure or some irreplaceable rarity, a share of stock merely entitles the owner to a share of present and future profits. And where two paintings of equal size may reasonably command vastly different values, two companies of equal profits and prospects should not. Yet they do.

The market veteran will readily agree that this is irrational, but he will ask you, with a laugh, "Whoever said the stock market was rational?"

That gets the market veteran off the hook and may eliminate in his mind the need for time-consuming, footnote-fraught financial analysis. But there are other market veterans who believe that, over the long run, rationality does pay off in the market. Sooner or later, they say, bubbles burst; sooner or later, bargains are recognized as such. A company cannot prosper forever without its shareholders at some point benefiting.

Indeed, if the market is driven by irrationality to excesses of over- and undervaluation, as it surely is, then it is the rational man, they say, seeing these excesses for what they are, who will be *buying* the excessively *under*valued stock and *selling* the excessively *over*valued stock—and profiting from the swings in between. All of this, of course, assumes that a rational man can determine what a stock is "really" worth.

Rational men differ. A company's future prospects—and even its current profits—are open to widely differing estimates and interpretations. Obviously, no one can answer precisely what a stock is worth. But that doesn't eliminate the need to arrive at some rational valuation nor the possibility of setting some reasonable guidelines for doing so.

What a stock is worth depends on the alternative investments that are available. It is a question of relative value. These days, savings banks will pay you around eight percent for money you agree to leave on deposit for a few years. In order to earn one dollar a year, therefore, you have to put up around $12 or $13—or around 12 or 13 times the earnings you expect. This is the famous "price–earnings ratio" (or "p/e" or "multiple") you have heard so much about. An eight percent savings certificate "sells" at a multiple of 12.5 times earnings.

If a risk-free investment such as a savings certificate "sells" for 12 or 13 times earnings—what should a stock sell for?

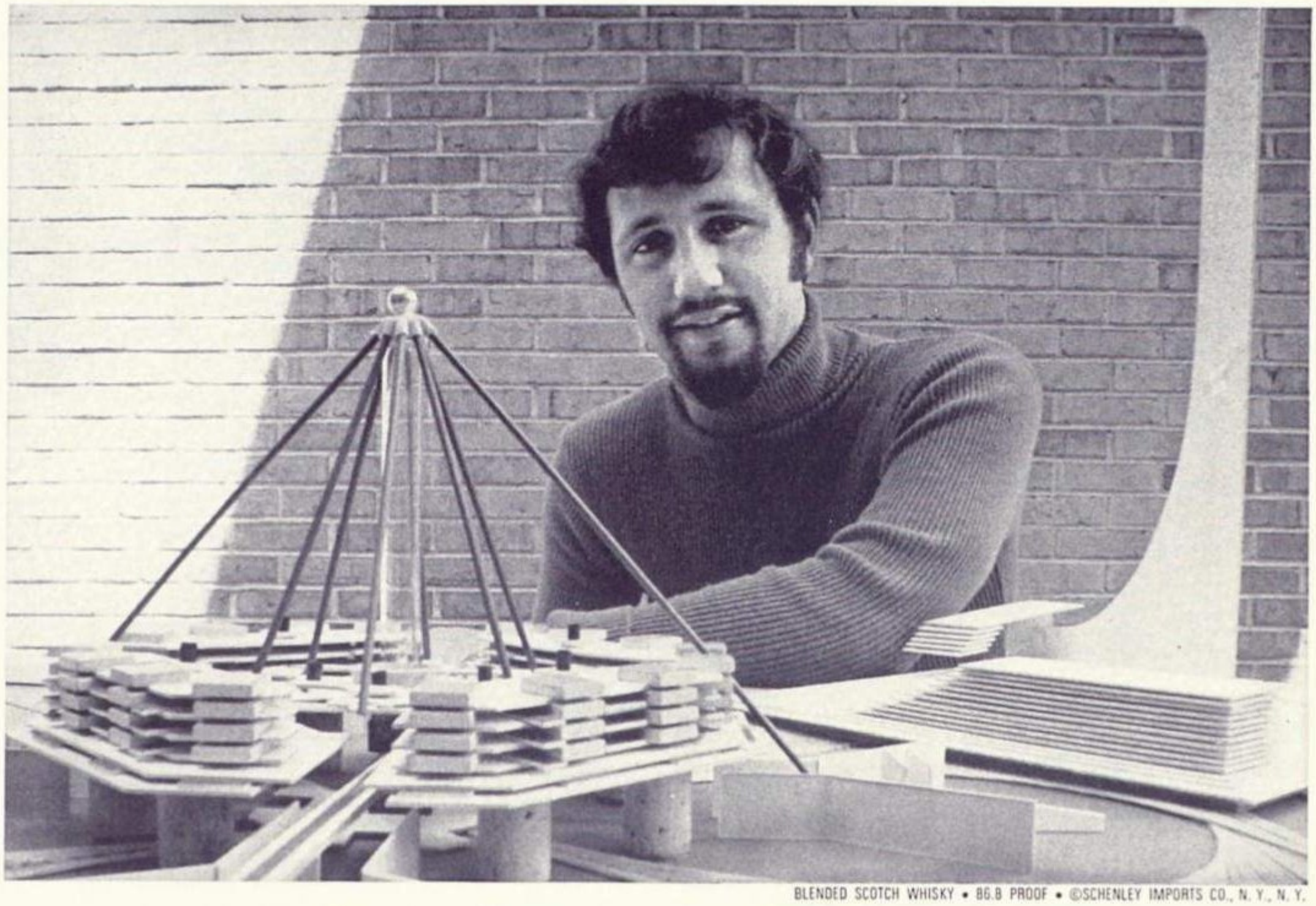
On the one hand, a stock should sell for less, because it involves more risk. Either the earnings or the stock price may decline, or both. But, on the other hand, a stock should perhaps sell for more, because it involves more potential reward. Either the earnings or the stock price may increase, or both. In deciding how much more or less to pay for a stock than the $12 or $13 you pay for one dollar a year of savings-certificate earnings, one weighs the extra risk against the potential for extra return. (Of course, the earnings from a savings certificate are paid out to you in full, while only a portion of the earnings from a share of stock—the dividend—is paid out. But the bird in the hand is taxable, while the bird in the bush is reinvested for you without your having to pay taxes on it first. The hope is that management can invest your earnings at least as profitably as you could yourself, though this is not always the case.)

• For stock in a moribund company whose earnings seem likely to decline each year right on into bankruptcy, you

"There's an inspector here from the Board of Health who would like to see the chicken soup."

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



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JOHN ALAN STOCK

HOME: Chesapeake, Virginia

AGE: 28

PROFESSION: Architect/Urban Planner

HOBBIES: Animated cinematography, tennis, wine-making.

LAST BOOK READ: "Capitalism, the Unknown Ideal" by Ayn Rand

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Preliminary design for Underwater Housing Development Study for human occupancy.

QUOTE: "The urban planner in the 20th century must lead people from the world of the practical into the realm of dreams and then back again in a way that makes dreams possible."

PROFILE: An individualist. A creative thinker. Optimistic about the future of mankind, yet concerned enough to take a leadership role.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"

Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop go only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

Dewar's never varies.

"Let's consider your loan repaid, Miss Fairbanks; the installments are killing me!"

would not pay very much, no matter how good past earnings may have been.

• For stock in a company whose earnings seem about as likely to increase as to decrease—where risk and reward about cancel themselves out—you might expect to pay 12 or 13 times earnings. The truth is that lots of companies that seem to fit this rather unsensational description are currently selling for four to eight times their earnings. A bargain?

• For stock in a company whose earnings seem likely to be able to keep pace with inflation—no "real" growth, that is, but growth in earnings, all the same—you might expect to pay more than the 12 or 13 times earnings you pay for a savings certificate, whose earnings do *not* increase with inflation. In fact, though, lots of companies that seem to fit *this* rather unsensational description are also selling for less than eight times their earnings. Another bargain?

• For stock in a company whose prospects are bright, whose real growth is likely to be 10 or 20 percent a year or more for the foreseeable future, you should expect to pay a lot more than 12 or 13 times earnings. In fact, for stock in some of these companies—the ones the big banks and mutual funds have seized upon—you may have to pay 40 or 50 times earnings. Welcome to the top tier. (But you would be better off seeking the companies with equally good prospects that have not yet come into favor with the big money and that may, therefore, be bought for 10 or 15 times their earnings, or even less.)

All other things being equal, of course—that is, if *all* stocks were selling at 12 or 13 times earnings—you would choose only those companies whose earnings you expected to grow the fastest. But the question is not whether a fast-growing company is better than a slower-growing company. The question is whether you should pay $45 for one dollar of earnings in a fast-growing company or six dollars for one dollar of earnings in a slow-growing company. Which is a better relative value?

It happens that most of the big banks, which manage a great deal of money—hundreds of billions—have felt more comfortable paying $45 for the one dollar of fast-growing earnings. They have largely restricted their attention to a relatively few such companies, and thus bid their prices up very high.

Most stocks they ignore altogether. Not because the stocks do not provide outstanding values—some of them do—but because it's a lot less trouble to put $100,000,000 into Johnson & Johnson or McDonald's than to stay late at the office every night hunting for 200 little companies—perhaps better values—in which to invest $500,000 each. The first rule of fiduciary bureaucracy is: You can't be criticized for losing money in IBM. Corollary: He who does what everyone else does will not do appreciably worse. In other words, it is *unfortunate* to have lost money in IBM, Avon, Disney, Levitz, Simplicity Pattern, Polaroid, Kodak or other high-multiple companies. But it would have been *imprudent* to lose somewhat less in companies that are less well known.

In talking with the people who manage billions of dollars at some of the nation's largest banks, I have gotten the distinct impression that it would be *undignified* for a top-quality financial institution to invest in anything but large, top-quality American firms.

And that posture has a certain blue-chip fiduciary ring to it, until you consider how much extra they are paying for the top-quality firms. The smaller, or "poorer-quality," firms may still be viable, healthy enterprises that have been paying dividends for 50 years—yet now are selling for multiples of their earnings that are only half, or a third, or a fourth, or even a fifth or a sixth of the multiples of the top-tier stocks.

One money manager from a major New York bank told me that it was the bank's policy to invest only in companies whose earnings they expected to grow at an above-average rate. What about companies they expected to grow at only an average or a subaverage rate? No, he said, they did not buy stock in such companies. Regardless of price? Regardless of price. Is there *any* price at which the bank would buy stock in an average-growth or subaverage-growth company?

This question made the money manager uncomfortable. He clearly wanted to answer no, because he clearly would be damned before he would buy stock in a company whose earnings he expected to grow at a subaverage rate. But he couldn't come right out and give me a categorical no—tantamount to saying he wouldn't take the stuff if it were being *given* away (which is what some people, at recent prices, say is taking place)—because he knew that, theoretically, there must be *some* price at which he should choose the stock in the slower grower over the stocks of his fast-growing favorites.

It's not that the bank had compared some of the low-multiple stocks with some of the high-multiple stocks and consciously decided that, yes, the high-multiple stocks represented a better value, despite their higher prices. Rather, the policy (or is it dogma?) is based on studies that have shown that over the long run, the best way to beat the stock-market averages has been to buy stock in companies whose earnings grow faster than average. That's how things have worked in the past, and that's why 51 percent of this bank's discretionary billions are invested in just 14 stocks, only one of which, at the time of this writing, sells for less than 20 times earnings.

The bank's strategy may well be right, of course. Time will tell. But two points are worth noting. First, in recent years, a lot of banks have hit upon the same strategy, shifting funds from some of the less exciting firms into the supergrowers, and thereby widening the premium that must be paid for the one versus the other. Second, in recent years, the private investor, who always provided a good deal of the support for thousands of smaller companies, has been largely scared off from the market, widening the gap between the top and the bottom tiers still further.

The result is that many fine companies (and some not so fine but making money all the same) are largely ignored—*whether they are undervalued or not*. And herein, I suggest, may lie a simple-minded opportunity.

Tobias' Simple-minded Investment Advice for Unsophisticated Investors of Modest Means Who Have Lost Their Shirts Getting Rich Quick Before (if you are rich or sophisticated, send $1000 and a stamped self-addressed envelope for news of a fabulous tax-shelter/commodity play that could easily reduce you to the status of the rest of us):

• Invest in the market only money you really will not need to touch for years and years. People who buy stocks when they get a bonus and sell them when the roof starts to leak are the least likely to succeed. They are entrusting their investment decisions to their roofs.

• Don't expect too much. The only way to make a big killing is to take big risks. Inexperienced investors who take big risks generally take the wrong risks.

• Diversify over time by not investing all at once. You could be lucky, of course, and your all-at-once could come just as the market is hitting its all-time-and-forever low; but, then again, you could be unlucky, too. To the extent that you don't want to entrust your investments to luck, spread them out over time to smooth the peaks and valleys of the market.

• That notwithstanding, concentrate your investments around those periods when the market has just taken a terrible dive of several weeks' duration and talk of depression and/or nuclear holocaust is rife. If the depression does come (and usually it does not), at least you will have been prudent enough to invest only money you didn't need to touch for years. And in the event of the holocaust, it wouldn't make much difference.

• By the same token, avoid investing when the market is generally judged to be healthy, prospects for the economy are bright and people are beginning to talk about a 200-point rise in the Dow-Jones industrial average. This generally means that people are expecting good news. If it comes, since it's so widely expected, it won't be likely to move the market much. Bad news, on the other hand, not having been discounted,

is the kind of news that will move the market—down.

• Diversify, also, over several stocks in different industries. This way, even if one turns out to be Equity Funding, life goes on.

• And "diversify" in the same stock. This is one form of dollar-cost averaging. To wit: If you are planning to buy 300 shares of a stock at $14, consider buying only 100 instead. Then, if the stock never goes down and you never buy more, you will still be in fine shape with the 100 shares you did buy. But if the natural ups and downs of life make the stock available at $11.50, you might then buy 100 or 200 shares more. The stock need only recover to your initial purchase price for you to come out ahead.

The theory here is that if you are in a terrible rush to buy the 300 shares all at once, convinced the stock is about to zoom, you are very likely reacting to some hot news. And unless you are an insider trading on privileged information, chances are you are one of the last to hear this hot news. You will be buying your shares from the folks who heard it first. And, when the dust settles, you may not regret having snagged only 100 shares instead of 300. If, on the other hand, you are not reacting to any particular news when you decide to purchase the stock, it will simply be unlikely for the stock to go straight up from the day you buy it without any dips. And dips allow you to average down your cost.

• Don't invest in top-tier stocks. Their hefty multiples discount earnings growth far into the future. For most of us in the Uncertain Seventies, it is hard to see far into the future. It may well be, of course, that these stocks will go up. But it can hardly be argued that the merits of these stocks have been ignored, and therefore represent some hidden value Wall Street is yet to discover. Nor do they pay any dividends to speak of. And there is always the chance that, one by one, they will fall out of favor—and drop disastrously. Bottom-tier stocks can't fall out of favor—they already are.

• These general suggestions aside, here is the crux of the strategy: Choose stocks that pay solid dividends of six to eight percent or more. They will, necessarily, be stocks selling at very low price–earnings ratios. They should be stocks that are selling at such low prices, and yielding such good dividends, not because they are in declining industries or because they have serious problems (as some are and do) but simply because they have been ignored by the institutions. These companies either will be small- to medium-sized ($75,000,000 to $500,000,000 in sales) or will be in unfashionable, temporarily depressed industries (as food retailers and home-building-related companies were in 1973, for example, despite the fact that the demand for food and shelter is likely to remain strong over the long run).

The companies you choose to invest in, besides paying a good dividend, should have been in business and paying that dividend for 10 or 20 years or more. Earnings growth over the past decade should have been fairly steady; and earnings should be sufficient to cover the dividend payments by a wide margin—better than 50 percent. That way, even if the company goes through a bad year or two, the dividend is likely to be maintained.

Beyond this, of course, you should try to find companies that not only pay a large and secure dividend but seem to be in a position to pass on inflation to their customers and to grow in real terms.

There shouldn't *be* companies selling at five to ten times earnings that meet these criteria; but, at least at the time of this writing, there are—lots of them. Brokers will be delighted to help you find such companies and to provide you with annual reports, Standard & Poor's sheets and research reports, if any, to help you make up your own mind about their solidity and future prospects.

Having selected five or six such stocks for your portfolio, sit back and relax. If the stocks go down, you are still getting six or eight percent on your investment (and the first $100 of dividends, or $200

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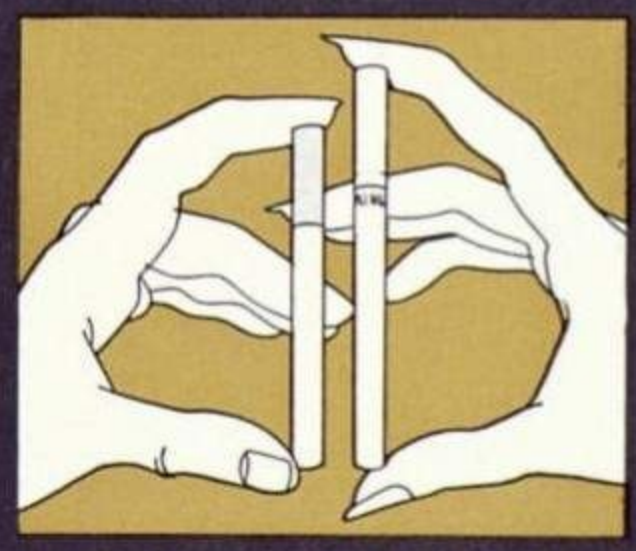

LONG ON TASTE

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if you file a joint return, are tax-free). But as long as these dividends look secure, it is unlikely that such stocks will decline too much further. They are cushioned by their yield. (A 50 percent drop in a stock that was paying a six percent dividend would mean that at its new level, the stock would be offering an amazing 12 percent. As long as that dividend looked solid, it is hard to believe that investors would wait very long before bidding the stock back up to more reasonable levels.)

Over the long run, unless you have chosen companies that are fundamentally unsound, it is likely that each of the stocks will at some point increase in value—either because of the natural rhythm of fluctuations in the market or, if you are lucky, because your stock gets caught up in a wave of enthusiasm for the latest fashion. You can be sure that energy-related companies will not be the last to have their run-up. It is also possible that your stock might be the object of a take-over bid, at a substantial premium over the market price. Viable companies selling at four to eight times earnings are being bought right and left.

Barring disaster, your simple-minded portfolio should continue to pay you its six to eight percent dividend. Should you incur losses on one or more of the stocks (i.e., if you chose a fundamentally unsound company and then decided to get out at a loss), at least a little of the disappointment would be absorbed by the IRS. Should your stock instead run up from six times earnings, where you bought it, to a whopping ten times—the level that during the razzle-dazzle Sixties was generally considered the floor for any viable concern—then you would have a 66 percent gain on your investment, plus the dividends along the way.

Note that a jump from six to ten times earnings is every bit as rewarding as a jump from 30 to 50 times earnings in a top-tier stock. But in the face of a disappointing earnings report, a stock selling at six times won't have very far to fall before being cushioned by its dividend. Avon, on the other hand, fell from $140 last year, where it was paying a one percent dividend and selling at around 60 times earnings, to $55 at the time of this writing, which has raised the yield of its dividend to 2.5 percent, and it need fall only 32 points before, at $23 a share and ten times earnings, it would be paying a six percent dividend.

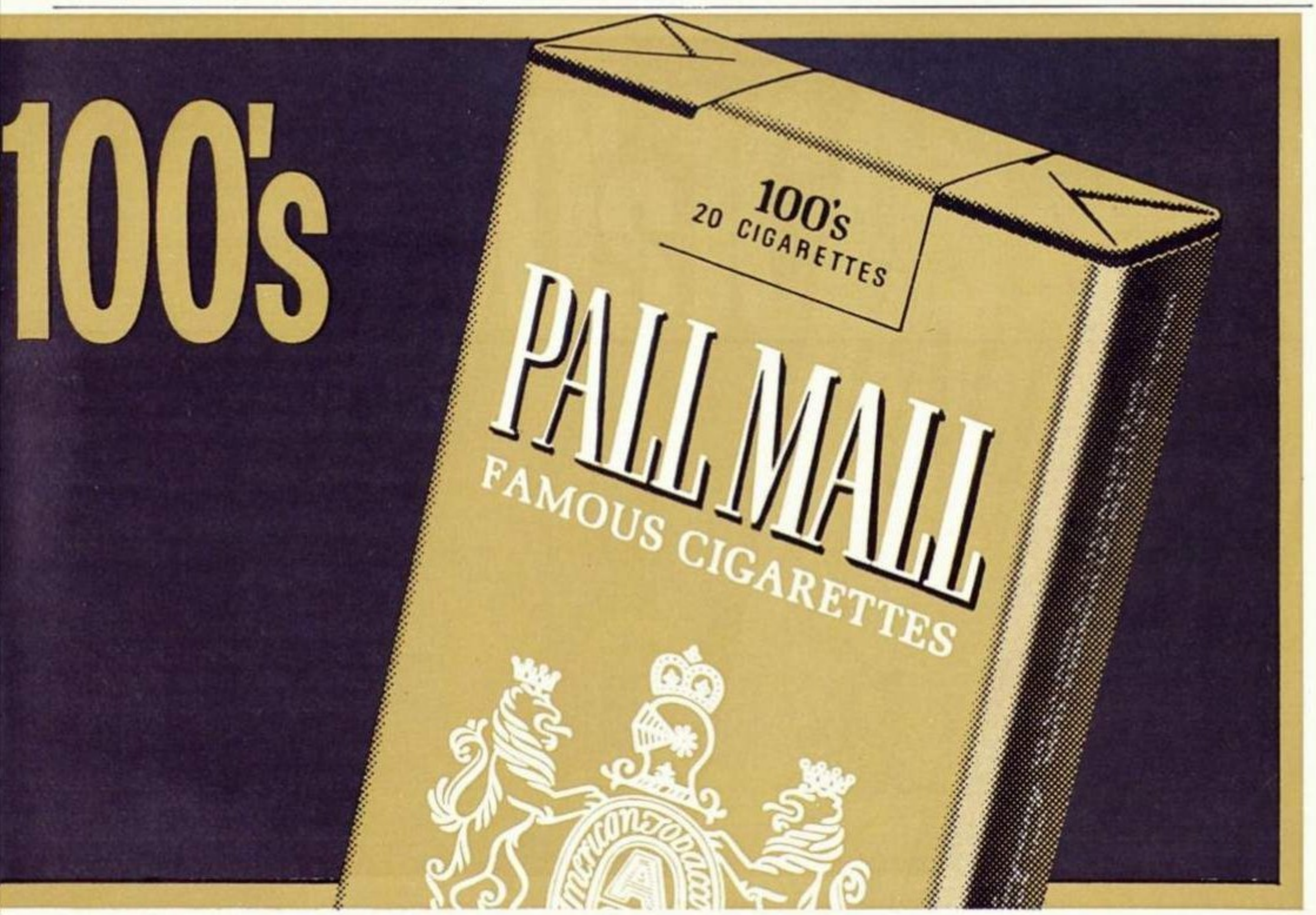
• • •

There are three basic risks in buying high-yield low-p/e stocks whose potential to grow at least in pace with inflation, hopefully more, has been ignored by the big money:

Risk number one: Your choice of companies will be so egregious or business in general will be so bad that each will in turn cut or even eliminate its dividend and your stocks will dip, fall, plummet or even disappear altogether.

Risk number two: Long-term interest rates, already uncomfortably and unusually high, will move substantially higher, and stay there, rendering the dividends your stocks pay less and less attractive and the cushion they provide your stock, therefore, less and less firm.

Risk number three: After six to eight weeks of following this strategy, of watching your stocks go nowhere except maybe to edge down a little, and of receiving one dividend check for $11 that doesn't quite pay for a tank of gas, you will become itchy, you will remind yourself that you only live once, you will hear stories about the man over in personnel who turned $500 on a soybean-oil contract into $18,000 in three and a half weeks, you will read some other magazine article suggesting an equally good way to make the same return or, with more risk, a better return—and, feeling bad about having given your broker so little business to begin with, you will call him and ask that he sell out your position at a small loss (made no less small by the in-and-out commissions of, say, six percent). Then you will take your money and invest in something *fun*.



JERRY'S BRAIN *(continued from page 161)*

power has occupied Panama and threatens to launch a tactical nuclear strike against San Diego. After preliminary cogitation in which the cortical message center works overtime in sifting information, I send Jerry to an atlas. The ensuing stage may take a little time, but from then on it's open prairie all the way—or, as Jerry says, Z-OK! As soon as he's found the right pages, all he has to do is return to his desk, pick up the phone, dial several wrong numbers and then lean back in his chair and stare blankly at the wall.

At times like these, I induce a state of quiet brooding in Jerry, suspending all retrieval and advice systems until the emergence of the next crisis. Some people mistake Jerry's apparent inaction for indecisiveness, but I know my man better than anyone and I know what's best for him. In order for him to function as Chief Executive or even as plain old Jerry, he must be prevented from trying to do two things at once, like thinking while grinding his teeth or drumming his fingers while whistling. If Jerry has an important piece of legislation to sign, a trickle of electricity from me urges him to concentrate on penmanship rather than the words on the paper, most of which are too long anyway. If that fails, I activate my all-purpose crisis-response network, which causes Jerry to sit bolt upright and repeat the phrase "Wunga Wunga Wunga" until someone takes the pen out of his hand.

It's been said that a brain is like a vast unexplored continent, practically unknown except for the rough outline of its boundaries. Perhaps this is true of some brains, but lately I've begun to think of myself as a small unfurnished room owned by an absentee landlord, for the truth is that Jerry and I don't have much contact with each other now that he's mastered the basic motor responses. I often feel neglected, unconsulted, you might say, and this makes me unhappy. Sometimes I'm forced to the conclusion that my messages aren't getting through, that some undetectable monitoring filter is screening them out, even willfully rejecting them. In the old days, if an incoming message called for a verbal response from Jerry, I would just transmit the information to outgoing to be formed into actual words, but I seem to have lost control of that procedure. There are times when Jerry's behavior springs from impulses I know nothing about, and this troubles me. It worries me when he calls his secretary on the intercom and says, "Hi, this is the leader of the free world. I'd like a cream cheese and jelly on whole wheat and a hot chocolate."

I had that uneasy feeling again last week when the Secretary of State arrived at the Oval Office to brief Jerry on a topic of vital international concern. With some irritation, Jerry switched off *Sesame Street* and gazed across the desk at his visitor throughout that distinguished gentleman's lengthy and momentous statement.

About two thirds of the way through the briefing, Jerry's usually amiable features took on a distinctly suspicious cast.

"What kind of car do you have?" he asked suddenly.

"Malibu," was the hesitant response.

Jerry picked up the phone. "I don't want anyone in my office who drives General Motors products," he said. "From now on, it's Lincoln Continentals for the Supreme Court fellows, Torinos for the Senate and Mustangs for Congressmen. Better throw in a few pickups for the yokels and maybe a couple of Rancheros for the guys from New Mexico."

The reason I describe this incident in some detail is—and I swear this is true—*I didn't have anything to do with it!* I can offer no explanation for how these words reached Jerry's lips. I had received no artificial stimulants, was unclouded by fatigue, ill health or other forms of temporary brain drain. Nor can I explain why it is that Jerry has become so obsessed with the phrase Wunga Wunga, etc., which, you will recall, is how he chose to define the state of the Union in his recent speech.

Still, these trivial reservations aside, I have no real cause for complaint. I do the job to the best of my ability and though the effort is often futile and painful—witness Jerry's short-lived but valiant attempt to master a new syllable every week—I'm content to carry out the tasks I have been assigned by nature's Great Craftsman. Being Jerry Ford's brain may not be the most taxing job on earth, but it gives me all kinds of free time. I just wish he'd eat more fish.

(Next month: *I am Quasimodo's Hump.*)

"Multilingual means I can speak several languages! What did you think it meant?"

behind a line that some pro teams could envy. Larry Burton is probably the fastest wide receiver in college football. If the defensive linemen can avoid a repeat of last year's crippling injuries, Purdue could be in the thick of the Big Ten race, especially since it doesn't play Ohio State.

During spring practice, Illinois coach Bob Blackman finally found a number-one quarterback, the lack of which was last year's major liability. He's Jim Kopatz, and even though his receivers are not spectacular, his passing will be excellent. Illini place kicking will be among the best in the nation; sophomore Dan Beaver has 55-yard distance and accuracy. Seven starters return from a defense that kept last season from being a disaster. Tackle John DiFeliciantonio looks like a blossoming star and his teammate on the other side of the line, tackle Mike Waller, also has enormous potential, assuming he's made a full recovery from surgery. So Blackman, who likes to talk about the contrasting intellectual capacity of Dartmouth—where he used to work—and Illinois players, may be able to field a winning team with mere brawn.

Northwestern quarterback Mitch Anderson has an opportunity to lead the Big Ten in passing for three straight years, something that hasn't been done

(continued from page 168)

since Len Dawson did it at Purdue in 1954–1956. He'll get a lot of help from two of the Conference's top receivers, Wayne Frederickson and Billy Stevens, and promising sophomore tight end Scott Yelvington. Greg Boykin, Jim Trimble and James Pooler give the Wildcats excellent inside running behind a good offensive line. The problem is strengthening the defensive unit, second worst in the Conference last season, and linebackers Joe and Carl Patrnchak, one of Northwestern's three sets of twins, will help there. If the defense can be significantly improved, the Wildcats' presence will be strongly felt in the Big Ten. If not, look for some more 52–43 losses.

Most of Indiana's graduated seniors played on a porous defensive team that was the Hoosiers' major weakness in 1973. The new replacements—together with some veterans shifted from the offensive platoon—will likely get better results. If so, and if some outside running speed can be found (freshmen Nick Barnes and Rick Enis have the best advance credentials), the Hoosiers will return to respectability. Willie Jones, Bob Kramer and Mike Glazier provide impressive depth at quarterback. Gigantic sophomore offensive tackle David Knowles might be the season's most pleasant surprise.

Minnesota coach Cal Stoll's major problem, like so many of his colleagues, is finding a quarterback. Sophomore Tony Dungy seems the best candidate and he'll run a wide-open offense featuring runners Rick Upchurch and Bubby Holmes turning the corners and fullbacks John Jones and transfer Dexter Pride up the middle. The Gopher attack will consume a lot of yards. Stopping the other team will be a much more difficult job.

Michigan State coach Denny Stolz's first project in spring practice was to revive the Spartans' offense. Whether or not he'll be successful is to some extent out of his hands and depends on whether or not quarterback Charlie Baggett's knee has recovered sufficiently from surgery for him to take command of the team when fall practice opens. A very green secondary will also be a major obstacle to a winning year. State's best-looking freshman is speedy runner Ted Bell, who should provide some breath-taking kick returns.

New Iowa coach Bob Commings inherits 44 lettermen and a promising group of recruits, at least four of whom could provide immediate help. His first-line players are Big Ten caliber, but lack of depth is serious at almost all positions. Nine candidates are vying for the quarterback job, with sophomore Doug Reichardt appearing to be the best of the

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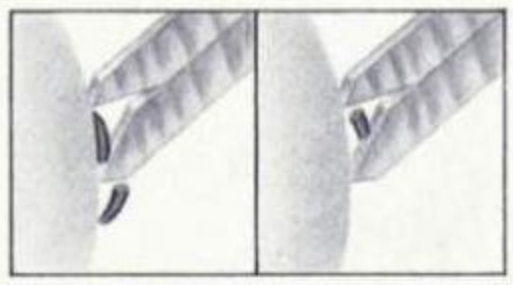

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group. Only one defensive starter has been lost, so presumably, a year of game experience will help prevent a repeat of last year's ineptitude. The Hawkeyes didn't win a game in '73 and they will be distinct underdogs every time they take the field this fall. Just avoiding another shutout will make it a good year.

Much of Kent State's hope for success depends on the development of the secondary, where two offensive performers in 1973—quarterback Tom Buchheit and fullback Larry Blackman—have been transferred. Thanks to the talents of passer Greg Kokal and tailback Larry Poole, the Flashes will again be able to move the ball well.

Miami lost its head coach to Colorado and most of its defense to graduation, but there won't be much loss of power from last season's squad. New coach Dick Crum should have the rebuilding process completed by midseason, so if the Redskins can get past Purdue and Kentucky (a distinct long shot), they could again be undefeated.

Last year's painfully young Ohio University team grew up during the season and returns wiser and tougher. A zealous spirit, molded from the adversity of '73, could carry the Bobcats to contention for the Conference title. Watch the opener against North Carolina; that game may determine the rest of the season.

Although almost the entire Western Michigan defensive unit graduated, a much improved offensive team should compensate for its inexperience. Quarterback Paul Jorgensen is being pushed by Michigan transfer Pepper Powers and last year's Four Freshmen offensive line has matured. The new I-formation attack will showcase the impressive talents of freshman runner Dave Birkholz.

Toledo's football program, having sunk to 3–8 depths last season, hopefully has turned the corner. The running game, with the exception of Curt Olman, is substandard, but the passing will be effective if quarterback Gene Swick can learn to keep his cool under pressure. He has two great receivers, tight end Don Seymour and flanker Randy Whately. However, the defense, with the exception of sophomore safety Scott Resseguie, is a shadow of former Toledo units.

"We have plenty of depth on our team," a Bowling Green spokesman told us. "We just don't have any starters." He was referring to the 16 first-team players who graduated. Once again, the Falcons must hope for an occasional stunning upset, if there is to be much excitement in Bowling Green this year.

Alabama partisans may find this hard to believe, but Notre Dame's national champions look even stronger this year. Only four offensive and three defensive starters graduated and their replacements are more than adequate. The Irish are so loaded with All-America candidates this season that the PR staff doesn't know whom to push. But as far as we're concerned, the best of the lot appear to be PLAYBOY All-Americas quarterback Tom Clements and linebacker Greg Collins. However, runner Eric Penick, receiver Pete Demmerle, guard Gerry DiNardo and defensive tackles Steve Niehaus and Mike Fanning are all likely to make several post-season All-America teams. Notre Dame's only real liability is, as always, a preposterously easy schedule. Except for games with Purdue and Miami (Florida), the season will consist of a series of warm-up exercises in preparation for the finale with Southern California. Even if the Irish manage to stay awake and finish undefeated, the people who vote for the national championship will probably be unconvinced.

This will be the fourth year of Marshall's rebuilding program following the 1970 plane-crash disaster. Two freshman quarterbacks, Lawrence Berkery and Bob Wilt, will push veteran Bob Eshbaugh and sophomore Joe Fox and the offensive line should be excellent. If the freshmen can provide good depth at a couple of positions, the Thundering Herd could have its first winning season in ten years.

With a few breaks going its way for a change, Cincinnati could be much improved. Four of last season's seven losses were by narrow margins. Henry Miller, last year's freshman signal caller, should be better and the defense, featuring linebacker Clarence Sanders, will be stronger, since most of last year's unit is back.

Dayton coach Ron Marciniak, filled with enthusiasm, will again field a crowd-pleasing, go-for-broke passing team, with this year's arm provided by 6'5" Arizonan Tom Vosberg. Many good receivers are on hand, but runners are scarce. So if the passing game fizzles, soccer-style kicker Greg Schwarber will be the chief scoring threat.

As Southern Illinois enters major college ranks, new coach Doug Weaver hopes to seal a sievelike defense. Quarterback Fred McAlley, previously just a passer, has adapted well to running the new option attack installed during spring practice.

An enormous rebuilding job faces Northern Illinois. Twenty-seven lettermen, including all 11 defensive starters, have departed. But since last year's defense was so inept, anyway, their loss may turn out to be a blessing in disguise. The Huskies' running game will again be excellent, with junior college transfer Charles Durfee an adequate replacement at fullback for Mark Kellar, and sophomore runner Vincent Smith, who was so impressive in spring practice.

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Alabama will once again be one of the best teams in the country, and for the usual reasons: Bear Bryant's coaching, excellent quarterbacking (incumbent starter Gary Rutledge could lose his job

to Richard Todd, who Bryant insists will make Tide fans forget about Joe Namath), overpowering running (Calvin Culliver was probably the best third-string fullback in the country last year) and a fierce defense reinforced by blue-chip sophomore linemen Charles Hannah, Paul Harris and Gus White. Junior Woodrow Lowe might be the nation's best linebacker before he graduates. Bryant's only problem is the kicking game; a punter and a place kicker must be found.

THE SOUTH

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Alabama	10–1	Florida	6–5
Louisiana St.	9–2	Tennessee	5–6
Georgia	8–3	Mississippi St.	5–5
Auburn	8–3	Mississippi	4–7
Vanderbilt	7–4	Kentucky	4–7

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

Maryland	9–2	Duke	5–6
North Carolina State	8–3	North Carolina	3–8
		Clemson	3–8
Virginia	8–3	Wake Forest	3–8

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

East Carolina	9–2	Virginia Military	4–7
Richmond	7–3	Davidson	4–5
Furman	7–4	The Citadel	3–8
William & Mary	5–5		

INDEPENDENTS

South Carolina	9–2	Tampa	7–4
Tulane	9–2	Memphis State	6–5
Miami	7–4	Virginia Tech	5–6
Southern Mississippi	7–4	Georgia Tech	4–7
		Florida State	4–7

TOP PLAYERS: Lowe, Rutledge, Billingsley, Washington, Todd (Alabama); Williams, Harris, Davis, Brooks (Louisiana State); Boler, Johnson, Spivey (Georgia); Bernich, Gross, Fuller (Auburn); Galbierz, Mathers (Vanderbilt); Ortega, Lawless (Florida); Holloway, Townsend (Tennessee); Patrick, Webb, Felker (Mississippi State); Williams, Hofer (Mississippi); Collins (Kentucky); R. White, Carter, Russell (Maryland); Fritts, Everett (North Carolina State); Ambrose, Gardner (Virginia); Benjamin, Slade (Duke); Huff, Waddell (North Carolina); Cunningham, Callicutt (Clemson); Harsh (Wake Forest); Kepley (East Carolina); B. Allen, Knight (Richmond); Perone (Furman); Pawlewicz (William & Mary); Dearman (Virginia Military); Snow (The Citadel); Grantz, Abraczinskas, Hodgin (South Carolina); Hall, S. Foley (Tulane); Harrah, Carter, W. Thompson (Miami); Bower (Southern Mississippi); Solomon, Carlton (Tampa); Fowler, E. Harris (Memphis State); Scales, P. Rogers (Virginia Tech); Rhino, Harris (Georgia Tech); R. Thomas (Florida State).

It looks as if 1974 will be the year of the Tiger in bayou country. Louisiana State coach Charlie McClendon has 41 returning lettermen, including more high-velocity runners than he knows what to do with and a tough and experienced defense. Another plus is the emotional impetus that comes from having been bushwhacked three years in a row by Alabama. The Tigers also have scores to settle with Tennessee (their cumulative record against the Vols is 1–13–2) and with Tulane, which beat LSU last December for the first time in a quarter of a century. The offensive line must be rebuilt, but, as always, there's plenty of material on hand. Finding a starting quarterback could also be a problem and the solution may lie in the formidable talents of sophomore Carl Otis Trimble, who will eventually be LSU's first black field general. Another sophomore, defensive tackle Adam Duhe, is destined for greatness.

Georgia's unfortunate proclivity for winning the big games but losing the easy ones must be fixed if the Bulldogs are to return to championship contention. A good passing game from any of three sophomore quarterbacks (Matt Robinson, Dicky Clark or Ray Goff) to go with a fine group of runners and one of the biggest interior lines (it averages 256 pounds) in college football will also help. The linebacking crew, led by Sylvester Boler, will terrorize enemy runners. We suspect the Georgia team is a sleeping giant and if a quality quarterback emerges, the Bulldogs will be one of the surprise teams in the country.

Coach Shug Jordan has converted Auburn to the veer T in hopes of fielding the most improved offense in the South. That won't be difficult, because last year's was devoid of speed and six starters were freshmen. One of the six, fullback Secdrick McIntyre, should become Auburn's best runner ever. The hopefully rejuvenated attack will help a traditionally fierce defensive unit, built around PLAYBOY All-America linebacker Ken Bernich.

