ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1973 • $1.50

PLAYBOY

"STOP YOUR MOONING, FELLAS. OUR GALA CHRISTMAS ISSUE IS HERE— AND IT'S SWELL!"

THE ART OF THE PINUP REVISITED • HOLIDAY FICTION BY TENNESSEE WILLIAMS, V. S. PRITCHETT, FREDERIC MORTON, GÜNTER GRASS, ROGER PRICE • DAN GREENBURG AND JOHN GREGORY DUNNE LOOK AT THE UNDERSIDE OF LAS VEGAS • ALAN WATTS REVEALS THE WORLD'S MOST DANGEROUS BOOK • D. KEITH MANO DIGS INTO THE DISNEY EMPIRE TWELVE PAGES ON SEX STARS OF 1973 • ORGANIZED CRIME ENJOYS THE DEPRESSION SHEL SILVERSTEIN MEETS MOTHER GOOSE • THE RETURN OF BARBI BENTON • ARNOLD ROTH'S HISTORY OF SEX • AND MUCH, MUCH MORE—AFTER ALL, IT *IS* CHRISTMAS!

On the first day of Christmas, my true love said to me:

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N°5
CHANEL
PERFUME

PLAYBILL MOST OF US manage to struggle along with one day of Christmas per year. It's a beautiful time and, with any luck, some part of it—maybe even a mechanical Muzak carol piped into an elevator—takes us briefly back to when ribboned bicycles gleamed beneath tinseled trees and there was nothing to do but throw snowballs and eat wonderful once-a-year food, because school was out for the holidays. These days, though, considering all the commercial foreplay that leads up to it, one *sometimes* seems like more than enough—particularly since TV Santas now begin hustling their dog food and vaginal sprays and traditional pink aluminum trees shortly after Halloween. Not so in the wonderful world of Disney, where *every* day is Christmas—or damned well better be. They've set out to prove it once again, by carving from the wilds of central Florida a new, improved 27,000-acre Son of Disneyland; but, as you'll find in *A Real Mickey Mouse Operation*, by D. Keith Mano (with some help from his friend Research Editor Bernice Zimmerman), the bureaucrats who inherited Fantasyland after Walt died are more familiar with cost accounting than with vision, and Disney World is something less than an El Dorado with rides rising out of the marsh grass. This is Mano's first PLAYBOY article, but he's had a few other things to do: "For the past seven years," he wrote us, "I have managed a cement factory, a family firm on Long Island. I'm presently writing a 900-page novel, my seventh; reviewing for *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*; film critic for *Oui*; articles for *Oui* and *Sports Illustrated*. Lots of softball and poker."

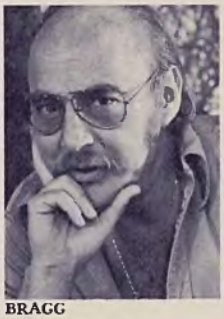
Las Vegas has a reputation as a fantasyland of a bleaker sort: a place where Christmas never comes, full of people with neon running through their veins; home, sweet home for mobsters and fractured drifters and reptilian old hookers. According to a pair of articles by John Gregory Dunne and Dan Greenburg (with artwork by Alex Ebel and photography by PLAYBOY staffer Richard Fegley), that's close—but a long way from all of it. Dunne spent several months there, recovering from a nervous breakdown—a brave act, at the very least—and in *A Town So Tough Just Living Is a Full-Time Job* (part of his book *Memoir of a Dark Season*), he tells us about a few of the people he met: a one-breasted ex-showgirl; her ex-jockey boyfriend, now a gofer for a boozy comedian; and a Vegas-style Marlowe, hot on the Day-Glo trail of a smalltime gambling-debt jumper. Greenburg, with great scholarly detachment, went to Vegas and interviewed every showgirl he could find. Sadly, his latter-day Kinsey report, *It's Just Like You're Two Rubber Titties, Hello!*, reveals absolutely nothing unusual going on here, officer: The girls still consider a one-to-one relationship between a man and a woman to be the height of sexual perversion, and the stagehands still steal G strings to sniff in their spare time. Alas. But Dan remains a scientist; after he finishes the screen adaptation of *Scoring*, he says he'll be "off to Scotland with a Japanese submarine team to search for the Loch Ness monster." Will it be a giant iguana with silicone injections? Stay tuned.

WILLIAMS

GRASS

TALLON

MORTON


BRAGG

PRITCHETT

DUNNE

GREENBURG

FEGLEY

WATTS

WILLS

PRICE

MANO

Nobody knew it at the time, but *Truth, Beauty and the Wolf at the Door* We saw Sandy Dennis a few months ago in a revival of *A Streetcar Named Desire* and, while watching her play a fine Blanche, were again struck by how many amazing, sexy women Tennessee Williams has given us over the years—some fragile and fading, like Blanche; some forlornly late-blooming, like Alma; and a few, like Maggie the Cat, hotter than a Saturday-night special. It's a gallery matched, if at all, only by Faulkner, and we're delighted to be the place where you'll first see another face (and considerably more of her) added to it. The lady's name is *Miss Coynte of Greene*, and she's a small-town shopkeeper with an eye for healthy male assistants; her OUT TO LUNCH sign can be seen trembling in the window any time from early morning until after dusk. She keeps busy.

Our other holiday fiction includes Frederic Morton's lead story of a yuletide encounter that could happen only on Times Square. *The Golden Christmas Ducat* (with artwork by Charles Bragg) follows an aging refugee on an old-fashioned religious errand that slams headlong into 42nd Street's quarter-a-peek meat-rack reality. And thanks to the translating abilities of Fiction Editor Robie Macauley and Tim Nater, Günter Grass is here in English with *The Escalator*. Illustrated by Robert Tallon, it's an eerie little short-short proving that an escalator ride can lead to heavier places than the shoe department. Finally, in *The Spree*, V. S. Pritchett details yet another wrong road taken, this one a trip to the barbershop that gets warped into a curiouser and curiouser bus ride from London to Brighton. Pritchett told us enigmatically that "dreaming about a dog started me off on this story." At the moment, he says, "I'm working like blazes to get a new volume of short stories finished—and *not* answering the telephone."

began one night when Associate Articles Editor Geoffrey Norman was having one or two with James Dickey, who claimed to have written, as an adman, the timeless lines "King-size Coke does more for you/King-size Coke does more for you." When Norman passed this significant bit of literary history on to several of us, somebody had the flash of finding additional gems from the dark pasts of important writers and running them as a piece. Fine. But you'll notice that Dickey's contribution is conspicuously absent from the profit-motivated *juvenilia* of Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., Arthur Miller and Bruce Jay Friedman. The Coke people were a little vague about it when Research Editor Maria Nekam called; they couldn't say for sure; and when Norman talked to Dickey again, he couldn't, either. So we'll write it off to poetic license, while thanking Dickey for a good story and a nice premise.

What would be your candidate for *The World's Most Dangerous Book? The Communist Manifesto? Fanny Hill? Jonathan Livingston Seagull?* Zen scholar Alan Watts argues, without apologies to the season, that it's none other than the Bible—at least when read literally as God's revealed truth. Such a point of view isn't only wrong historically, he reasons, but—in league with fierce fundamentalist certainty—it becomes a beast breathing several varieties of social and spiritual ills, far removed from the original Christian experience. Writing about another disturbing habit of mind, Garry Wills this month provides, in *The Tyranny of Weakness*, a brilliant anatomy of the Watergate mentality. Wills, whose Ph.D. in classics seems to give him a philosophical distance unusual among political writers, has been watching Nixon for a long time and here examines how he came to be surrounded by men who saw themselves and the White House in a state of siege—and went to war over it.

Our summer this year was considerably brightened by the presence of Jim Siegelman, passing through between Harvard and a Fisk scholarship, who kept saying things at lunch like "A man's gotta chew what a man's gotta chew" and "Oh—industrial-strength teriyaki sauce!"—and once sent a memo that read: "'ATTENTION, EARTHLINGS! PUT ALL YOUR MONEY IN A BROWN PAPER ROCKET AND FIRE IT TOWARD VENUS' . . . (signed) GOD." Since he's now off at Cambridge reading obscure authors and chuckling to himself, we've decided to blame *Is the Supreme Court Soft on Pornography?* on him. The most we'll admit is that the rest of us involved—Assistant Articles Editor G. Barry Golson, Staff Writers Laurence Gonzales and David Standish and Assistant Art Director Fred Nelson—spent as many hours as he did free associating in the Playboy Towers Bar and scaring the waiters with what came out. But he already has the editorship of the *Harvard Lampoon* to live with, so he might as well take the rap for concocting it.

POPE ARSENAULT

MURRAY

CATCHPOLE

ROTH

SILVERSTEIN

KNIGHT

CASILLI

And 'tis the season to put the whoopee cushion under a few other venerable institutions: Roger Price tells us *The True and Believable Story of the Invention of Women*, wherein yeast and anger, not a hank of hair and a piece of bone, provide the main ingredients; Arnold Roth, a semiregular *National Lampoon* contributor, gives us the first installment of a cartoon *History of Sex*; Terry Catchpole, another member of the *Lampoon* squad (they seem to be taking over), comes up with a batch of new constellations to suit the times; and Uncle Shelby Silverstein takes on *Mother Goose* for the best two out of three falls.

There remains a bright array of the ever-popular "much, much more." Barbi Benton's back—and front—in a seven-page encore pictorial by Mario Casilli, who was also the eye behind the lens on our formalwear feature, starring TV *Magician* Bill Bixby. Bill Murray talks pointedly with Bob Hope in our *Playboy Interview*. For nostalgia buffs who are into buff nostalgia, we've got *Pinups*, a re-creation in the flesh of yesteryear's cheesecake by PLAYBOY Photographer Bill Arsenault and Associate Art Director Kerig Pope. Richard Hammer continues *Playboy's History of Organized Crime*; Morton Hunt's survey moves on to marital sex; Arthur Knight checks out the action among the *Sex Stars of 1973*; in a blazing poof and a cloud of smoke, Emanuel Greenberg rides again with *Flame Is the Name of the Game*, photographed, with asbestos Nikon, by PLAYBOY staffer Don Azuma (who also had the quieter task of shooting our *Christmas Gift Guide*)—and there's even a *Playboy Pad* that didn't come from outer space at all, even though it looks as if it did. See? We told you: much, much more.

GREENBERG

AZUMA

GONZALES GOLSON NELSON STANDISH SIEGELMAN

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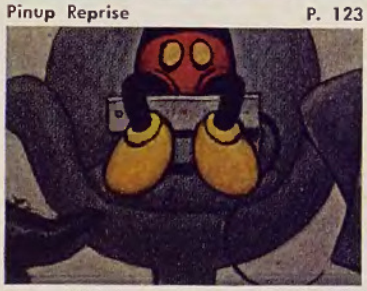

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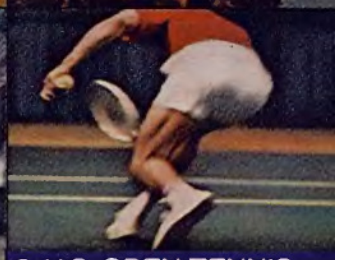

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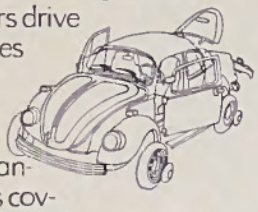

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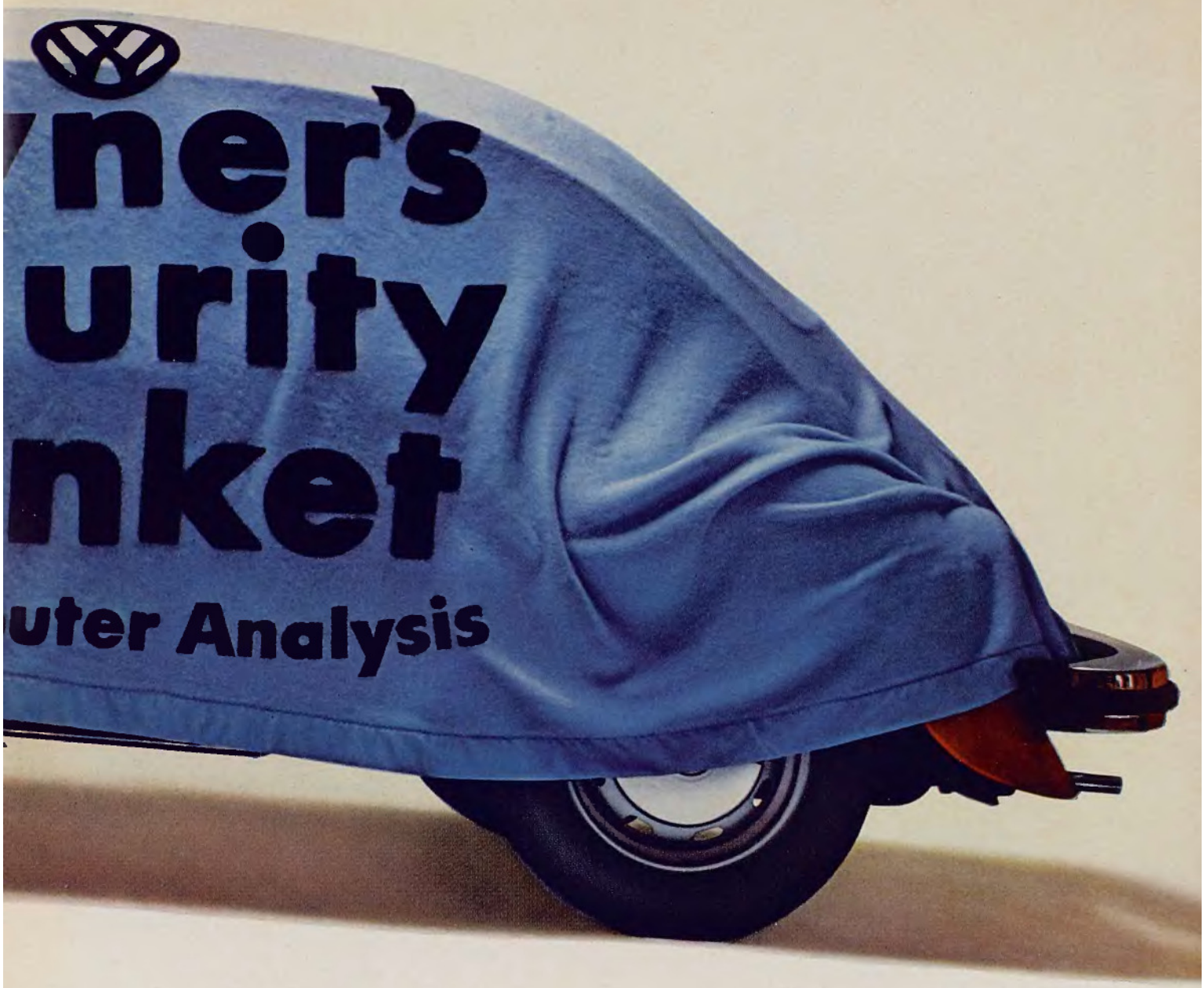

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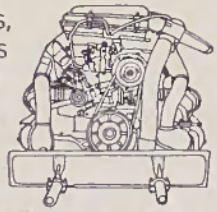
or 24,000 miles, whichever comes first. Of course we don't cover defects caused by lack of maintenance or abuse.

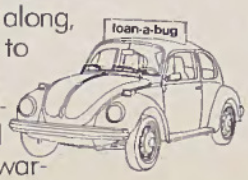


We guarantee our repairs.

When you're running out of warranty, you're still not out of luck. We'll make the repair free and guarantee the parts and workmanship for an additional 6 months or 6,000 miles.

If the repair takes overnight, we'll lend you a car.

Moving right along, we're committed to keep you moving. So if you're a qualified owner and you find that a warranty repair is going to take overnight, we'll lend you a free car by appointment, for as long as the repair takes.



(And we haven't forgotten owners of older VWs. If your car needs a repair and you need a car, we'll rent you one at a nominal price.)

Express care.

How many times have you heard of waiting two weeks before you can get a headlight fixed? Not at Volkswagen. With Express Care if we can fix something in less than 30 minutes, we'll do it *while you wait*. No appointment needed for these little repairs.

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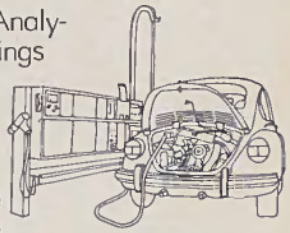

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Apparently our Adam's Apple was too simple. People couldn't resist the temptation to complicate it. That's O.K. with us. One guy we know made it a short drink so there'd be room in his tall glass for apple slices and cinnamon sticks.

We've heard of people adding cloves, nutmeg, lemon juice, even crushed mint.

Is there no end to this madness? We certainly hope not.

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DIFFERENT STROKES

Your *Playboy Panel: New Sexual Life Styles* (PLAYBOY, September) is one of the most interesting and comprehensive overviews of sexual ways of life I've read in many months. In my clinical work with straight and gay married couples, I focus very much on the contract issue alluded to by panelist and *Screw* cofounder Al Goldstein. I strongly encourage my clients to approach their marriages from a contractual viewpoint; that is, one in which the individuals firmly agree on what to expect and what to pay under certain emotional conditions. I was impressed with the diversity of your panelists. It's seldom that one can spend an entertaining evening with a statistician, a homosexual man of God, a couple of erotic-museum founders and a girl with a deep throat and a fine brain.

Dick E. Miller, Ph.D.
Scottsdale, Arizona

I congratulate Ernest van den Haag. At first I thought he was unfairly outnumbered by the 11 most notorious sexual extremists in the country; but your discussion proves once more that a man of great logic and common sense can acquit himself better than a dozen of lesser intelligence.

Wolfgang Von Rottegan III
Haddam, Connecticut

I found your discussion extraordinarily revealing of the individual personalities of your panelists. The sexual gourmands and the sexual gourmets were easily told apart. To each his or her own.

Mary S. Calderone, M.D.
New York, New York

Dr. Calderone is the executive director of the Sex Information and Education Council of the U. S.

After reading your discussion, in which Goldstein carries on about his wife being "his property," I would remind him that it is common knowledge that property decreases in value with negligence and poor handling.

Suzanne Davis
Fredericksburg, Virginia

Your panel on new sexual life styles is engrossing reading. In particular, the words and sentiments of panelist Al Goldstein captured my thoughts with a clarity that caused me to rejoice that absolute truth exists in the personage of one human being. This man is truly God's gift to women, and I feel he can help lead them out of the muck and mire of the falsehoods and lies of the women's lib movement. Run more of his material, and maybe even that inferior, secondary gender can find redemption.

Al Goldstein
New York, New York

On the subject of group marriage, your panelists offer some intriguing points, but not all their opinions are supported by the available scientific evidence. As researchers into the subject, we've found, contrary to what one panelist implies, that dominance is only an occasional issue among groups and that trios are outnumbered by foursomes two to one. As with straight marriages, there are more differences than similarities between one group marriage and another. The simplistic generalizations that group-marriage partners will revert to monogamy, cooperate less than do people in communes or cannot cope with open relationships outside the group do not stand under scientific scrutiny.

Larry L. and Joan M. Constantine
Acton, Massachusetts

LONG LIVE THE *KING*

As a member of the U. S. Chess Federation, I want to tell you that Walter Tevis' story *The King Is Dead* (PLAYBOY, September) is fantastic.

Art Tonucci, Jr.
Shelton, Connecticut

MARKET VALUE

Being a lover of Lovecraft and Poe, I ghoulishly sank my fangs into Christina Rossetti's September *Ribald Classic, Goblin Market.* I wasn't disappointed. For Victorian poetry, it was certainly very un-Victorian in style and subject matter. Kinuko Craft's illustrations added greatly, too.

Raymond J. Bowie, Jr.
Somerville, Massachusetts

As one who has personally explored and "openly discussed" the erotic aspects of *Goblin Market,* I congratulate you for bringing the poem to your readers. Now consider, if you will, the phallic

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possibilities of the chimney in *'Twas the Night Before Christmas (A Visit from St. Nicholas)*, written by Clement Moore in 1823. Children, beware!

Tim A. Pilgrim
Sidney, Montana

UP WHERE THE AIR IS RARE

Living at sea level here doesn't often bring me a feeling of vertigo. But with the help of Peter L. Sandberg's gripping story *Calloway's Climb* (PLAYBOY, September), I found that feeling overwhelmingly evoked. Congratulations to you and to Sandberg.

Oscar Wright III
Long Beach, California

***GHOST* STORY**

Hal Bennett's *The Ghost of Martin Luther King* (PLAYBOY, August) is a fine story dealing with that complex level of black American experience that is as much mythical as real. By depicting Burnside, Bennett's imaginary Southern town, as a community that reflects the changing sociology of the South as well as the changing values of its people, Bennett is able to individualize each black character and to relate him to the great challenge left to all of us by Martin Luther King. I was moved by Bennett's command of his art.

James A. McPherson
Cranston, Rhode Island

McPherson's short story "The Silver Bullet," which appeared in PLAYBOY *in our July 1972 issue, was selected for inclusion in the anthology "The Best American Short Stories 1973."*

IN THE DRINK

Emanuel Greenberg's August article, *Great Bars/Great Drinks*, contains a recipe for "21's" Green Monkey in which he states that bartender Bruno Mysak uses either Galliano or Roiano in the drink. I thought you'd like to know that the recipe you ran is for a Mister Roberts and that "21" stocks only Galliano.

Alan Demarest
Yonkers, New York

PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF

Roger Rapoport's investigation into the state of health care in America in *It's Enough to Make You Sick* (PLAYBOY, September) is a magnificent piece of reporting that should be alarming enough to get the real medical revolution under way. Medicine should be just as much a part of everyone's education as mathematics and basic science, since much of it is no more difficult than knowing how to cook. As things are, however, the medical profession is a priesthood far more powerful than that of the medieval Church, and often as superstitious, rapacious and inefficient. Today everyone can be his own priest. Tomorrow everyone may be his own doctor. We can also look forward to the time when everyone will be his own policeman. Isn't that what freedom is all about?

Alan Watts
Sausalito, California

More answers to that question may be found in Watts's "The World's Most Dangerous Book" on page 119.

I'm not so naïve as to believe that every doctor in this country is a great one, but Rapoport would have us believe that no physician has enough clinical competence to clip his own toenails. Let's all hope that medical-care crusader Rapoport never gets sick, because, with all those bastards in white coats around, he won't stand a chance.

William McDaniel
Denver, Colorado

Rapoport's rap at American medicine is right on target! As a student at Chicago's West Side Medical Center, I appreciate his honest look at the multitude of problems stemming from the existence of foreign doctors in the U. S. and the A.M.A.'s backward policies as they relate to American medical education. There *is*, of course, a severe doctor shortage in this country, but, even now, American medical schools are forced to admit only a small fraction of the qualified students who apply. And while such students are denied admission, foreign M.D.s with little or no ability to speak English are entrusted with the health care of the American public. Rapoport's article goes a long way in publicizing such inequities.

Seymour I. Schlager, M.S.
Chicago, Illinois

Considering their lousy diets, American men should be proud they place as high as 23rd among nations in life expectancy.

Arthur J. McGonagle, D.D.S.
Nashua, New Hampshire

I am an inhalation therapist and I, for one, can confirm many of Rapoport's observations. For many years, I have fought frustration, anger and, finally, despair in reaction to the arrogant prima donnas, doddering old men and snotty young punks who call themselves doctors. I can assure you that for every doctor who understands inhalation therapy, there are five who do not. I have seen patients needlessly die because the attending physician didn't understand respiratory problems and refused to lower himself by consulting me or even another doctor more familiar with the field. If only every doctor could spend one year of his medical education working as a lowly hospital orderly, he might learn humility and compassion. Failing that, he might at least come to value the talents and experience of his nurses, therapists and technicians a little more. So much for dreaming. In the meantime, however, we still have Rapoport. Thank God for somebody with the balls to stand up and tell the public what miserable sons of bitches our Dr. Welbys really are.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

In good faith, I granted an interview with Rapoport thinking he could preserve both the content and the context of our conversation. I, as well as many other physicians, have worked thousands of hours to provide quality medical care at reasonable prices to the people of the Denver metropolitan area. By misusing my quotes, Rapoport distorted the true feelings I have for my fellow physicians and thereby destroyed the work I've done.

W. H. Livingston, M.D.
Denver, Colorado

In Rapoport's article, I am described as a party to an incident involving a patient whom a doctor wanted sent home. Referring to my hospital, the doctor allegedly remarked that he had only "room for sick people in this place." I participated in the incident, but Rapoport's account is absolutely untrue. No doctor made such a statement. The patient with a head injury was in no danger of being discharged, either. There were no differences of opinion between myself and the doctor as Rapoport described. He also quoted me on such subjects as lunatics, problems with Indian doctors, the amount of money spent for an English course, the flunking of such a course, a particular tunnel, and a doctor expressing a viewpoint that some patients should be allowed to die. All the remarks attributed to me on these subjects were made up.

Bertrella D. Mitchum, R.N.
Cook County Hospital
Chicago, Illinois

It's Enough to Make You Sick is enough to make you sick. I am referring specifically to a statement attributed to me: "If someone doesn't have anyone at home to take care of him, that's his problem, not ours." Not only did I *not* make a statement to that effect but the viewpoint expressed is totally inimical to my basic concept of medical care. My statement "We encourage our doctors to be a little more imaginative, a little freer" referred to the disposition of patients and certainly did not disregard their home situation. On the contrary, it related to the idea of using acute beds in hospitals for acute and definitive care. When this phase of treatment has been completed, every effort is made to move the patient to the place most appropriate, whether it be a convalescent home or his own home. Arrangements are then made for visiting nurses, physical therapists, speech

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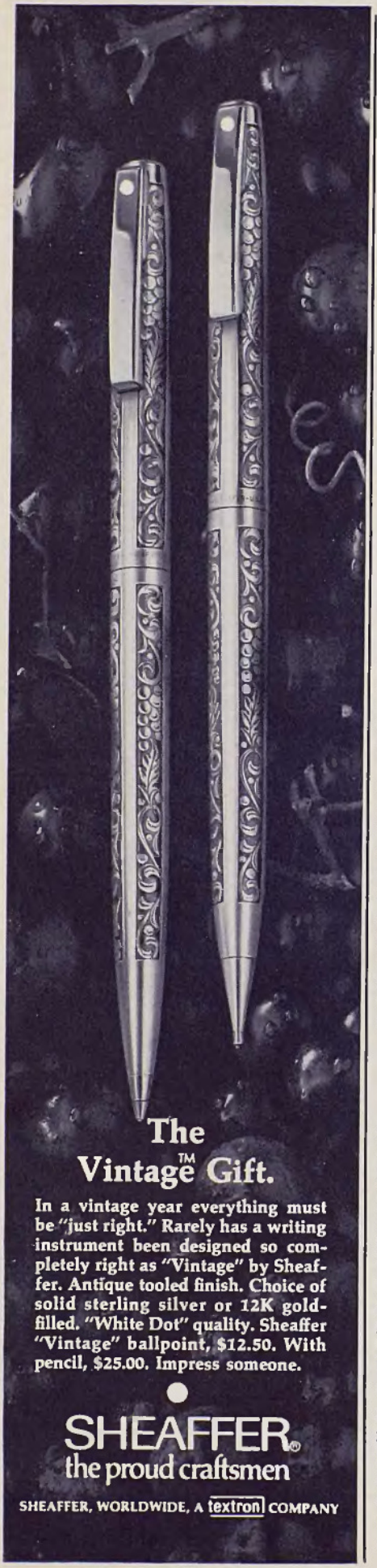

therapists or whoever or whatever else is necessary for maintenance of the treatment program.

Toby Freedman, M.D.
Medical Director, California Medical Group
Marina Del Rey, California

It's Enough to Make You Sick is a one-sided, superficial, unoriginal and sloppy hatchet job. It is one-sided because, in his haste to blame the A.M.A. for the physician shortage, Rapoport overlooks the facts that medical schools today pay scant heed to any of the A.M.A.'s pronouncements and that most schools would love to increase their enrollments; the limitations are funds. It is superficial because, in his haste to advocate prepaid medical care, Rapoport fails to dig deeper into his statistics. If he did, he would have found that the Kaiser Medical Foundation, which he cited as a "new control on chicanery," signs up only the middle-income blue-collar worker and his family. There are few elderly and almost no poor enrolled with Kaiser, and with that kind of patient population—which eliminates those who need medical care the most—it's no wonder its statistics are superior. In any case, what does the bureaucratic, politically induced ineptitude of one county hospital have to do with the totality of American health care? And what if Rapoport chose the Los Angeles County General Hospital? There, patients receive excellent care provided with a great deal of humanity. Finally, Rapoport's article is sloppy because he implies that doctors are concerned only about money on the mere evidence that they receive a magazine that includes advertisements for porcelain sculptures and Caribbean vacations. Such a charge is ridiculous on its face. That such ads appear in PLAYBOY doesn't justify the conclusion that all *its* readers are preoccupied solely with money.

Lawrence D. Freedman, M.D.
La Mirada, California

Rapoport asks accusingly, "Why . . . has American life expectancy failed to increase since 1961?" The answer is that American life expectancy, according to HEW figures, has increased from 70.2 years in 1961 to 71.2 years today. I would also protest the author's frequent reliance on innuendo or hearsay to prove his points. For example, he quotes a nurse sounding off about a millionaire surgeon: "Hardly a week went by when he didn't take out a normal stomach." There are two things highly suspect in that statement by an unnamed nurse regarding an unnamed surgeon. One, total gastrectomy is a rare medical procedure. Only an estimated 2000 a year are performed nationally. It is difficult to believe that one surgeon in one community performs such a high percentage of the national total. Two, it is even more difficult to believe one weekly removal of a *normal* stomach. Hospitals have tissue committees that evaluate surgical procedures, and a man with that sort of record would not be tolerated. Anywhere.

Russell B. Roth, M.D., President
American Medical Association
Chicago, Illinois

Rapoport replies: Mrs. Mitchum, Drs. Livingston and T. Freedman may have second thoughts now, but the fact is that they were all quoted accurately. Many of Mrs. Mitchum's statements were verified by other Cook County doctors and the hospital administration. For example, the reference to the $32,000 spent on a Berlitz course for 30 foreign interns was confirmed by both the hospital's medical director and its public-relations department. Nearly all the comments made to me by Dr. Livingston in a one-and-a-half-hour interview reflected negatively on Denver doctors. Dr. Freedman is in error when he implies that his company pays for convalescent care. A typical group-practice plan covering public employees (given to me by his firm) indicates that: "This plan does not cover . . . custodial, domiciliary or convalescent care." Although the plan does pay for house calls, it would not cover, say, an elderly widow needing round-the-clock convalescent care while recuperating from a heart attack. She would have to pay her convalescent-home bill through other means. So Dr. Freedman is right; convalescent care is the patient's problem. Dr. L. Freedman might well do a little digging himself. Kaiser most certainly does enroll both the aged and the poor. Three major independent surveys rank Kaiser's coverage and costs number one against other group plans covering similar population groups. Poor Dr. Roth. Here he is, head of the nation's most important medical organization, and he can't even get a quote straight. Look again. The actual line was: "Hardly a week went by when he didn't take out a normal stomach or a healthy uterus." Many surgeons remove uteri every day and it isn't at all unlikely that an unscrupulous one would do an unnecessary hysterectomy once a week. Many previous articles have documented numerous instances of needless hysterectomies. At the time my article went to press, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare told me that American life expectancy was 70.2 in 1961 and 70.2 in 1968. An HEW official explained that the figures had "remained fairly constant between those years" and indicated that later data was provisional and subject to change. Since publication, new statistics for 1969 have been released indicating life expectancy is 70.4. That makes a percentage increase from 1961 of roughly three tenths of one percent. Dr. Roth's 1971 number is provisional and subject to change.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Merry Christmas to all—especially George Orwell—from an edict issued in 1970 by the Prague government and recently brought to our attention via a flier from *Commentary* magazine: "Because Christmas Eve falls on a Thursday, the day has been designated a Saturday for work purposes. Factories will close all day, with stores open a half day only. Friday, December 25, has been designated a Sunday, with both factories and stores open all day. Monday, December 28, will be a Wednesday for work purposes. Wednesday, December 30, will be a business Friday. Saturday, January 2, will be a Sunday, and Sunday, January 3, will be a Monday."

•

Vogue magazine, take note: Tennessee's *Lebanon Democrat* recently reported on a county-fair ceremony that was highlighted when "a panel of judges picked the ten final competitors for the Miss Tiny Tit crown."

•

The Volunteer Army seems headed for trouble. In Fall River, Massachusetts, an area that has been plagued by high unemployment, Army recruiters advertised an enlistment bonus of $1500. A typographical error transformed the sum to $15,000—and still no one responded.

•

When the *Johannesburg Star* sent a correspondent all the way to Scotland to witness a ceremony at the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, his effusive report more than justified the expense: "At the captain's dinner, which we attended, the ceremony was as impressive as I have ever witnessed. Here the installation of the captain is done symbolically by linking a silver golf ball to a silver club, along with those of all previous captains. Then the inauguration is completed by the incoming captain ceremoniously kissing the captain's balls."

•

Poland is worried about its population, which has declined drastically since World War Two and is now one third short of the 45,000,000 that demographers think would be ideal. Interviewed about this unusual situation, in an article date-lined Warsaw, Polish sociologist Jerzy Piotrowski told U. P. I.: "Everyone here wants to increase the birth rate, but no one knows how to do it."

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According to *The Charlotte Observer*, the vote count on a new contract for several postal unions was delayed because thousands of ballots were lost in the mails.

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Since individual self-reliance is one of the main tenets of Republicanism, we weren't too surprised to learn, via the pages of the Jacksonville, North Carolina, *Daily News*, that one of the events scheduled for a get-together of North Carolina Young Republicans was "a pork-pulling on the ocean front."

•

Delphic dialog of the month, from a column called "How Can I?" in the *Salinas Californian*:

"Q. How can I remedy a squeaking wooden bed?

"A. Indeed not! Since the garnish is an intrinsic part of the dish, it is your privilege to eat it if you wish."

•

Germans looking for new gimmicks to make their parties swing are eating up an idea that must be the ultimate in bad

taste. A Düsseldorf artist and a local confectionery firm have joined forces to produce "desserts with a difference": imitation severed heads coated with icing, true-to-life human embryos made of fine Swiss chocolate and, for the ladies, marzipan male genitalia, served with hot sauce.

•

Opposing views of the work ethic come to us this month from merry old England. In Birmingham, Sydney H. Sherwood, after devoting his life to running an oil-lamp-manufacturing company founded by his grandfather, died at the age of 88. Per his request, his body was cremated and the ashes were scattered around the factory floor. Meanwhile, in Colchester, Bert Goodchild delivered his retirement speech. "This is the happiest day of my life," he told co-workers who had gathered to present him with a gold watch for 25 years of faithful service. "Because I won't have to come here again. I want no memories of this place. Conditions are disgraceful, and I'm glad to be leaving."

•

Herb Caen's syndicated column reveals that at a city-council meeting in San Jose, a citizen rose to make a few comments

The Lombard, a Portland, Oregon, theater, has been advertising "tasteful hard-core adult programs."

about the film *Deep Throat*. He was halted in midsentence by the mayor, who pointed out that this item was not on the agenda. "However," the mayor added helpfully, "you may bring it up at the end of the meeting, under the category of oral petitions."

•

A headline we don't dispute, from *The Toronto Star*: "SPECIAL LUBRICANT IS NEEDED WHEN MOUNTING RADIAL TIRES."

•

Our Thomas Wolfe trophy for literary long-windedness goes to the would-be robber who handed a Miami bank teller a threatening note 1500 words long. And our Maxwell Perkins medal for editorial grace under pressure is awarded to the bank teller, who studied the note and calmly began correcting the man's grammar, causing him to flee.

•

Notes from the alumni: *The Harvard Alumni Bulletin* published the following letter from L. C. Fox, class of '71. "Sirs: You ask for news of me. Very well. At present I am in Kaiser Hospital, San Francisco, recovering from a motorcycle accident on the Golden Gate Bridge that very nearly took my life. As it is, I only lost my spleen and a great deal of blood. This is my second such accident in five weeks. After the first one, I went in debt to the tune of $500 to have my bike repaired. The bike is now destroyed. I am employed as a teacher's aide in San Rafael, a suburb of San Francisco, and I bring home the princely sum of $175 a month. My indebtedness from my first accident now cuts this in half. Last summer my most prized possession, my hi-fi system, was stolen. A few weeks ago, the woman I have loved for over a year left me for another man. On the other hand, people are still impressed when I tell them I went to Harvard."

Up against the wall, Grandmother: In Philadelphia, police arrested a 90-year-old woman on suspicion of selling heroin. According to the Associated Press, she dropped three glassine packets while trying to outrun the arresting officer, who finally nabbed her when she failed to scramble over an alley wall. . . . And the Wilmington Morning News *reports that a 103-year-old man in Dundee, South Africa, was charged with possession of marijuana. He said he mixed the drug with corn to use as medicine for his horse. The judge remained unconvinced and gave him a one-month suspended sentence.*

•

In the town of Central, Alaska, lives a man who plays the organ and owns a winter home at a nearby resort. He changes homes twice a year, taking his organ with him. This transfer has become something of an event for the man's neighbors. In fact, according to the Fairbanks *Daily News-Miner*, "Central residents know winter is setting in when Bill's organ moves."

•

An A.P. report from Rio de Janeiro tells us that when members of a Brazilian exploration party finally made contact with an isolated Indian tribe in the northern Amazon state of Pará, they found that the tribe members were using pots and mirrors stamped (in English) MADE IN THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA.

•

The least surprising headline of the month comes from North Carolina's *Greensboro Daily News*: "VIRGINIA PRESS WOMEN ACCEPT MALE MEMBERS."

•

Without comment, we reprint this news item from the *San Francisco Chronicle* in its entirety: "Science is convinced there's no intelligent life in our solar system."

DINING-DRINKING

Lately, Chicago evenings seem to be filled with Greek waiters pouring brandy over dishes of Saganaki (fried cheese) and setting them afire to accompanying choruses of *Opaa!* (Hooray!). Smart Chicago money has known for a long time that most of the best restaurants in town are not the steakhouses crowded with conventioning tool-and-die makers but the ethnic spots, most of them located outside the Loop and the chic Near North, many scattered to the far corners of the city. And no ethnic group has made more of an impression on the eating habits of knowledgeable Chicagoans than the Greeks.

The oldest enclave of Greek restaurants is located in a two-block area just north of the Eisenhower Expressway and just south of a last-ditch section famous for its winos and missions—so you can forget the sight-seeing. But about the restaurants:

Parthenon (314 South Halsted), presided over by the brothers Liakouras, Chris and Bill, is noteworthy for the omnipresent lamb center-staged in the front window as it turns on its spit. Decor is the usual conglomeration of murals, but the food is outstanding—Gyros (a barbecued mixture of lamb and beef served with onion slices), Greek salad, Mousaka (stuffed eggplant), a wide variety of lamb and beef main dishes, and the sinfully sweet Baklava dessert are first-rate. The place is usually jammed on weekends, but once you get seated the service is fast and friendly.

The Greek Islands (766 West Jackson) has to rank with the best. The restaurant is fitted out like a Greek fishing village and the atmosphere is warm and inviting. If you happen to show up on a night when Broiled Red Snapper is on the menu, don't pass up the opportunity for a glimpse into gourmet heaven. If they don't have the snapper, it might be worth your while to latch onto the Sea Bass, a more than satisfactory stand-in for the star performer. For an appetizer, we recommend the Taramosalata (a fish-roe spread that's great on big chunks of Greek bread); but you'll rarely go wrong with anything on the menu.

Diana (310 South Halsted) is unique. You pass through a Greek grocery store to

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Because deep, rich sound gets trapped inside a speaker, we gave it a way to get out.

The whole idea of a stereo system is the sound that goes in should come out again—as faithfully reproduced as possible. But with a lot of systems, including many with sealed speakers, you never hear some of the deep, rich bass. It gets trapped inside the speaker cabinets.

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They're channeled out of the speaker through a unique opening in front called a "tuned-port." Added to our specially-designed woofer and horn-type tweeter, this innovative design means remarkable efficiency. A 60-watt Allegro system equals the sound performance of a 120-watt system with comparable size air-suspension speakers. By the same standard, in terms of size and efficiency, the Allegro system has the deepest, richest sounding speakers on the market today.

There's more to the Allegro story, of course. Innovative features. 4-channel adaptability—just by adding a few extras. Many models to choose from. But the best part about Allegro is how it sounds. Once you hear it, you'll know what we're talking about.

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Which are you bent on winning?

Look them over to see what tempts you and pick the sweepstakes you'll enter.

A car? An aqua bike? A sapphire ring? One of the 7 trips? A gobble of prime rib roasts? Or a jingle of cowbells? There are 88 more possibilities.

In any case, any winner may change his mind and ask for 100 ft. of dollar bills ($200) instead.

Each of our 100 winners will receive a letter explaining exactly what the prize includes, what choice there is (if any) of style or color or flavor, and what options there are on deliveries of perishable goods.

Please read the rules carefully and especially note that each sweepstakes must be entered individually, with each entry mailed separately in its own envelope, and the sweepstakes number in the lower left corner.

Here's hoping you'll win your favorite prize from Benson & Hedges 100's, America's favorite cigarette break.

18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Feb. '73.

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

37 **100** lbs.

oranges & an electric juicer

38 **100**

cactus plants

39 **100**

custard pies

40 **100** cases

dog or cat food

41 **100** in.

aqua bike

42 **100** cc.

motor bike

43 **100** doz.

turkey legs

44 **100** jars

macadamia nuts

45 **100** lbs.

goat cheese

46 **100** rounds

golf

47 **100** pieces

fine crystal

48 **100** doz.

jelly apples

49 **100** lbs.

prime rib roasts

50 **100**

major kitchen appliances

51 **100** tubes

oil paints, brushes & canvas

52 **100** lbs.

exercise equipment

53 **100** hrs.

on a Caribbean trimaran*

54 **100** lbs.

birdseed and birdhouse

55 **100** sq. in.

Picasso lithograph

56 **100** lbs.

scuba gear

57 **100** thousand

bounces on a motorized pogo stick

58 **100** pieces

chalk & a blackboard

OFFICIAL RULES—NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

1. Write the number of the sweepstakes you wish to enter in the space provided on the official entry blank, or on a plain piece of 3" x 5" paper.
2. Hand-print your name, address and zip code on your entry. Include with it the printed front panels from two packs of Benson & Hedges 100's, Regular or Menthol, or the words "Benson & Hedges 100's" hand-printed on a plain piece of paper.
3. Enter as often as you wish, but you may enter only one sweepstakes per entry, and each entry must be mailed separately, to: Benson & Hedges 100's, P.O. Box 2000, Westbury, New York 11590. Entries must be postmarked by Feb. 1, 1974 and received by Feb. 10, 1974.
4. **IMPORTANT:** You must write the number of the sweepstakes you are entering on the outside of the envelope, in the lower lefthand corner.
5. **Winners will be selected in random drawings from entries for sweepstakes by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received for each sweepstakes. Winners may be asked to execute an affidavit of release and eligibility. All prizes will be awarded. Only one prize to a family. Liability for taxes is the sole responsibility of the individual winners.**
6. Contest open to all U.S. residents over 21 years of age, except employees and their families of Philip Morris, Inc., its advertising agencies and National Judging Institute, Inc. This offer is subject to all federal, state and local laws. Void in Idaho, Missouri, Washington, Wisconsin and Georgia, and wherever prohibited, restricted or taxed.
7. For a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to BENSON & HEDGES WINNERS LIST, P.O. Box 2366, Westbury, New York 11590.

59 **100** oz.

yarn & knitting needles

60 **100** cm.

short skis, bindings & poles

61 **100**

jigsaw puzzles

62 **100** doz.

Hollard bulbs

63 **100** sq. in.

phone answering device

64 **100** sq. ft.

trampoline

65 **100** lbs.

nickels

66 **100**

gingerbread boys

67 **100** lbs.

mystery novels

68 **100** sq. ft.

greenhouse

69 **100** gals.

gasoline

70 **100** books

S & H Green Stamps

71 **100** min.

cassettes & Sony color video recorder

72 **100**

trash bags & compactor

73 **100** qts.

Chinese food to go

74 **100**

car washes

75 **100** pieces

lingerie

76 **100** lbs.

portable refrigerator

77 **100** pieces

fishing gear

78 **100** sq. ft.

remote control garage door

79 **100** lbs.

pastrami

80 **100** lbs.

bubble bath

81 **100** drams

French perfume

82 **100** mile

wine tour of France*

Benson & Hedges 100's, P.O. Box 2000, Westbury, New York 11590 P
I'm bent on winning the following sweepstakes and I've read the rules carefully.
The sweepstakes number is_____and the prize is_____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

83 **100** year-old

grandfather clock

84 **100** cases

beer

85 **100**

Chinese lanterns

86 **100** ft.

cord & a snowblower

87 **100** lbs.

penny candy

88 **100** sq. ft.

outdoor play equipment

89 **100**

baseballs and a bat

90 **100**

men's shirts

Menthol or Regular

91 **100** piece

layette set

92 **100**

pineapples you pick in Hawaii*

93 **100** hp.

outboard motor

94 **100** cartons

Benson & Hedges 100's

95 **100** year-old

patchwork quilt

96 **100**

toy soldiers

97 **100** yds.

red tape

98 **100**

cultured pearls on a string

99 **100** lbs.

Canadian bacon

100 **100**

cassettes & a tape player

*Plus travel and accommodations for two.

get into the restaurant and the display of all the mouth-watering goodies is bound to give an edge to your appetite. Unfortunately, the quality of the food in the back room is uneven: some nights it will be sensational; on others, you'll wish you'd stayed home. Check your horoscope first.

Dianna's Restaurant Opaa (212 South Halsted), a recent spin-off from Diana's, took over the premises of a defunct Greek night club and reopened with the emphasis on food. The change was a therapeutic

one. The place is big, with tables filling in what was once the dance floor, and the air is one of unrestrained exuberance (well, isn't that what eating in a Greek restaurant is all about?). The food is standard Greek fare, but the quality is well above standard. And everything is served with a smile.

About a half hour's cab ride northwest of the Loop is another concentration of Greek eateries, all within a block or two of one another. Several of them are well worth a visit:

Family House (2425 West Lawrence) is an ingenuously unprepossessing little box of a restaurant, but it is possibly the best Greek establishment in town. Fish is the specialty, with Sea Bass reigning supreme; it's flown in three times a week from Boston. If you're adventurous, try the Fried Squid. There are lots of other goodies—Dolmades (grape leaves stuffed with lamb and rice), Pastitsio (pasta layered with ground meat and cheese and béchamel sauce). The place is usually jammed, but everyone seems to put up good-naturedly with the waiting and the crowding, probably because the food is good enough to quiet the worst crank.