Vanderbilt's depressingly long losing spell is nearing an end. Coach Steve Sloan has worked miracles in only a year at the helm and for the first time in a decade, the Commodores have some depth. The incoming freshman group is so impressive that several of last season's first-stringers may be sitting on the bench by November. Two of the best rookies are defensive tackles Dennis Harrison and Mike Birdsong. Another, Ricky Jeans, is multitalented and could start at any position in either backfield. With the switch to the Houston veer offense, quarterback Fred Fisher will throw to a half-dozen flashy receivers and—for a change—will have a strong offensive line in front of him. Look for the Commodores to upset some powerful teams before the season ends.

Assuming that injuries will not again wipe out the offense, Florida has a good chance to enjoy the success that eluded it last year. Quarterback Don Gaffney, who took charge of the floundering offense in midseason last year, returns and looks much improved. The defense will be as solid as last year's that led the Conference. Ralph Ortega and Glenn Cameron are a superb pair of linebackers. Last season's miserable kicking game appears to

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have been improved with the recruiting of Garo Yepremian's little brother, Berj.

This looks like a lean year for Tennessee, with its defense as bad as it was last season (when it was awful). Incredible quarterback Condredge Holloway is still around to practice his game-saving heroics and PLAYBOY All-America kicker Ricky Townsend (who has taken to wearing shoes during games) will again try to provide the winning margin in close ones, assuming there *are* some close ones. To make matters worse, the Vols' schedule includes UCLA, Kansas, Auburn, Alabama and LSU in five of the first six weekends.

Coach Bob Tyler is turning Mississippi State into a national power. The Bulldogs should be vastly improved in 1974, because 21 freshmen played with the varsity last fall; six of them started. Tackle Jimmy Webb and nose guard Harvey "Headhunter" Hull lead a strong defense and the offensive line is deeper, bigger and faster than a year ago. Wonderfully versatile Melvin Barkum (Jerome's little brother) has been shifted to wide receiver to better utilize his talents. The Bulldogs will get running help from Dennis Johnson and PLAYBOY All-America punter Mike Patrick leads one of the best kicking teams this side of professional football.

Mississippi enters the season with a new coach, Ken Cooper, a new offensive line, new linebackers, a mostly new secondary and a new approach to scheduling (there isn't one easy game). Also new, fortunately, is team enthusiasm, which was nonexistent before John Vaught took over the coaching reins in the middle of last season. Fine runners Paul Hofer, Larry Kramer and James Reed, two good quarterbacks (Kenny Lyons and Bill Malouf) and a strong defensive line, built around superb Ben Williams, highlight the team. But that's about it; there's not much depth anywhere. It looks like a grim fall in Oxford.

There'll be a grand offensive show at Kentucky, thanks primarily to mercurial runner Sonny Collins and passer Mike Fanuzzi. Unfortunately, they may not get to spend much time on the field, because eight defensive starters graduated and, consequently, as many as six incoming freshmen could be prematurely pressed into service. But Wildcat fans shouldn't despair; coach Fran Curci is an indomitable recruiter. In a couple of years, he'll have Kentucky in the Conference championship race.

"Don't crawl into my bed, Artie Strutt, until you do something about that lion's breath!"

When coach Jerry Claiborne started at Maryland after the 1971 season, he found the Terps small and slow. He's installed a body-building program, an aggressive recruiting approach and a winning attitude. His players even say they enjoy spring practice. With 18 starters returning, the Terps are consensus favorites to win the Atlantic Coast Conference title. Claiborne cleaned up on the recruiting circuit last winter and four of his converts, receiver Vince Kinney, runner Willie Wilson, quarterback Mark Manges and center Jack Sharkey (grandson of the boxer), could make big contributions despite the wealth of veteran talent. Claiborne's specialty is defense and it will again be rugged, due in large part to PLAYBOY All-America tackle Randy White. Tailback Louis Carter (who throws a highly accurate halfback pass) and receiver Frank Russell will star.

North Carolina State's new offensive linemen will be poor substitutes for the departed veterans and finding replacements for runners Willie Burden and Charley Young won't be easy. The good news is an improved defense and a schedule that leaves the toughest games for the second half of the season. By then, hopefully, the youngsters will have matured. If so, the Wolfpack will battle Maryland for the A.C.C. championship on October 26.

At Virginia, new coach Sonny Randle inherits a veteran offense led by quarterback Scott Gardner (who'll eventually be an All-America) and running backs Mike Dowe and Billy Copeland, probably the best pair in the Conference. The defense, last year's downfall, will consist mostly of sterling linebacker Dick Ambrose surrounded by sophomores.

At least three Atlantic Coast Conference teams—Duke, Wake Forest and Virginia—have the assets to be much improved. In fact, Duke has a chance for the Conference championship. Last year's liability—no senior leadership—has become this season's asset, for graduation losses were minimal. Superb runners, tailback Tony Benjamin and kick returner Troy Slade, are joined by fabulous freshman Mike Barney. Hal Spears has emerged at quarterback and he'll be throwing to a good set of receivers. The defense, always good under coach Mike McGee, will be better than ever.

North Carolina's first-stringers are good enough to make a run for the A.C.C. title if they all stay healthy and if the new offensive line congeals in time. But there are no adequate substitutes. With quarterbacks Chris Kupec and Bill Paschall and runners Mike Voight and James Betterson, the Tar Heels will, as always, put a lot of points on the board.

Clemson coach Red Parker must find a quarterback to go along with his good running backs, sophomore Ken Callicutt

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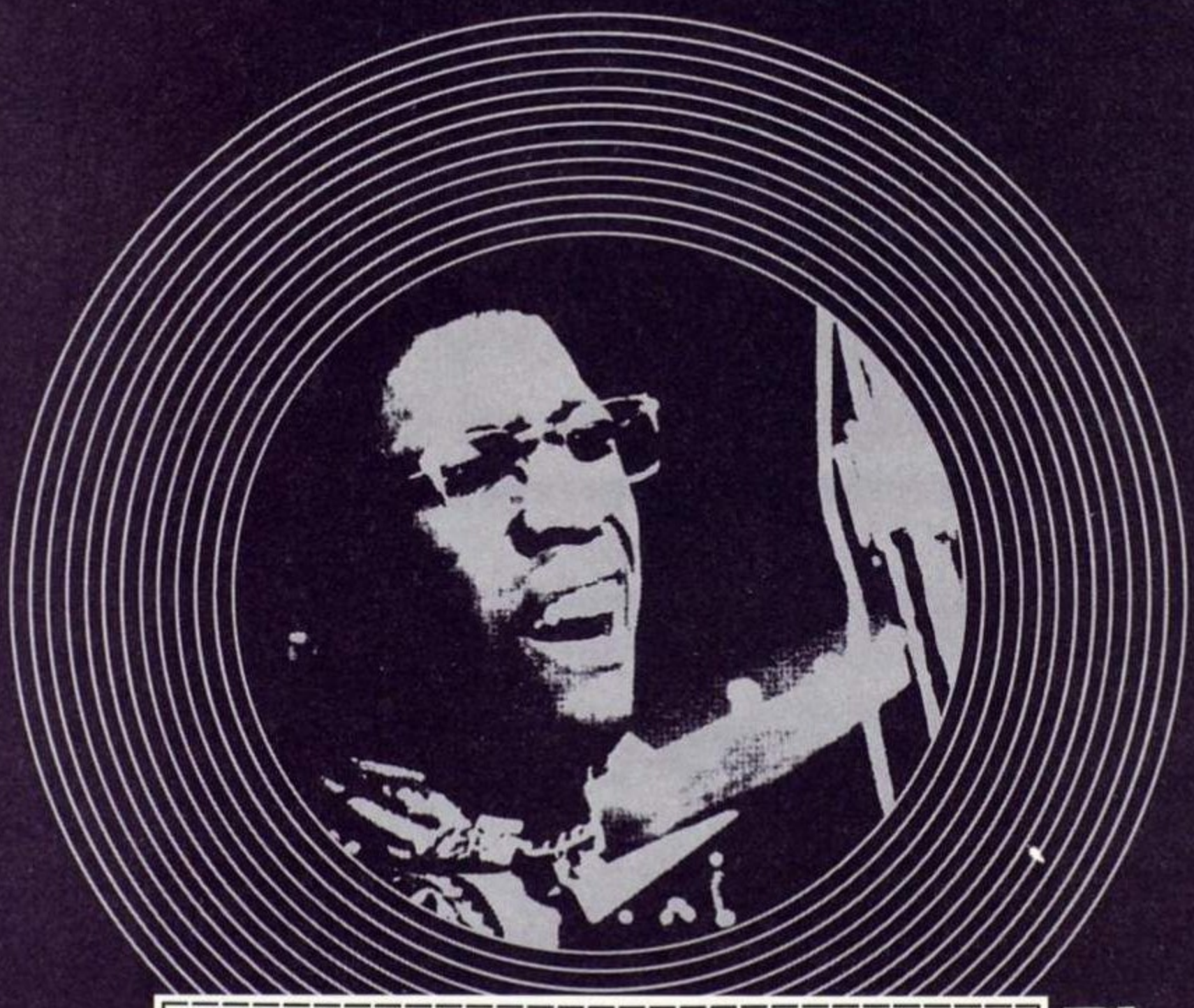

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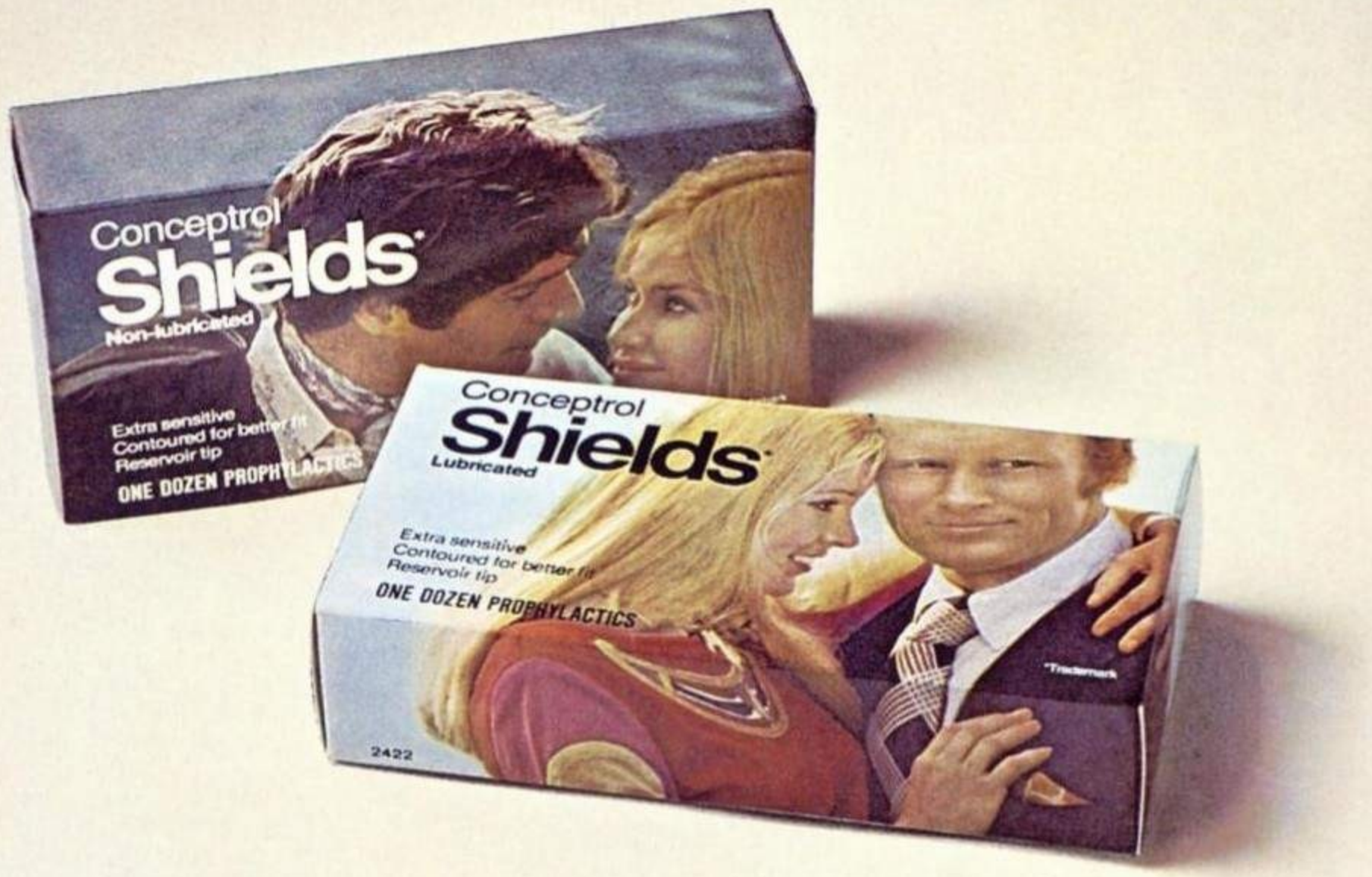

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and freshmen Thomas Eley and William Scott. The Tiger defense, though improved, still needs size up front. Chances are that junior college All-America Jerome Hill and a couple of freshmen will help. If someone can be found to get the ball to Bennie Cunningham, the nation's premier tight end, it could be a good year. Otherwise, the Tigers will be gunned down by a hazardous schedule.

Having completed the transition from the veer offense to the pro set, Wake Forest will rely on sophomore quarterback Bill Armstrong; that is, unless he is displaced by incoming freshman Solomon Everett, whose credentials are even more impressive. Another freshman, receiver Bruce Lovato, should also attract a lot of attention. Two junior college transfers add to the suddenly potent offense: Clark Gaines will be the fastest runner Wake Forest has had in years and junior college All-America tackle Tom Parker gives the offensive line needed strength. New punter Randy Carroll will adequately replace graduated Chuck Ramsey.

East Carolina's defense, a voracious bunch of wild dogs, is led by linebacker Danny Kepley, referred to as Captain Crunch. The offense, using the Alabama wishbone attack, will get a helpful injection of talent from four freshman runners, but the quarterbacking and the offensive line will be woefully green.

Richmond will be hard pressed to duplicate last year's 8–2 record, because nine defensive starters have gone. Harry Knight returns at quarterback, the running remains strong despite the departure of Barty Smith and the receivers are the best since the great Walker Gillette. But unless the defense can be helped by former offensive players, the Spiders will be noticeably weaker.

Coach Art Baker went to Furman last year preaching fundamentalist Christianity (no drinking, smoking or swearing) and hard-nosed football. It worked. He turned the Paladins from perennial losers into instant winners and in the process, some 20 freshmen won letters, thus providing a depth of experienced talent for this season. Three incoming freshmen, receivers Ken Brown and Brette Simmons and nose guard Frank Moses, should star right away. If sophomore David Whitehurst keeps improving, he'll be one of the best quarterbacks in the South. With some luck, Furman could win the Conference championship.

William & Mary suffers from an inexperienced offensive line and the passing must be improved to balance a strong running game. Still, if everyone recovers from last season's blight of knee injuries and the defense is strengthened, the Indians could be a factor in the Conference race.

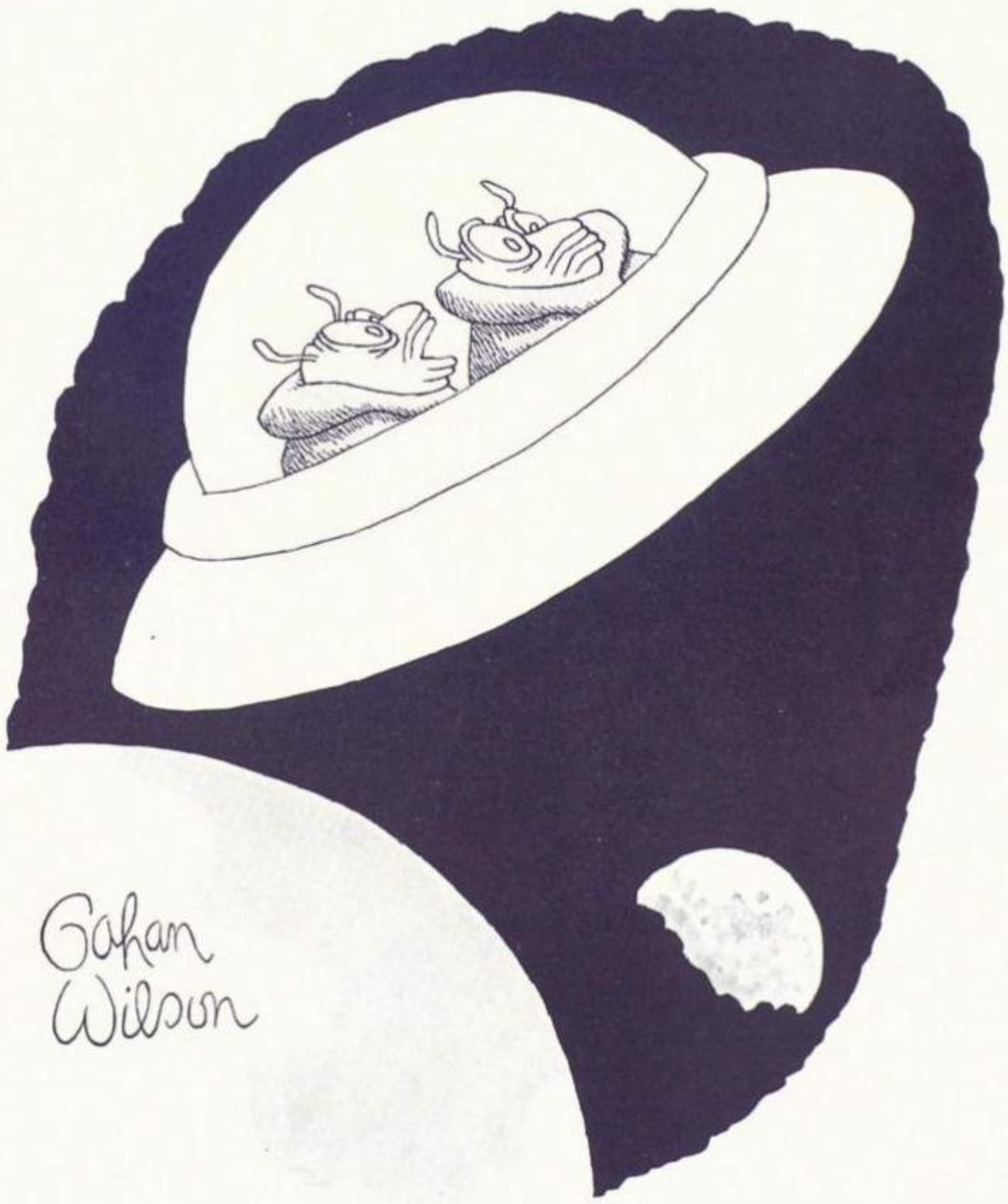
VMI is working its way up, slowly. The Keydets improved dramatically during the '73 season and 17 of 22 starters return. The biggest problem is the quarterback position, where Tom Schultze's sudden departure this spring left a void; if someone can get the ball to classy receiver Ronnie Moore, VMI might even enjoy—believe it or not—a winning season, because the defense is solid.

Davidson, in its first year of a football-de-emphasis program, plays a much easier schedule and will post more than the usual two or three wins. With football scholarships now being awarded only on the basis of need, this is probably the Wildcats' last year in the first division of college-football competition and an early end of their membership in the Southern Conference is likely.

The Citadel, with 30 returning lettermen and a flock of top-rated freshmen, will be improved, but not sufficiently to face a schedule featuring road games against Navy and Tulane. Sophomore linebacker Brian Ruff has great potential.

A very young South Carolina team missed greatness by a narrow margin last year and, since most everyone is returning, the Gamecocks should be one of the surprise teams in the country. Especially pleasing for coach Paul Dietzel is the quarterback position, where last year's star, Jeff Grantz, is being pushed by sophomores Ron Bass and Scott Curtis. The running-back positions are equally deep, the offensive-line replacements are adequate and last year's young defensive unit is now older and tougher. Dietzel concentrated on big linemen during last winter's recruiting and some large freshmen could earn assignments in the defensive line. If enemy offenses can be kept under reasonable control, look for South Carolina to play in a major bowl.

Tulane will be deep, fast and large, but its biggest assist is the schedule. It begins with Ole Miss, ends with LSU and shows nine weekends of easy breathing in between. PLAYBOY All-America tackle Charles Hall anchors a formidable defense and quarterback Steve Foley, a



"Well, I guess we can scratch them as a potential source of fuel!"

sensational scrambler, guides an offense reinforced by redshirt runners and a massive and agile offensive line.

One of the overlooked teams in the country could be Miami. Last year, after beating Texas in its first game and giving Oklahoma a scare, injuries devastated the squad. Only three starters graduated and the Hurricanes are reinforced by an undefeated freshman team that included tight end Phil August and passer Frank Glover, Jr., who could be the '74 starter if incumbent Ed Carney's shoulder doesn't heal. Runner Woody Thompson will have the help of an offensive line led by PLAYBOY All-America tackle Dennis Harrah. On defense, middle guard Rubin Carter will again make life miserable for opposing quarterbacks. However, its predictably awesome schedule will probably keep Miami out of the top ten.

Southern Mississippi was ravished by graduation. All ten running backs are sophomores and this could be the youngest team in the South. Quarterback Jeff Bower improved a great deal after coach Bear Underwood installed the Houston veer attack to better utilize his talents. Still, this looks like the best of all possible years for the Golden Eagles to play all their games away from home while their stadium is being renovated.

Tampa moves into the big time with an upgraded schedule that features Miami of Florida and San Diego State. Quarterback Fred Solomon and a large supply of fine runners and receivers ensure that the Spartans will score often, but the defenders, depleted of linebackers and backs, will probably permit even higher scores on the other side of the scoreboard.

Memphis State plays the toughest schedule in its history. Except for three quarterbacks who shared the position last season, the backfield will be filled with sophomores, best of whom are flanker Bobby Ward and tailback Reuben Gibson. Another sophomore, tackle Ea.y Jones, will star on a defensive crew that must carry most of the load. The Tigers' best hope is quarterback David Fowler, if he reaches his full potential during his senior year.

Virginia Tech's new coach, Jimmy Sharpe, has installed the Alabama version of the wishbone attack and an oddman defensive line-up. Sharpe should make the Gobblers considerably more respectable than last season.

Pepper Rodgers takes his wishbone offense to Georgia Tech, but he inherits a squad that is small, thin and inexperienced. In spring practice, he sifted and reshuffled his talent to find the 22 best athletes and one result is that the starting quarterback is likely to be Danny Myers, a defensive back in '73. If the Jackets can avoid excessive injuries, they will be merely respectable, but Tech fans can look joyously to the future. Rodgers is a compelling recruiter and now that he's working his home turf, he'll have the Jackets back in the limelight within three years.

To erase the painful memories of last year's 0–11 campaign, Florida State has imported coach Darrell Mudra, a master in the art of turning losing teams into winners. He'll be fully tested in Tallahassee. He began by installing the veer T in spring practice and, although the passing game won't be entirely abandoned, the Seminoles will feature their strongest running attack in memory, with Rudy Thomas and two incoming freshmen, Larry Key and Leon Bright, both of whom are capable of winning starting jobs.

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

Oklahoma	11–0	Kansas	6–5
Nebraska	10–1	Oklahoma St.	5–6
Colorado	7–4	Kansas State	5–6
Missouri	6–5	Iowa State	5–6

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Texas	10–1	Southern Methodist	6–5
Texas A&M	8–3	Rice	4–7
Arkansas	8–3	Texas Christian	4–7
Texas Tech	6–5	Baylor	1–10

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

North Texas State	7–4	Wichita State	4–7
		Drake	4–7
New Mexico State	7–4	Louisville	3–8
		West Texas St.	2–9
Tulsa	6–5		

INDEPENDENTS

Houston	10–1	Lamar	5–5
Air Force	7–4	Texas at Arlington	4–7
Utah State	7–4		

TOP PLAYERS: Shoate, Washington, Hughes, Owens, Dewey Selmon, LeRoy Selmon (Oklahoma); Bonness, Crenshaw, Humm, Tony Davis (Nebraska); Logan, Payton (Colorado); Johnson, Pickens (Missouri); Adams, Edwards, Knoff, Dean Zook (Kansas); Palmer, Wolf, Dokes (Oklahoma State); Bryant, Grogan (Kansas State); Strachan, Bos (Iowa State); Simmons, English, Currin, Burrisk (Texas); Simonini, Seeker, Thomas (Texas A&M); Rhiddlehoover, R. Smith (Arkansas); Burley, Knaus (Texas Tech); Kelcher, Roan (Southern Methodist); Walker, Lofton (Rice); Luttrell, Terveen (Texas Christian); N. Jeffrey, Schulz (Baylor); Chapman (North Texas State); Germany, Shiveley (New Mexico State); Humphrey (Tulsa); Ricketts (Wichita State); Lott, Sears (Drake); Peacock (Louisville); Schleider, Solis (West Texas State); Giblin, Mitchell, Whitley, Evans, Broussard, M. Johnson (Houston); Milodragovich, Young (Air Force); Fuhriman, Lavarato (Utah State); Flores, Colbert (Lamar); Simmons, Marshall (Texas at Arlington).

Last year, Oklahoma fielded the best defensive team in the history of the school. The offense was merely good. This year, it will be the other way around, since no outstanding players are available to replace seven defensive graduates, although PLAYBOY All-America linebacker Rod Shoate and the Selmon brothers at tackle will see that no one gains too many yards against the Sooners. Now, to that offense: It will be terrifying. Steve Davis has become a more confident passer, the receivers are outstanding, the line is excellent, the runners mercurial. The ultimate accolade to PLAYBOY All-America runner Joe Washington was paid by Oklahoma State's publicity director who said, "The only way anybody's gonna stop them Sooners is if they get some big ole fly swatters and pass 'em out to their defensive players, and every time that little Washington comes scootin' by, they can whop him. You can't tackle nothin' you can't catch." Barry Switzer has built a team that has everything necessary to capture this year's national championship and for that job, we've chosen him our Coach of the Year.

This will be the best Nebraska team since 1971. It *could* be the best team in school history. The Cornhuskers' major misfortune is being in the same conference with Oklahoma. Dave Humm is a splendid passer, Tony Davis (moved to fullback in the spring) will lead an awesome running attack and the offensive line (with PLAYBOY All-Americas Rik Bonness and Marvin Crenshaw) will be the strongest ever seen in Lincoln.

Defense was Colorado's downfall last season, and that happens to be new coach Bill Mallory's specialty. If he can improve it enough to keep other teams from controlling the ball, Colorado will have a good year despite a schedule that features road games with LSU and Michigan for openers. On offense, the Buffaloes have PLAYBOY All-America receiver David Logan, two fine quarterbacks in David Williams and Clyde Crutchmer and tailback Billy Waddy, who burned up Big Eight playing fields last season as a freshman. Incredibly, another sophomore, Melvin Johnson, could beat Waddy out of his job. They'll run behind an enormous offensive line.

No team, not even Oklahoma, will score many points on Missouri. Consequently, coach Al Onofrio's primary concern is to develop a cohesive offensive line from a group of able youngsters. Onofrio will probably use tandem passers this year: senior Ray Smith, an option-running quarterback, alternating with soph Steve Pisarkiewicz, who's considered the best passer to play for Missouri since Paul Christman. With Pisarkiewicz on hand and a less-talented-than-usual group of runners, Onofrio may break with the hallowed Missouri tradition of ground-oriented offenses.

With quarterback David Jaynes gone,

"'Someda-a-a-a-ay, my prince will come. . . .'"

Kansas coach Don Fambrough has shelved the pro-set offense in favor of the veer T. The heir apparent to Jaynes is sophomore redshirt Scott McMichael, who was impressive in spring drills. Despite the conversion to a ground-oriented offense, the Jayhawks will still throw the ball, because McMichael has a good arm and two of the best targets in college football, flankers Bruce Adams and Emmett Edwards. The defensive platoon, featuring end Dean Zook and cornerback Kurt Knoff, will be stronger than last year's.

"If we were playing in any other conference, we could have a good shot at the championship, but in the Big Eight, we'll be just another pretty good country football team," Oklahoma State's Pat Quinn told us. The Cowboys must find replacements for 12 graduated starters, so there may be depth problems. The best freshmen are halfback Terry Miller and receivers Robert James and Ben Young. Sophomore quarterback Charlie Weatherbie must learn to operate coach Jim Stanley's version of the wishbone offense for the Cowboys to enjoy a winning season.

Although 14 of last year's starters are gone, Kansas State will be a stronger team. There are better athletes in all defensive positions, capable quarterback Steve Grogan has a year of experience with the veer T behind him and some talented sophomores make up a markedly improved receiving corps. Up from the J. V., three runners, L. T. Edwards, Carl Whitfield and Roscoe Scobey, have more speed than any of last season's backs.

This year, Iowa State has an established quarterback in sophomore Buddy Hardeman, a great runner in Mike Strachan and not much else. The Cyclones have returned to their historic residence in the Big Eight basement.

The spring-practice sessions at Texas were so blighted by injuries that it's difficult to assess the Longhorns' true potential. Fortunately, coach Darrell Royal, as always, has legions of quality backup players eager for a chance to show their abilities, and several untested freshmen have already been anointed as All-Americas by local sportswriters. Sophomore runners Jimmy Walker and Raymond Clayborn will join senior Don Burrisk in the backfield and Mike Presley and Marty Akins will vie for the starting-quarterback assignment. PLAYBOY All-America tackle Bob Simmons should become the best offensive lineman in Texas' history.

Over the years, we've had a tendency to predict better seasons for Texas A&M than it's been able to achieve. In truth, the Aggies often have impressive manpower in camp, but once the season begins, they find ingenious ways to lose. We are picking them high again this year because they once more are loaded with experience, depth and talent. Only one of last year's top 22 players graduated; only four of the top 44 are gone. The defense is vastly improved, headed by a great linebacker, Ed Simonini. There is not much depth at running back, but the incoming freshmen can solve that problem. So keep an eye on the Aggies; they may just mess up and win the Southwest Conference championship for the first time since 1967.

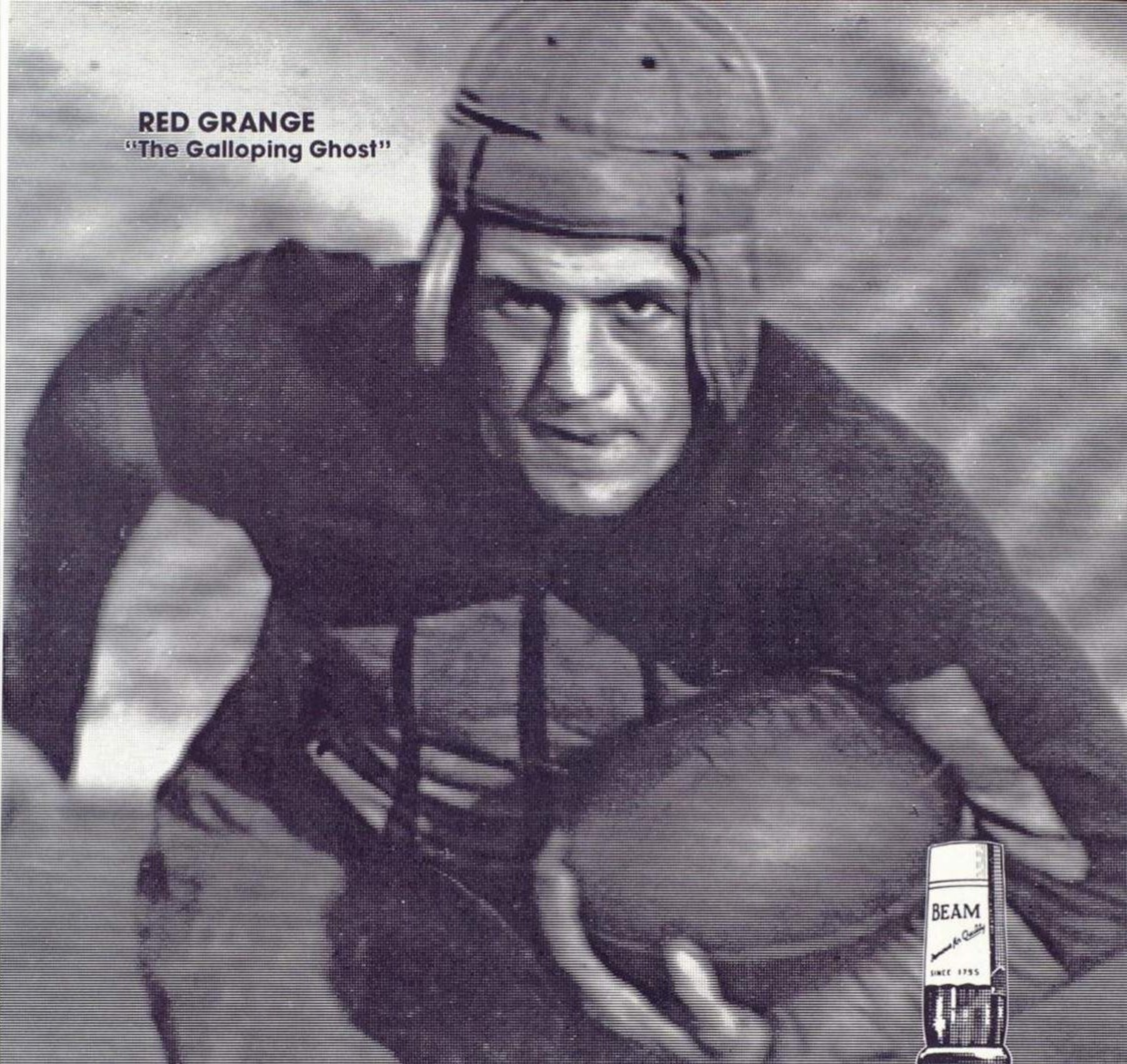
Of Arkansas' 22 starters, four were seniors and seven were freshmen, which should give you an idea of how much improved the Razorbacks will be. They looked superb in spring training, when the Alabama wishbone was installed. The offensive line jelled around sophomore tackle Gerald Skinner, and heralded junior college transfer runner Ike Forté showed that his advance billings were justified. There are three qualified candidates for starting quarterback. The defensive line will be awesome. It should be an enjoyable autumn in Fayetteville.

It will be difficult, indeed, for Texas Tech to match its '73 performance, because graduation took one All-America and six other consensus All–Southwest Conference players. New quarterback Tommy Duniven has an impressive arm and six quality receivers to catch his passes, but he's totally inexperienced. All this probably spells a slow start but a fast finish.

Lack of depth was an agonizing problem for Southern Methodist last year, when nearly every key player was injured for at least part of the season. The same situation exists this year, although 8 of 11 starters return on both platoons. Freshman middle guard Jimmy Green should start right away.

Rice players hope to maintain the momentum they found at the end of last season, when they progressed from a 1–6 in early November to win their last four games. They did it with a limp offense, an alert defense and a superior kicking game. This season the offense will

"Well—for a start, I'm not a woman."



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be better, with a bigger, inexperienced offensive line, quicker runners and more experienced quarterbacks and receivers. The defensive line, built around vicious tackler Cornelius Walker and giant Jody Medford, will play havoc with enemy runners. Coach Al Conover, enthused by what he saw in spring practice, is openly optimistic about the coming season. We hope his confidence is intact after the first four games against Houston, Cincinnati, LSU and Notre Dame.

Texas Christian's '73 problems, politely described as a breakdown of communications between players and coaching staff, seem to have been solved with the arrival of new coach Jim Shofner. The player attitude in spring drills was the best in many years. A new wide-open offense means the Frogs will throw more than any team in the Conference. Says Shofner, "We don't have the depth to win by trying to cram the ball down the other guy's throat. We'll try to capitalize on the big play."

Baylor, still struggling to get out of the Southwest Conference cellar, won't make much progress this year unless it stops giving the ball to opponents. It turned the ball over on fumbles 50 times in '73. If *religioso*-coach Grant Teaff has enough celestial influence to avoid excessive injuries, the Bears might be respectably competitive.

Scrambling sophomore quarterback Les Varner could be North Texas State's game breaker. Says coach Hayden Fry, "We're not yet on a par with Southwest Conference teams, but we'll get there." The opening game with Fry's former employer, SMU, should be interesting.

New Mexico State has a chance to post its first winning season since 1967. Although Joe Pisarcik has departed for the pros, residual passers and incoming freshmen will make the quarterback position strong again. Jim Germany will be one of the better runners in the West.

Tulsa's almost exclusive dependence on the pass is changing. The offensive line has been rebuilt, some power runners found, and the running game showed vast improvement in spring drills.

New Wichita State coach Jim Wright promises to field a wide-open attack. He has plenty of good runners, but the ranks are thin everywhere else. Wright will depend heavily on freshman talent and 13 huge incoming linemen will probably be the key to whatever success the Shockers enjoy.

Drake has two legitimate starters returning at quarterback, although Jonas Sears, if he can keep his grades up, will likely win the position over Jeff Martin. Runner Jerry Heston is only 414 yards away from breaking Johnny Bright's career rushing mark. With a weak offensive line, the Bulldogs must depend on speed if they are to contend for the Conference title.

Louisville coach T. W. Alley had trouble deciding on a quarterback last year and this season may find him with the same problem. Len DePaola looks like the best of the three contending for the job. The running game, featuring diminutive Walter Peacock and Steve Jewell, will again be excellent, but Alley may have trouble putting together an offensive line to block for them: all five of last year's starters graduated.

West Texas State returned to the wishbone attack during spring drills in order to take advantage of its major asset, several good running backs. Place kicker Bruce Wyre, who had a 58-yard field goal last fall, should at least keep the Buffaloes from getting shut out.

If David Husmann proves to be a merely adequate quarterback, this will be the strongest team in Houston's history. The senior contingent includes 16 players who'll probably be drafted by the pros and a number of sophomores all ready to take over if any of the veterans become overconfident. Top offensive players include runners Marshall Johnson, Donnie McGraw and Reggie Cherry. PLAYBOY All-America defensive back Robert Giblin is the best player on what is probably the best defensive unit in the West. Unfortunately, the easy schedule doesn't do justice to the available talent, so the Cougars could be undefeated and still not finish in the nation's top ten.

With Rich Haynie gone, the quarterback job at Air Force will go to either Mike Worden or Ken Vaughn, a starting cornerback as a freshman in '73. Tailback Chris Milodragovich returns, ably backed up by sophomore Ken Wood. Defensive tackle Terry Young, at 6'7", is the tallest player in Air Force history, and one of the best. Dave Lawson doubles as a linebacker and a place kicker and is outstanding at both jobs.

The primary ingredient in Utah State's successful 1973 campaign was a rugged defense and will be again if coach Phil Krueger can find some replacements at the important front positions. The running game, built around fullback Jerry Cox and tiny (5'9", 175 pounds) tailback Louie Giammona, will again be dangerous. Either Tom Wilson or Bill Swanson will provide the answer to the still-unsettled quarterback problem. The schedule, however, is the toughest ever.

Lamar enters major college ranks with its most experienced squad ever. Nineteen starters return and quarterback Bobby Flores will have two superlative

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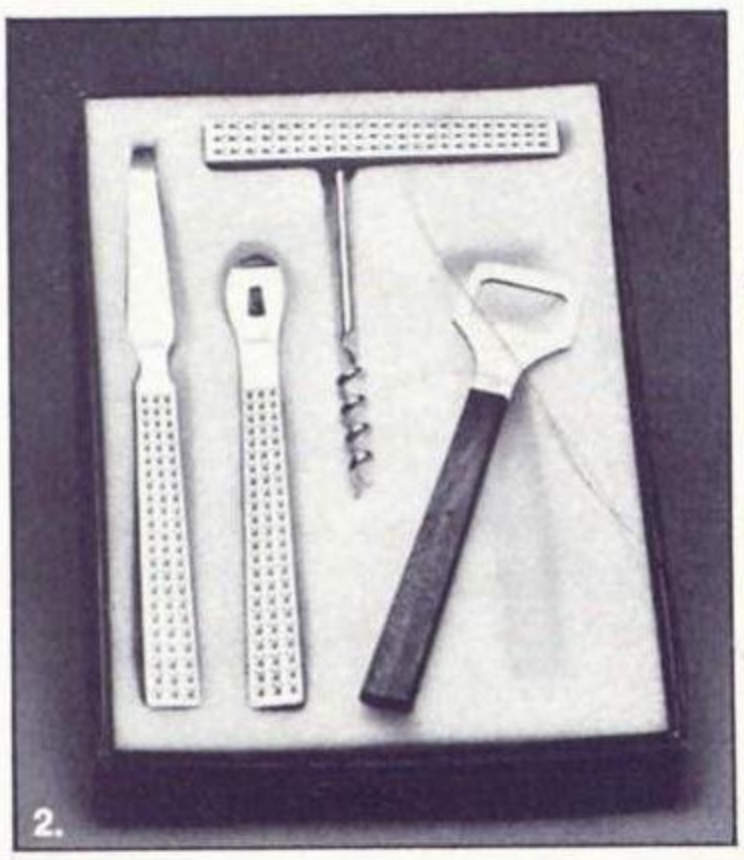
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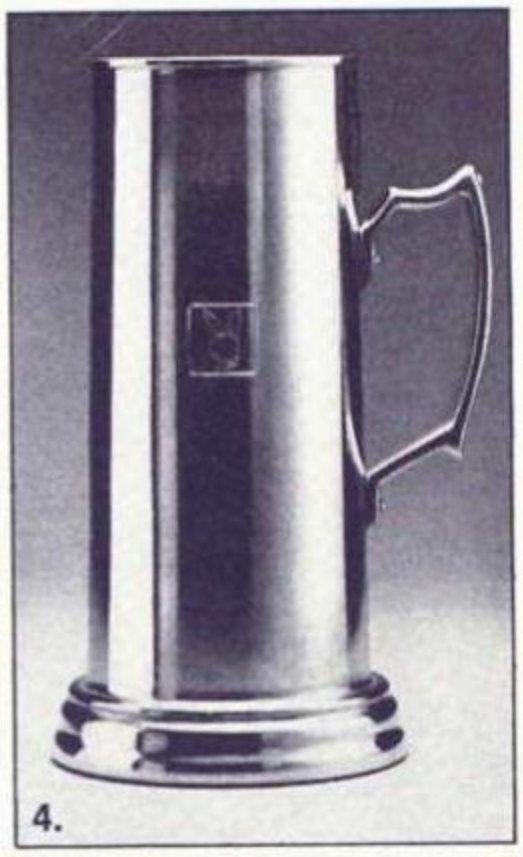
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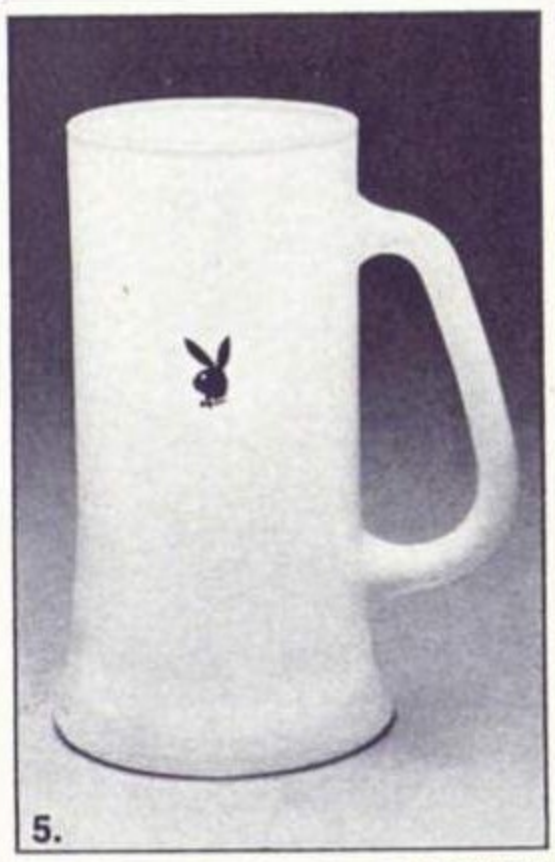
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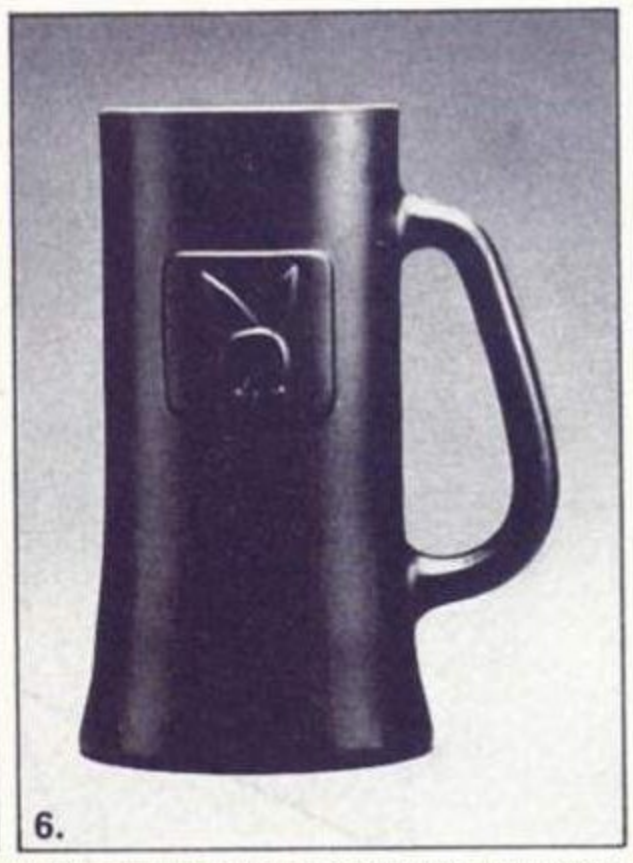
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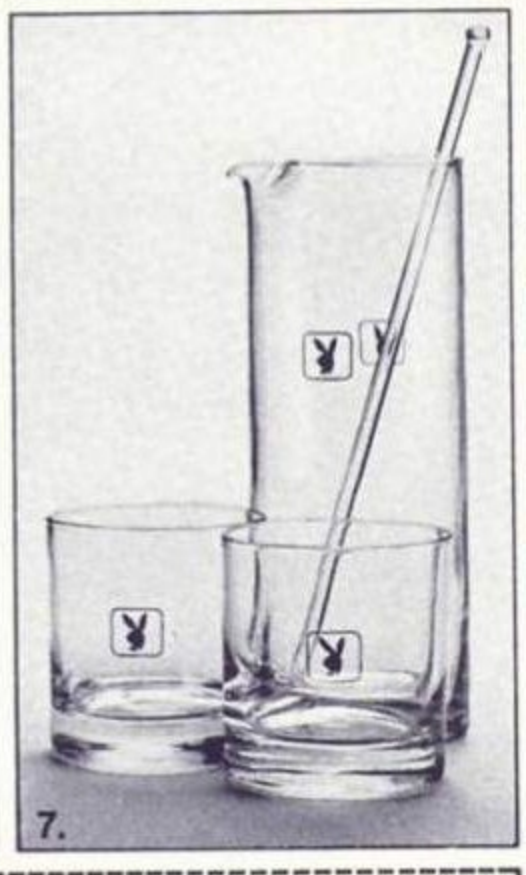
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freshman receivers, Larry Spacek and Darrell Washington.

Texas at Arlington's disgruntled fans have charged the Mavericks with lacking a winning spirit. Last year's 4–6 team, they say, should have won at least seven games. This season the spirit may be more willing, but the flesh is still weak. New coach Bud Elliott greets only three returning seniors and must depend heavily on freshmen and redshirts. But the future looks good. Elliott has a knack of making winners out of losers and his young squad has potential.

• • •

Southern California is gunning for the national championship and the optimism is warranted. Last year's weaknesses—an inexperienced offensive line, inconsistent fullback blocking and 15 extra pounds of fat carried by PLAYBOY All-America runner Anthony Davis—have been fixed. Fullbacks Ken Gray and Ricky Bell are excellent blockers and Davis has trimmed his figure to the lissome proportions of his sophomore year. The passing game should again be superb. In fact, coach John McKay says Pat Haden is the best quarterback he's ever been around. McKay also predicts a rosy future for sophomore flanker Shelton Diggs.

New UCLA coach Dick Vermeil will utilize talented option quarterback John Sciarra and a crew of good receivers to offset the slackening of last season's spectacular running game. Although last year's squad set numerous offensive records, Vermeil would rather win games by a score of 14–0 than of 62–47. So he's working hard on a campaign to upgrade the Bruin defense. We doubt that the fans will agree. Compared with the recent past of Pepper Rodgers' teams, it will be a dull year in Westwood.

If California is ever to return to football respectability, this would seem to be the year, for 33 of last season's top 44 players are back. Coach Mike White must improve his defensive unit: last season it set an all-time school record for porosity. Hopefully, three junior college transfers will inject some vigor into the new alignment. All the skilled offensive players return, and they are good, especially runners Howard Strickland and Mark Bailey and bull-like running back Chuck Muncie. Steve Bartkowski, a strong thrower, will probably win the quarterback job from Vince Ferragamo, who was a disappointment last year as a sophomore.

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC EIGHT

Southern California	10–1	Stanford	5–6
UCLA	10–1	Washington St.	3–8
California	6–5	Washington	2–9
Oregon State	5–6	Oregon	2–9

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

Arizona	10–1	Brigham Young	5–6
Arizona State	8–4	New Mexico	4–7
Wyoming	6–5	Colorado State	3–8
Utah	6–5	Texas at El Paso	1–10

PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE

San Diego State	9–2	Fresno State	5–7
San Jose State	9–3	Long Beach State	4–7
Pacific	6–5		

INDEPENDENTS

Idaho	5–6	Hawaii	5–6

TOP PLAYERS: A. Davis, Haden, McKay, Wood (Southern California); Kuykendall, Clark, Sciarra (UCLA); Muncie, Culpepper (California); Krpalek, White (Oregon State); Stillwell, Donovan (Stanford); Jones, Ostermann (Washington State); Pear, Lloyd (Washington); Lewis, Reynolds (Oregon); Upchurch, Bell (Arizona); Breunig, Owens (Arizona State); Gray (Wyoming); Armstead (Utah); Scheide, Miller (Brigham Young); Akens, Bell (New Mexico); Simpson (Colorado State); Belichesky (Texas at El Paso); Henderson, Ricardo, Jackson (San Diego State); Wasick, Kimball (San Jose State); Harrell, Douglas (Pacific); Murray (Fresno State); Bailey (Long Beach State); Kiilsgaard (Idaho); Laboy, Letz (Hawaii).

Oregon State coach Dee Andros has been skulking since last year, when his Beavers suffered their worst season since 1954. This year, Andros has some horses; 18 starters return and are reinforced by another 18 blue-chip freshmen. Andros will stick with the wide-open passing game installed last fall, because quarterback Alvin White has a better set of receivers this season.

Stanford's season will depend on how well totally inexperienced sophomore quarterback Mike Cordova handles pressure. At 6'4", 215 pounds, he's an effective option runner and a better-than-average passer. Teamed with runners Scott Laidlaw and Ron Inge and operating behind

"Star light, star bright, first star I see tonight, I wish I may, I wish I might . . . oh, I think I am!"

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"Spiral,"
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hand-polished aluminum
by American-born
sculptor, Steve Urry.

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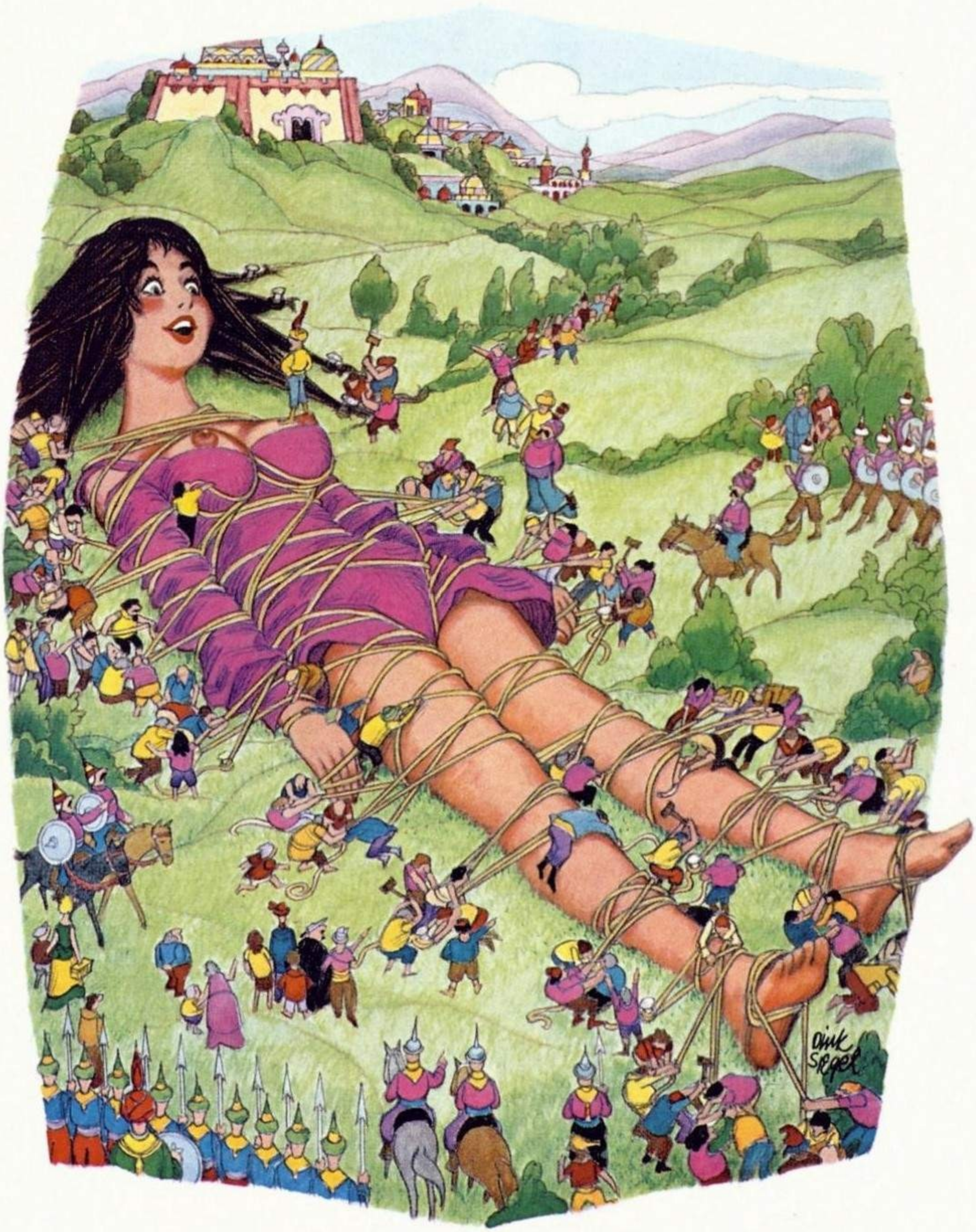


"Frankly, I think it's kind of sexy."

a good offensive line, he'll give Stanford a potent ground attack. PLAYBOY All-America defensive ends Roger Stillwell and Pat Donovan are the best pair in the country, so opposing teams will probably run the ball up the middle, where there are many bodies available for the tackle positions, but the talent is uncertain.

Washington State will again field a high-powered running game, featuring Andrew Jones, and with Chuck Peck at quarterback, the attack will be more varied. The defenders, young and few, must mature quickly if the Cougars are to continue their long-planned climb to PAC-8 eminence.

Washington was the Conference door mat in '73 (the Huskies didn't win a PAC-8 game), but 40 lettermen return and the players—surprisingly, after a 2–9 season—are talking Rose Bowl. The optimism may be unrealistic, but it reflects the new spirit that has developed from a total reversal of the formerly dismal personal relations between players and coaching staff. Head coach Jim Owens has even loosened up enough to indulge in a little muted horseplay with his charges. Perhaps his cheerfulness derives from the fact that his squad has much unpublicized talent and is in the perfect position to bushwhack a few unsuspecting teams.

Last fall, Oregon outgained its opponents and had the second-best defense in the Conference yet finished 2–9 for the year. That took imagination. Inadequate quarterbacking also helped. This edition of the defense may be even better and coach Don Read has switched to the veer offense to take advantage of two speedy quarterbacks, Ken Spencer and Tom Cafferty. Junior college transfer kicker Stan Woodfill should collect a lot of field goals.

The optimism has been running high in Tucson as well this summer. Arizona shared the Western Conference title with Arizona State last year and, with 17 starters returning and a marvelous freshman kicker, Lee Pistor, on hand, this should be Arizona's year. Fullback Jim Upchurch and flanker "T" Bell will do most of the scoring.

The Arizona State squad, gutted by graduation, will be new but gifted, especially in the offensive backfield and defensive line. Sophomore Bill Kenney seems the best of five contestants at quarterback. And freshman runner Jim Malone (younger brother of Art and Ben) could make a big splash his first year. The schedule, with Houston, Texas Christian and Missouri for openers, may traumatize the youngsters before they get used to things, but by season's end the Sun Devils should have enough of the kinks worked out to salvage a good year.

Wyoming has some depth for a change, especially among the running backs; the offensive line is also bigger and the secondary is solid. If a quarterback can get the ball to Archie Gray, one of the best receivers in Wyoming's history, the Cowboys will make a run for the Conference championship.

At Utah, new coach Tom Lovat has scrapped last year's passing offense and substituted a less risky balanced attack. The new quarterback should be Lou Onofrio (son of Missouri coach Al) and his prime target will be Willie Armstead. He'll be handing off to runners Ike Spencer and Steve Marlowe.

Despite substantial losses, Brigham Young is capable of bettering last season's disappointing performance. Most of the runners and receivers and all of the offensive line are gone (Brigham Young loses starters to church-mission calls as well as to graduation), but one of the West's best passing combinations, quarterback Gary Scheide and receiver Jay Miller, is back.

Most everything will be new at New Mexico, too, including coach Bill Mondt. He abandoned the pro-set wishbone for a wide-open passing attack because of the presence of junior college transfer quarterback Steve Myer. Things are looking better for the Lobos.

Colorado State fans will be happy to learn that last year's defense is improved, thanks mostly to the arrival from junior college of middle linebacker Kevin McLain. The quarterbacking is suspect, but incoming freshman Daryl Powers could turn out to be a gem. Another freshman, Ron Harris, and transfer Jim McKenzie will aid the running.

Only 65 players showed up at spring practice from a Texas at El Paso squad that was winless in '73. Since last winter's recruiting went well, the Miners may be starting more freshmen this fall than any other team in the country. The star offensive performer will probably be field-goal kicker Bronko Belichesky.

San Diego State, incredibly, looks even stronger than last year, despite the loss of passer Jesse Freitas and most of his receivers. New quarterback Craig Penrose is capable and a number of junior college receivers have been recruited. Defensively, the Aztecs will be awesome, due to the incoming junior college transfer defenders, best of whom are linemen Greg Boyd and Mike Gilbert. Freshman linebacker Whip Walton will be an instant starter. Perhaps the Aztecs will at last get that elusive and long-deserved bowl bid.

San Jose State, which last year enjoyed its first winning season since 1961, will enjoy another one. The potent air attack returns full strength and coach Darryl Rogers spent the entire spring developing a complementary running game built around transfer runners Marv Stewart and Bill Crumley. The defense also returns en masse. Rogers says cornerback Louie Wright may be the best in the country.

Miracles have been worked the past two years at the University of the Pacific by a small hard-working coaching staff that has only 55 football scholarships at its disposal (less than half the major college average) but whose recruiting skills annually reap a harvest of junior college transfers. Both lines must be rebuilt, an annual procedure, but there is the usual wealth of fresh talent on hand. The running game features breath-taking Willard Harrell, who should erase Dick Bass's school records this fall.

Fresno State coach J. R. Boone has vowed that no longer will the best football players in the San Joaquin Valley leave for colleges in other areas. He proved his point during recruiting season by raiding local junior colleges to bring in 37 recruits. As many as 18 could be immediate starters. For the first time in years, the Bulldogs will have a good supply of linemen.

Last year was the worst season in Long Beach State's history. Assuming further deterioration is impossible, this should be a better year. Two newcomers, Herb Lust and diminutive Stanford Brewer, have the speed to give the ground attack some zip.

New Idaho coach Ed Troxel, with the help of a seasoned offensive unit, will try to make the veer-T offense function more successfully this year than last. He'll have a tough time figuring out how to stop other teams, though, because the center of the defensive line and the secondary were lost to graduation. However, the linebacking, built around All-America candidate Kjel Kiilsgaard, is formidable.

Hawaii, preparing for entry into major college ranks, has hired coach Larry Price, who emerged from the first session of spring practice and issued a press release expressing delight that his players were cooperating. We were surprised, too, when we read Price's description of the new "hula T" attack he had asked his players to master: "It is," he explained, "a data-processed four-back offense executed from 15 different shifting formations, accompanied by four types of motion; a 'flexed' horizontal alignment, with no apparent set tendencies, and will feature a sprint-out, run-out passing attack, four types of options, a potential pass from every running play, a draw at any hole run by any back and a blocking scheme best described as 'pattern blocking.' " Any questions?

JAZZING IN A-FLAT

(continued from page 92)

humiliating and embarrassing. Girls don't like to be *grabbed* that way, Iggie. I mean, if they're going to be touched at all, especially there, where it's so personal and private, they want to be touched gently. The way you touched my face. That way.

This way? I asked, and I reached out and touched the soft skin of her neck, and she said, Yes, that way, but of course *he* touches lower. Donald, I mean. When he touches. And not as gentle as that. A little lower, though.

Here? I said.

Yes, she said, but you'd better stop, Iggie, because we're all alone here and my mother won't be home till very late tonight, so I don't think you should be doing that, do you?

I guess not, I said.

Though it feels very nice, she said, you have nice hands.

Thank you, I said.

You're welcome, she said, but please stop. OK? My brother has very gentle hands, too, did I tell you he used to dress me when I was very small? Well, actually, he used to help me dress right until the time he left for the Army. He'd sit here right on the edge of the bed, right where we're sitting, and I'd be putting on a pair of stockings and fumbling with the damn garters, Iggie, I really don't think you should be doing that, do you? and he'd say he hoped I wasn't planning on wearing *those* stockings with the red dress or the green one or whatever it was, he was really very helpful, I miss him a lot.

The buttons are different, you know, she said. On a girl's blouse. They're the reverse. I mean, from a boy's. Lots of boys have trouble unbuttoning a girl's blouse, because the buttons are turned around. I remember once, will you promise not to tell this to anyone, I was fifteen, I guess, and I'd gone to a party at a girl's house up the street, she can see and everything, she's not blind, and they had a keg of beer there, I think it was a party for some boy who was going into the Army, I'm not sure, it was right after Pearl Harbor. And I drank a lot of beer, and I got very, well, not drunk, but sort of tipsy, you know, and when I came home, my brother was lying here on my bed, reading, my mother was out someplace, he took one look at me and said, Oh-oh. I couldn't even unbutton my own *blouse*, would you believe it? he had to unbutton it for me. And even though he'd had lots of practice dressing me when I was small, he still had trouble getting my blouse off that night, I guess because I was weaving all over the room, oh, God, it was so silly. I finally passed out cold and didn't remember a thing the next morning, my clothes were on the chair there, Iggie, you're getting me very hot.

I am now going to attempt something that might frighten even the likes of Oscar Peterson. I am going to demonstrate what it is like to play a jazz solo, and I am going to do so in terms of what happened with Susan Koenig in her bedroom that day after we got through the basics of taking off her blouse and her bra and her skirt and her half-slip and finally her cotton panties, and after she unbottoned my fly and helped me off with my undershorts and fell upon me with blind expertise and unbridled passion. I am going to prove to you not only what a great piano player I am but also what a unique and marvelous writer I *could* be (if only I had the time), and I am going to do so by demonstrating what jazz would *look* like if you were reading it in the English language instead of hearing it in a smoky night club. An impossible feat, you say? Stick around, you ain't seen nothing yet.

To keep this simple (look, he's already copping out!), I'm going to use a 12-bar blues chart with only 21 chords in it, as opposed to a more complex 32-bar chart with as many as 64 chords in it. If I were playing a *real* blues chorus, the chords I'd use most frequently in the key of A-flat, let's say, would be A-flat seven, D-flat seven and E-flat seven. But we're not concerning ourselves with chords in what follows; we're substituting *words* for chords.

This, then, would be the chord chart for *Jazzing in A-Flat*, as it is known in England (a pun, Mom), or, as it is known to American blues buffs, simply, *Up in Susan's Womb* (another one; sorry, Mom).

Bar 1: SUSAN
Bar 2: ME
Bar 3: SUSAN
Bar 4: BED
Bar 5: ME
Bar 6: ME
Bar 7: DECEMBER and AFTERNOON
Bar 8: HOT and COLD
Bar 9: AFTERNOON and EVENING
Bar 10: AFTERNOON and EVENING
Bar 11: SUSAN and BEDDED and I and MYSELF
Bar 12: LIMP and DUSK and BED

Each bar has four beats in it, but the last two bars combined have only seven beats and are called, traditionally and unimaginatively, a seven-beater, the last beat understood but not played. If you count all the capitalized words in all the bars above, you'll discover there are exactly 21 of them, just as promised. Their selection was determined by the actual incidence of a conventional set of chords in a typical blues chorus, with which I've taken no liberties. For example, the word BED in the chart represents an A-flat dominant chord, whereas the word BEDDED represents an A-flat dominant inversion—BED, therefore, becomes BEDDED, the same notes but in a different order.

The first chorus of the tune will consist of these chords' being played in the left hand and the composer's melody's being played in the right hand almost exactly as he wrote it. I'll add a swing to it

"Later, Maynard! This is <u>one</u> good thing that is <u>not</u> going to happen on a Honda!"

that did not exist in the original sheet music; but for the most part, I'll play it almost straight, in order to identify it (solely as a courtesy) for my audience. The choruses following the head chorus will be improvised, invented on the spot, and will bear no resemblance to the original tune, unless I choose to refer back to it occasionally, again solely as a courtesy. I am interested only in the chord chart. And the chart consists of those 21 words listed previously. The rest is all melody—*my* melody, not the composer's. In fact, the melodies I improvise in each succeeding chorus may have nothing whatever to do with sex per se, except as sex defines the over-all "mood" of the tune. In short, the blowing line I invent to go with the chord progression doesn't *need* to make an emotional or philosophic commitment to the composer's melody. I can use all sorts of musical punctuation in my running line—eighth notes, eighth-note triplets, 32nd notes, 64th notes, runs—the way I would use commas, semicolons, periods or exclamation points. I can repeat sequential figures, augmenting or diminishing licks as I see fit, or I can utilize silences if I choose. (A jazzman listening to J. J. Johnson once said, "I sure like those notes he's playing," and another cat replied, "*I* like the ones he *isn't* playing.") I can do whatever I want with whatever melody I invent. I am entirely free to create.

But I cannot deviate from the chart. Once the chart is set in motion, it is inviolable, it is inexorable, it is inevitable. I am locked into it tonally and rhythmically. I cannot change SUSAN to ALICE, nor can I hold that chord for longer than the four beats prescribed in bar one, though I can, of course, repeat it four times in that measure, if I like. At the end of those four beats, ME must come in for another four beats; the chart so dictates. When it comes time for me to play AFTERNOON for two beats in bar seven, I'd better not be lingering on DECEMBER. I can use substitute chords, or passing chords, or what are known as appoggiatura chords—SHOT to HOT or BLIMP to LIMP—but only to get me *where* I have to be when I have to be there. Jazz is a moving, volatile, energetic force that is constantly *going* someplace. Each chord exists only because it is in motion *toward* the next chord and *from* the chord preceding it. It's pure Marxist music, in a sense, utilizing the dialectic process throughout. I can take the chord EVENING and break it into an arpeggio if I choose, transforming it into a linear EVE, EN, ING, or I can play it diatonically E,V,E,N,I,N,G, as a mode, or I can play it as a shell, EVNG, but I *have* to play it; it is part of the chart and the chart is the track upon which the express train of my improvisation runs.

So—in the first 12 bars, I'll play *Jazzing in A-Flat* as the composer wrote it, mingling and mixing right-hand melody with left-hand harmony, because we're doing prose here and not musical notation, and anyway that's exactly as you'd hear it. In the next 12 bars, I'll improvise a jazz solo with a blowing line unrelated to the original melody except where brief reference may be made to it, the entire improvisation based on those 21 chords in the relentless chord chart. Then, utilizing whatever bag of tricks I possess, I'll take us into the final 12 bars, where I'll play the head again almost as straight as I did at the top, and then go home ("head and out," as it's called). All of this will be enormously abbreviated, you understand. A jazz solo, especially on a blues chart, can go on and on all night. *This* solo will consist of only three choruses.

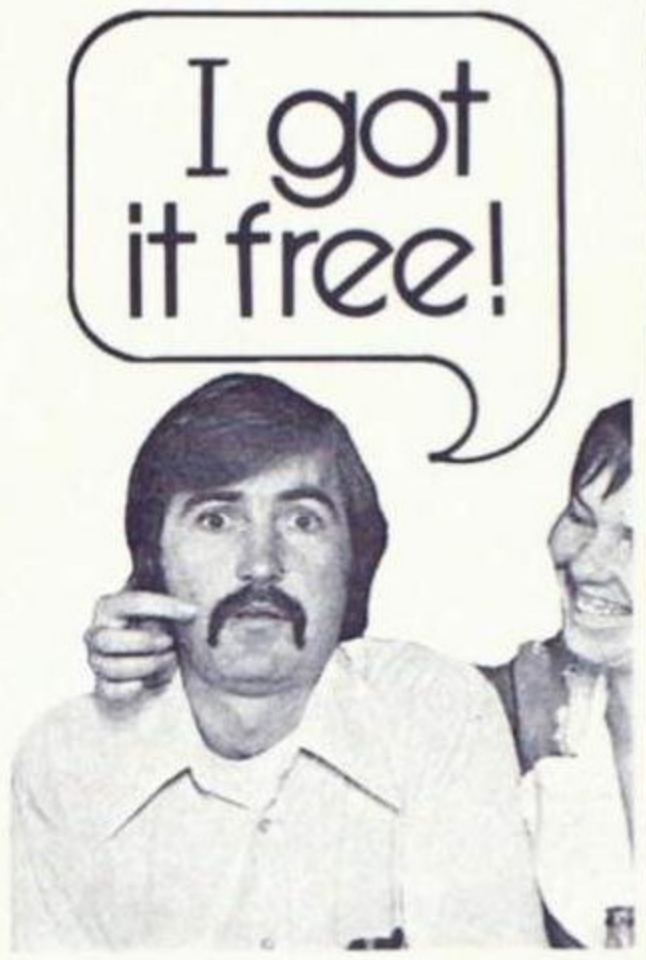
Ready?

Ah-*one*twothreefour. . . .

SUSAN spent six hours with/ME, who soon learned that/SUSAN was not a virgin, that her/BED had been shared with her brother, who, like/ME, had desired her, but, unlike/ME, had been humping her for years./DECEMBER was *my* turn, that AFTERNOON apartment/. . . HOT radiators clanging, COLD wind rattling the windows,/AFTERNOON waning, EVENING on the way. Oh, that/AFTERNOON! Coming four times and, in the EVENING, once again in/SUSAN's mouth. BEDDED still, she asked that I let MYSELF out, lying there/LIMP, still wearing dark glasses, as DUSK shadowed the rumpled BED.

SUSiphANy SU SU whispering/ME, and oh, andering, MEandering, brown-eyed/SU-SAN *flam*-boy-ant, optimum/BED! a dead hollow vesper, a con-spir-a-see/ME-eyed poinciana, ME-eyed,/o solo ME-eyed poin-/DEE-CEM-BER, all white, and A-F-T-ERNOON all all all un-ending./HOT musky HOT mustard, COLD stinking COLD thurible,/AFTER-sun and NOON sinking, E,V,E,NING fuck and tongue, an/AFTERtaste, but NOON gone, AFTER-NOON screaming, screening EVEN-ING/SUsuSAN, SUSANitary seas, BEDazzlED by moonlight and I . . . I . . . coconut-fronded, MYcamelSELFconsciousness slinkily slumbering/LIMPingly stuttering, DUSKily darkening, deepening daisies and violets in BEDs.

SUSAN six hours with/ME all astonished, for/SUSAN's no virgin, her/BED was her brother's!/ME she fucked royally./ME she taught brotherwise, all through/DECEMBER, or all AFTERNOON, at least./HOT dizzy licks, COLD chops but warm cockles,/AFTERNOON heat begat cool EVENING's expertise./AFTERNOON practice for EVENING's fel-ay-she-oh/SUSAN! oh Christ! how she BEDDED and wedded and urged that I be MYSELF./LIMPly suggested she'd best be alone now, DUSK softly shrugging and hugging her naked and leaving her lying in shades on her BED.



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PB 9'74

A PLACE TO AVOID

(continued from page 162)

that one incident would have been enough. There would have been no further trouble here." Bauer tilted his bottle up, draining it. "Well, the past is past, Giachetti. We're building a new Europe, you and I." He smiled blearily across at the young Italian. "Cooperation is the way now. The war proved that military domination by a single country is not feasible. The Romans were wiser, Giachetti. They adapted themselves to the ways of the people in the areas under their influence."

Giachetti got to his feet, pushing back the camp chair. It tipped and fell, but he didn't stoop to right it.

"The Romans ruled for nearly a thousand years," said Bauer. He sat smiling softly and nodding his head, a dreamy expression on his face. "A thousand years! And for the most part, they exerted the force of their natural superiority by trade and commerce. That is, they achieved the result of war by peaceful expansion and control. That was the key to their strength, you see. They didn't depend on conquest. They spread out bit by bit, establishing their own colonies among the less disciplined peoples."

"If you'll excuse me," Giachetti said harshly. He turned and opened the door.

"Yes, the Romans showed that there are other and more effective ways to rule——"

"Good night, *Herr* Bauer," said Giachetti, and he stepped outside, closed the door behind him and strode off into the darkness.

• • •

Three days later, the access road was completed. Equipment for later stages of the project was beginning to arrive. Laborers still were needed, but the *capo* told Giachetti that the men from the village did not intend to continue working.

Bauer was not disturbed by this when Giachetti reported it to him. "What," he asked sarcastically, "are they still worried about the spirits?"

"The *capo* didn't say."

Bauer gazed with satisfaction at the completed road that curved and dipped across the rolling land toward the distant highway, out of sight. "Don't worry, Giachetti. They'll come straggling back tomorrow." He chuckled. "I think they realize now that we've laid their ghosts to rest for good!" He started over toward the construction shed, where the men had assembled for their pay. "Pay them off, Giachetti," he said genially, "and tell them to come back tomorrow. There'll be work for them all! No—don't bother. I'll tell them myself."

He came to a halt among the villagers and swung about, his hands on his hips, smiling, and began speaking to them in his harsh, accented Italian. "*Domani . . . venite domani! Lavoro per tutti!*" The men edged away from him, crowding toward the table where Giachetti had brought the cashbox. Bauer called after them: "*Tornate qui domani. Molto lavoro da fare—per tutti quanti!*" Giachetti unfolded a camp chair, sat down behind the table and took out the packet of pay envelopes. Bauer moved over to stand beside him. "*Domani,*" he repeated loudly. "*Venite domani!*" Giachetti began calling out the names and passing out the envelopes one by one as the men stepped forward.

Bauer stood sweating in the sun. "They must think they're millionaires now, Giachetti," he muttered. "With a little cash in their pockets, they don't have to worry for a while." He raised his voice again, repeating his summons: "*Venite domani!*" None of the men looked at him. Each one took his envelope, opened it, counted the bills, and then walked over to join those who had already been paid. They stood with their backs to Bauer. The German didn't realize this at first. Then he frowned. "What are they doing that for, Giachetti?" he asked in annoyance. Giachetti, pretending not to have heard, went on reading off the names. The men who stepped up to the table continued to ignore Bauer; the group that stood turned away from him grew steadily larger.

"Those bastard peasants," Bauer muttered angrily. "What are they trying to do—insult me?" He squinted distrustfully their way. The sight of the silent men all facing in the other direction enraged him. The color rose in his neck; he worked his fingers, clenching and unclenching his fists. "They take my money quick enough, damn them," he snapped. He strode a few steps toward the group; then, irresolutely, he paused and returned. "*Venite domani,*" he repeated, shouting out the words, his voice sounding choked, as if stifled by the silence. He wiped his forehead, cursing under his breath.

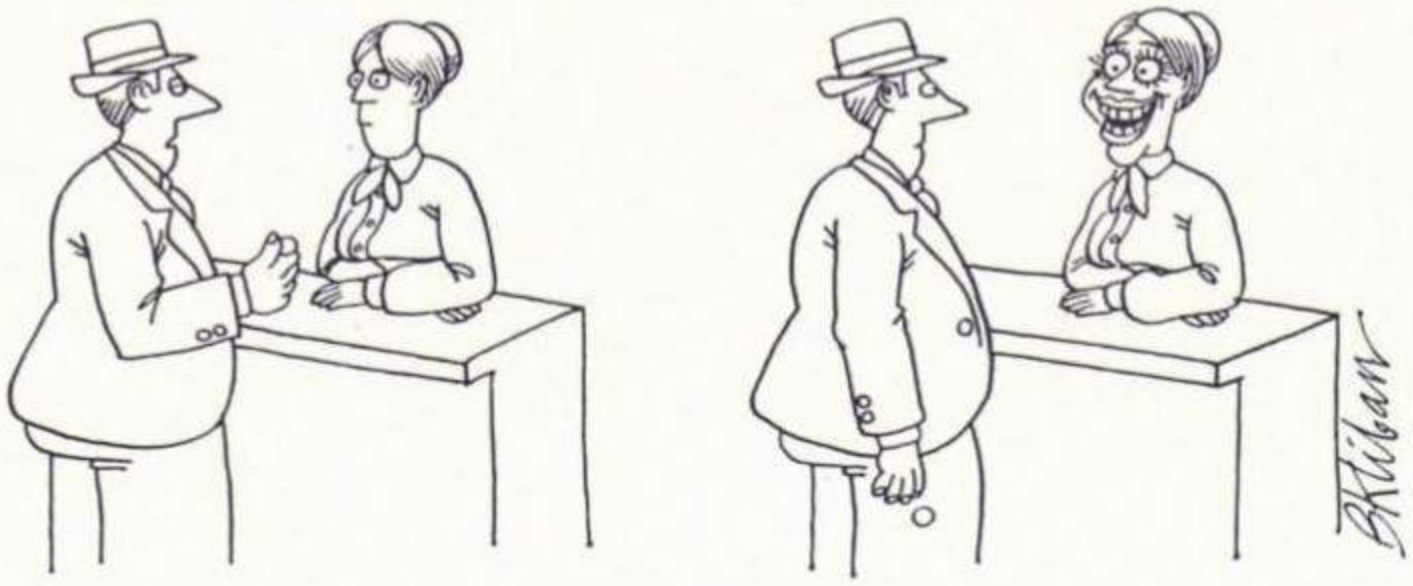
When the next man approached the table, Bauer moved forward, confronting him. "*Vieni domani, tu,*" he said, his voice hoarse and challenging. The man didn't look up. He examined his envelope, moving his lips as he counted the money. Then he turned aside to go over to the others. "What the hell do you think you're doing?" Bauer called after him, in German. "You bastard—when I speak to you, you look at me, do you hear?" He was sweating heavily now; his face was darkly flushed. "Make a note of that man's name," he told Giachetti. "I won't be rehiring him, I can tell you—or this one, either," he added, as the next man to be paid walked away from him with averted eyes. "Strike them both off the list!" Then he burst out, raging: "Strike them all off! Let them rot in their filthy village! Pigs! Animals! I won't hire any of them!" He stood breathing hard, his fists doubled. "They'll pay for this, Giachetti," he said, with a savage smile. "Don't they realize that things are going to change around here? Don't they know there'll be a new order in this misbegotten place?"