Grecian Psistaria (2412 West Lawrence), across the street from the Family House, leads two lives: one when food is the center of attraction; the other, after eight P.M., when it becomes a frenetic dispensary of typical Greek entertainment, which is loud, lively and charming—in a semi-camp kind of way. Since someone has to pay for the entertainment, the booze prices go up accordingly. But you can get there early, eat and linger over your coffee or Roditys and dig the early stages of the entertainment while your tab stays the same. However, you won't feel cheated if you miss the show; the food will keep you well satisfied. The Taramosalata, the Melitzanosalata (a marvelous eggplant-based appetizer), the Pastitsio and a horde of lamb dishes make the Psistaria a recommended port of call—with or without bouzoukis.

The Ambrosia Cafe (2415 West Lawrence), by contrast, is an oasis of silence. Quiet, unassuming and small, it still serves first-rate fare and has the decided advantage (at least at this writing) of offering a little elbow room when its more famous Grecian neighbors have been overrun by the invading Ostrogoths.

Elsewhere in town, a couple of places uphold the gustatorial honor of Athens:

Aesops Tables (2856 North Broadway) is one of the better restaurants in what has become known as New Town, a shopping haven for the Mod and would-be Mod. The decor is pleasantly Greek, with an attempt at over-all decoration that holds up tastefully for the most part. The jukebox plays an endless round of infectious Greek melodies at a bearable decibel count and the food, by and large, is of a high standard and reasonably priced. Nothing is truly outstanding, but the cuisine is uniform enough so that whatever you choose, the odds are you'll enjoy it.

The Taberna (303 East Ohio), on the lower level of the Time-Life Building, is a discus throw from the Loop. Although the decor is Greek, the place is rather schizophrenic. The lunch menu is mostly American, with a few Greek dishes tossed in to keep the place honest. But at dinnertime, it blossoms forth as an almost full-fledged Greek restaurant. The lights are low, the atmosphere intimate and the menu delightful though limited. The appetizers are particularly appealing and we strongly recommend the Tzatziki (yoghurt and cucumbers, well garlicked and garnished with fried squash slices). Among the main courses, the Broiled Riganati Chicken, served in a lemon-and-butter sauce, is a standout. The prices are a bit above the Greek-restaurant norm, but that's understandable, since The Taberna is the only one in a high-rent district.

Almost all of the restaurants included here open at 11 A.M. and stay open until 2 A.M. daily.

MOVIES

Faithfully adapted by playwright-scenarist Arthur Laurents (author of *West Side Story* and *Gypsy*) from his own best-selling novel, ***The Way We Were*** is a cinch to score as the biggest, glossiest romantic blockbuster of the waning movie year. Under director Sydney (*They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*) Pollack, Laurents' comedy-drama also turns out to be smoothly intelligent and irresistible, mined with resonant topical references to showbiz, social commitment, Hollywood black-listing and political morality. There are moments here and there that threaten one's faith in the film's integrity—when a viewer suspects, or begins to suspect, that *The Way We Were* is precisely the kind of slick, creamy Hollywood movie and guaranteed box-office Eldorado that everyone up on the screen seems mighty quick to deplore. Just go with it, however, and you'll be teased into a state of total surrender by the unexpectedly apt teamwork of Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford in the stellar roles—she as a militant New York Jewish girl with a head for political causes, he as a WASPish writer and natural-born Golden Boy whose second novel gets him to Hollywood just in time to face the fear and paranoia of the McCarthy era. Barbra and Bob play a beautifully mismatched couple, loving and losing, marrying and punishing each other from college days (class of '37) straight through to a bittersweet parting in the Fifties. Though director Pollack lingers over the period decor and costumes a bit too fondly—as if every hairdo, hit song and padded shoulder were a formal invitation to nostalgia—he is expert at juggling provocative ideas while keeping his two superstars in the best possible light. Redford may not be wholly believable as a gifted novelist on the verge of selling out, but he is a real actor despite his collar-ad

image and has everything it takes to become one of the screen's certified demigods. As for Streisand, she plunges into her first straight dramatic role with ferocious honesty and typically brash humor, always earning the attention she instinctively commands. Bradford Dillman, Viveca Lindfors, Patrick O'Neal and screen newcomer Lois Chiles are noticeable but noncompetitive in supporting roles. If we must have tear-jerkers bigger than life itself, *The Way We Were* is probably as good as they get—so eat your heart out. When did you last see a love story in which the honeymoon ended with a passionate political debate?

•

Moviegoers who found *Last Tango in Paris* irredeemably offensive may enjoy the laundered air of ***Breezy***, a

If you've got it, give it.

Old Grand-Dad

Head of the Bourbon Family

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof Bottled in Bond. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky. 40601.

This Christmas,

The jewelry shown here is all priced between $150 and $1800.
De Beers.

diamonds are a man's best friend.

No other gift can mean as much to her as a gift of diamonds.
Because no other gift can be so special.
See the many beautiful pieces your jeweler has, now.
Small or large, they're less expensive than you think.
Make her your friend, not just for Christmas but forever.

Diamonds make a Christmas gift of love.

May-December romance guaranteed not to trouble anyone's sleep, though it may induce some. William Holden meets a hippie (movie newcomer Kay Lenz, in a title role that could do a girl's career more harm than good) from Intercourse, Pennsylvania, of all places. She's fond of

stray dogs, and he's fond of privacy, especially since his divorce. Nevertheless, she moves into his hillside manse. So does her dog, which is shortly christened—hold onto your hat—Sir Love-A-Lot. That's just one instance of the chemistry that prompts this unlikely pair to coo over "all the wild, wonderful things that are happening to us." Going to the beach, for example. The rest of the dialog credited to scenarist Jo Heims is not to be believed, though actor Clint Eastwood, who picked *Breezy* for his third directorial assignment, apparently believed every word. Clint's judgment seemed sounder when he starred himself in *Play Misty for Me* and *High Plains Drifter*. His efforts here are doggedly pedestrian. Maybe his hoss threw him.

•

Business is so bad in his Parisian bookstore that a quiet young married chap tries switching to pornography to take up the slack. The result is ***Le Sex Shop***, a mild topical comedy, in which writer-director Claude Berri again plays the leading role, as he did in *Marry Me! Marry Me!* The wheyfaced Berri is too bland a personality to carry a spoof already suffering from sweeping understatement. *Sex Shop*'s delicate humor is disarming in the early scenes, with Berri as a Caspar Milquetoast in a world of vibrators, peep shows, harnesses, hardcore and sex clubs. He's the kind of person for whom a sexual revolution would consist of perfecting two new positions. Berri's bookish hero becomes a drag, though, after he joins a swinging dental surgeon and his wife (played with knowledgeable cool by Nathalie Delon) in their experiments and finds himself unable to conquer his middle-class hang-ups. The movie peters out, in a manner of speaking, but is enlivened mainly by one delightful scene between Berri and a gentle dirty old man who calls himself a pioneer collector of porno. This refreshing bit of testimony on the banality of evil ought to be required viewing for at least five Justices of the U.S. Supreme Court.

•

Wire mob, cannon, stall, steer and poke are common terms among professional pickpockets and are the special language of ***Harry in Your Pocket***, Hollywood's latest—and least—endorsement of the rip-off as an all-American sport. James Coburn plays the master thief, whose chief assistant, Walter Pidgeon, is a cocaine addict and homespun philosopher when it comes to thievery. "God knows there aren't many left who really *know* this profession—it's a stable occupation in an unstable world," Pidgeon wheezes, while training Trish Van Devere and Michael Sarrazin as a pair of novices in the trade. The code of ethics set forth in *Harry* decrees "no drugs"—except for Pidgeon—and "no whoring," and expresses utter contempt for amateurs who "hit some old lady over the head and grab her purse." Since the characters played quite capably by the co-starring foursome do nothing to woo audience sympathy, however, it's easy to feel as coolly objective toward them as they feel toward their

victims—who are simply marks, not real people being robbed of money they may have earned for rent or vacations or doctors' bills. Produced and directed by Bruce Geller, creator of television's *Mannix* and *Mission: Impossible*, the movie was shot in picturesque locations from Seattle to Salt Lake City and Victoria, British Columbia, with only a generous budget to set it apart from a misbegotten pilot. Entertainmentwise, *Harry* offers incontestable proof that crime doesn't always pay.

•

Hit! is a smashingly photographed, smartly acted tale of vengeance in the international drug trade. Going after the big guys is the name of the game, with Billy Dee Williams (a 1972 Oscar nominee for *Lady Sings the Blues*) playing a Government agent who works out a bizarre plot after his teenage daughter dies from an overdose of drugs. Instead of avenging himself on neighborhood pushers, he heads straight for the wholesalers of Marseilles, "sittin' out on their yachts, suckin' up champagne." The hired assassins he recruits for the job of slaying a consortium of rich, elegant Frenchmen are five walking wounded, each with something to hide. Pick of the lot are a black man (played with plenty of zing by comedian Richard Pryor) whose wife was raped and murdered by an addict, plus an addict-hooker who will do anything for a fix. In the latter, Gwen Welles (subject of a November 1972 PLAYBOY pictorial) puts a stamp of originality on her role as a tremulous waif with sufficient moxie to poison one drug merchant and shoot another dead with a weapon she packs in a thigh holster. Though slow in building because it's long on exposition, and held back by a scene or two spelled out in baby talk, *Hit!* pays off with a massacre that evokes a gut reaction because it involves real people rather than the usual quota of candidates for a body count. Director Sidney J. Furie gives violence a human face, or a reasonable facsimile thereof, and covers occasional lapses of credibility with professional razzmatazz.

•

The 1972 Olympic games at Munich are the subject of ***Visions of Eight***, a unique documentary produced by David L. Wolper and interpreted by eight directors—Czechoslovakia's Milos Forman, Japan's Kon Ichikawa, France's Claude Lelouch, Russia's Juri Ozerov, America's Arthur Penn, West Germany's Michael Pfleghar, England's John Schlesinger and Sweden's Mai Zetterling. Such stylish but diverse talents bring forth a film of predictably mixed blessings. Penn's segment (*The Highest*) is a graceful and sympathetic study of the high-jump competition, while Ichikawa—deploying 30 cameras and some 20,000 feet of film—distills the 100-meter dash into a brief but memorable visual essay on the passion to win (*The Fastest*). The most surprising segments are *The Strongest*, Miss Zetterling's wry tribute to weight lifters and their ilk (prefaced by her remark that "I am not interested in sports . . . but I *am* interested in obsessions"), and Forman's *The Decathlon*, a crowd pleaser that goes for easy laughs by juxtaposing athletes on the field—in speeded-up or slow motion—with sleepy judges, German bell ringers and the oom-pa-pah of a brass band. Only Schlesinger's contribution on long-distance runners gives any screen time whatever to the tragedy of the 11 Israeli athletes who were slain by Arab terrorists during the Olympics. That offstage drama reduces even the

My crew threatened to abandon ship until I got a Marantz.

The old stereo on my yacht drove the crew up the bulkheads whenever I played it loud. Then a Marantz dealer explained it's not playing your stereo loud that bothers the crew. It's the distortion. He advised me to get a Marantz.

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best of the film to relative insignificance. Rather like covering a race of toy sailboats on the night the Titanic went down.

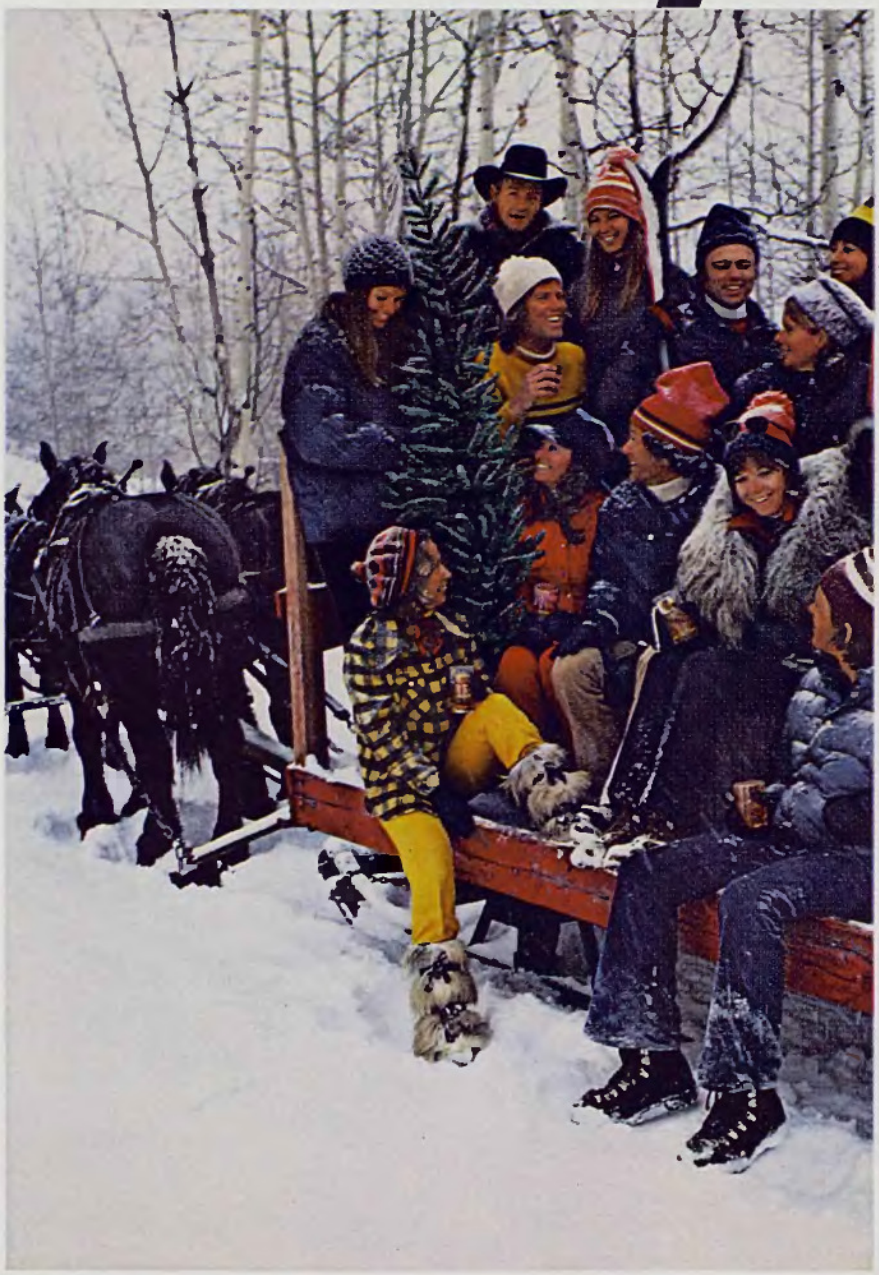
•

Music is pre-eminent in a behind-the-scenes police story, ***Electra Glide in Blue***, the hit of this year's Cannes Film Festival and a first film by 27-year-old James William Guercio, a millionaire entrepreneur whose Midas touch has proved a boon to such groups as Chicago and Blood, Sweat & Tears. As producer, director and composer of *Electra Glide*, Guercio simultaneously proves his talent and demonstrates the maddening tendency of a very young man to express deep thoughts about life before he has actually learned a helluva lot. There are long, stilted monologs that appear to be Guercio's attempts at stylization, though such efforts often merely produce embarrassment and a hollow air of artiness for its own sake. Set somewhere in the American Southwest—in a town that seems to lie in the awesome shadows of Monument Valley—*Electra Glide* studies the life and death of a young motorcycle cop who more than earns his stripes as a bastard *Son of Easy Rider*. Fascism, disillusionment, loneliness, murder and the death of the American dream all fall within the film's purview, so Guercio can scarcely be accused of thinking small. In fact, he dares to try virtually anything and occasionally infuses his musicalized, episodic drama with real poetic force. The performance of Robert Blake (given his first big movie break since he played the title role in *Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here*) is right on target, though there are limits to what an actor can accomplish in a work so ritualistic. Guercio's almost fetishistic dawdling over inanimate objects—gleaming guns and buckles or polished leather—at times recalls the faggoty-fascist tone of Kenneth Anger's underground classic *Scorpio Rising*, still the definitive statement on the motorcycle as a sex symbol. Blake, however, plays a cop who loathes his bike and yearns to become a detective, at least until he acquires a degree of insight through encounters with a barmaid (Jeannine Riley), an impotent detective (Mitchell Ryan) and a kinky fellow officer (Billy "Green" Bush). As actors, none is quite capable of meeting the director's frequently excessive demands. Visually very mannered—flashy as a squad car's blinding signal lights—the movie owes much of its panache to splendid cinematography by Conrad Hall, most of its self-indulgent tricks to Guercio. Granted that Guercio needs seasoning, he looks unmistakably like a hot talent in search of a cult.

•

Strange how much there is in common between writer-director Martin Scorsese's ***Mean Streets***, selected for this year's New York Film Festival, and Ralph Bakshi's

Share America's Whiskey.



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live-and-animation feature *Heavy Traffic*. Both take a hard, unblinking look at the urban jungle, with the accent on ethnic color. While Scorsese's is the more conventional film, it far surpasses his work in *Boxcar Bertha* and brings him back to the culturally nourishing home ground he explored in his promising first feature, *Who's That Knocking at My Door?* Manhattan's Little Italy on the Lower East Side is the setting for a rambling but persuasive portrait of a young man (Harvey Keitel) who comes of age in a world of smalltime hoods and petty rackets. *Mean Streets* says yes, Virginia, there is a Cosa Nostra—and here are the corner gin mills, sandwich shops and walk-up tenement flats where beginners play the games that ultimately separate the men from the boys. The hero, Charlie, hopes to muscle into part ownership of a failing Italian restaurant. Meanwhile, he's fighting to keep some strong emotional ties to a boyhood pal and born loser named Johnny Boy (Robert De Niro, following up his fine work in *Bang the Drum Slowly* with another socko performance) and to a pretty epileptic cousin, Teresa (Amy Robinson), who keeps him sexually satisfied, if nothing else. A kind of stubborn loyalty between friends seems to be the only operative virtue in the stunted cross section of society that Scorsese examines with humor, compassion and occasional touches of poetry. *Streets* is saved from being an outright downer because it's so consistently personal in tone. The film maker clearly identifies with his central character—an urchin on the way to becoming a hustler, a nobody whose notions of heroism were shaped by old movies like *Back to Bataan* and whose idols are John Wayne and Francis of Assisi. But, as cousin Teresa coolly reminds him, "Saint Francis didn't run the numbers."

•

Good intentions lend intrinsic merit and a degree of dignity to ***Running Wild***, though scenarist-producer-director Robert McCahon's writer and director hats appear to be several sizes too big for him. His wobbly film-making skills are fortified by the painful earnestness of this plea to save the wild horses of the American West, which McCahon ties to a rather trite story about an Indian land agent (Lloyd Bridges) and a powerful cattleman (Pat Hingle) who wants to shoot the horses and buy up Indian grazing lands, despite the probing of a female photo journalist (Dina Merrill) on assignment from *Time* magazine. Filmed in New Mexico and western Colorado, *Running Wild* gives a nod to the U. S. Department of the Interior, various horse breeders and conservation-minded groups. Their cooperation must have been gratifying, but it doesn't really help actors saddled with stilted dialog and a primitive, melodramatic plot that ends with a couple of

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armed bad guys pursuing two youngsters across several hundred square miles of national-monument landscapes.

•

Patricia Neal, Cloris Leachman, Bobby Darin and Ron Howard all go to pieces, one way or another, in a desolate New England coastal village in ***Happy Mother's Day . . . Love, George,*** a thriller produced and directed by actor Darren McGavin. The best of it is as scary as *Psycho*, the rest is a mélange of plots and subplots dug out of a family closet fairly bursting with skeletons, not to mention fresh corpses. One fringe benefit is a promising debut by Miss Neal's teenage daughter, Tessa Dahl.

•

Christopher Mitchum (son of Robert) looks like a highly polished 1973 edition of his dad, while Olivia Hussey (of Franco Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet*) must be the most exotic flower to bloom in moviedom since Merle Oberon. In ***Summertime Killer***—all about a gangster's kid who grows up vowing to avenge the death of his father, which is as good an excuse as any to see Portugal—this winsome twosome seems to be pitting youth and beauty against the underworld, the cops (mainly Karl Malden) and a preposterous script. The only conclusion reached is that young Chris Mitchum can probably make a career in films if he chooses.

•

From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler is the kind of wholesome family picture that Radio City Music Hall combs the world to find. Two precocious runaway children find refuge in New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, where they get involved with a piece of Michelangelo statuary and an eccentric old patroness of the arts. The story's whimsical charm is laid on *that* thick until unbeatable Ingrid Bergman enters with George Rose, playing the millionaire recluse and her butler. Thereafter, kid stuff becomes a holiday for two blue-ribbon hams.

•

Recent unrest in the nation's capital appears to be broadening the range of political satire. Made several years ago, ***Hail! to the Chief*** was unreleased until long after Watergate, and small wonder. Based on a wildly comic idea, all about a scheme to assassinate a power-hungry paranoid U. S. President, the film became unexpectedly topical—but it's still a crude, blundering effort, outclassed in every way by subsequent intrigues in the same high places, and all for real.

•

The so-called White House horrors take on a more literal meaning in ***The Werewolf of Washington,*** a bad movie built to banish care. The late dwarf actor Michael Dunn plays a character named Dr. Kiss, and Dean Stockwell stars as a Presidential press aide who gets bitten by a wolf in Hungary and begins to

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behave a bit strangely. Writer-director Milton Moses Ginsberg (who made *Coming Apart*) is neither a skilled nor a subtle satirist but does luck out with some lines rendered hilarious by hindsight. Official speculation that news of a wolf-man on the White House staff might be leaked by hostile journalists "to discredit the President" is topped, perhaps, by the Chief Executive's own sober observation that "the Attorney General is just too honest for his own good."

•

In a blighted corner of Long Island City, across the East River from Manhattan's glitter, a couple of hit men wearing shoulder holsters fondled their weapons, cracked jokes and waited for a cue to pile into Vincenzo's Clam House with guns blazing. Their quarry, meanwhile, sat inside at the best table—directly under framed photographs of James Cagney and Cary Grant—puffing a Marlboro, eyes closed, occasionally interrupting Paula Prentiss, his leading lady, as she hum-de-dummed a rock tune to amuse herself. ***Peter Boyle*** had just ordered *cannoli* and *spumone* and was enjoying a

breather from the last day of shooting *Crazy Joe*—a scene that happened to involve the gangland shooting of the title character who has much in common with the late Joey Gallo, though Columbia Pictures, the film's Italian director Carlo Lizzani (of *Bitter Rice*) and scenarist Lewis Carlino are officially *not* talking about that.

Since *Crazy Joe* is his first full-fledged starring role, Boyle was feeling expansive—and hungry, amazingly enough—after the scene was finished, so we repaired across the river to the more agreeable ambience of a popular showbiz eatery called The Ginger Man, which had also been the setting for a sequence in *Joe*, the uncrazy comedy about a malevolent hard-hat that launched Boyle's movie career. "This is Patrick O'Neal's place," Boyle began. "I used to work here not so many years ago as a waiter and host, seating people."

In purple shirt, baggy trousers and soiled sneakers—doffing the white-cotton

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boating cap that often covers his bald pate—Boyle still looks a lot like the over-30 blue-collar type he used to portray in countless TV commercials. "I had a whole career saying, 'Ring around the *collar*, honey!' and 'Sa-aaay, *this* fried chicken is *really* good.' People would come up to me on the street and say, 'I know you—Alka-Seltzer, right?' You get tired of being known as Alka-Seltzer. . . ." A mock *Mona Lisa* smile confirmed that those days are done.

"After *Joe*, I turned down some similar roles in other films—ones that became extremely successful, as a matter of fact—because I didn't want to be stereotyped as an *All in the Family* middle-American square. I've managed to get out from under that, I think. I get good money now, good parts."

The roles he's had so far have included a deft cameo as an airborne religious fanatic in *Kid Blue*, a nice bit as a businessman shacked up with Candice Bergen in *T. R. Baskin* ("Candy is a sensational, intelligent girl. We're great friends; I always try to see her when I'm in California") and a comic tour de force topped by a dandy imitation of Brando in Jane Fonda's *Steelyard Blues* ("Jane is very bright, extremely talented, but she's always on her political trip, concerned with the *content* of the film"). Boyle also toured briefly with Fonda's antiwar *Free the Army* (or *Fuck the Army*) show.

Though it sounds like a publicist's fantasy, Boyle was a monk of the Christian Brothers' order for two years in his youth. "I never got a taste of the brandy they make," he said. But he did get a plentiful taste of the contemplative religious life—and found his true calling in showbiz. Which is certainly sexier. Unmarried and unhurried, Boyle fully appreciates the fringe benefits of fame. "True, women come on to me now. They sense my power—and potency," he said with a leer, puffing up his chest. "I have a girlfriend in California and a girl in New York. I wouldn't mind becoming a sex symbol in films, but I doubt that I'll be asked. I'm not exactly the leading-man type, though I keep telling people that I see myself as another Leslie Howard."

In a more sober mood, he seems quite able to appreciate his work without undue ego-tripping. He felt he was "damn good in a nice straight part" as a politico with Robert Redford in *The Candidate*, and he was. He also liked himself as *Joe*. "I was very loose, because I expected nothing. If it had been a big-budget movie, let's face it, I wouldn't have got a chance even to read for the part. But they took a chance on me. A real fluke. I figured it was just another quickie that would end up playing the grindhouses on 42nd Street."

He hopes *Crazy Joe* will turn out to be a winner as well, yet he refrains from

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thumping the drums too vigorously. "There's a communication problem, maybe because the director is Italian. Strange. I talk about what I'm trying to do, but I'm not sure he reads me. I had to wrestle with myself about accepting this project at all. Basically, of course, it's a rip-off. They wanted to film the assassination scene at Umberto's Clam House downtown, where Joey Gallo was actually killed. I'm glad they changed their minds. That would have been very bad taste, in my opinion."

Discussing his next film commitment brings a fiendish grin to Boyle's face—teeth clenched, eyes bright, as if he were plugged into a pinball machine. "It'll be *Young Frankenstein*, for Mel Brooks. I'm going to play the monster, Gene Wilder the doctor. Wilder and Brooks are writing the script now. This has got to be *fun-ny*," he said, sounding like an actor who knows he's about to make a killing—one way or another.

RECORDINGS

The new band, ten pieces, is called the Caledonia Soul Orchestra, and with a name like that, it's got to be good. And it is. Van Morrison has recently finished a tour with the basic group that can be heard on ***Hard Nose the Highway*** (Warner Bros.), a mixed affair but one that has two great moments. One of these is *Warm Love*, self-explanatory as to content, done by Van in a sort of Fifties country-rock style, with Jackie De Shannon helping out in the backgrounds. He echoes the chorus of this tune in the title number, in which the band comes on very strong—even to a pseudo-Dixieland finale that just fits the country context. Other things on the album don't work so well. A heavy didactic slam called *The Great Deception* deals with the phonies and the plastic revolutionaries of "love city"; and the rather cute *Sesame Street* song, *Green*, pretty much disintegrates under Van's mannered attack. *Autumn Song* is also cute but works better, as he eases off the rock hollers. On balance, it's a worthwhile album with a great band, but Van ought to avoid straining for the cute, on the one hand, and the big production numbers on the other.

•

Brenda Patterson, who paid her dues in the rock-'n'-roll Pentecostal Church in Trumann, Arkansas, and the Alabama State Troopers band, checked out of Dixie in 1972, finally arriving at Playboy Records, where she's come up with a smashing album. She's assisted by nearly every rock musician worth working out with—Ry Cooder, Jim Horn and Chris Ethridge among them. Her material is eclectic—from songwriters such as Paul Simon, Jerry Lee Lewis and Johnny Otis—but everything works. However, it's on a

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traditional song, *Jesus on the Mainline*, that the full power of her voice comes through—rough and sweet Southern funky.

•

Tom Paxton has never been one to court success. Instead of performing the same old songs for new audiences, he comes up with ***New Songs for Old Friends*** (Reprise), a delightful collection of ballads on all sorts of romantic notions. From children's songs through the permutations of love to vigorous put-downs of war and injustice, Paxton's honesty makes him totally believable, and every number here is a vehicle for this rare kind of sincerity. The songs are generally simple but with a lyric bite to them. *Hobo in My Mind* is a good modern mountain ballad that throws out some nice fantasies. *Faces and Places* is nostalgia, which Tom says he hates but renders beautifully in a Fred Neil–type song. The capper is *When Princes Meet*, a proletarian ballad in medieval setting with, oddly enough, an easy Latin tango rhythm. The Princes'

. . . armor shines to shame the sun,
They move like gods they do resemble.
All bow their necks to iron feet
When Princes meet.

With this album, Tom should be winning *new* friends in droves. Most of these songs are good enough to be in anyone's standard repertoire.

•

Imagine the guttiest kind of Ornette Coleman–Charlie Haden duet, and you'll have a fleeting idea of the music on ***Back Door*** (Warner Bros.). Or, as the group describes itself, "Ornette Coleman plays Robert Johnson." Better yet, listen to Colin Hodgkinson's prodigious Fender bass, Ron Aspery's soprano, alto and flute, and Tony Hicks's driving, tasteful drumming, and make your own comparisons. These three Englishmen retired last year to the wilds of Yorkshire, began playing in a 16th Century pub for a sympathetic owner named Brian Jones (no relation), who financed an LP pressing of 1000 copies and subsequently made it back to Ronnie Scott's jazz club in London to rave reviews. Warner's got hold of the album and has issued it, without overdubs or any tape doctoring. These short, precise, acerbic numbers are an absolute blast of fresh air.

•

Although Roberta Flack's *Killing Me Softly with His Song* became an instant smash, the Atlantic album with the title ***Killing Me Softly*** has lots of other goodies worthy of your attention. Some are surprising—the bouncy *When You Smile*, for instance, has a ragtime feel, while *Conversation Love* is very much in the romantic-ballad genre. But the finale, Leonard Cohen's *Suzanne*, will raise the hairs on the back of your neck with that

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haunting, heartaching quality that has become a Flack hallmark. It's only the best rendition ever of that much-used—and much-abused—song.

•

Bandleader Dan Hicks, the master of high-class hoke, has broken up the Hot Licks just as they were beginning to make it to national prominence. Dan's singular neurotic impulses may have something to do with this split-up, for the band's testament, ***Last Train to Hicksville . . . the Home of Happy Feet*** (Blue Thumb), has more than its share of covert craziness. Like all his albums, this one shows the Licks (and the two singing ladies dubbed, naturally, the Lickettes) in a variety of pre-rock styles: country and western, Thirties ballad jazz, Tin-Pan Alley, you name it. Some of these lyrics display serious, even schizoid undertones, but all are delivered in the slick Hicks style—not just parody or preciosity but with elements of both. Catch the *Last Train* while you can; it's a head trip.

•

Mary Lou Williams has been playing piano for so long she's been taken for granted, but she has to rank as one of the jazz greats—a truly remarkable musician, an equally remarkable woman. In her own quiet way, she has given jazz a dignity and stature some of us think it deserves. ***From the Heart*** (Chiaroscuro) is Miss Williams' first solo album in 42 years—yes, you read it right, 42 years—and it is splendid. The compositions are all hers (she is also a composer of infinite talent) and the sounds that pour forth are extraordinary. On the same label, another jazz legend offers a solo piano session that calls for superlatives: ***Teddy Wilson / With Billie in Mind,*** a tribute to Lady Day and the tunes that were closely associated with her. It's a natural. Some of Holiday's best recordings were done with Wilson leading a wonderful collection of jazz musicians. There are 14 tunes, including *What a Little Moonlight Can Do, Miss Brown to You, Them There Eyes* and *Why Was I Born*, all of which Billie owned. A fitting salute from one giant to another.

•

Luciano Berio's success as a composer antedates his celebrated *Sinfonia* of 1968. Part of it was owing to the magnificent soprano voice of Cathy Berberian, perhaps the world's greatest singer of "new music." Now Berio pays her the homage of ***Recital I (For Cathy)*** (RCA). Or maybe, since it's a multilayered, quasi-operatic tale of a singer's torment and psychic entrapment, she inspired him to it. This record is an astonishing foray into the nature of musical and dramatic performance, the psychosocial aspects of concert singing and the schizophrenia of the protagonist—not, we presume, Miss Berberian in actuality. Berio conducts the

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by Marylee

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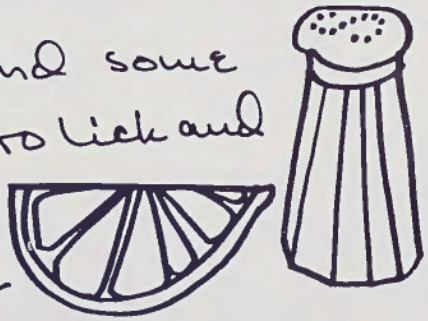

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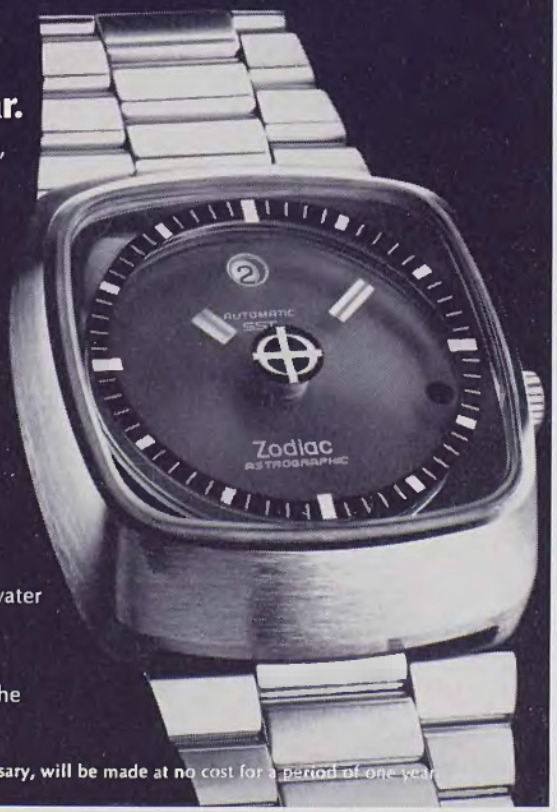

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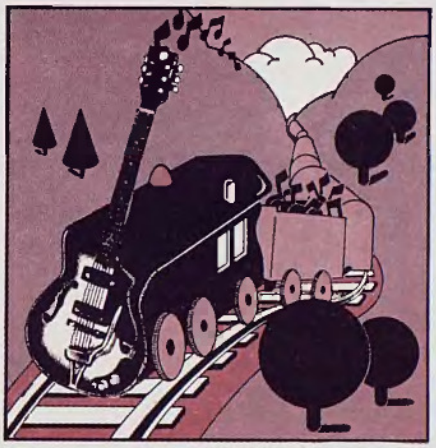
•

Don Nix sang in his Memphis church choir as a kid and has been making fine rock music for a number of years. He's very big on the old black bluesmen and, at the same time, gets into big country-Gospel production numbers. On ***Hobos, Heroes and Street Corner Clowns*** (Enterprise), you'll hear all these elements, and some standout guitar playing and backup work. *When I Lay My Burden Down*, for instance, is dedicated to Fred McDowell and features Furry Lewis, whose introductory monolog about W. C. Handy and



the early days is a treat. After a few blues choruses, the piece builds into a mighty Gospel stomp, with a remixed overlay of vocal background and multiple pianos. *Black Cat Moan* is more consistently in the old style, with some fine bottleneck and steel guitar. In fact, Don's guitarwork is better than his singing, but with powerhouse rocking numbers like *We Gotta Move (Keep On Rolling)*, we won't complain at all. "I have to cut what I like," says Nix. "I have to satisfy myself first. I am really proud of my album." Since it's easily the best he's done, he has every reason to be.

•

Grand Funk is still an obnoxious bunch of louts. We say that knowing full well that Todd Rundgren produced ***We're an American Band*** (Capitol), providing smoother textures and some interesting mixes, and that it has become fashionable to praise the group now, as if to atone for its financial success. But it's still the same dumb, repetitive stuff, which you'll hear in the first two tunes; and Farner, Brewer, Schacher and new member Craig Frost

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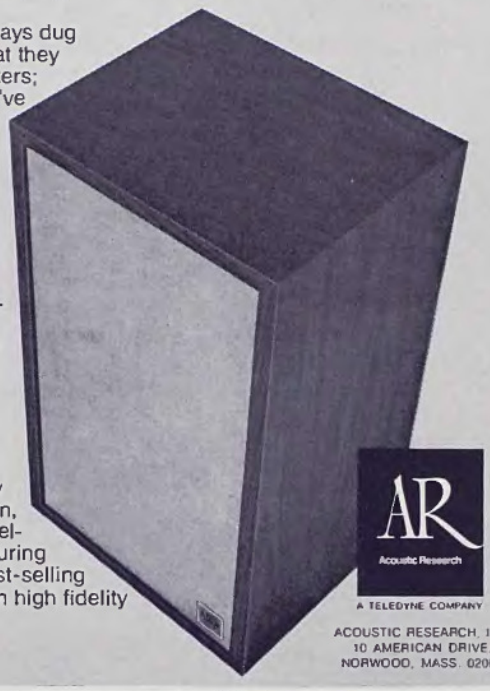

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(organ) now flaunt their earnings—by having the disc pressed on gold vinyl—and their sex by appearing naked in the hay on the inside sleeve. Musically, they offer *The Railroad*, which is better than most of this, but preposterous as a modern work song. Oh, well, another bummer and another gold record.

•

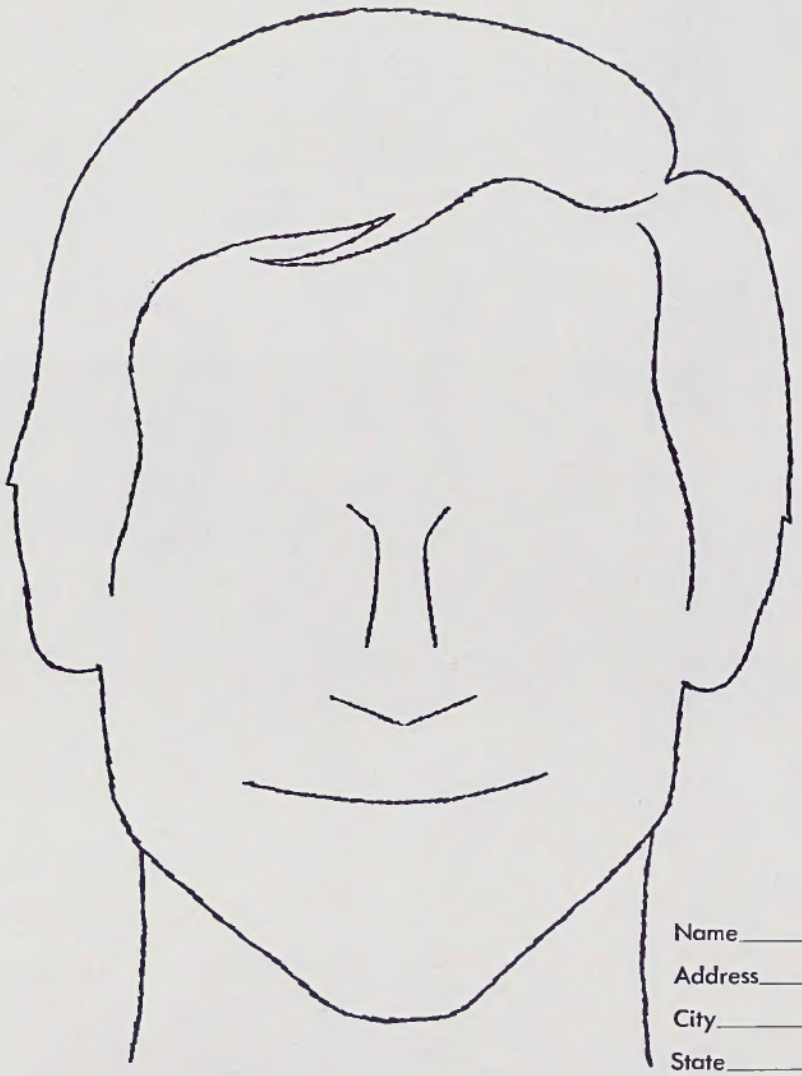
Herbie Mann has a problem. The eminent flutist–group leader turns out albums in profusion and they are almost all of comparable quality—which *we* think is very high but which leads some of his critics to put him down as an uninspired assembly-liner who follows whatever happens to be the "in" sound of the moment. If they mean that Mann keeps up with what's going on, they're absolutely right. If they mean that Mann and his men turn out a polished product, they're right again. ***Turtle Bay*** (Atlantic) is a beautiful album. From the Caribbean lilt of the title tune through the stomping *Reverend Lee* to the lovely theme from *Cries and Whispers*, based on a Chopin mazurka, Mann puts it all together. The only thing homogenized about the LP is the extraordinary level of musicianship that is maintained throughout.

THEATER

Mike Nichols called the title role in *Uncle Vanya*, as played in his production by ***Nicol Williamson***, "a self-dramatizing neurotic." This could stand as a description of the essential Williamson character. Whether as Hamlet, as Bill Maitland in John Osborne's *Inadmissible Evidence* or as the Madman in Gogol's *Diary of a Madman*, the 37-year-old actor has the extraordinary ability to make desperation tangible and theatrical.

The ultimate Williamson performance to date may have come in a brief scene from his one-man *Nicol Williamson's Late Show*, with which he regaled New Yorkers last summer every night after *Uncle Vanya*. In the middle of a stirring mixture of pop songs and poetry, he suddenly gave an excruciating rendition of the last pages of Samuel Beckett's *How It Is*, in which a man, terrifyingly, tries to grasp the last strands of his disappearing life. The line between life and death, sanity and madness is the one that Williamson tightrope-walks, often in such a bold, idiosyncratic way that while many critics rush to superlatives, others rush to the attack.

Of all the actors of his generation (who include Albert Finney, Alan Bates and Peter O'Toole), he is the most controversial and the most unpredictable. His common-man Hamlet, for example, split the critics down the middle. The actor sees nothing unwarranted about his



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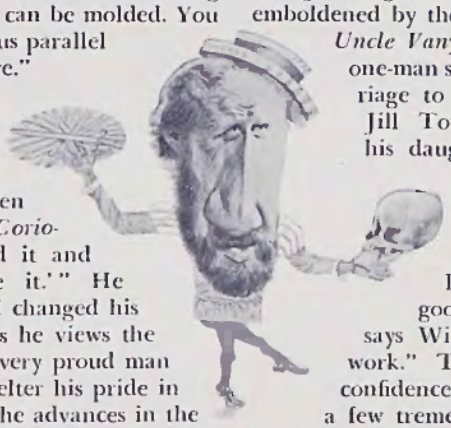
unusual approach, nor about his frequent use of a Midlands accent, admitting only, "I may break certain walls of convention."

He insists that he is not influenced by tradition nor even by past performance, saying that he has never seen a play before he has performed it—including *Vanya*, *Hamlet* and *Coriolanus*, which he is currently doing in London with the Royal Shakespeare Company. "It's better that way," he maintains. "In working with a director, you can be molded. You can reach a marvelous parallel of thought and desire."



Unlike some actors, he does not chart goals or stake out roles, but plays it by ear: "I never even thought of doing *Coriolanus*. Then I read it and said, 'I don't like it.'" He thought it over and changed his mind completely. As he views the play, it is about "a very proud man who is unable to shelter his pride in the background" as he advances in the government. "He's so cocksure, so in control, so scathing about the rank and file. He is a true right-wing conservative. He believes almost in the divine right of rule. He is a very heroic man, but not a hero. He is a man of action who is marred by fierce pride. The audience should start out hating him."

The difficulty in playing the role, he says, is for the actor "not to sympathize" with the character. As an actor, he must be prepared—in this and other roles—"for people to hate me." Otherwise, he says, "why would I do *Diary of a Madman*? There's nothing likable about him. He's a paranoiac, schizophrenic, masturbatory, loathsome, toadlike creature. Yet there is something so tragic, so touching about him.

"A lot of actors are very afraid not to be loved onstage. It terrifies them." He adds, with undiluted scorn, that "several well-known actors of this day and age" do not act but merely "vent their own personalities." As for Williamson, "I certainly think what I do is truthful and importantly real and representative of"—he pauses and says—"a man! In a living situation." Then he adds about his often offbeat interpretations, "I love to dare."

He says, "I've always had assurance onstage," and remembers that at the beginning of his career, when he was 17, a critic observed about him, "The odd thing about that lad, whenever he walks on stage he reeks confidence." "That remark keeps coming back to me," he says. "Reeking means smelling," and he almost sniffs the air in memory. "If I did that, I fucking would die." While conceding that he does appear to be confident onstage ("When you play someone who is impotent, that's when you need the most confidence"), he adds that "I worry about people thinking I'm *too* confident. Doubt ever gnaws me. I'm driven to question everything I do."

His career so far has been somewhat rocky. His films, such as *The Bofors Gun* and *The Reckoning*, have not been as widely recognized as his stagework. He has sometimes been criticized for his temperamental reputation; in one famous incident, he reportedly slugged David Merrick ("a monster, of course, but not a frightening one," says the actor). But emboldened by the enormous success of *Uncle Vanya* and of his virtuoso one-man show, and with his marriage to the American actress Jill Townsend (who played his daughter in *Inadmissible Evidence*) and the recent birth of their first child, he seems to be entering a new, happier phase. "It's a good time in my life," says Williamson. "I *want* to work." Then, in a burst of confidence: "I know I will make a few tremendous films." Adding almost immediately: "But one must not be too hasty. I'm a growing lad."

BOOKS

Gore Vidal's new novel, ***Burr*** (Random House), explores the "cunning passages" and "contrived corridors" of history with such seeming authenticity and ease of style that purists and patriots are sure to consign the author and his work to the lowest circles of literary hell. Others less pure and patriotic will quaff it like new wine. It's a heady book, enlivened by the crash of falling idols. The time is the 1830s, when young Charles Schuyler, a journalist, sets out to learn the facts and write the story of one of the new nation's most controversial figures while he still lives. For Aaron Burr is, indeed, very much alive, even flourishing, having just married a rich widow whose resources he meant to use to finance another of his visionary schemes: settling German immigrants in the Western territories. Schuyler is granted unprecedented access to Burr's memories and papers (we learn why at the end of the book), and these investigations devolve, naturally, on the famous duel with Hamilton (this part of the novel was published in our October issue), the no-less-famous treason trial and assorted vignettes of the great. Washington, for example, emerges as vain, aristocratic and achingly dull, but a man so absolutely certain of his destiny as the first American that many more talented and idealistic politicians simply vanish in the shade of his self-image. Jefferson is cast in the shape of deceit, using (save the mark!) Executive privilege during the Burr treason trial "to decide, independently of all authority,

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what papers coming to him as President the public interest permit to be communicated." Historians will have their say, no doubt, but even a mere reader may come to suspect the regularity with which the author stands the hallowed on their heads, for the purpose of giving their clay feet such prominence. The founding fathers may not have been gods, but neither were they clowns. Vidal is doing that most unhistorical thing—assigning narrow motives to historical figures who may have been guided by other and perhaps even larger motives. It's a risk, but a risk that pays off marvelously well in the high-grade ore of a brilliantly imagined work of fiction.

•

Pentimento. The word is Italian for repentance and pentimento is the term used to describe what sometimes happens as an oil painting ages and becomes transparent, showing whatever the artist chose to put first on the canvas, then painted over. Lillian Hellman has chosen to look at her life and certain people who have been a part of it over the years—often from childhood—as they once were and as they seem now after the alterations made by chance, by choice, by the experience and awareness that may come with age. We all look back. We all paint over, but most of us do not do it very well or very carefully. Perhaps we can't afford to or maybe we haven't kept track of ourselves, so find we haven't much to work with. ***Pentimento*** (Little, Brown) is interesting because it is written out of an intelligence and vitality that would make any story come alive. (This is the second Lillian Hellman memoir. The first was *An Unfinished Woman*, published two years ago.) But it is remarkable and important because of the degree to which courage and honesty have been made to stand at the core of this woman's life. Miss Hellman was, as she admits, a difficult and unusual child. She grew up in New York and New Orleans among a sprawl of offbeat, colorful and sometimes crazy relatives who would have made any child wonder. Her parents were not much help, either. She was, in many ways, on her own from the beginning and would probably have bungled her way into some perfectly credible Southern nightmare if she hadn't been brighter than most and blessed with that feisty, hot-blooded quality one looks for in survivors. She was always trying to get to the bottom of things, to know who someone was beneath the paint and the jewels, the lies and the funny stories, the fear. Two old aunts, a glamorous uncle gone to seed, a woman living with a gangster, a childhood friend caught in Nazi Germany, a maid, a student, a lover—all interesting people in their ways, but they become unforgettable because they have entered her life or she theirs. People meet in these stories, touch, perhaps pass out of each other's lives for a while or for decades, but the thread remains. There is a good firm knot at one end and the knot at the other comes for a reason. It may be the knowledge that loyalty was misplaced. It may be that the truth came slowly through years of misunderstanding. Often the knot is tied because someone Miss Hellman has loved dies. She is not a sentimental woman, so a loss that seems almost unbearable at times to the reader is made bearable by her own acceptance. Her life has been painful; she has suffered and made too

many mistakes, and hurt people and sometimes drunk too much and often acted badly or refused to act when she should have. It has been all that, but much more. It has been a life rich with humor and warmth and loyalty and integrity and courage, and it makes one wonder long before the end whether many of us, reading away in the early hours of the morning, haven't somehow missed the boat completely.

•

Pentimento is a very good book, written by a woman. But the book's importance has a lot more to do with art than with the sex of the author. At a considerably less sublime level are the books that set out to explain women in terms of the events of the past few years. A great deal of ballyhoo has accompanied the publication of ***A Different Woman*** (Dutton), in which Jane Howard mixes autobiography with journalism in a brave and breezy attempt to make sense of her life. She emerges as a somewhat baffled feminist. "I'm a sympathizer, a femsymp . . ." she concludes, "but some feminists come on so abrasive they alarm even me." The "different woman" in the title, one gathers, is none other than Ms. Howard—different because she's a 38-year-old, unmarried career woman; also, perhaps, because in the course of her investigations into American womanhood, her own views change. She likes women better now, she confesses, and she feels less apologetic about herself. Ms. Howard is at her wistful best when ruminating about her awkward adolescence in Illinois. "One of my most cringing memories is of making my

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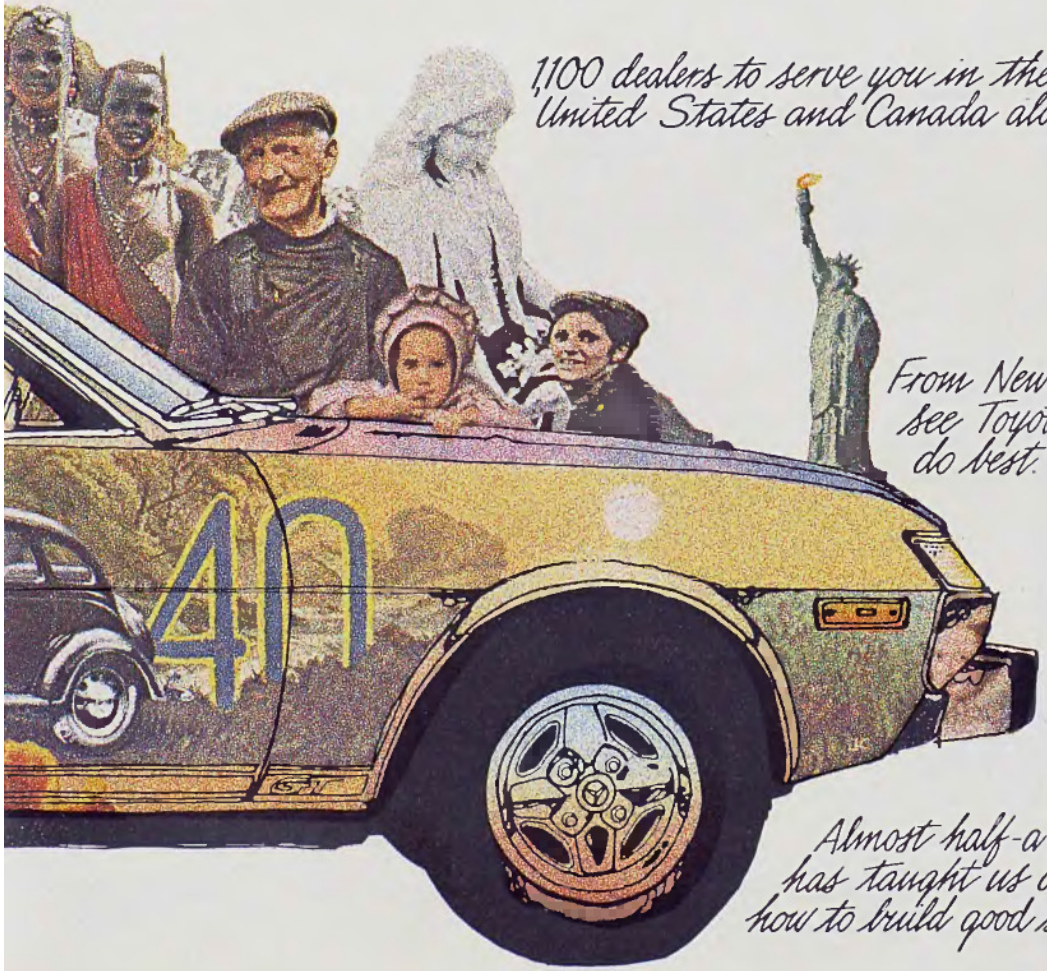

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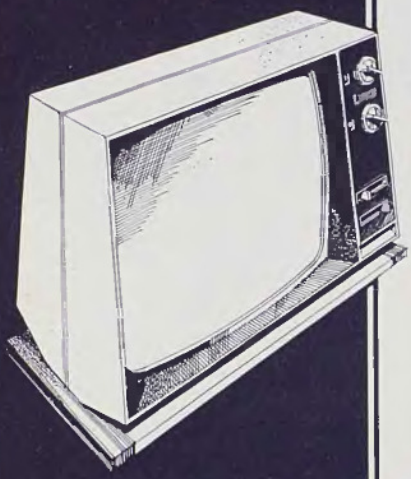

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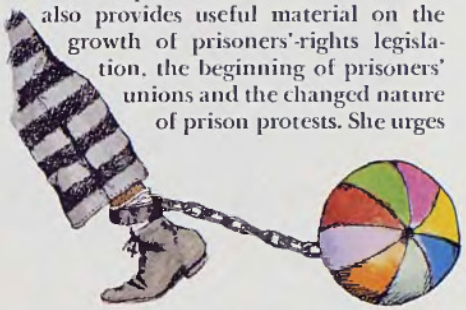
self-conscious way, imprisoned in braces and glasses . . . from locker to classroom. On the way I would hail people by saying, 'Excuse me: Hi.'" Early on she warns us that "The more a woman talks, the more mysterious and complex she proves to be." Ms. Howard talks a lot: about her mother ("My mother and I had a sure instinct for riling each other, like stalking beasts in a forest"); about her compulsive traveling for fun, love and *Life* magazine (the Bahamas one day, Casablanca the next); and about myriad friends, roommates and people she has interviewed, all of whom she copiously quotes, regardless of their tendency to repeat themselves and one another. There is no one, it appears, whom Ms. Howard does not admire. One wishes, finally, that she had jettisoned the journalism and thereby salvaged the autobiography.

•

The long war between the police and the Mafia continues—in publishing. The cop book and the Mob book have become two of the most profitable genres of the season. Jimmy Breslin successfully played one side of the street in *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*. And in his second novel, ***World Without End, Amen*** (Viking), he plays the other. Dermot Davey is a hard-drinking Irish cop who seems old at 29. He is on the take, married to a bingo-playing biddy and foursquare behind George Wallace. When he and his partner get into deep trouble for beating up a black transvestite hustler, he decides to go to Ireland on a police charter. Dermot hopes to ingratiate himself with the police chaplain serving as tour escort. He also looks forward to a reunion with his father, whom he hasn't seen since childhood. But in Ireland, the world turns for Dermot: He discovers his father is but a shell of a man, with whom he has nothing in common. He finds a young, spirited New Leftist colleen, Deidre, who captures his heart and his head, until she comes to a sorrowful end, victim of an assassin's bullet. And Dermot returns to America to live out his fate—a disillusioned, grifting cop looking for the next score. Breslin knows what a Catholic boyhood and an Irish-American family are like, is familiar with the ways of the New York City police, down to the last greased palm, and has a good ear for New York diction. But when it comes to the Ireland of Belfast and the Bogside and all the troubles, he's out of his element; his characterizations become sentimentalizations and his plot nothing more than unrealized Hemingway. Still, *World Without End, Amen*, for all its faults, represents a more ambitious attempt at serious writing than anything Breslin has attempted before. A wee solace for his fans.

•

In ***Kind and Usual Punishment*** (Knopf), Jessica Mitford turns her reportorial skills loose on prisons, "this shifting, arcane world of some 1,330,000 souls, with its complex of juvenile-detention homes, city and county jails, Federal and state penitentiaries." The book is a chillingly detailed series of probes, ranging from an analytical history of prison reform to such current aids to "rehabilitation" as the use on prisoners of behavior-modification drugs and aversion therapy (*Clockwork Orange* style). *Kind and Usual Punishment*, however, is not limited to prison abuses. Miss Mitford also provides useful material on the growth of prisoners'-rights legislation, the beginning of prisoners' unions and the changed nature of prison protests. She urges



a moratorium on all prison building, because, among other reasons, an overwhelming percentage of those now in prison shouldn't be there at all. If, for example, such present offenses as prostitution, gambling, vagrancy, sexual acts between consenting adults and drug use were made noncriminal, there would be no need for new, huge facilities. She also advocates that "sentences, which for most crimes are longer in the U. S. than in any other Western country," be greatly reduced. There is a valuable appendix for readers moved to action—names and addresses of publications and organizations engaged in helping prisoners and liberating the rest of us from the recidivist results of our present ways of "rehabilitating" offenders.

•

For readers who may have forgotten *The Affluent Society*, published 15 years ago, or missed *The New Industrial State*, which appeared in 1967, John Kenneth Galbraith now puts it all together in one easy-to-read and important volume—***Economics and the Public Purpose*** (Houghton Mifflin)—that is much more than a recycling of his earlier views. Galbraith maintains, first, that the American addiction, insatiable consumption, causes more problems than it pretends to solve; and, second, that the verities of neoclassic economics—principally, the self-balancing supply-and-demand features of the market system—have been rendered obsolete by the emergence of a nearly omnipotent corporate technostructure. It is the new class of technocrats—business executives, lawyers, scientists, engineers and advertising men, not to mention economists—that manages the nation's corporate wealth, decides its goals, administers prices and wages and completely dominates what remains of the market system in agriculture, retail trade and

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small manufacturing. So powerful is the technostructure, says Galbraith, that the state itself has become its "executive committee." How, then, to disarm the technostructure and remedy the many injustices it routinely perpetrates against consumers, the poor, the environment and sensible social policy in general? Here is where Galbraith flounders. He has so convinced us of the technocracy's vast powers that his attempt to formulate a program he calls the New Socialism sounds merely rhetorical. Why should a subservient state curb the corporate giants? What miracle sword can sever the ties that bind the defense industry to the defense establishment? How many legislators will vote to nationalize health, housing, agriculture, transportation, or to impose direct Government regulation of prices and production in the market system?

Nevertheless, Galbraith's indictment is surely warranted: "Unequal development, inequality, frivolous and erratic innovation, environmental assault, indifference to personality, power of the state, inflation . . . are part of the system as they are part of reality." If his remedy seems unequal to the need, it is perhaps only a measure of the distance we have yet to travel before we reach a sane and decent economic system. Once again, Galbraith points the way.

•

From April 1970 to December 1972, Philip Berrigan, a Catholic priest and one of the more visible and persistent protesters against the war in Southeast Asia, was in jail for having taken part in the destruction of draft-board records in Catonsville, Maryland. ***Widen the Prison Gates*** (Simon & Schuster), a collection of his prison writings, discloses that the time he served was nothing if not lively. When he wasn't involved in joining prisoners in various acts of resistance, Berrigan read and wrote. The result is a self-portrait of a fervent rebel. There are explications, in contemporary context, of passages from the Gospel; smoldering reflections on the continuance of the war despite all the civil disobedience and all the demonstrations; reactions to press accounts of his case (even friendly journalists, he felt, didn't get the point); analyses of Gandhi and of the possibilities of nonviolent action in America; and—a recurrent motif—his affection for Sister Elizabeth McAlister, whom, he reveals, he married in 1969. Despite their marriage, he considers himself still a priest and his wife still a nun. ("The issue is not marriage or celibacy but mature fidelity to the Gospel.") *Widen the Prison Gates* is particularly arresting in its series of entries concerning the Harrisburg conspiracy trial in which Berrigan and McAlister were among the defendants. "Frankly, we played to the jury—calculatingly and unabashedly. . . . We learned to watch our decorum strictly . . . to exude an air of confidence and cheerfulness." Berrigan's main weakness is an occasional indulgence in facile rhetoric, as when he writes: "I don't hold much truck for those in politics, whether doves or hawks. Politics is about the organization of profits, and usually at the *real* expense of people." But how is power going to be redistributed, if not through politics? Berrigan doesn't say.

•

Hair was to hippies what *The Sound of Music* was to squares. Twenty-six million people saw it in 22 countries and Galt MacDermot's score remains a major influence in pop music. But behind the showbiz phenomenon, it now appears, lurked a sad little backstage drama. Performer Lorrie Davis, one of the original Broadway cast (writing "with" journalist Rachel Gallagher), tells it like it was—or at least the way she saw it—in ***Letting Down My Hair*** (Arthur Fields), subtitled "Two Years with the Love Rock Tribe—

From Dawning to Downing of Aquarius." While the men who prospered making *Hair* a growth industry from 1968 to 1972 will probably take issue with her, Miss Davis writes in a gossipy, epistolary style that smacks of authentic experience. The missionary zeal that director Tom O'Horgan instilled into his young company soon dissipated, it seems, into onstage anarchy and offstage orgies of drugs and sex. According to the Davis report, "We were 23 talented nobodies living under a flimsy veil of Love who had been brainwashed into thinking we were the harbingers of a new dawning, the Aquarian Age." Fuel for the company's fast-fading illusions was supplied by management in the form of frequent injections by a quack popularly known as Dr. Feelgood, who said his

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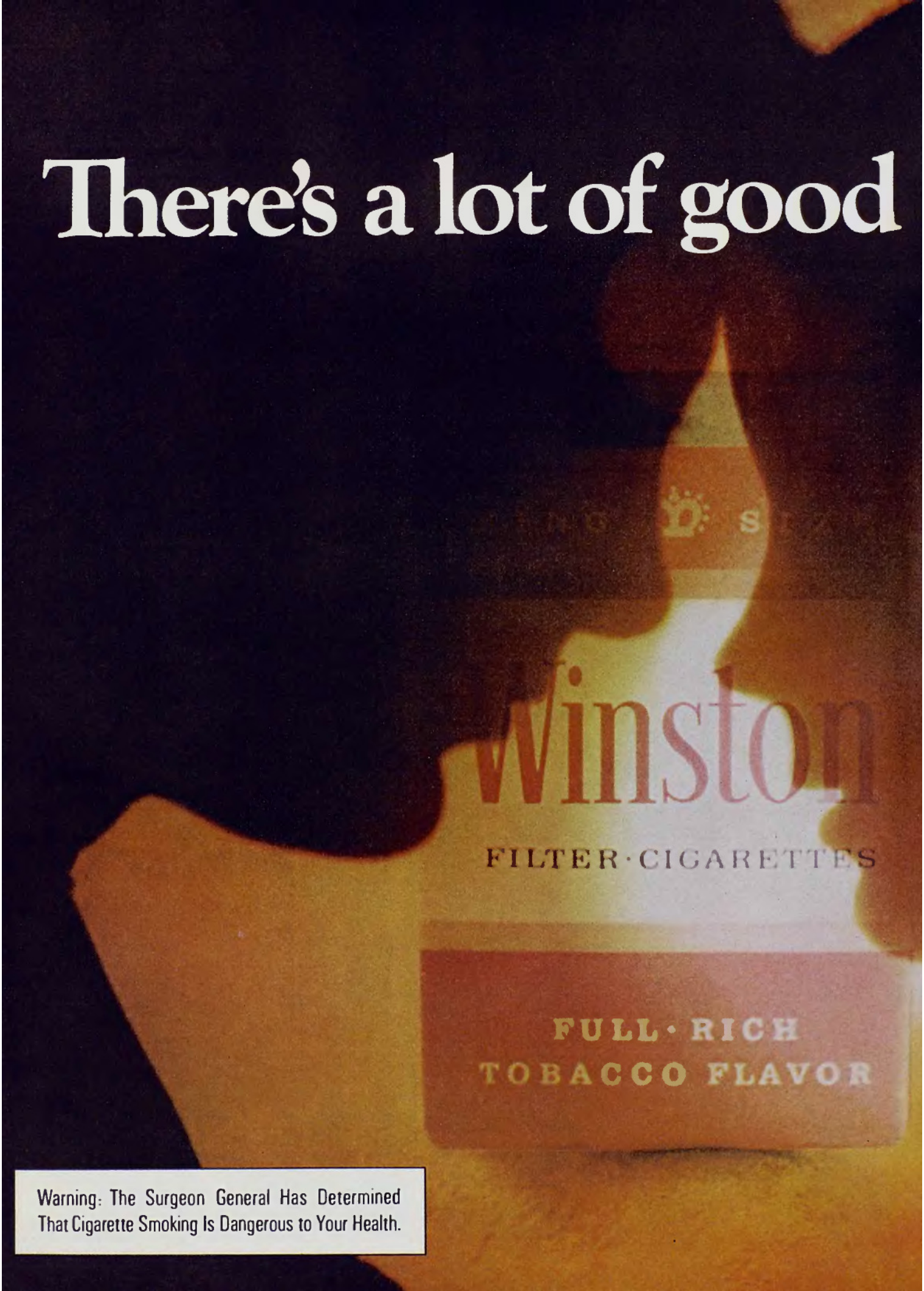
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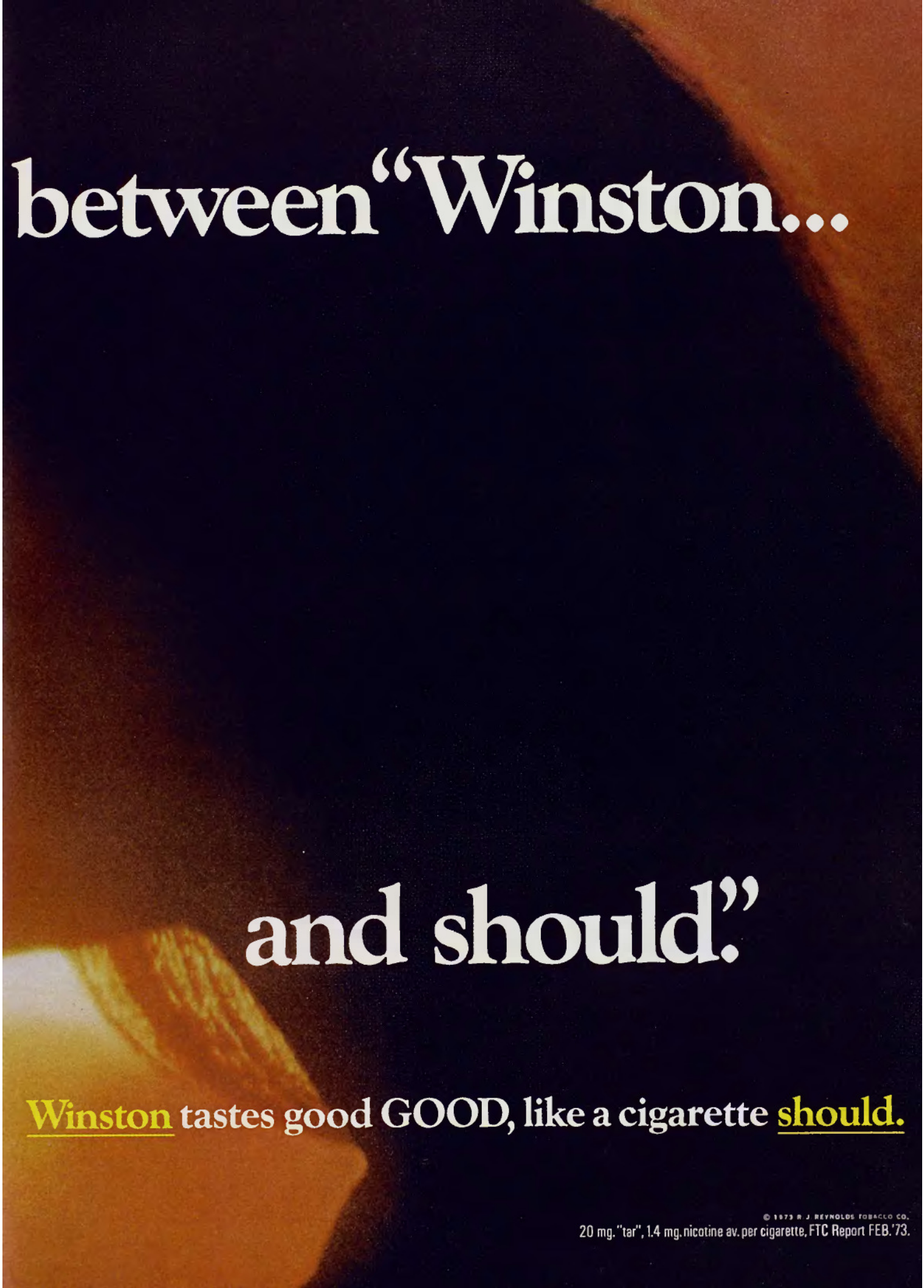

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needles contained vitamin B_{12}. Author Davis, a former nurse, remarks: "Dr. Feelgood gave his shots at eight in the evening. The curtain, and most of the cast, rose at 8:30." Racial tension, greed and *Hair* groupies were only a few of the problems encountered during the show's four-year run. Actors who were originally paid a pittance of $130–$155 a week received a bonus of $1.50 per show for taking their clothes off in the celebrated nude scene, and bad feelings multiplied when the management refused to cancel a performance after the death of Lamont Washington, a black cast member. These rueful reminiscences are easy to read and loaded with wry social significance—a distillation of a Sixties dream gone sour.

MUSIC

When we heard that the **New York Dolls***—hyped as the new pervo band—were having a coming-out concert at Madison Square Garden, it seemed only proper to ask Chris Miller to cover it for us. He's been the* National Lampoon*'s resident dirty young man for the past couple of years, and we knew he could raise a couple of three-dollar bills for the price of a ticket. His report:*

So here's the deal: Society is collapsing. Reeling with future shock, stunned into semivegetablehood by the assassinations, massacres and assorted other bummers of the past decade, the current youth generation has turned to decadence for the style of its rebellion. In the Fifties, it was hoodiness; in the Sixties, hippieness; now, it's a *Satyricon*/*Clockwork Orange*/life-sucks-so-who-gives-a-shit trip. In New York City at places called juice bars, vast numbers of teenagers are turning out nightly in glitter, creepy make-up and weird clothes to take downers and bump into walls. They have, naturally, their own fave-rave groups—which have sprung from the streets and, as might be expected, look much like the juice-bar clientele. Only more so. They have names like the Harlots of 42nd Street, Teenage Lust and Ruby and the Red-necks. Considered foremost among them are the New York Dolls.

So I went to see the Dolls at their first aboveground concert in New York, and you know what? They ain't so decadent. One of them did wear a tutu and another fired a blank pistol at the ceiling, grimaced and appeared to be coming. But *musically*, they were pretty good. They play loud, sloppy, exciting rock 'n' roll in the tradition of Chuck Berry and the Rolling Stones. But decadent? Nah. Their costumes and make-up seemed forlornly unconnected to their performance. They might as well have been dressed as gorillas or mailmen.

You want decadence? I'll give you decadence. Let *me* form a band. It's called Major Lips and the Peeholes. Major Lips is a huge bull dyke who plays electric dildo. The rest of the group is also female, except for the bass player, whom no one is quite sure about, because he/she performs in a full butyl-rubber suit such as they wear in the Chemical Corps when detoxifying nerve gas. The other Peeholes perform topless and have their nipples made up to resemble tiny fanged mouths. The glass heels of their platform shoes contain live cockroaches, which slowly die during the evening.

OK. The band heralds its arrival by playing a loud tape of several people throwing up. Then, as slides of various afterbirths are projected onto a huge screen behind them, the Peeholes run onstage, grab their instruments and play an instrumental called *Beer Farts*. Now it's time for the entrance of the lead singer. The drummer does a roll and Major Lips plays her dildo, filling the auditorium with great amplified slush-slushes, and onto the stage prances a high-energy (he's a Leo) gay in Puerto Rican drag. He is called Diarrhea Montez. He looks like a cross between Judy Garland and Cesar Romero. And he has leprosy! So he comes running on, leaving little pieces of himself in a trail behind

him, grabs the mike and *shoves it up his ass*! Yes, he actually sticks it *right up the old chocolate factory*! And . . . it turns out . . . *this is how he sings!* The band comes in behind him and, without ever removing the mike, he launches into the Peeholes' current top-ten smash, *Back Door Sheep*. And his voice isn't bad!

But wait! They've only started! Before they leave the stage, they hurl dead cats into the audience, hawk phlegm at one another (while singing *Sister Mucus*), bite the heads off live chickens and murder three members of the audience! Now, *this* is decadence!

By comparison, the New York Dolls are a little tame theatrically. But catch their music. *That's* a bitch.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Believe it or not, I've fallen in love with the girl next door. We've known each other since childhood. We went to junior high, senior high, and then to a two-year college together. Now I'm transferring to another university and she will be transferring next year. Through all this time, we've been good friends. Suddenly I feel something more for her. I'm pretty sure she feels the same way, but we never get past the faces of friends. We each seem to be waiting for the other to give the sign. We trust each other, we tell each other our problems and we thoroughly enjoy the time spent together. I don't want this to be destroyed by my new attitude. I want to get serious, but I don't want to put my cards on the table before I know I've got the game beat. What do I do?—A. M., Troy, New York.

Friendship is a beautiful frustration that can be spoiled by love, but no one has ever complained. Forget your history; a person changes a relationship by pledging: "What we have in common I will now make different." Don't be afraid to lay your cards on the table. Since you've been playing with the same deck for most of your life, she probably knows your hand as well as you do. We think she will fold.

I share an apartment with two roommates. Although we have private bedrooms, there is one problem that spoils the fun whenever my girlfriend spends the night. My bed squeaks—loud enough to be heard through the entire apartment, even when the door is closed. Has anyone devised a solution to the telltale bed?—R. W., Bowling Green, Ohio.

Yes. The squeak probably originates in the frame; rub wax on both ends of the frame's side rails. This should silence the voice that has been announcing your nocturnal activities (at least temporarily). The wax will wear off eventually, so be prepared to repeat the procedure. If it doesn't work, check with the dealer who sold you the bed. Maybe you can trade your Howard Cosell Special for a water bed.

All too often, after getting a young lady into the bedroom, I end up spending the night alone. On the basis of my attributes, this should not be the case at all. I am 24, well versed in the social amenities and I drive an expensive car. Somehow this does not seem to be enough. I don't mean to sound as though I'm failing completely, because I have been successful many times. I just become bewildered when I seem to have my prey cornered, and then get nothing. I have been told by more than one female companion that I have a most persuasive manner and that I can almost talk a girl into bed, where my talent surely does not stop. Why, then, do I end up with so many cases of cold sheets?—H. S., Cape May, New Jersey.

Social encounters shouldn't end up in a corner—even the fairest creature will turn, fight or flee if she senses that you view her as prey, yourself as hunter and your attributes as bait. A person who identifies himself with his technique (as you do) often fails to identify his companions as individuals. Sex should be mutual exploration, not unilateral exploitation. Approach your dates as if they were members of an endangered species (which they are) and the quality of your relationships might improve. We won't guarantee an increase in quantity, but then, if you follow this advice, you'll forget about keeping score.

Prior to our marriage, and for about three years after, my wife dressed sexy. While I was overseas in Vietnam, she dressed sexy and had an affair. She continued to dress sexy when I came back from Nam. No underwear or bras or anything. She is very beautiful and built like crazy. Here is the problem: A year ago, we had a child. Now she claims that she is too old to dress sexy and that as a mother, she should be more conservative. How can I persuade her to dress supersexy again?—L. E., Atlanta, Georgia.

If your wife is more at ease in conservative clothes, it's her right to dress accordingly. We suggest a compromise: Drop the issue as far as streetwear is concerned and ask that she look "supersexy" for you when you are at home. Dressing sexy is great, but it's undressing sexy that really knocks your socks off.

For years I've heard stories that the Army has surplus World War Two Harley-Davidson motorcycles available for next to nothing. Supposedly, the parts are packed in grease—you simply uncrate, clean and assemble them, then ride off into the sunset. I am low on funds and in desperate need of transportation. Are these stories true and, if so, how do I get in line for one?—J. B., La Jolla, California.

The stories are true, but, as they say, it's a short ride into the sunset in Southern California. A spokesman for the Department of Defense said that "motorcycles are infrequently offered for sale and considerable time may elapse before you receive catalogs offering this type of property." One of our staff writers has been waiting almost two years for news of these cycles. If you want to get in line, write: D. O. D. Surplus Sales, P. O. Box

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1370, Battle Creek, Michigan 49016. The bikes are not exactly bargains. One nonmechanic complained that his reincarnated Harley went (off) like a peanut-butter grenade (the chunk-style fragmentation model). A more experienced bike freak said he arrived at a decent street machine only after he had thrown away a half ton of accessories and rebuilt the beast from the name plate out. You might have better luck looking for a motorcycle at police auctions. Check with town governments in your area for information and dates.

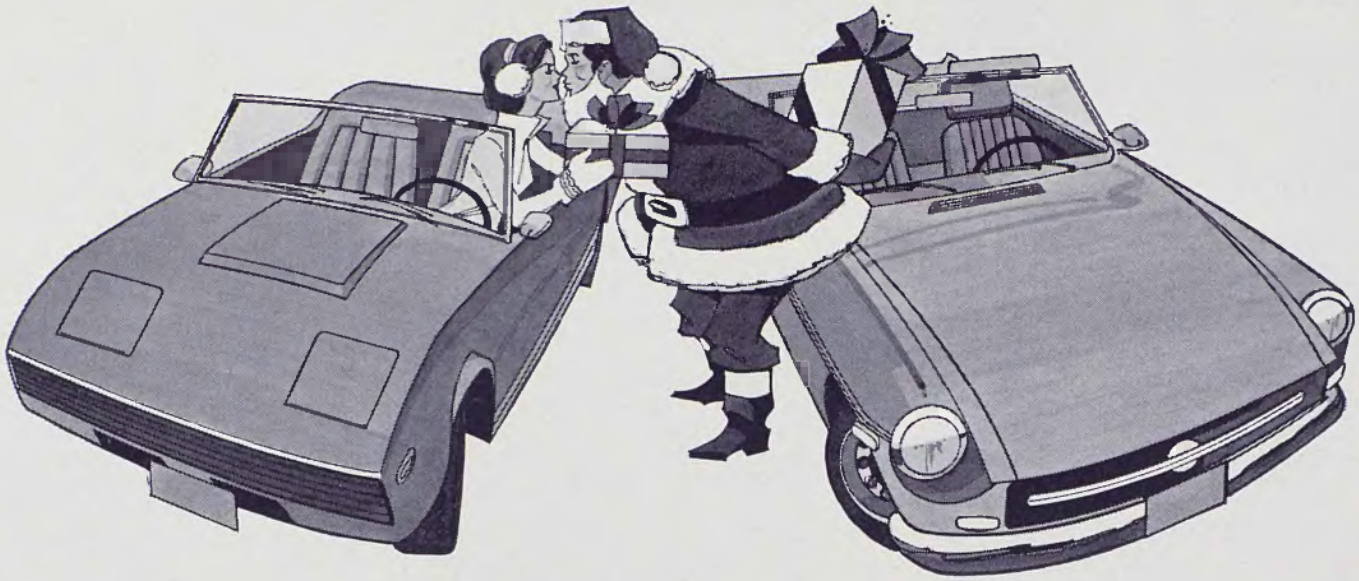
Recently I have come across several reports that link asbestos and some forms of cancer. One article indicated that children's balloons were coated with asbestos powder to keep them from sticking together; fortunately, manufacturers have switched to a safer substance. It occurs to me that the condoms I use are also coated with a powdery substance that might be asbestos. Is this the case and should I start to worry about cancer?—G. F., San Antonio, Texas.

Rest in peace; your safes are safe. Condoms are coated with French talc, silicon or lycopodium—all asbestos free. Lycopodium, the most common lubricant, is made from the pollen of plants that are found in Balkan countries and above the Arctic Circle. The microscopic, perfect spheres of pollen function as tiny ball bearings to make balling bearable.

Anatomy has always fascinated me, and after numerous encounters, I can say that curiosity has skilled the cat. However, last weekend I had intercourse with a young lady whose vagina was quite far underneath her. I found it so uncomfortable to enter from the conventional position that I had to put her on her hands and knees for a better shot at the prize. This is only the second time in my 26 years that I have found a misplaced vagina. What is the medical term for this condition?—J. E., Scarsdale, New York.

There is no medical term for a misplaced vagina, because the condition doesn't exist. There are distinct anatomical differences among women, but it is unlikely that a woman's vagina would be so placed as to prohibit face-to-face intercourse—in fact, ordinarily, face-to-face anal intercourse is possible. It's our guess that you and your partner simply were not cooperating.

When I moved into a furnished cottage on Cape Cod for the winter, I noticed a strange phenomenon that I hope you can explain. There are three barometers in the house—all within reasonable distance of one another. One, in the living room, registered 28.6 pounds of pressure, while another, on the kitchen wall, registered 32.5. Yet another, on the window sill above the kitchen sink, showed 31.3. Each



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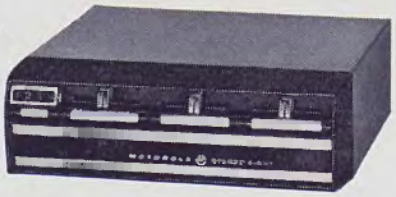

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of the barometers appeared to be of the finest quality, yet each gave a different reading. I was unaware that such a situation was possible. Can you shed some light on it?—W. T., Provincetown, Massachusetts.

As everyone knows, if you don't like the weather in New England, you wait five minutes and it will change. If it takes you more than five minutes to get from one barometer to the next, that might explain the differences in readings. There is another explanation. Barometers have to be calibrated when they are installed and recalibrated as they go out of adjustment. (The initial calibration takes into account the altitude at which the barometer is installed.) There should be an adjustment screw on the back of each barometer. Get an accurate reading of the current pressure from a reliable weather station and adjust the barometers to match. They should remain within reasonable range of one another for the rest of your stay. Good luck on your detective novel.

During a *Late Show* presentation of *The Mask of Dimitrios* (a sort of *Maltese Falcon* without Humphrey Bogart), I heard Sydney Greenstreet offer Peter Lorre a cup of Algerian coffee, with the warning: "It takes longer to prepare, but I prefer it." I cannot find a recipe for Algerian coffee; does it exist, or was Greenstreet's line another example of the cryptic references that abound in Warner Bros.' flicks of the Forties?—N. B., Chicago, Illinois.

The Algerian embassy tells us that Algerian coffee is essentially Turkish coffee with extra sugar and lots of milk added after brewing. With that in mind, you might try PLAYBOY *Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario's recipe for Turkish coffee:*

18 ozs. (6 demitasse cups) water
6 heaping teaspoons Turkish coffee
6 level teaspoons sugar (or more to taste)

Pour water into Turkish coffeepot (ibrik). Heat over low flame until water is hot but not boiling. Remove from flame and stir in coffee and sugar; a foam will form on top. To retain the foam, the coffee should never be vigorously boiled. Return pot to flame; bring to a boil—but do not stir. Pour half the coffee among the 6 cups. Return pot to flame and again very slowly bring to a boil. Pour balance of coffee into cups. Sip until sediment is reached.

I work for a bank as a loan officer and about two months ago, I began an affair with the president's personal secretary. Everything was going fine in every possible way. Then last week the bottom fell out. When we were about two blocks from her house, at a service station getting gas for my car, my wife pulled up on the other side of the gas pump, in our second car. I immediately got out of the car and went over to my wife, and she wanted to know who was in the car. I told her who it was, said that we had just left a meeting and that I was just getting some gas and was going to drop her off at her house. We were actually heading for a local motel and had liquor in the car as well, but my wife didn't see it. The experience was terrifying for both of us and, since then things have steadily gone downhill. My wife has been decidedly cool, if not hostile. And the girl, who is single and whom I genuinely adore, is having second thoughts about our relationship. It is also true that my position at work, and a very promising future there, could really be hurt by a scandal. I would like to coordinate all three spheres of my life so that I can maintain the balance of excitement and success. How do you suggest I proceed?—J. D., Augusta, Maine.

We doubt anyone's ability to continue an act like that for very long. A juggler who can't handle three balls should settle for two. Make the choices now or you may be left with nothing. Remember that no one ever paid to see a juggler without any balls.

Glancing through a magazine recently, I noticed that one of the models had no nipples. I asked my boyfriend what had happened to them. He looked at me in astonishment and said, "You mean you still have both of your nipples?" He told me that a woman's nipples are often removed by a man in the heat of passion and that one person he knows used to have a whole jarful. They looked like dried apricots. I told him that this was ridiculous, but because my experience is limited, I'm not really sure. What do you say?—Miss F. R., Iowa City, Iowa.

The model whose picture you saw may have been the victim of a careless airbrush or an overreaction to a Supreme Court decision. Possibly, she had inverted nipples. Tell your boyfriend that one erogenous zone is as vulnerable as the next and that you know a girl who has a jar full of what appear to be mushrooms. That should make him bite his tongue-in-cheek.

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 Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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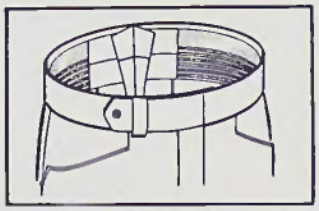

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Jaymar Slacks available at these and 5,000 other fine stores coast to coast...

ALABAMA
Birmingham — Charles Arndt
Birmingham — Loveman's
Birmingham — Parisian
Decatur — Parisian
Huntsville — Bill's
Huntsville — Loveman's
Mobile — Stoll's
Montgomery — Fannin's

ALASKA
Anchorage — Klopfensteins

ARIZONA
Mesa — Hanny's
Mesa — Lesueur's
Peoria — Smitty's Big Town Stores
Phoenix — Hanny's
Phoenix — Smitty's Big Town Stores
Scottsdale — Hanny's
Scottsdale — Smitty's Big Town Stores
Tempe — Smitty's Big Town Stores
Tucson — Dave Bloom & Sons
Tucson — Levy's
Tucson — Edward Perkins Men's Wear

ARKANSAS
Fort Smith — S & Q Clothiers

CALIFORNIA
May Co.—All Stores
Anaheim — Dattilo From Italy
Calexico — Casa Montano
Chula Vista — Raya's
Concord — Alder's
Corte Madera — Louis George
Fremont — Walter Roberts
Indio — Bob Williams
La Jolla — Lion Clo. Co.
Modesto — Kauffman's
Northern California — Grodins
Northern California — Hastings
Northern California — Roos/Atkins
Oakland — Strom's Big & Tall
Palo Alto — Wideman's
Salinas — Dick Brown
San Bernardino — Big Guy's
San Diego — Lion Clo. Co.
San Francisco — Howard's
San Francisco — Rochester Clothing Co.
San Jose — Eli Thomas
San Mateo — Mr. Robert's
Southern California — Buffums'
Southern California — Desmond's
Southern California — Harris & Frank
Southern California — Roos/Atkins
Southern California — Silverwoods
Torrance — Big & Tall Men's Fashions

COLORADO
Boulder — The Regiment
Colorado Springs — Hudson-Matthews
Colorado Springs — Kaufman's
Colorado Springs — Waymire's
Denver — Bernards
Denver — Cottrell's
Denver — Joslins
Denver — K-G Men's Store
Greeley — Otis Bros.
Pueblo — Rosenblum's

CONNECTICUT
Kennedy's—All Stores
Rogers Peet—All Stores
D. M. Read, Inc.—All Stores
Branford — Horowitz Dept. Store
Bridgeport — Wallachs
Bristol — Land's
Greenwich — Richard's
Hartford — Bazaar East Inc.
New Britain — N. E. Mag. & Sons
New Haven — Mack Miller Corp.
Westport — Ed Mitchell Inc.
Wethersfield — Levinson's

DELAWARE
Newark — Jack Lang Clothes
Wilmington — Jack Lang Clothes
Wilmington — Webster Clothes

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington — Lebis & Dan Brown Ltd.
Washington — George & Co—Big & Tall Men's Shop
Washington — D. J. Kaufman, Inc.
Washington — Mr. Man
Washington — Webster Clothes
Washington — Jos. A. Wilner & Co.
Washington — Woodward & Lothrop

FLORIDA
Baron's—All Stores
Surreys—All Stores
Clearwater — Gayler's
Daytona Beach — C. K. Slaughter
Jacksonville — Furchgott's
Jacksonville — Levy/Wolf
Miami — Lanes
Miami — Lanson's
Miami — Wallachs—Dick Richmond
Pensacola — Ed White's
Riviera Beach — Forest's Men's Shop
St. Petersburg — Egerton & Moore
Tampa Bay — Wolf Brothers Inc. of Florida
West Palm Beach — Cy's Men's Store

GEORGIA
Atlanta — Baron's
Atlanta — Bland Terry
Atlanta — Zachry
Augusta — Cullum's
Augusta — The Oxford Shop
Decatur — Baron's
Macon — Stephens Mens Store
Savannah — Morris Levy
Savannah — Men's Quality Shop
Valdosta — Olan H. Luke

HAWAII
Honolulu — Ross Sutherland Ltd.