The last man was paid. Giachetti snapped the cashbox shut and got up, his mouth working tensely. "Listen, *Herr* Bauer. I don't think they're trying to offend you personally. It may have something to do with their superstition about this place——"

"Oh, really?" said Bauer, sneering. "Well, they won't have to worry about that any longer. It doesn't belong to them now. It's mine. I own it—ghosts and all!"

He tightened his belt and went over to the jeep, glaring vindictively at the villagers. "Watch this," he yelled at them. "*Guardate!*" He climbed in behind the wheel. "I found a better way up yesterday," he told Giachetti, who had followed him. Then, cutting dangerously close to the group of workmen, he gunned the jeep off toward the sea, swung left at the edge of the plateau and went twisting among the scrub vegetation and boulders there, heading toward the promontory.

Giachetti moved over toward the men, who were silently watching the progress of the jeep. He spoke to the *capo*: "Why did you have to insult the man?" The



"Change, please."

capo looked at him quietly but made no reply. Giachetti lowered his gaze and turned uncomfortably aside.

"*Eccolo,*" one of the men remarked softly. Giachetti looked up at the promontory and saw the distant jeep appear, vanish behind some rocks and reappear higher up.

The top of the promontory was not flat. It still had an upward slant, mounting to the point where it broke off above the rocks, 100 feet below along the shore. The men standing on the plateau could observe the greater part of the grove of pines and saw the jeep when it reached the top. Bauer stopped there and stood behind the wheel, a tiny figure, triumphantly waving his arms. Then he resumed his seat and began driving among the pines, wheeling all about in an erratic circuit, at times lost to sight, then reappearing, one arm raised high and still waving, as he cut back and forth, taking possession of the place. Giachetti imagined that he could hear him shouting, but the only sounds were the far-off grinding of the jeep, faintly echoing down, and the breathing of the silent men around him and the whispering wash of the sea against the rocks.

It was on Bauer's fourth or fifth swing around the grove of pines that the jeep exploded. They all saw it clearly. There was a great puff of dirt, lifting machine and man together. Then came the slap of the blast. After that, silence. A plume of smoke wavered in a current of air and dissolved.

Giachetti seized the *capo* by the arm. "What was it?" he said hoarsely, staring at the old man. The *capo* regarded him impassively but said nothing. Giachetti looked up again at the promontory. He could see nothing there now.

The *capo* disengaged his arm from Giachetti's grip. "They put it there," he said.

Giachetti shook his head, dazed and uncomprehending. "They? You mean the Germans?"

"There are many mines up there," the old man said softly. "They left a great many."

"But after the war, the mines were located and removed." Giachetti looked around uncertainly. "At least . . . in most places. Some may have been missed."

"They left a great many," the *capo* repeated. "Up there and down below, too. We have had several people killed by them."

"You knew there were still mines up there?"

The *capo* shrugged.

"You knew," said Giachetti, "but you didn't warn him?"

"He was warned," said the *capo*, and then he turned and joined the other men, who were trudging back along the road, going home.

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rash,
excessive perspiration,
irritation,
in the groin area,
could be
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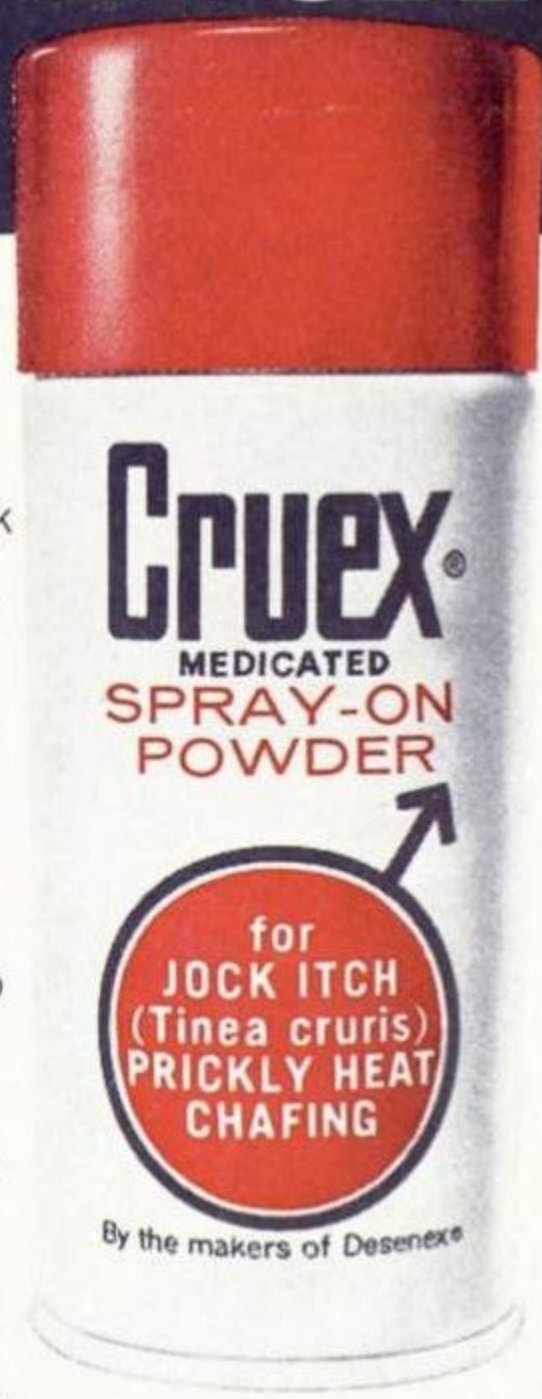

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do plants have orgasms?

(continued from page 140)

Secretary Kissinger boarding a plane for Syria, Henry Aaron standing next to a dugout water cooler, Dick Cavett interviewing Kate Smith, etc. Meanwhile, the rest of the staff crowded against the laboratory door, giggling and cracking bathroom jokes. Suddenly, the technician whipped out a photo of a bull thistle exposing his anther. Not only did the galvanic response of the plant knock the needles off the chart but one of our staff members fainted and two others rushed to the powder room to relieve themselves.

Many people ask: Can plants experience orgasm? The answer is: usually yes, unless their partner's technique is faulty. Most plants not only have no difficulty reaching climax but even like to smoke a quiet cigarette afterward.

The rest of the reproductive cycle of plants is well known to the reader, but it may come as a revelation that abortion is common among plants. Adolescent dahlias who get into trouble after "going all the way," for example, can go to a sort of clinic where paramedical weevils perform a simple D and C—defoliate and clip.

Possibly the most dramatic and far-reaching research performed at the institute concerns plants' extraordinary ability to detect and respond to sexual "vibrations" in humans. Not only can a plant read your erotic fantasies but it can tell when you've had intercourse. One afternoon, a very pretty lab assistant attached wires from her cerebral cortex to the stem of a zinnia, then hooked the zinnia up to a lie-detection machine and started concentrating on her favorite erotic fantasy; namely, that a tapir was licking her right kneecap. She began to get extremely excited and watched the zinnia carefully to see its reaction. Although the zinnia seemed as placid as before, the needles on the machine were going crazy. Fearful that the flower might be showing symptoms of frigidity, she bent over to examine it. As her skirt rose up her thighs, the lie detector brutally assaulted and raped her, leaving her more dead than alive.

Most plants would not remain so passive, however, for they have a deep aversion to violence of any sort. Not long ago, a farmer's wife was returning home alone on a country road. Suddenly, she was seized and stripped by a crazed assailant and dragged into a cornfield. He dropped his pants, revealing a huge, lust-swollen organ. Just as he was about to have his way with her, the cornstalks began swaying with wild alarm, beating the assailant on the head with ears of corn until he could take it no more. He got off the woman and fled. The following day, the woman returned to the cornfield and burned it down.

A growing number of responsible scientists believes that plants hold the key to a world order founded on peace, love and the golden rule. Others say plants don't mean a goddamn thing.

"I like to think I'm a patriot, but actually I'm a fascist."

INSOMNIA

(continued from page 130)

miracles. After all, life itself is just one prolonged miracle. It's when you're madly in love that you look for miracles.)

• • •

All in all, it was the old problem of the happy lunatic begging for love. *I love you!* If I said it in English, it meant nothing. (Who would think, for instance, that a beautiful word like *omanko* means cunt?) And if I said it in Japanese, it was *verboten*, because premature. *To love.* "Easier said than done," she once told me over the telephone. Marry first, then talk about love—that was the general idea. Yet every night, at the piano bar, it was nothing but love, love, love. Rivers of love poured from the ivories; nightingales warbled in her throat, all singing love among the roses. By one A.M., the joint was steaming with love. Even the roaches were friggin' away between the keys. Love! Just love. A sweet death. And in Japanese it sounds even sweeter: *"Gokuraku ōjō."* Beneath the mascara was the shadow of her smile. And beneath the smile lurked the melancholy of her race. When she removed her eyelashes, there were two black holes into which one could peer and see the river Styx. Nothing ever floated to the surface. All the joys, all the sorrows, all the dreams, all the illusions were anchored deep in the subterranean stream, in the tohubohu of her Japanese soul.

Her black, sluggish silence was far more eloquent to me than any words she might utter. It was frightening, too, because it spoke of the utter meaninglessness of things. So it is, so it always was, so it always will be. What now, my love? Nothing. *Nada.* In the beginning, as in the end—silence. Music is the bloody hemstitching of the faceless soul. At bottom she hated it. At bottom she was one with the void.

"Love Forever in Bossa Nova."

And so, after months and months of it, what with the itching toe, the unanswered letters, the fruitless telephone calls, the mah-jongg, the mendacity and duplicity, the frivolity and frigidity, the gorilla of despair that I had become began to wrestle with the devil called Insomnia. Slipslopping around at three, four and five in the morning, I took to writing on the walls—broken sentences like "Your silence has meant nothing to me. I'll outsilence you." Or, "When the sun sets, we count the dead." Or (courtesy of a friend), "You would not be looking for me if you had not already found me." Or the weather report from Tokyo, in Japanese: *"Kumore toki doki ame."* Sometimes just "Good night!" (*"O yasumi nasai!"*) I began to sense the germ of a new insanity sprouting in me. Sometimes

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Do you know what every man wants?
See page 25.

I went to the bathroom, looked in the mirror and made funny faces, which frightened hell out of me. Sometimes I just sat in the dark and implored the telephone to ring. Or hummed to myself, "Smoke gets in your eyes," or yelled, "*Merde!*" Maybe this was the best part of it all, so help me, God. Who can say? I had been through it before, dozens of times, yet each time it was new, different, more painful, more intolerable. People said I looked wonderful, was getting younger every day, and all that crap. They didn't know that there was a splinter in my soul. They didn't know that I was living in a satin-lined vacuum. They didn't seem to realize what a cretin I had become. But *I* knew! I used to get down on my knees and look for an ant or a cockroach to talk to. I was getting tired of talking to myself. Now and then, I would take the receiver off the hook and pretend to talk to her—from overseas, no less. "Yes, it's me, Henry-San. I'm in Monte Carlo [or Hong Kong or Veracruz, what matter?]. Yes, I'm here on business. What? No, I'll only be a few days. *Do you miss me?* What? Hello, hello. . . ." No answer. Line dead.

• • •

Does love, true love, entail full surrender? That was ever the question. Is it not human to expect some return, however small? Must one be a superman or a god? Are there limits to giving? Can one bleed forever?

Some talk of strategy, as if it were a game. Don't show your hand. Play it cool. Back away. Pretend, pretend! Though your heart is breaking, never betray your true feelings. Always behave as if nothing matters. That's the kind of advice they give to the lovelorn.

However, as Hesse says, "Love must have the power to find its own way to certainty. Then it ceases merely to be attracted and begins to attract."

And then—? Then God help us, for what we attract may not be at all to our taste. And what we so longed for may prove to be no longer desirable. And whether we attract or are attracted, all that matters is the one and only, the *bakari*. More important than enlightenment is the missing half. The Buddhas and the Christs are born complete. They neither seek love nor give love, because they are love itself. But we who are born again and again must discover the meaning of love, must learn to live love as the flower lives beauty.

How wonderful, if only you can believe it, act on it! Only the fool, the absolute fool, is capable of it. He alone is free to plumb the depths and scour the heavens. His innocence preserves him. He asks no protection.

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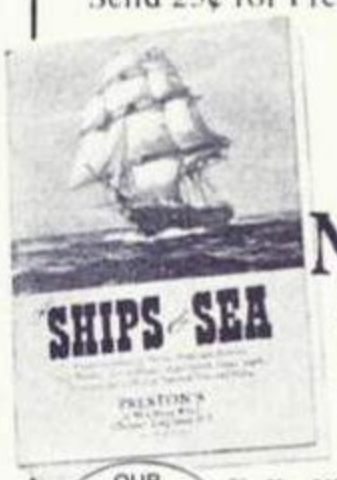

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STOPOVER *(continued from page 137)*

culture? No? Well, that's probably the sensible course. Work up to it, find a simple hotel, walk about the streets of the city, sit in a café and read a little poetry, let the harsh yellow light flood through the mind's chambers.

I tell my grandfather that it's just a stopover.

He accepts this with a smile and a wave of his hand. It's too bad, of course, he says, but *Mann kann nicht alles tun*, and if I have a schedule to keep on this journey, *nicht zu machen*, a few days in Athens are better than nothing. (My grandfather was Danish-American, not German, and, in fact, fled to the U. S. when he was 17 to escape conscription in the German army, after Germany had inhaled his region of Denmark. But I can't manage a Danish accent, even in the privacy of my imagination, and since I must invent both ends of this profitless dialog, I indicate my ancestor's foreignness by giving him a few lines in the only foreign language I know.)

I'm sorry, Grandfather, I tell him. The stopover is for an hour and ten minutes. There's not time for the Acropolis, but I think I saw it from the air as we were landing.

My grandfather looks at me sharply, seems about to say something, then appears to reconsider. When he does speak, it is in the tone a patient man might use when replying to a neighbor's child who has just described the plot of a school play. "Yes. And your destination is, *was hast du gesagt*, Karachi? I'm sure that you will find much there to interest you."

"Well, the thing is," I explain, "we get to Karachi at ten minutes after midnight and we leave again at 2:45 A.M. So there won't be much time to look around." There is no response from my ancestor and to myself I tick off some of the places I have visited only in the sense that I have killed an hour or so in their airports: Cairo; San Juan; Seattle; Entebbe; Frankfurt; Lincoln, Nebraska; Keflavík; Dayton; Buffalo; Winnipeg; someplace in Texas; Barcelona. And Karachi late tonight, Peshawar tomorrow.

I decide to recite this strange list to my grandfather. Old people, I have noticed, generally respond well to the what-is-the-world-coming-to? theme. I arrange my face in an ironic grin.

Grandfather, however, does not receive my signal. He is looking at his watch. It is a big vest-pocket model on a chain, with a gold flip-up lid covering the glass. He replaces the watch in his vest, slaps his hands on his knees and stands up: a short, square, durable man with a sandy mustache. He says that he has enjoyed very much having had this opportunity to chat with me.

"Aren't you flying to Karachi with me? You've never been on a jet."

Grandfather says no. Now that I have imagined him here in Athens—and he is most grateful for the favor—he plans to have a look around. He shakes hands gravely, says *auf Wiedersehen* and walks away toward Passport Control, through which he passes unnoticed.

I wander about the large and handsome arrivals-and-departures building, which is built of a material that resembles marble. I check to see whether the *Herald Tribune* has arrived yet, then spend some time looking at a display of watches. People from Des Moines and Stuttgart stand beside me. Each of us wears a fine watch, but we inspect the watches in this glass case as if we had never seen one before.

When my flight is called, I show my boarding card to the smiling attendant and walk out into the yellow light. On board the plane there is music. A string orchestra is playing *Begin the Beguine*.

"I take it, then, that we are not the first safari ever to visit this area."

DON'T CALL ME

(continued from page 160)

any moment there might issue a voice, an evil presence, a bronzed and fleshy-torsoed, gross and muscular jinni, capable of gratifying the wildest fancy, and—who knows?—once released, impossible to bottle up again. But Rosemary sharply checked this train of thought, declaring it to be inoperative.

Resentful at being declared inoperative, the telephone at once went off like an alarm clock. No need for Rosemary to ask for whom that bell pealed; it pealed for her. She found she was moving, and quickly, to pull the blind down, and then with slowing pace toward the clamorous phone. She lifted the receiver as though it weighed a ton and sank, exhausted, speechless and almost lifeless, onto the couch.

Someone at the other end appeared to be offering mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. The thought, like all good medicine, was distasteful but effective. After a moment, Rosemary was able to say, "Yes?" It seemed quite a speech, possibly from a Greek tragedy.

A voice, low-toned and so extremely rich and respectful as to resemble that of a hot-fudge sundae offering grace before meat, inquired, "Have I the pleasure of speaking to Miss Rosemary Underwood?"

"This is she. What can I do for you? That is to say, who is this speaking?"

"One who adores you."

"I can hardly believe that."

"Adores you. On my knees. In the library. Kneeling at the bottom row right in front of where you sit. Looking up a reference in the *Britannica*. Looking right up your dress, Miss Underwood."

Rosemary instinctively but all too retroactively brought her knees together. In what was, though she had never thought of it as such, the very center of her being, she experienced a feeling akin to that of the sensitive sea anemone at the impertinent intrusion of a stick.

"In view of which," continued the mellow-cello voice that poured like bad music from the earpiece, "in the very beautiful view of which, may I call you Rosemary?"

"I suppose you may as well."

"Rosemary, I have said I adore you. Some people think anyone who calls up on the telephone is nothing but a dirty rotten pervert. I hope you don't think that of me, Rosemary."

"You may be a little compulsive."

"Love is a strong compulsion, my dear."

"I bet you say that to all the girls," said Rosemary, using a phrase she had heard on some street corner, and finding the game not too difficult, so far.

"Only by way of practice," returned the other. "I didn't dare call you up without a rehearsal or two. It's because I'm shy and timid where you are concerned. It's not because I'm lacking in true manhood. I'm not in the least lacking in true manhood, Rosemary, and I hope you'll allow me to prove it to you."

With that, the abandoned wretch, speaking in the peculiar tone, at once brazen and furtive, at once hesitant and urgent, of the hardened sensualist, invited Rosemary to a little monkey business with a zipper. One thing leads to another: he next impalpably took her by the hand and drew her upon a conducted tour of a cavity not as large as that of Kentucky nor decorated like that of Lascaux but not entirely devoid of points of interest. But nothing on such a trip can be more tiresome than the patter of the guide. He extolled his stalactites and stalagmites as though this were the eighth and these the ninth and tenth wonders of the world. After a little reluctant curiosity, and even faint beginnings of awe, Rosemary became annoyed when she sensed that the whole display was being thrust down her throat, as it were. At once, and in vehement distaste, "Why," she cried, "you filthy, disgusting beast!" Remembering the community, she fell silent.

There was silence, but somehow not an answering silence, at the other end.

"Are you there?" faltered Rosemary.

More silence. An empty phone booth, its door gaping wide on a dead city. Infinite empty space beyond. Utter failure.

And then, like the first faint note of the reprise of a motif that had seemed utterly lost, her interlocutor spoke up, but in a small pouting voice, prickly with offense, and rather high-pitched, as if a shark had been at him: "Now you've hurt my feelings. I think I'd better hang up."

"Oh, don't do that," cried Rosemary. "I didn't quite mean what I said."

"You want me to forgive you?"

"Oh, please."

"Will you prove your sincerity?"

"If I can."

"You'll have to be punished a little."

"Punished?"

"I'm afraid so, Rosemary. Poppa spank."

Believe it or not, these simple words

"I really nailed this weirdo good, Lieutenant—I wait about fifteen minutes, then I bust in—it was enough to turn your stomach, this pervert going down on this broad. Can you imagine what kind of filthy degenerate would do a thing like that?"

created a turmoil somewhere deep in Rosemary's mind, a turmoil such as can only be compared to the effect of a high-speed outboard motor circling in a nudist swimming pool. Rounded objects seemed to be floating everywhere in a rosy froth of misty memories and tingling thrills. Juvenile squeals echoed faintly from the forgotten past. The fact is, her own father, whom she had absolutely adored as a moppet, had been a little old-fashioned in his methods of nursery discipline.

"Oh!" said Rosemary.

"I want you to do exactly as I tell you, without fail. Or it's goodbye forever at the first sign you're up to any tricks. Are you sitting on the couch, by any chance?"

"Well, yes, I am," said Rosemary.

"I want you to kneel up in the middle of that couch and put your head down on the cushion at the end. Put the telephone close beside you, so I can tell by the tone of your voice that you're doing what I say and feeling what I want you to feel. If not——"

"I'm kneeling. Just the way you said," whispered Rosemary, all in a fluster.

"Very well. Now, my naughty dear, I must ask you to. . . ." And what do you think the infamous wretch ordered our poor Rosemary to do? He demanded that she raise this garment, and undo this, and lower these, until, like a frightened ostrich, she was reared invertedly up, with all her delicate plumage in foamy disarray. "Thank heaven," thought Rosemary, "that I first had to lower the blind!"

Now her telephone tyrant, after the insubstantial homage of a compliment or two rendered sight unseen, administered a wicked little tickle that ran giggling for the nearest cover. There, since sound and feeling were indistinguishable in this peculiar experience, it could still be felt trembling with suppressed merriment like a child at hide-and-seek.

Rosemary was next invited to entertain a pair of smart slaps, evenly distributed, and to acknowledge receipt of same. Remembering that, for the sake of the community, this had to be done as expressively as possible, the conscientious subject replied with a quiver and a quaver worthy of a student of the method.

This in turn provided sauce for both goose and gander. You cannot possibly imagine, unless you are as depraved and corrupt as this villainous voluptuary himself, the unseemly postures he ordered his hapless victim to assume, nor how he darted upon her with a fusillade of warming slaps and stinging kisses that made her cry out even more convincingly than before. Thereupon, marking the change with the piercing punctuation of a precisely placed pinch, he resorted to remorseful strokings and tender caresses, all to the accompaniment of cooing sounds of such sweet solicitude that Rosemary, like the crystal that returns the note of the violin, found herself responding with a coo or two of her own. This was the unhappy lady's undoing.

Quick to recognize the unguarded sincerity of this response, the distant aggressor became so inflamed that he implanted whole colonies of kisses, settling them in regions hitherto unknown to man, and soon, in the name of law and order, he sent his vigorous viceroy to take charge.

Once apprised of the arrival of this arrogant minion, whose progress was soon being celebrated with the drumfire delivery of a red-hot sports announcer, Rosemary found herself possessed by a sensation that can only be described as indescribable. And that rapidly became more so.

I don't know if you have ever contemplated a giant tank of that liquid high explosive known as soup during those fatal moments when it takes on a life of its own, heaving, quaking, palpitating with a mysterious agitation as it approaches, and recedes from, and approaches ever nearer the flash point of an explosion that will level whole city blocks on every side. Lacking such an experience, you can form no idea of how Rosemary's whole being was heaving, quaking and palpitating and approaching by wave after wave that block-leveling flash point. But suddenly she was startled and arrested by a harsh cry at the other end of the line, followed by a succession of staccato yelps much like the babbling of a pack of hounds in full cry, which in turn put her in mind of the pounce of the fuzz. Now she listened, quick-frozen with terror, to the sound of hoarse and strangled breathing, as if the police had him by the collar, choking him into submission. Suddenly the phone, that instrument that had seemed so electronically vibrant with a super-smashing life force, went dead.

Nothing can be more dismaying than to hold such an instrument in one's hand and suddenly find it dead. "He has been cut off," cried Rosemary. "He has been snatched, as they call it. And I am responsible. I did it for the sake of the community."

This last reflection did nothing to calm her uneasiness. It increased to such a pitch that she could no longer sit still. She was compelled to rise and prowl the floor. Her sweet and orderly living room stood amazed at the sight of a lady prowling the floor. Her clear-faced, candid clock lifted a hand as if to tell her it was time to behave more sedately. (Greedy little swine of a clock; piggy bank of minutes! Could you not have spared Rosemary just two or three more?)

Rosemary noticed the clock but read its message in her own way. "By this time, they are dragging him in," thought she. "I hope they will not treat him with brutality. They may forget he is obsessive-compulsive and regard him as a dirty rotten pervert, and then they will beat him up." With that, she swooped down on the phone, and with trembling fingers she dialed Stratton Police Headquarters.

"Is that Stratton Police Headquarters? This is Miss Underwood of Rosebay, whom you called earlier this evening. I heard your men make the arrest. I hope no one was hurt. I'm calling to say I don't wish to bring charges."

"Now, wait a minute. Miss Underwood, did you say?"

"Yes. And I want also to say that I am convinced this man has a psychological problem. He needs help. He needs therapy. He needs to find the right person to talk to. Above all, he should not be beaten up."

"Here, hold it, miss—please! Let's take this step by step, if you don't mind. What's this arrest you're talking about?"

"Why, the man who makes the phone calls. The man you called me about earlier. But am I not talking to Lieutenant Mackintosh?"

"No Mackintosh here, miss."

"No Mackintosh? But there *must* be. He called me. With instructions."

"No Mackintosh here, miss. And never has been."

"Then who was it calling, if it wasn't Lieutenant Mackintosh?"

"If he said he was from here, miss, it was somebody pulling your leg."

Rosemary replaced the receiver and after a moment or two, she closed her mouth, which had fallen open. "He might at least have had the common decency . . ." said she at last. "If only we could have talked a little longer!"

She took another turn or two about the room, still trying to bring her thoughts into some sort of order. Her eye fell again upon the telephone. It seemed to cower under her gaze like a guilty dog. "But, after all," thought Rosemary, "it is a mere instrument. It only comes to life when one takes it up, like this, and uses it to. . . ." But she was already dialing Idell 263. It was the number of the Fergusons' cottage, which they had recently let to a young man who, people said, had come there to concentrate on his novel.

I'm told that his publishers are highly delighted with the last few chapters he has sent in.

"Whatever gets one through the day, eh, Wallingford?"

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

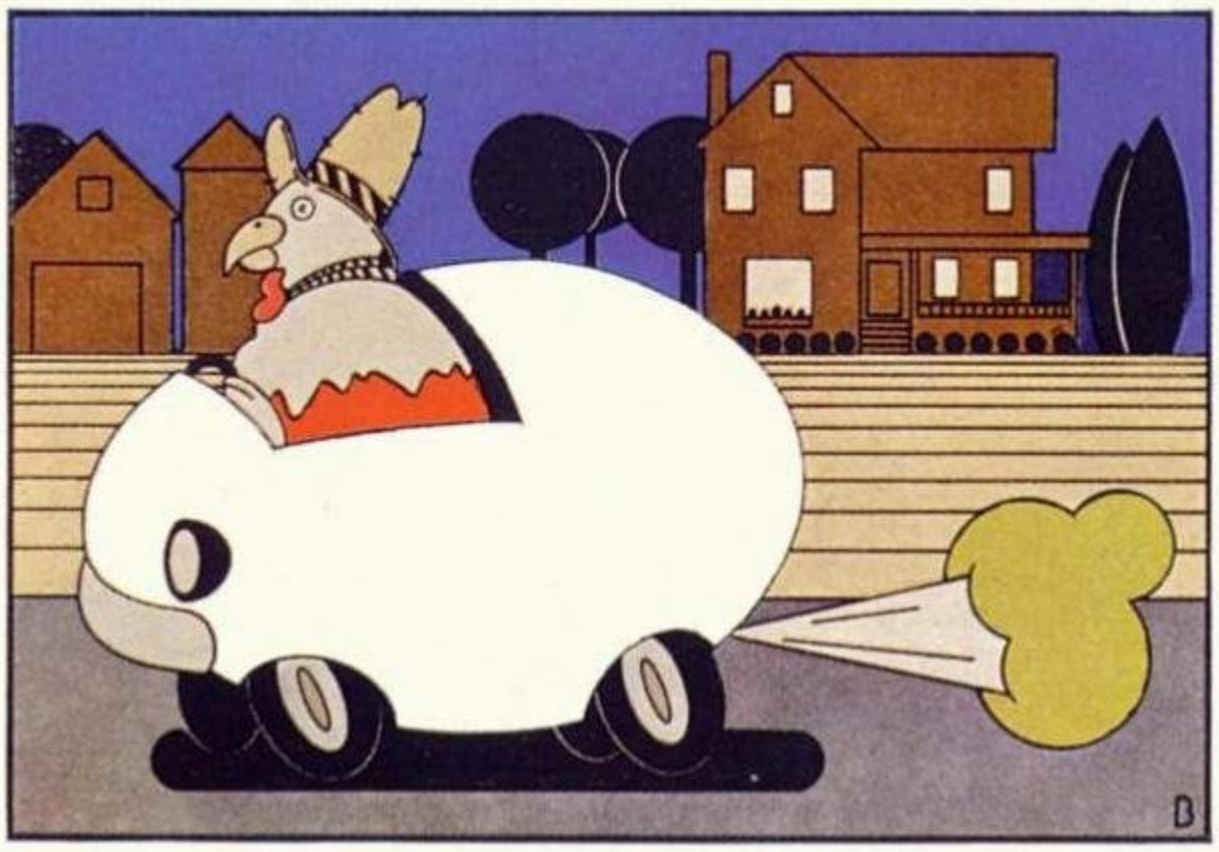
people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

UTE BOOTS

Listen here, Kemosabe. Old Indian craftsmen makum heap nice riding boot callum Ute Boot. Heap soft, heap comfy, heap good-looking and heap hip. Just right for squaws and warriors of Scarsdale and Shaker Heights. All hand-sewn leather, with white rawhide soles. No glue used. Wampum minimal. Only $31.50, seven more dollars than Manhattan. Some bargain. Sendum wampum to The Kaibab Shop, P. O. Box 5156, Tucson, Arizona. Also can order pull-on boots (Botita), squaw shoes (Doe-Che) and others. Perfect for ambushing cavalry, tracking deer, ancient tribal old soft shoe or just to stand around in and smokum peace pipe. Honest Injun.

LEROY BOUND

PLAYBOY artist LeRoy Neiman is one of the country's better-known sports freaks, which explains why he keeps turning up on TV sketching track meets, boxing bouts and chess matches. Neiman's favorite sport, though, is girl watching, and ample evidence of both passions—athletic and romantic—is included in a handsome new $35, 286-page, full-color volume, *LeRoy Neiman—Art and Lifestyle*, being published this month by Felicie, Inc. So get moving, art lovers.

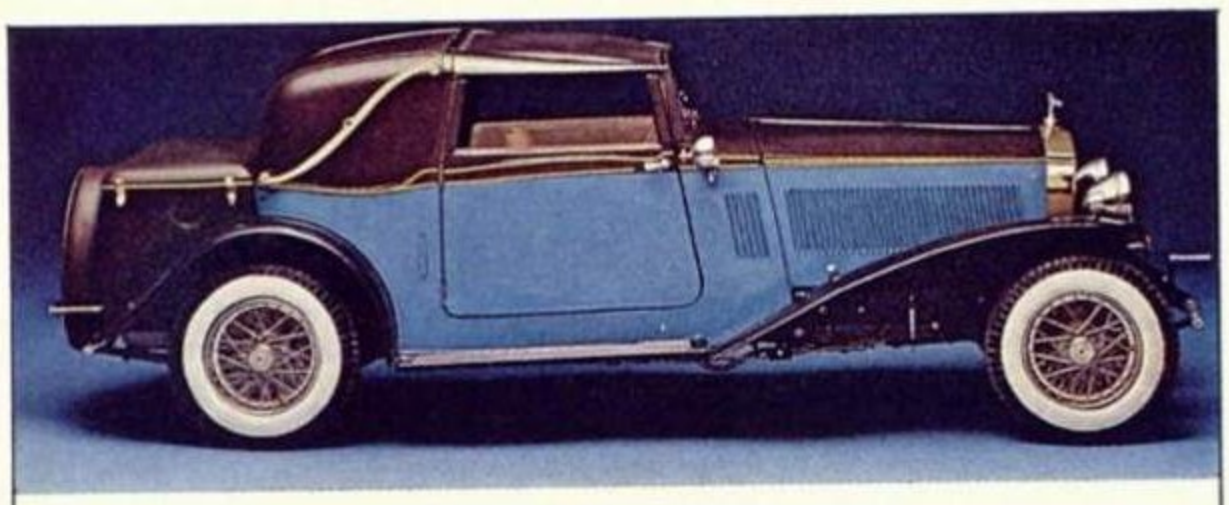


FOWLING YOUR GAS LINES

In *The Magic Christian*, Guy Grand constructs an enormous caldron in the middle of a city and fills the pot with various kinds of animal waste, which he heats. He then drops $100 bills into the mess to see just how far people will actually go. Here's how far they'll go: Captain Calculus and the Normal St. Mechanics Institute (14 Cove Road, Belvedere, California 94920) are selling for $1.25 a very technical booklet called "Chicken Doodle" that tells you everything you need to know about how to convert your car to run on chicken manure. It involves building a caldron in which to heat the "solid waste" so that methane gas results. Now, how long can you hold your breath?

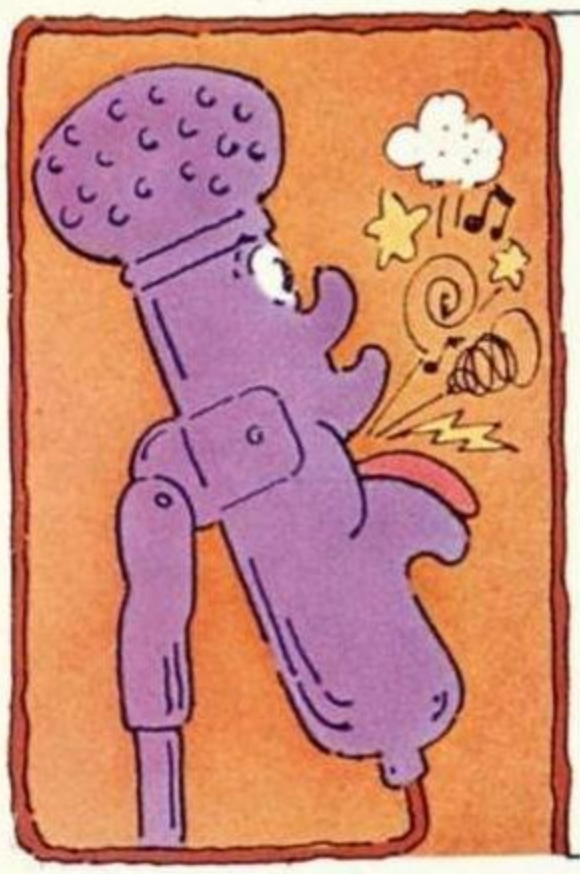
HAVE CAMERA, WILL TRAVEL

You're a camera buff and you're beginning to look like Quasimodo because the weight of the gear around your neck is killing your posture. With a Murnak Custom Leather Camera Holster (169 Sullivan St., New York City), you can shoot from the hip and reclaim your back all for only $65. Custom designed to fit your camera, the holster is perfectly safe, just as long as you don't enter Dodge City at high noon.



SWEET ROLLS

We suppose it was inevitable that The World's Greatest Motor Car should eventually become the World's Greatest Motor Car Kit. Yes, the 1932 Rolls-Royce Phantom II Sedanca Coupe you see above is nought but a 27″ model that comes with 2199 pieces ready for your nimble little fingers to assemble. The construction is almost "a way of life," modestly states The Horchow Collection (P. O. Box 34257, Dallas, Texas 75234), which is marketing the vehicle for $200. Quiet, Jeeves; we want to hear the clock ticking.



TRUE BLUE

Somebody's written another dirty movie. There's nothing terribly newsy about that, except that this dirty movie, titled *Dirty Songs Are True*, is a musical. The author, a 22-year-old graduate of the prestigious Juilliard School of Music, has written 30 songs for the picture, *The Vibrator Blues*, *The Lesbian's Lament* and *It's All Right to Fuck All Night* among them. Furthermore, it's rumored that at least one pop superstar has been signed to sing author-composer Barbara Markay's compositions. A true below-the-belt hit.

SPACE ODDITY

At last, there's something more to San Diego than the zoo; there's the Reuben H. Fleet Space Theater and Science Center, which, in brief, is the most sophisticated facility of its kind on earth. The highlight of the center is the 350-seat planetarium, the screen of which is a 76-foot-diameter geodesic dome that's tilted toward the audience. Viewers move not only through space, to the surface of Jupiter's moons, for example, but through time—to what those moons looked like in 600 A.D.—as well. Trippy.

CAPTAIN SPAULDING, I PRESUME?

In this day of candy-ass safaris, it's nice to know there's still a *macho* way to see the Dark Continent: by signing aboard a 90-day London-to-Nairobi Mother Africa trip that takes you 10,000 miles, riding in the back of Mercedes trucks. The cost is $1000 (not including air fare from the States) and for that you get the privilege of digging latrines and helping with the cooking. Worldtrek Expeditions at 415 Lexington Avenue, New York City, are the people to write to—and should 90 days be a bit *too macho*, shorter excursions are available.

TOGETHERNESS TUBS

While you're relaxing at home with two mistresses (and possibly a kangaroo), we know it's hard to get everyone into that American bath designed for someone 4′11″. So here's a source for those huge circular redwood baths so dear to the hearts of tub *à trois* freaks: T. E. Brown, Inc., 14361 Washington Avenue, San Leandro, California. A 5′ x 5′ model that holds more than 200 gallons will cost you $266.75—not including a snorkel.

ADVENTURES OF PEAT MacMALT

(continued from page 142)

Scotland and, therefore, the only one permitted to use the name Glenlivet by itself, not coupled with another name. Mature but definitely not heavy. Good body, medium peat and aroma, slightly sweet, fruity nose. Clean, very well made.

Glenfiddich: 10 years, 86 proof:

World's leading bottled malt. Spurns the association with Glenlivet name, although it could legally be labeled Glenfiddich-Glenlivet. Lightly fragrant; drier and not as peaty as The Glenlivet. Very clean and well balanced—no off tastes. Called an excellent "weaning malt" by liquor merchant Wallace Milroy, who led the malt charge in Britain.

Macallan-Glenlivet: 12 years, 86 proof:

Mellow, smooth, fairly rich whisky from Craigellachie, a Speyside town. Hits the middle notes, not peaty.

Mortlach: 12 years, 86.8 proof:

Fragrant, good body, not much peat in bouquet. Touch of sweetness. A palatable dram. (Well known in Britain, new to the States.)

Glen Grant-Glenlivet:

Comes in a variety of proof and age combinations. Be sure to check specifics on label before purchase. The younger bottlings tend to be a little light and lacking complexity. There's a fine Army & Navy Glen Grant at 14 and 15 years, but the U. S. is allowed only a few hundred cases a year.

Cardhu: 12 years, 86.8 proof:

An interesting contradiction. This is one of the lightest of the malts in color and body, yet it is fairly well peated. Clean, slightly sweet edge.

Glenfarclas-Glenlivet: 25 years, 86 proof and 12 years, 104 proof:

Fairly light peat, light body, full flavor. Occasional slightly bitter aftertaste. The 104 proof is not strident, despite its potency.

Talisker: 12 years, 86.8 proof:

An Isle of Skye single malt. Robust, full-bodied, smooth and a touch sweet. Peaty aftertaste. A middle ground between Highland and Islay whiskies.

Laphroaig: 10 years, 91.4 proof:

Distilled on the island of Islay, this is the lustiest, most distinctive of the malts. Very long on peat, as they say, plus a whisper of salt and a hint of iodine. Has been compared to drinking smoked kippers, but some people dote on the stuff. Definitely an experience.

Malt whiskies are proliferating in the U. S., but distribution is spotty. Among the available brands are Glendronach, Milton Duff, Linkwood, Dalmore, Glenmorangie, Glendullan-Glenlivet and Strathconon. The last is a vatted malt—that is, a blend of malts. While vatted bottlings offer true malt character, they lack the individuality of singles. There will probably be more of them arriving in response to the current activity in malt whiskies.

Discerning bibbers—those who drink for flavor, not just for effect—are bound to like the malts. Highlanders say, "There's whisky and there's guid whisky, but there's naw bad whisky." Single malt is *guid* whisky!

"Come see, dear, our little boy is shaving!"

BRINGING THE WAR HOME

(continued from page 114)

the Armed Forces have been compiling massive computerized data banks on civilians, many of whom have never even been arrested. The military regards those on its lists not as "loyal Americans exercising constitutional rights but [as] 'dissident forces' that 'billet' and 'assemble,' carry 'weapons' and 'explosives,' contain 'an organized sniper element' and coordinate their assaults on 'targets and objectives' with 'communications equipment.' Civil-disturbance operations thus will be similar to counterinsurgency warfare (or counterinsurgency war games), in which military units will be the 'friendly forces' and demonstrators the 'opposing forces.'" The men in the domestic war rooms, the subcommittee found, "kept records not unlike those maintained by their counterparts in the computerized war rooms in Saigon."

The subcommittee reported that Army intelligence alone had "reasonably current files on the political activities of at least 100,000 civilians unaffiliated with the Armed Forces," and could draw upon an additional "25,000,000 index cards representing files on individuals and 760,000 cards representing files on organizations and incidents" compiled by other Government agencies. Much of the information contained in the military files, including financial, psychiatric and sexual data, the subcommittee discovered, had been gathered by covert means. "Convicted spies joined Nobel Prize winners and entries from *Who's Who* in the files," the report states, adding that the files pose "a clear and present danger to the privacy and freedom of thousands of American citizens—citizens whose only 'offense' was to stand on their hind legs and exercise rights they thought the Constitution guaranteed them."

The Young Democrats, the Liberal Party of New York, the League of Women Voters of the U.S.A. and even the Peace Corps were indiscriminately lumped in the files with the Communist Party of China and the Hell's Angels of California. Those listed as subversive included the NAACP, the American Friends Service Committee and a number of Congressmen and governors. "Short notations," the subcommittee reported, "commented on the individual's political beliefs, actions or associations. For example, one person had 'numerous pro-Communist associates.' Another, a young black male with no arrest record, was described as an 'extremely radical, militant individual.' Other characterizations were . . . 'one of the most active Communists in the Cincinnati area' . . . 'reported to be a psycho' . . . 'wants to

abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee,' 'paranoid trends' . . . 'participant, anti–Vietnam war demonstrations' . . . 'has Red background.'" One nationally known civil-rights leader was said to be "a sex pervert" and was "known to have many known affiliations." One individual was damned for having been "active in the state of Texas" (no further information), another for "failure to comply with a school policy involving female students."

The absurdity of all this is summed up in the following "intelligence" report, which would be funny were it not delivered in such deadly (and costly) earnest: "A. First The Crazies [an offshoot of the Youth International Party, better known as the Yippies] plan to enter Bellevue Hospital, located at 467 First Avenue, New York City, with toy guns and steal one of the patients out of the hospital. The Crazies plan to put a strait jacket on one of their own members, sneak him into Bellevue, and then other Crazies with the toy guns plan to enter and steal the patient. B. After they leave Bellevue, The Crazies plan to travel to the Staten Island Ferry and board the boat which travels between lower New York City and Staten Island. They plan to enter the boat peacefully, i.e., paying their way and not jumping over the rail, and when they get on board they plan to threaten the boat's captain by demanding that he take them to Cuba. When the captain obviously refuses to do so, they plan to rush to one side and threaten to 'tip the boat over.'" This is followed by the sobering statement that "Military personnel traveling to New York City often use the Staten Island Ferry."

The Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights found that hundreds of copies of the military's voluminous surveillance files and reports were distributed throughout Government agencies, including NASA. After the Secretary of Defense (then Melvin Laird) ordered, under pressure, the Army to destroy all dossiers on civilians in 1971, the subcommittee unearthed considerable evidence of "deception, cover-up and noncompliance" with the order, indicating that files had sometimes been hidden or disguised. "All of these incidents of deception," the subcommittee concluded in 1973, "indicate that Army intelligence simply cannot be trusted to monitor and police its own system." Nor did the Senators believe that the Department of Defense could be so trusted. Meanwhile, one committee aide points out, "We never did get a chance to look at the files of the other branches of the military. Who knows what's happening there?" Some, such as Representative Moorhead, believe that other Government agencies, such as the Special Analysis Division of the Office of Emergency Preparedness, an agency that until June 17, 1972, employed James W. McCord, Jr., may have "assumed" some of the Army dossiers.

Thomas Powers, commenting on these files in *Atlantic Monthly*, asks, "Are the students who went south on the Freedom Rides, who marched against the war, who protested secret weapons research on college campuses, who resisted the draft or were beaten by police in Chicago, or who stalked out of commencement speeches by Government officials going to be forced to explain themselves for the rest of their lives? Movements come and go, but the files go on forever."

"The new technology," Senator Sam Ervin stated on the floor of the Senate, "has made it literally impossible for a man to start again in our society. It has removed the quality of mercy from our institutions by making it impossible to forget, to forgive, to understand, to tolerate. . . . The undisputed and unlimited possession of the resources to build and operate data banks on individuals, and to make decisions about people with the aid of computers and electronic data systems, is fast securing to Executive branch officials a political power which the authors of the Constitution never meant any one group of men to have over all others."

Use REACTS Card — Page 57.

IMPOTENCE CHIC

(continued from page 153)

lovely woman beckoning from ads for assorted scantinesses and the mere thought of her in the flesh was enough to cause my muscle of love to flex. Yet here was my friend Ronnie, who had gotten it up for a parade of plug-uglies that would have caused Priapus himself to lose his hard-on, asking me, "Does this mean I'm—*impotent*?"

Now, there was a time when any sensible person, certainly any physician, would have replied as I did—"Hell, no! Any more than balling a woman once and not getting her pregnant would mean you were sterile. Impotence is when there's something psychologically—or, rarely, physically—wrong with you to the point where over a long period of time you can't hardly get it up for anybody. What you've experienced is perfectly normal. It's nature's way of telling you that you aren't sexually stimulated by a particular woman at a particular time. Maybe you're seeing a woman as another human being for the first time in your life and you're discovering that you're not yet emotionally mature enough to find a human being—as opposed to a piece of meat—sexually stimulating. Maybe you're going to have to stop fucking women like they were fists with tits. Maybe being able to experience affection and erection at the

MEMOIRS OF A HOUSEHUSBAND By FRED POWLEDGE

I SUPPOSE it was inevitable that I would become a househusband. For one thing, I try to make a living writing and I work at home, and my wife works in an office and on a Ph.D., and it occurred to me early on that if we were going to eat at night, I'd have to do a lot of the cooking. Also, I am a sucker for downtrodden majorities, and women really have been mistreated. So while she's off at her anatomy lab, cutting up cadavers, I'm in the kitchen, chopping up chicken. And I like it. It even makes me feel *fulfilled*, sometimes.

It also makes me feel like something of an expert on the subject. And, as everyone knows, there's nothing more vocal than a convert who thinks (s)he is an expert. So here are some potentially valuable observations on the art of being a househusband:

You can do it without losing your virility (if you're careful with knives). In fact, when we go to a party and my wife brags to the other women about how good I am in the kitchen, I imagine that I detect a glimmer of, shall we say, aroused interest among them. I smile and offer to exchange recipes.

For many men, the biggest obstacle might be putting on an apron. This can be dealt with. There are, of course, those super*macho* barbecue aprons that say COME AND GET IT, but I prefer a news dealer's apron that says THE NEW YORK TIMES across the chest. The pockets are handy for storing small quantities of cayenne, thyme, MSG and grass.

Word of your new role spreads rapidly. Last Christmas, friends and relatives sent me five cookbooks. I have been hinting for some cast-iron skillets for my birthday, since I find Teflon is a rip-off.

The American housewife, or anyone else who tries to keep abreast of the latest laborsaving techniques for the home, is the target of the most insidious, invidious and obnoxious campaigns ever mounted by advertisers, who promise to clean the home, improve the taste of food and otherwise ensure the houseperson's position on the top of the pedestal. It's a wonder that women haven't gone on strike by now. Electrasol does not, in my experience, clean "even fried-on food soils." Kraft Macaroni & Cheese Dinner may well be for "good cooks on a budget," but only if they like watery macaroni and cheese. And I would like to break the hands of the adman who thought up "Contents may settle during shipment."

The people who design kitchen appliances, with all their worthless trim and impossible-to-reach corners, are all men, or sadistic bull dykes, who never have to clean them.

Vacuum cleaners suck. Rather, they do not suck enough.

Supermarkets are designed to bring the shopper to the edge of panic so she or he will forget all about unit pricing and ingredient lists and throw the money down and get the hell out as fast as possible.

Shopping carts, the kind you buy in hardware stores, are designed to last no more than two months. Many of them are made out of recycled Kraft Macaroni & Cheese Dinner.

The more expensive the cookbook and the more celebrated its author, the more likely it is that some important step will be inadvertently left out. Craig Claiborne is an old hand at this. The finest cookbook in America is *Joy of Cooking*, by Irma S. Rombauer and Marion Rombauer Becker, in its earlier editions.

It really *is* possible to be "too tired" at night.

I now understand what my wife meant all those years when she said, "I wish they'd invent another vegetable." You can get very tired of canned creamed corn and frozen Brussels sprouts.

Housework is horrible and the people who do it are insufficiently appreciated. The only job that pays off immediately and adequately is window washing. A simple solution of ammonia and water is just as good as the bottle of blue liquid.

It is true what they say about butchers' trying to be ladies' men. I visit butcher shops now and I watch them at work. If they got as much as they try to get, they'd have about as much strength left as lamb stew. It's pathetic the way they titillate the women, but I think I understand, now, the houseperson's need for a little innocent daytime turn-on before the kids get home from school and the old grouch comes home from the office. It's like the time I went to buy my wife a sexy nightgown and the saleslady, who was very attractive, was helping me judge the size, and she held it very close to her bod and inhaled. A nice bit of harmless, dry titillation to get you through the day.

The most important thing about being a househusband is that it doesn't take more than, say, seven dinners or three loads of laundry, whichever comes first, to make you feel overwhelmed with appreciation for the woman you live with, and even for women in general. I regard it as a major miracle that my wife was able to spend close to 15 years of her life tied to a stove, vacuum cleaner, washing machine, baby crib, kitty-litter box and refrigerator, while still retaining her sanity and managing not to be "too tired" too often. Now that I'm doing my share of it, I find myself loving her more and I think maybe she loves me more, too.

One night she came home from work, cheerfully bubbling with news of what had happened out there in the world, but she saw the look on my face and said, "What's the matter?"

I exploded with all the emotions that can pent when you're alone in a house all day. "The goddamn dishwasher won't wash the goddamn dishes and the cat puked on the rug," I shouted, "and the fools didn't deliver the sofa," and before I could finish the list, we were both laughing. She offered to go get a pizza and suggested that I ought to try to get out of the house more often. I think back on that scene every time I feel the house closing in on me, and it helps. But it would help a lot more if they'd invent a new vegetable.

Salem refreshes naturally.

New crush-proof box.

Also in soft packs. King or Super King.

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

KING: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
SUPER KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '74.
BOX: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

same time is like being able to rub your belly and pat your head at the same time—maybe it takes some practice. Maybe you love her so much you're afraid you're not going to be able to get her off, which you never gave two toots about before. But impotent? Listen, man, if you're impotent, half the human race is impotent!"

Well, incredibly enough, this is just about what a growing number of doctors and commentators *are* saying. "All adult males suffer from impotence at some time in their lives," says Dr. David Reuben in *McCall's*. "According to current psychiatric findings, 40 percent of American men are partially or totally impotent." Now we know why we were afraid to ask! "I would argue that our whole society is afflicted with sexual impotence in one form or other," says Germaine Greer in *Oui*. " 'Sorry, but I just can't.' This chilling apology, being mumbled by more and more men lately, points up an alarming new development . . ." says *Cosmo*. "Impotence, once afflicting the aged and severely repressed, has recently emerged as a depressingly *common* male problem." *Ms.*'s Solomon "Sam" Julty, who laments that he is a victim of "erective dysfunction" 50 percent of the time, wants to know why impotent males don't get as much "concern and respect" as amputees, paraplegics and the blind. *Mademoiselle* alerts us to "The Great American Impotence Problem." *Viva* says "Impotence Is in the Eye of the Beholdress." *Ladies Home Journal* tells housewives how to help "The Impotent Husband." *Readers Digest* tells of limpness in these United States in "Male Impotence: What Every Woman Should Know." I understand it was a tossup between that and "I Was Joe's Erection."

Now that we can read about wilted whangs while waiting to have our teeth drilled, impotence is beginning to acquire, in certain circles, an uncertain cachet. Men are ever so casually dropping the fact that they haven't been able to get it up for *weeks* with the special aplomb ordinarily reserved for admissions of substantial losses in soybean futures—partly to elicit commiseration, partly to elicit admiration for having had the daring and wherewithal to have exposed oneself to such a risk in the first place. Letting it all hang down has actually become rather chic in some intellectual coteries—proof negative that a man is sufficiently taken aback by the awesome sexual demands being made by the insatiable multiorgasmic wonder women conjured up by the more imaginative women's liberationists. At a recent New York gallery opening for artist Gordon Baldwin, a number of—self-invited—liberal culturati stood (with their narrow backs to the drawings) bending the old velvet-suited elbow while gravitating to the standard male bushwa "the-beating-I-am-manfully-taking-at-the-hands-of/the-sacrifices-I-am-manfully-making-toward the liberation of womankind from the yoke of the oppressor, to wit, me" party game.

"Well, I've been doing a hell of a lot of the shitwork around the house," said one.

"I've joined a men's consciousness-raising group, and you know, it really has changed my way of seeing things," said two.

"I'm staying at home with the kids on alternate Sundays while she has brunch with her friends," said three.

"I'm letting the woman be the one to decide it's time to get intimate. Let her be the one to say, 'Let's ball.' I'm tired of being the aggressor, anyway," said four.

"You know," said five, "I've been having sort of a hard time getting it up lately for the kind of casual fucking around I used to go in for. It just doesn't seem to stimulate me anymore."

By this time, two women had elbowed their way into the group. They looked at five as if he had just admitted that once, while underground with the French Resistance behind German lines, he had killed an unarmed man. "I think that's a very courageous admission," one said.

"Yes, indeed," said the other.

"Bullshit," said two. "You're just intimidated by the way the women are asserting themselves sexually. They're looking at *you* as a lay. It's their turn to be on top and your cock can't handle it upside down."

"You're just unconsciously trying to get them to go down on you," said one, laughing nervously.

As I underheard this repartee, I couldn't help detecting a note of envy

They Aren't Like Us, You Know

NOW, THIS IS where we get into real trouble. There is no sure-fire way to pin down the differences between men and women, but a lot of serious scientists have been trying to do so for a long time. So we're just going to list some of their claims. You don't have to believe them. Just remember that somewhere there is a real scientist who did his time, published his research and is ready to stand behind the difference he thinks he proved. • So first of all, women are softer. • When a man stands naked, his genitals show. • Women can conceive in spite of being uncooperative, repelled or even unconscious. • Women can feed babies with their bodies. • Men can run longer and faster than women (due to pelvic structure). • Women outnumber and live longer than men. • Male infants are much more susceptible to infections. • Women are infertile after menopause, while men remain fertile indefinitely. • Puberty starts around the age of 13 for boys, 11 for girls. • Women reach peak orgasmic capacity in their late 20s or early 30s. The peak for men comes three or four years after adolescence begins. • Female capacity for having orgasms appears to be greater. • Male sexual function depends

in the other numbers' reactions to five's "problem"—presumably because it seemed to them a more authentic kowtow to hyperfeminism than their own self-conscious gestures at appeasement. As the group dissolved to get cabs to the next party, the women continued to talk earnestly with five. Later one of them left with him, fascinating challenge that he was. How long will it be before little silver limp dicks begin replacing vasectomy pins on the lapels of megalopolis?

• • •

Most of this can be traced to a piece by Philip Nobile that appeared in *Esquire* in the fall of 1972, which made impotence a fashionable topic for stand-up chic chat and article proposals. Nobile, a witty former editor of *Commonweal*, collects cocktail-party conversational gambits the way some people collect Civil War memorabilia. When a series of articles appeared in the *New York Post* about how a Manhattan psychiatrist named George L. Ginsberg was claiming that a new form of impotence was being "seen" in his practice, Nobile sensed that this "new impotence" would go well with Swedish meatballs and franks in blankets, and proposed an article on the subject to *Esquire*. The result was a lighthearted story called "What Is the New Impotence, and Who's Got It?" It began with a consideration of Ginsberg's article in *Archives of General Psychiatry*, entitled "The New Impotence," proceeded to a general treatment of the Mr. Softee syndrome and concluded with a catalog of recent artifacts of popular culture that had included references thereto; e.g., *Midnight Cowboy, Trash, The Last Picture Show, Carnal Knowledge, Dirty Harry, The Candidate*. The gist of the article was that impotence had finally come out of the closet—which the reader was disposed to believe, since there he was reading about it in a major national magazine.

Nobile became the darling of talk-show hosts stuck for topics in a day when controversy isn't controversial anymore. WBZ Boston has twice broadcast the Nobile segment of *The Sonya Hamlin Show*—during which co-host Shelley Winters, for reasons we can only guess at, spends the whole time laughing uncontrollably. He was signed to edit an anthology on the subject for Pocket Books and would have acceded to a publisher's desire to have him write a book on the new impotence if it hadn't been for the fact that he couldn't stand to listen to himself talk about limp dicks anymore.

Which is unfortunate, because the new impotence is truly a fascinating phenomenon. What is truly fascinating about it is that the men who suffer from it *aren't impotent*.

"It is our common experience," said Ginsberg's original article, which was reported in the *Post*, which sparked Nobile's article, which put the entire readership of *Writer's Digest* on the case, "that: (1) young men now appear more frequently with impotence, and (2) young women more frequently complain of initial impotence in their young lovers. . . . When we explored these sexual failures early in a relationship, we found a common complaint: These newly freed women demanded sexual performance. The male concern of the 1940s and 1950s was to satisfy the woman. In the late 1960s and early 1970s it seems to be 'Will I have to maintain an erection to maintain a relationship?' "

This sounds plausible enough until you take a look at the case histories Ginsberg et al. cite to back up their theory:

Case one is a 19-year-old college student who is a Peeping Tom. He enjoys "masturbation or fellatio." Ginsberg describes a single episode in which the kid "ejaculated prematurely and then was impotent."

Case two is a man in his mid-30s who insisted on "fellatio rather than coitus" with his wife.

Case three is a "24-year-old single white man . . . wishing to avoid military service because he was unable to urinate in public toilets," whose "limited sexual contacts had been marked by impotence or premature ejaculation" but who was now engaged to be married to a woman with whom "sex is fun."

Case four is a man in his early 20s who "ejaculated immediately after intromission and apologized."

We should consider ourselves lucky that Ginsberg's article didn't spark a succession of magazine articles about how the demands of liberated women are making more and more young

---

more on learning (and can be mislearned). Necrophilia, for example, is exclusively a male problem. • There are more nerve endings in the clitoris than in the penis. • Studies of British women show they had more traffic accidents during menstruation than at other times. • Other studies show that during menstruation occur 49 percent of all crimes by female prisoners, 45 percent of all punishments of schoolgirls, 53 percent of suicides, 46 percent of admissions to mental hospitals. Scores on exams were lowered by 13 percent and 60 percent of women's traffic accidents occurred during the premenstrual–menstrual phase. • Hormonal differences are reflected in differences in voice timbre, muscle strength and aggressiveness (most researchers find male more aggressive). • Men appear to be more combative (some say because they are biologically expendable). • Men wreck more cars than do women (even taking into account that men own more cars than do women). • Girls develop verbal skills earlier and are more fluent throughout life. • Female sense of smell is more acute. • Newborn boys raise their heads higher than girls do. • Male development relies more on environment (male infants who are handled more by their mothers are more active. Girls develop independently of this). • Girls do better in rote memory testing and work better with symbols and artificial languages. • Boys get lower grades in high school. • Men perceive spatial relationships better (a good illustration of this is the high-run scores for last year's U.S. Open Pocket Billiard Championships: women—35; men—137). • Boys win more at ticktacktoe. • Boys are slightly better than girls at solving mazes. • Psychological tests and surveys indicate that girls are more concerned with companionship, more docile and strive harder to please others. • A survey of career women suggests that encouragement and praise elicit more effort from them than the promise of promotion. • The overriding preoccupation of women is marriage. • Men most often work for status (prestige, fame, glory) and no matter what level they achieve, they are less satisfied with it than women in the same position. • Drive, persistence, self-motivation and the tendency to be encouraged by difficulty and competition were found to be greater in men. • All mammalian embryos start out as females. Nature's predisposition is to produce females. If androgen is not present during a critically short period *in utero*, a female will always develop. • Being male is biologically more difficult, complex and unstable than being female. • Women have four to five percent greater chromosomal mass, due to the presence of two X chromosomes. • The more "masculine" (hormonally) a man is, the more likely that his hair will fall out. Recently one writer has noted that since American women have involved themselves in what some think of as male roles, their hair has thinned dramatically. • Men used to be the prime target for ulcers and alcoholism. Now the number of female victims is increasing rapidly. • There are, however, numerous diseases to which men are more vulnerable. The only diseases to which women are more vulnerable than men are the autoimmune diseases and perhaps endocrine disorders. • Gynecologists say that "female complaints" have become less frequent. • The most striking difference, however, appears to have been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt by our own research team. Its finding: A man can piss across a room.

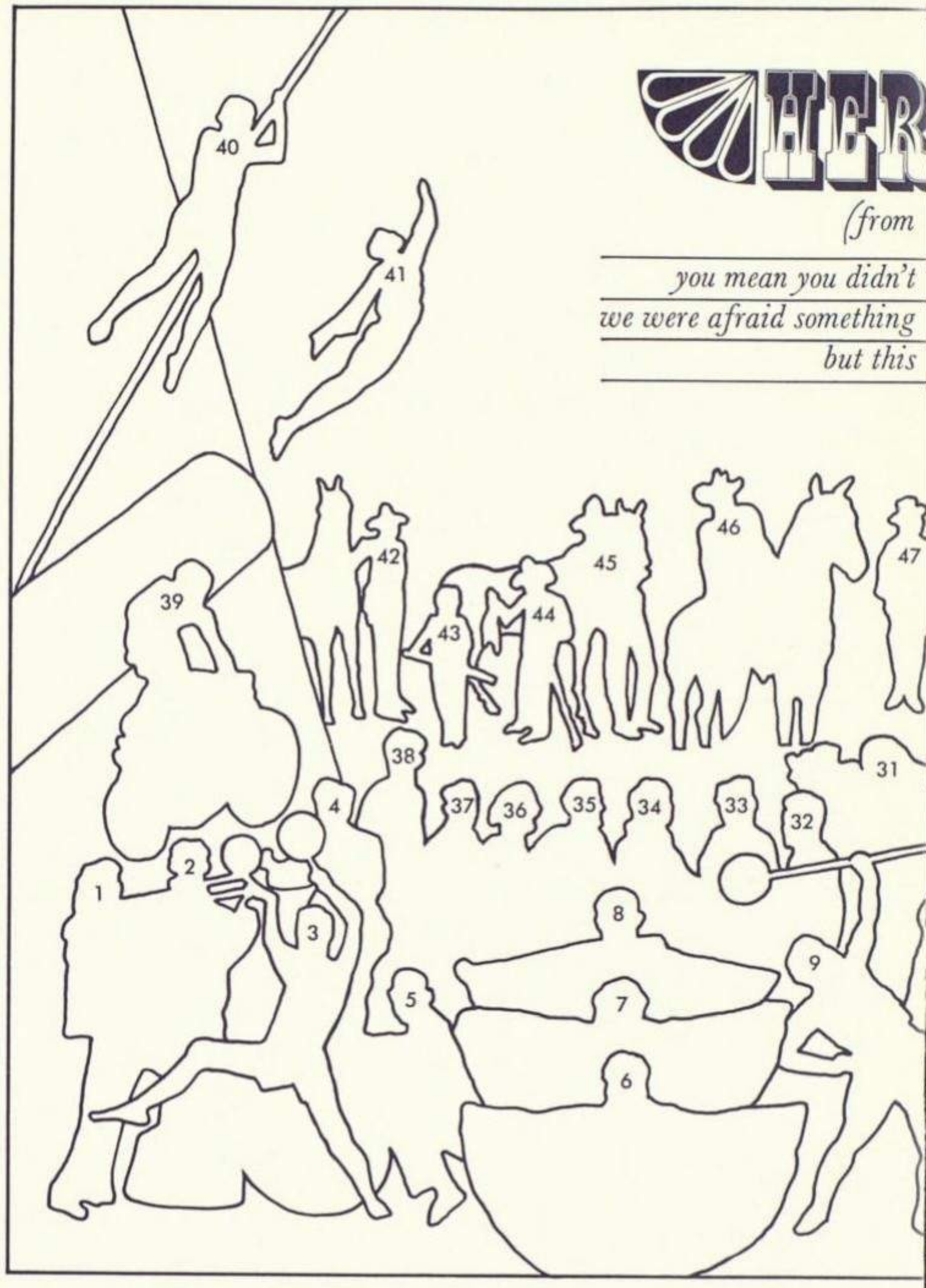
voyeurs afraid to pee in public toilets.

In their 1970 *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, Masters and Johnson defined primary impotence as never having gotten it up—an exceedingly rare condition. Secondary impotence is caused by alcohol, fatigue or psychological problems. Masters and Johnson say a man is secondarily impotent if he is unable to perform on one out of four occasions. By this standard, Henry Aaron is secondarily incapable of hitting a baseball. The form of impotence that has become endemic since Ginsberg et al.'s ejaculation is tertiary impotence, which I define as existing primarily in the minds of doctors and writers who are bucking to get paid to treat and/or write articles about it.

Tertiary impotence operates by defining normal sexual performance as pathological. Dr. Reuben, for example, says you're impotent if you can't stay hard for five minutes of intercourse. Yet Kinsey noted that "for perhaps three quarters of all males, orgasm is reached within two minutes after the initiation of the sexual relation." Moreover, says Kinsey, "far from being abnormal, the human male who is quick in his sexual response is quite normal among the mammals, and usual in his own species. It is curious that the term 'impotence' should ever have been applied to such rapid response. It would be difficult to find another situation in which an individual who was quick and intense in his responses was labeled anything but superior."

Premature ejaculation—which is what characterizes three of the four cases Ginsberg cites—isn't impotence at all, new or otherwise; it's the new name for what used to be called frigidity. What Ginsberg et al. are seeing is not a new form of sexual abnormality but a new form of social response to normal sexual physiology. It is a physiological fact that it takes a normal woman a lot longer to come than a normal man. The classic unsatisfactory coital scenario runs as follows: Man sticks it in, man comes, woman doesn't. In the recent past, if this was what happened between two people on a number of occasions, the social response was to blame the woman, categorize her as frigid and send her off to be psychoanalyzed. Lately, it has become fashionable for women to blame men for that fact of human physiology—and some men are beginning to believe it. It is these men the doctors are seeing. They could be calling both partners and saying, "Listen, he says it takes you too long; she says it takes you too short; both of you are right; why don't you try meeting each other halfway?" They could be saying to the woman, "Try giving a freer rein to your fantasies and see if that doesn't help you come more quickly." They could be saying to the man, "Try holding your back a little higher, relax the muscles in your loins and just let

(concluded overleaf)



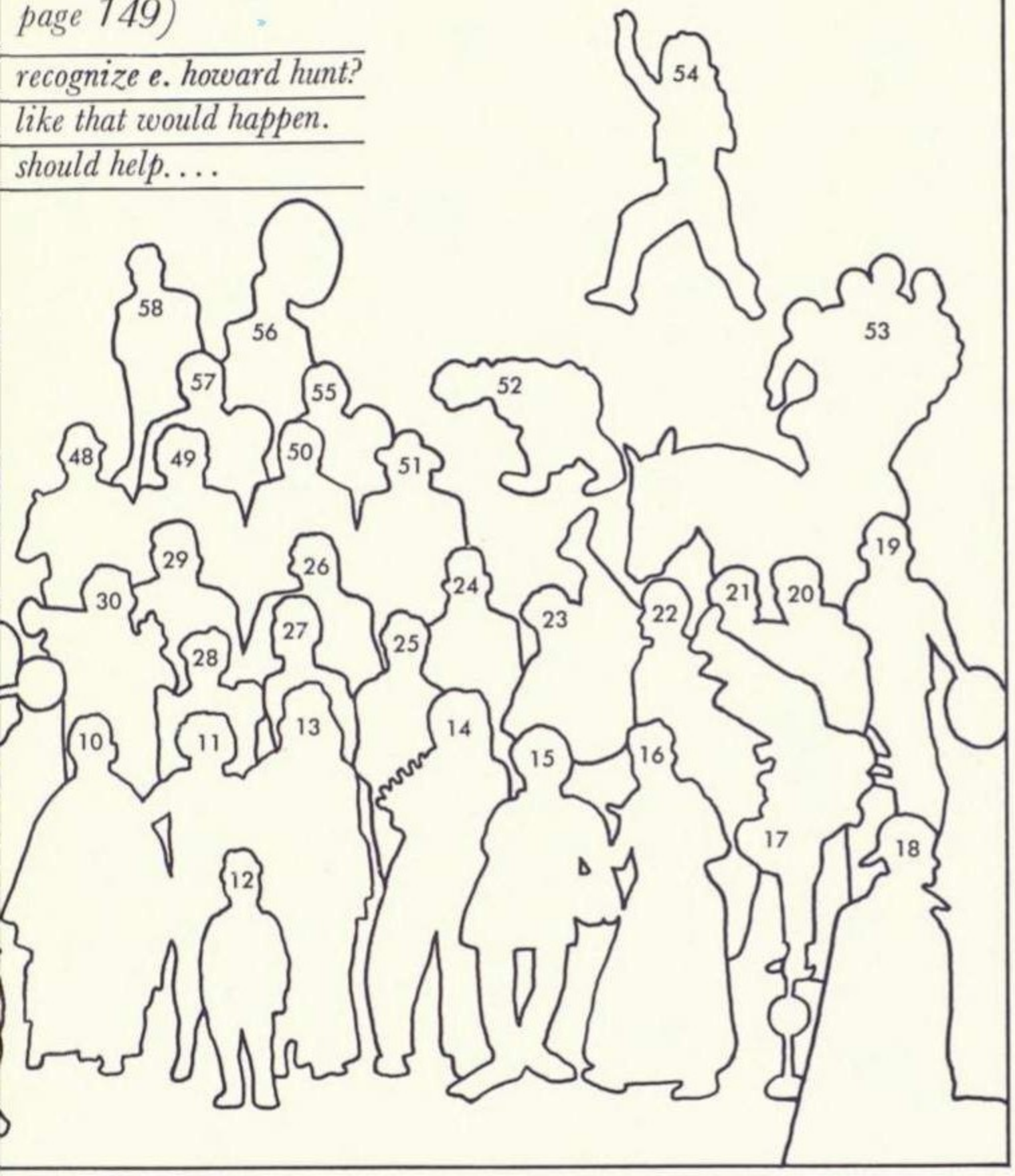
THE PLAYERS

1. ATTILA THE HUN
2. JOE NAMATH
3. JOHN WAYNE
4. MARK SPITZ
5. PAT BOONE
6. ERNEST HEMINGWAY
7. CLARK GABLE
8. HUMPHREY BOGART
9. ROBERT MITCHUM
10. JAMES DEAN
11. MARJOE
12. JAMES CAGNEY
13. ALICE COOPER
14. CHARLES MANSON
15. BOB DYLAN
16. DILLINGER
17. FRED ASTAIRE
18. HOLDEN CAULFIELD
19. JACK KEROUAC
20. FABIAN
21. DICK CLARK
22. ELVIS PRESLEY
23. FRANK SINATRA
24. PAUL NEWMAN
25. LITTLE RICHARD
26. NEIL ARMSTRONG
27. DAVID BOWIE
28. JUDY GARLAND

OES

page 149)

recognize e. howard hunt?
like that would happen.
should help. . . .



29. DICK POWELL
30. JOHN F. KENNEDY
31. ELDRIDGE CLEAVER
32. MUHAMMAD ALI
33. CLINT EASTWOOD
34. SUPER FLY
35. VALENTINO
36. GENERAL PATTON
37. AUDIE MURPHY
38. MARLON BRANDO
39. EVEL KNIEVEL
40. TARZAN
41. SUPERMAN
42. THE LONE RANGER
43. HORATIO ALGER
44. HUCKLEBERRY FINN
45. TOM MIX
46. ROY ROGERS
47. BILLY THE KID
48. JOE DIMAGGIO
49. NORMAN MAILER
50. ROBERT REDFORD
51. TEDDY ROOSEVELT
52. DONNY OSMOND
53. THE BEATLES
54. MICK JAGGER
55. CHARLES LINDBERGH
56. E. HOWARD HUNT
57. JAMES BOND
58. PETER REVSON

You might still be wondering who invited Judy Garland. It happened—as did the whole circus—like this: We were sitting around thinking about male heroes instead of working and someone, probably our fallen Jesuit, said that they were like all the begats in the Old Testament—while each of us created ourself by trying to be like our favorite one, they were all creating one another. Hmm. Out came the wax pencils and layout paper and for a while there it looked like final exams at Miss Havisham's Kindergarten for the Hopeless . . . who belongs, who connects, arrows, vectors . . . hopeless, indeed.

We did manage to get it down to the wild bunch here. And we discovered that most of the arrows went to or from five Main Men: John Wayne, Humphrey Bogart, John F. Kennedy, Marlon Brando and Mick Jagger. Beyond that, it was just too complicated—although we did figure out a few things:

• Attila the Hun and Horatio Alger begat John Wayne.

• Wayne begat Robert Mitchum, who in turn begat Joe Namath, Evel Knievel and Super Fly.

• Wayne and Superman begat each other.

• So did Elvis Presley and James Dean.

• But Brando and Jack Kerouac and Holden Caulfield also begat James Dean.

• And Elvis begat Dick Clark, who begat with haste all the Fabians and Pat Boone—who then begat Mark Spitz.

• J.F.K. begat Neil Armstrong and Paul Newman and together they begat Robert Redford.

• And J.F.K. begat James Bond, who of course begat E. Howard Hunt.

• J.F.K. and Norman Mailer begat each other.

• And Judy Garland?

Well, without her there would have been no Little Richard. And without Little Richard we wouldn't have Bob Dylan *or* Jagger. But it's a little more complicated than that. While Jagger and the Beatles created each other, Jagger and Fabian created Marjoe. But then Fabian and Knievel and Jagger created Alice Cooper. And what about David Bowie? Jagger had a hand in it, certainly, but who else?

You got it.

Judy.

And you get it. You won't agree, but you get it. Sharpen your crayons and go to it. But don't send the results to us. Send them to Miss Havisham.

your pelvis drop into position instead of pushing so hard that you're finished before you've started."

And they could be trying to determine scientifically whether it is impotence itself that is on the increase or *complaints* of impotence, as sexologist Dr. Albert Ellis has insisted. "If more men played baseball now than did before," says Dr. Ellis, "you would have more of them complaining, 'I can't hit the ball.' Ginsberg isn't watching the sample. He's not realizing that more men are balling. The Kinsey data showed that college-level males 30 years ago were largely masturbating. Now, if 100 men are balling today as compared with 20 men 30 years ago, then you're going to have more of them showing up with coital problems. There will be more impotent males, because there are more in the total sample of fornicators; but proportionately fewer of these fornicators will be impotent, because they are more knowledgeable, practiced and adept." So I'd say the fact that the incidence of impotence is becoming more common is accentuated by the fact that the same loosing of inhibition that has produced increased sexual activity has ended the taboo on talking about impotence. Impotence used to be one of the least-uttered—and, consequently, most-often-mispronounced—words in the English language. (When I called the producers of *All in the Family* to get a synopsis of the episode in which Rob Reiner can't get it up for a few days due to academic pressure, the secretary gave the word a reading that deserves some sort of prize for creative malapropism: impudence.) Well, lately, men—and women—who previously would not have had the impudence to let the word impotence pass their lips are speaking about it frankly. This candor is healthy in itself and reassuring to any man who thinks that he is some kind of freak because his organ is temporarily out to lunch. It ought not to be misconstrued as evidence of sexual pathology, new or otherwise.

Meanwhile, however, there's a new phenomenon on the rise. I call it "the new potency." I've located four guys who are willing to appear as case histories. One is my friend Ronnie. After we had our little man-to-man, he flew his electric lady across the Gulf Stream to Bimini to give his prick a change of scenery. He took a suite at the Bimini Islands Yacht Club and proceeded to dance the horizontal *rumba* for two days and two nights. "I tried to tell her I was sorry about the other night," said Ronnie. "She licked her lips and said she liked me limp better than she liked other men hard. And you know what? *Hearing her say that gave me the biggest bonefish they've ever seen in Bimini.*"

WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY

(continued from page 151)

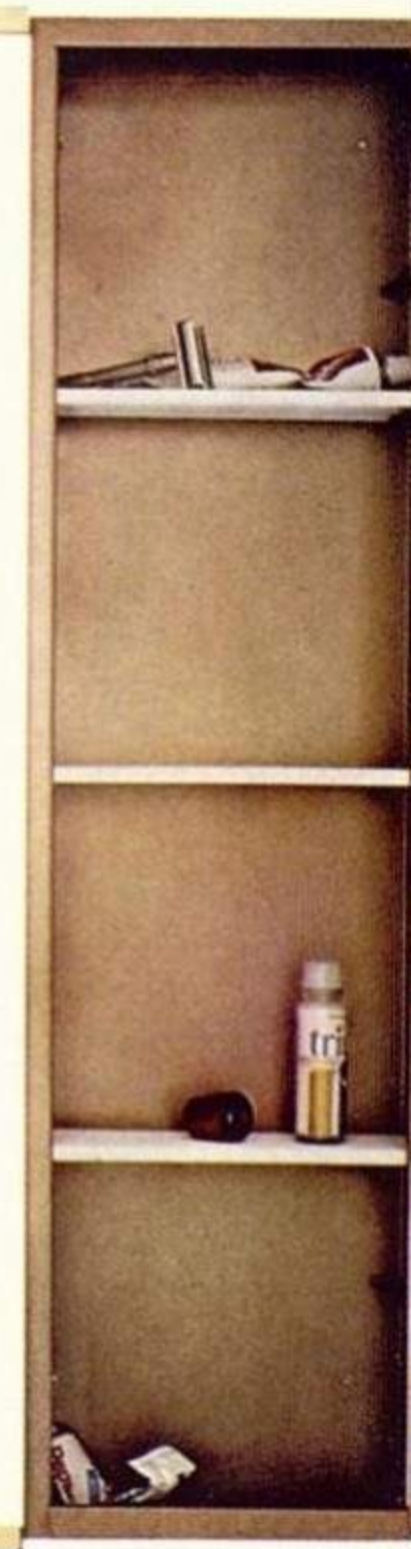
sleeves for age-old communion with cans of beer and the ball game, and are treated to a commercial wherein a blonde selling Vitalis Dry Control slaps rumps in the Miami Dolphins' locker room; sports pages carry wrap-ups of women's semi-pro football; New Jersey courts admit girls to Little League baseball; former football star Rosey Grier travels the country promoting his book on needlepoint; Ed Muskie, campaigning for President, cries in defense of his wife; priests, such as Philip Berrigan, whose abjuration of sex was historically the Church's highest level of male discipline, marry; a charter is given to the First Women's Bank Trust Company; secretaries in Hartford, Connecticut, give the finger to ribald construction workers, causing hostility that brings out the police; police in New York are kneed in the groin by women protesters; women mug a West German official in front of the Plaza Hotel; *macho* male posters appear beside female pinups at an auto-designing plant in Warren, Michigan; a woman drives a trailer truck in Rock Springs, Wyoming; a grandmother becomes city manager in Watauga, Texas, with her husband working for her as secretary; advertisements show men in paisley underwear designed for the man "with spirit."

What gel of masculinity can form from such an olio? Those of us who have sought manhood from birth squirm in the squeeze between manhood as we learned it and the modern abnegations we are instructed to accept.

As Little League vice-president Robert Stirrat said after the court's ruling admitting girls to the league, "Nothing's been going our way recently." We are bombarded from all sides by rule changes. We hear that there is no justice in dominance, no victory in aggression, no advance in competition, no peace with honor. And through all the haze of retraction, we can't even get a good fix on who the enemy is.