IDAHO
Boise — Roper's
Idaho Falls — Brown & Gesas

ILLINOIS
Barrington — Philip's
Belleville — Imber's
Belleville — Union Clothing Co.
Calumet City — Baskin
Calumet City — Maurice L. Rothschild
Centralia — Jim Ford's
Chicago — Baskin
Chicago — Brighton Clo.
Chicago — Broadstreets
Chicago — J. V. Cizek & Sons
Chicago — Cohn & Stern
Chicago — Erie Clothing
Chicago — Karoll's
Chicago — Lester's
Chicago — Lytton's
Chicago — Maurice L. Rothschild
Chicago — Morris B. Sachs
Chicago — Eric Salm
Chicago — Wieboldt Stores
Christopher — Cury's
Des Plaines — Allen's Store For Men
Downers Grove — Herbert Mens Shop
Edwardsville — Imber's
Elmhurst — Leonard's Store For Men
Elmwood Park — Jack Robbins Clothing Co.
Evanston — Baskin
Evergreen Park — Park Men's Shop
Galesburg — Fred Schubach
Granite City — Schermer's
Highland Park — Baskin
Homewood — Bovenkerk's
Libertyville — Wieboldt Stores
Melrose Park — Erie Clothing
Moline — Mosenfelder's, Inc.
Mt. Prospect — Baskin
Mt. Prospect — Maurice L. Rothschild
New Centurytown — Storey's
Oak Brook — Maurice L. Rothschild
Oak Park — The Mister Shop
Park Forest — Lester's
Pekin — Gentry, Ltd.
Pekin — Russ Strauman's
Peoria — The Bell Clothing & Shoe House
Peoria — Schradzki's
Rock Island — Mosenfelder's, Inc.
Rockford — Stuckey's
Schaumburg — Erie Clothing
Schaumburg — Frank Bros.
Skokie — Maurice L. Rothschild
Springfield — B & F Toggery
Urbana — Baskin
Waukegan — Baskin
Waukegan — Durkin & Durkin
Waukegan — Feinberg's
Waukegan — Lytton's
Waukegan — Storey's
Waukegan — Wieboldt Stores

INDIANA
Anderson — Clair Call
Bloomington — Whitesides
East Chicago — Edward's Store For Men
Elkhart — Goldberg's
Elkhart — Myers Men's Wear
Evansville — Sater's
Ft. Wayne — Maier
Ft. Wayne — Meyers & McCarthy
Ft. Wayne — Patterson-Fletcher
Hammond — Glen Arch
Hammond — Jack Fox & Sons
Hobart — Edwards
Indianapolis — L. S. Ayres & Co.
Indianapolis — The Wm. H. Block Co.
Indianapolis — Hudson's
Indianapolis — L. Strauss
Indianapolis — The Style Store For Big and Tall
Kokomo — Maher's
Marion — Milton's Clothes
Michigan City — Blake's, Inc.
Michigan City — Griegers
New Castle — Beall's
Noblesville — Zeckel's
South Bend — Blake's, Inc.
South Bend — Gilbert's
Terre Haute — Meis Bros. Co.
Terre Haute — The Root Store
Wabash — Max's Gentry Shop

IOWA
Cedar Falls — Palace Clothiers
Cedar Rapids — Armstrong's
Clinton — Syndicate Hub
Davenport — Mosenfelder's, Inc.
Davenport — Simon & Landauer
Des Moines — Bond's of Beaverdale
Des Moines — Frankels
Des Moines — Kucharos
Muscatine — Mosenfelder's, Inc.
Sioux City — Weatherwax
Waterloo — Palace Clothiers
Waterloo — Stephen's

KANSAS
Garden City — Ray Mayo's Menswear
Great Bend — Brentwood Ltd.
Hays — Browne's For Men
Manhattan — Stevenson's
Prairie Village — Mailliard's
Prairie Village — The Palace Clo. Co.
Salina — West Ltd.
Topeka — Ray Beers
Topeka — Cunningham Shields

KENTUCKY
Louisville — Earle Mens Shop
Louisville — Levy Bros.
Louisville — Loevenhart's
Louisville — Rodes

LOUISIANA
Alexandria — Caplan's
Baton Rouge — Arthur's
Baton Rouge — Stan Blouin Inc.
Baton Rouge — Cohn-Turner & Co.
Baton Rouge — Gouldhaux's
Bossier City — Pope's Shop for Men
Lafayette — Abdalla's
Lafayette — Emile Joseph's
Lake Charles — Love's
Natchitoches — Caplan's
New Iberia — Abdalla's
New Orleans — Porter's-Stevens

MAINE
Lewiston — LeBlanc's
Portland — Benoit's
South Portland — Kennedy's
South Portland — LeBlanc's
Waterville — Levine's
Waterville — Stern's

MARYLAND
Woodward & Lothrop—All Stores
Baltimore — Buckman's
Baltimore — Hamburgers
Baltimore — Hutzler's
Baltimore — Max Margolis Gentleman Stylist
Baltimore — Waldorf Men's Shop
Baltimore — Webster Clothes
Hyattsville — Fred's Mens Shop
Landover — Fred's Mens Shop
Landover — Hamburgers
Laurel — Bernard's Ltd.
Rockville — Lawrence Reed Ltd.
Silver Spring — David's

MASSACHUSETTS
Kennedy's—All Stores
Wallachs—All Stores
Boston — Filene's
Brockton — Allegro's
Cambridge — The Crimson Shop
Chestnut Hill — Milton's
Danvers — Giblee's
Fall River — Empire, Inc.
Falmouth — Empire, Inc.
Framingham — The Wardrobe
Haverhill — Barrett's
Hyannis — Puritan Clothing Co.
Lawrence — Kaps
Lynn — Town & Tweed
Malden — Town & Tweed
Medford — Thomas D'Brien & Sons
Quincy — Milton's
Salem — Giblee's
Saugus — Joseph's Mens Store
South Boston — Mauro's
Springfield — Steiger's
West Springfield — Yale-Genton
Westfield — Eaton's
Worcester — Eddy's
Worcester — Ware Pratt

MICHIGAN
Ann Arbor — Chelsea
Bay City — Edward's
Dearborn — Fifth Avenue Mens Wear
Detroit — Block's
Detroit — Crowley's
Detroit — Frank Bros.
Detroit — Hudson's Men's Store
Detroit — Hughes & Hatcher
Detroit — O'Briens
Detroit — Scholnick's
Detroit — Van Horn's
Farmington — Fredrick's
Flint — A. M. Davison
Flint — Hudson's Men's Store
Flint — Hughes & Hatcher
Flint — Marvin's
Flint — Milt Weiss
Grand Rapids — Christopher's Apparel Big & Tall
Grand Rapids — Hughes & Hatcher
Grand Rapids — William Klein Store for Men
Grand Rapids — May's of Michigan
Lansing — J. W. Knapp
Lansing — H. Kositchek Bros.
Lansing — May's of Michigan
Lansing — Small's, Inc.
Lavonia — O'Briens
Mt. Clemens — Anton's
Mt. Clemens — Teck & Mark
Pontiac — Hudson's Men's Store
Pontiac — Dsmun's
Saginaw — Edward's
Saginaw — Van Horn's
St. Joseph — Blake's, Inc.
Southfield — Osmun's
Southfield — Scholnick's
Warren — Osmun's
West Bloomfield — Black's
Wyandotte — Chelsea
Wyoming — Rogers Dept. Store

MINNESOTA
Duluth — Wilson's
Mankato — Wilson's
Minneapolis — Brown Clo. Co.
Minneapolis — Cy's Mens Wear
Minneapolis — Eklund Clothing Co.
Minneapolis — Fitwell Store for Men
Minneapolis — Liemandt's
Minneapolis — Young Quinlan
Rochester — Hanny's Men's Wear
St. Paul — Field-Schlick
St. Paul — Liemandt's
St. Paul — Young Quinlan
West St. Paul — Van Arsdell's

MISSISSIPPI
Biloxi — Gayler's
Greenville — McRae's
Hattiesburg — McRae's
Jackson — Gayler's
Jackson — McRae's
Jackson — Stevens
Meridian — Harry Mayer Inc.
Meridian — McRae's

MISSOURI
Kansas City — Jones Store
Kansas City — Stix, Baer & Fuller
Raytown — Peter's Custom Tailoring
St. Louis — Aronson's
St. Louis — Big Mens Shops, Inc.
St. Louis — Boyd's
St. Louis — Famous-Barr
St. Louis — Stix, Baer & Fuller
St. Louis — Wolff's
Springfield — Cole's Big & Tall Clothing

MONTANA
Great Falls — Kaufmans

NEBRASKA
Columbus — Brandeis
Grand Island — Brandeis
Lincoln — Brandeis
Lincoln — Ben Simons
Norfolk — Berle's Mens Shop
Omaha — Brandeis
Omaha — Kilpatrick's
Omaha — Landon's
Omaha — Jerry Leonard
Scottsbluff — L. B. Murphy Co.

NEVADA
Las Vegas — R. Goldwater's
Las Vegas — Harris & Frank
Las Vegas — Schwartz Bros.
Las Vegas — Silverwoods

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Bedford — Kennedy's
Dover — Mortons
Lebanon — Tom's Toggery
Manchester — Milton's
Nashua — Avard's

NEW JERSEY
Browning Fifth Ave.—All Stores
Gruber's—All Stores
Hahne's—All Stores
Jack Lang Clothes—All Stores
Larkey Co.—All Stores
Roger Kent—All Stores
Wallachs—All Stores
Atlantic City — Halpern's Men's Shop
Atlantic City — Jules For Men & Young Men
Atlantic City — Schultz Inc.
Audubon — Jackman's
Berlin — Wolow's Clothing Center
Bloomfield — Barry's Inc.
Clifton — Moe & Arnie's
Dover — The Quality Shop
East Brunswick — Millers on the Mall
East Orange — Mink's
Elizabeth — Al Norman
Elizabeth — Rockoff Men's Wear
Hackensack — Lowits
Irvington — Raff's
Langhorne — Oxford Shop
Livingston — Kennedy's
Livingston — Sam's
Montclair — Mink's
Mt. Ephraim — Ergood's
Newark — Micchelli's
Paramus — Gimbels
Paramus — B & B Lorrys
Paramus — Rogers Peet
Plainfield — Varsity Shop
Pleasantville — King Richard
Rahway — Marks-Harris
Rocky Hill — Jack's Custom Shop
South Orange — Samuel D. Schwartz & Sons
Toms River — Feldman's, Inc.
Trenton — Jack's Custom Shop
Trenton — Oxford Shop
Westfield — John Franks
Wildwood — Allen's Men's Shop
Woodbridge — Garber's
Woodbridge — Kennedy's
Woodbridge — B & B Lorrys
Woodstown — Spinosi

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque — Henry's
Albuquerque — Strombergs
Las Cruces — Popular Dry Goods

NEW YORK
Baron's—All Stores
Browning Fifth Ave.—All Stores
Field Brothers—All Stores
Gimbels—All Stores
B & B Lorrys—All Stores
Rogers Peet—All Stores
Wallachs—All Stores
Albany — Kennedy's
Albany — Spector's
Albany — Wells & Coverly
Auburn — Homick's Men's Shop
Brooklyn — Eppys
Buffalo — The Kleinhans Co.
Buffalo — Riverside Men's Shop
Endicott — Vaughn's
Huntington, L.I. — Marsh's
Kingston — H. G. Rafalowsky
Niagara Falls — Sam Paul Men's Shop
Rochester — Kennedy's
Rochester — McCurdy & Co.
Rochester — National Clothing Co.
Southampton — Harry Frank Men's Shop
Spring Valley — Nat Kaplan
Staten Island — Garber's
Syracuse — Wells & Coverly
Troy — Wells & Coverly
Utica — Wicks & Greenman

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville — The Man Store
Charlotte — Harris-Hart Clo. Co.
Charlotte — Tate-Brown
Durham — Van Straaten's
Greensboro — Vanstory's
Lenoir — Triplett's
Raleigh — The Hub
Raleigh — Hudson-Belk Co.
Raleigh — Vanstory's
Raleigh — McLeod Watson & Lanier
Winston-Salem — Hine-Bagby Co.

NORTH DAKOTA
Straus Co. — All Stores
Bismarck — Evan's Mens Shop

OHIO
Akron — Kenmore Tailors & Clothiers
Akron — Koch's
Akron — Lang's
Akron — O'Neil's
Canton — Diamond's
Canton — The Harvard
Canton — Vicary's
Cincinnati — Pogues
Cincinnati — Steinberg Clo.
Cleveland — B. R. Baker
Cleveland — Halle's
Cleveland — The May Co.
Columbus — Walkers
Dayton — Elder-Beerman
Dayton — The Metropolitan
Dayton — Walkers
Delaware — Parker's Men's Wear
Euclid — Gornik's
Fairview Park — Diamond's
Ironton — Meeran's
Maple Heights — Diamond's
Parma — Diamond's
Richmond Heights — Diamond's
Richmond Heights — Gornik's
Steubenville — Myer & Stone
Toledo — Damschroder's
Toledo — Diamond's
Toledo — Hudson's Men's Store
Toledo — Hughes & Hatcher
Toledo — Lasalle's
Toledo — The Lion Store
Youngstown — Hartzell's-Rose & Sons

OKLAHOMA
Altus — The Surrey Shop
Oklahoma City — Mr. Buck Inc.
Oklahoma City — Napoleon Nash's
Oklahoma City — Rothschild's
Weatherford — The Surrey Shop

OREGON
Eugene — Meier & Frank
Eugene — Rosenblatts
Portland — Lowenson's
Portland — Meier & Frank
Portland — Rosenblatts
Salem — Bishop's
Salem — Meier & Frank

PENNSYLVANIA
Altoona — Bonton
Butler — McCarren's
Camp Hill — Stark Bros
Clifton Heights — Kent Mill Store
Conshohocken — Manhattan-Ward, Inc.
Easton — Lenny's
Erie — P. A. Meyer & Sons
Exton — Jack Lang Clothes
Greensburg — Carlton Mens' Shop
Harrisburg — Stark Bros
Havertown — Weinberg's
Johnstown — Miller's Clothing Store
Lancaster — Stark Bros
Langhorne — Jack Lang Clothes
Monroeville — Carlton Men's Shops
Philadelphia — Gimbels
Philadelphia — Jay's Men's Shop
Philadelphia — Morville
Philadelphia — Jacob Reed's Sons
Reading — Weiner's, Inc.
Scranton — Schreibers
Upper Darby — Brait Co.
Wyomissing — Croll & Keck

RHODE ISLAND
Kennedy's—All Stores
Peerless Co.—All Stores
Wallachs—All Stores
Garden City — St. Onge's
Providence — Dino's
Providence — Donnelly's
West Warwick — St. Onge's

SOUTH CAROLINA
Anderson — David McCall
Charleston — Berlin's
Columbia — Lourie's
Greenville — Heyward Mahon
Greenville — Meyers-Arnold
Walterboro — Warshaw's
Whitmire — Simpson's

SOUTH DAKOTA
Rapid City — Seeley's
Sioux Falls — Norman's Men's Wear

TENNESSEE
Chattanooga — Ira Trivers
Knoxville — Frankenberger's
Knoxville — Schriver's
Memphis — James Davis
Memphis — Goldsmith's
Memphis — Louis Lettes Clothier
Nashville — Everett Holzapfel
Oak Ridge — Samuel's

TEXAS
Alice — Stickler's
Amarillo — Blackburn Bros.
Austin — Frank's King Size Clothes
Austin — Merritt Schaefer & Brown
Austin — Jack Mortons
Austin — Dave Parsons Menswear
Austin — Scarbrough's
Austin — The Toggery
Beaumont — Ducote's Towne Shop
Beaumont — Butch Hoffers
Beaumont — S & O Men's Wear
Brownsville — J. & O. Men's Wear
Bryan — Tremont's Men's Wear
Conroe — Cochran's Man Shop
Corpus Christi — Hutchins
Corpus Christi — Lichtenstein's
Corpus Christi — Winsteads' Klothes Kloset
Dallas — Frank's King Size Clothes
Dallas — Irby-Mayes
Dallas — E. M. Kahn & Co.
Dallas — Titche's
Dallas — Jas. K. Wilson
El Paso — Union Fashion
Ft. Worth — Clyde Campbell
Ft. Worth — Cox's
Ft. Worth — David's King Size Clothes
Ft. Worth — L. O. Hammons
Ft. Worth — Washer Bros.
Galveston — Levy's
Groves — Dryden's
Harlingen — The Sportsman
Houston — Bob's Mens Wear
Houston — Eddie's Mens Shop
Houston — Foley's
Houston — Gentleman's Way
Houston — Joske's
Houston — Leopold, Price & Rolle
Houston — Pinter's Mens Wear
Houston — Walter Pye's
Houston — Zindler's
Humble — Bob's Mens Wear
Kingsville — The Man Shop
Longview — Hurwitz Man's Shop
Lubbock — Frank's King Size Clothes
Lubbock — Hemphill-Wells
McAllen — Ken's Shop for Men
McAllen — Valley Mercantile
Midland — Cal's Man Shop
Odessa — The Model Shop
Orange — Griffin's
San Antonio — Frank Bros.
San Antonio — Hutchins
San Antonio — Joseph's
San Antonio — Leo Mendlovitz
San Antonio — Todd's
Spring — Bob's Mens Wear
Victoria — Melvin's
Waco — Cox's
Wichita Falls — Muehlberger's

UTAH
Salt Lake City — Auerbach's
Salt Lake City — Arthur Frank

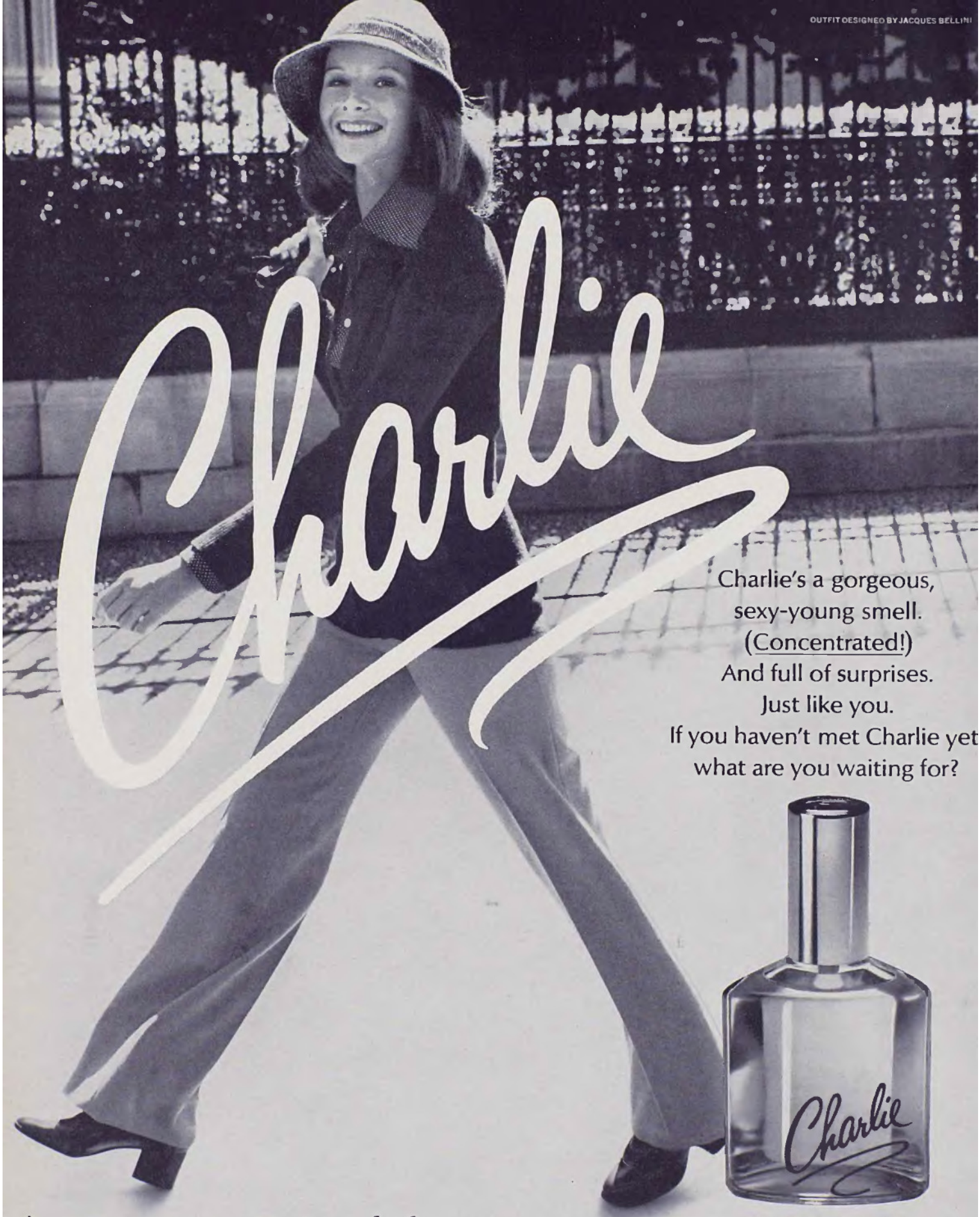
VIRGINIA
The Hub—All Stores
Woodward & Lothrop—All Stores
Arlington — The Quality Shop
Falls Church — Lawrence Reed Ltd.
Lynchburg — Jordan, Ltd.
Newport News — Clayton's
Norfolk — Shulman's
Roanoke — Mitchell's
Roanoke — Saksony Shop

WASHINGTON
Bellevue — Klopfensteins
Everett — Smalley's
Seattle — Klopfensteins
Seattle — Prager's
Spokane — Harvey's
Tacoma — Klopfensteins

WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston — Frankenberger's
Charleston — Kelley's Men's Shop
Clarksburg — Melet's
Huntington — Amsbary & Johnson
Wheeling — Bernhardt's
Williamson — The Man's Shop, Ltd.

WISCONSIN
Appleton — W. A. Close
Chippewa Falls — The Boston
Eau Claire — The Boston
La Crosse — Newburg's
Madison — Baskin/Olson & Veerhusen
Madison — The Hub
Madison — Hughes & Hatcher
Milwaukee — Boston Store
Milwaukee — Friedman's
Milwaukee — Gieringer's
Milwaukee — Hughes & Hatcher
Milwaukee — Polahcheck's
Milwaukee — Schmitt-Orlow-Stumpfs
Milwaukee — Walkers Ltd.
Oshkosh — W. A. Close
Oshkosh — Oregon Clothing House
Racine — Levin Bros.
Rhinelander — DeByles

PUERTO RICO
Las Americas — Gonzalez Padin
Mayaguez — Natali Hnos.
Ponce — Domenech Store
Rio Piedras — Puerto Rico Elegante
San Juan — Tops
Santurce — Gentleman
Santurce — Gonzalez Padin



A most original fragrance. By REVLON

Concentrated Cologne • Concentrated Cologne Spray • Concentrated Perfume Spray
New Concentrated Perfume Purse Spray • New Concentrated Perfume in-a-Pot • New Concentrated Perfume Oil

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

ONE-WOMAN SEX SURVEY

It strikes me as asinine that a woman with only two years of sexual experience, such as the person whose letter titled "The Bumbling Male" appeared in the September *Playboy Forum*, would presume to generalize about the entire male sex. Yet she feels free to state, "I've come to certain conclusions about men: (1) only five percent really care whether or not the woman comes; (2) another 20 percent are decent fucks; (3) an appalling 75 percent totally ignore the clitoris, probably don't know what it is. . . ."

In the past two years, I have slept with five women, none of whom performed fellatio on me, none of whom I made anal love to, only two of whom would permit me to perform cunnilingus on them, and none of whom asked me if I had been satisfied or not (satisfaction to me being more than just getting my rocks off). I have turned down, and have been turned down by, many others. Given those experiences, I suppose I should say that 100 percent of women do not participate in fellatio and anal sex and do not care whether or not the man has been satisfied, only 40 percent like cunnilingus and an appallingly high percentage of women do not care to experience anything sexually.

If this girl slept with very few men, her generalizations are obviously unfair. But even if she's gone to bed with 100 or more in her two years—an average of about one lover a week—her statements are still absurd. It takes more than a one-night or a one-week stand to learn another person's sexual idiosyncrasies, desires, turn-offs and value system. Nobody makes 100 *friends* in two years, much less finds that many good bed partners. I doubt that this girl could have been friendly and enthusiastic with so many men. From the tone of her letter, I would suspect she's the sort who often just lies there with a critical, hostile show-me attitude.

I know lots of men are clods, but women who behave like sexual crocodiles—voracious sometimes and lying there like logs the rest of the time—deserve no better.

(Name withheld by request)
Merritt, British Columbia

The woman who asserted that 75 percent of all men are sexual bumblers who don't know anything about clitoral stimulation must lead one hell of an active sex life. I mean, that kind of wild generalization requires a *lot* of experience and she says she's been screwing for only two years!

Let's assume for the moment, though, that she knows what she's talking about. If men are as ignorant as she claims about female sexuality, complaining won't help her. The answer to ignorance is education; if she would just take time either to explain what she likes or to place the guy's hand on the spot where it feels best, he'd probably learn willingly and quickly how to please her. The fact is, most men *do* care whether or not their partners come, if only because it increases their own enjoyment.

Actually, I think that this frustrated female's assessment of three fourths of males as "easy come, easy go" is a lot of crap, and reflects her problem, not the men's. She's probably one of those bumbling broads who expect every man they screw to know what turns them on by telepathy or something.

D. Crawford
Chicago, Illinois

PENIS-SIZE HANG-UPS

The discussion of penis size in the August *Playboy Forum*, where readers tried to defend underdeveloped men by asserting that only their performance matters to a woman, is interesting but foolish. Of course a woman prefers a well-hung man to one who is less fully endowed! Every woman with whom I have had sexual relations—and there have been many over the years—has commented on the size of my penis and has enjoyed every centimeter of it. Women are basically submissive and seek a feeling of being ravished, and the larger the penis, the stronger this feeling is.

Peter Torge
Los Angeles, California

There are two possibilities: (1) your experience with women is limited to those who are turned on by big penises, or (2) your experience with women is limited to those who know how to puff up your ego.

I'm 53 years old and in the past quarter century or so I've enjoyed women in many different parts of the country. From all I can determine, my penis is below average in size, yet none of my sexual partners has ever mentioned this. I attribute my success in bed to having

been taught about sexuality by a group of prostitutes when I was in my late teens. I'll forever be grateful to those ladies. I advise men with penis-size hang-ups to develop their sex techniques and to apply them without inhibition. Of course this includes the use of oral sex. If this last is properly performed, when it comes time to put the penis in the vagina, you could well be the Jolly Green Giant for all your partner would care.

(Name withheld by request)
Houston, Texas

HOW TO HANDLE A WOMAN

From what I've read of *The Playboy Forum*'s correspondence on impotence, it seems that surprisingly few people know that an erect penis is not essential in order to satisfy a woman. Vaginal stimulation actually plays a very minor role in bringing her to orgasm. Physiologically, the clitoris is the center of erotic sensation and clitoral stimulation is basic to most women's climax. Thus, the intravaginal movement of the penis during intercourse is of incidental importance—to the woman, anyway—compared with stimulation of the clitoris, which normally occurs concurrently. In fact, oral, digital or other types of stimulation are often quite superior in their ability to satisfy a woman sexually.

A man who, even though impotent, knows the value of such techniques will stand a good chance of giving his partner a satisfying roll in the hay without ever bringing his penis into the act. Indeed, since a major cause of untimely flaccidity is fear of not performing up to some standard, the discovery that an erection is not a *sine qua non* for performance may solve a man's problem of impotence.

Robin M. Lake
Houston, Texas

MECHANICAL MASTURBATOR

I was appalled by the letter from the man in Battle Creek, Michigan, who writes that he includes "masturbation with shaving and showering as standard preparation for a date" (*The Playboy Forum*, September). To me, sex must mean *something*. Even masturbation can mean something: For the adolescent boy bedeviled by preachers, it can be excitingly sinful and depraved—a rebellious act. For the older man, masturbation can be an expression of genuine need in the absence of a suitable partner. But to treat an ejaculation as something to be gotten out of the way, so as to improve your timing in bed later on, is to cheapen sex and turn yourself into a kind of mechanical man.

J. Graham
Indianapolis, Indiana

THE PAINS OF LOVE

I am very tired of people declaring there's something neurotic about a desire to be bound or spanked as a prelude to,

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

ANTI-SEX DRUG

LONDON—*A new drug that reduces or, in some cases, abolishes sexual desire has been tested in British clinics and marketed as a prescription medication. According to researchers, the drug, benperidol, has been used successfully in the treatment of compulsive sex offenders.*

PASSIONATE PATIENTS

LONDON—*The British Medical Defense Union has set up a central "passion" file on amorous women patients to help protect doctors against unfounded charges of sexual misconduct. The file contains*

letters and gifts sent to doctors by women fantasizing love affairs. The union reports that this is a growing phenomenon among middle-aged, middle-class women and that some, when their advances are not returned, accuse their doctors of attempting to seduce them.

FROM SAUNA TO SEX

ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA—*A 46-year-old mother of eight children has sued a health club in Orange for $1,000,000 damages, alleging that she was trapped and burned in a sauna bath and that the traumatic experience has made her sexually promiscuous against the dictates of her conscience. The suit states that her injuries caused her to develop two warring personalities—one that of a sexually hungry and compulsive woman who has sought out men in bars, and the other that of a guilt-ridden mother who bitterly regrets her actions and her infidelity to her husband. The woman's attorney, in a similar case in 1970, won a $50,000 judgment for a San Francisco typist whose serious injuries in a cable-car accident were found by a jury to have caused a profound sense of insecurity that manifested itself in an insatiable need for sex.*

A DOSE FOR A DOSE

A new prescription drug—tested and marketed but not yet widely available—appears to be highly effective against gonorrhea. The U. S. Public Health Service describes the medication as a liquid combination of ampicillin and probenecid that is taken orally, works in 48 hours, has a 90 percent cure rate per single dose and causes no unpleasant side effects when used as recommended. One pharmaceutical company is already manufacturing the drug under the trade name Polycillin TRB. Another has applied to the Food and Drug Administration to produce the drug under the name Clapicillin. The medication was originally administered in nine large and foul-tasting tablets per dose, but the liquid form, according to one drug-company spokesman, "tastes so good it's almost a pleasure getting the disease." A Chicago V. D. expert wryly observed, "Getting it has always been a pleasure; getting rid of it has been the problem."

HAZARDOUS DUTY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*About 1800 volunteers from the aircraft carrier U. S. S. Hancock are helping the Navy test a new anti-V. D. pill and provide bacteriological data toward developing a vaccine against gonorrhea. The sailors agreed to undergo detailed physical exams before and after the carrier stopped at Subic Bay Naval Base in the Philippine Islands and to report any sexual contact they had while ashore. Navy Department officials, fearful that the research might be construed as encouraging sailors to visit prostitutes, said that "All the men on the ship were cautioned before arriving at Subic of the hazards of V. D. and advised that the only safe way to avoid V. D. is to avoid sexual contact." They added, however, that an aircraft carrier is isolated at sea for long periods of time, and that a port call coupled with close medical surveillance of local prostitutes provide ideal conditions for studying the military's V. D. problem.*

TEXAS TRAGEDY

LA GRANGE, TEXAS—*The oldest whorehouse in Texas, and possibly in the country, has been closed by order of Governor Dolph Briscoe, over strong protests from the community and the county sheriff. Edna's Fashionable Ranch Boarding House dated back to 1844, when Texas was an independent republic; it acquired its popular nickname—the Chicken Ranch—during the Depression when the*

young men of central Texas paid for their pleasure with chickens and other livestock. Sheriff Jim Flournoy, a 70-year-old former Texas Ranger, initially refused to close the brothel, stating: "It's been here all my life and all my daddy's

life and never caused anybody any trouble. . . . My constituents want it there. If the people didn't like the way I ran the county, I wouldn't be around." He finally capitulated when the governor threatened to send in state police, but he joined the local newspaper publisher and other citizens in defending the Chicken Ranch as a community asset that kept down crime, attracted business and generously supported civic projects. Dr. Joe B. Frantz, a prominent historian at the University of Texas at Austin, also lamented the closing: "It was one of the few reputable places where a young working girl could meet many of the state's most successful businessmen, professional people and politicians, and get to know them—in the Biblical sense."

LAVENDER PANTHERS

SAN FRANCISCO—*Charging police indifference to crimes against homosexuals, the San Francisco Gay Alliance has called a news conference to announce the organization of a defense group called the Lavender Panthers. According to the alliance chairman, the Reverend Ray Broshears, the gay panthers will operate in three-man squads, possibly armed with sawed-off pool cues, patrolling the areas of the city where most of the murders and beatings of homosexuals have occurred. He urged gays to keep rifles and pistols in their homes and businesses and to carry aerosol cans of red paint to spray at any attackers.*

POT LAWS ATTACKED

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A class-action lawsuit charging that Federal marijuana laws are unconstitutional on several grounds has been filed in U.S. District Court in Washington, D.C., by the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML). The suit petitions the court to convene a three-judge Federal panel to rule on Federal laws (and, by extension, state and local statutes) against the simple possession and personal use of pot. It charges that existing laws invade privacy and violate other civil rights of adult citizens and cannot be constitutionally justified on grounds of any compelling state interest or public need. The NORML case is being argued by former U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark, who recently joined the organization's advisory board.*

HOPHEADS

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA—*State narcotics officials are studying reports that some of the state's illegal marijuana growers are trying to cross pot with hops to develop a new and legal psychedelic weed. At least in theory, the grafting of hop shoots to Cannabis roots would result in a hop plant whose leaves contain THC, the active ingredient in marijuana. A narcotics official said, "It sounds like a horticultural put-on to me, but I'm going to have my area office look into it."*

SO MUCH FOR SCIENCE

NEW YORK—*A group of sociologists who served on various national commissions charged that their findings and recommendations have been consistently rejected or ignored by all three branches of the Government, usually for political reasons. At a news conference during the annual meeting of the American Sociological Association, former members of the Federal commissions on crime, pornography, population and the causes of violence warned that the Government's unresponsiveness to research may make it difficult to recruit social scientists for such projects in the future. Dr. Otto N. Larsen of the University of Washington described the fate of the commission he directed: "The Commission on Obscenity and Pornography was conceived in Congress, born in the White House and, after 27 months of life, was buried without honor by both parent institutions." He said it was denounced by some Congressmen, rejected by the President and ignored by the U.S. Supreme Court, which took a completely contrary position in support of stricter pornography laws and cited only the commission's dissenters in its recent series of obscenity decisions.*

or during, intercourse. They say it's an indication of guilt feelings or something. If bondage people and spankers were excessively susceptible to guilt, how could they enjoy a form of sex that is generally condemned as perverse?

In these days of women's liberation, it's difficult for many to realize that some women are most aroused by a male who can subdue them completely. Such women simply enjoy the passive role. I would not try to speak for others, but I like this role because my helplessness is all that is required of me to please my partner, allowing me to concentrate on my own sensations.

As for spanking, it is titillating, not painful, when done as part of sex. I have been spanked, even whipped and caned when aroused and have not been aware of how strong the blows were until I saw bruises the next day. Yet on one occasion when my husband spanked me in anger, it hurt like blazes.

I just wish people who don't enjoy bondage and discipline would stop criticizing those who do.

(Name withheld by request)
Golden, Colorado

FEMALE POLYGAMY

It is sexism to claim, as Pepper Schwartz does (*The Playboy Forum*, July), that since a woman's sex drive is equal to or greater than a man's, no one man can satisfy a woman. Miss Schwartz states that "few husbands make love to their wives more than twice a week, and rarely does the time of penetration exceed five minutes." On the other hand, how many husbands might complain that their wives show no enthusiasm? Since the problem of sexual dissatisfaction affects both sexes, let's try to solve it together.

Paul G. Lowell
Garden City, New York

PHILOSOPHICAL PROBLEM

My husband and I have a good marriage, totally open and without deception. We encourage each other's outside personal relationships, both sexual and nonsexual. We believe that with sharing and openness, there is no reason for jealousy; however, it is not easy to find people who agree with this philosophy. Sometimes I catch myself hiding the fact that I'm married from a new acquaintance—a practice that goes against the honesty I believe in so strongly, but one that seems the only way to develop relationships with other men. When I do admit that I'm married, men either don't believe that I still consider myself free—even after I've preached my beliefs to them for hours—or else they think I'm a nut who wants to create a situation that could lead to violence. I thought I had one guy convinced and even intrigued. But he called twice and my husband answered each time and he immediately hung up. He must have thought I had

been lying to him all along, for what purpose I can't imagine.

When I look about me and see millions of uptight couples locked into marriages that are sexual prisons, I see a power-hungry need to possess another human being in the name of love. I thought love meant unselfishness and wanting the other person to be happy. I, for one, want my husband to experience other sexual partners and to bring home new experiences, new confidence and new satisfaction. And if someday he should find someone he wants to stay with, I would be very unhappy for myself, but very happy for him.

Patricia Bond
Denver, Colorado

ST. JAMES *VS.* SAINT PAUL

In civilizations such as those of Babylon and Egypt, the temple prostitute performed a sacred function and was held in high regard; even later, in Greece and Rome, the courtesan was a woman of esteem, often the honored companion and inspiration of great philosophers and artists. When Saint Paul introduced prudery into Western consciousness, all this changed and the whore became an object of contempt and the victim of persecution.

An attempt to restore human dignity to the women of this profession has been organized by Margo St. James of San Francisco, under the name Coyote—A Loose Women's Organization (P.O. Box 26354, San Francisco, California 94126). Its aims are the same as those of the original labor unions, or the civil rights movement or women's liberation—to secure safety from oppression and to promote traditional civil rights and liberties, common decency and justice.

As many have pointed out, prostitution is a crime without victims—a totally voluntary relationship—that would not be a crime at all in a rational society. In this country, we not only make it a crime but also we enforce the law selectively: Except in very rare cases, where the police or D.A. is trying to make headlines, the customers are never arrested or harassed, but the prostitutes are subjected to these indignities constantly. As Miss St. James says, "Some radical changes are now due."

In this age of the Linda Lovelace cult, pot smoking, widespread interest in sex-enhancement techniques from sensual massages to tantric yoga, vibrators, nude beaches, Masters and Johnson and continued success for PLAYBOY, there must be millions of us who believe in the right to joy and the wholesomeness of ecstasy. If we don't allow the puritan swing of the Nixon Supreme Court to depress us, we can force our legislators and police to give prostitutes at least as much dignity as plumbers or chiropractors. In my opinion, these ladies probably do more than all the M.D.s and psychiatrists in the country to reduce rape, prevent neuroses and ulcers, relieve the body, calm the mind and generally slow down our descent into mass hysteria. It is time they stopped being the scapegoats for every prude, puritan, headline-hunting D.A. and vice cop with a grudge.

A. Clark
Los Angeles, California

POLICE AS PROSTITUTES

One day in 1971, two consenting adults participated in a sex act for about 15 minutes. Both got paid for it. There was no audience. The case may wind up in the U. S. Supreme Court with a request that it decide whether or not prostitution really is a crime that can be committed only by women.

Boise, Idaho, like many other cities, has massage parlors that provide the services of prostitutes. The head of the city's vice squad wanted to close down these parlors. To do it, he hired several men to work as undercover police agents.

One of the men went to a massage parlor and, according to his own testimony, as recorded in a transcript of the trial, he quickly let the young woman working on him know that he wanted more than a massage:

> She told me I was a naughty boy and did I have something else in mind. I got up at that point and she approached me and I said, "Everything." She asked me what I meant by that, and I indicated a trip around the world.

After agreeing to a price of $20, the young woman stripped and once again approached the police agent. The testimony continues:

> She then came to me and as I had sat up the towel had fallen from me, of course, and she took hold of my organ and shook it and said, "That's pretty bad, I'll have to do something about that," asked me to lie down and proceeded with oral copulation.

The girl worked on him as best she could for ten to 15 minutes, with no success. Then he arrested her for prostitution.

She was convicted. Her attorney argued that the agent was also a prostitute, because he, too, had sold his body for sexual purposes, the only difference being that he got paid by the taxpayers.

A district judge ruled against the defendant, but added that the police spy's conduct "shocked the conscience." He said that any woman of adult years and sound mind who contracted for a trip around the world was a common prostitute in the legal meaning of the term, and it was not necessary for the policeman to take the trip in order to prove his case. The defendant's attorney is planning to appeal and will take the case to the Supreme Court, if need be.

This man was not the only undercover agent who could not bring his service to a satisfactory conclusion. A second massage girl said she was with another policeman and had used three tried-and-true techniques to finish the job, to no avail. When he arrested her, she said, she suspected it was out of frustration as much as anything.

The vice-squad head objected to having the trial held in open court because he didn't want his agent to be identified publicly. In the first place, he felt that the man's wife might not understand—she hadn't known how he was earning extra money. And secondly, the police did not want anything to happen that would—ahem—blow their spy's cover.

Dwight Jensen
Pocatello, Idaho

GRATUITOUS SLAP

A letter in the September *Playboy Forum* neatly cut down Texas high school coach Tony Simpson's condemnation of long-haired athletes, but it failed to mention the gratuitous slap at women contained in Simpson's tirade. He said that men are superior to women, that the Bible supports this view and that athletes with long hair are not asserting authority over women but are treating them as equals.

What this has to do with athletics I don't know, except that in bedroom sports, as elsewhere, *failure* to treat women as equals is becoming increasingly hazardous. I suspect that coach Simpson succeeded not only in alienating athletes who would rather be judged on performance than appearance but also in stirring up their mothers and sisters as well.

Harold C. Luckstone, Jr.
Forest Hills, New York

EQUAL TIME FOR PARTHENOGENESIS

An item in the September *Forum Newsfront* mentions a new Tennessee law that would require public schoolteachers to give equal time to Biblical and other religious accounts of creation when they present the theory of evolution. The pious legislators who have passed this bill might be inspired to even greater idiocy by a tongue-in-cheek editorial in the March 1973 *National Lampoon*, which suggests that, in the interest of being fair to religion, science textbooks should also present the theory that the earth is flat and the sun revolves around it, the idea that lunacy is caused by demonic possession and "a detailed explanation, preferably with diagrams, of the fascinating mechanisms involved in virgin birth."

B. A. Head
West Palm Beach, Florida

TEST OF THE TRUTH

I have long been a philosophical relativist, rejecting the opinions that there is such a thing as objective truth and that science is the final authority for

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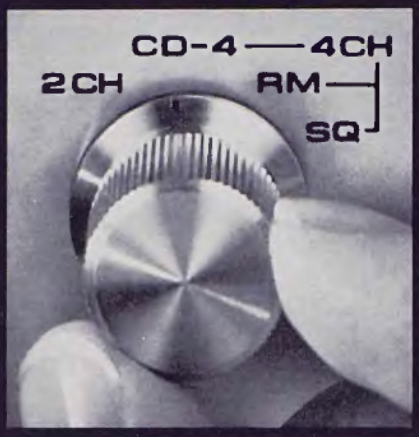

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everything. I believe that each of us lives in a universe of his own creation and that what is true for you may not be true for me.

Imagine my surprise to find support for this position in Nixon's Supreme Court! There it is, in *Paris Adult Theatre vs. Slaton*, in which the Court holds that lawmakers need not be guided by scientific evidence and says that if they want to believe pornography is harmful, they may do so, adding, "From the beginning of civilized societies, legislators and judges have acted on various unprovable assumptions."

There's just one catch in this philosophical position that the Nixon-appointed authoritarians may not like so much: It happens that the assumption that pornography is harmful, while it may be true for Nixon, Burger and Charles H. Keating, Jr., is not true for me or for many others like me. Therefore, the only justification for laws against obscenity is that those who approve them have the bigger guns on their side—and this is tyranny. The only democratic solution to this dilemma is to grant that the individual is the only person who has a right to decide if pornography is harmful for him, and the Government has no business in this area.

J. Green
New York, New York

THE COURT AND OBSCENITY

Thank God for the Supreme Court's decisions on pornography. I've got 12 reels of old 8mm stag films and some tattered eight-page comics that had completely lost their prurient appeal in competition with the current adult movies. Soon I'll be able to dig them out and once more be the most popular kid on my block.

(Name withheld by request)
Pasadena, California

MR. HARRIS GOES TO *PARIS*

Curtis P. Harris, district attorney of Oklahoma City, a vociferous advocate of censorship, has confirmed fears that the U. S. Supreme Court decisions on obscenity would be used not just against blatant pornography but also against valid works of art. He has shut down the critically acclaimed movie *Last Tango in Paris* in Oklahoma City. United Artists, distributors of the film, filed suit in a Federal court to get the ban lifted. Two members of the three-judge panel ruled that, under the community-standards principle, the ban was a matter for state courts, but added that they don't think Oklahoma's obscenity law is constitutional, since it doesn't protect works of serious value and is not limited to prohibiting patently offensive material.

Harris' efforts are having predictable results: Everyone wants to see the movie. It has played in Tulsa for the past two

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE 1970s
PART III: SEX AND MARRIAGE

article **By MORTON HUNT** *in contrast to kinsey's postwar couples, most husbands and wives today find sex a pleasure above and beyond the call of conjugal duty*

TO MOST PEOPLE, sex liberation signifies increased sexual freedom for the unmarried, the unfaithful and the unconventional. But the Playboy survey reveals that in terms of numbers of persons affected, sexual liberation's greatest impact has been upon husbands and wives, many millions of whom have been freed to pursue and obtain sensuous pleasure in marital coitus. Married people today have intercourse more often, take longer to do so, use more variations and get greater satisfaction from it than did the married people surveyed by Dr. Alfred Kinsey from 1938 through 1949. (In these and all comparisons that follow, we use only the white portion of our sample in order to match Kinsey's—which was all-white—as closely as possible.)

Sexual liberation enters marriage through many gates. Both partners now bring freer attitudes and broader premarital experience to the marriage bed; the pill and the I. U. D. afford increased sensuous potential; discoveries by Masters and Johnson and other clinical researchers have placed effective methods of arousal, ejaculation delay and sensate focus at the disposal of couples; and women's liberation has virtually demolished the archaic image of woman as sexually passive. Above all, husbands and wives continue to be influenced by an influx of information, attitudes and erotic stimuli in the printed word, film and the conversation of friends. Here is testimony from interviews that supplemented the survey:

• Waitress, 37: "What changed our sex life was that a bunch of us girls on the same block started reading books and passing them around. My husband was always ready to try out anything I told him I'd read about. Some of it was great, some was awful and some was just funny."

• College instructor (male), 33: "Our ideas about sex have changed a lot since we've been married, partly from maturity but largely from the influence of the common culture—all the things one reads and hears about."

• Teacher (female), 34: "I kept hearing and reading about this multiple-orgasm thing, and I'd never realized before that it was normal. My husband and I talked it over and decided to make a special try . . . and wow! I was really bowled over—and he felt pretty proud of himself, too."

The fact that marital coitus has become more frequent is the best indication that sexual liberation has had a deep influence; greater frequency is what one would expect if inhibitions had weakened or pleasure had increased or both. Male and female estimates of coital frequency differ somewhat, because of subjective factors, but if we compare our married males with Kinsey's married males to eliminate this variable, we find that the median frequency of marital coitus in every age group has increased by one fourth to one half over the figures of a generation ago. The median frequency as reported by females is likewise higher today (though by a smaller margin) in every age group. If we assume that the truth lies midway between the male and the female estimates, the figures are as follows:

MEDIAN WEEKLY FREQUENCY OF MARITAL COITUS
(male and female data given equal weight)

1938–1949 (adapted from Kinsey)		1972 (Playboy survey)	
Age	Frequency	Age	Frequency
16–25	2.5	18–24	3.0
26–35	2.0	25–34	2.5
36–45	1.5	35–44	2.0
46–55	.9	45–54	1.0
56–60	.5	55 and up	1.0

The change is particularly remarkable when we measure it against the *decline* in marital coital frequency that Kinsey reported in 1953; at any given stage of marriage, the younger women in his study were having less marital coitus than older women had had. The drop apparently was due to the growing power of wives to refuse coitus when they chose to. Their power to do so has increased greatly since then, yet we find an across-the-board *increase* in coital frequency—clear evidence that today's women find marital coitus more rewarding than their precursors did.

Indeed, nine tenths of the wives in the Playboy survey said that their marital coitus in the past year had been generally pleasurable or very pleasurable; only about a tenth found it neutral or unpleasant. Husbands voted even more affirmatively. A large part of the wives' satisfaction, and some part of the husbands', is undoubtedly due to a high rate of orgasm in the wives. When we

compare married women at the 15th year of marriage in Kinsey's sample with married women in the Playboy sample (whose marriages average 15 years), we find a distinct increase in the number of wives who always or nearly always have orgasm (Kinsey: 45 percent; Playboy: 53 percent) and a sharp decrease in the number of wives who seldom or never do so (Kinsey: 28 percent; Playboy: 15 percent).

Equally remarkable is the fact that coital frequency has increased in all age groups, not just among the young. Sexual liberation apparently keeps husbands and wives sexually interested in each other longer than used to be the case. Among the probable causes are greater use of variant practices (which prevents boredom), lessening of shame or self-consciousness about sexual activity in middle age, and control of menopausal and postmenopausal vaginal discomfort by means of estrogen-replacement therapy (ERT). Perhaps as important as any of these is the stimulus value of erotic literary and artistic materials; these are vastly more common than they used to be, and for every man and woman who found them sexually arousing in Kinsey's time, there are today two to several men and women who do so. Clinical experiments show that exposure to such materials tends to increase marital sex activity for a day or two.

The increase in the imaginative, voluptuous and even playful aspects of marital coitus is evident throughout the sample population, but it is most notable among those who have no college education. Kinsey found that this group regarded prolonged foreplay and coital variations as particularly suspect.

In general, we find the greatest magnitude of change today in the activities that were most strongly taboo in Kinsey's time. For instance, the increase in manual-breast activity is small because it was so widely used even at the lower educational level a generation ago. However, the increase in mouth-breast contact is larger because it was less widely used: Fewer than three fifths of Kinsey's noncollege married males said they frequently used this technique; more than nine tenths of ours do so. Among college-level married males, the proportion rose from just over four fifths to over nine tenths. Similar increases occurred in the proportions of husbands who said their wives touched or fondled their penises. Wives' estimates of the use of these techniques showed smaller differences between Kinsey's time and today, but there were distinct increases in every case.

The most dramatic changes, however, have occurred in the area of oral-genital contact, which was almost unmentionable in Kinsey's time. Here we find wide discrepancies in Kinsey's data (though not in ours) between what males reported and what females reported. For instance, fewer than one out of six high school–level husbands in Kinsey's sample said that their wives had ever fellated them, but close to half of the high school–level wives in his sample said that they had fellated their husbands. The explanation may be that many high school–level girls marry college-level men and become more sophisticated sexually, while the opposite is not true. Despite these discrepancies, there are impressive increases for both sexes in oral-genital practices in marriage. The following data for cunnilingus are typical:

MARRIED PERSONS WHO USE CUNNILINGUS AT LEAST SOMETIMES IN MARITAL SEX

	Kinsey	Playboy
High school–educated males	15%	56%
College-educated males	45%	66%
High school–educated females	50%	58%
College-educated females	58%	72%

The change is of historic dimension. Fellatio and cunnilingus suddenly have become part of the American repertoire of marital sex acts for a majority of the high school–educated and for a large majority of the college-educated. The figures are yet higher in the younger half of our sample, and even when we combine the two educational levels, nine tenths of husbands and wives under 25 report at least occasional fellatio and cunnilingus.