The first salvos were fired by the

ON BECOMING



P. C. is a commercial pilot who lives in Colorado.

When I first started going out with girls, in the Fifties, I'd put on baggy cords or khakis and a white shirt. If I had a heavy date, I'd put on a little Old Spice, maybe, which was about the only after-shave around, and I used to comb my hair with a washcloth—I wore it in a flattop. Because back then, any guy whose pants grabbed him around the ass or the crotch or who wore really colorful shirts or any flashy stuff at all was a queer and we usually called him that out loud. Then it all seemed to change around the time of the Beatles—not just the hair, although that was a big part of it, but everything about the way men did themselves up started to change. I remember worrying that I was going to get in a fight the first time I put on beads, and when my hair started to grow, I was nervous about that, too. I bought pants that fit, shirts that had bright colors and flowers

feminists, but we could dodge them, shake them off as insouciantly as Larry Csonka sheds tacklers. But now we are hearing from the scientists, who suggest that traditional characteristics we thought to be our natures may be no more than society's indoctrination; from psychologists and sociologists who would have our brains rearranged to adapt to a more equitable order; and from a swelling sea of fellow travelers who insist that, natural or not, masculinity as it has evolved is destructive and must be overthrown.

We are forced to look at the destructiveness of our wars and prisons and corporations and politics and admit that our detractors may have a point there. Manhood, as we learn at the feet of the vanguard of sisters, is not domination or power; not bravery or war; not ambition or creativity or will; not jobs or push-ups or spitting; not motorcycles or cunt counts; nor is it for procreation, what with the clamor for zero population growth; nor is it for orgasms, what with the tireless robotry of vibrators.

If manhood is now a set of things it used to be but isn't, we are given only half a truth. The announcement that women have rights and capabilities commensurate with ours rightfully strips us of some assumptions by which we hitherto asserted our manhood, but where is the other half of truth by which we might ourselves be defined? Once the authors of definitions for both sexes, we now own copyrights to neither.

Well, truth, even on one good leg, limps inexorably ahead, whether we can keep up or not. Nature pays no heed to egos. The enlightened among us, nodding briskly to the feminist appeal, may take defensive pride in our ability to spew words of sexual equality—much as did those whites, like myself, who, in the early days of the civil-rights movement, sputtered the phrases of agreement that might endear us to blacks. Whites then, like men now, found it difficult to join a cause they did not lead; our burden now, like that of whites then, is to yield before truth, accept it, embrace it, live with it and trust that we'll all be better off somehow.

Meanwhile, words remain words, however hospitable. And our gnarled manhood roots are not evolved to nurture leaves of a new intellectual sexuality. It is a rough season for our egos.

While in the dispassionate embrace of a New York City hooker one evening, I chanced to ask whether, in the course of her business, she ever came. "If the trick is man enough," she said.

Hookers are not without their ironies. The fact is—though I doubt that the philosophic thrust of it penetrated my $20 friend—I was man too much. I had chosen her company because I, a man of many years and frailties, already beset by doubts and deliberations about the essence of manhood at large, whose ego was already blistered from daily scrapes against the world, wished only for a quick wisp of restorative sex, professionally distilled, so then to return freshened to the fray. Clearly, she did not comprehend the nuances of satisfaction attained from a swift street-corner conquest, free of hypocritical investment in courtship and risks of rejection. She could not have been aware that the dying empire of manhood is under siege and that I am a refugee. She was oblivious to the fact that my ability to get it up and off in a hurry, without social amenities, was good news. Otherwise, she would not have delivered upon me yet another abrasion, from her golden heart.

But as there is no manhood without ego, neither is there sex. Ego is everything. While it might seem convenient to generalize a theme into which I myself comfortably fit, this is more than that. For I am typical, I believe, as can be gleaned from a few details.

I married the first woman I took to bed, and pursued a career through small newspapers to *Life* magazine, hence from relative obscurity to relative pomp, from relative poverty to relative affluence, from small towns to the big city and onward to the suburbs. As a man of 30, I was at what is called "the dangerous age": whose career had reached a comfortable plateau; whose children were safely pruned for growth; whose wife, having tended the home, was in her cranny; whose mind drifted then toward whatever else was lacking, toward, oh-oh, his sexuality.

Life was a house haunted by black jokes on ego and sexuality. First ballooned aloft on the breeze of its prestige and expense accounts, soon writers were commonly sucked down into its emasculating machinery. Dozens of mighty men held sway over the writer's life. My superiors could, with a flick of a pencil or the dart of an eyebrow, say yes or no to weeks of work, to my power, to my ego.

Not only that but the domestic nest

A SEX OBJECT

all over them; but whatever shit I got from my conservative buddies hardly bothered me at all, and that was because of the way women were all of a sudden reacting to me. I couldn't believe it. They flirted with me, told me they liked my pants, when I knew it wasn't my pants they were talking about. They couldn't keep their hands out of my hair and whenever I said I was going to cut it, every girl I knew said, "No, whatever you do, don't do that." I've talked to a lot of them about it and now they're into admitting that they get off on guys' bodies the way guys get off on theirs. Sometimes I think they're *more* into it, which makes any amount of time you spend on yourself worth it as far as I'm concerned. I dig being a sex object—a lot—and I hope it never goes back to the way it was. I'm just sorry that I had to wait till I was almost 30 years old before a woman told me I had a nice ass—because *that's* a rush like nothing I know.

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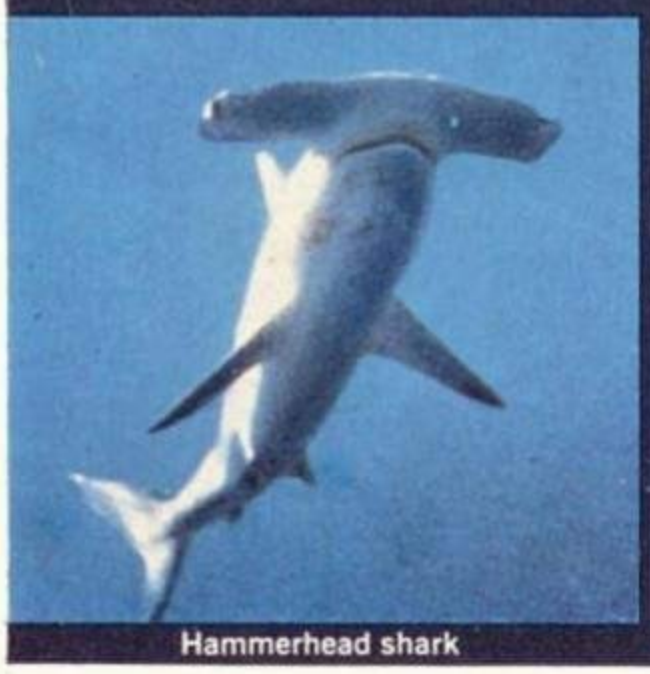

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Humpback whale and calf

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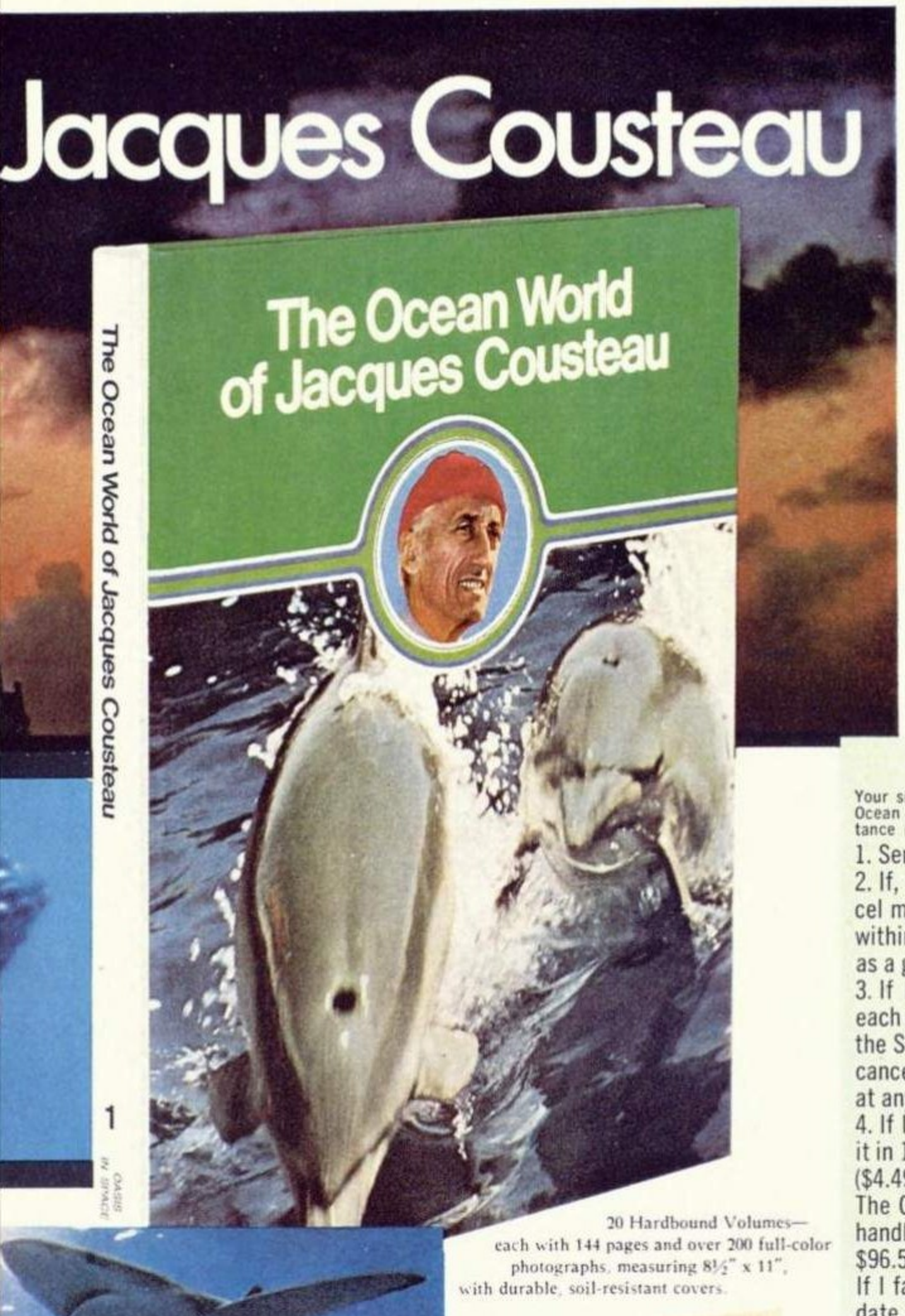
Jacques Cousteau



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If the Oceans of Earth should die—it would be the final catastrophe in the story of man and of all life on this planet . . . maybe fifty years later the last man on earth would take his own last breath. Why imagine such a nightmare about the subject I love most? Because the Ocean *can* die—and we must make sure that it doesn't. Man exists only because Earth is a "water planet"—liquid water being probably as rare in the universe as life, perhaps even synonymous with life. The Ocean is life. This is why we must change our attitude toward the Ocean. We must regard it as no longer a mystery, a menace, a dark and sinister abode of secrets and wonders. Instead we want to explore how it moves and breathes, how it experiences dramas and seasons, how it nourishes its hosts of living things, how it harmonizes the physical and biological rhythms of the whole earth, what hurts it and what feeds it—not least of all, what are its stories.

J.Y. Cousteau

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into which the writer retreated from time to time between luxurious excursions across the nation compared dully with his working life, however painful the latter was. The trap was set, the ego ensnared, and the writer-beast would snap bitterly at anything that approached.

So, during the time of my least success, when my stories were being swatted aside like so many pestering flies by the editors, I bit on my first affair, with a model whom I had hired for a fashion story. To be sure, stealing that tall, blonde drink of water from her TWA pilot was an upper, as was dumping her forthwith. But the whole matter left me awash in such an eddy of indiscriminate lust and guilt that I feared for my mind.

Then I began to see, with an acuity of vision ascribed to the insane and some deaf-mutes, that my superiors—my models and future—were showing the same symptoms: flopping from bed to bed with feminine underlings, drinking, fading, aging, rotting with aimless lusts and boiling their hypocrisies in a caldron of guilt with such delicious agony as to suggest a page from Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, the master, himself.

The issue for me peaked when one evening at a party I grabbed the ass of my boss's wife. "I'm no sex maniac," she confided. Nor was I, of course, for the mere patrol of a strange bun under several layers of clothing was not the primary pleasure; the secret knowledge that I was at the same time sticking it to my boss, who was frustrating my work, was. I considered myself warned, however, that denial of my craving might cause me to end as a dirty old man, while affirming it in such a hostile manner was dangerous for my occupation.

And so I opted out, of *Life* and my marriage, telling my wife that I was off to "do what I have to do"; i.e., catch up on the tomcatting I missed as a youth.

While engaged in the writing of a book by which I assumed I would restore my professional worth, I quickly imposed my oats upon a series of furrows that made up the field of my mythological musts: a *Life* secretary, a photographer's girlfriend, a better writer, a Chinese concubine, a barmaid, a cheerleader, a hippie, another man's wife, two roommates in succession, a hitchhiker, and so on. It was a joyless litany of conquests, each bringing me nearer despair than redemption.

The last of these averred, as she writhed unwillingly beneath me on the floor, that it wasn't working: precisely, that neither was I hard enough to enter, nor was I welcome if I were. "Guaranteed," I said, with savagery that startled me most, "I'll give you a good sex experience before you leave here!"

I know the odor of such a desperate line! This is a confession of a quest for manhood, not a justification for errancy. A refugee is nothing if not humble.

If I cling to one woman today, it is because of her awareness of my state, of the fragility of my ego, because she buoys me with a fierce and perceptive jealousy (she will fight for me!) and because I am lucky to have found a beautiful woman in whose company I can produce erections satisfying to us both.

But I am not a finished product. I am in transit and my embryonic manhood can be candled like an egg. While I subscribe to the precepts of the new sexual math, I still have my square roots to deal with.

Over a working dinner with a woman recently in Washington, D.C., discussing her perceptions of male sexuality and women's lib, I stated directly my conflict: "I still can't help seeing women as sex objects, all of them."

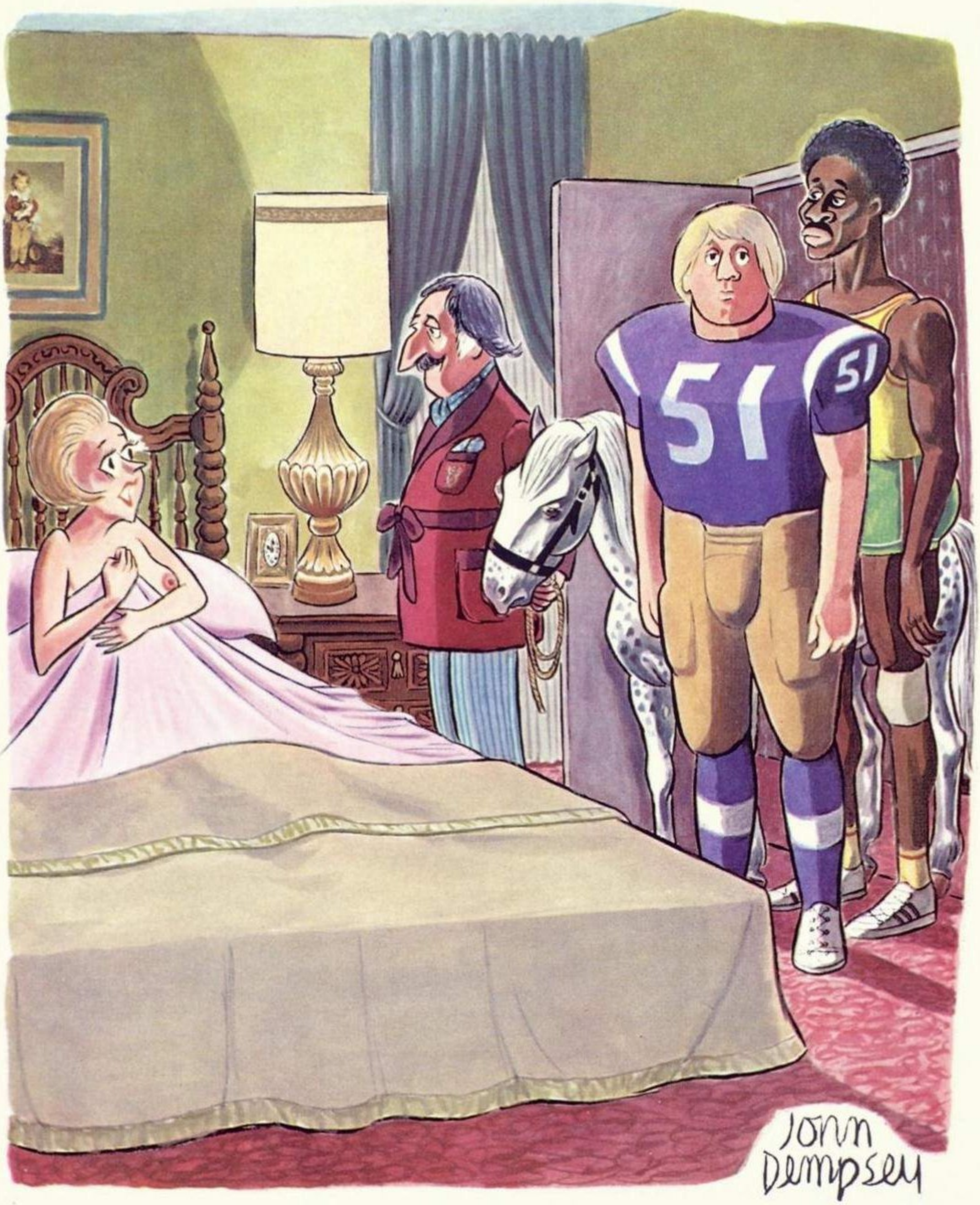
"My God!" she said. "That stinks."

But she perceived only the words, and

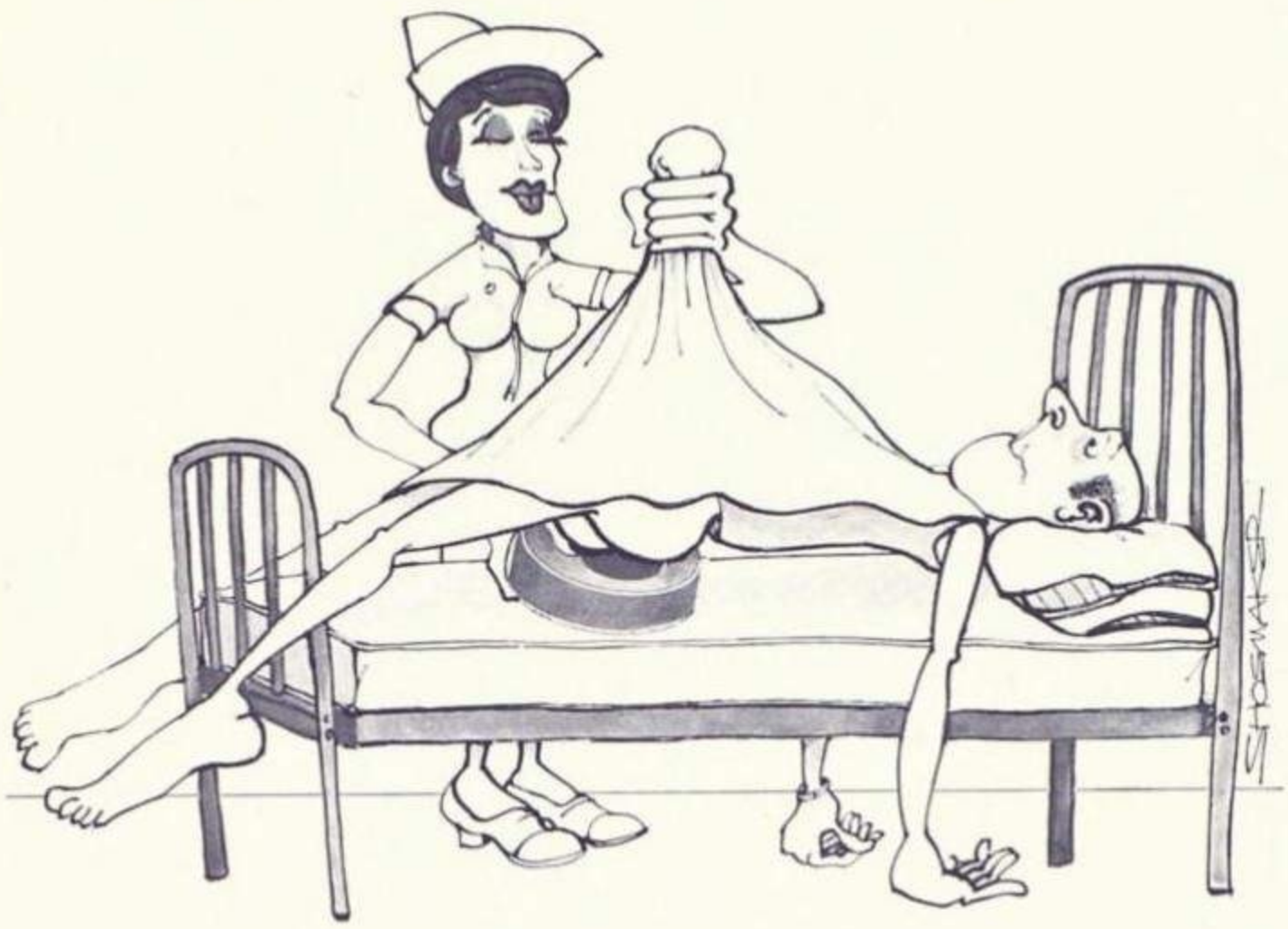
T. P. is in his early 30s and holds a Ph.D. in behavioral science. Married without children for five years, he is now divorced and teaches at a large Southwestern university.

I grew up believing that women didn't really like to fuck. You know, "good girls" didn't do it, or if they did, it was only to "prove" how much they loved you—they certainly didn't enjoy it. I managed to get married by thinking that way. We were both graduate students and she was my instructor in a biology class . . . yes, biology. We liked each other well enough to spend a few months in and out of bed together, but I, at least, didn't have any plans to run off into the sunset with her. Then she told me she was pregnant. I tried to convince her to get an abortion, said everything I could think of . . . but down deep, I knew it was *my* fault. . . . *I* had chased her, *I* had wanted to stick it into *her* . . . so when she said she'd never get an abortion, we started planning our wedding. A week before the wedding, she had a miscarriage. But we got married anyway. I don't know why. Inertia, honor, something. It lasted five years and it wasn't even so bad. It just wasn't worth the trouble. She always wanted something more or different from what I could give her, and the hassle, even though it was low level, finally wasn't worth it for either of us. In the five years since I've been single again, I've been involved with probably two dozen women. One was a divorced rich suburbanite, another one a waitress in a topless joint, a couple of sorority girls, a radical lady lawyer . . . most kinds. And mainly for sexual reasons. I have some women friends where the relationship isn't sexual, but I think it's usually true that the most interesting thing a man and a woman can do together is fuck. Smart women know that, whether they admit it or not. I can have great conversations and good friendships with other men, and men are considerably easier to deal with—and it's the same for women with each other. So why bother if *not* to fuck? Women can be such a pain in the ass sometimes that the sex is all that makes it worth it. Most of the women I've known have had a real authoritarian streak in them—what they want mainly in life is for you to do what they want, whatever that is. "Prune the hedge." "Make a million dollars." "Eat me." Whatever. That's why they're so illogical. When you give them a good reason why you shouldn't do what they want you to, they resort to emotion to get you to do it. You know, "Don't jump, darling, I'll pick up my underwear right now." I've been living off and on for the past year with a girl in her early 20s who thinks of herself as being very rational and liberated. When we met, she came on real tough, putting down guys who fell in love with her just because they'd been in bed together a few times, telling me how she couldn't stand hanging around just one man at a time—you know, how *free* she was. That's fine with me, because then I get to be that free, too, and she can't give me any shit about what I decide to do with my life, right? Wrong. When we're not living together, if I call her—say some night I want to fuck her, and I'll call her and say, "Do you want to come over?"—and if she says no, I'll just let the matter drop, just go on and chat about the weather, and so forth. But if she calls me—and wants to come over to my place or wants me to take her to a movie—if I say no, then she gets all pissed off, totally bent out of shape. So she spouts equality for everybody and then gets pissed when she can't order me like a pizza.

I love fem lib, because it finally gives men a chance to call women on that sort of bullshit. In fact, if they don't watch out, they may have a new sort of monster on their hands. They've been talking about their needs and what we don't give them, but it works both ways and men are finally starting to figure that out. Men have been walking around so long feeling guilty about what they *really* want that it will take a while. But it's happening: Women are in the process of liberating us, and I don't think most of them will know how to handle what they've created.



"But, darling, when I told you about my secret sexual fantasies, I didn't mean . . . I didn't think you'd. . . ."



this subject is not for prattle. In the course of drinks and intimate conversation (the subject is rife with suggestion), the musk was spread—a word here, eye contact there, a gesture, touch of a hand—until at last we concluded with a sidewalk embrace that, while short of a horizontal mount, was erotic enough to establish sexual objectivity for us both and give my ego a booster shot that got me through the night in my lonely hotel room.

Feminists may by now suppose that they already have enough of my meat to beat me to death. But they would be making a mistake. If women are my sex objects, it is because I prefer them to other men or moles or goats, even just to hug. The name of the game is sex, and sex is ego.

If feminists appear to stand as the enemy of masculinity, the perpetrators of our plight, it is because women have always been frightening, from mythology onward (the Indians had a good one: Women had toothed vaginas). The fact is, though, that men created the mythology, out of whatever dark desires. And if we know women inadequately, it is because of the myths we have spun about them. If we seem confused about ourselves, credit our mythology there as well.

Gloria Steinem, the ubiquitous spokeswoman for feminists and their chief sex object (I met her once and sat alone with her at a tiny table at Toots Shor's, alive with anticipation, and before I could as much as say "What nice thoughts you have," she zipped out with a candidate for attorney general), said the other day that "men couldn't know what it was like to walk around female for 30 years." Nor could women know what it was like to trot around male, given the nettlesome accompaniment of erections.

"Women don't realize just how fragile our egos are," said Melvin Van Peebles, the black film and stage producer-director-actor (*Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song*), a man of strong, austere independence and awesome sexual accomplishment. "The question most men have inside, even though they may not ask it, is, 'Did I make you come?' They want a woman to say how good it was. Lot of women don't say anything. They *know* if the man came, after all, and maybe they assume too much about what the man knows. Men need to *hear* it. And if they don't hear it, their egos can be hurt bad."

Men rely heavily on words and have traditionally talked about sex in a way that seems detached, condescending, a toting of scores. If that is repugnant to women, connoting a double standard, it is meant not to demean women but to bolster ourselves in the eyes of other men. Now women are talking, too, nailing their own coonskins to the wall. It is disconcerting for an old-fashioned man to be graded.

A junior at Syracuse University (my alma mater, oh, wicked witch that she was, with her untouchable cheerleaders that Red Smith called "succulent," where a girl I was dating cheered my virginity with the words, "If I ever go to bed with anybody here, you'll be the first") told me that getting laid was making him nervous.

"I don't wanna be talked about, for Chrissake. Like, I was waiting for my date at her sorority and I guess nobody knew I was in the living room. On the other side of the wall, two girls were talking. One of them said, 'He got in me

H. F. was living with his family in California when he wrote this; since then, he has moved out and has been living alone.

My wife and I have been married ten years and we have two kids. We're both about 30. I work and she doesn't. She says she's not prepared to work, because I married her when she was 19 and she's been wife and mother all that time. For the past two years, she's been working on liberating herself, which is fine, but the way she's doing it is by taking on full-time lovers and spending most of her time with them. She comes home to cook and clean sometimes, and then she leaves again.

Both of us have fucked around for the past five years. For me it was when I traveled, mostly. But when I was home, I was home. Then she started with these other men and it all came apart. I stopped balling her and that just made it worse.

We've been through all the heavy stuff. I've hit her a few times and come close to violence on the other men and I hate it. She says I'll have to pay her and the kids whether I go or stay, and she's right. And if I do go, it'll mean a shitty little apartment in the city, no money, like starting over. I know I could start over, but, goddamn it, I don't want to. I'm crazy about my kids and I'm through with that bullshit about the frailty of women. They're meaner than men. It's like nobody ever taught them to fight fair. Honor is male bullshit and women laugh at it.

I never thought my marriage would turn into a war and if it did, I thought I'd walk away from it. We live in separate rooms now. We fight in the kitchen. She says she'll get a job when she's ready and not before, and if I don't like it, I can leave. Well, I don't like it, but I'm not leaving. She says she's just being herself, for the first time, and it just doesn't include me very much. She says she doesn't do it to be mean. I keep telling her it's not what she does but *how* she does it. She says she loves me and it confuses the hell out of me, and I feel meaner than I ever have in my life toward women. But I'm no good at living without them. It all seems so stupid. It's not a war that either of us can win and I don't know what's going to happen. I'm in it for what's *mine* now. It's making me crazy, though, because I've never been in a fight like this with a woman before.

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"That's what mine says, too—'Concerto for Violin and Tennis Balls.'"

and didn't even move. It was like a Love-Mor on one battery.' Funny, right? It scared me to death. My girl and I have a pretty good thing, but it drives me up the wall to think she might describe it to her friends."

That women should speak! There was always safety in their presumed silence. Now they would be stool pigeons to our acts, rats on our egos. Our trophies would talk back from the shelves. (Didn't Marilyn Monroe say of Sinatra's skills, "He was no DiMaggio"?) Women are rating us and asserting themselves in various subtle ways. Linda Lovelace of *Deep Throat* belittles most of us by wistfully anticipating the chance one day to chomp on a foot-long supercock. In the musical *Hair*, the woman twisting atop her companion says, "You're the best ball in the Village." A man in Boston reported to me that, denied the real thing by a whore in a bar, he demeaned himself by settling for a hand job in the booth, thereupon to have her say, "Next time bring a handkerchief." In a Denver parking lot, I politely asked a teenage girl to move her car, to which she replied, "Go fuck yourself."

The sum of such minor jabs is a pummeling to male egos unused to sparring with women. Abrupt overthrow of the double standard can rattle one's teeth. To begin with, according to McCary in *Human Sexuality*, evidence is that "many men are beset with considerably more guilt over sexual matters than women are," because a man "feels that, as the instigator of the sex act, he is the 'seducer,' and that the responsibility for the woman's participation rests squarely upon his shoulders." Guilt spreads over the male ego like a virulent mold; success as well as failure in bed breeds the spores, as old habits clash with new mores.

"I used to fuck all over Asia during the war," a paratrooper told me in Baltimore, "and it never bothered me a bit—like, Vietnamese whores didn't seem like real women, you know? But now, back

S. M. is in his mid-40s and works as a free-lance writer and lecturer. He is divorced—his three children live with his ex-wife.

I was born in Tennessee and had a normal (i.e., sexually repressed) Southern upbringing. One thing about the Bible Belt—it takes a long time to unbuckle and get your pants down. I was a virgin when I married and I was faithful to my wife for 18 years. Then I decided that I had paid my dues and left my family. I moved to San Francisco, which I (like everyone else in this country) equated with sexual freedom, and got down to some serious fucking. Over the next five years, I had enough one-night stands and meaningful relationships to make up for my deprived childhood. It was an education, to be sure. Surprisingly, I didn't learn anything new about making love. Sex is a lesson that you perform by rote, with an occasional refinement in technique. Variety showed me that I hadn't been missing that much with my wife, but that wasn't reason to go back to her. I began to learn about my own sexuality. I realized that I viewed the bedroom as a proving ground, or perhaps as a classroom punishment for having been born a man—like staying after school to write on the board 50 times: "I can get it up. I can make her come." I wanted out of that madness. The major change came when I broke up with a 22-year-old girl I had lived with for two years. She was passionate, liberated, demonic and insightful. She delighted me, held me, cared for me, nurtured me, educated me. It was a very competitive relationship. I think she held my accomplishments against me, because she was still too young to have accomplished anything on her own. When we broke up—she went off to pursue a career as a musician—I had the choice of grieving the loss (a bummer), finding a replacement (impossible) or finding in myself the qualities that I had responded to in her. What the women in my life had done for me, I wanted to do for myself. It's hard to convey what I mean—since it is essentially a nonverbal, feeling type of experience. One afternoon I was sitting in a chair in my living room alone, beset by tension and anxiety. I *wanted* someone to care for me. The tension I was feeling was predetermined—set like a mousetrap. My body was yearning to be touched by someone else, to be accepted. I was betrayed. Curious, I worked at calming my body. This may not sound like a sexual episode, but for me it was sublime. I encouraged each part of my body to relax. I became domestic. I learned to *feel at home* with myself. Since then, I have tried to discover and cultivate other aspects of the feminine. I've become passive, accepting, gracious, spontaneous. I am no longer the conquering hero—when I meet a woman, I can say honestly, "You don't need to be rescued, I don't need to be rewarded." In freeing myself of the stereotyped male role, I have relieved women of their most oppressive duties and, believe me, they are grateful. The less aggressive I am, the more sexually active I become. I am inundated by women. One of my lovers characterized the change by pointing out that the only other person she had ever felt comfortable with was her best friend in grade school. They had enjoyed that period of grace before sexual roles were forced on them. When you discard the old roles and divide the event (lovemaking) into equal portions, there seems to be more left of you to enjoy. And once you escape the etiquette of sexual escalation—you have time to be best friends, side-kicks, cohorts, contemporaries.

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4-19

here, you have to be aware that women are being shit on. I agree with women's lib. So I meet this beautiful broad and she says she likes going to bed with me, but she won't be just a sex object. Now, what the hell does that mean? Am I supposed to tell her I love her, just so we can keep enjoying our fucking? I wouldn't feel honest doing that, and she's got me feeling guilty anyway. It's like nothing has ever changed with this goddamned business, not since I was a kid."

A married radio announcer in Chicago tried to purge himself of "dirty fantasies" that made him feel "like a pimply kid." "I was thinking," he told me, "that a grown man either stops fantasizing or does something about it. I had been fantasizing for years about this one girl I used to work with. Nobody could get her. So finally, on a trip to Los Angeles, I got her—don't ask me how, we just ended up in bed. My ego was so high the next morning that I shot down to San Diego and jumped into bed with another girl I had fantasized about. It was like a dream! The sex wasn't so hot, because I was drunk the whole time. But the *idea*! Two of my fantasy girls within eight hours, and not even a shower in between!"

But a few days later, he had more to tell me. "I told my wife," he said. "I guess it was a combination of bragging and guilt. And then you know what she did? My wife went out the next day and picked up some stranger from a public swimming pool and brought him home and quick-fucked him. Jesus Christ! When she told me about it, she said, 'I wanted to do it just like a man.' "

As men know, doing it "just like a man" is not a simple business, not when you have to deal with the quicksilver of erections. A well-tailored, trimly built Denver insurance executive, sitting amid the dignity of his private club, spoke the pure truth of the totally dispirited.

"It's hard to say where it started," he said, "so let me tell you where it ended. I'm forty-six, fifteen years with this company, in control of thousands of dollars a day. I make good money. I never thought I was dissatisfied with anything. But lately everything I read, everything I see around me tells me I am missing something. All these young people in dungarees and long hair speaking out about how the system is robbing people. And at the same time, they are so open and honest about sex—I even feel they laugh at you if you don't go to X-rated movies.

"Well, that began to work on me. I wanted to change my life. The first thing that came to mind was that I wanted more exciting sex. One of the secretaries was very open about her activities and availability. So one evening I went home with her. She undressed right away, while I just sat in a chair. Then she stood in front of me and said, not in a nasty way, just as if she was reminding me that tomorrow was a holiday or something, 'I expect to be satisfied, you know.'

"To make a long story short, she made me so nervous that I couldn't get it up. Finally, she got out of bed and said she was going to the bathroom to masturbate. My God, it was the worst moment of my life!

"And I haven't been able to get it up since, not once in two months. It's like my life is over, and I feel so damn guilty besides. Tell me what I did wrong."

One salient error: He didn't get an erection. That was at once cause and effect of his tragedy. You can't will an erection, yet your mind can prevent it. Psychic impotence is the most common

M. A. is in his late teens and works as a musician in Vermont. Like most kids raised in a war zone, he takes for granted certain aspects of the sexual revolution.

When I was in nursery school, I used to sleep head to foot with a girl on an old Army cot. Supposedly, this kept us from talking during nap time; actually, it got me pointed in the right direction sexually. I knew what 69 meant long before I could count that high. It took a few years to put that knowledge to use, though not for lack of trying. My junior high school girlfriend, for example, was very uptight about her body. She thought you could get pregnant from French kissing, if you can believe that. She refused to let me touch her *down there*. But she was a Scorpio, and they tend to be heavy lovers. She resolved the conflict in her nature by giving incredible head. She was set on being a virgin, and last I heard, she still was. I finally lost *my* virginity, but not much more, when I was 14.

High school was a period of social and sexual vandalism. The first time I got stoned with a girl, I went into a closet and took off my clothes, then came back into the room. It was a spontaneous impulse, like tearing down stop signs, which I was doing a lot of at the time. About a month before graduation, I split for Vermont. I moved into a house with five other people. A week after I arrived, I found myself making love to one of the girls in the back of her van. A few weeks later, the mother of one of the *other* girls came up to visit and took her daughter's bedroom for the night. The girl was going to sleep on the sofa in the living room; I offered her half of my double bed and we ended up living together for a year. She didn't have an orgasm for the first couple of months, which bothered me. I knew that no girl in high school ever had an orgasm, but I expected it to be free and easy in real life. She knew about "copulation" and "reproduction," but no one had ever told her the *source* of pleasure (that you've got to enjoy yourself before you can enjoy *it*). We worked things out; she eventually had a climax in a sleeping bag in the Badlands' national park.

Since my girl left for college, my social life has been very casual. I just go with the flow and let things happen of their own accord. Vermont is remarkably free of sexual hang-ups. There is nothing to do here *except* visit people, and it's completely natural to spend the night with friends. There's no pressure or sexual bargaining, so a lot more happens. My first *ménage à trois* occurred when I visited two girls I used to share a house with. It was too far or too late for me to drive home and we all climbed into bed. Instant erection—but I wasn't embarrassed. It was a natural response to the situation and nothing personal was intended. They got off on the situation, too. It seemed like a good idea to make use of my erection, so we did. My first orgy also happened because everyone agreed that it seemed like a good idea. I was at a party with some people I had worked with in a local theater. Three couples were on a bed, hugging, talking, exchanging vibes. I said, "Let's take off our clothes—no one is inhibited here, right?" and we disrobed. Then a fourth couple came into the room. The guy freaked out. He stormed out of the house, dragging his date with him. Next thing I knew, the guy was back in the doorway and this giant pizza was sailing through the air. It hit one couple on the ass, ricocheted and splattered across the rest of us. Some people are just weird; you have to make exceptions.

The girl I'm going with now really has me puzzled. I've seen her twice. The first time she asked me to her room, we started making out. When I put my hands in her pants, she stopped me. I couldn't believe it and got very angry, first at her, then at myself. I wasn't reacting to her failure to meet my expectations; rather, it was the reprimand involved in being made aware that I *had* expectations. I saw her again a few weeks later and she asked me to her room. We took off our clothes and enjoyed ourselves in bed for four or five hours. It was astonishing sex, but I'm freaked out by the change in her attitude. She's a Gemini and I figure I caught her on both sides of her moon.

"So I figured the public was getting bored with the cutesie-pie porpoises, and I was right!"

"I told you not to spend a lot of money on a new dress."

kind, a circular sadness. Masters and Johnson warn that "once impotent under any circumstance, many males withdraw voluntarily from any coital activity rather than face the ego-shattering experience of repeated episodes of sexual inadequacy."