The growing *(concluded on page 256)*

months, and a theater in nearby Norman is showing the picture to overflow crowds. Norman's D. A. remarked, "Any time you have one person who sets community standards, you have a dictatorship." Even Harris has been to see *Last Tango in Paris*. Emerging from a private screening, he told reporters, "I didn't see nothing."

In 1972, Oklahoma City's rate of serious crime rose two percent, while the national statistics for the same crimes went down. While the city's chief law-enforcement officer hounds movie-theater owners, booksellers and news dealers, the incidence of murder, manslaughter, rape, robbery, assault, burglary and larceny increases. Those who elected Harris are paying a high price for his brand of morality.

James Neill Northe
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

THE NEW INQUISITION

Here in Chicago, the local morality expert, Father Francis Xavier Lawlor, has celebrated the Supreme Court's new obscenity decisions by urging law-enforcement officials to "swing into action and start making arrests and prosecuting the offenders." You will be interested to know that high on the list of culprits is Hugh Hefner, who "has long preyed on the curiosity of immature and unstable individuals" and "brought untold harm to millions of young people of this generation." I guess the good father thinks that if PLAYBOY is taken away from us we will all become celibates like him.

I presume similar morality experts are raising the same cry in other cities, and publishers, writers and artists will be getting jugged on all sides. This will undoubtedly distract attention from Watergate, and Nixon can therefore be expected to exploit this to the hilt. A good spasm of holier-than-thou sexual hysteria, as the new inquisition hunts down the erotic heretics in our midst, can certainly get everybody's mind off the little Mafia in the Oval Room and its odd habits of forgery, bribery, burglary, perjury, espionage, sabotage, and so forth.

Who ever started the idea that society has actually emerged from the Dark Ages?

Simon Moon
Chicago, Illinois

SEMBLANCE OF MORALITY

The *Costa Mesa Register* did an article on Ed Kirby, director of the California Department of Alcoholic Beverage Control, who is described by it as "the man who put some semblance of morality back into the bars." Kirby has appointed himself a crusader against nude entertainment. The article states that friend Kirby is a grandfather, is from a Catholic background and served in the FBI for 20 years. His notion of

TODAY MORE MEN DO.

CANOE, CANOE?
MADE IN FRANCE BY DANA.

morality apparently is based on sexual no-nos he learned as a small boy, which he thinks should be the present-day law of the state of California. This, of course, is not morality in any philosophical sense; it is primitive taboo.

Says the *Register*, "At first glance, he [Kirby] might pass as a bookkeeper. Or even as a minister. But law-enforcement people throughout the state who know him know he's 'straighter' than some ministers and more exact and organized than a bookkeeper." It quotes his philosophy as follows: "I don't care what people do in private. If they want to behave like animals behind closed doors, that's their business. But, personally, I've never thought of sex as a spectator sport." Kirby's job gives him the power to enforce his prejudices, at least until he is sent out to pasture.

Minding someone else's business is called wowserism by the Australians, a word H. L. Mencken introduced here in the 1920s. Kirby is the epitome of wowserism; Nixon ran all his campaigns as a dedicated wowser; Warren Burger's Supreme Court is now making wowserism into the law of the land. The *Register* inadvertently found the right phrase for this mentality: not morality but "some semblance of morality." It bears as much relation to civilized ethics as the insults exchanged by schoolboys bear to rational debate.

H. Dixon
San Francisco, California

CDL UNDER SCRUTINY

An editorial comment in the September *Playboy Forum* mentions that Citizens for Decent Literature is being investigated in New York and Minnesota and has been refused permission to solicit in North Carolina. Now *The Philadelphia Inquirer* reports that Pennsylvania's Commission on Charitable Organizations has told CDL it can no longer solicit money for its anti-pornography campaign in that state. This is the first time the commission has kicked such an organization out of Pennsylvania, whose laws stipulate that organizations soliciting contributions can use only 35 percent of their receipts for administrative costs. The Pennsylvania authorities estimate that CDL is using about 90 percent.

The newspaper quoted a spokesman for CDL as saying that the cost of their mass mailings, which urge people to protest pornography, is counted as an administrative cost because the letters also request donations. In 1971, the *Inquirer* reports, CDL took in $1,122,741 in contributions and spent $1,047,741 on its direct-mail campaign.

Joseph F. Hackett
Elmer, New Jersey

"The Playboy Forum" has received a letter from the office of the attorney general of Mississippi telling us that it has

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BOOB-TUBE BLUES

I've run across an article in the Washington, D.C., *Star-News* about Stop Immorality on TV, the bluenose organization mentioned in the April *Playboy Forum*. S.I.T. is the brain child of L. Brent Bozell, former speechwriter for Senator Joe McCarthy. A few years ago, Bozell was the head of Sons of Thunder, a right-wing group accused of a hooliganesque attack on a hospital where abortions were performed. To put it mildly, he is somewhat to the right of William F. Buckley, Jr., and, indeed, they had a political split over a decade ago because Buckley seemed too liberal to Bozell.

Whenever I turn on the boob tube, I am aghast at the childish level of the entertainment and news coverage offered. When the networks do dare to tackle something sexual or controversial, they approach it as awkwardly and timidly as a Victorian father trying to explain the facts of life to his teenage son. If they show a so-called adult movie, they cut it to shreds first, to ensure that it doesn't offend some Bible-banger in Mississippi. If this is immorality, I am a brass monkey, Mr. Bozell.

According to the *Star-News* story, S.I.T. has organized a campaign that is bringing in 18,000 to 19,000 protest letters a month to the Federal Communications Commission. A spokesman for the organization said they have sent out 3,500,000 letters, explaining, "We buy mailing lists of any group we think would be interested in us." Obviously, unless the rest of us start writing on the other side, this small minority of right-wing noodle-heads might convince the FCC that they speak for all of us. In that case, the boob tube will become even more infantile. Anybody for a steady diet of Donald Duck cartoons?

B. Andrews
Washington, D.C.

*Stop Immorality on TV casts its net so wide that even Hugh Hefner receives its appeals. Like those sent by the Citizens for Decent Literature, the letters are printed with the recipient's name and state of residence inserted here and there to add that personal touch. Each letter informs Hefner that "you were especially selected" to receive this mailing. Warning that "a small but powerful group" that controls network TV is presenting "as a normal part of life things which most of us were brought up to believe are wrong," S.I.T. offers "Maude," "M*A*S*H," "The Dean Martin Show," "The Carol Burnett Show" and "All in the Family" as examples of programs menacing American morals. "Please don't despair" over "these terrible things," the letter adds soothingly. It then offers a rationale for its efforts to interfere with other people's entertainment. "In the past, too many people have felt that their only responsibility was to lead a good moral life for themselves. But things have gotten so bad that the time has come when all good people must take positive action to stop this immorality." The letter promises that "this problem can be solved" with the help of a donation of "$10 or $15 or $25 or $50 or $100 or even more if you can possibly afford it." S.I.T. not only wants to censor people's TV watching, it wants them to pay for the privilege. Apparently the organization is unaware that each TV set has a built-in device whereby each individual can censor any or all programs: the on-off switch.*

MARITAL PRURIENCE

I took the trouble to look up the word prurient in my dictionary and found the following definition: "Itching; longing; uneasy with desire or longing; of persons, having . . . lascivious longings."

Imagine my shock when I realized that my own husband arouses my prurient interests.

(Name withheld by request)
Redondo Beach, California

DALLAS DEMENTIA

Before Texas changed its marijuana law, *The Playboy Forum* published a series of letters about excessive prison sentences for pot users under the heading "Lone-Star Lunacy." I've been meaning to protest this for some time, because it isn't the whole of Texas that's crazy, it's just Dallas, the hole of Texas. The 1000-year prison sentences, the witch-hunts against potheads and the wild absurdities of right-wing hate all emanate from Dallas and environs.

Now the pot law has been reformed, but Dallasites can still sink their fangs into pornography. Last August, a Dallas jury sentenced three men and two women to the maximum penalties, five years in prison and a $5000 fine each, for conspiring to exhibit *Deep Throat*. There are numerous theaters in Dallas showing pornographic movies, and several adult bookstores, but the people involved in showing *Deep Throat* had the misfortune to be connected with a porno film that has earned national attention and is an obvious target.

Dallas considers itself one of the most modern and progressive cities in the Southwest. In some ways, it is. In some ways, Germany in 1939 was one of the most modern and progressive nations in Europe.

Please don't publish my name. I have relatives in Dallas.

(Name withheld by request)
Fort Worth, Texas

LAWYERS FOR POT REFORM

The American Bar Association has officially urged the decriminalization of

(continued on page 305)

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BOB HOPE

a candid conversation with the fast-talking daddy warbucks of comedy

No one—not even John Wayne and certainly not Richard Nixon—can lay a better claim to the title of Mr. America than a fast-talking, swoop-nosed comedian who wasn't even born in this country. And yet during the past 20 years, he has unquestionably become a national monument, instantly recognizable and beloved by Americans everywhere and, more significantly, a symbol to the outside world (and to some in this country) of the traditional American spirit—optimistic, energetic, pragmatic and generous to a fault, but also proselytizingly patriotic, tiresomely wisecracking and dangerously simplistic, especially in the sensitive area of politics.

What foreigners may think of Bob Hope, however, doesn't concern most Americans, especially that segment of the population that deeply mistrusts not only foreigners abroad but ethnic minorities at home. To that America, Bob Hope speaks most eloquently; in fact, though he says he has never aspired to be anything but what he is—a gifted and supremely disciplined entertainer—he could conceivably run for President and win. After all, it's been pointed out, his colleagues George Murphy and Ronald Reagan made it from showbiz to high elective office on far less talent than he.

To bolster any possible political aspirations he might have, the story of Hope's early life is right out of "Horatio Alger." Born Leslie Townes Hope on May 29, 1903, in Eltham, a working-class suburb of London, he was the son of a stonemason, a hard-drinking, hard-gambling man who immigrated with his family to America in 1906 and settled down in Cleveland in search of a better life. He never found it, and it was his wife, Avis, the tough-minded daughter of a Welsh sea captain, who kept the family together by taking in boarders and sending Leslie and his four brothers out into the world as soon as they were old enough to walk. Young Leslie did time as a newspaper boy, a caddie, a butcher's helper, a shoe salesman and a stockboy; he also became proficient with a pool cue and by the age of 12 was hustling successfully. In between jobs, hustling and school, he sang on amateur nights at the local vaudeville houses, where his mother invariably led the claque and helped him win prizes. It seemed only natural to him that, after a brief and not too successful stint as a boxer, he'd wind up in show business.

He began in vaudeville, working with male and female partners, first as a soft-shoe dancer, then as a blackface comedian. Along the way, he changed his name and soon graduated to tabs—miniature musicals and variety revues that toured the various theater circuits—playing several shows a day. The pay was low and the life grueling, but the experience, Hope has always claimed, was invaluable. It was also during this period, while he was working a tiny theater in New Castle, Pennsylvania, that he stumbled onto his extraordinary talents as a monologist and ad-libber. Asked on short notice by the manager of the theater to introduce the other acts on the bill, Hope began lacing his improvised spiel with remarks that, to his gratification, made the often dangerously bored local audiences rock with laughter.

By the time Broadway beckoned and Hope went into his first full-scale musical, "Ballyhoo of 1932," as a solo performer, he was a seasoned veteran who had mastered all the basics of his profession and needed only a lucky break in the form of the right part in the right show to become a star. This came along in the fall of 1933, when he was cast as Huckleberry Haines, the fast-talking best friend of the leading man (Ray Middleton) in "Roberta," a hit musical with a score by Jerome Kern. Despite an unfavorable personal notice from the prestigious critic of The New York Times, *Hope all but stole the show from Middleton and such other seasoned male troupers in the cast as George Murphy, Fred MacMurray and Sydney Greenstreet; his career was launched. He soon branched out into radio and films and began, with the help*

"If we had declared war in Vietnam, this thing would have ended in a year, because the military would have taken over. We'd have gone all out and—bang, bang, bang—it would have been over."

"This kid comes up to me and says, 'Get with Jesus!' He hasn't heard the good news and the bad news. The good news is that he's coming back, but the bad news is that he's really pissed off."

CHARLES W. BUSH

"I did a joke once about the Mafia joining forces with gay lib, so that now with the kiss of death you get dinner and an evening of dancing. Two gay groups were going to beat me with their purses."

of a stable of top comedy writers, to produce the slick, lightning-fast stand-up monologs that became his trademark and made him a star.

The Bob Hope style, or what others have called his formula, was most fully developed and established on radio's "Pepsodent Show," which for over a decade, from 1938 on, kept the comedian among the top four laugh getters in the nation's living rooms. His chief rivals were Jack Benny, Fred Allen and Edgar Bergen; the critics generally considered him inferior to them, but he usually topped them in the ratings. While the other airwave comedians went to great pains to establish characters for themselves and to create the atmosphere of entire milieus, Hope ignored characterization, revealed little about himself or others on his show and created no small worlds for the imagination of his listeners to roam in. What made him unique was simply the monolog that opened every show, in which he peppered his listening audience with a barrage of quips that one of his writers once likened to "casting with a fly rod—flicking in and out." Neither his technique nor his material has ever pleased the intellectuals much, and such critics as John Lahr, whose father, Bert, was one of the great clowns of the American stage, have complained that he never displayed in his comedy "the kind of inner wound that makes an artist." Hope's comedy has always been considered in these circles to be artificial, the machine-made product of a team of gag writers, and Hope himself merely a slick-talking, glorified night-club emcee.

Apart from the fact that such criticism ignores the finely tuned sense of timing that it takes to deliver such monologs successfully—building and piling laughs on one another to a climax that enables the comic to exit deftly on the crest of a wave of applause—there's no denying that these machine-gun monologs have made him a multimillionaire. According to J. Anthony Lukas, writing a few years ago in The New York Times, *Hope's image is one of "the guy in front of the drugstore, the fastest tongue in town. And his lines are brisk, flip wisecracks delivered with a mixture of breezy self-confidence and pouting frustration."*

The image grew and flowered not only in radio but in most of Hope's 71 films. It was first used to perfection in "The Big Broadcast of 1938" (in which Hope also sang his theme song, "Thanks for the Memory," for the first time) and was most fully exploited in the famous series of "Road" pictures that co-starred him with Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour. In these movies, Hope was more often than not the loser; Crosby usually got the girl and almost all of the songs. But it was Hope—as the falsely cocky, girl-crazy, basically cowardly fast talker, always ready to cut corners, always on the lookout for the main chance and never able to resist a joke, even when about to be dismembered by a gorilla—who got most of the laughs and with whom the American audience immediately identified. "In movies, Bob is sort of the American Falstaff," one of his PR men said recently. "He always survives because he never stops trying, he never gives up, no matter how badly things may be going for him, no matter how long the odds against him. He really believes the cavalry is going to come charging to his rescue any minute."

When Hope went into TV, he had to try a new approach. "I honestly think that the secret of TV is being relaxed, casual and easy," he once observed. He slowed down what he called his "bang, bang, bang" delivery and concentrated more on putting across his personality, which remained basically what it had become back in the Thirties in radio and movies. He also wisely limited his TV appearances to a series of specials every year, so that, alone of all the major comedians, he has remained in consistent public demand year after year for over two decades. The only other exposure he received on the tube was his annual stint as emcee for the Academy Awards, a task that—until it ended, at least temporarily, a couple of years ago—presented vintage Hope to an estimated 60,000,000 viewers. His two Christmas shows, filmed at U.S. military bases in Vietnam in 1970 and 1971, drew the largest viewing audiences for specials in the history of the medium.

Though these two shows suggest the esteem and affection in which the comedian is held, they are also at the heart of the considerable criticism he has received over the past few years for his hawklike stance on Vietnam and his open identification as a leading spokesman for the political right. His detractors say that, though it's perfectly true that Hope has been entertaining regularly at American military bases at home and abroad for 31 years, ever since World War Two, he has exploited his most recent trips to Vietnam by making highly successful and commercially lucrative network television specials out of them. He is an outspoken admirer and close friend of Vice-President Agnew, as well as a crony of most of the other major conservative figures in American life, from Westmoreland to Wallace, and he seems totally unsympathetic to ethnic minorities and young people, with all of whom, it is said, he is painfully out of touch. Even in his comedy routines, he pays only lip service to objectivity, favors his own side and puts down everyone else, while never digging at all below the surface into the more painful areas of life probed by social commentators such as Mort Sahl and the late Lenny Bruce.

Though Hope's friends say that he donates about $1,000,000 a year to various charities, his so-called humanitarianism, for which he has received an honorary Oscar and dozens of other awards, has also been questioned. Hope is supposed to be one of the richest men in the world (worth, according to one published estimate, at least half a billion dollars) and, though generous enough with his time, he is reputedly a notorious tightwad who would never dream of putting his money where his mouth is. Even his personal life has come under attack: Though he has been married for 39 years to Dolores Reade, a former night-club singer, and together they have raised four adopted children, it's no secret that he is almost never home and that his wife, a devout Roman Catholic, is most often seen in the company of aged Jesuit priests.

To quiz him on the above and related matters, PLAYBOY *assigned William Murray to interview the 70-year-old star. Murray reports: "Getting to sit down with Bob Hope is a lot harder than getting an audience with the Pope. It's not that he doesn't want to see you; it's only that the man is hardly ever in one place for more than a day or two, and then he's always surrounded by people—his friends, his writers, his personal staff, his agents and managers and flacks and the boys from the network. It took me three months and the efforts of his son Tony and his two PR firms to get me to him. When a meeting was finally arranged, I was told by someone on his staff that I could have a total of one hour at lunch with him, between rehearsals for his first TV special of the season. I explained I'd need at least two taping sessions of a minimum of several hours each and the poor guy recoiled in horror. 'If I tell Bob that,' he said, 'he won't see you at all.' I decided to take my chances and rely on my famous charm.*

"I needn't have worried. Hope is, first and foremost, an entertainer. Get him talking about showbiz and you can take it from there. I also came away, after several long sessions with him over a period of three weeks, liking the man a lot. We talked mostly in what he calls his game room, a bright, airy place in the big house sprawled over seven acres of North Hollywood land that he bought for practically nothing more than 20 years ago. Out the window I could see the fairway of his private one-hole golf course and a corner of a huge swimming pool. Hope bounces as he walks, hums little tunes to himself, seems to vibrate quietly in his chair, as if he's consciously, like a trained athlete, working all the time at keeping himself loose. For a man his age, he's in superb condition, the jowls of his famous profile firm and his flesh tone that of a man in his early 50s. His tongue is still in great shape, too; in the ten hours we talked, he proved time and again—entertainingly—that he doesn't need his writers around to sound like a comedian, and a great one."

PLAYBOY: You've been involved in every facet of show business for so long that a

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lot of people now think of you as an American institution. Do you think of yourself as one?

HOPE: Hardly—although I have a few jokes I'm leaving to the Smithsonian. Then I think maybe if they went up on Mount Rushmore and retouched Lincoln a little bit and gave him a ski nose, I could sneak in there. You know, I can't take a question like that seriously. I'm just worried about my next show.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any political ambitions?

HOPE: No way.

PLAYBOY: And yet you've been linked very closely in recent years with men like Nixon and Agnew, whose views presumably you share.

HOPE: From F.D.R. on, I've been very friendly with all the Presidents and the men around them, and I've found that they're really all great Americans. Every time I went to Washington, I used to drop in on J.F.K. and swap jokes with him. He was a great audience for comedy; he spent a lot of time in Congress. But I'm also an Agnew man and a Nixon man. And a Reagan man and a Rockefeller man and a Connally man, so during the next election I'm moving to South America. That's how chicken I am.

PLAYBOY: You didn't say you were a Kennedy or a McGovern man. All the politicians you say you support are conservatives.

HOPE: Look, I don't want to get into that. Every article about me recently has been spouting the same bullshit about my politics. They hook me into it on account of Agnew and the Vietnam war. The only reason I was for Nixon and this Administration was because I knew that's who would end this war and get those kids back home. None of those jerks walking around with those signs was ever going to end the war. I knew Nixon was the only person who could do it, and it should have been done eight years ago. As for my politics and all that, I vote for the man and only for the man. I'm an American above everything, and that's another reason I've hated to see this political garbage going on that's been breaking up our country, this political soap opera we've been sitting through.

PLAYBOY: You mean Watergate?

HOPE: Yes. I've been watching The Washington Squares. Every time I see Sam Ervin, I get the feeling that Gomer Pyle has aged. I love to watch him dust off the furniture with his eyebrows. And that Senator Baker, he's a very personable guy. The two of them will do great if minstrel shows ever come back. Ervin's taught me a lot about how to be a chairman. You have to wait for your laugh before you hit the gavel. They're all beauties, though. Some days you take a look at that group up there and you feel the whole mob should have Snow White in front of them.

PLAYBOY: What kind of impression did the witnesses make on you?

HOPE: I thought Ehrlichman was marvelous. And Peterson was great. I love people who aren't awed by that committee. They go in there and stand up and tell their story. Like Peterson said, if the politicians had kept their hands off of it, the Justice Department would have handled it just fine. This is like the McCarthy era. I did a joke about Joe McCarthy one time and a judge in Appleton, Wisconsin, which was McCarthy's home state, wrote in the local paper, which he owned, that I was a Communist. So I wrote him back and told him simply that telling jokes was my racket. After that, he wrote in his paper that Bob Hope was a pretty good American and we became friends. I send him Christmas cards and he sends me cheese.

PLAYBOY: Then you agree with President Nixon that the matter should be handled in the courts?

HOPE: Sure. I think dragging this thing on for years and years is giving dirty politics a bad name. Every Administration has been plagued by some kind of scandal or other. The whole thing has had a Mack Sennett feel to it. Actually, I don't know whether they ought to get them into court or Central Casting. I understand Screen Gems wants Ulasewicz for a series. Why would anybody want to bug Democratic headquarters to steal McGovern's campaign plans? That's petty larceny at most.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think the Watergate committee has served a legitimate function?

HOPE: Hell, yes, but it's been dragging on and on and it's not good for the country. I know that the committee is stuck with a lot of television make-up, but I think they ought to sell it to somebody and get on with the real business at hand.

PLAYBOY: How about your *own* television make-up? Have you made your last trip overseas to entertain at our military bases?

HOPE: As far as any kind of formal trip is concerned, yes. I can't say absolutely that I've made my last trip, because, if anything happened and they asked me to go, I would. But on a regular basis, I'm through. In fact, I'm doing a book called *The Last Christmas Show*, which tells the story of the last trip.

PLAYBOY: How many trips have you made?

HOPE: Well, I went overseas six times during World War Two and 23 or 24 times between 1948 and 1972, maybe 30 trips in all. My golfing buddy, Stuart Symington, started the whole thing about the Christmas trips by inviting us to go to the Berlin airlift in '48 and then took us to Alaska the next year. From then on, we were locked in by the Defense Department. In fact, we got hooked on the box lunches ourselves. A different kind of trip, one that stands out in my memory, was the Victory Caravan in 1942, which was our own private train that began in Washington and went all over the country for about three weeks, playing everywhere to standing-room-only crowds; the idea was to get people to buy Victory Bonds. We had 25 stars on board. Cary Grant and I were the double emcees and we had Pat O'Brien, Laurel and Hardy, Crosby, Merle Oberon, Claudette Colbert, Jimmy Cagney, Charles Boyer—25 stars; you never saw anything like it in your life. And Groucho used to run around the train and needle everybody. I remember we had a guy named Charley Feldman on board, who was known as "the good-looking agent"—he looked a little like Gable—and Groucho came down the aisle one morning, saying, "The cars got so mixed up last night Charley Feldman found himself back in his own bed." God, it was fun! After that I began going overseas for the troops.

PLAYBOY: You've been getting some mixed reactions to your more recent tours, both here and abroad, and there were reports that, in a couple of places at least, you were actually booed.

HOPE: Well, that's all from politics. It bugs me to think that we have American kids over there fighting, kids who've been asked to go over there and fight for their country, and for some reason it's wrong to go over and entertain them. That's all we've ever done. In World War Two they cheered, and I've been lucky enough to have received every medal that's ever been given out by the Government. Take a look at the people who criticize; look at their records. An awful lot of great Hollywood people have been on those trips.

Five years ago I took the Golddiggers, and one of the biggest thrills was introducing them in Danang and watching the expressions on those kids' faces. It's an exciting thing to be overseas and see a show that has Ziegfeld Follies proportions, with great big beautiful girls. Last year I took along 12 of the most gorgeous girls, called the American Beauties. For these kids there is nothing you can do better than that. They fight to get into the shows. And we went everywhere, even up to one small base in Alaska where they'd written us, begging us to come. We had trouble landing there. The ground was so cold the plane refused to put its tail down. What a bleak outpost! The big thrill there was to wake up in the morning, count your toes and get up to ten. The guys screamed when we played there; they had to to keep warm. Anyway you feel lucky that you're able to do it, and anyone who says anything about any of these trips, well, in my book he's a petty jerk.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think that most of the criticism was motivated by sincere opposition to the Vietnam war?

HOPE: Sure. They linked me with the war. But I *hate* war. I wouldn't get near any kind of conflict if I could help it, and

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I've had a couple of rough scrapes; but this has been the greatest part of my life and anybody who has ever gone with me knows what it's all about. The emotion and the gratification are fantastic. From the time you get on the plane to the time you get back, you feel you're a sacred cow. They just give you everything and they love you for coming. Look, I didn't go to Vietnam because it was Vietnam. I go to the camps where our guys are and because they're screaming for us. We get requests all the time. But we've had it now, unless there's a new crisis somewhere and we're really needed.

PLAYBOY: But how do you feel about the war itself at this point?

HOPE: I'm concerned about Cambodia now. I guess nobody else is, so I don't know why I should worry. I'm concerned that if we lose Cambodia, the Commies will get a foothold there and maybe start the whole thing over again. I hope not and pray not.

PLAYBOY: Is it any business of ours what form of government other countries choose to live under?

HOPE: Let me explain one thing about South Vietnam. When you get guys like Eisenhower and his staff, Kennedy and his staff, Johnson and his staff, all of whom thought it was important enough to save this little nation from communism or enslavement, then you have to think maybe they know something. When we were in Thailand, the king would invite us into the palace and he'd say, "Thank God the U. S. troops are here, because otherwise the Communists would take over." The same people who didn't like what happened in Hungary and Czechoslovakia don't think about this. Unless it's happened to you, you don't think much about it. But that's why our Presidents sent the troops in there. They're brilliant enough to know what they're doing and why. They did it to save this country and all of Southeast Asia and I'm concerned now that, if we run into problems elsewhere, we'll have to go back in. We're patriotic enough in this country that if somebody hurts us in some way, sinks a ship or something, we'll go back in and it'll start all over.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the President has the constitutional right to wage war without the consent of Congress?

HOPE: When you say the President, you're not speaking about one man. The President has a fantastic group around him. And he invites the leaders of both parties and the Joint Chiefs and everybody has his say. Eisenhower was a great military leader, but he didn't wage war on his own. Neither did Kennedy, and neither did Johnson, and it was Johnson who sent in most of the troops. They have great staffs, and they call on everybody for advice. Of course, the President is the Commander in Chief, so he's got to issue the order. But he doesn't sit alone in a room and say, "I want to wage war."

PLAYBOY: But doesn't the Constitution specify that the Congress must declare war before American troops can be committed to large-scale action abroad?

HOPE: It's true that we haven't declared war. The Korean War was a police action and so was this one. That was the problem. If we had declared war, this thing would have been over in a year, because the military would have taken over. We'd have gone all out and—bang, bang, bang—it would have been over. We wouldn't have lost any international prestige and we'd have saved about half a million lives, as well as a lot of our international prestige.

PLAYBOY: That's debatable. But what do you think we ought to do now in Indochina?

HOPE: As I said, I'm very concerned about the Cambodian situation. I have a lot of friends in Washington—a couple of very big ones, and I don't mean the President, but a couple of guys I play golf with—and I'm going in there next week and I'm going to sit down and ask them, just for my own understanding, what's going to happen. I heard one of these big guys say the other day that Cambodia is going down the drain. Well, if Cambodia goes down the drain, then you tell me what the hell is going to happen with Thailand. They're worried as hell about it. I don't think we have to worry too much, but what about our kids? I'd like to see us never have another war. That would be great, just great. If we handle things right now, especially this situation, then I don't think we'll ever have another war.

PLAYBOY: One of the pledges Nixon made when he was elected in 1968 was to bring the country together. The most recent polls would suggest that he hasn't, because a majority of the public isn't satisfied with the job he's doing and doesn't believe he's telling the truth about Watergate. How do *you* feel about his performance?

HOPE: I think he has a tremendous record, I really do. What he's done with the Russians and the Chinese has taken a lot of the heat off. It was a great job. That and the fact that he brought back 500,000 of our men from Vietnam are enough to make me like him very much. The fact that the polls show that a lot of people don't believe him doesn't mean a hell of a lot. For one thing, the polls are often wrong. It's like the Nielsen ratings. They call up eight people and ask them what they liked on television last night. Three of them were out seeing *The Devil in Miss Jones*, four of them were taking a nap so they could wake up later and watch Johnny Carson and the other one doesn't have a television set. The only time to believe any kind of rating is when it shows you at the top. They should get off Nixon's back and let him be President, because he's a damn good one. He's also got a great-looking nose.

PLAYBOY: What do you think should be

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done with the young people who refused to have anything to do with the war?

HOPE: I do feel they should serve their country in some way, because it's not fair to the people who did go over there and serve. I've got compassion for everybody, but I've been in places where you see American fighting boys who've been badly hurt. It shakes you up.

PLAYBOY: You seem to get most of your ideas on public issues from conversations with high-ranking politicians and military men. Do you feel you might be out of touch with ordinary people and especially the young?

HOPE: Oh, no. First off, I catch a lot of flack from my own kids, who tell me we ought to just slap the Reds on the wrist and run, and see what happens. It's hard for me to win an argument in my family, because two of my kids are lawyers and another one is married to a lawyer and they have two little briefs. But they're all fans of my trips, because they've all been along on them. They've been with me in the burn wards and intensive-care wards and seen the kids suffering and dying. We argue about a lot of things but not about the trips.

PLAYBOY: Aside from the young men you've played to in Army camps, do you think you're popular with young people? Do you feel close to them?

HOPE: NBC took a poll recently and found that, because of my pictures' being on TV, even little kids of eight and nine buy me. The other night, when we taped our first special for the new season, I looked out into the front rows and there were all these kids screaming. I grab all of them. I go and I play the colleges and afterward we have a kind of forum and talk about everything. They ask me about everything, including the war and the killing, and so on, and it gives you a great chance to talk to them. If you talk to young people in a big group, you also find that the sense of fairness in them will come out. They won't let any one guy try to ride over you. And I take my own polls, you know. I ask for votes on whether the kids thought we were doing the right thing in Vietnam or wherever and, you know, the majority of those kids have said we were doing the best thing possible. I love to talk to the kids. I get a great kick out of that, the rapport you reach with them and feeling them out and finding out what they're thinking about. It really gives me a charge.

PLAYBOY: What about some of the things young people are into—such as open marriage and women's lib and the gay liberation front? Can you relate to all that?

HOPE: I'm an excited spectator, and they're all great monolog subjects. Like: I haven't known any open marriages, though quite a few have been ajar. And: When those women throw away their brassieres and then ask for support—I love it. But I think people can get too carried away with this sort of thing. I can't understand why Raquel Welch would want equality with Don Knotts. And I haven't noticed any big changes in Dolores yet. She still hasn't burned her credit cards.

PLAYBOY: What about the trend among the young to turn back to Jesus?

HOPE: Anything that gets them into a straight line helps kids like that, as long as they don't overdo it. About three years ago, Dolores and I—Dolores is so religious, you know, she's something else; we couldn't get fire insurance for a long time because she had so many candles burning—well, anyway, we're getting off this plane and this kid comes up to us and he says, "Get with Jesus!" When we get outside, he comes up to us again and says, "You gotta get with Jesus, because that's where it's at!" I call him over and I say, "Look, you got with Jesus and it's a great thing and we know all about it. But don't sell people off it. Play it cool!" Because, you know, this guy is yelling. Anyway, he hasn't heard the good news and the bad news. The good news is that Jesus is coming back, but the bad news is that he's really pissed off.

PLAYBOY: You've always been a quick man with a quip, but it's been said that you rely heavily on your writers. How many do you have working for you?

HOPE: Seven right now. If I do a picture, I might add three or four more. I've had a lot of good writers working for me and two or three of them have been with me for years—one guy, Les White, since 1932, off and on. At one Writers Guild show, they asked all the writers who had ever worked for Bob Hope to stand up and about 100 guys came up on stage. I've had fabulous writers. I put them to work in teams and then they bring it in and we put it all together and rewrite whatever we want to do and rehearse and see if it plays and then rewrite again. We can come up with jokes in 15 minutes just talking in my dressing room and save a situation.

PLAYBOY: What's the secret of your comedy? The material?

HOPE: The material has a lot to do with it, but the real secret is in timing, not just of comedy but of life. It starts with life. Think of sports, even sex. Timing is the essence of life, and definitely of comedy. There's a chemistry of timing between the comedian and his audience. If the chemistry is great, it's developed through the handling of the material and the timing of it, how you get into the audience's head. The other night I was at some big dinner here and the guy who was introducing the acts had this very high voice. Well, when I got on I said, "I'm glad I was introduced before his voice changed. He sounds like Wayne Newton on his wedding night." Well, you can't get a better start than that. Here was something that was in the minds of all those people sitting there and when you deliver it to them with the right timing and the right delivery, the light goes on in their heads and you're coming down the stretch. All the good comedians have great timing.

PLAYBOY: But you couldn't get along without your writers.

HOPE: Every comedian needs writers, because to stay on top you always need new material. It's like getting elected to office. You're going to get elected if you say the right things—but only if you say them *right*. The great ad-libbers are the guys with the best timing, like Don Rickles. I showed up in the audience one night at NBC, where he was cutting everybody up on the *Dean Martin Show*. I walked in after the show had started and the people in the back saw me and began applauding and then the audience in front turned around and they applauded and I was taking it big. Rickles backed away to the piano and when everything quieted down, he walked up to the mike and said, "Well, the war must be over." It was just magnificent timing and it hit very large. Timing shows more in ad libs than in anything else.

Back in 1952, I was doing a 15-minute daily show and I had a question-and-answer period with the audience. Most people ask how old you are and all the usual stuff, which is all fun, because I have stock lines for a lot of it, but one night this guy got up and waved his hand and he said, "Which way does a pig's tail turn, clockwise or counterclockwise?" It was such a wild question that the audience laughed like hell, and when they finished laughing I said, "We'll find out when you leave." And the theater rocked, it just rocked. It was so good that after that, I put a plant in the audience in some of those shows to get that laugh again.

PLAYBOY: You've been attacked from time to time for telling ethnic jokes, most recently for one in which your central character was called a Jap. Do you think ethnic humor can be demeaning?

HOPE: It can be, but mostly it has to do with who's telling the joke. I get into trouble when I do it, because I'm supposed to be one of the top guys. The other night in Jersey, I heard some guy do 15 minutes of Polack jokes and nobody said a word. I did two or three Polack jokes at the Garden State Art Center and the guy who owns the local newspaper rushed up and demanded an apology. Everybody in the country tells these jokes, but if I do them, somebody jumps. Usually, I try to even them up. Like I say, "Do you know how a Polack lubricates his car? He runs over an Italian." But then you have the Italians against you and that's not good if you want to eat in New York. I once did a joke about the Mafia joining forces with the gay lib group in New York, so that now with the kiss of death you get dinner and an evening of dancing. I did that joke in Madison Square Garden and immediately I

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heard from two groups of gay activists. They were going to come around and beat me with their purses. But a lot of it depends on where you do these jokes. You can do a lot of things in a place like Vegas that you can't do on TV.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't you like to have more freedom on your own TV shows?

HOPE: No, you've got to think about the Bible Belt. They've got a hot finger and they can click you into oblivion faster than the NBC censor. But one of the really great things about TV is that the kids have rediscovered a whole lost era of comedy by seeing all these old films on TV. For them, it must be like the first time I saw Charlie Chaplin. I waited an hour and a half in a doorway once just to see Chaplin walk out of a building in New York. I couldn't believe he was really human. That's what television does today and everybody thought it was such a bad deal that our pictures were being shown on the *Late Show* and we weren't getting any money for it. But it was the greatest public-relations thing we ever had. I'd like to see a special comedy channel created on TV, where all these great clowns like Jackie Gleason and Red Skelton and Sid Caesar, who have been sitting around for a couple of years, could do their stuff. I think the Government should subsidize them, instead of some of this garbage you see on the educational channel. We spend so much money on stupid things, why not entertain the public?

PLAYBOY: Governments aren't noted for having a sense of humor.

HOPE: Maybe not, but I can hear a lot of laughing in the background around tax time. Laughter is important for the country because laughter is therapy—it makes you forget meat. If you can laugh once or twice a day, it relieves a hell of a lot of tension.

PLAYBOY: You were in one movie with W. C. Fields, probably the most iconoclastic comedian we've ever had. Was he your kind of comic?

HOPE: That was my first picture, *The Big Broadcast of 1938*, and I got to know Fields a little bit. He didn't ordinarily talk to many people, you know. He was a strange cat and had his own little group. I was in his dressing room one day when a nice little man from the Community Fund, a charity we all used to give money to, came by and he said, "Mr. Fields, we haven't received your donation." And Fields said, "Well, I only believe in the S.E.B.F. Association," and the nice little man from the fund office said, "What is that?" And Fields said, "Screw Everybody But Fields." I think he liked me because he'd heard some of my one-liners. He liked my joke about the drunk who came down to the bar in the morning and asked for a Scotch and the bartender said, "With soda?" and the guy said, "I couldn't stand the noise."

PLAYBOY: Who makes you laugh today?

HOPE: Oh, I laugh at a lot of people, I really do. We have one writer named Charley Lee—we call him Grumpy; he makes me laugh. A lot of my writers make me laugh. They have great senses of humor. Shecky Greene and Don Rickles and Benny and Jessel, they all make me laugh. When Jessel rattles his medals, I fall down. Jimmy Durante doubles me up; he's one of the greatest guys around. I used to laugh a lot at Groucho when we hung around together. He'd come to my parties half an hour early. I'd say, "What are you doing?" and he'd say, "I want to break in the room." Funny, really funny.

PLAYBOY: Do any of the younger comics make you laugh?

HOPE: God, yes. Mort Sahl and Woody Allen, they're great. But my favorite was Lenny Bruce. The first time I ever saw him was about 14 years ago. I was working at Paramount in a picture and he was playing in a little Hollywood club, sort of a converted grocery store. I went over there for the first show and the place was about half filled and we had a great time. He did one routine where he called the Pope on the phone and told him he could get him on the *Ed Sullivan Show* if he wore the big ring and would send him some eight-by-ten glossies, and two or three people got up from the audience and walked out. Of course, today that seems so tame.

I saw Lenny several times after that. The last time I saw him was at El Patio in Florida. I'd seen everybody else on the Beach and I just saw a little ad saying, "Lenny Bruce at El Patio," and I said, "We've got to go." We went out there and I sat way in the back. In those days, planes were falling going from New York to Miami, for some reason or other, so he walked to the mike and he said, "A plane left New York today for Miami and made it." That was his opening, not "Hello" or anything. And then he told the audience I was there and he shouted, "Hey, Bob, where are you?" And I said, "Right here, Lenny." And he said, "Tonight I'm going to knock you right on your ass." And he did. Funny material, this cat! He did an impression of Jack Paar on the toilet, looking around the curtain, talking, you know? Then he did a comic dying at the Palladium. Damn, he was funny! He was hilarious! Very sophisticated material, but he had something. He had so much grease paint in his blood, it came out in his act. That's what I loved about him. He talked our language.

PLAYBOY: You've made a lot of movies over the years, but your biggest hits were in the Forties and Fifties. Do you think Hollywood has been going downhill since then?

HOPE: No question about it. The movie audience has shrunk from 80,000,000 to about 14,000,000. Partly it was television, but also it's the dirty pictures. They're doing things on the screen today I wouldn't do on my honeymoon. I can't believe what they're showing on the screen. I remember the days when Hollywood was looking for new *faces*. Parents aren't going to send their kids to see stag material, so they tie them down in front of the television set and tell them to look at those two old guys dancing on their way to utopia.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by stag material? Would you consider *Last Tango in Paris* a stag movie?

HOPE: I want to see it, but I can't get a note from my doctor. Look, I don't object to dirty material. I love dirty jokes. I tell more dirty jokes than anybody. I tell them at the golf club, and when I get brave I'll tell one to my wife, if I have my track shoes on. But to expose this kind of stuff to kids I think is a shame. I also think our business has lost so much prestige overseas, because we used to send such fabulous pictures all over the world, and the pictures we make represent our country and the morals of our country. I think they should have special theaters just for that stuff—X-rated theaters.

PLAYBOY: They do. That's where movies like *Deep Throat* are shown to adults only.

HOPE: *Deep Throat*—I thought that was an animal picture. I thought it was about a giraffe. I haven't seen it, but I've heard about it and I don't believe it. But my point is that mothers take their children to see a clean picture and they'll have a preview for next week showing people in bed doing all the acts. That's what I object to. People come up to me when I'm traveling around the country and they squawk like hell about it. Our business used to be a glamorous business. Now you don't see any big openings anymore. You know why? It's because a lot of people don't want to be seen going into the theater.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the recent Supreme Court decisions against hard-core pornography are on the right track?

HOPE: Oh, definitely. The hard-core stuff could harm kids. Pictures like *Deep Throat* and *The Devil in Miss Jones* are dangerous pictures. I hear a lot of young couples are going to see these movies now, but we don't even know if they're married or not. It has to affect their lives in some way.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it possible that people might learn something constructive by going to see a pornographic movie?

HOPE: I don't see how any public exhibition of this kind can do any good. I think it could lead to disaster in many cases. Today the sort of people who need help can go and buy a sex book. They don't have to go out in public and see that kind of thing on the screen. We now have sex books and sex counselors. For a few dollars, Masters and Johnson will come to your house and sit on your piano and do it.

PLAYBOY: Much of what you say about

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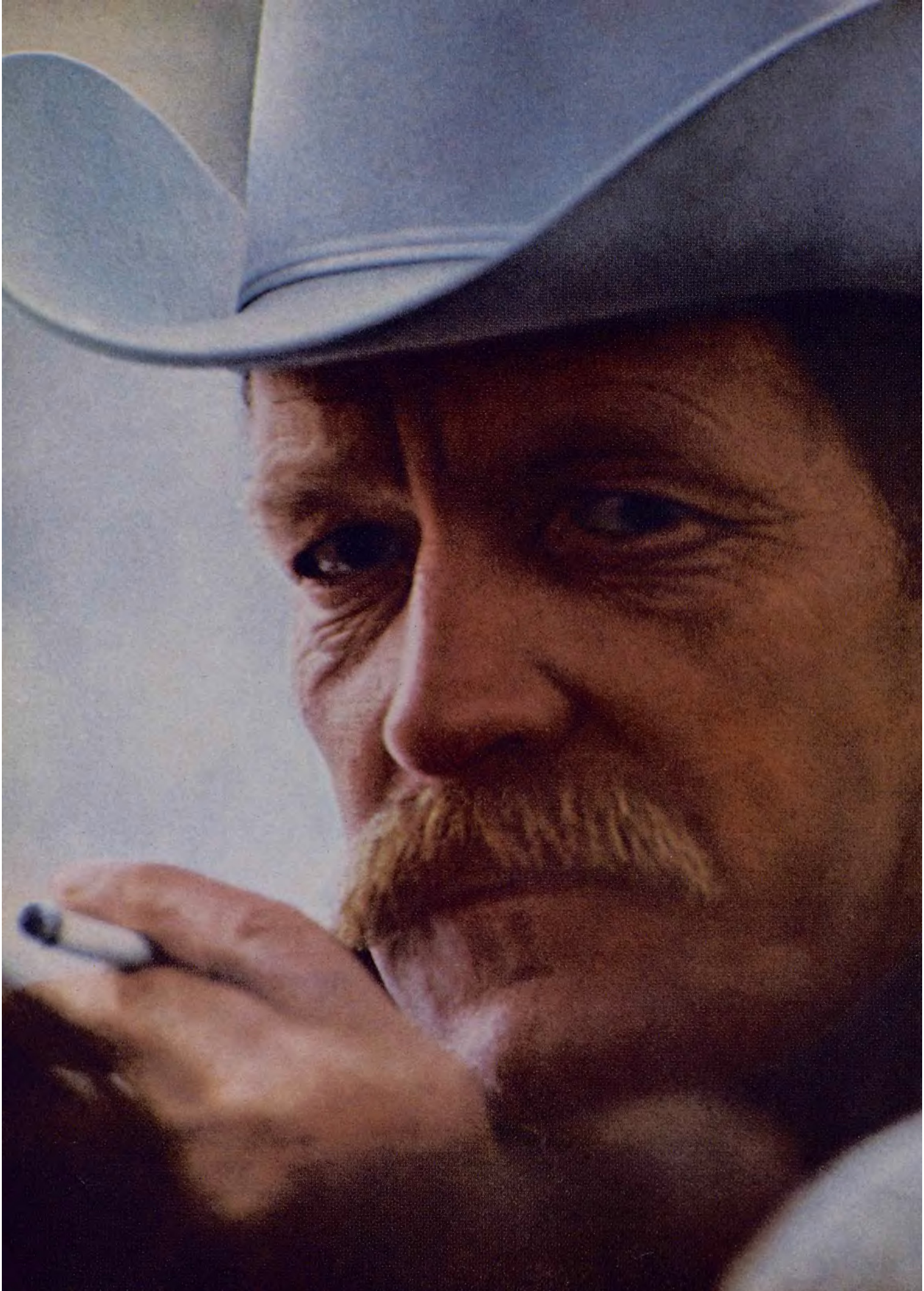

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America today seems to express a longing many people feel for a time when things were presumably better. Do you remember such a time? Do you think the mood of the country was better when you were young?

HOPE: Not to me. I wasn't that well known. I remember a time I was playing Evansville, Indiana. It was about my third date on the road after opening in Chicago. I rehearsed and then I went into the restaurant and bought a paper to check my billing. It said, "The Golden Bird," which was an act that had a bird that answered questions or something, and underneath that it said, "and Ben Hope." I threw up right at the table, and then I walked into the manager's office and I said, "What's the idea spelling my name Ben Hope?" And he said, "Well, what's your name?" I said, "Bob Hope." He said, "Who knows but you?"

Times have changed for me since then, thank God. Last summer I played the Arlington Park Fair near Chicago and the theater is outdoors and it's raining. It's a pretty strong rain and Joey Heatherton is dancing in the rain, with 40,000 people sitting there and nobody's moving. They sat there and cheered. When I came out, I said, "Joey Heatherton dancing in the rain reminds me of Danang," and they all went "Ye-e-a-ay!" I guess they all remembered that. They are such a great audience today. I played a lot of different dates this summer and everywhere I went I felt things really couldn't be better. Naturally, a lot of things upset them, like Watergate, but basically they're great.