John B. Koffend, a former editor of *Time*, has written a painfully candid confession about the failure of his marriage and erections in a book called *A Letter to My Wife*, with "Grosser" playing the part of his penis. "It isn't that I'm afraid to get into a sex situation because of my psychic impotence," he writes, describing his loneliness since their recent breakup, "it's just that it doesn't seem worth it since, when that moment comes, my head will not let Grosser do his business." And later, he identifies his over-all sense of impotence with a pinpoint reminiscence about lack of affection showed his manhood root: "And how long ago was it that you kissed Grosser? At a guess, I'd say 1956 or 1958. You never really wanted to do it."

Some marriage counselors are saying that the onrush of feminism, particularly women aggressively claiming their due in the sack, is causing a rise in male impotence. "This could be the social disease of the future," said counselor Tom Durkin of Berkeley, California, commenting on complaints he hears from male clients. But there seems to be no supportive data. Psychologist Joseph Pleck at the University of Michigan, who is running a sort of clearinghouse for research material into male sex roles and consciousness-raising, feels that "maybe men are just becoming less inhibited talking about it." Sex therapist Sheldon Fellman, a urologist in Ann Arbor, Michigan, suggests that "there's probably just more and more sexual activity and men are coming out of the woodwork to discuss their problems. In my own practice, the incidence of males seeking sexual assistance has increased more than tenfold in the past decade."

Whether fact or not, there is evidence of a growing fear that impotence lurks. And many men quickly gobble up the notion that pushy women are the cause. George Gilder, in his gynephobic book *Sexual Suicide* (which on the surface is a paean to hearth, home, babies and good old order), warns that we men are so weak and downtrodden and second-class already that women must take care not to oppress us further, lest they eradicate both sexes. Women, he argues, have their sexuality assured by their ability to have babies, while we men must strut aggressively to portray any sexuality at all. "Unlike femininity," he writes, "relaxed masculinity is at bottom empty, a limp nullity. . . . Manhood at the most basic level can be validated and expressed only in action. For a man's body is full only of undefined energies. And all these energies need the guidance of culture. He is

S. B. S. is a college-educated Jewish cabdriver, 29 years old.

I used to view women as an exotic species, a higher order of animal. To me the reason the captain of the sinking ship yelled "Women and children first" wasn't that they were weak and helpless. It was that women were something grand and fine that we should preserve. They were mysterious, and my reaction to them was almost a religious thing.

I think that in attempting to "elevate" themselves to a position of equality, they've brought themselves down to our level. To me they're no longer exotic or mysterious. They've come down off the pedestal and now they're just folks who get born and eat and fart and cuss and fight and die. If the boat sinks now, I'll be the first one off. Offering a lady a seat on a bus was for me a gesture of deference, of admiration and respect. Now, when the chick standing there probably works a heavier rig than I do, there's no reason to offer her a seat. By bringing herself down to my level, she's opened herself up to a lot of potential trouble. I would no longer hesitate to slug it out with a woman if she gave me some shit, because there's nothing sacred about her anymore. And I'm no longer prepared to support a woman with money I earn, any more than I would be inclined to support a guy if we were going to be roommates. Women used to run things by influencing me to do what they wanted. I'm afraid they've sold out their last stronghold and are now stuck with the problem of doing some of the work. That's all right with me, but maybe some women knew they had a good thing going and liked it.

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therefore deeply dependent on the structure of the society to define his role." That is, men should be left alone to define manhood.

Gilder goes on, ominously, saying that a man's "erection is a mysterious endowment that he can never fully understand or control." Yes, we are host to an organ of the occult, so watch it, lady! Don't rub too harshly the libidinous lamp from which may explode a vicious genie whom no one can restrain. It is an implied double-edged threat of the old school: Such an erection loosed in a community may either rape right and left or, like protesters resorting to civil disobedience, simply go limp on you.

If we may continue to inflate Gilder into spokesman for a prevalent attitude, we can state the attitude thus: Masculinity is defined by men, and it is in our natures and everybody's best interests that we run things.

Well, then, why all the bother? The status quo is not ordinarily a subject dramatic enough to stimulate rabid discussion all over the map; not compelling enough to cause men to come "out of the woodwork to discuss their problems"; not urgent enough to start a sex war. Is it the feminists who bear the responsibility for the distress among men? Do they, from their subordinate position, host such power?

There is another attitude, which I share, that can be stated thus: Masculinity has been defined by men, primarily for men among men, and erections are but an unreliable, rickety narrow bridge between two halves of society, across which neither sex can communicate fully. In *The Dangerous Sex*, H. R. Hayes writes, "It is time the male abandoned his magical approach to the second sex. It is time he learned to accept his existential anguish; it is time he realized the menace of the female lies within himself."

That is to say: Men are primarily vulnerable to the attitudes of other men; it is upon ourselves, our own sex, that we depend for the maintenance of ego. Our reliance upon the erection as our statement of sexuality has provided us with but a gossamer incapable of supporting the intercourse of whole human sensibilities.

We find ourselves as lonely, isolated individuals in an age of corporate massness—mass communications, mass production, massive retaliation, automation—which weakens internal value systems and in which an ego must struggle to breathe. Ralph A. Luce, Jr., writing in *The Psychoanalytic Review*, says, "The cultural stereotypes of masculinity are changing from personal to impersonal forms with which successful identification is difficult if not impossible." Still, he argues, it is "better to identify with a stereotype than to experience the anxiety of no identity." And so we project our sexuality onto our machinery. It is a fantasy world in which we are onlookers: We watch computers make decisions; we watch sports from the side lines; we

L. S. is 29 and teaches literature at a Chicago college.

Until I was over 21, I thought I was a freak. I grew up pretty isolated in a small town, where it would have been social suicide being known as a "queer." Being Catholic didn't help, either. Outside marriage, *any* kind of sex was sinful—even thinking about it, which I did a lot. One priest said this attraction I had was normal (I was about 17) and that I was just going through a phase. In college, the first thing the psychologist said was, "How long have you liked boys?" I was embarrassed. I cried through my life story. He yawned. After all, it was so typical. Since I had never *done* anything, there was hope. I underwent a "treatment" and was "cured." Then I didn't like boys *or* girls . . . for a while. My cure proved to be a remission and I had to face the fact that my "phase" was permanent.

I soon lost my faith. I still hadn't done it with a boy, though I dry-humped some virgins—which doesn't count. Everyone at college was uptight. What if "they" found out? Imagine having the guys from the dorm see you coming out of some gay bar.

Liberation didn't come until grad school. I still dated, especially girls who wore ice skates around the apartment. I also smoked dope, and camped at weak moments. At long last, I came out. Some friends simply took me to my first gay bar. What a relief. But not everyone in *academia* was as open-minded as my friends, so I tried to keep it cool, not always with success. I still remember the oh-so-genteel cuts by former friends when they found out.

What really changed my whole image of homosexuals—and myself—was the bunch of bright gay grad students I got in with. I found that, contrary to legend, it was possible to be both homosexual and healthy. We were in history, lit, psych, divinity, law, medicine. Most of the group were not only successful but—surprise—happy, too. We met at gay profs' houses. The group was very supportive, but after a while, it got too inbred. I found myself going to the gay bars more often.

That's when I got to know the other, more depressing segment of "gay" life. It's not pleasant to talk about, but it is a large part of my homosexual experience. You'd think that gay people, having suffered so many similar pains, would be sympathetic companions. Don't you believe it. Many seem defeated or accept the limp-wrist stereotype. Others turn their self-hatred outward through not very funny bitchiness. The flaming queens, who first seem amusing, become tedious, then pathetic. They're in the minority, though. In the bars, worth is measured almost entirely by youth and appearance. The blaring jukeboxes make conversation almost impossible. Usually a good thing, too. You learn to talk as little as possible with a prospective trick, for fear the charm will evaporate. You collect phone numbers you know you'll never dial. The boys begin to blur: "Jerry? Uh, Jerry who? Oh. Where did we meet?"

Before I met my first lover, I accepted all this. I scored heavily, when I wanted to expend the time and energy. Or risk the dangers from psychopathic punks, sick cops and other, genuine perverts. I was very insecure and needed to prove I was attractive. Love ended that string of fleeting encounters. I now had a real, compatible relationship and I was the happiest I had been in my life. I finally came to terms with myself. I wasn't just resigned to being gay but, for the first time, glad.

But after two good years, with both of us struggling for our careers, we broke up. It may not be much comfort, but when my straight friends tell me about the hang-ups in their marriages or love affairs, I realize how few essential differences there are between our scenes. The jealousy, petty irritations, the role playing, the will-it-last anxiety—the games are so much alike. Which leads me to think the real problem is not whom you go to bed with but how you relate to people.

At this moment, I feel at peace with myself, or as close to that as is possible these days. I'm still waiting for a loving, lasting union. (Though I have sex when I want it, my luck may fade with my looks.) Meanwhile, I enjoy my work and I have other, nonsexual interests to sustain me. My friends are about equally divided between gay and straight, male and female. My colleagues know my story by now and don't seem to mind. Anyway, I'm accepted and I'm not forced to lead the unnerving double life several of my acquaintances do. After going through it all and being on the verge of 30—now, *that* shocks me—I prefer not to label myself, simplistically, homosexual. I'll settle for human being.

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"You worry too much about masculinity," said cowboy Ned Lasker, who trains horses. "It ain't something you think about. It's just something you *do*, something you are."

For most men, what they are is their work, the job comes closest to establishing the ego, and most men work within the corporate system, where their status is determined by an aggregate of men whose status is similarly determined. As men dig for position within the company, their egos are largely dependent on how many men rank beneath. The giant corporation, which typifies the nation, is the most emasculating force we have yet devised for ourselves.

By the bonding together of hundreds of males in a single massive economic cause, each is stripped of the independent power to determine the course of his life, or often where he shall live it, and even occasionally—especially among the roosters near the top—with whom he shall live it.

"You can always leave a company," said social-science writer Robert Claiborne, a believer that a man is master of his fate. To be sure, a man chooses the corporation freely, and willingly—determinedly—competes in the climb within it. But the enormous psychic investment in the advance remains in the corporation and the climber's power, however towering, can be directed only downward within the operation, or outward as representative of it. Higher wages, greater prestige, wider responsibility, lasting security remain properties of the corporation. You can leave it, but you can't take it with you.

"Well, *you* left it," a disputatious Time Inc. department head hissed at me as we got drunk in a bar beneath the edifice where I had worked at *Life*. "You chose to leave, I chose to stay. Does that make you better?"

Lucky, maybe, not better. For I did not compete well among the hard-working company men, and if there was pride in striking out on my own, so was there recognition of my weakness in retreating before challenging circumstances. My case was an example of how frustrations within the man's corporate web cause egos to atrophy and how distressingly common it is that men turn outward to dominate women as compensation.

A U.A.W.-local president in Detroit, Herbert Zalopany, agreed that men in the plant generally were "fucked up sexually, because of their egos," and he could see a clear differentiation based on jobs. "I don't work in the plant while I'm president," he said. "I feel fantastically healthy, mentally, because I get my ego from the fact that out of 4000 guys in the plant, they picked me number one. Now, you take the man on the lowest level, punching buttons on the line, they tend to seek the most from outside broads, fuck everybody they can, and then talk about it."

If manhood is threatened by the corporation, it is threatened twice. For the most lethal mix is probably that of the corporation and the monogamous marriage (which, while shaky, still predominates, for better or worse). No one woman can atone for the squelch of ego suffered by a man at the hands of men among whom he works. And if, as Warren Farrell, author of *The Liberated Man*, describes a man's traditional role vis-à-vis his mate, "Man's basic good is money, and his basic service security," then any attempt by women to reach for independent lives beyond service in the home is to levy yet another tax. Neither is the hunting ground safe from contending rivals, nor is the den secure for the licking of wounds.

Of course, one cannot place the entire onus on corporate life; men bond together in the Marines, the police, the athletic teams, the political parties. All

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B. R. is 25, born and raised in the South, educated in a Catholic college, where he graduated "summa cum *bullshit." He is now creative director for a California film company that specializes in television commercials.*

Whatever the women's movement was or is, it's been perfect for me. I've always been interested in just some good honest friends and a good honest fuck. I'm not gay in any way I've ever noticed, but I'm delicate in the center. I always think of a Thermos bottle: steel on the outside, glass on the inside. And up until recently, this world wasn't made for people like me. I mean, when some high school halfback was drying his balls with a saddle blanket in the locker room and bellowing about some little number who sucked him off in the back seat of his Chevy the previous evening, I wasn't about to pipe up with an observation about the beautiful, tender relationship I felt I had with some understanding but underdeveloped honey from the other side of town.

But along about the turn of the decade or so, when I was maybe 21 or 22, something started to happen. Women were admitting they masturbated and were demanding something more permanent from men than a nine-inch erection. Football stars were posing in panty hose for TV commercials. The whole structure that had fucked me over was collapsing. Now I just play it like I really feel it. I'm in no position to be a protector of some woman. I need to be saved from the world more than most women I meet. So a woman—knowing that she now can be as important as any man—says, why sure, don't you worry, sweetheart, because I'm going to protect you. Then she hops into the sack with me and protects the shit out of me. Taking charge gets her off and being gentle gets me off. Basically, what it means is that I no longer have to live up to an image that I don't identify with. Hardness, toughness, is no longer the only way to be a man.

And this change seems to have produced a lot more variety in the everyday sex you get. At bottom, women are more connoisseurs of sex than men. To a greater extent than women, men are single-minded about sex. Satisfaction, pleasure, begins and ends with the penis. For whatever reasons, women seem to be more sensitive to alternative kinds of stimulation—consequently, they are more apt to experiment, to be creative. It used to be only by an act of force on my part that chicks would get into anything kinkier than a blow job. Now they're suggesting things to me, showing me new tricks, taking the initiative. For example, I had been going with this girl for a while and we were getting along fine, but I knew she wanted me to try something I wasn't doing. Through a series of trials and errors, I took a crash course in yoga for the tongue from her. And that set us straight. You see, she wanted me to pay more attention to her clitoris. She wanted full-bore orgasms and I was too stupid to understand what that was all about. I always thought that what women wanted was for me to behave myself and fuck, make a nice clean break and go to my corner. It was these women who taught me that they liked to have their pussies eaten and their asses fucked, that they liked the taste of semen, and so on. All the wonderful things I'd dreamed of doing with women turned out to be just the things they'd dreamed of doing with men. Everything fell into place.

It's because of things like this that women are such a pleasure to be around these days. The whole burden of responsibility for making sexual conquests has been taken off me and it's a relief. I'm not ashamed of my nature anymore nor am I fooled by men who act strong. I sometimes think it would be nice if women would really take over. I'd like to get fucked in the morning and then sleep till noon while she went out and made the 25 grand. The girl I'm living with now has agreed to take her turn and support me for a year. I'll take a year off and run the house. I cook better than she does anyway.

these have the commonality of the male sanctuary, with attendant scuffling for position and sanction, with ritual sexual chest thumping about women while safely buffered from contradiction by them. Men struggle within these havens to achieve a stereotype of strength and stoicism by which they might approach the stereotype of, say, the cowboy. But, as Ralph Luce writes, "If the stereotype works in public, it usually doesn't work at home. Eventually, he has to take his clothes off, at which time his wife becomes the final arbiter of his masculinity."

Ignoring Luce's marriage imagery, the point is made that finally a man stands naked and alone before *somebody*, without the trappings of organization or fiscal might or group support, and his capability of communion at that level will determine the endurance of his ego.

It is toward the end of eradication of the arbitrary division of qualities between the sexes, and freeing of men to permit themselves a range of sensual expression and absorption as wide as that ascribed to women, that all over the country there is a growing movement of male consciousness-raising groups. Men unused to baring their frailties and miseries are being encouraged to communicate.

The Berkeley Men's Center issued a manifesto that states, "We, as men, want to take back our full humanity. We no longer want to strain and compete to live up to an impossible oppressive masculine image. . . . We want to love ourselves. . . . We want to relate to both women and men in more human ways—with warmth, sensitivity, emotion and honesty. . . . We don't want to engage in ego battles with anyone."

Psychologist Robert Brannon of Brooklyn College, who, with others such as Warren Farrell of New York and Joseph Pleck of Michigan, has been pushing for consciousness-raising, says, "The whole fucking game is not natural. There's a dawning recognition that Western masculinity is a perversion. It's clear we want to move away from polarization. Masculinity is a word that should be retired, like femininity. That my sexual plumbing is different from a woman's, that I have a prick and balls, should be completely irrelevant. The whole repertoire of how we relate to other human beings should be distributed randomly across sex lines."

Brannon asked me to answer a question on a questionnaire he had been circulating: "At a party, a man calls you an obnoxious bastard and deliberately throws a drink in your face. Everyone watches to see what you'll do. What response would you most like to make, if you could do any of the following?

"A. Ignore it; B. Make a remark that starts everyone laughing; C. Stare at him until he walks away; D. Make a devastating retort that makes him look ridiculous; E. Talk to him without a trace of anger; F. Punch him out."

I said, punch him out. "Me, too," Brannon said. Neither of us would have done that. It was just our way of reminding each other that we are both men, after all.

J. B. is a novelist in his late 30s who lives in New York.

The women's movement is going to be the most terrific thing that's ever happened. I figure they're about halfway along right now, and it's already better than it's ever been. The other night, I was standing at a bar, looking a place over—not at all sure of what play I'd be making—and this chick comes up and says, "Hey, you've got a great ass. I really go for guys with good backsides." And that was just her opener.

But it's even better than that. I took a chick home the other night and we were in her bed about three o'clock in the morning, and it was all over, you know. I mean we sucked and we fucked and we did all the things, and now I'm laying there, and I'd like to get out. But she's a terrific girl and I'm sure I'll want to see her again. I don't want to upset her by running off, so I'm getting ready to have this uncomfortable night when the chick rolls over and says, "Listen. It's really been fun and everything, and I think you're very nice. But I really like to sleep alone. Do you think you could find your way out of here?" As I left, she called out, "I'll give you a call tomorrow, OK?" Can you believe it? Terrific. When the women really have it all together, it's going to be the best world that ever was.

"I am not, I can assure you, watching any show."

Hanging Tough

(continued from page 154)

limb in a car. He wouldn't know angst from torque. Besides, it beats working at the mill and if you don't drive fast, you don't get paid.

Far as women are concerned, these boys like them fine, but there's no real business for them during a race, don't you know. Not really anything for them to *do* down there in the pits where the men are working. Lately, you do see a few women in the pits before a race—photographers from *Sports Illustrated*, who probably live in New York or someplace like that. Nobody knows if a woman has ever tried to race or, far as anybody knows, even said she wanted to. After a race—before one, too—there're these parties and women fit in real well. But you don't take them too seriously or anything else, for that matter. The classic was Little Joe Weatherly, who drove good but talked even better.

At Charlotte one time, Joe's car got away from him in the fourth turn. He started wrestling it once it was sideways and finally got it just about straight when he hit the first turn. This time he didn't make it, went one way, then another, with his tires smoking like they were on fire, and rammed into the wall. When he walked back into the pits, somebody asked him what had happened.

"You know," Little Joe said, shaking his head, "I think I got a little behind on my steering."

Unless some Frenchman told him, Little Joe Weatherly never knew that's called *sang-froid*.

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Rodeo people, or the people who *promote* rodeo, anyway, like to talk about preserving the heritage and the skills of the American cowboy. Which sounds good and must be one of those things that not more than 25 percent of the population is seriously against. But before you nod and agree that tradition is a fine thing and if that's what rodeo is all about you're for it, consider the five events. Saddle bronc. Bareback. Calf roping. Bulldogging. So far, all reasonable cowboy skills, right? Well, what about the fifth, bull riding? Pure mayhem for its own sake and, naturally, the most popular of the rodeo events.

Rodeo riders get hurt. With the possible exception of the British troops at the Battle of New Orleans, no group of men has ever been so busted up for such small profit. Larry Mahan, who is to rodeo what Jack Nicklaus is to golf, has broken his jaw, his foot and just about everything in between in the line of duty. The foot he had wrapped in a plaster cast so he could keep riding. None of the other cowboys thought that was anything special. The $60,000 or so that Mahan earned last season amounts to a couple of good weekends for Nicklaus, who courageously defies sunburn and blisters every time he steps onto the course.

Most cowboys would call it a good year if they knocked down a third of what Mahan wins, but they wouldn't quit rodeo to do it. And that doesn't have anything to do with how much they love the sport. Maybe they do, but it's about the same as a bear's loving fur. What these guys do is rodeo and if they could make more driving a truck, so what? They could make more money in nuclear physics, too. What makes good rodeo riders is what makes bad jobholders. You've got to just live a little angry—seethe most of the time—to find release in bull riding. Maybe that's why just about every story you read about rodeo has the writer getting his ass kicked or has some cowboy mentioning that he might like to do it. Anger is as much a part of rodeo as the seedy motels, the early-morning drives to the next town, the chance you might not get paid just because you drew a bad horse (cowboys can spend a lifetime cursing their luck and whatever force it is in the universe that wants to shut them out) and the possibility that the next bull may just spin and throw a good cowboy into the dust, then gore him or stomp him to jelly. It's all just part of it and loving it doesn't figure in. Most of the time it's shit, like any other life. Then, once in a while, you get that feeling that comes from staying up for the whistle on a ton of angry beef.

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Between calls, what a fireman does is cook and clean house. And take care of the gear and train to mind-numbing repetition in the techniques of his job. When action comes, it is quick and the men go into their drill. But fire fighting is not an exact science and things get out of hand; men run into situations that are not covered by procedure. Then you go on instinct and trust the man behind you. Count on teamwork and luck. But even when you are good and do everything right, you can be trapped by a capricious fire, fall through a crumbling floor, swallow too much smoke and die that horrible death by fire. Look at the burned remains of a fireman's helmet or parka and you will know something about hell.

The risks and the horror are enough to bind firemen and the barracks-room atmosphere of the firehouse is gravy. Lately, there's another dimension. Hostility. There is nothing like a collective feeling of betrayal to give a group of men that sense of having only one another and what they know and what they have suffered. Firemen are targets these days of urban guerrillas. Some of it is just exasperating: the false alarms that are called in from pure malice—nothing of the prank in them—and that drain a man's energy and good will. Some of it is deadly. A brick thrown at a man riding an engine while struggling into his gear can kill him. Has. Read Dennis Smith's *Report from Engine Company 82*. Shared hate is something men understand.

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When our astronauts die, they smash up their sports cars or they crash a jet trainer that resembles a moonship in about the way a tricycle resembles a big Harley. There were the unfortunates who bought it on the pad, in a *test* yet, but that seems only to confirm some morbid rule about these fliers who have graduated to machines almost too awesome to be deadly. What is the need to drive a Corvette at lunatic speed when you're one of the handful who've had the greatest ride ever? Can't you ever get enough?

What, too, is there that you need to know about luck? Neil Armstrong has had close calls in everything that flies except, maybe, a blimp. But he always stayed cool. So when it came time to pick the man who would land the first ship on the moon, the nod went to Armstrong. You trust the machinery. Especially *that* machinery. But there's something more you need and you get it from pilots who have the touch and have been smiled on. Men recognize that thing in other men. You just know who has it and you try to get close to it, let it cover you, too. Tom Wolfe had the phrase for it. It is "the right stuff" and astronauts are supreme in the brotherhood of the right stuff.

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The test of just how good or how crazy (and when you talk about *machismo*, those terms merge until only initiates can grasp the distinction) an ironworker is comes when the wind is picking up. Gusting, changing direction, trying to make up its mind. The good ones *like* to go up then. Imagine yourself on six inches of I beam about 43 stories up, carrying tools and leaning into a 25-mile-an-hour breeze. How would your stomach feel at the moment that wind died? Would that buy you another boilermaker on the way home that night?

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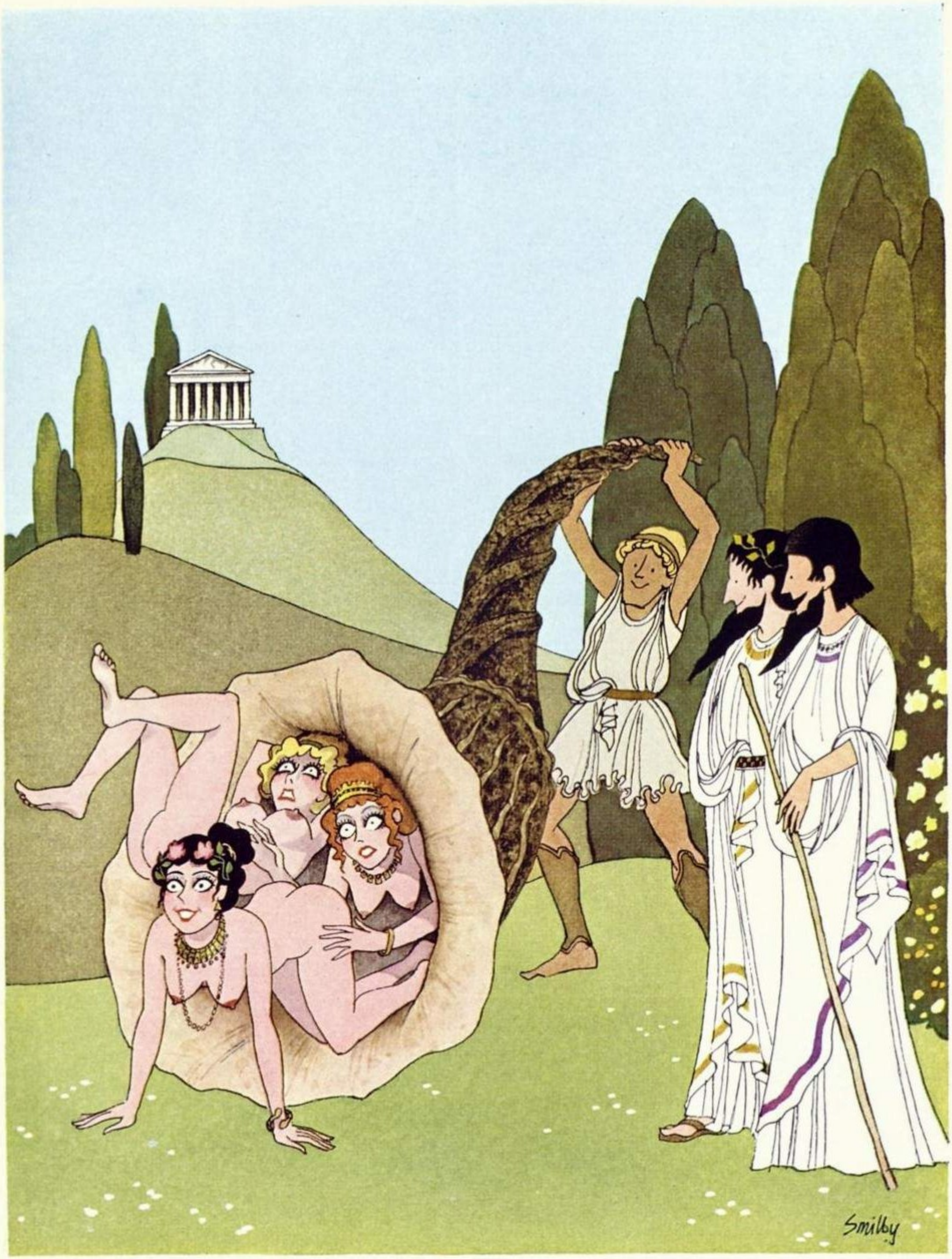
WE STILL MAKE THEM LIKE WE USED TO, say the Marine Corps recruiting posters. And, by God, they try. "Trained killers in the service of the United States Government," they call the product they turn out at Parris Island. The sheer monotonous uniformity of everything from the way you fold your underwear to the



"Now, <u>that's</u> what I call a cornucopia."

parts you must be able to name on your rifle is at first hateful and alien, then a kind of asceticism with its own strange appeal. Women may be serving on Navy ships and flying in Air Force planes, but they don't fall out for rifle drill on P.I. "We don't want pussies of either gender down here," says one drill instructor.

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Is there anything to add to this list? One thinks of Hemingway, who had a lot to do with the way we think about all of this. But he would've said "Rubbish" to the whole project. But, of course, there is one thing more. Fighters. Enough has been said and written about boxers and about the mysteries of the ring and the gym and the Spartan grind of training camp. What happened to Floyd Patterson when he fought Sonny Liston? It doesn't need to be said again, but it's all there. Think about the great fights. The sacrifice and the stakes. The loneliness of the fighters as they stepped into the ring. Then think about the humor of fighters. Joe Louis was asked how he planned to counter Billy Conn's speed in the ring. "He can run, but he can't hide," Louis said. After the first Tunney fight, Jack Dempsey's wife found him in the hospital looking like he'd been turned every way but loose. "Honey, what happened?" she asked. Dempsey, probably the most determined, vicious heavyweight ever, smiled and answered, "I forgot to duck."

Those are lines that men understand.

Back 20 years or so, a woman entertained the nation for several weeks by answering questions about boxing on one of those quiz shows. She knew it all and didn't mind if folks thought her immodest. She had a Ph.D. in psychology and boxing was just a hobby with her. She was no damn freak. She won thousands of followers and bales of cash. Now Dr. Joyce Brothers dishes out crisp, laconic advice to the tormented and insecure in her syndicated newspaper column and over her network radio show. She's somebody. Kid Gavilan, a great welterweight champion who delighted fans back in those days, worked recently as a janitor in Tampa. Rubin "Hurricane" Carter, who had a shot at the middleweight crown, is doing "all of it" in the New Jersey pen. That's the way it's been going.

"Your young fellow, Gina—is he Italian?"

Talese's Head

(continued from page 153)

will not yet try it with his wife—or be receptive to her trying it on him—he might try it with the little lady in the dispatch office whom he sees on the side. I think he has been freed up to that extent and it is one of the reasons why I think that pornographic films, even the worst of them, do in fact have redeeming social value.

PLAYBOY: What about married men in the middle class?

TALESE: A surprising thing about them, and their wives, is that so many of them—much more than any statistics I know of indicate—are capable of swinging. I would say that 80 percent of the people I know who belong to swinging clubs are in the 30-to-45 age bracket, have been married for a decade or so and have children. They are in the system, are part of middle America. They do not identify with drugs or protesting wars or social change. In fact, if you question them about it, as I have, you find several of them speaking out against pornography. But they are responsive to swinging. It is a way for both partners in the relationship, and especially the woman, to be relieved of the sexual restrictions that they otherwise maintain in their tidy suburban houses, their city apartments and ordered lives. If you have to spend a lot of time with them, they can be quite tedious and dull. Yet in this one area, sex, they are pioneers, adventurers. This sexual activity of theirs is wildly incongruous. I've never read a serious novel about people who swing, but I imagine it would be difficult to do convincingly, because few readers could accept the fact that people who seem so straight, conservative, uptight in their daily lives could be so free and frolicsome at night.

PLAYBOY: How prevalent is swinging in America?

TALESE: There are published figures estimating that 8,000,000 couples swing in this country, but this may be exaggerated because it came from sources who are great advocates of swinging. Still, in almost any medium-sized city today you can find a swing club with dues-paying members, people who meet once or twice a week in a certain bar, drink and socialize together—and later, if the vibes are right, some couples will go off together to a motel or a private residence and swap. The names they use for the clubs usually wouldn't suggest anything sexual at all, although sometimes they may go as far as calling themselves the Jet Setters or the Hi Jinks—onion-dip names.

Incidentally, one of the most interesting things that can eventually happen here is that one couple will become emotionally involved with another couple, will fall in love. And then a third couple will sometimes enter the picture and replace some of the affection enjoyed

between the original two couples. Then you'll have six people in which the three couples take on characteristics of a "triangle." The situation is fascinating, these people who seem so straight in their communities becoming, at night, involved in complex, intense relationships—which, of course, they conceal from their children in every way they can. The husbands in these swing clubs usually get along very well together; there's almost a Rotarian spirit among them—backslapping, but not sexual touching. It's like they're part of the same bowling team.

PLAYBOY: When you say swingers, do you include people who are into group-sex scenes?

TALESE: Usually not. Swinging couples, as a rule, prefer privacy; that is, a man will make love to somebody else's wife in a motel room or bedroom while their mates are doing the same behind a closed door down the hall. Later, the four of them will reconvene in the living room, fully dressed, powdered, combed, and will sit talking in a friendly fashion while sipping a drink and half watching the Johnny Carson show on television. Group-sex people are much less private about lovemaking. They usually are more sophisticated, more liberated and certainly more unself-conscious. They would *have* to be fairly unself-conscious to function sexually in a room with other people present. Many men have a problem maintaining an erection during their first group-sex experience, but they adjust soon enough and usually become enchanted with what Alex Comfort calls the "magical effect" of group nudity and sex.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that monogamy and fidelity, the old virtues, are truly vanishing from the American scene—or have researchers ignored their existence and focused on the more risqué aspects of sex life in America?

TALESE: That's a good point, and there is no doubt in my mind that today in America there are millions of people who are perfectly content to maintain monogamous sexual relationships. But the change through the Sixties was nevertheless incredible. The married woman today is undeniably freer with her husband. A great deal of it is a result of what she's read and has been convinced is socially acceptable. If a woman had a vibrator years ago, she'd hide it under the mattress or in her private bedside table. Things that might have been described as kinky a decade ago—having mirrors around the room, lighting devices, various positions and, of course, oral sex—all are being freely experimented with. Comfort's *The Joy of Sex* has sold something like 700,000 copies in hardcover, which simply could not happen if it weren't being purchased by the middle class. It's not a Greenleaf Classic; it's a mass-market book, a book you see on coffee tables across the country, despite the fact that it displays explicit drawings of nude couples making love in every conceivable manner, and deals, too, with the sexual Sadie Mae routine—the boots, chains and other items that Comfort places in the department of "Sauces and Pickles."

Another change in America, which the growing number of swing clubs and group scenes merely hints at, is that for the first time, great numbers of men are able to live with the idea that their wife is making it with another man—hell, sometimes they even like to watch. And—again going out of that special group to more conventional married people—I think it's probably true that men aren't quite so shocked by infidelity on the part of their wives as was the case a generation ago. To sum up: Marriages are freer, sex life within the confines of marriage is freer. But outside marriage, outside the swap clubs and groups and private purview of the love affair, a big battle still exists—with the man wandering around, looking for sexual diversion and, contrary to what he wishes to admit, not finding it often enough.

PLAYBOY: Let's deal with that—but let's stay with marriage for a while. When you say that married women are freer about their sexuality, does that mean that a lot of men no longer have to go

outside their marriages to get their kicks?

TALESE: That's a hard question. The tendency would be to say yes, because many persuasive researchers are saying yes, and we'd like to believe that the answer is yes. All of us who are interested in healthier living, healthier lives, including sexual lives, have a tendency to convince ourselves that things are a little more liberated than they really are. We want to believe what we read in the magazines—the optimistic findings of problem solvers like Masters and Johnson, the findings of your new Kinsey follow-up by Morton Hunt. I do not attack that kind of research done in laboratories, or done by skilled survey takers; all of it is true in its own way—but I sometimes think it has little to do with what is really going on in the bedrooms of America. I sometimes feel that people who participate in sexual surveys do not always say what they think, or tell what they do, or do what they think they do. They sometimes convey what they think you want to hear or what they prefer to believe about themselves. Sometimes, on the subject of sex, people are incapable of being frank and truthful, or they simply believe that their sex life is private and not to be discussed. Even sex researchers, people who specialize in other people's privacy, will not reveal anything about their own sex life. Once in Washington, after I'd heard a speech by Masters and Johnson about how a vigorous sex life was possible and healthy when individuals were well beyond middle age, I raised my hand to ask them a question. I asked Dr. and Mrs. Masters how often they made love. Well, *that* question produced a silence in that banquet hall of 2000 people like nothing I'd ever experienced. Dr. Masters, standing behind the rostrum, frowned and remained silent; and then Virginia Masters, with all the poise she could summon, which was considerable, leaned across the rostrum into the microphone and, with a smile and a kindly touch of condescension, replied: "We don't keep score."

But back to your question about the possibility of total sexual satisfaction within a marriage. The leader of the Sandstone nudist community that I have lived in periodically since 1972 in Southern California, a brilliant man named John Williamson, had a theory that nobody could totally satisfy the sexual needs of another person.

If so, what does one do about it? There are three possibilities: One, you can repress your desires for other people. Two, you can attempt to satisfy them secretly. Or, three, you can admit your needs to each other, acknowledge that you want to keep the marital relationship going, and then go out and try to deal with these needs. If you attempt to deal with them in a sexual marriage clinic, what you do is go in and say that you have a problem of fulfillment, and perhaps the prescribed remedies will include the viewing of erotic films for their instructional value (these same films, incidentally, would be X-rated if shown in Times Square, where some of them *are* shown); and you might be assisted also by a surrogate wife. One of the things that have occurred to me in the past couple of years is that there's a very thin line, if a line at all, between what passes for pornography and what passes for medicine. *Both* are medicinal. A massage parlor is as medicinal as a psychiatrist. It's just that in the first case, people pay to be touched and in the second, people pay to be heard.

PLAYBOY: Is there still a lot of furtive sex going on?

TALESE: Yes. There are many men who are happily married who don't want to have an involved affair with another woman—because of guilt or lack of time or lack of money or whatever—and they must deal with their sexual frustrations or unfulfilled fantasies in other ways. Having an affair is a complicated condition for many married men. It is also expensive. It means lying, sneaking around, signing into hotels and showing your identification—because many hotels, for reasons of security, now insist on seeing one's driver's license or credit cards prior to registration. But if a man can handle the complications of an extramarital affair, or if he can get himself to a massage parlor now and then, I think it will make him a better man at home—again, this is all assuming that he wants to keep the marriage together.

My own feeling is that the more sex you have, the more you like it. And, conversely, people in prison, who are denied sex for long periods of time, have a miserable time functioning again when they are released. It's one of the most atrocious things going on in this country—these long incarcerations where people have either no sex at all or brutal sex.

PLAYBOY: You said earlier that when men look for sexual diversion, they don't find as much of it as they'd like to. Were you referring only to blue-collar married men?

TALESE: No, not at all. I've talked to men whose names you would recognize—big names in sports, entertainment, the business world—men whom you would never think would have any problems connecting for casual sex . . . and yet who cannot find it. Certainly they can't find it as often as they'd like to. I mean men who just want to get it on, *Last Tango* style. Every man wants to think there's a Maria Schneider in his neighborhood. But it just isn't so. It's difficult for a man to have casual, healthy, impersonal sex in America. This is one of the feelings I got again and again, in attempting to deal with reality as I found it as a reporter on the road. Women still do not take the initiative sexually. And so, in the United States of America in the year of our Lord 1974, despite the sexual revolution and everything we've heard and read about lusty females, I still say that most men do not get as much sex as they want and need—or, to put it in the vernacular, it is hard to get laid.

PLAYBOY: Why?

TALESE: Women are not yet comfortable with the notion of impersonal sex. And so a man pays for his passion. In one way or another, a man pays for the joy of sex with women. Obviously, he pays in different and sometimes very subtle ways—but he pays. The most obvious way is to pay a prostitute, a callgirl or the manager of a massage parlor. Or, in a nonmonetary sense, a man has to give something other than just himself sexually—sex alone is not enough.

PLAYBOY: But don't you believe that there are more women today who do *not* demand such payment?

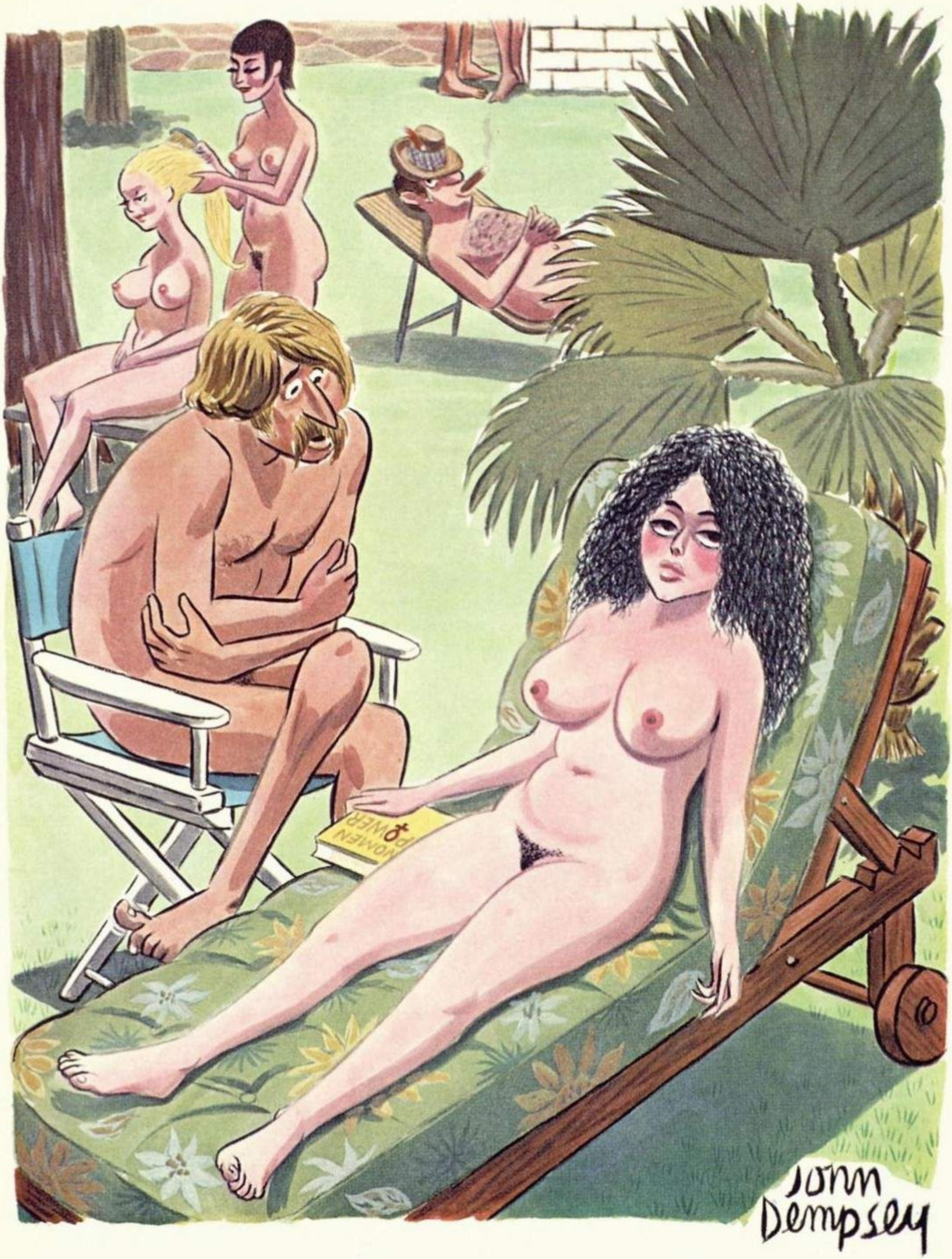
TALESE: Perhaps, but the overwhelming fact is that the average woman will not go to bed with the average man just for sex. She wants most of all, I think, a kind of commitment—a *kind* of commitment. Not necessarily a total commitment, but she does not want impersonal sex. I doubt that the woman today wants impersonal sex any more than women did when I was in college in the early Fifties. I'm of course aware of the words in feminist magazines, the speeches and talk shows and statistics; but I still believe that women do not want impersonal sex. I wish they did. There are millions of men who wish they did. There are millions of men who wish that women would attack them, seduce them, *flash* on them in subway cars. It would make being a man more fun.

PLAYBOY: Maybe it would scare men to be treated as sex objects that way.

TALESE: I doubt it. The thing that separates men from women is rejection. The average man knows sexual rejection in ways that few women ever do. Men know rejection from the time they're in high school, trying to get a date, and they face the risk of rejection all through their lives. Women do not. Almost any woman, even a barely attractive woman, can find a sexual partner any time she wants by sending out minimum signals.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever met an attractive woman who thought of sex as just a good romp—and that's all?

TALESE: On rare occasions, I've met someone who fits that description. Usually, the woman is coming off some experience that had been confining—and I don't necessarily mean a long-term experience with a lover, though it might have been—that inspires this freedom for a quick fling. In such cases, it hardly matters who you are; you just have to be in the right place at the right time. *But*, she wouldn't want it a second time with you. If you made love with her again, she would want something more from you



"Believe me, Ms. Klitterman, I'm trying not to look at you as a sex object."

than just your sexual parts and eager attendance.

PLAYBOY: Yes, but women today are bolder, they emit stronger signals. . . .

TALESE: I'm not sure how much bolder women are today than, say, a generation ago. Which reminds me of something I thought of earlier, when we were talking about group sex: In the past two years, I've been around many bisexual women, consciousness-raising liberated ladies of the Seventies, and I've seen these women try to demonstrate affection for other women in the room, at a party where a group scene might be likely to occur. And I have watched women hold hands for hours, not knowing what other moves to make. They seemed, these women who want to get it on with other women, these young women not long removed from the campuses, they seemed as they gently stroked each other around the wrists or the arms that they did not know what to do next. And my impression of these people was that they just did not know how to woo. They'd never had to do it. They'd always been receiving—and they'd never had to initiate, and this, I think, is where many women are today.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think that young women today care more about what men look like than they used to?

TALESE: Possibly, but I think women have always cared to some degree what men looked like insofar as grooming and dress are concerned. What is different in the past decade is how much more caring there is on the part of men themselves—all the attention to hair styles, the tight Jockey shorts that give what the advertising copy writers call "that snug fit"; and, of course, all those Brut and dandruff-shampoo commercials on television must be appealing to somebody.

PLAYBOY: The Government's report on pornography indicates that women today, for the first time, are admitting to being turned on by visual erotica. Do you dispute that finding?

TALESE: I'd like to believe it, but I wonder. Take *Playgirl* magazine. I talked at length with the editor of *Playgirl*, an articulate, tall, handsome woman in her 30s named Marin Scott Milam. She has been married 12 years, her first marriage. She looks through the pages of her magazine each month and sees a variety of penises, she reads endless articles and columns advocating freedom for women, sexual gratification for women, health and happiness through masturbation, and so forth—and I asked her, the editor of *Playgirl*, how she has been influenced by the sexual revolution. I was very specific. I asked if she had had any sexual relations outside marriage. She said no. I asked if she had been to a nudist park or had seen since her marriage any nude men other than her husband and the *Playgirl* models. She said no. I asked several other questions, and I assure you this lovely woman sounded right out of the Fifties. Now, of course, getting back to my previously stated skepticism of sexual surveys, it could be that she was not being candid—but I really feel she was telling me the truth. It could be that, like Masters and Johnson, she felt I had no right to ask such questions—which is probably why I asked them. I wanted to see if I would get an answer and, perhaps more important, in what manner the answer would be given. I wanted to see how today's professional woman—particularly the editor of a popular sex-oriented magazine for liberated women—deals with such questions. I wanted to know if she would reveal things about her private life that a generation ago an interviewer would never ask and a woman—or a man, for that matter—would never answer. Mrs. Milam was poised and polite during our interview, but she revealed nothing that would shock my proper mother, or my old parish priest, or *Mrs. Milam's* old parish priest.

Now, when I spoke with Hugh Hefner, as I have on several occasions, I did get *very* candid replies, most of which I doubt this publication would care to print.

PLAYBOY: Let's deal with that later—when the tape recorder is off. Also, I guess we can expect to hear from Mrs. Milam about some of this.

TALESE: I really did not mean to focus on her personally—I was just trying to deal with what you said about women today being turned on by visual erotica. I think it's wonderful if they are, and I think it's about time that such magazines as Mrs. Milam's show full nudity of males. I do feel, however, that if one of those *Playgirl* models—such as the well-endowed actor Peter Lupus, who was a centerfold recently—would stroll into the *Playgirl* offices one day, remove all his clothes and pose nude near the coffee machine, the reaction would be a few female shrieks, much shock and a quick call to the security guard.

PLAYBOY: Assuming that you're right about women not turning on to impersonal sex, how do you explain it?

TALESE: Perhaps it's a natural response—it's as natural for a woman to reject the sexual apparatus of a male stranger as it is for the human body to reject any other foreign object, be it a transplanted heart or a blackhead. The key word here is *foreign*. If a penis is foreign to a woman, its owner a stranger to her, she is not likely to want it inside her. If it's foreign, her person has been invaded.

But if it's not alien to her, if it's part of somebody she knows, trusts, desires a relationship with, then she can take it into her and embrace it and feel in harmony with it.

What also ought to be said in any discussion of the sexual revolution of the past 15 years—and I *do* concede that there has been a major revolution—is that as recently as a generation ago, both men and women were inhibited about engaging in a lot of casual sex by the fear of disease. Until about 15 years ago, women had to worry a great deal more about getting pregnant. The pill made a tremendous difference, and before that, penicillin did also. And as far as pregnancy goes, it wasn't only a fear of pregnancy but, beyond that, a fear of having to go to an abortionist and possibly risking injury or death.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that increased sexual freedom for young women has caused any problems for young men?

TALESE: There were stories in the press a few years ago claiming that college men were becoming increasingly intimidated by the sexually free coed and that much impotence was the result. I think the stories were exaggerated. The college men I spoke with seemed to want all the sex they could get. If there was an increase in the impotence ratio among collegians, it could well have been because so many of them were stoned during the Sixties. Young women who are really liberated—women who are open and frank about their sexual needs and will take the initiative sometimes in doing something about them—can threaten only a man who has a lot of growing up to do.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that being the partner of a woman who's having a child is a sexual experience for a man?

TALESE: Yes, the whole experience of pregnancy is. The way a woman's body changes in shape during the later months can really be a turn-on—you're making love to a woman who is so familiar, yet she has a body that feels different, is shaped differently, and it's fascinating.

PLAYBOY: Men today are more physically affectionate with their children than they used to be, aren't they?

TALESE: I hope so. I'm very free in my affection for my two young daughters. I remember, though, that my father was more physically affectionate with me when I was young than I wanted him to be. He was born in Italy and came out of that tradition of easy warmth between men, between fathers and sons. And we were living in an Anglo-Saxon community when I was growing up, and in such a community, this sort of open affection just wasn't done. So there was a period in my adolescence when I did not want my father to have his arm around me.

Now, in the research for the book I'm doing—and especially since the months I spent at Sandstone—I've been able to accept touching among men again. I'm not bisexual, but I'm very free among men now. I'm going back to what I had been *naturally*. I feel easy with men

now, nude or otherwise. Touching isn't strange anymore.

PLAYBOY: At least your Catholic background was tempered by being Italian Catholic.

TALESE: Not really. As far as that goes, the Roman Catholic Church is a misnomer in this country. It's the Irish Catholic Church, totally dominated by a tradition that was brought here by an oppressed clergy from the poverty of Ireland, from which Joyce was an exile. The Irish Catholic priest in a small parish with a dozen nuns at the only parochial school in town—and this was typical of small American towns and cities during my adolescent days—taught a philosophy of sexual repression and joylessness. Pleasure was wrong. If it were indulged in, it would lead to punishment. Some people never quite get over it.

One of the things I've discovered in the course of doing the book is the disproportionately large numbers of ex-Catholics involved in the pornography industry—in films, magazines, underground newspapers, massage parlors, group-sex scenes. Linda Lovelace was a Catholic, and may still be. Gerard Damiano, director of *Deep Throat*, *The Devil in Miss Jones* and others. William Hamling, publisher of Greenleaf Classics, who is up on obscenity charges now in a case before the Supreme Court.

PLAYBOY: So we're still a puritan society in many ways.

TALESE: Yes, and it's not just the strict Catholic background that keeps it alive, or tries to. Midwestern and New England Protestantism, Baptists in the South. Those repressive attitudes still exist. In the comment that followed the Supreme Court's 1973 pornography decisions, Joyce Carol Oates made the observation that we'd had the pleasure of destroying Vietnam for ten years and that then, with that release closed off to us, we could go back to punishing people at home. With the war over in Vietnam, we had to find other devils here at home, and what better devils than the pornographers?

PLAYBOY: A conservative could make the argument that the real witch-hunt these days is against the people involved with Watergate.

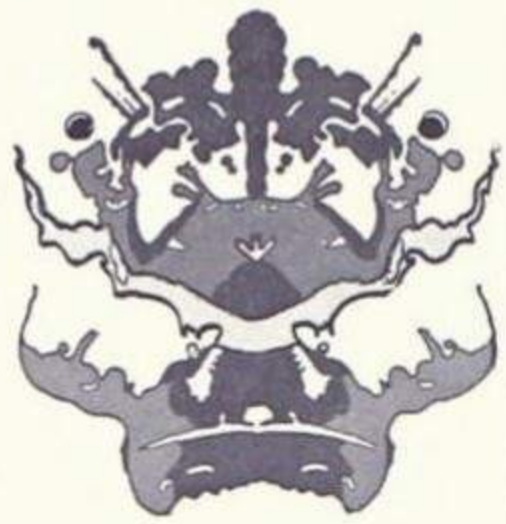
TALESE: Those people really *are* devils. Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Mitchell, Agnew and, of course, Nixon himself. . . . I've often thought, however, how odd it is that there hasn't been a hint of sexual scandal in all of it. God knows what they dug up on Dan Ellsberg when they rummaged through his psychiatrist's files; but about their private lives we know nothing, and I doubt that there is anything to know. They are models of monogamy, I'll bet, particularly Nixon. None of them would dare venture into the palms of an erotic masseuse nor be caught in the Pussycat Theater in Los Angeles. They're all as pure as Ralph Nader.

The fact is, I think the whole country is the worse for it. The nation would be in a far healthier condition today had some of these sleuths and plumbers and high-level advisors had their overzealousness and paranoia curbed a bit by an occasional touch of erotica or at least an Esalen massage. But instead, the whole Nixon Administration has been bent on curbing crime—the Communist criminals in Vietnam, the organized-crime lords in America and the purveyors of "smut" and "indecency" in the sex industry. And whenever the government runs out of criminals to punish, as Ayn Rand suggested in *Atlas Shrugged*, the government *manufactures* them. It declares so many things a crime that it becomes impossible for people to live without breaking laws. "Who wants a nation of law-abiding citizens?" asks a government official in Rand's book. "What's there in that for anyone? . . . Just pass the kind of laws that can neither be observed nor enforced nor objectively interpreted—and you create a nation of lawbreakers and then you cash in on guilt. . . . The only power any government has is the power to crack down on criminals."

Well, it finally backfired.

WHICH KIND OF MAN *(continued from page 152)*

8. What does this most look like to you?
   - A. The man at lower left, wearing a white suit, is staring at the green light on the dock at upper left. The woman at right is weeping because he will soon leave her. They are both boats against the current, borne ceaselessly into the past.
   - B. The naked girl tied to the ground and screaming thinks she's being gang-raped by those 30 Hell's Angels, but actually she was asking for it and loves every minute of it.
   - C. He's wrong! That poor woman's simply another sad example of the ways men brutalize women in this society.
   - D. No—it's Marilyn Chambers sitting on my face!



9. You're at a P.T.A. meeting addressing the members and you refer to the head of the organization—a woman—as the chairman. She stands up, interrupts you and says, "Would you care to correct that?" What would you say?
   - A. "Excuse me, I meant the chairperson."
   - B. "Excuse me, but would you tell me what I said wrong?"
   - C. "Excuse me, I meant the chair-creature."
   - D. "Would you like to smoke my pole?"
10. Would you rather:
   - A. talk to Margaret Mead
   - B. make it with Raquel Welch
   - C. talk to Raquel Welch
   - D. make it with Margaret Mead
   - E. off a gook
11. Your lady has just put down the latest issue of *Ms.* and has announced that from this day forward you have to do half the dishes. How do you react?
   - A. You jump up and do *all* the dishes, scrub the floor, reshingle the roof and buy her several emeralds.
   - B. You jump up, run to the sink, carefully break each dish in half, toss them into the soapy water and say, "Anything else I can do for you?"
12. If Dee Dee has two tits and lets Lyle touch one of them, what will Lyle later tell his friends?
   - A. "Dee Dee's a slut!"
   - B. "Are you kidding? Four or five times, easy."
   - C. "Nine gallons every 30 seconds."
   - D. "I'm just interested in her mind. I keep wanting to suck on it."
   - E. "The movie wasn't so hot; it didn't have much of a plot."
13. Which of the following is closest to how you see sexual intercourse? Choose two:
   - A. waves crashing against cliff
   - B. train plunging into tunnel
   - C. train plunging against cliff
   - D. dissipation of precious bodily fluids
   - E. better than getting beat up
   - F. worse than getting beat up
   - G. very much like getting beat up
   - H. beats beating it
   - I. cheaper in Mexico
   - J. ineffable expression of love between two complete beings
   - K. Hump. Hump. Hump. Who's on Johnny Carson?
14. You're at a dinner party and your host suggests that the men retire to the den for brandy and cigars and political talk. Given the fact that the women at the table don't think much of the idea, how would you react?
   - A. Heartily agree: the gentle sex shouldn't bother their pretty little heads about politics and, besides, brandy makes them tipsy.
   - B. Heartily disagree; this sort of behavior oppresses women.
   - C. Heartily disintegrate; another goddamn decision to make when you wish the whole thing would just go away. . . .

"Make it snappy, Mac. That's a business phone!"

15. Women today can choose any of three titles: Miss (unmarried and unliberated), Mrs. (married and unliberated) and Ms. (married or unmarried but liberated). Since it seems unfair that men should have only one title, which of the following new modes of address would you choose for yourself?
    A. Mr. (married or unmarried but unliberated)
    B. Ma. (unmarried and a momma's boy)
    C. Mo. (unmarried with homosexual leanings)
    D. Mi. (unmarried or married but impotent)
    E. Mx. (neither married nor unmarried but thoroughly mixed up)

• • •

SCORING

The list of answers in each category represents a perfect score. Everybody's good at something.

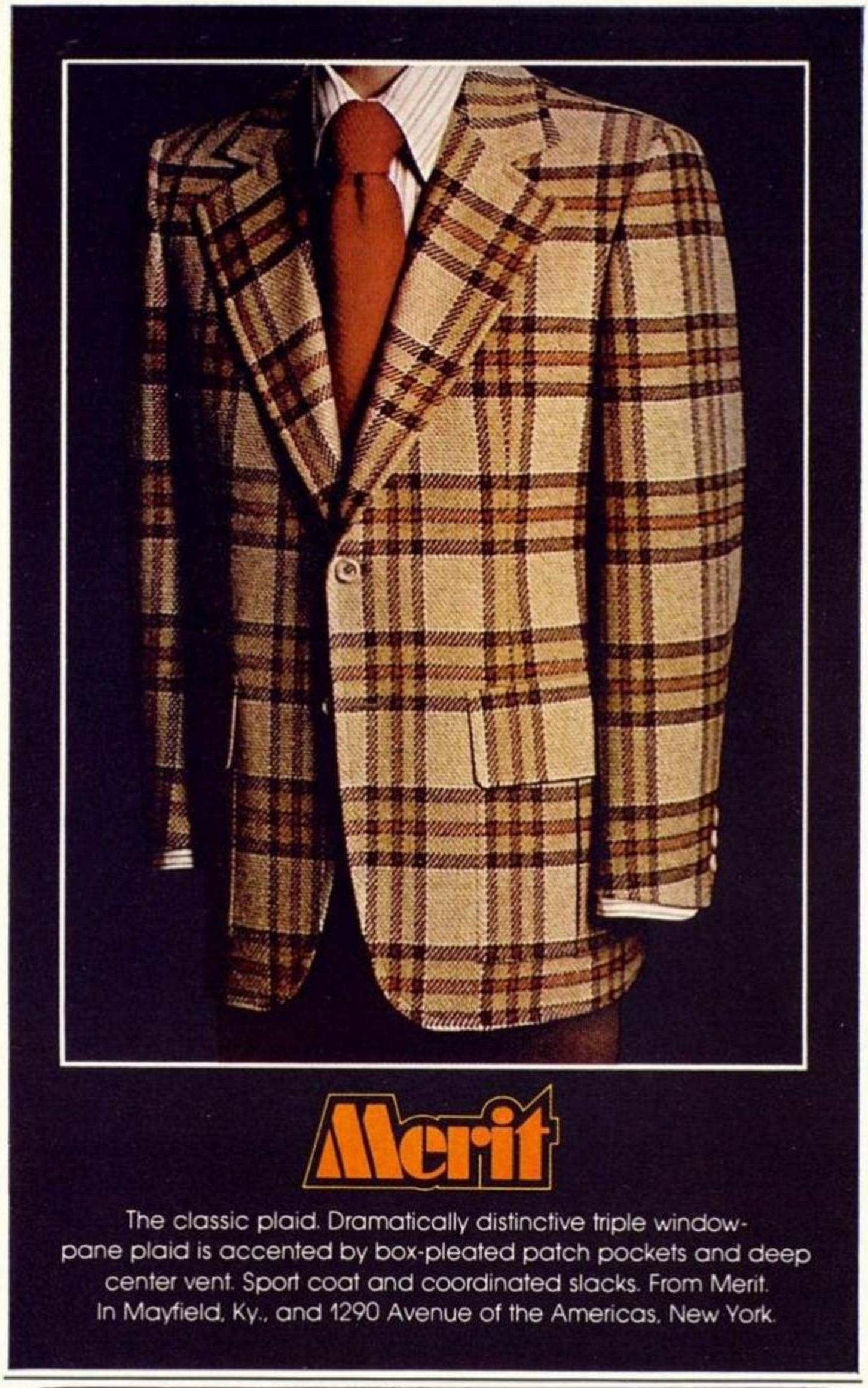
Four-Star Pig and Proud of It: You're firm in the belief that pro football's being infiltrated by pansies and you know that all broads look alike upside down.
1. B; 2. B; 3. C; 4. C or E; 5. B; 6. C; 7. D; 8. B; 9. D; 11. B; 12. A or B; 13. D and I; 15. A

Where Are You, Scarlett?: You're a hopelessly antebellum romantic who thinks ladies belong in lace on pedestals and who considers vaginal-spray ads hardcore pornography.
1. A; 2. A; 6. A; 7. A; 8. A; 9. B; 10. C; 12. E; 13. B and J; 14. A; 15. B

Can I Talk to Raquel While I'm Making It with Her?: You're *awfully* rational about sex and such. In fact, has anyone told you that you might be just a teeny bit boring?
4. B; 6. D; 7. B; 9. C; 10. B; 13; E and H

I'm Sorry, Gloria, Honest to God I Am, I'm Truly Sorry: Not even your vasectomy pin, your charter membership in NOW and your notarized Certificate of Impotence can atone for your guilt over centuries of oppression; you know that a vibrator is more worthy than you are.
1. C; 2. C; 3. A; 4. A; 5. C; 6. B; 8. C; 9. A; 10. D; 11. A; 12. D; 13. C and G; 14. B; 15. D

Am I Home Yet?: You registered no noticeable opinion on the subject. You may be a plant or an extremely alert mineral. In any case, you're not part of the problem.
3. D; 4. D; 10. A; 12. C; 13. K; 14. C; 15. E; 16. G; 17. O; 19. O; 20. D; 21. N; 22. I; 23. G; 25. H; 26. T; 27. ,; 28. G; 30. R; 31. A; 32. C; 33. I; 35. E



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PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 67)*

how to present the best case possible and where to get legal assistance.

June A. Willenz, Executive Director
American Veterans Committee
Washington, D.C.

THE CALLEY CASE

I find it unbelievable that the Government is taking such a forgiving attitude toward convicted murderer Lieutenant William Calley. It appears that Calley has been receiving special treatment because in the eyes of the Nixon Administration he was just an American boy in uniform doing his duty. Apparently the Nixon Administration condones murder, as long as it's not Americans being murdered.

Grant Matthews
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Considering how long the Administration avoided action on Kent State, it seems some Americans are fair game, too.

THE FALL OF THE S.L.A.

On Friday, May 17, a public execution was held in Los Angeles, California. Through the miracle of television, millions of Americans were able to safely view the massacre of six members of the Symbionese Liberation Army by several hundred well-armed police. A convincing demonstration, I suppose, of U. S. tax dollars at work. My own feelings, watching this tragedy, were nausea, indignation and a sense that civilization, as I understand it, is collapsing.

Roger T. Baer
Felton, California

The brutal gun fight in Los Angeles between police and the Symbionese Liberation Army has evoked some sympathy for the S.L.A. It is said these people died for what they believed in: equality, justice, ecology and what not. That got me to thinking. I personally am deeply committed to truth, science and the growth of knowledge. To further these ends, I think I will procure some machine guns, build some bombs, murder an educator, kidnap a few people, rob a bank and then exit this world in a hail of police bullets. Then it can be said I died for what I believed in.

Lee Freese
Pullman, Washington

FREE SPEECH IN ACADEME

Dr. William B. Shockley (*The Playboy Forum*, April) is not the only one whose appearances on college campuses have been marred by efforts to prevent him from speaking. Professor Edward C. Banfield—who has advanced the thesis that it is the culture of the lower class, not discrimination, that keeps minorities from progressing—was physically attacked by members of the Students for a Democratic Society when he tried to speak at the University of Chicago in March. In May, the university's student government imposed a six-month suspension on the organization. I applaud that action. Those who would keep any idea from being expressed at a university are not students, nor are they democratic, nor are they fit members of society.

E. Carter
Indianapolis, Indiana

THE NAME OF THE GAME

What sort of man do we need on our police forces? Alfonso Martinez of Detroit doesn't qualify, even though he was recommended for a heroism citation for rescuing a man from a burning building while he was a police cadet. Martinez, according to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, rushed through heavy smoke and intense flames to save the man, and later his police supervisor described him as a "good, hard-working and sharp kid." However, after Martinez' cadet training, he was refused a place on the regular force. Why? Because he smoked grass five or ten times (and sampled a few other drugs) as a teenager. And how did the police learn this? Martinez was honest enough to admit it during an interview.

I don't believe a few adolescent indiscretions should keep a brave man off the police force. Martinez' real crime, it seems to me, is that he hasn't learned to play the game necessary to becoming a public servant in the United States: hypocrisy.

Dan Bradford
Palo Alto, California

"And this attachment is for when hubby's out of town."

BOLSHEVIK SLOGAN

In the May *Playboy Forum*, Lieutenant Carl H. Inglin writes: "As the Bolsheviks demonstrated in 1917, it's the simple mottoes like 'Peace, bread, freedom,' that gain supporters instead of the more complicated proposals that require thought and hard work." I can't let this go unchallenged. The motto of the Bolsheviks was not some mindless ideology that Lenin and the guys dreamed up to overthrow the Russian government. Rather, to millions of landless, starving and war-weary peasants it was the only sensible thing heard from any political group in a long time.

Clifton Lee Powell
Portland, Oregon

WRITING IN PRISON

I would like to thank the Playboy Foundation for its support of the Writers in Prison Committee of P.E.N.,

the international writers' organization. You might also be interested to learn that P.E.N. has started a program called Write On, an informal correspondence course, to help writers and aspiring authors who are in prison. I am incarcerated at Leavenworth and have been involved in the Write On program for several months. I've gained tremendous personal benefit from it, as I'm sure others have. One can fully appreciate the impact of such a program on morale and the rehabilitative process only by knowing how very difficult it is for a prisoner to get his writing before the public. "Birdman" Stroud's many manuscripts were locked in the files for years before they were finally released by court order.

Guy Cowart
Leavenworth, Kansas

LAISSEZ FAIRE FOR DRUGS

I find it difficult to accept Sanford P. Cohen's premise that the number of both drug-related crimes and new drug addicts will be decreased by the legalization of possession and sale of hard drugs (*The Playboy Forum*, June). If hard drugs are legalized, they will still be expensive, and since they would probably be regulated rather than sold in unlimited quantities, there will be a high-priced black market. Few people can be addicts and hold good jobs, so the addicts will still need money and will still turn to crime. Furthermore, even if the price of drugs comes down, many drug users would act as enthusiastic proselytizers for their habit and try to hook nonusers.

If hard drugs are legitimized, this move will also take the pressure off the drug addict to stay out of jail by seeking rehabilitation.

David B. Klos
Rochester, New York

"THAT'S TOUGH"

That the Nixon Administration's so-called war on drugs is really a war on people has been remarked by many critics, but it is now more evident than ever. New regulations issued by the U. S. Drug Enforcement Administration forbid drug-analysis laboratories to disclose quantitative data on drug samples submitted anonymously. It is still possible for purchasers of street drugs to find out what they are buying, but not how strong or how pure the drug is. Spokesmen for the labs say many people have quit using the services altogether and thus have no way of checking the drugs they get. A DEA official explained to the *San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle* as follows: "If a guy (buying drugs illicitly) is getting a screwing, there's no reason to tell him. . . . My reaction is '*caveat emptor*,' that's tough."

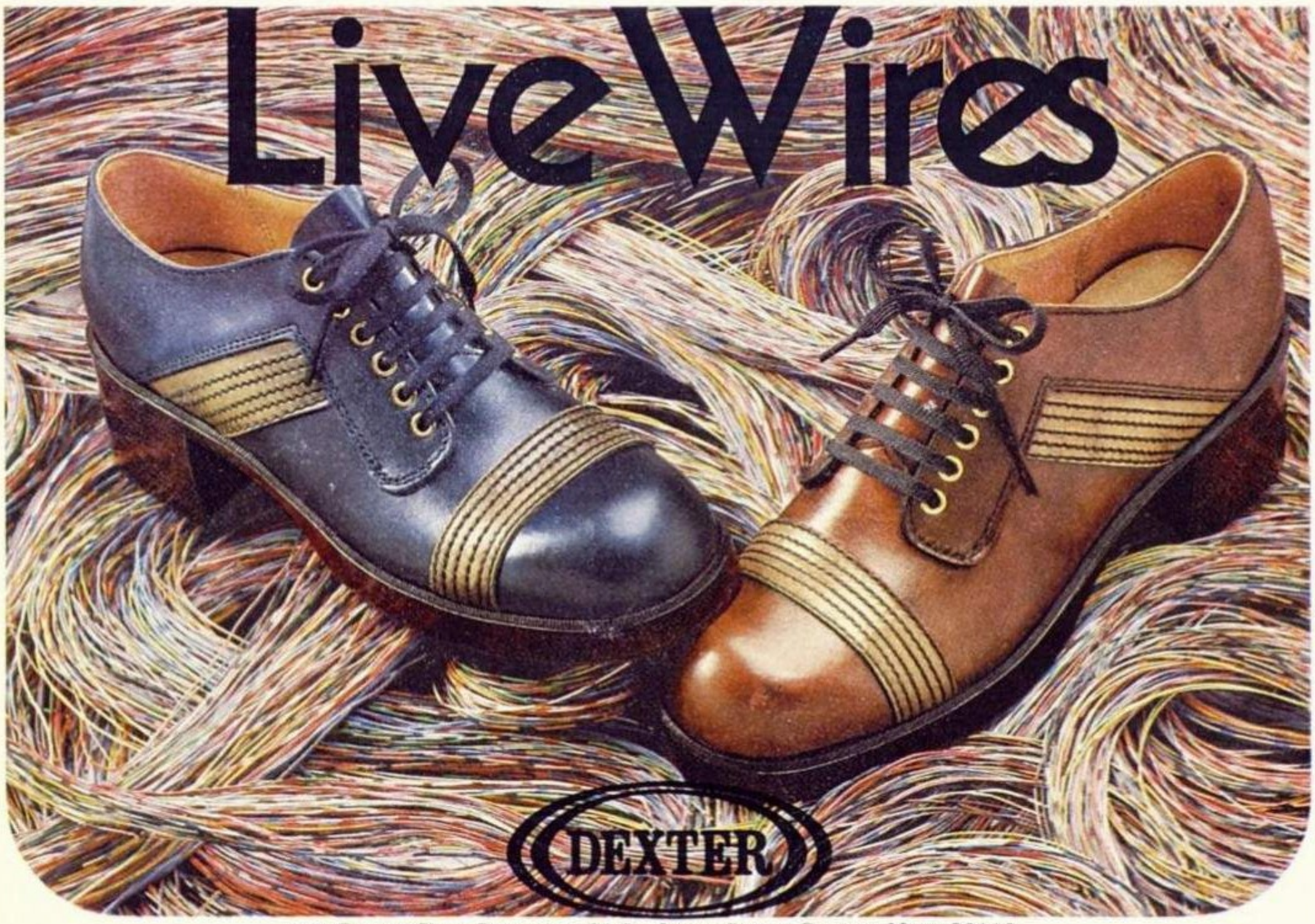
The whole excuse for the puritanical antidrug campaign is that people must be protected from allegedly dangerous drugs. Now that argument seems more idiotic than ever. The drug cops are acting to ensure that drug users will hurt themselves more than they would be likely to do if they could check what they were buying.

I am convinced that future generations will look back on this war on drugs with the same horror that we look back on the wars on witches and heretics. All are really wars against people with different values than the governing class.

L. Hamilton
Los Angeles, California

THE PIED PIPER

After reading Joanna Leary's letter in the June *Playboy Forum*, I mused on the fact that a good con man can always find someone to spring to his defense. Having guaranteed by his own actions that he will spend most, or all, of the rest of his life in prison, Timothy Leary now demands that we tear down all our prisons, just so he won't have to suffer for his crimes. This is the man who influenced countless young people to take drugs that ruined the lives of many and killed more than a few. In 1971, this man wrote that revolutionaries should "escalate the violence . . . start hijacking planes . . . kidnap prominent sports figures and television and Hollywood



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Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 57.

people." The Symbionese Liberation Army and other terrorists have been fulfilling that exhortation. Lately I've read that in an effort to be released on bail he told a court that he would never "under any circumstances advocate the use of LSD or any drug again," and, "I am totally rehabilitated and I'm ready to resume a social and productive life." No dice, said the judge, so Timothy Leary must remain in jail. The damage is done. A whole generation has been led astray. Now the Pied Piper must be paid.

Douglas McDonald
Houston, Texas

LEARY'S CRIMES

I read with sympathy the letter from Joanna Leary in the June *Playboy Forum* and the sketch of Timothy Leary in prison in the *After Hours* section of the same issue. It has always seemed to me that Timothy Leary is in jail for his ideas, in direct violation of everything this country is supposed to stand for. When he was charged with possession of less than an ounce of pot in California in 1970, the judge called him a "pleasure-seeking, irresponsible, Madison Avenue advocate of the free use of drugs" and refused to set bail. There was no doubt in my mind that his severe sentences and the Government's round-the-world pursuit of him after his escape were all provoked by hatred and fear of his allegedly dangerous opinions.

However, I have not been so sure about defending this man since I read a newspaper column by John Chamberlain. According to Chamberlain, Leary incorporated the Brotherhood of Eternal Love in 1966, a group that has since engaged in extensive smuggling and forgery of passports. If Leary really masterminded an international criminal operation of this sort, he is a crook and belongs in jail.

When is Leary coming to trial on these charges? I am concerned to learn if the evidence will prove him guilty or innocent.

James Martin
Evanston, Illinois

The John Chamberlain column you refer to contains sentences like "Timothy Leary, dearie, was not weary in attempted well-doing." Anyone who writes like that must be read with suspicion. That column appeared two months after all charges against Leary in the Brotherhood of Eternal Love case were dropped, following an extensive nine-month investigation by the grand jury of Orange County, California. Leary did not incorporate the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, he is not listed in the organization's articles of incorporation as an officer and he was not linked in any way with the alleged criminal activities of the group. Chamberlain's column didn't actually say that Leary was criminally involved in this operation, though it managed to give that impression. It only stated (incorrectly) that Leary created and incorporated the group.

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

Nathan Kaufman's challenge to "ask rehabilitated drug users why they will never touch" marijuana again (*The Playboy Forum*, April) is nothing but hysterical, uninformed babbling. I am one of those rehabilitated drug users and, while I'm no authority, I know a lot more about drugs than Kaufman does. I have experimented with nearly every drug to hit the street, including smack, speed, weed, downers and the rest, and I can't see that one led to my addiction any more than another. What did lead to it were my own weakness and inability to handle the drug scene.

I'm not writing to confess my sins but to say that I enjoyed pot both before and after being addicted to harder stuff. I haven't touched heroin for six years but I still have an occasional joint, as do some of my companions who used to be very heavily addicted to heroin.

Kaufman's "realistic slant on drugs" is either gross ignorance or the hype of someone who still can't face his own frailty. Until someone has lived with drugs, I'm not interested in his theories.

(Name withheld by request)
Eugene, Oregon

THE REAL MARIJUANA ISSUE

The debate about whether or not marijuana is harmful goes on, but these scientific arguments, while important, aren't the real issue. After many years of observing politics, I have concluded that science can't help us settle questions of public policy. Such questions involve ultimate values, which each of us arrives at intuitively, without much help from reason and science. In the case of marijuana, the ultimate-value question involved is: Which is more important, the Government's right to regulate what citizens do to their minds and bodies, or the freedom of the individual to lead his own life in his own way? If one really believes in individual freedom, the question of marijuana's harmfulness is secondary, and we see that it is just as wrong to outlaw pot as it would be to make criminals of people who drink liquor or smoke tobacco.

George Berry
Kansas City, Missouri

REGULATING VITAMINS

The Food and Drug Administration has made high-dosage forms of vitamins A and D prescription items and, at the end of 1974, it will begin classifying high doses of other vitamins as drugs. This obviously will raise the price of vitamins and it also raises the possibility that eventually people will be permitted to consume vitamins only in accordance with official Government doctrine. Millions of people have been helped immeasurably by vitamins; in fact, I couldn't function well without them. Is there no end to the lengths to which Government officials will go to control the details of our lives?

Robert Simon
Bridgeport, Connecticut

PUSHING DRUGS TO KIDS

Our society may be reaching the point where the group most responsible for pushing drugs to children is the educational bureaucracy. This has come about after the discovery (or invention) of a disease called minimal brain dysfunction, or M.B.D. for short. Children with this condition act bored or unruly, and a naïve observer might think that the educational system has made them that way. Not so, say the exponents of the M.B.D. mystique; these kids have brain damage so slight it cannot be detected, and various drugs, especially the antidepressant Ritalin, will make them as good as new. So, drugs are being administered to approximately 300,000 children across the country, even though the Federal Drug Administration has declared some of these drugs to be hazardous.

Many doctors do not believe that M.B.D. actually exists. Lawrence M. Greenberg, M.D., of the University of California, points out that "there is no objective, reliable finding of brain damage" in any of these cases; Professor Henry L. Lennard, of Cal's department of medicine, adds that evidence of such a disease is "completely unreliable. . . . Child psychiatrists in Scandinavian countries and Great Britain have told me that they rarely see children they would diagnose as . . . suffering from M.B.D. . . . and have serious problems understanding American insistence on the extent of the problem."

Charles McCabe, a columnist for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, has argued that "M.B.D. is just a name for a nonmedical educational problem," namely, that our schools are so boring, authoritarian and pointless that many children in them are inevitably unruly, restless or disturbed.

We are drifting closer every year to a true medicopsychiatric totalitarianism. It is time to pass emergency civil rights legislation protecting all individuals from being subjected to mind-altering chemicals without informed consent.

R. Hopkins
St. Louis, Missouri

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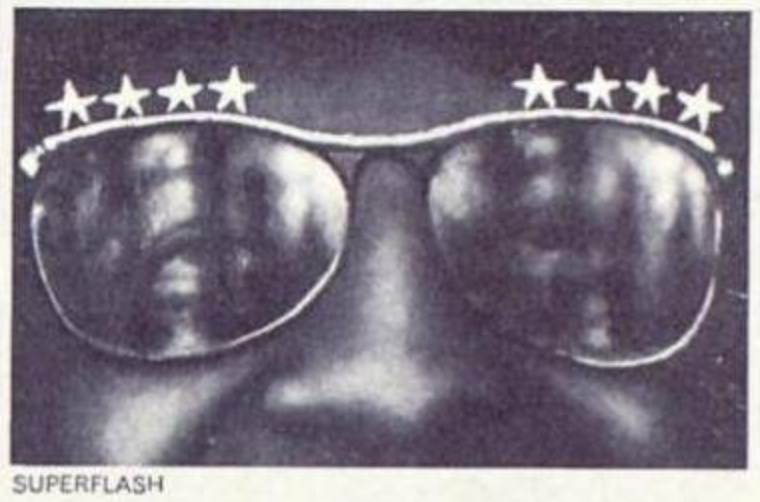
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