PLAYBOY: What frightens you most about the country today?

HOPE: That I'll run out of tax money.

PLAYBOY: Nothing about the state of our society today worries you?

HOPE: Let me tell you something. This country is so strong, our people are so strong, that nothing's going to happen to this system. They've enjoyed this system too much, and I think that when it gets down to the short licks, everybody's going to think the same. Now, the Democrats I know, they were saying it just the other day, we've got to stop making a public exhibition of the country's politics and get back to taking care of the nation's business. I think the people feel the same way, because I get around with a lot of the people and I talk to them and boy, they're strong. You should travel with me around this country and get into some of these cities and talk to these people and dig the way they feel. It's delightful to go into a residential section of Minneapolis or Oklahoma City or anywhere, I don't care where it is, San Francisco and Seattle, and see wonderful families living the good life, with two or three cars. They aren't going to let this stuff slip away from them. They're well established and they like this system we have, because we have the greatest system in the world. There's nothing like it and, though we may have our problems here and there, we're not going to let it get away from us. I know that. I meet these wonderful people and I get the feeling of them and what they are thinking about. Americans are a great people and they live great lives. You come away very proud of them.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about the white middle class. How about the 25,000,000 poor whites, blacks, *chicanos* and Indians who don't feel they're part of the system—and might not even *want* to be part of it?

HOPE: Maybe the best thing about our system is the opportunity it gives people to make something of their lives. I think most people want the good life; they want to live in nice houses and eat well and have some of the material things. And if you don't want them, nobody's forcing you to have them, right? All our system offers anybody is a chance to make good and live well. It's not perfect, but it's the best there is. Let's face it, Bing was from a very poor Catholic family. And Frank Sinatra was from a very poor Italian family. In what other country in the world could a meatball and a piece of spaghetti command so much bread?

PLAYBOY: If you couldn't be a comedian, what would you do with your life?

HOPE: I'd probably have a chain of restaurants or hotels, something like that, where I could appeal to the tastes of people. I've always thought about that, because I dig food and I've always noticed how different restaurants and hotels attract people. That's one thing I did in vaudeville. When the other guys were eating in the Greek restaurants, I would always find a tearoom and get the dainty food, because I loved that. I used to go up to the stagehands and say, "Hey, where's a tearoom around here?" They'd look at me like I was a fag, but today I've got the best stomach in town just from being careful.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you've given a lot of money to universities and schools?

HOPE: Yes, but the only thing I'll tell you about that is that they named an elementary school in San Antonio after me. The kids voted to name the school and I went down there and I got up and said, "I'm flattered because the kids themselves selected me. It just goes to prove how they'll always go for a person who is good-looking and talented, and whose name is easy to spell."

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you're one of the richest men in the world?

HOPE: That's what they say. I wish somebody would tell me where all the money is. Some guy in a magazine article said I was the richest man in America after J. Paul Getty. Listen, Getty sends me a CARE package every year. This money talk about me is silly. I started working in vaudeville for five dollars a day and I have my house paid for and I'm a millionaire, OK, but this stuff they've been writing in the magazines is absolutely ridiculous. One guy said I was worth $500,000,000. It's become like some of the movie magazines you read. You know, "Does John Wayne sleep with a night light?" They just put this stuff in. It's a provocative style of reporting and it sells magazines. It's just like the dirty movies; it's all for the money. Say, you don't want me to pose for the centerfold, do you?

PLAYBOY: It hadn't occurred to us.

HOPE: A couple of magazines have asked me to. I told them I wouldn't do it unless I could carry a catcher's mitt. I saw that one with Burt Reynolds. It didn't prove anything except that he's left-handed.

PLAYBOY: So you're not worth half a billion, but you're doing all right. There was an item in a Los Angeles paper a while back saying that you had turned down $40,000,000 or so for 327 acres of prime Malibu land with ocean frontage. Is that true?

HOPE: When you're through with PLAYBOY, would you like to be a real-estate agent? It's true, I do own some property in Malibu, but it's not exactly ocean frontage, except in case of a very high tide. Right now we can't do anything with the property because of the ecological restrictions. Not that I have anything against ecology. I'm looking forward to breathing again.

PLAYBOY: When did you buy all that real estate?

HOPE: Oh, I've been buying since 1949. Crosby and I struck oil down in Texas back in the Forties. It was a big strike; we had a lot of wells and we made a good capital gain on it. To Crosby, it wouldn't have made any difference if he'd struck orange juice. He's been living on *White Christmas* for 20 years. I put the money I made in oil into property. That's where I got whatever I've got. All the rest of my money went to the Government, all the money I ever made from pictures and radio. The taxes grabbed me.

PLAYBOY: What are your aspirations now?

HOPE: To keep working. I'm going to do a movie based on the life of Walter Winchell, either a movie or a two-episode television thing. I'm in love with the idea. I knew Winchell, I went through that whole era. I'll really enjoy that.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be always involved in something and constantly on the move. Why?

HOPE: I've always lived that way. There's always so much to do. I've been in town a whole week this time and I don't remember ever being home this much. I'm always working on something—movies, specials, benefits, fairs, running out to wave at the tour bus. A star's work is never done.

PLAYBOY: What about sex? Is there sex after 60?

HOPE: You bet. And awfully good, too. Especially the one in the fall.

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the golden christmas ducat

CERTAINLY Dr. Krommbach never expected sex on Christmas Eve, though perhaps the telephone should have forewarned him. It rang constantly, always with some thick tongue at the other end. "*Ida, sweetie pie!*" On any other day, Dr. Krommbach would have turned on WQXR very loud to drown out rings invariably addressed to someone else.

But on December 24th, the telephone decided the greeting card. If, in the year preceding, Dr. Krommbach's son Theodore had called twice or more, Dr. Krommbach would add a personal note to the printed text of the card. However, Theo had called just once so far, back in April, and had spoken so hurriedly Dr. Krommbach couldn't understand the name of his new grandchild. Now, on Christmas Eve, at 3:05 P.M., the telephone shrilled again—this time for a La Mañana Liquor Store. Theo's chance had expired. Dr. Krommbach uncapped the fountain pen to sign "Father." Nothing more. He affixed the airmail stamp, plus an underlined AIRMAIL sticker to alert an all too frequently delinquent postal system. The only other clerical chore before the trip downtown was typing out an explanation to the new reverend.

To the Reverend of Saint Philip the Apostle:

The enclosed gold ducat is worth by yesterday's quotation a little more than 20 (twenty) dollars. It is donated by the undersigned on behalf of *Frau* Emma Philip of Vienna, who kept the undersigned and his son Theo hidden for two days, November 9th to November 11th, 1938, the so-called Crystal Night pogrom of the Hitler era.

On departing for the U. S. A., the undersigned was given by *Frau* Philip a gold ducat so that a church in the New World would light candles in the memory of *Frau* Philip's mother, deceased on Christmas Eve. The undersigned did this on arrival in this country in 1939 and has repeated the custom ever since with independently obtained ducats at the Church of Saint Philip the Apostle. *Frau* Philip's mother was named Emma Heugl. If the ducat is sold at a future date, its value should increase in view of the upward tendency of gold.

Yours sincerely,
Dr. Abraham Krommbach

Dr. Krommbach polished the laurel-laced profile of Emperor Franz Joseph. Nowadays, even dealers on Madison Avenue sold coins in dulled condition. This new inattentive priest might disregard the note and confuse an indifferent-looking ducat with some sort of big penny. Dr. Krommbach placed the gleaming disk in his purse, which he buttoned into the pickpocketproof right inside pocket of his jacket. Next the thermometer outside his window was to be consulted through the magnifying glass. Forty-six degrees. To that figure three degrees must be added, for such was the difference in temperature between Riverside Drive and Broadway. Dr. Krommbach decided on the lighter of his two overcoats and on the silk rather than the wool scarf. The card to Theo he posted on West End Avenue, where collections were unjustifiably more frequent than at the Riverside Drive mailbox; and, on walking to Broadway, he experienced frosty gusts that made him wish for the heavier coat after all. A certain contraction troubled his bladder.

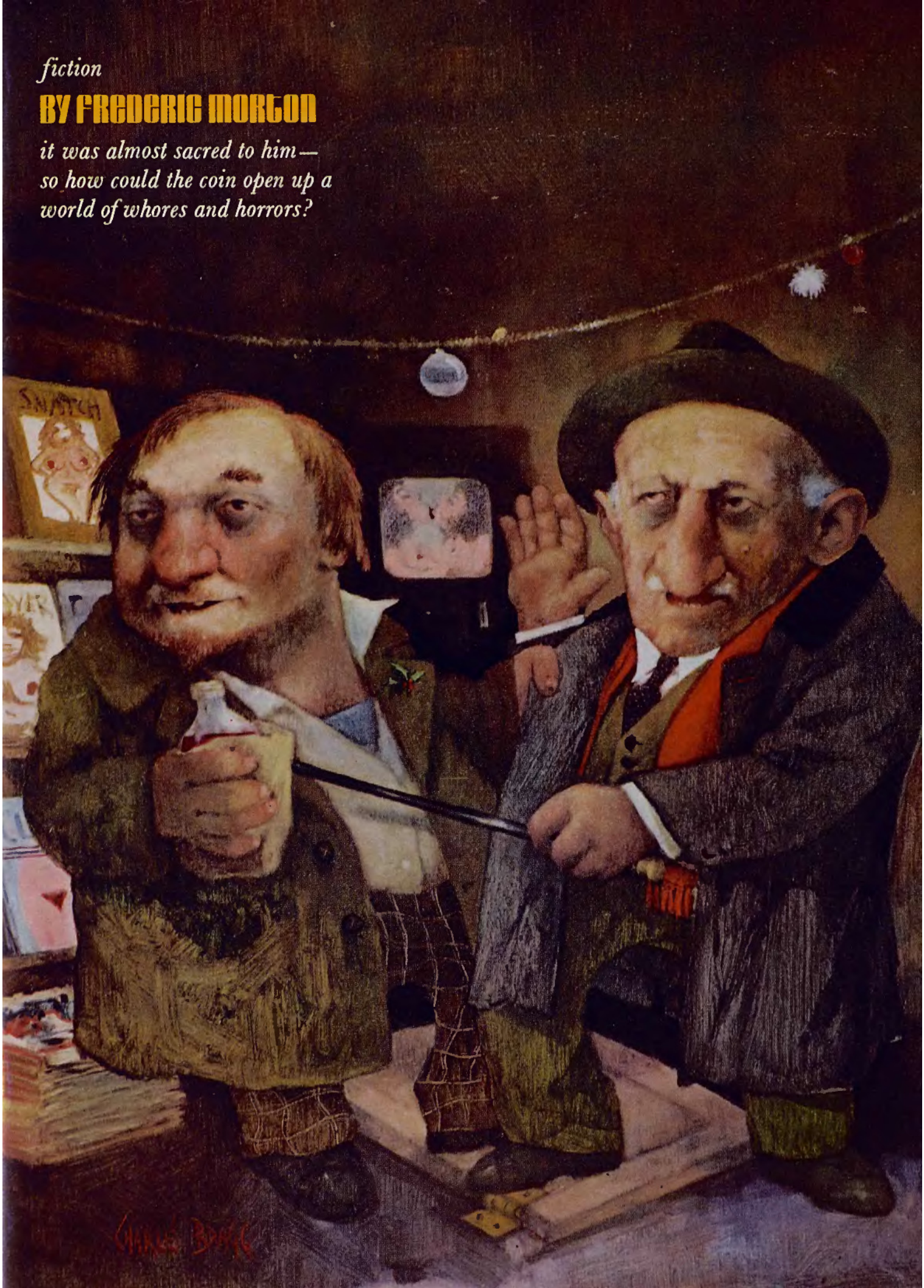
However, this passed and the southbound bus for which Dr. Krommbach often recorded waiting periods up to 17 minutes came auspiciously fast. Dr. Krommbach did not observe his Jewish faith (cultural pride in it was a different matter), nor was he a romanticizer of Christianity. But he did like auspiciousness on Christmas Eve. There was something auspicious about the Church of Saint Philip the Apostle, and not merely in its name for which Dr. Krommbach had selected it years ago. Saint Philip's held an auspicious afternoon Mass (in addition to the midnight one), so Dr. Krommbach could avoid the dark and also take advantage of the pre-four P.M. senior-citizen discount on the bus.

Furthermore, there had been something auspicious about

fiction

BY FREDERIC MORTON

it was almost sacred to him—
so how could the coin open up a
world of whores and horrors?



the portly priest officiating at Saint Philip's for so many Christmas Eves. He had an accent like that little Irish film actor. "Och, God bless you, sir, yours or ours," he used to say to Dr. Krommbach. "It sure wouldn't be Christmas without you." But last year, of course, the new priest had appeared at Mass, a much younger man with thin fingers drumming against his vestments. This person hadn't seemed to understand the purpose of Dr. Krommbach's ducat. In fact, he had looked so uninterested Dr. Krommbach had not asked where the facility for gentlemen was in the rather pretentiously remodeled church.

Dr. Krommbach wondered if he should place his address on the upper-left-hand corner. But in these peculiar times, it was better not to give away too much information. At any rate, Dr. Krommbach's vision could not support writing in the jolting twilight of the bus. And as he debarked into the winds of West 46th Street, he realized that the vehicle's bad springs had bumped awake in his bladder his need for a lavatory.

On bygone Christmas Eves, when Dr. Krommbach had traveled downtown with his ducat, the Great White Way had seemed almost tropical, quite warmer than the Upper West Side. But now Times Square reminded him of—well, of some circus stranded in the arctic. The neon lights stabbed like icicles, puckered the skin under Dr. Krommbach's gloves. Low hard whistles darted from crevices in walls. Through his soles, the pavement struck icily into his very bladder. Saint Philip the Apostle was still more than two cross-town blocks distant. Dr. Krommbach concluded that he would have to use a facility soon. But in all the bars along the way there leaned Negro dandies whose broad-brimmed hats obscured rashes caught (presumably) from the very ladies these pimps offered so garishly on the sidewalks. Around the corner of West 45th Street, however, Dr. Krommbach noticed some white men in solid-gray overcoats (two were carrying briefcases) leave a restaurant. It seemed to be a very modern establishment, for Dr. Krommbach's watering eyes could not discover a sign. Since he was under considerable internal pressure, he decided to go in. He found himself in a magazine store opening into nothing less providential than a public lavatory with booths.

It was really like a Christmas gift. Dr. Krommbach appreciated how rare public conveniences were in New York. Rarer still was the fact that the place looked clean, without offensive smells. A loud-speaker tinkled, and though Dr. Krommbach did not care for the Rudolph Reindeer song, he thought it an amiable gesture. A tall man, equally amiable, pointed to a booth.

"You can lock it, Pop."

Inside the booth, Dr. Krommbach found a second door with a slot saying 25¢. Of course; a civilized convenience like this could not be expected to be free in America. Dr. Krommbach inserted a quarter. And he didn't realize his mistake until it was too late.

It was too late, even though he knew instantly, from the very clink, that it was his gold ducat that had dropped down. His heart pounded, but the door, too, the door in front of him, responded to the calamity. It developed a burning point in the middle, an aperture, to be exact, which lit up and twitched furiously, and Dr. Krommbach, astounded, realized that in front of him was not the gate to a pay toilet at all but a hole through which a film could be viewed.

Instinctively he bent forward and there was a nude bony Asiatic woman on her spread knees, riding (to put it mildly) on the mouth of a mulatto female while a white woman occupied herself with the breasts of the Asian, their various lipstick-smeared mouths rigidly open to display ecstasy and the heaving ribs of these much-too-thin bodies making the spectacle even more squalid.

His gold ducat had unleashed *that*!

Dr. Krommbach recoiled, turned, fled, but in his rush mishandled the lock; he pushed the hook down instead of up, and when he realized the error and tried to open the door properly, the hook was jammed fast into the loop. Once more Dr. Krommbach tried, but he could not exert enough leverage in the cramped twilight, and the sound track of the film, its groans and whispered slang expressions, undermined his strength. The hook would simply not budge from the loop, though Dr. Krommbach sprained his already rheumatic left thumb in the effort. He did find the lighter in his pocket (he still carried his old Viennese lighter, though he had had to give up cigars years ago), yet even the blunt end of this instrument could not hammer the hook out of the loop. Meanwhile, the Asiatic female had begun to yodel in what sounded like orgiastic Malaysian, and Dr. Krommbach knew he had to start shouting himself.

"Sir!" he called. "Sir! Anybody! I must get out!"

"What's the matter, Pop?"

"The hook is jammed!"

"What?"

"I have put the wrong coin in the slot!"

"A slug? You upset the machine! What the fuck is the matter with this door?"

"I am imprisoned!"

"Stand back. Let me try! . . . Shit."

"This place is improperly identified!"

"Now, take it easy, Pop."

"I am due at the Church of Saint Philip! You had better inform the police!"

"I'll get the mechanic."

"I am going to file a complaint!"

"Simmer down, Pop. Be right back."

"Hello! . . . Hello, sir! . . . Hello!"

The man was gone. Some terribly heavy breathing issued from the peephole. Then the three women blacked out into silence. Sure enough, Dr. Krommbach, who had adjusted to the dark, noticed another sign saying SIX PART SERIES QUARTER EACH. Dr. Krommbach, gathering strength from this respite, attacked the hook again just as the peephole began to burn and twitch and rasp anew. Yes, the three women reappeared, this time forming an abominable Y on a bed, tongues and orifices connecting with slurping ferocity. Such was the perverted power of the ducat that it unreeled the entire series, which otherwise demanded six separate coins! Dr. Krommbach was furious as well as appalled. He kicked at the peephole. If anything, this had a stimulating effect on the Chinese woman, who reared up buttocks first and once more crooned her adenoidal ecstasy. Dr. Krommbach, beyond thought, acting in sheer reflex, lashed out with his cane. The door flew open—the hook must have been knocked away.

Dr. Krommbach stood outside, in the aisle between the booths, trying to calm his lungs, leaning on his cane, whose handle had been badly scratched. Through his high breath Dr. Krommbach heard the tinkle of Rudolph the Reindeer, and when he consulted his watch (his wrist hurting as he turned it), the time was 4:37. He could not reach Saint Philip the Apostle for Mass, and even if he did, the gold ducat would still be here, driving those thin awful women through their contortions.

And there was nobody to help. The door of the establishment opened, not to admit the proprietor or the mechanic (Dr. Krommbach's one quickly diminishing hope for the retrieval of the ducat). A man in a long United States Army overcoat pitched in, together with frosty lights and shadows from Times Square. The disappointment added to the weight on Dr. Krommbach's bladder and threw the floor beneath into a tilt. He felt that without the ducat in Saint Philip's collection basket, without commemoration of *Frau* Emma Philip's kindness, the 20th Century, already faltering, would collapse altogether. The moral supports were melting and the flames of Times Square must consume the world.

Perhaps an irrational thought. Dr. Krommbach had to get away from the infectious insanity of the place. But he couldn't move toward the street, because the man in the overcoat extended his arm.

"Here's twenny cents," he said.

"I am not in charge here," Dr. Krommbach said.

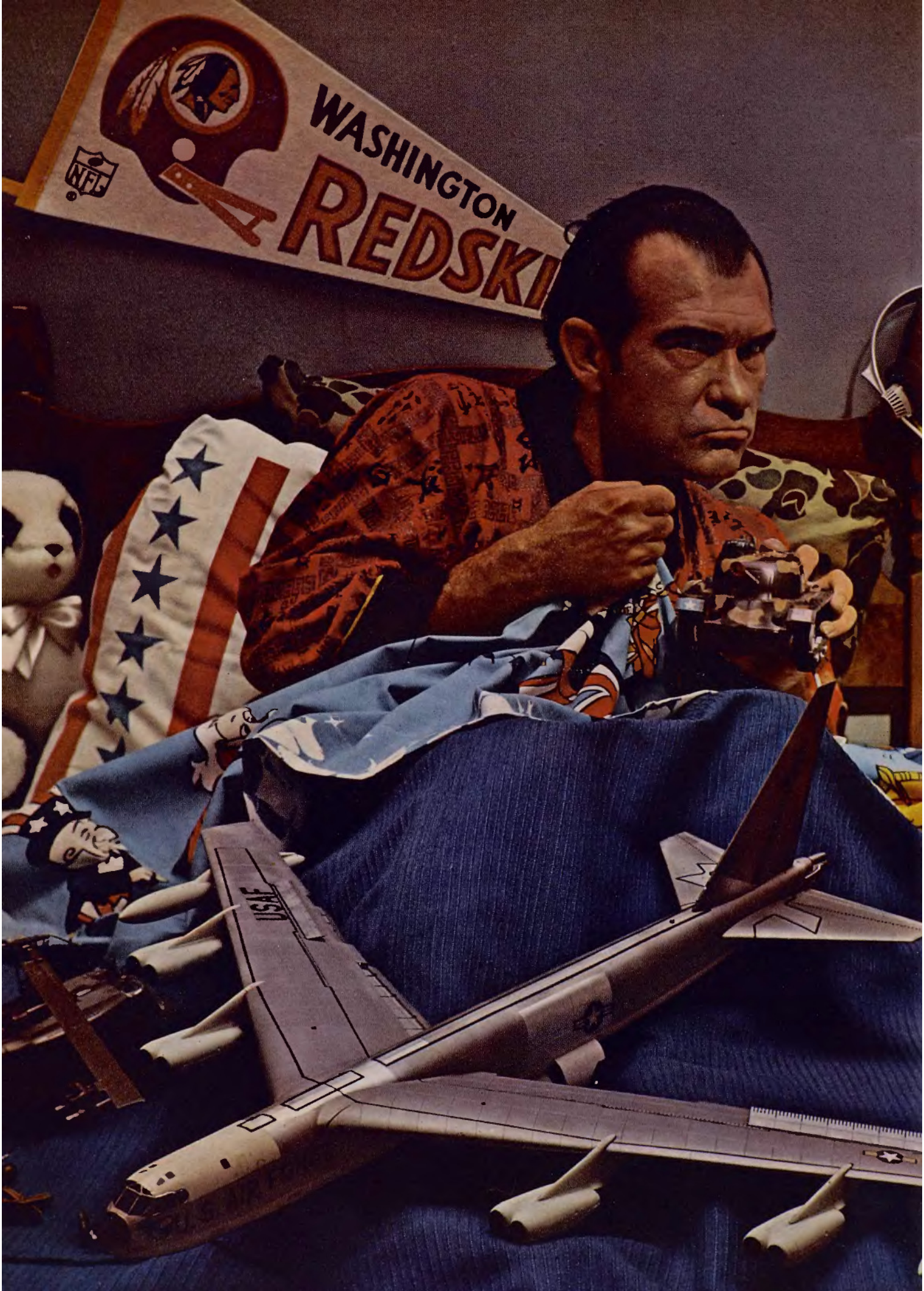
"C'mon. What's the best lookie-wookie?"

"You shall have to wait for the proprietor," Dr. Krommbach said, indignant at this new trial.

"Better gimme the nummer-one action!" the man said, advancing on Dr. Krommbach. He had a rather distinguished red beard, which deserved better

(concluded on page 252)

"But I told you, Miss Cromski lives next door."


WASHINGTON
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THE TYRANNY OF WEAKNESS

when richard nixon finally got a chance to fight back, he wasn't sure he was up to it. so he hired the dirtiest guns in the east

FAIRLY EARLY in Nixon's first term, he held a bachelor dinner in the White House for "intellectuals" sympathetic to his reign. (It goes without saying that the gathering was a small one.) One guest at the meal said, later, he had looked forward to hearing from the President himself, from such little-known quantities as Haldeman and Ehrlichman, or from the other guests. But John Mitchell was the man who commandeered the table, steered and owned the conversation, thumped down opinions, course by course, not pausing for a question—and, all the while, Nixon fairly hung on his friend's words, looking proud of his performance. The least interesting man present had succeeded in interesting the one man who counted.

It is difficult now, after his fall, to appreciate the magic of John Mitchell's brutishness in its full blossom. Only a slight touch of that charm lingered when he appeared, rheumy-eyed and mottled, before Sam Ervin's committee—a trace of the old manner preserved long after its base had been eroded. This trapped man could muster heartier contempt for his baiters than they could bring to bear on him. Without a leg to stand on, he remained stronger than most of the preceding witnesses. A worshiper of power could still be impressed—William S. White wrote a column full of praise: "In John Mitchell the President selected a man and not some spuriously golden-haired boy." But White learned, in his L.B.J. days, to enjoy being bullied. Most viewers saw only a lumpish insensitivity under the loose veil of liver spots woven over Mitchell's face.

To see what Mitchell looked like by candlelight to Richard Nixon, we must recall his time of power: setting up a Government, taking on a job (at Justice) without bothering to learn its requirements, casually suggesting to his predecessor (Ramsey Clark) that a friendly gesture initiated by Clark—after all Nixon's campaign attacks—would make the transition go smoother. Just before he was sworn in, Mitchell condescended to dispatch a young aide—Kevin Phillips—to scout out his new assignment. Phillips seemed weirdly uninquisitive to those trying to instruct him in routines of the department—as if any question would imply self-questioning, convict him of Clark's own dubiety or hesitance. But Phillips made it clear he was not worthy to unlatch his master's sandal when it came to

opinion

By GARRY WILLS

self-assurance: "Of course, Clark came up through the ranks and is more chummy with his staff than an outsider would be. But Mr. Mitchell will be the only personality in that room when he takes over. The others will be his assistants." Later, Mitchell would put this minion in his place: When asked if he agreed with Phillips' Southern strategy, outlined in *The Emerging Republican Majority*, he said: "I don't really have a practice of subscribing to the theories of my aides. It generally works the other way."

Last spring, I asked Phillips whether he had become disillusioned with Mitchell yet, and he replied: "I saw through him eight months ago." It took him, in other words, only four years—and Phillips is a bright young man, not one to linger with a loser.

Yet Phillips, in the long run, gives us no better clue than White to the original force of Mitchell in his friend's Administration. White liked being kicked, and Phillips was going to arrogance school—apt pupil to a master teacher. Nixon, on the other hand, prefers kicking when he can get away with it, and realizes it is too late for him to acquire an imperturbable public air of assurance. Besides, the mystery of that White House dinner is only partly tied to Nixon's own admiration for Mitchell, his reliance on him during all his early steps in office. There is even greater puzzlement in Nixon's use of the man for this unlikely assignment. The dinner was meant to woo, however discreetly, men from a sector of the population hostile to this Administration—even though Nixon has, in the past, indicated that he thinks of himself as an intellectual, too. He works like a scholar in the areas he knows well and thought Kennedy (for instance) an empty dilettante in foreign-policy matters. As he once told Jules Witcover: "In order to make a decision, an individual should sit on his rear end and dig into the books." Nixon takes a justified pride in the number of books—and the number of countries—he has "dug into" by sheer dint of study. Yet no one, not even Nixon in his most smitten days, could think of Mitchell as a very great digger into books. The man never hid his contempt for academicians—look, for God's sake, at the salaries they get. Challenged by party regulars over his lack of political experience before the 1968 campaign, Mitchell just reminded them of the money he had made—for him, that skill was the measure of all others. Asked if he might be awed now that his boss was President of the United States, he told an interviewer: "I've made more money in the practice of the law than Nixon, brought more clients into the firm, can hold my own in argument with him and, as far as I'm concerned, I can deal with him as an equal." No mere professor can make that boast.

Mitchell was as unlikely to impress intellectuals as they were to upset his certitudes. He spelled out his contempt in a 1970 pronouncement: "[Nixon is] aware of everything that's going on. I'll tell you who's not informed, though. It's these stupid kids. . . . And the professors are just as bad, if not worse. They don't know anything. Nor do these stupid bastards who are running our educational institutions." Nixon has, indeed, certain impressive claims to being an intellectual, which just deepens the mystery: Why has he been, from the days of Murray Chotiner to the days of Charles Colson, an intellectual who trave's in the company of thugs? It wou'd be one thing if he used them as his buffer when dealing with the harsher side of politics—to awe the businessmen or show regulars how tough he is. But he brings out his less appetizing specimens precisely when he wants to move into circles where he should feel at home himself.

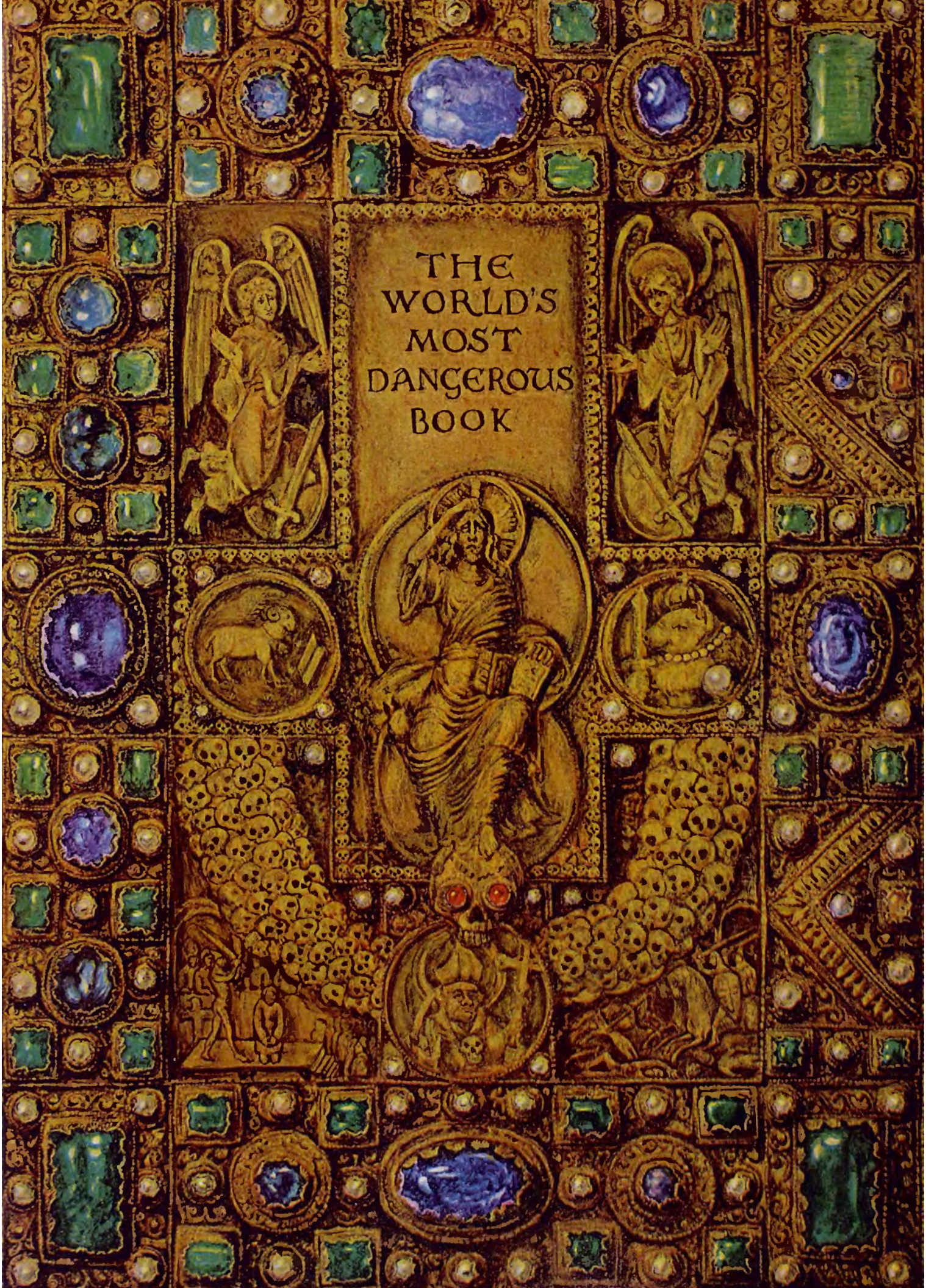
But of course he is not at home among even the friendliest intellectuals. He talked once of teaching at "one of the fine schools—Oxford, for instance," if he lost his bid for the Presidency. Nothing could be less likely. Cast by history on the side of pseudo-Populist anti-establishmentarians like Joe McCarthy, Nixon—who lacked their relish for assaults on intellect—was doomed to champion the "common folk" against uncommon elites. He continues to star in that comedy, even now. His is the Administration that will "play in Peoria," though Nixon has less of the common touch than any President of modern times. He hides away with millionaires, decking out his White House with trumpets and formality; he never feels more at ease than when secluded with a German professor talking about Asiatic statesmen. Nixon is a psychically displaced person—not at home with the crowds, even when cheering their attacks on establishment citadels; not at home in the establishment, even when its power centers have been put in his control. He is always a wary intruder—pirouetting from aggression to obsequiousness in midsentence, wooing and affronting at the same time. He mixes his deference with resentment, his admiration with envy, in ways that make him a man of half-gestures and permanently checked impulse.

That alone can explain his dinner and the Mitchell monolog. He was saying, by their mere invitation, that he wanted these men and could use their help. But he was simultaneously anticipating rebuff, letting Mitchell signal that he did not really need them. He does not have the righteous contempt for excellence that his Wallacelike role demands—he must lean on the brutal types for that. He relies on them to be worse than he is in front of those he obscurely considers better than he is. It is a curiously self-effacing assertiveness—he "toughs it out" through his minions because he is too sensitive and intelligent to do his own contemning. He travels with thugs because he is not a thug himself—these are hired insensitivities. He told Theodore White, in an unusually revealing interview, "I never shoot blanks." He meant that his bullyboys don't. Just as he said he knew nothing about Watergate—"the boys," as Mitchell called them, were supposed to take care of that. The tone was set by that Attorney General whose first judgment over Watergate was that "Kay Graham has her tit caught in a wringer."

Nixon's perpetually off-guard awkward attitude in most company—but most of all in company he respects—led indirectly (his only direction) to Watergate. Power is never so dangerous as when it feels powerless, grasping at desperate measures, all in self-defense (for which read national security). Our Federal Government has been an unwieldy giant for decades; but now it is a fearful giant—the kind we have best reason to fear. It is the man who wanted to teach at "one of the fine schools" whose aides tried to cut off MIT grants, whose Vice-President attacked Yale's president, whose closest advisor called university heads "stupid bastards," whose apologists mounted the most sustained threat of censorship since World War Two. The man who considers himself an intellectual has run an Administration openly at war with intellectuals. It is indicative that Nixon chose, as his fine school, a foreign one, not native. Mitchell might grump that no school run by the stupid bastards could be really good. But Nixon must have felt that none in America would have him. Dithery Hubert, dewlapped with half a century's chin wagging, was hired to lecture (interminably) at Minnesota. Eugene McCarthy, poetically hesitant, was posed in front of a poetry seminar in Maryland. But Nixon, knowing he knows more than either, knew well enough he would venture onto the campus as an alien, almost as a captive ape or display piece—and in grasping that inequity, he laid the basis for his friends' intense hatred of outsiders.

Outsiders, to the Nixon men, were all those who might misunderstand or wrong their leader—as he was wronged so often in the past. It was bad enough to be humiliated in the press, or mocked by the pretentious, when he was a private citizen. But for a President to be mistreated is a national disgrace. No precaution could be disdained when this was at stake. The White House guard had to worry about demonstrators, not only massed outside the White House but slipping into it—a woman might step forward out of a singing group and wave an insulting banner, musicians might refuse to play *Hail to the Chief*, some unconsidered worshiper might pray for peace at a prayer breakfast. A composer's

(continued on page 138)


THE
WORLD'S
MOST
DANGEROUS
BOOK

article By Alan Watts

For many centuries

the Roman Catholic Church was opposed to translating the Holy Scriptures into the "vulgar tongue." To this day, you can still get rid of a Bible salesman by saying, "But we are Catholics and, of course, don't read the Bible." The Catholic hierarchy included subtle theologians and scholars who knew very well that such a diverse and difficult collection of ancient writings, taken as the literal Word of God, would be wildly and dangerously interpreted if put into the hands of ignorant and uneducated peasants. Likewise, when a missionary boasted to George Bernard Shaw of the numerous converts he had made, Shaw asked, "Can these people use rifles?" "Oh, indeed, yes," said the missionary. "Some of them are very good shots." Whereupon Shaw scolded him for putting us all in peril—in the day when those converts waged holy war against us for not following the Bible in the literal sense they gave to it. For the Bible says, "What a good thing it is when the Lord putteth into the hands of the righteous invincible might." But today, especially in the United States, there is a taboo against admitting that there are enormous numbers of stupid and ignorant people, in the bookish and literate sense of these words. They may be highly intelligent in the arts of farming, manufacture, engineering and finance, and even in physics, chemistry or medicine. But this intelligence does not automatically flow over to the fields of history, archaeology, linguistics, theology, philosophy and

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KINUKO CRAFT

mythology—which are what one needs to know in order to make any sense out of such archaic literature as the books of the Bible.

This may sound snobbish, for there is an assumption that, in the Bible, God gave His message in plain words for plain people. Once, when I had given a radio broadcast in Canada, the announcer took me aside and said, "Don't you think that if there is a truly loving God, He would have given us a plain and specific guidebook as to how to live our lives?"

"On the contrary," I replied, "a truly loving God would not stultify our minds. He would encourage us to think for ourselves." I tried, then, to show him that his belief in the divine authority of the Bible rested on nothing more than his own personal opinion, to which, of course, he was entitled. This is basic. The authority of the Bible, the church, the state, or of any spiritual or political leader, is derived from the individual followers and believers, since it is the believers' judgment that such leaders and institutions speak with a greater wisdom than their own. This is, obviously, a paradox, for only the wise can recognize wisdom. Thus, Catholics criticize Protestants for following their own opinions in understanding the Bible, as distinct from the interpretations of the Church, which originally issued and authorized the Bible. But Catholics seldom realize that the authority of the Church rests, likewise, on the opinion of its individual members that the Papacy and the councils of the Church are authoritative. The same is true of the state, for, as a French statesman said, people get the government they deserve.

Why does one come to the opinion that the Bible, literally understood, is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth? Usually because one's "elders and betters," or an impressively large group of one's peers, have this opinion. But this is to go along with the Bandar-log, or monkey tribe, in Rudyard Kipling's *Jungle Books*, who periodically get together and shout, "We all say so, so it must be true!" Having been a grandfather for a number of years, I am not particularly impressed with patriarchal authority. I am of an age with my own formerly impressive grandfathers (one of whom was a fervent fundamentalist, or literal believer in the Bible) and I realize that my opinions are as fallible as theirs.

But many people never grow up. They stay all their lives with a passionate need for external authority and guidance, pretending not to trust their own judgment. Nevertheless, it *is* their own judgment, willy-nilly, that there exists some authority greater than their own. The fervent fundamentalist—whether Protestant or Catholic, Jew or Moslem—is closed to reason and even communication for fear of losing the security of childish dependence. He would suffer extreme emotional heebie jeebies if he didn't have the feeling that there was some external and infallible guide in which he could trust absolutely and without which his very identity would dissolve.

This attitude is not faith. It is pure idolatry. The more deceptive idols are not images of wood and stone but are constructed of words and ideas—mental images of God. Faith is an openness and trusting attitude to truth and reality, whatever it may turn out to be. This is a risky and adventurous state of mind. Belief, in the religious sense, is the opposite of faith—because it is a fervent wishing or hope, a compulsive clinging to the idea that the universe is arranged and governed in such and such a way. Belief is holding to a rock; faith is learning how to swim—and this whole universe swims in boundless space.

Thus, in much of the English-speaking world, the King James Bible is a rigid idol, all the more deceptive for being translated into the most melodious English and for being an anthology of ancient literature that contains sublime wisdom along with barbaric histories and the war songs of tribes on the rampage. All this is taken as the literal Word and counsel of God, as it is by fundamentalist Baptists, Jesus freaks, Jehovah's Witnesses and comparable sects, which—by and large—know nothing of the history of the Bible, of how it was edited and put together. So we have with us the social menace of a huge population of intellectually and morally irresponsible people. Take a ruler and measure the listings under "Churches" in the Yellow Pages of the phone directory. You will find that the fundamentalists have by far the most space. And under what pressure do most hotels and motels place Gideon Bibles by the bedside—Bibles with clearly fundamentalist introductory material, taking their name Gideon from one of the more ferocious military leaders of the ancient Israelites?

As is well known, the enormous political power of fundamentalists is what makes legislators afraid to take laws against victimless "sins" and crimes off the books, and what corrupts the police by forcing them to be armed preachers enforcing ecclesiastical laws in a country where church and state are supposed to be separate—ignoring the basic Christian doctrine that no actions, or abstentions from actions, are of moral import unless undertaken voluntarily. Freedom is risky and includes the risk that anyone may go to hell in his own way.

Now, the King James Bible did not, as one might gather from listening to fundamentalists, descend with an angel from heaven A.D. 1611, when it was first published. It was an elegant, but often inaccurate, translation of Hebrew and Greek documents composed between 900 B.C. and A.D. 120. There is no manuscript of the Old Testament, that is, of the Hebrew Scriptures, written in Hebrew, earlier than the Ninth Century B.C. But we know that these documents were first put together and recognized as the Holy Scriptures by a convention of rabbis held at Jamnia (Yavne) in Palestine shortly before A.D. 100. On *their* say-so. Likewise, the composition of the Christian Bible, which documents to include and which to drop, was decided by a council of the Catholic Church held in Carthage in the latter part of the Fourth Century. Several books that had formerly been read in the churches, such as the *Shepherd of Hermas* and the marvelous *Gospel of Saint Thomas*, were then excluded. The point is that the books translated in the King James Bible were declared canonical and divinely inspired by the authority (A) of the Synod of Jamnia and (B) of the Catholic Church, meeting in Carthage more than 300 years after the time of Jesus. It is thus that fundamentalist Protestants get the authority of their Bible from Jews who had rejected Jesus and from Catholics whom they abominate as the Scarlet Woman mentioned in *Revelation*.

The Bible, to repeat, is an anthology of Hebrew and late Greek literature, edited and put forth by a council of Catholic bishops who believed that they were acting under the direction of the Holy Spirit. Before this time the Bible as we know it did not exist. There were the Hebrew Scriptures and their translation into Greek—the *Septuagint*, which was made in Alexandria between 250 B.C. and 100 B.C. There were also various codices, or Greek manuscripts, of various parts of the New Testament, such as the four Gospels. There were numerous other writings circulating among Christians, including the Epistles of Saint Paul and Saint John, the *Apocalypse* (*Revelation*) and such documents (later excluded) as the *Acts of John*, the *Didache*, the *Apostolic Constitutions* and the various Epistles of Clement, Ignatius and Polycarp.

In those days, and until the Protestant Reformation in the 16th Century, the Scriptures were not understood exclusively in a narrow literal sense. From Clement of Alexandria (Second Century) to Saint Thomas Aquinas (13th Century), the great theologians, or Fathers of the Church, recognized four ways of interpreting the Scriptures: the literal or historical, the moral, the allegorical and the spiritual—and they were overwhelmingly interested in the last three. Origen (Second Century) regarded much of the Old Testament as "puerile" if taken literally, and Jewish theologians were likewise preoccupied with finding hidden meanings in the Scriptures, for the concern of all these theologians was to interpret the Biblical texts in such a way as to

(continued on page 136)

pinups

living dolls re-create a unique art form spawned when the world was less complex and its pleasures more ingenuous

ILLUSTRATION BY KERIG POPE

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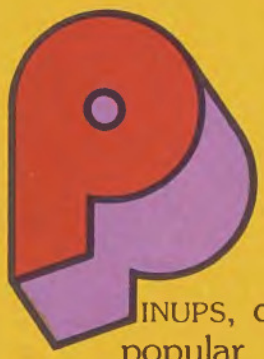


PINUPS, contrary to popular belief, have been hanging around since long before the first staple was removed from the navel of a Playmate of the Month. They came into their own during World War Two, when glossy photos of Betty Grable and Veronica Lake, of recent and revered memory, adorned footlockers and Flying Fortresses. But the golden age of cheesecake was the Thirties, when the pinup girl was still, for the most part, a figment of *artists'* imaginations. In magazine foldouts (notably *Esquire*'s), on calendars, on the covers of such racy periodicals as *Spicy Stories* and *College Humor*, the classic pinup was created by George Petty (whose "long-stemmed American beauties" frequently caressed a white telephone), Earl Moran, Fritz Willis, Gil Elvgren and Alberto Vargas. Vargas' monthly contribution to our own pages keeps the tradition alive, but PLAYBOY's preference has always been—to paraphrase the old song—less for paper dollies than for real live girls. Acting on the theory that even such fantasies can become reality, Associate Art Director Kerig Pope and Staff Photographer Bill Arsenault swore that they, and their models, could bring those painted pinups of yesteryear alluringly to life in a gallery of photographs. We didn't believe them. We were—quite obviously—wrong.

"READY
TO SPEND
A GOOD KNIGHT"

"WHAT A LINE-UP"

"IT'S THE SHADOW...
AND HE KNOWS"

"BUMPER CROP"

"WAITING FOR
A STEAMER"

"POOLING
HER
RESOURCES"

"FIT TO BE TARRED"

"CHERRY DELIGHT"

"BELLE
OF THE
BALLS"

PLAYBOY'S

TO THIS YEAR'S FLESH-FLICK QUEEN

verse By JUDITH WAX

TO A WIRE TAPPER

Though all the world recoiled in shock
At tales of your skulduggery,
You only did what you do best--
Just good old-fashioned buggery.

TO A COMMUNE COHABITANT

Raise the Ripple to our love!
Joyous carols sing!
Baby, our relationship's
A very heavy thing.
Nothing's ever happened like the
Vibes between us two,
Grooving night and day together.
Love till death,
Guess who

CHRISTMAS CARDS

missives and missiles for the jolly season

What far-out physiology!
You're Sex Star of the Year!
Despite your famed achievement, though,
The news is bad, we fear—
They've found another Wonder Girl
(Get ready for this, dear),
She's got a trick left nostril
And a really freaky ear!

TO A MASCARA-ROCK STAR

We'd like to buy some gifts for you,
Some festive little sundries,
But do we shop in "Gifts for Guys"
Or stick to "Ladies' Undies"?
Perhaps the problem can be solved—
Why choose things male or femme?
We'll seek, instead, that perfect gift
For the compleat SM.

TO A BELEAGUERED DIET DOCTOR

**Why do critics smirch your name?
Why can't they keep quiet?
What could be unethical
About your moose-milk diet?
Let those nabobs snipe away, doc;
Little does it matter
How you trim the patients if your
Wallet's getting fatter.**

MOST DANGEROUS BOOK

(continued from page 122)

make the Bible intellectually respectable and philosophically interesting. Concern over the historical truth of the Bible is relatively modern, whether in the form of fundamentalism or of scientific research.

But when the Bible was translated and widely distributed as a result of the invention of printing, it fell into the hands of people who, like the Jesus freaks of today, were simply uneducated and who, as the depressed classes of Europe, eventually swarmed over to America. This is, naturally, a heroic generalization. There were, and are, fundamentalists learned in languages and sciences (although the standard translation of the Bible into Chinese is said to be in fearful taste), just as there are professors of physics and anthropology who somehow manage to be pious Mormons. Some people have the peculiar ability to divide their minds into watertight compartments, being critical and rational in matters of science but credulous as children when it comes to religion.

Such superstition would have been relatively harmless if the religion had been something tolerant and pacific, such as Taoism or Buddhism. But the religion of the literally understood Bible is chauvinistic and militant. It is on the march to conquer the world and to establish itself as the one and only true belief. Among its most popular hymns are such battle songs as "Mine eyes have seen the glory" and *Onward, Christian Soldiers.* The God of the Hebrews, the Arabs and the Christians is a mental idol fashioned in the image of the great monarchs of Egypt, Chaldea and Persia. It was possibly Ikhnaton (Amenhotep IV, 14th Century B.C.), Pharaoh of Egypt, who gave Moses the idea of monotheism (as suggested in Freud's *Moses and Monotheism*). Certainly the veneration of God as "King of kings and Lord of lords" borrows the official title of the Persian emperors. Thus, the political pattern of tyranny, beneficent or otherwise, of rule by violence, whether physical or moral, stands firmly behind the Biblical idea of Jehovah.

When one considers the architecture and ritual of churches, whether Catholic or Protestant, it is obvious—until most recent times—that they are based on royal or judicial courts. A monarch who rules by force sits in the central court of his donjon with his back to the wall, flanked by guards, and those who come to petition him for justice or to offer tribute must kneel or prostrate themselves—simply because these are difficult positions from which to start a fight. Such monarchs are, of course, frightened of their subjects and constantly on the anxious alert for rebellion. Is this an appropriate image for the inconceivable energy that underlies the universe? True, the altar-throne in Catholic churches is occupied by the image of God in the form of one crucified as a common thief, but he hangs there as our leader in subjection to the Almighty Father, King of the universe, propitiating Him for those who have broken His not always reasonable laws. And what of the curious resemblances between Protestant churches and courts of law? The minister and the judge wear the same black robe and "throw the book" at those assembled in pews and various kinds of boxes, and both ministers and judges have chairs of estate that are still, in effect, thrones.

The crucial question, then, is that if you picture the universe as a monarchy, how can you believe that a republic is the best form of government, and so be a loyal citizen of the United States? It is thus that fundamentalists veer to the extreme right wing in politics, being of the personality type that demands strong external and paternalistic authority. Their "rugged individualism" and their racism are founded on the conviction that they are the elect of God the Father, and their forebears took possession of America as the armies of Joshua took possession of Canaan, treating the Indians as Joshua and Gideon treated the Bedouin of Palestine. In the same spirit the Protestant British, Dutch and Germans took possession of Africa, India and Indonesia, and the rigid Catholics of Spain and Portugal colonized Latin America. Such territorial expansion may or may not be practical politics, but to do it in the name of Jesus of Nazareth is an outrage.

• • •

The Bible is a dangerous book, though by no means an evil one. It depends, largely, on how you read it—with what prejudices and with what intellectual background. Regarded as sacred and authoritative, such a complex collection of histories, legends, allegories and images becomes a monstrous Rorschach blot in which you can picture almost anything you want to discover—just as one can see cities and mountains in the clouds or faces in the fire. Fundamentalists "prove" the truth of the Bible by trying to show how the words of the prophets have foretold events that have come to pass in relatively recent times. But any statistician knows that you can find correlations, if you want to, between almost any two sets of patterns or rhythms—between the occurrence of sunspots and fluctuations of the stock market, between the lines and bumps on your hand and the course of your life or between the architecture of the Great Pyramid and the history of Europe. This is because of eidetic vision, or the brain's ability to project visions and forms of its own into any material whatsoever. But scholars of ancient history find the remarks of the prophets entirely relevant to events of their own time, in the ancient Near East. The Biblical prophets were not so much predictors as social commentators.

I am not in the position of those liberal Christians who reject fundamentalism but must still insist that Jesus was the *one* and only incarnation of God, or at least the most perfect human being. No one is intellectually free who feels that he cannot and must not disagree with Jesus and is therefore forced into the dishonest practice of wangling the words of the Gospels to fit his own opinions. There is not a scrap of evidence that Jesus was familiar with any other religious tradition than that of the Hebrew Scriptures or that he knew anything of the civilizations of India, China or Peru. Under these circumstances, he was faced with the virtually impossible problem of expressing himself in the peculiar religious language and imagery of his local culture. For it is obvious to any student of the psychology of religion that what he needed to express was the relatively common change of consciousness known as mystical experience—the vivid and overwhelming sensation that your own being is one with eternal and ultimate reality. But it was as hard for Jesus to say this as it still is for a native of the American Bible Belt. It implies the blasphemous, subversive and lunatic claim to be identical with the all-knowing and all-ruling monarch of the world—its Pharaoh or Cyrus. Jesus would have had no trouble in India, for this experience is the foundation of Hinduism, and the Hindus recognize many people in both ancient and modern times as embodiments of the divine, or sons of God—but not, of course, of the kind of God represented by Jehovah. Buddhists, likewise, teach that anyone can, and finally will, become a Buddha (an Enlightened One), in the same way as the historic Gautama.

If the *Gospel of Saint John*, in particular, is to be believed, Jesus emphatically identified himself with the Godhead, considering such phrases as "I and the Father are one," or "He who has seen me has seen the Father," or "Before Abraham was, I am," or "I am the way, the truth and the life." But this was not an exclusive claim for himself as the man Jesus, for at *John* 10:31, just after he has said "I and the Father are one," the crowd picks up rocks to stone him to death. He protests:

> "Many good works have I shown you from my Father; for which of those works do you stone me?" The Jews answered him, saying, "We do not stone you for a good work, but for blasphemy, and because you, being a man, make yourself God."

And here it comes:

> Jesus answered them, "Is it not written in your law, 'I said, *you* are

(continued on page 278)

a yule log of pyrotechnic christmas potables to add a flare to your holiday festivities

drink **By EMANUEL GREENBERG** Some 400 years ago, the English poet Thomas Tusser advised his contemporaries: "At Christmas play and make good cheer/For Christmas comes but once a year." Obviously, there were no flies on old Thomas T., and his advice still makes a lot of sense. The whole world seems to turn on at yuletide. Joy, if not supreme, is certainly rampant. There are frolics and flings, revels and bust-outs wherever you go—and the land is awash in plum puddings, fruitcakes, well-browned birds and wassails. Which is fine. After all, Christmas is a collage drawn from 4000 years of pagan and Christian celebrations of the winter solstice. But this season, instead of hosting one more Tom and Jerry bash, try adding an innovative fillip to your year-end wingding. A dazzling pyrotechnic display of flaming drinks will cast new light on holiday hostmanship—and brighten the longest nights of the year.

Now, the art of flambé may look mysterious when performed; but the fact is that anyone can flame *(continued on page 281)*

TYRANNY OF WEAKNESS *(continued from page 118)*

text might contain some veiled insult—best cancel it and stick to perfectly safe things, like the *1812 Overture*.

Nixon, who has suffered through so many demeaning moments in his life, must be spared any further one, no matter how small the issue. Much of the Watergate team first gathered its resources to head off street demonstrations. That was Egil "Bud" Krogh's early assignment; the matter was too grave and personal to be trusted to D.C. police or the Justice Department.

The White House was under almost perpetual siege. People came in on tours and poured blood there, or carried insulting signs out front. The professors came, too, or praised the students for coming. No wonder those inside felt the aggression was all upon the other side, the outside. It was typical of slick Chuck Colson to pooh-pooh the White House enemies list as a mere screening process for those to be invited to the White House. But there was some genetic connection, after all: Each person entering the White House was seen as a potential enemy—even the friendly academics who were bored by Mitchell. If you cannot trust the Johnny Mann Singers, whom can you trust?

No one, really—and certainly not any professors. Even Pat Moynihan, while working up his style of sycophantic flamboyance for Nixon's delight, was not trusted by the keepers of the Presidential dignity. He not only talked too much but talked with too many people—even with the enemies. He was a new kind of security risk—a dignity risk in the starched and pompous White House. Anyone who laughs that much might well laugh, someday, at the President. In some covert way—who knows?—he was probably already laughing at him while pretending to laugh with him.

Indeed, it was his very access to the President that made him dangerous. Since Nixon is an intellectual (though not given proper recognition as one), he tests his mettle with a chosen few professors—a Kissinger, a Moynihan, a Shultz. This is inevitable, perhaps—but not a happy sight for those protecting him. He must be protected even from himself. Purge and attempted purge would be the order of the day near Nixon. When a Wally Hickel aligns himself with students, he must go. Even Kissinger sees too many acquaintances from Harvard. "Pete" Peterson goes partying in Georgetown. Len Garment is not only assigned to placate blacks but seems to like their company. For that matter, Klein even likes some journalists.

Mitchell, again, had been the first to hunt for infiltrating "liberals" in the Nixon camp. Even during the 1968 campaign, he was alarmed by Evans and Novak reports that some young staffers were not far enough right to suit the Nixon image. He hated to hear about a Bob Dole or a Bob Finch talking mushily when he was orchestrating barks and growls. After using Bob Mardian to sabotage Finch's HEW on the busing issue, Mitchell—beginning his own slow decline—still served as a bumper between Finch and Nixon in the White House. Mitchell was also upset at Ripon Society types who gravitated toward the Moynihan office. He once referred to Ripon's young members as "juvenile delinquents," and the society was a particular target for Kevin Phillips, who disliked its establishment style. Most politicians try to reach beyond their immediate constituency; Mitchell kept expelling people from that small first circle of Republican intellectuals—whence his first-strike offensiveness at the White House dinner.

Others were learning the lesson of that dinner, along with the invited guests. If Nixon admired the boorish strength of Mitchell, a pre-emptive rudeness that anticipates insult, then Haldeman and Ehrlichman knew what path they must follow upward. And their righteousness had a solider base than Mitchell's mere self-satisfaction. Haldeman, lean and ascetic, with an insect's economy of feature and death's-head nose, was trimmed down to monomaniac devotion. Ehrlichman the teetotaler was meant to deal with the Hill, to indulge his contempt for drunken Congressmen—he just widened the voracious smile, as his guillotine eyebrows were gleefully drawn up and dropped. These two could out-outgrowl Mitchell in distrustfulness, could believe at last that Mitchell was not single-minded enough in his loyalty. Those closest to Nixon had to be shoved aside most energetically. When even Len Garment fell victim to this process, he was not surprised: "Considering the way Nixon squeaked in, they [Haldeman and Ehrlichman] were probably essential. Without them, he might have fallen apart." That is not disillusioned bitterness speaking—as Garment proved by going back to serve when there was even greater danger to the Nixon stability. Those who admire Nixon most also feel a need to nurse and minister to him. Theodore White quotes "one of the three men closest to him" (at that time, Mitchell?) as saying in 1970: "They'd driven one President from office, they'd broken Johnson's will. Were they going to break another President? They had him on the edge of nervous breakdown." The protectors' strength grows from their charge's weakness, his demand for shelter, for quiet and surcease from insult; from the fact that he has been wronged so often and felt it so deeply. What was simply a crude manner in Mitchell became a principled ruthlessness in Haldeman, an insensitivity toward the outside fed from acute sensitivity to Nixon's wounds and exposed nerves. Thus power grew by feeling powerless; aggression always looked like self-defense. Only terrified men institute a Terror.

Haldeman was cruel out of an unquestioning kindness toward his boss. But other White House aides, more complex than he, had to ask some questions. They needed not only the instinct for averting scorn but a theory of their grievances—a way to account for the regularity with which that scorn did strike. Moynihan elaborated, in his memoranda, a view that liberal do-gooders were angered at their slipping hold upon the proletariat. He advised Nixon that he must not let himself be—as Lyndon Johnson was—"toppled by a mob": "No matter that it was a mob of college professors, millionaires, flower children and Radcliffe girls. It was a mob that by 1968 had effectively *physically* separated the Presidency from the people."

Patrick Buchanan thought the press was out to get revenge for the fading of Camelot. Both men talked of elitism and argued that the electorate (not so much the President) was the true victim of the intellectuals. Moynihan said the liberals meant to deprive the people of their President, and Buchanan agreed: "These men [TV commentators] are using that monopoly position [on the three networks] to persuade the nation to share their distrust of and hostility toward the elected Government." Moynihan thought liberalism, in its decline, had an almost Luciferian urge toward utter negation: "The leading cultural figures are going—or have gone—into opposition. . . . It is their pleasure to cause trouble." Buchanan describes the same phenomenon, of men "taking an increasingly adversary stance toward the social and political values, mores and traditions of the majority of Americans." To be an adversary of American political tradition is almost the definition of a traitor—a definition Haldeman would make even more precise when describing Nixon's Congressional opponents.

In attacking elitism for its scorn of the electorate, both men called their opponents unrepresentative. Who *elected* Walter Cronkite? Buchanan writes: "To whom do the gentlemen of the networks answer, other than some nameless executive, whose principal concern is less with the welfare of the nation than the Nielsen ratings and profit margins?" Here Buchanan skates on very thin ice. If Nielsen ratings control the networks, then viewers *do* elect Cronkite. And a disinterested effort at "the welfare of the nation," carried on despite its unpopularity, sounds, by irony, elitist.

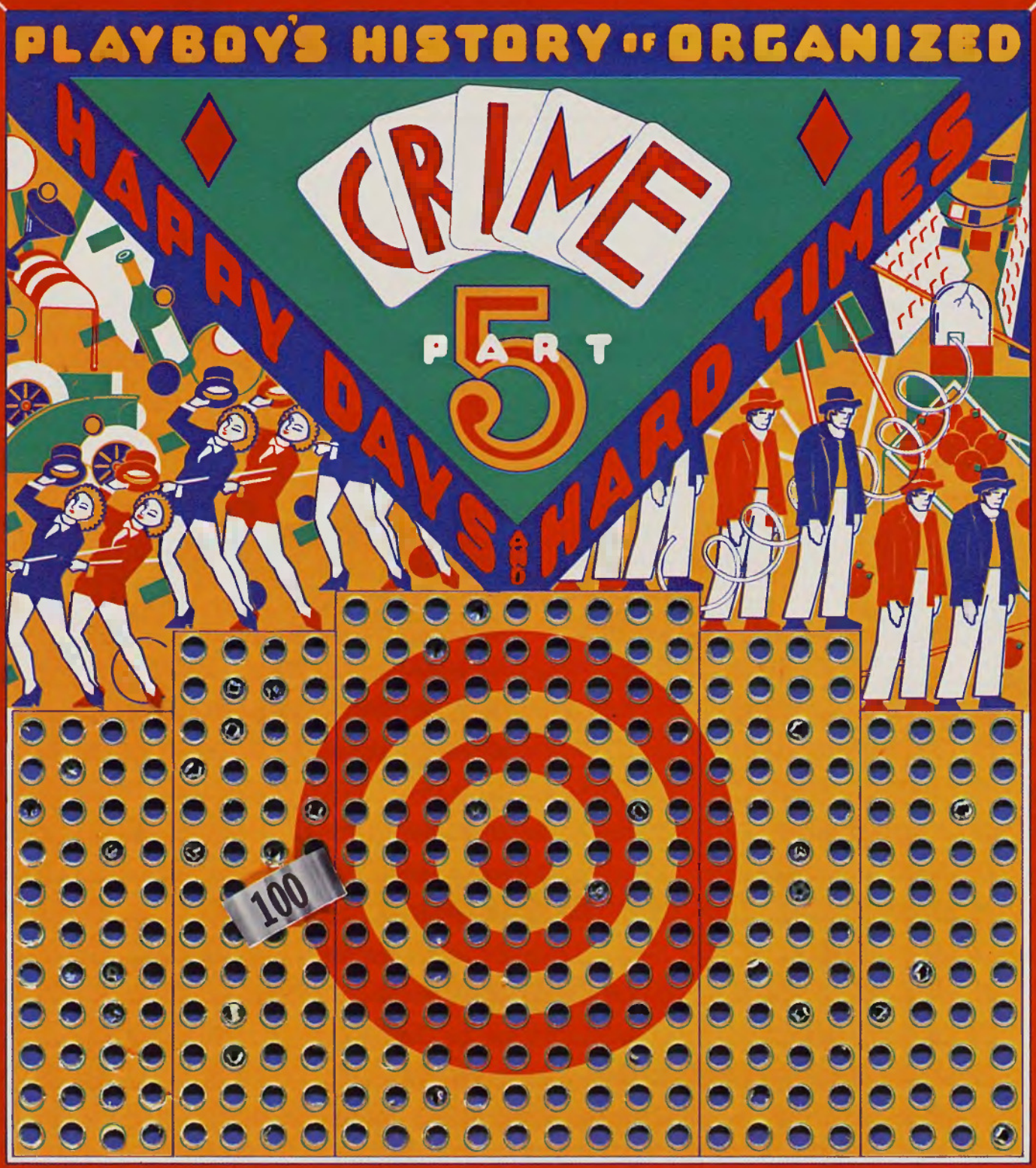
Theodore White, trying to sort out the inconsistencies in Moynihan-Buchananism, to save its essential point, argues that the self-proclaimed guardians of the nation's good, who do not have to answer

(continued on page 160)

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ORGANIZED CRIME

PART 5

HAPPY DAYS AND HARD TIMES



article By RICHARD HAMMER *in the social and economic chaos of the depression, organized crime gives american business the business*

THE MOOD OF THE NATION in the first years of the Thirties was desperate. A fourth of the potential labor force, nearly 13,000,000 people, were looking for jobs by 1932, and that army of the unemployed was being swelled every day as businesses large and small gave up and closed their doors. Bread lines and soup kitchens were becoming fixtures in every American city. Hoovervilles, warrens of cardboard shanties, were springing up along river beds and railroad tracks and in vacant lots to shelter the homeless. A Bonus Army of thousands of jobless and hopeless World War One veterans descended on Washington to seek the aid of the Federal Government, only to be met and routed by the bayonets, truncheons and tear gas of Regular Army troops commanded by General Douglas MacArthur. Banks were collapsing at an ever-increasing rate and carrying with them the hopes and the savings of millions. There was no money, not in the

As New York governor, Fronklin D. Roosevelt went after corruption, crime and the U.S. Presidency.

Judge Samuel Seabury headed the commission that turned heat on New York's mobsters in 1931.

As corrupt as he was colorful, New York City mayor Jimmy Walker finally exiled himself to Europe.

With the help of his friends in the New York Mob, Huey P. Long introduced the slots to Louisiono.

private purses of ordinary Americans nor in the state or Federal treasuries, and the sources of revenue were fast disappearing. The melancholy anthem of the age was sung all over the country: *Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?*

With Government seemingly unable or unwilling to meet the worsening crisis, many saw a developing potential for revolution. On one level, there was a crescendo of demands for action and change—radical and violent or moderate and peaceful; it didn't matter much which, as long as there were signs that someone was doing something. On another level, there was a demand, a necessity, for escape from the increasing wretchedness of life, if only for just a few hours.

The bankrupt Administration of Herbert Hoover was swept out of office in the 1932 election by Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and he brought to Washington and the nation an infectious optimism, a frantic 100 days and more of action, a parade of needed reforms that, if not ending the Depression, at least offered the hope that it would be ended.

Those who provided the country with its escapes and diversions had no less a stake in the survival of the system, though their contributions were of a different kind. By

Organized crime hit the jackpot by playing on the public's weakness for the one-armed bandit.

coincidence, they were made possible in some measure by the Roosevelt Administration's rural-electrification programs, which brought the wonders of electricity to those who had never known it before. With the electric light came another wondrous invention: the radio. Like television two decades later, in the Thirties the radio became a necessity in even the poorest household. Every evening the family would gather around the little box with its lighted dial to forget reality and enter the world of Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Amos and Andy, Major Bowes, Fanny Brice as Baby Snooks, Cecil B. De Mille introducing the *Lux Radio Theater*, the whole distant world of drama and laughter and adventure. In the mornings and afternoons, a housewife could go about her drudgery without thinking, her mind on the endless entanglements of *Young Doctor Malone, Our Gal Sunday, The Romance of Helen Trent, Ma Perkins, Pepper Young's Family* and all the rest of the soap operas. The world outside might be black, but inside the box all things were possible.

Amusement, change, total escape were even more satisfying in the darkness of the new talking-movie palaces, where, for a dime or a quarter, one

Raiding police lay waste to a New Orleans bookie joint operating in a private home in 1937. The raid was one of many during a much-publicized but not altogether successful compaign against illegol gambling and other Mob-controlled vice that had taken firm root in Louisiana during the reign of "Kingfish" Huey P. Long.

In Monhotton's Gorment District, both monagement and labor sought the services of gangsters, who proceeded to thoroughly infiltrote and seize almost total control of thot industry in the Thirties.

ILLUSTRATION BY RON VILLANI AFTER JOHN KANE CIRCA 1930

could enter a convincing dreamland. On Wednesday nights there was bingo and on Saturdays a visiting celebrity, or maybe only the theater manager, might draw a number from a fish bowl and the lucky ticket holder would have a new set of dishes. Then the lights would dim and everything would be forgotten except those flickering black-and-white images on the huge silvery screen. It was a safe but exciting world: where Little Caesar was only Edward G. Robinson firing blanks, where the Public Enemy was Jimmy Cagney and Scarface was Paul Muni in make-up, where Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi could create delicious shudders as Frankenstein's Monster and Dracula, where Busby Berkeley could work glamorous miracles along 42nd Street or with the Gold Diggers of 1933 and where the bulbous nose of W. C. Fields gleamed almost red in black and white.

But the escape provided by radio and movies, though vital, was an escape into a realm that even the most gullible knew (despite the publicized talent hunts and the exodus of pretty girls and handsome young men from the small towns to Hollywood's dream factory) was only a short flight for an hour or two before the return to reality. There were, however, other avenues of escape—some not so unreal, for they held out the possibility of power and riches. These were the dreams purveyed by the American underworld.

The survival of the American system was just as important to the criminals as to any other group. The underworld's roots were as deep in American society and tradition as the most honest patriot's, and many of its leaders, sensing this, became the most conservative of citizens. In later years, no single group was more patriotic or more virulently anti-Communist, more dedicated to the continuance of the American Way of Life without alteration. Major racketeers were easy marks for those who appealed to their love of country; their bank rolls were always open. (A dream of Meyer Lansky, a longtime conservative Republican, and Tommy Lucchese, a conservative Democrat, and a dream both realized, was to see their sons graduated from West Point and become commissioned officers.)

For organized crime, the climate of the Depression was in some ways superior even to that of the Twenties. The racketeers were the dispensers of dreams and escape—in the form of alcohol, gambling, money, drugs and sex—and, by the early Thirties, they had enormous wealth and influence. Under the leadership of Lucky Luciano, Lansky, Frank Costello and their peers, the organized criminals were openly courted by politicians seeking their support, their allegiance and their dollars. They were too powerful even to display concern over the growing reform movement that was demanding an end to politically protected crime.

The time had come, it seemed to many, to do something about the corruption that had flourished in New York, and in most of the nation's cities, since the start of Prohibition. It had been one thing for city officials, judges and police to flout the laws openly, take payoffs and live high during an era of boom and prosperity. But it was another thing entirely for these same public servants to conduct business as usual during the Depression, when joy had given way to desperation. The most blatant forms of venality could no longer be endured, and even the most blasé and jaded began to demand at least some semblance of honesty in civic government. As the new decade began, the scandals of the administration of New York's wastrel mayor, James J. Walker, and his Tammany allies and sponsors, such as Jimmy Hines, had reached the point where even the blind were forced to see.

Early in 1931, Roosevelt, then New York's governor but already beginning to sound like a Presidential candidate, and the New York appellate court appointed a commission to take a searching look at what was happening in the nation's largest city. The commission was headed by Judge Samuel Seabury, who not only sought to open some windows in the back rooms and let in light but no doubt relished the opportunity to expose the corruption of Tammany Hall, which had cost him a governor's race more than a decade earlier. All through 1931 and 1932, hardly a day went by without some major disclosures from the commission. The Seabury hearings were an unending serial of payoffs, bribery, venality, corruption and crime, developing the almost unbreakable link between Dutch Schultz, Luciano, Costello, Louis Lepke Buchalter and other underworld figures and the political world of Hines, Tammany Hall, Mayor Walker and various police commissioners.

Though the publicity was certainly undesired, the gangsters assumed the heat would soon die down and it would again be business as usual—especially considering the political events of the time. The Democratic National Convention would open in Chicago at the end of June 1932. Its nominee for President would almost certainly be swept into the White House over the forlorn and discredited incumbent, Herbert Hoover. The convention's choice seemed to be between Governor Roosevelt and the standard-bearer from 1928, Al Smith. (In the big cities, no one gave a moment's thought to the third contender, John Nance Garner, Speaker of the House of Representatives; after all, he was from that land of cowboys and Indians, Texas, which the cities didn't even think of as part of America.) Both were New Yorkers and, to appear as viable candidates to the convention, both had to control their home state's delegation. Smith, with his easy, garrulous manner, his Lower East Side accent, his loyal party record, was the traditional Tammany favorite. The patrician Roosevelt, with his Harvard education, upper-class accent, Hyde Park manner and personal wealth, was, to those in the city, only a charming and somewhat suspicious unknown.

Tammany's control of a large bloc of city delegates to the convention made it, then, the object of fervent dealing on the part of both Smith and Roosevelt backers; and since control of Tammany rested not just in Hines and his rival leader, Albert Marinelli, but also in their underworld allies, the political trading necessarily had to include them. Early in 1932, the problem for Roosevelt seemed to be the pressure generated by the Seabury investigation. As long as Tammany and its underworld allies were under fire, Roosevelt could not count on their support.

Roosevelt denounced civic crime, graft and corruption in ringing terms, lauded Seabury and his fellow commissioners for their work and then, mildly, said that he did not think a strong enough case had been made against Walker or anyone else to warrant legal or executive action.

The statement, and Roosevelt's refusal to authorize any action, did just what it was intended to do. Hines promptly announced that he was backing Roosevelt for the Presidency and would lead a large delegation to Chicago in the governor's behalf. But Tammany's underworld associates were not yet ready to make a total commitment. They hedged their bets. Marinelli proclaimed his allegiance to Al Smith and his intention to lead a Smith bloc to Chicago.

Hines and Marinelli were taking orders, and those who were giving them also attended the convention. At the Drake Hotel, Luciano took a large suite for himself and Marinelli. Down the hall, Costello took an equally lavish suite for himself and Hines. And in between, Lansky had his own suite, where the underworld's beneficence was dispensed to all willing delegates and where Lansky was prepared to mediate, to entertain and to explore new worlds out in the hinterlands.

In that late-June week there was no pretense of observing the doomed 18th Amendment, of drinking secretly. Liquor was for sale openly to any delegate who wanted it. There were well-stocked bars doling out free booze to all comers in Lansky's, Costello's and Luciano's suites, night and day. It was during an extended drinking bout in Lansky's suite that a florid politician from Louisiana named Huey Long, "the Kingfish," proposed that Lansky and his friends take gambling and slot machines to New Orleans and the other parishes, and so provide amusement for the natives and riches for

(continued on page 152)

BARBI'S BACK!

the busy miss benton stars
in a triumphant return engagement

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

IT'S THE SMILE that gets to you first—a 1000-candle-power flash that starts in the clear hazel eyes, spreads over the ingénue's face and, finally, illuminating a wide circle, encompasses everyone around her. She's a fascinating enigma, this three-time PLAYBOY cover girl and subject of a March 1970 pictorial. She's been variously labeled Barbi Doll, child princess, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, a miniskirted Dorothy presiding over a Southern California version of Oz, a tomboy, an incurable romantic, a windup Shirley Temple, a teenage cheerleader, the girl on Hugh Hefner's arm. And, on the surface, there's some truth in all of that. But Barbi Benton is also intelligent (a straight-A student in high school who, before she dropped out of college in favor of show business, was doing quite respectably as a premed zoology major at UCLA), competitive (one of the country's better women backgammon players), a self-supporting career woman (with film, television and night-club credits), someone whose untiring curiosity leads her to sign up for—and master—courses in everything from modern dance to glass cutting. She's guileless, candid, refreshingly innocent—but the possessor of an impish sense of humor, alternatively turned inward, as if she stands aside and sees the wryness of a particular situation in which she finds herself, or outward, when with a giggle she punctures some bit of pomposity. Barbi Benton has a whole repertoire of laughs. "If anybody else laughed that much, you'd get nervous," Tom Burke wrote of her in the September issue of *Cosmopolitan*. "With Barbi, you look forward to it." It's true. There's the carefree laugh, her head thrown back; the intimate, "just-between-us-friends" laugh; the quiet laugh, almost a "Hmmm-hmmm-hmmm"; and the wicked laugh, deep down in the throat. The overall impact of Barbi Benton is, well, something else.

Even Hefner finds it hard to describe. Talking in the context of her acting style—most recently on view in the ABC-TV Playboy Productions Movie of the Week *The Third Girl from the Left*, telecast this fall—he observes: "Film and TV acting is a special kind of thing, a lot of which is not learned, and she has that special quality, whatever it is—something unique, a charisma—that comes across even in a cameo role." He smiles, puffs on his pipe and heads out of the living room of the Playboy Mansion

"These pictures were all taken at the Playboy Mansion West," says Barbi. "That's Macbeth, the macaw, on my shoulder. There are so many exotic animals roaming around, the place seems like a Shangri-La. The lion, of course, is marble."

West, his five-and-a-half-acre estate in the Holmby Hills district overlooking Los Angeles, bent on pursuing a backgammon game with friends in the den.

After he leaves, Barbi expounds on what she thinks her appeal is—at least to Hefner. "You can see it in the pictures he chooses. He doesn't like to see me look like a New York model; when he sees a photo of me that looks very sophisticated, and older, and *Vogue*like, he doesn't like it, because it isn't me."

Isn't it?

"It's a side of me; if I can look that way in a picture, I can certainly act that way. But it's not a side that he likes to see. One of the things he likes least in women is sophistication, and that's why he digs me, because I'm not terribly sophisticated." Pause, broken by an outrageously mugged simple-girl face, then the mock-devilish laugh. "*I* know what's cool."

The episode demonstrates why Hefner thinks she'd be a natural comedienne. "I love comedy, but I'd rather be a serious actress. I feel more comfortable doing crying scenes," she says. Nonetheless, it was her playfulness that won her one of the most popular of several television commercials she's done, the Wash & Comb minidrama of a girl who uses zillions of competitive hair-care toiletries before turning to the sponsor's. "At one point, I crack an egg on my head and it drips all over the place and I just laugh, even though I'm a mess. Everybody else who read for the job was serious; I took it to be very silly, ad-libbing nutty products like rutabaga shampoo. I think that's why I got the job."

Commercials—plus her appearances as a regular on *Hee Haw*, the syndicated series that has parlayed a combination of *Laugh-In* visuals, country music and corn pone into a popular package that's aired on 216 stations weekly—provide the income that makes Barbi financially independent. She's now in her third season on *Hee Haw*. "It pays beautifully," she reports. "And a day's work on a good commercial can make you ten thousand a year. Of course, you make about ten commercials before you get one that really moves." Among her most successful: one for Certs, another—as a mermaid—for Groom & Clean. About the mermaid role, she recalls, "It was really warm inside that fishtail. The outfit wasn't unlike a Bunny Costume—tight-waisted, very flattering, and it looked great on. But I wouldn't *(text continued on page 302)*

She's "little-girl sexy," said a columnist when she first drew public attention on the *Playboy After Dark* TV series in 1968–1969. It's an image Barbi Benton still retains, though her career and her life style have gone through major changes.

What interests us about this picture is Barbi. What interests Barbi about this picture is the needlepoint pillows—some of literally scores she's stitched, many her original designs.

TWINKLE TWINKLE LITTLE BLENDER

CEPHEUS? PERSEUS? Orion? For centuries, mankind has been toadying up to the ancient Greeks by plugging in those half-baked fairy tales to make them fit the patterns of the night sky. To which we say, Bulfinch! Let's face it; today the Avon Lady is more meaningful as a heavenly image in a long nightie—or anything else those loony Ionians claimed to see after a long day of sipping juniper juice under the hot Aegean sun. We therefore offer a relevant realignment of those stellar configurations. Incidentally, navigational aids remain unchanged: When you are lost at night and wish to find "true north," you merely measure the distance between the Little Blender and the Riding Mower, divide by two, take its square root—and then pray like hell that the search party is on its way.

announcing a chic new set of constellations for a tired old galaxy

humor

BY TERRY CATCHPOLE

ILLUSTRATION BY CHAS. B. SLACKMAN

HAPPY DAYS AND HARD TIMES *(continued from page 142)*

the Kingfish. It would take time to make all the arrangements, but then millions would be extracted from Louisiana.

And in Luciano's suite, it was decided that Smith had no chance and that Tammany and the underworld would throw their support to Roosevelt. After all, they were confident the governor was, as Walter Lippmann had written, "an amiable man with many philanthropic impulses, but he is not the dangerous enemy of anything. He is too eager to please. . . . Franklin D. Roosevelt is no crusader." With Roosevelt as the candidate and with Roosevelt in the White House, it seemed certain, they would have nothing to worry about.

But with the nomination in his pocket, the New York governor proved less compliant than expected. Ever since he had denounced corruption, he had been under steady public pressure from Seabury and from New York City congressman Fiorello H. La Guardia to take action. Now he did just that. Tammany's record and reputation were liabilities in the campaign and Roosevelt proceeded to dump the machine. Echoing La Guardia's constant refrain, he thundered that public office was indeed a public trust, the highest of public trusts. Those holding office, like Caesar's wife, must be above suspicion. If suspicions were aroused, the officeholders must allay them. They must answer all questions put to them by responsible investigators or get out of office. If there were questions about the sources of Walker's money, then let Walker answer those questions. Seabury could ask away and the answers had better be satisfactory.

Judge Seabury promptly haled a parade of Democratic city politicians and officeholders before the commission and grilled them relentlessly about their underworld connections, about caches of money that were suddenly turning up. Walker, for one, was less than cooperative; his manner suddenly became subdued and evasive, and Roosevelt announced his intention to throw him out of office. Before he could, Walker sent him a telegram: "I HEREBY RESIGN AS MAYOR OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK. . . . JAMES J. WALKER." And before anyone quite knew what had happened, he was on a boat for Europe with his showgirl mistress. (When he returned years later, the scandals were just old memories and he was greeted with nostalgia by New Yorkers who fondly remembered "the good old days.")

But the flight of Walker and the revelations about his aides had little immediate effect on the masters of the underworld. While the rest of the nation was suffering, the underworld was in the midst of one of its great booms. It was expanding wildly in every direction, seemingly without check, though some of the directions had long been charted.

By the late Twenties, sagacious men like Arnold Rothstein and Johnny Torrio had been predicting the eventual demise of Prohibition, especially if the national economy were to suffer a sharp downward turn. At the Atlantic City meeting in 1929 and especially at the 1931 Italian-dominated session in Chicago, the leaders had begun to consider the increasing likelihood of legal liquor and its effect on their empires. As the Depression worsened, the public's demand for a legal glass of beer or shot of booze became a deafening roar that could not be ignored. In the euphoria of the Roosevelt ascendancy, the new Democratic Congress in March 1933 legalized the manufacture and sale of light beer and wines. Less than nine months later, Prohibition was dead at the age of 14. On December 5, Utah became the 36th state to ratify the 21st Amendment to the Constitution, repealing the discredited 18th.

When that day came, those who had made their fortunes in bootlegging or in Canadian booze—great amounts of which had made its way to the U.S. during Prohibition—were ready to move in on the newly legitimized U.S. industry. Going legit was, of course, an obvious move. Samuel Bronfman became one of Canada's richest and most respected men as owner of Seagram, and Lewis Rosenstiel, who numbered among his close friends both Lansky and John Edgar Hoover—he would eventually create and endow the J. Edgar Hoover Foundation—became one of the United States' most renowned philanthropists and industrialists as head of Schenley. (Rosenstiel and Schenley, from which he retired in 1968, have consistently denied his underworld background.) But if there were some who with Repeal tried to escape their unsavory Prohibition backgrounds, there were others who played both roles. Costello and his longtime partner in gambling, Phil Kastel, set up Alliance Distributors, which became the exclusive United States agent for Scotland's Whiteley Company, producer of King's Ransom and House of Lords Scotch; and by the mid-Thirties, Costello and Kastel bought a controlling interest in J. G. Turney and Son, Ltd., the British holding company for Whiteley. Torrio took control of Prendergast and Davies Company, Ltd., another major Scotch importer and wholesaler, and among those fronting for him in that company was Herbert Heller, Rosenstiel's brother-in-law. Lansky, Luciano, Bugsy Siegel, Joe Adonis, Costello and their friends all had shares in Capitol Wine and Spirits, a major importer and distributor of French wines, Scotch, Canadian and domestic whiskies. Schultz and just about everyone else got into the legal beer-brewing business. After 1933, there was hardly a major bootlegger who didn't have a piece of one legal distillery or another, and through the years liquor has remained a mainstay of the Mob.

But bootleg booze, despite Repeal, stayed a lucrative business. During the campaign to legalize drinking, some bright young men in the new Roosevelt Administration had what they considered a brilliant idea. Prohibition had clearly demonstrated that there was no way of stopping drinkers from drinking. The underworld had cashed in on that for billions of dollars. Now that liquor was going to be legal again, why shouldn't the financially hard-pressed Federal and state governments cash in on this with high excise taxes?

Those who conceived this plan thought they had discovered a new Golconda that would pour billions into public treasuries (as, indeed, would eventually be the case). But excise taxes that would raise the price of booze as much as 50 percent meant large profits in the illegal manufacture of untaxed liquor. All over the country, the Prohibition bootleggers became Repeal bootleggers, setting up huge clandestine stills and bottling plants. Perhaps the biggest and most famous was Molaska.

Just ten days before Utah ratified the 21st Amendment, the little company called Molaska Corporation was registered in Ohio. Molaska's president was one John Drew. His real name was Jacob Stein and he was a disbarred New York attorney who had been a close friend a decade before of Gaston B. Means, one of the prime movers in the Ohio gang brought to Washington by President Warren G. Harding. Working with Means back in 1922, Stein had gotten the FBI director, William J. Burns, to release Government bonded whiskey into his bootleg pipeline, through payoffs to Burns, Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty and the Republican Campaign Committee. Now Stein, or Drew, as he was calling himself, had re-emerged as president-in-name of Molaska. But he was only a front, as were the other publicly identified officers, including one Moses Citron of New Jersey, the assistant treasurer. The real owners of Molaska were the underworld powers: Lansky, who was Citron's son-in-law; Moe Dalitz, Sam Tucker, Chuck and Al Polizzi of Cleveland; Pete Licavoli of Detroit; Adonis; Longy Zwillman and others.

According to its incorporation papers, Molaska had been set up for the ostensible purpose of manufacturing dehydrated molasses (hence its name) as a sugar substitute. Its source of molasses was almost limitless. During Prohibition, as he scoured the Caribbean in search of bootleg booze, Lansky had made friends with just about every corrupt politician in the area. He had become particularly close to Fulgencio Batista, and when Batista emerged as Cuba's strong man,

(continued on page 244)

IS THE SUPREME COURT SOFT ON PORNOGRAPHY?

WE DARE NOT—and certainly wouldn't care to—use *all* the language in the Supreme Court's most recent decisions on obscenity, but this much is clear:

- That community standards will determine whether any work, taken as a whole, appeals to p******t interests.
- That the depiction of se**al acts must have serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value.
- That descriptions of ultimate se**al acts, normal or per****ed, simulated or suburban; or mast******on; or excr***ry functions; or lewd exhibition of g*nit*l* must not be presented in a patently offensive way.

So far so good. But...

WHAT ABOUT H*T D*GS?

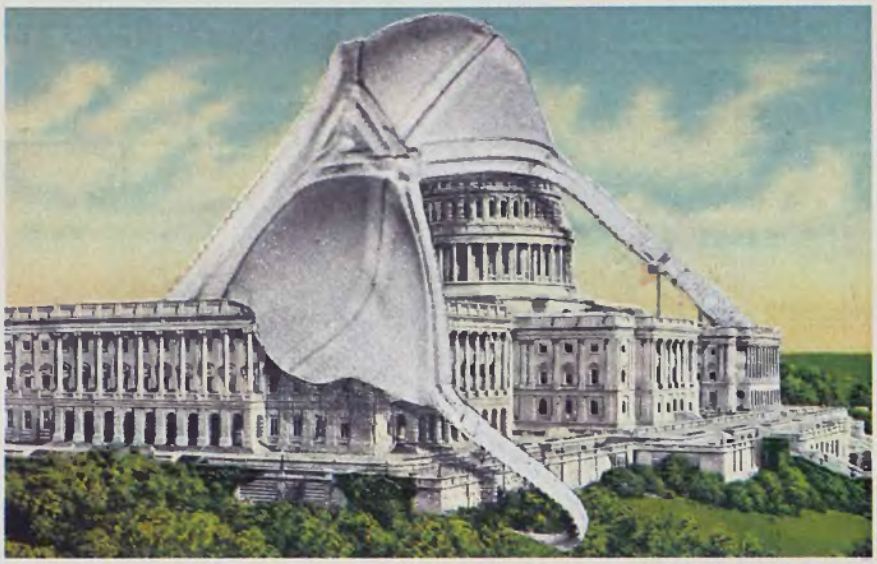
LIKE MANY well-intentioned Americans, you may feel that the recent Supreme Court decisions on obscenity were a *crackdown* on hard-core pornography. But we here at PLAYBOY, where chastity has long been a primary concern, aren't so easily misled. It's obvious that the decisions are merely a more insidious way of encouraging other, new forms of filth to flourish. Nine monkeys with enough gavels could have come up with the same decisions. Surprised? Perhaps you shouldn't be. What else would you expect from nine old men who do odd things behind closed doors and dress up in floor-length gowns to satisfy their craven desires? The time has clearly come to check the power of our lust-crazed judiciary and alert the American public to the holocaust of hanky-panky yet to come.

became the exclusive United States age...
for Scotland's Whiteley Company, pro-
ducer of King's Ransom and House of
Lords Scotch; and by the mid-Thirties,
Costello and Kastel bought a controlling
interest in J. G. Turney and Son, Ltd.,
the British holding company for White-
ley. Torrio took control of Prendergast
and Davies Company, Ltd., another
major Scotch importer and wholesaler,
and among those fronting for him in that

...sent
...N AS
...NEW YORK. . . .
d before anyone
...appened, he was
...ith his showgirl
later,
and
...

M...
trea
were
who was Citron
Sam Tucker, C...
Cleveland; Pete
nis; Longy Zw...
A...
M...

Clearly, the Court needs help. Obscenity lurks everywhere. As responsible and right-thinking citizens, we've devised practical solutions to stem the tide, beginning with . . .



. . . our precious national heritage. The Capitol's pert, melon-firm dome has long concerned us, so we've done the only decent thing: awarded a contract to Maidenform.

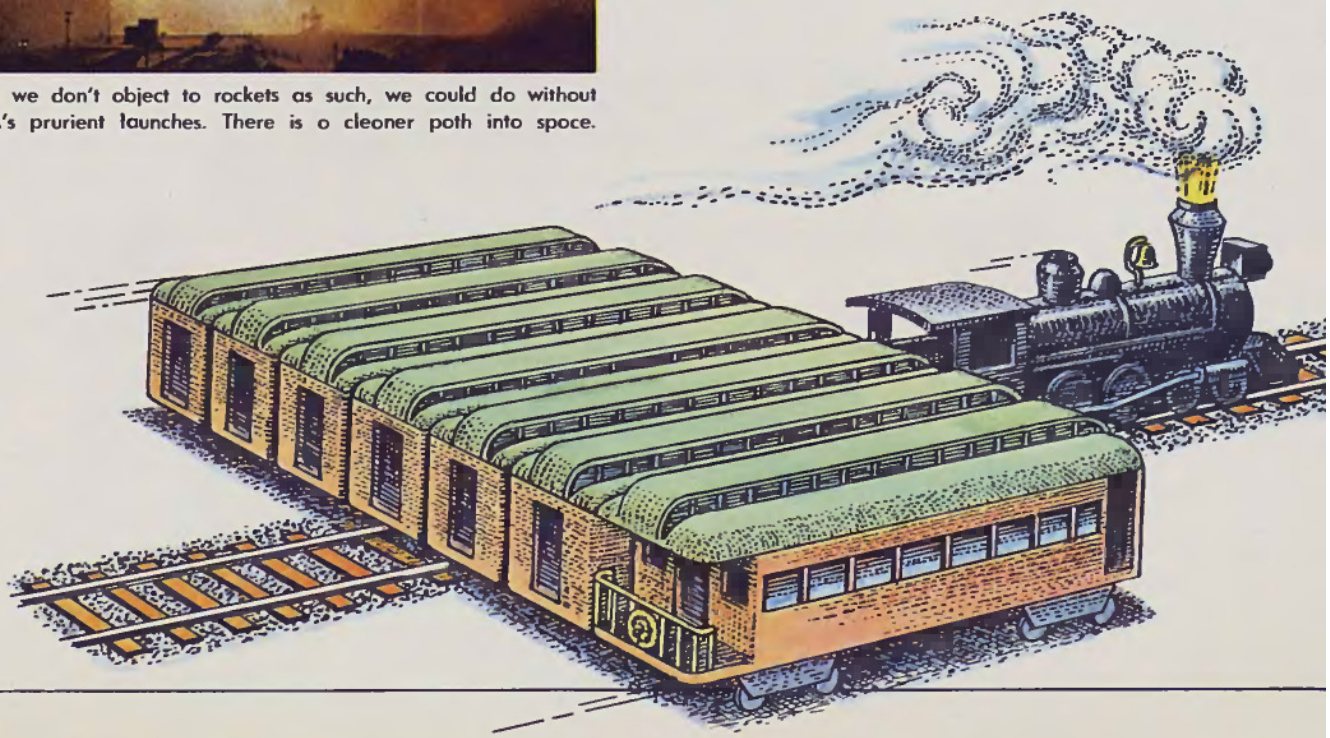
Sodly, no laws con prevent Old Faithful's regular lurid display, but we have at least had it fitted with a chic lambskin tarpaulin, with a beautiful thin reservoir tip.

Washington Monument's frank appearance is a disgrace—so we've fixed that.

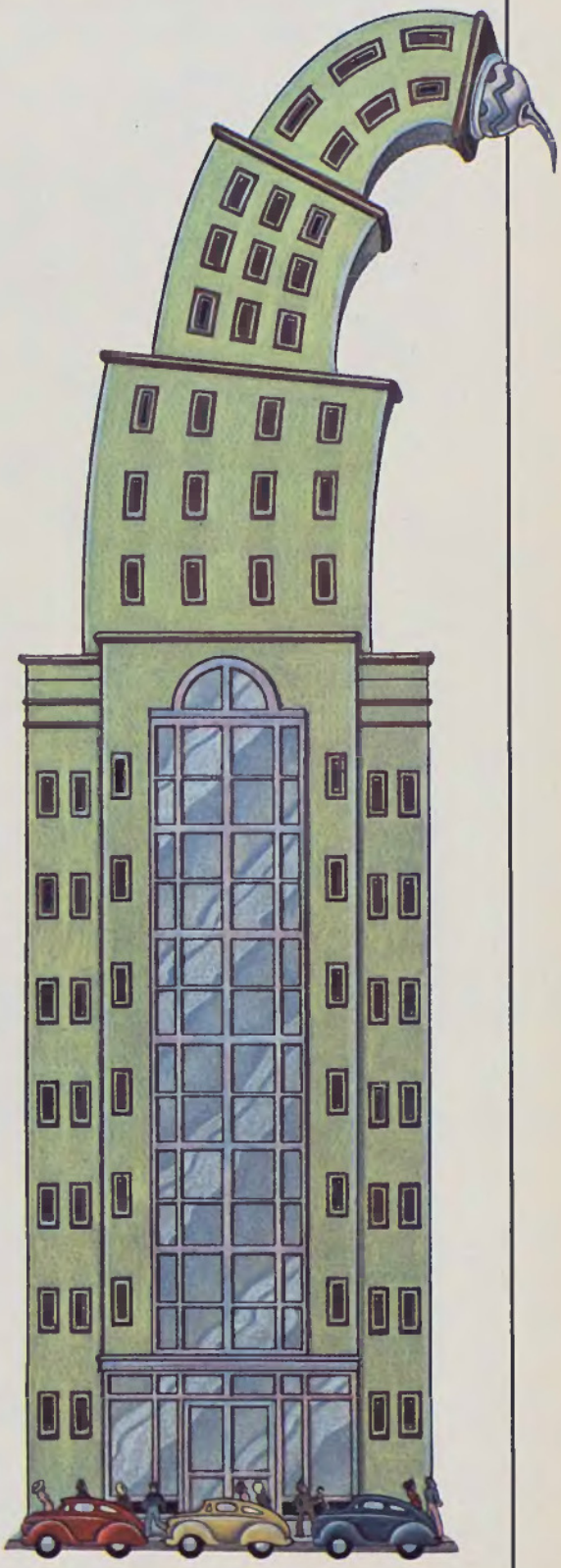
The sight of our boys jerking up Old Glory at Iwo Jimo has sent spasms of concupiscence, not patriotism, through otherwise decent people. Changes are clearly needed in this criticol orea.

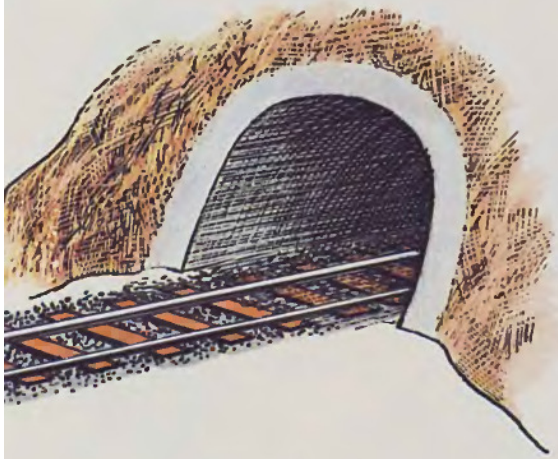
While we don't object to rockets as such, we could do without NASA's prurient launches. There is o cleoner poth into spoce.

Decent Americans would not believe the shameful places Coke bottles hove been deposited, then quickly returned.



Certainly, we at PLAYBOY intend to practice what we preach. Our salacious Times Square Playmate (top) will be corrected to comply with local guidelines. In the second gatefold, skilled PLAYBOY artisans have used sophisticated techniques to erase objectionable areas for PLAYBOY's Cleveland edition. For the third Playmate, well-to-do physicians have surgically removed all erogenous zones to meet Orange County's enlightened obscenity requirements. Finally, celibate blacksmiths help us meet local standards in God's Wrath, Georgia.

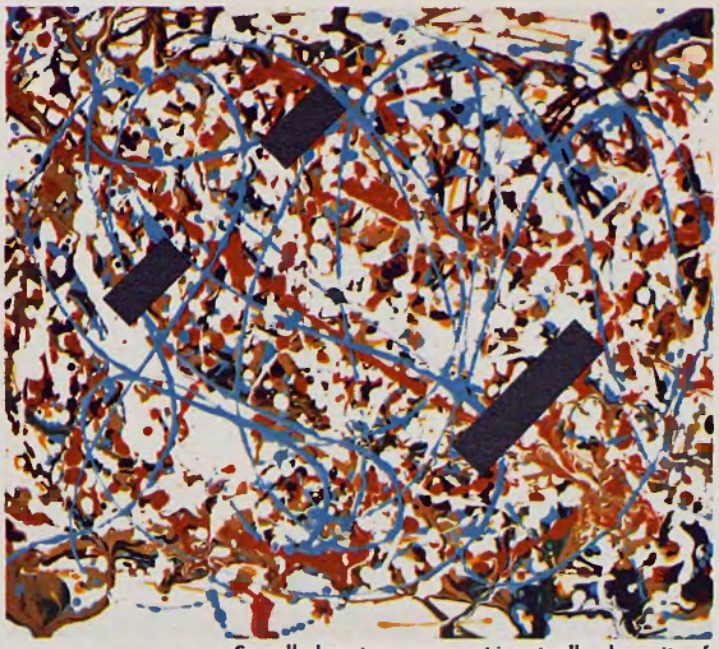




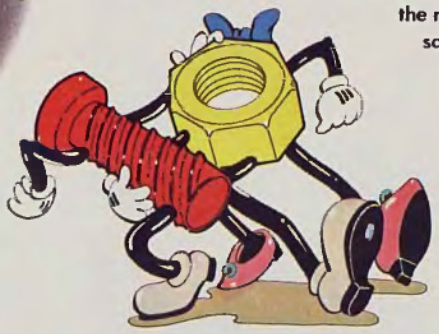
Lewd, provocative skyscrapers, of course, are epidemic. The damage they've already done is irreversible, but a few sensible changes in the building codes can reverse the thrust of today's naughty architecture.

The arts have been flooded too long with the disgusting symbolism of throbbing trains plunging headlong into moist, quivering tunnels. We have one answer, but, admittedly, we haven't worked out all the bugs.

Fixtures in public washrooms can cause even normal males to experience temporary insanity and expose their most private parts. Shutting down these dens of exhibitionism has become a full-time job. Traditional graffiti will not be tolerated.



So-called contemporary art is actually obscenity of the most insidious sort: No matter what they say, filth, even in the abstract, is still filth.



Nuts and bolts are beyond redemption.

(Opposite) The over-all problem remains, however, and drastic measures are obviously required to permanently safeguard our beloved wives, children and livestock. Our solution may not wipe out pornography *completely*, but there probably won't be any local standards for a while, anyway. . . .

And does our Christian trademark represent the sort of father-son relationship we care to encourage? Also, we have long felt that something should be done about the shocking state of Florida.

TYRANNY OF WEAKNESS *(continued from page 138)*

to popular mood, are family-owned newspapers such as *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times*. (CBS presents a problem to this theory, which White fudges in the few places where he cannot manage to forget it.) Mrs. Graham, in this theory, runs her wringer to please herself, not the public; and this private kind of rich kid's operation may catch up various parts of her person. White gives us, in politer terms, the theory adumbrated by Mitchell's crack.

And it is nonsense. The *Times* and *Post* are liberal not because they can afford to ignore their constituency but because their constituency is liberal. It is made up of the academic world and of those awed or influenced by that world. This *is* a self-certifying and self-perpetuating elite—a point so obvious that it is tautological. Buchanan sputters against "an arrogant and unelected elite"—as if an elite would be OK if it were Populist controlled (i.e., nonelite). A nobility is all right, as long as the commoners create it. But elites are self-certifying. It would make no sense for the uncredentialed to grant credentials. A professor of mathematics is judged by his peers, not by plebiscite. Even the Administration admits this in its calmer moments. Try to get a Government grant for research by taking a petition in the street. The military is a self-judging elite that Nixon's men think admirable. (When was the last time enlistees voted for a general?) The business elite is almost as acceptable. (His assembly line does not vote Mr. Ford into office.) So it is not elitism in itself that Nixonians deplore. Any elite that agrees with the electorate—i.e., with this Administration—is not only praised; its degree of self-certifying professionalism is a point of honor. The chosen heroes of this Government are, after all, the elite test pilots and scientists who meet the rigorous requirements to be astronauts.

No, what bothers Nixonians like White is any elite that dares oppose election returns—not simply by having different internal procedures from the plebiscite (the Army has those) but by questioning the vote's outcome, challenging widely accepted views, claiming an expertise over matters moral and philosophical as well as technical. Space engineers know how to get to the moon; and the military even used to know how to win wars. But whether we ought to go to the moon or enter a war—those large moral questions the democracy alone must judge, not allowing for privileged judgment by any minority. (Billy Graham, Nixon's only moral "expert," hastens to tell you he knows nothing special about distant places like Vietnam or Cambodia; his writ extends only to local familiar places, like heaven and hell.)

What is fascinating is that the supposedly conservative Nixon Government is ignoring history, our American past, and arguments that were recognized as conservative only a short time ago. Under Democratic administrations—under the alphabetic thralldoms of F.D.R., H.S.T., J.F.K., L.B.J.—conservatives regularly praised elites, thought they rescued people from popular fads. The educated class has always had an impact, for good or ill, felt to be necessary by most civilized nations. Whether the "creative minority" was actually creative or destructive, it did try out ideas that the more sluggish majority came in time to accept or reject. In the 18th Century, the buzz of an intellectual capital like London or Paris or Philadelphia brought about most changes despite resistance from the larger bodies connected to these heads. Even so democratic an ideolog as Jefferson thought this was as it should be and said an elite was needed in America. The Senate was at first conceived as an elite body of "lords" to balance the more popular "commons" of the House. In other words, the elite Jefferson had in mind was desirable precisely as it opposed more popular pressures, as a leavening and correcting force. What Buchanan calls its vice, Jefferson considered its main virtue. It has been impossible to maintain this ideal within the electoral machinery itself (though up until yesterday conservatives defended its remains in the poll tax, the seniority system, the filibuster, the Electoral College). Yet the educated will always have more time to spend on affairs touching government; they will reach positions of greater influence, employ skills needed by the nation. Haldeman tried to deny this kind of dependence, asking that MIT grants be canceled. A government that tries this is committing suicide, no matter what returns say at election time. Most people do no more thinking about government than to show up (if at all) every four years at the polls. In between these elections, there are all kinds of tasks that must be performed—rulers must rule, as well as get elected. It has been the tendency of Teddy Whitism to reduce government to elections; and Nixon, with his distaste for domestic affairs, and his private way of running the world with the help of Kissinger, hoped the rest of the country could be ignored between his periodic wooing of the masses. He was the real radical. He tried to deny the need for an intelligentsia.

In the time of his Kulturkampf, Vice-President Agnew liked to assert that protesting students were not typical of the young. He was right in terms of sheer number. They did not represent the apolitical, the apathetic, the grade grinds and jocks and minimal performers. But if you went onto any campus in the late Sixties, you invariably found that the head of the student government, the editor of the school newspaper, the class orator were critics of the war. Those who would in time become influential, the articulators, the politically involved, were out of sympathy with the Nixon Administration. That Administration likes to praise "achievers" in one of its moods—the one that glorifies the work ethic and success. Yet it had to appeal to the mass of inert and nonassertive types to claim support among the young.

I realize, of course, that the educated are sometimes wrong, and always pompous; a dangerous class even when it is not an insufferable one. I realize that being an intellectual is not at all the same as being intelligent—that "the best and the brightest" can fail spectacularly. Still, any society that wants to be intelligent has to have an intelligentsia, if only to oppose it. The Nixonian conservatives, recklessly innovating, tried not only to ignore this factor but to destroy it. They took offense, not because the elite prevailed (how many votes did McGovern get, after all?) but because it dared tarnish the electoral victory, robbing it of an intellectual sheen that was given so easily to the Kennedy victory over Nixon in 1960. It is not enough, anymore, to diminish the establishment's influence or power; the very existence of "effete snobs" who can mock the people's choice is an affront to right order. Such people, in the words of Nixon's first press conference on Watergate, "didn't accept the mandate of 1972." The Nixon men felt an angry summons, therefore, to go on search-and-destroy missions whenever this elite looked vulnerable. The intellectuals' glorification of Ellsberg gave them license to break in on (or beat up) this enemy of the democracy. When Mitchell and Kleindienst ignored the law during illegal arrests on May Day, they made no bones of the fact th: the people were on their side and that was the higher law and order of Law and Order.

The fury of this assault on the elite is perfectly symbolized by its concentration on the press. The academy is protected by the taboo of academic freedom. Experts safe behind doctorates are not as easy a target as the working journalist. The press is especially vulnerable because it has a double constituency. It is meant to inform the masses; but much of what it must report on, from developments in science to economic trends, involves talking knowledgeably with experts. Besides, the writing skill and broad curiosity increasingly demanded of those who rise in journalism means that they have closer and closer ties with the academic and literary worlds. Furthermore, beyond the wire-service and police-reporting level, those who will give their work a thorough and critical reading are themselves part of an elite. Thus, White's book describes a landslide Nixon victory,

(continued on page 277)

he was told that a house by the sea would keep him young—but that wasn't what he needed

fiction

By V. S. PRITCHETT

THE SPREE

THE OLD MAN—but when does old age begin?—the old man turned over in bed and, putting out his hand to rest on the crest of his wife's beautiful white rising hip and comforting bottom, hit the wall with his knuckles and woke up. More than once during the two years since she had died he had done this and knew that if old age vanished in the morning, it came on at night, filling the bedroom with people until, switching on the light, he saw it staring at him; then it stalked off and left him looking at the face of the clock. Three more hours before breakfast; the hunger of loss yawned under his ribs. Trying to make out the figures on the clock, he dropped off to sleep again and was walking up Regent Street seeing, on the other side of it, a very high-bred white dog, long in the legs and distinguished in its step, hurrying up to Oxford Circus, pausing at each street corner in doubt, looking up at each person as he passed and whimpering politely to him, "Me? Me? Me?" and going on when he did not answer. A valuable dog like that, lost! Someone will pick it up, lead it off, sell it to the hospital and doctors will cut it up! The old man woke up with *(continued on page 282)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ROY CARRUTHERS

FACTORY TESTED

don't tell christine maddox that modeling isn't easy; she used to work on an assembly line

IT'S NO SECRET that California harbors a wide spectrum of realities—and no two could be more different than those of Long Beach, the Los Angeles suburb where Christine Maddox now lives, and of Tracy, a little town about 20 minutes' drive from Stockton where she was born 23 years ago. According to Christine it has "a high school, one theater and one bowling alley." It also has a number of factories. Her father works in one of them; he's a watchman for a paper company. Christine herself worked for a while in a factory, checking paint jobs on

adding machines and TV sets; she also did some knob attaching and hot stamping ("putting little silver things on top of little plastic things"). It wasn't exactly her life's calling. So, in spite of the fact that she loves Northern California ("You're so close to the lakes and mountains, not to mention the snow in winter"), she made her way south to Los Angeles. She considers the city overpopulated, and it

With the holidoy seoson opproaching, Christine does some gift shopping in Son Pedro for her guy, Tim, who's o sailor home on leave.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

was a little "spooky" at first: "Back home, everybody knew everybody else. But here, I'd smile at people and they wouldn't smile back. Eventually, I got used to it." Christine may have been aided in making that adjustment by the fact that she comes from a large family. It didn't hurt, either, that modeling jobs—for furniture-store ads and things like that—began to materialize without much delay. She's also had a number of offers to act; but so far she's turned them all down because she feels acting would be "too time-consuming." Christine still sees her relatives fairly often—her brother lives in nearby Hawthorne—but home is now her Long Beach apartment, and when

Christine, who'll try "almost anything," is fond of motorcycle dirt riding. She also digs bicycles, but somebody recently took her ten-speed from in front of the house: "I left it unlocked for all of five minutes!"

Our Playmate takes a spill—and has to get a little first aid for her bruises. It reminds her of the time she was cycling on the Pacific Coast Highway, wearing a short blouse that inspired a matorist to ogle her—and bump inta a van. No serious damage—then or now.

Christine and Tim manage to get together at her Long Beach apartment for an early unwrapping of Christmas gifts, but later she has to bid him goodbye; she'll be spending the holidays with her folks in Tracy; he'll be somewhere at sea on a nuclear-powered destroyer.

she's not posing for photographers, she busies herself in classic California style—swimming and water-skiing, riding a motorcycle or cruising around in the '64 Dodge that she keeps threatening to fix up. Last year, she widened her horizons with a nine-day junket to Hong Kong, and she was thoroughly entranced by the unfamiliar sights, sounds and smells of the Orient. Christine also makes frequent excursions to Disneyland, where her visits haven't been without incident: "Once Porky Pig was picking out girls to dance with during a show, and when he picked me, I was so embarrassed I started running through the crowd—with the Big Bad Wolf chasing me. Next time I'll know what they're up to in advance and I'll sneak away before they notice me." Which indicates that Miss December is still a modest, small-town girl at heart. We wouldn't have it any other way.

Her dad cuts the turkey at a family holiday get-tagether. Actually, it's a feast whenever they gather, since the clan makes up a sizable part of Tracy's population: Christine has faur sisters and a brother; the oldest ond youngest siblings are almost 30 years apart. Christine—who says she loves kids—alsa has no fewer than eight nieces and nephews. Below: Making like a prospector, Christine pans for gold while visiting a ghost town in the California hinterland. But if any nuggets eluded the 49ers, they don't seem to be biting today.

MISS DECEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Far from the city and its aggravations, Christine—always at home outdoors—enjoys a few reflective moments in the company of rocks, water and logs. Los Angeles may have taught her a few things, but it hasn't spoiled her. She's unpretentious and relaxed—and we have a hunch she'll stay that way.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A man grew desperate at being dragged along by his wife on Saturday clothes-buying expeditions to carry the packages and watch her purse. During one such excursion, she elbowed her way into the crowd at a lingerie-sale counter, held up a pair of flimsy panties and asked her husband quite audibly if he liked them. "*I* certainly do, darling," he said brightly, "but I don't think your husband would approve of them at all!"

The following Saturday he got to stay home and watch basketball.

B.Y.O.B. has been variously interpreted as meaning Bring Your Own Bottle or Bring Your Own Blonde. Some strapped barbecue enthusiasts are now using it to indicate Bring Your Own Beef.

When the surgeon came to see her on the morning after her operation, the young woman asked him somewhat hesitantly how long it would be before she could resume her sex life. "I really haven't thought about it," gulped the stunned surgeon. "You're the first patient who's asked me that after a tonsillectomy!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *vampire in drag* as a Transylvestite.

The bride smiled sweetly at her maid of honor when they both happened to hear the groom say to his best man, "Look, I'm so positive Ann's a virgin that I'll give you odds of ten to one."

But later, as the newlyweds drove off from the reception, Ann screeched, "How could you *do* such a thing? We've only been married a couple of hours, and already you're throwing money away!"

An Irishman from Belfast immigrated to the United States and promptly went to an employment agency. "Oh, so you're from Northern Ireland," commented the interviewer. "Tell me, what are things really like there?"

"They could be worse," the immigrant noted laconically.

"And what was your last job in Belfast?"

"Tail gunner on a bread truck."

Why, that was out-and-out pornography!" spluttered the woman to her college-professor husband as they left the movie theater.

"As you say, my dear," replied the man dryly, "but do try to be precise in your terminology. 'In-and-out pornography' would much more aptly describe it."

The tradition of putting an angel on the top of the Christmas tree has an interesting origin, according to our researchers. It seems that Santa Claus had the flu, his wife had been nagging him, Donner and Blitzen had had an argument and were not pulling together and the elves were threatening to strike and refused to fix a loose runner on the sleigh. . . .

And then, right after he learned that Mrs. Claus's mother was coming to visit them, there was a knock at the door. When the old gent opened it, he saw a little angel standing outside. "Hi, Santa," piped the visitor cheerfully. "I've brought your Christmas tree, C.O.D. Where should I put it?"

Gourmets can't agree on the merits of German-Chinese cuisine. The food is great, but half an hour later you're hungry for power.

Now, sir," said the sociologist who was doing an in-depth study of conditions and attitudes in Appalachia, "what are your professional views on the increasing employment of aphrodisiacs?"

"Wa-a-al," ruminated the man being questioned, "as long as they do their job, I don't think it makes no difference how they wears their hair."

In the powder room of a fashionable cocktail lounge, a very successful young woman about town was being questioned by some of her envious acquaintances. "How did you get that lovely mink?" they asked her. And "How could you afford those diamonds?" And "How did you manage that fantastic sports car?"

Her response to each query was the same: "I simply had another deposit made in my bank account."

Suddenly, the golden girl's cigarette dropped into her lap and her filmy dress burst into flames. "Help, help!" yelled one of the women. "The bank's on fire!"

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.*

"Now, don't be hasty. I've got something for you, too."

The True and Believable Story of the Invention of Women

forget darwin and all that adam and eve stuff—this is how it really happened

fiction By ROGER PRICE

Once upon a time, in the days before history was discovered, there were only a few, a very few people in the world, perhaps 50 altogether. And they were all men. As they were all men, they did not, for reasons that will be apparent to the more worldly of you, increase in number but lived an idyllic masculine existence.

They had no knowledge or even awareness of sex and, as a result, they did not suffer from either stomach acidity or ambition, which are, as is well known, the cause of all evil, including death.

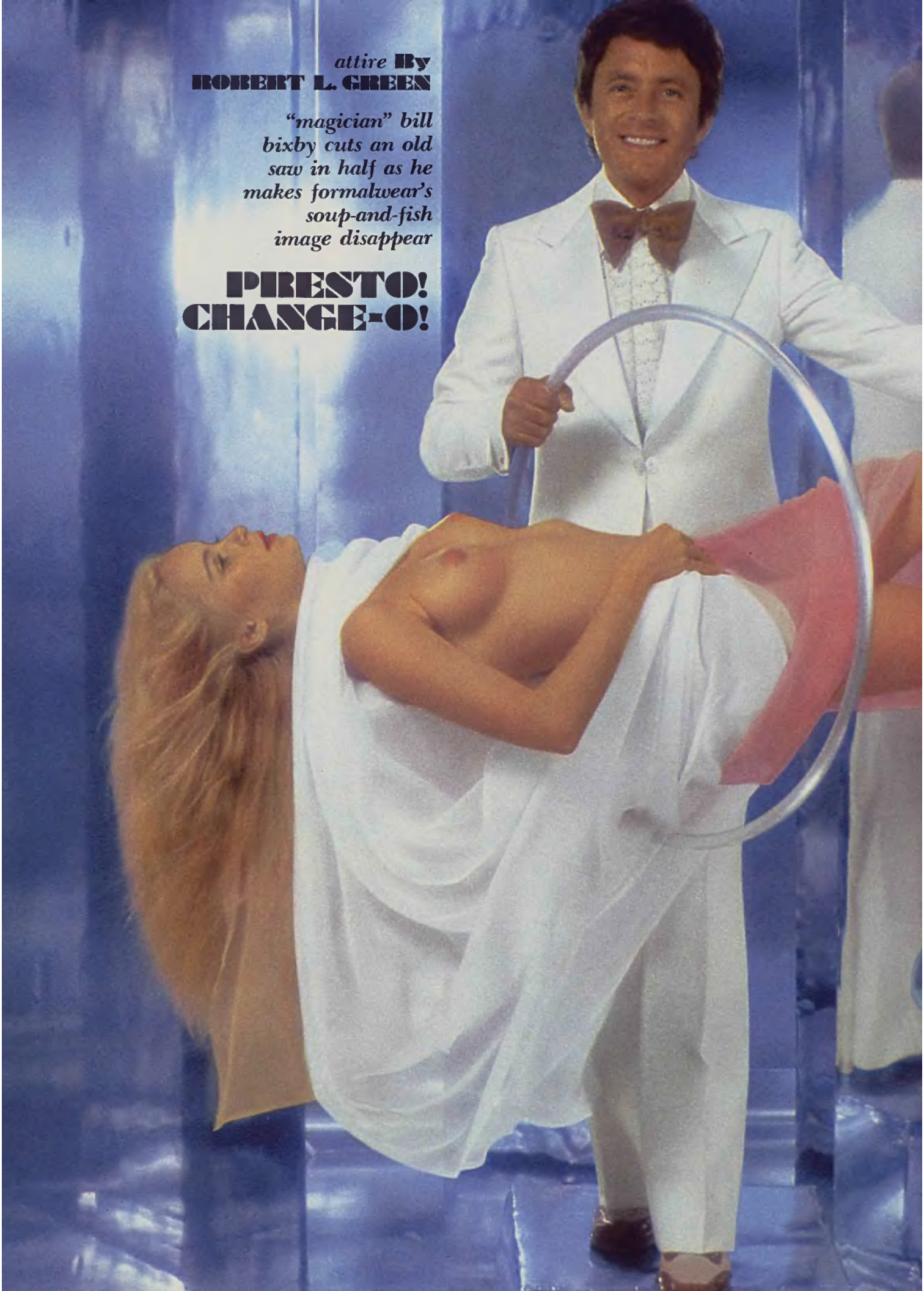
The men's normal day *(continued on page 180)*

GODDAMN IT ALL, I'LL SHOW 'EM!
OOOH!

attire **By**
ROBERT L. GREEN

"magician" bill bixby cuts an old saw in half as he makes formalwear's soup-and-fish image disappear

PRESTO! CHANGE-O!



THERE WAS A TIME when no self-respecting magician would dare go on stage in anything less than white tie and tails. How else would he be able to tap his top hat with his ivory-tipped cane and produce a rabbit or two or three? The famed Houdini, for example, wouldn't have been caught dead without his soup-and-fish, even when locked in a trunk under 20 feet of water. But magicians and times have changed. The trend among illusionists—and among those who move in the social world that calls for "formal-wear"—is away from white-tie/black-tie strait-jacketing. Magicians come on far more casually these days, as do today's night people, who manage to conjure up a look of elegance while avoiding the slightest resemblance to a flock of penguins. And so it is with Bill Bixby, one of Hollywood's better-dressed leading men, a master of legerdemain in his own right, and star of NBC's new series ***The Magician***. In the accompanying photographs, Bill demonstrates dramatically that formalwear can be fun, while he runs through some of the more mind-boggling feats he will perform on television (without, regrettably, the lovely assistants he has here). It is, of course, against the

The lady's in suspense as Bixby hoops it up in a mohair and wool dinner jacket with silk-satin peak lapels, slash pockets and deep center vent; slightly flared trousers and double-breasted silk-satin vest are part of the act, all from Le Dernier Cri, $340. Appearing behind the velvet bow tie, $10, is an eggshell-color cotton shirt, $40, both by Le Dernier Cri. Below, the old quick switch is given a new look as Bixby reappears in a black cashmere cardigan, $120, white silk shirt, $45, and matching bow tie, $12.50, as well as trousers with satin side trim, $75, all by Ralph Lauren.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

Above, Bixby creates a penetrating spectacle while wearing a floral cotton-chiffon shirt, $70, natural-chamois trousers, $125, and silver-studded leather belt, $35, all by Mike Bain. Top right, our master magician takes off on *The Lady or the Tiger*, while tricked out in a gray-flannel dinner jacket and trousers, by Pinky & Dianne for Pretty Boy Floyd, $150, raised white-on-white ploid polyester shirt, by Pierre Cardin, $25, and a gray-suede rose, by Laura Paprika, $6.50. Right, for the grand finale, Bixby divides and conquers in a deep-gray mohair and wool dinner jacket with shawl collar and flap pockets, and trousers with velvet trim, $260, a ruffle-front polyester shirt, $25, black tie, $7.50, and—with a bow to Mandrake—a black Dacran/cotton cape with red-satin lining, $70, all by After Six.

magician's code of honor to reveal the secrets of his profession, and we wouldn't think of pressuring Mr. Bixby into loosening the string on his bag of tricks, despite our frustrations. So we can only assume that levitation is an act that takes great concentration to perform: One slip of the mind—and the subject will surely fall. Though it appears slightly less dangerous, the Strap Exchange obviously requires perfect coordination. Before the curtain is closed, the girl is strapped and locked in. When the curtain is opened seconds later, she is free and Mr. Bixby has somehow become the prisoner. Amazing! And how does one shine a light through a human body or change an attractive lady into a tiger right before our eyes? And the rather bizarre feat at right in which a perfectly formed lady goes all to pieces? It's all beyond us. For that matter, we don't pretend to comprehend the neat trick that goes into putting together sensational formalwear. But we do know that when it's done right, it always works.

Invention of Women

(continued from page 174)

began around 11, when they began making plans for lunch. When not eating or sleeping, they occupied themselves by smoking cheap cigars, hunting, fishing, using foul language, gambling, drinking, quarreling, wrastling, bragging and sweating a lot. In a word, they devoted themselves to those natural pursuits to which the male is congenitally suited.

So that this society could exist in an orderly manner, each man had one job assigned to him. One man, Pablo, was the cheap-cigar maker. Another, Beauregard, was the tobacco grower. Another raised pigs and another was the bookmaker. Sam was a tailor and Casey was a distiller. One, Adamovitch, was the chef, an important position because the men ate in a communal dining hall, which was built, of course, by the carpenters (Charley the framer, Christofsen the joiner and Hans the roofer).

In time the men, as was only natural, became proud of their own specialty or job and considered its practice their personal prerogative and a proper subject for lying and bragging and quarreling. This circumstance was to prove, as we will learn, unfortunate. Because there arose an exception. Although the other men never thought of infringing upon the plumber's right to plumb or the shoemaker's right to make sneakers, they would on occasion do their own cooking. On Sunday morning or late at night, they would often fry a recently trapped rabbit or boil up a mess of beans and pork. Or make sandwiches.

Now, in those days, the men were divided racially, or, to use a more contemporary word, ethnically, roughly along the same lines one finds in the species Homo sapiens today. Some were Teutonic, some Latin, some black, some Oriental, and so on. This, I think, has some bearing on what happened, because Adamovitch the chef was a Slav and, as such, was more apt than some of the others to feel that his honor had been impugned.

Whenever he discovered any of the other men cooking, Adamovitch would fly into a rage. They were, he felt correctly, taking advantage. It was not fair. He threatened and remonstrated but to no avail, and in time he became bitter and, at last, vindictive.

He decided to take steps. "I gone fix all them shitheads," he would mutter. "I don't grow no tobacco. I don't take no bets. They shudden do no cooking."

Adamovitch thought and thought and finally he had an idea. He decided to make a change and, by so deciding, he affected the future of the world, irreversibly, for all time, because change is and always has been destructive and wicked, as that which exists is always better than that which does not exist. If you don't believe this simple maxim, then you obviously have not studied such recorded history as is available concerning the latter-day experiences of the human race.

Adamovitch had figured out that if other men could cook, then he was relieved of the restrictions that kept him from practicing their specialties, so as a first step in his master plan for revenge, he decided to steal some of the secrets of Albert the magician. In those days, there was no skepticism and in the face of a total lack of disbelief, Albert was able to perform actual magic. It was his skill in necromancy that provided the community with such basic requirements as felt for the pool tables, matches to light the cheap cigars and metal equipment for the construction specialists.

Adamovitch began to hang around Albert's workshop and in a few months, he had learned something of the techniques Albert used and managed to steal a number of secret ingredients, such as powdered toad liver, bat's wing and Bi-So-Dol.

These, along with other arcane condiments, he added to a largish lump of dough he was allowing to ferment in the back of his kitchen. The lump of dough was the basis of his plot. He planned to use it to create a New Fellow, a golem, who would be his slave and do whatever he told him. He would, he reasoned, teach the New Fellow to do all of the other men's specialties, to sew clothes, slop hogs, make cigars, etc. He would create chaos. He would get even.

Adamovitch devoted all of his spare time (he still cooked the meals for the other men) to his mysterious project, constantly kneading and rekneading the swelling lump of dough. He began to anthropomorphize the lump and gave it a name, Steve. "Hey, Steve," he would whisper to it as he rolled it about the floor, "we gone fix all them shitheads. You bet."

When questioned about his activity, he merely said he was working on a recipe for a superior soda cracker, and such was the innocence and lack of genuine suspicion in those days that nothing was thought of it.

Finally, at midnight on the first full moon of spring, Adamovitch the chef inscribed a pentagram on the dirty floor of his kitchen and, placing the dough inside it, he began to mold it into a human form. Having no training as an artist, his work left much to be desired. It bulged in some places, was too thin in others and was generally out of proportion. However, it was his own and he viewed it with pride and affection. "Hey, Steve," he said, "you gone be one handsome sumbitch."

When he had the form completed to his satisfaction, he modeled the face, using two jumbo olives for eyes and chicken livers for lips. For a heart he inserted a small pig's knuckle. Realizing his creature needed brains, he filled the inside of its head with oatmeal, to which he added marjoram, rosemary, cumin, bay leaves and peppercorns. He then put a mop atop the creature's head and arranged its worn strands to simulate hair. Stepping out of the pentagram, he studied his creation critically for a full minute before he noticed a singular omission. "Goddamn!" he said. "Hey, Steve, you got nothing to pee with. I fix that." Getting a *Knackwurst* from the refrigerator, he stuck it deftly into the creature's crotch. "There," he said. "Now you a real regular fellow."

Adamovitch sat down, wiped the sweat from his face and beard and picked up a book of incantations for all occasions he had stolen from Albert. Leafing through it, he picked one at random and began mixing an odd sauce. As he mixed, he intoned the following:

Depilatory, Listerine,
Bobby pins and hormone cream,
Blood-red paint, a fall of hair, a
Pinch of Pan-Cake, green mascara,
Pucci, Gucci, Blue Chip stamps,
Ortho-Novum, monthly cramps,
Playtex, Windex, I. U. D.s,
Ohrbach's, tampons, frozen peas,
Anacin and Feminique,
A page from B. Friedan's "Mystique,"
Ajax, Sardo, Big Blue Cheer,
Steinem, Millett, Germaine Greer!

A cloud of noxious smoke rose at once from the sauce and Adamovitch hurriedly brushed it over his human figure. Finished, he placed it on its back on a long tray and slid it headfirst into the hot oven. Unfortunately, he discovered that the figure was too long, and he had to shove the legs up in order to close the door. This tended to make his creation shorter, lumpier and bulgier in the seat than he had intended.

Then he sat down to wait. Throughout the night, he occasionally opened the oven door and poked at the figure with a long spatula to see how it was coming along. It was dark in the oven and he didn't notice that his prods with the spatula first dislodged the *Knackwurst* he had attached to his golem and subsequently made a deep crevice between its legs.

Toward morning, Adamovitch the chef fell asleep.

He was awakened around ten o'clock by loud sounds of banging, clanging and swooshing. Leaping up, he saw that his kitchen had undergone a shocking transformation. Layers upon layers of scum and grease had been scraped from his stove, which now glistened obscenely at him. Two tablecloths had been hung up, one on each side of his window. And by the door, the New Fellow was busy

(concluded on page 254)

mothers, you better know where your kiddies are—'cause silverstein's loose in the nursery

Uncle Shelby's Mother Goose

humor

Tom Tom

TOM TOM THE PIPER'S SON
STOLE A PIG AND AWAY HE RUN

THE PIG
WAS EAT

AND TOM
WAS BEAT

AND TOM WENT CRYING
DOWN THE STREET.
SO LEARN THIS LESSON,
CHILDREN ALL;
AND DON'T BE A PIG
OR STEAL ANYTHING SMALL.

Three Blind Mice

THREE BLIND MICE
SEE HOW THEY RUN
THEY ALL RAN AFTER THE FARMER'S WIFE
SHE CUT OFF THEIR TAILS WITH A
CARVING KNIFE JUST AS THE MAN FROM
S.P.C.A. WALKED IN AND....

Jack

JACK BE NIMBLE
JACK BE QUICK
JACK JUMP OVER
THE CANDLESTICK
UNTIL FINALLY
HIS PANTS CATCH
ON FIRE AND
THEY TAKE HIM
TO THE HOSPITAL
AND HE MAY NEVER
WALK AGAIN --
EXCEPT ON
CRATCHES --
SO STAY AWAY
FROM CANDLES
AND MATCHES!

Old Mother Hubbard

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD
WENT TO THE CUPBOARD
TO GET HER POOR DOG A BONE.
BUT WHEN SHE GOT THERE
THE CUPBOARD WAS BARE
AND SO THE POOR DOG HAD NONE!

SO WHAT DO YOU THINK HE DONE...?

Little Jack Horner

LITTLE JACK HORNER
SAT IN THE CORNER
EATING HIS
CHRISTMAS PIE,
HE STUCK IN HIS THUMB
(WHICH WAS FULL OF
GERMS) AND GOT
DYSENTERY AND
PTOMAINE AND HAD TO
BE RUSHED TO THE
HOSPITAL TO GET HIS
STOMACH PUMPED OUT
AND MISSED GOING TO
CAMP AND HAD TO STAY
IN THE CITY ALL
SUMMER AND GOT
HIT BY A CAR.

Wee Willie Winkie

WEE
WILLIE
WINKIE
RUNS THROUGH
THE TOWN,
UPSTAIRS
AND DOWNSTAIRS
IN HIS NIGHTGOWN
TAPPING AT THE
WINDOW, CRYING
THROUGH THE LOCK,
"ARE THE CHILDREN
ALL IN BED, FOR IT'S
PAST EIGHT O'CLOCK?"
AND WHAT IS IT HIS
BUSINESS, ANYWAY,
THE DIRTY LITTLE FINK.
MAYBE TONIGHT WE GET
A BUNCH OF THE KIDS
TOGETHER AND BEAT THE
HELL OUT OF HIM AND
STAY UP AS LATE AS
WE WANT!

Goosey Gander

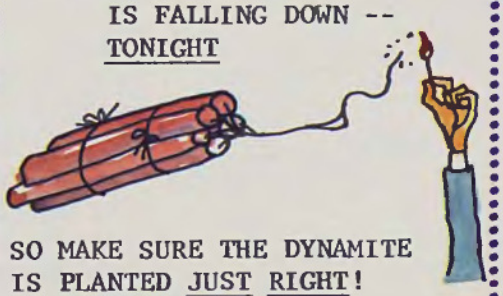
GOOSEY GOOSEY
GANDER
WHERE DO
YOU WANDER?
UPSTAIRS AND
DOWNSTAIRS
IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER.
THERE I MET
AN OLD MAN WHO WOULD
NOT SAY HIS PRAYERS.
I TOOK HIM BY THE
LEFT LEG AND THREW
HIM DOWN THE STAIRS.
(AND WHAT WILL <u>YOU</u>
DO IF YOUR GRAND-
FATHER WILL NOT
SAY <u>HIS</u> PRAYERS?)

Mary Mary

MARY, MARY,
QUITE CONTRARY
HOW DOES YOUR
GARDEN GROW?
WITH SILVER BELLS
AND COCKLESHELLS
AND PRETTY MAIDS
ALL IN A ROW
AND A LITTLE
HORSE MANURE...
JUST TO BE SURE.

London Bridge

LONDON BRIDGE
IS FALLING DOWN
FALLING DOWN
FALLING DOWN
LONDON BRIDGE
IS FALLING DOWN --
<u>TONIGHT</u>



SO MAKE SURE THE DYNAMITE
IS PLANTED <u>JUST</u> <u>RIGHT</u>!

Hark Hark

HARK, HARK,
THE DOGS DO BARK
THE BEGGARS
ARE COMING
TO TOWN
SOME IN RAGS
AND SOME IN TAGS
AND SOME IN
VELVET GOWNS.
AND IT'S THE ONES
IN VELVET GOWNS
I WANT YOU TO
KEEP AWAY FROM...
EVEN IF THEY
OFFER YOU CANDY!!

Baby Bunting

BYE BABY BUNTING
DADDY'S GONE A-HUNTING
TO GET A LITTLE
RABBIT'S SKIN
TO WRAP HIS
BABY BUNTING IN
AND LEAVE THE
POOR LITTLE BUNNY
RABBIT ALL SKINNED
AND BLEEDING IN
THE SNOW,
ALL FOR YOUR
LOUSY BUNTING!!!

What are Little Boys Made of?

WHAT ARE LITTLE
BOYS MADE OF?
FROGS AND SNAILS
AND PUPPY-DOGS' TAILS
AND BLOOD
AND ENTRAILS
AND MUSCLE
AND INTESTINE
AND....

Little Tommy Tucker

LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER
SINGS FOR HIS SUPPER
WHICH IS IN DIRECT
VIOLATION OF RULE 217
OF THE MUSICIANS' UNION,
WHICH CLEARLY STATES:
ALL PAYMENT FOR ALL
PERFORMANCES SHALL BE....

Peas Porridge

PEAS PORRIDGE HOT
PEAS PORRIDGE COLD
PEAS PORRIDGE
IN THE POT
NINE DAYS OLD
SO TRY A BOWL IN THE
SCHOOL CAFETERIA,
WITH ITS NINE-DAY-OLD
GREEN BACTERIA.

Peter Peter

PETER, PETER,
PUMPKIN-EATER
HAD A WIFE AND
COULDN'T KEEP HER.
HE PUT HER IN A
PUMPKIN SHELL
AND THERE HE KEPT
HER VERY WELL...
UNTIL THE POLICE
CAME AND FOUND
HER THERE A
MONTH LATER,
COMPLETELY--

BUT I'M AFRAID
THE REST OF THE STORY
IS A LITTLE TOO GORY...!

MISS COYNTE
OF
GREENE

OUT TO~
LUNCH

fiction

BY TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

she called
them memory roses
and she wanted
to scatter
them around town
in homage to
all her lovers

MISS COYNTE OF GREENE was the unhappily dutiful caretaker of a bedridden grandmother. This old lady, the grandmother whom Miss Coynte addressed as *Mère* and sometimes to herself as *merde*, had outlived all relatives except Miss Coynte, who was a single lady approaching 30.

The precise cause of Miss Coynte's grandmother's bedridden condition had never been satisfactorily explained to Miss Coynte by their physician in Greene, and Miss Coynte, though not particularly inclined to paranoia, entertained the suspicion that the old lady was simply too lazy to get herself up, even to enter the bathroom.

"What is the matter with *Mère*, Dr. Settle?"

"Matter with your grandmother?" he would say reflectively, looking into the middle distance. "Well, frankly, you know, I have not exactly determined anything of an organic nature that really accounts for her staying so much in bed."

"Dr. Settle, she does not stay so much in bed, but she stays constantly in it, if you know what I mean."

"Oh, yes, I know what you mean. . . ."

"Do you know, Dr. Settle, that I mean she is what they call 'incontinent' now, and that I have to spend half my time changing the linen on the bed?"

Dr. Settle was not unsettled at all by this report.

"It's one of a number of geriatric problems that one has to accept," he observed dreamily as he made toward the downstairs door. "Oh, where did I put my hat?"

"You didn't have one," replied Miss Coynte rather sharply.

He gave her a brief, somewhat suspicious glance and said, "Well, possibly I left it in the office."

"Yes, possibly you left your head there, too."

"What was that you said?" inquired the old doctor, who had heard her perfectly well.

"I said that Chicken Little says the sky is falling," replied Miss Coynte without a change of expression.

The doctor nodded vaguely, gave her his practiced little smile and let himself out the door.

• • •

Miss Coynte's grandmother had two major articles on her bedside table. One of them was a telephone

PAINTING BY CHUCK WOOD

into which she babbled all but incessantly to anyone she remembered who was still living and of a social echelon that she regarded as speakable to, and the other important article was a loud-mouthed bell that she would ring between phone talks to summon Miss Coynte for some service.

Most frequently she would declare that the bed needed changing, and while Miss Coynte performed this odious service, *Mère* would often report the salient points of her latest phone conversation.

Rarely was there much in these reports that would be of interest to Miss Coynte, but now, on the day when this narrative begins, *Mère* engaged her granddaughter's attention with a lively but deadly little anecdote.

"You know, I was just talking to Susie and Susie told me that Dotty Reagan, you know Dotty Reagan, she weighs close to three hundred pounds, the fattest woman in Greene, and she goes everywhere with this peculiar little young man who they say is a fairy, if you know what I mean."

"No, *Mère*, can you swing over a little so I can change the sheet?"

"Well, anyway, Dotty Reagan was walking along the street with this little fairy who hardly weighs ninety pounds, a breeze would blow him away, and they had reached the drugstore corner, where they were going to buy sodas, when Dotty Reagan said to the fairy, 'Catch me, I'm going to fall,' and the little fairy said to her, 'Dotty, you're too big to catch,' and so he let her fall on the drugstore corner."

"Oh," said Miss Coynte, still trying to tug the soiled sheet from under her grandmother's massive and immobile body on the brass bed.

"Yes, he let her fall. He made no effort to catch her."

"Oh," said Miss Coynte again.

"Is that all you can say, just 'Oh'?" inquired her grandmother.

Miss Coynte had now managed by almost superhuman effort to get the soiled bed sheet from under her grandmother's great swollen body.

"No, I was going to ask you if anything was broken, I mean like a hipbone, when Dotty Reagan fell."

A slow and malicious smile began to appear on the face of Miss Coynte's grandmother.

"The coroner didn't examine the body for broken bones," the grandmother said, "since Dotty Reagan was stone-cold dead by the time she hit the pavement of the corner by the drugstore where she had intended to have an ice-cream soda with her fairy escort who didn't try to catch her when she told him that she was about to fall."

Miss Coynte did not smile at the humor of this story, for, despite her condition, an erotic, not a frigid, spinster approaching 30, she had not acquired the malice of her grandmother and, actually, she felt a sympathy both for the defunct Dotty Reagan and for the 90-pound fairy who had declined to catch her.

"Were you listening to me or was I just wasting my breath as usual when I talk to you?" inquired her grandmother, flushing with anger.

"I heard what you said," said Miss Coynte, "but I have no comment to make on the story except that the little man with her would probably have suffered a broken back, if not a fracture of all bones, if Miss Dotty Reagan had fallen on top of him if he had tried to catch her."

"Yes, well, the fairy had sense enough not to catch her and so his bones were not fractured."

"I see," said Miss Coynte. "Can you lie on the rubber sheet for a while till I wash some clean linen?"

"Be quick about it and bring me a bowl of strawberry sherbet and a couple of cookies," ordered the grandmother.

Miss Coynte got to the door with the soiled sheet and then she turned on her grandmother for the first time in her ten years of servitude and she said something that startled her nearly out of her wits.

"How would you like a bowl full of horseshit?" she said to the old lady, and then she slammed the door.

She had hardly slammed the door when the grandmother began to scream like a peacock in heat; she let out scream after scream, but Miss Coynte ignored them. She went downstairs and she did not wash linen for the screaming old lady. She sat on a small sofa and listened to the screams. Suddenly, one of them was interrupted by a terrific gasp.

"Dead," thought Miss Coynte.

She breathed an exhausted sigh. Then she said, "Finally."

She relaxed on the sofa and soon into her fancy came that customary flood of erotic imagination.

Creatures of fantasy in the form of young men began to approach her through the room of the first floor, cluttered with furnishings and bric-a-brac inherited from the grandmother's many dead relatives. All of these imaginary young lovers approached Miss Coynte with expressions of desire.

They exposed themselves to her as they approached, but never having seen the genitals of a male older than the year-old son of a cousin, Miss Coynte had a somewhat diminutive concept of the exposed organs. She was easily satisfied, though, having known, rather seen, nothing better.

After a few hours of these afternoon fantasies, she went back up to her grandmother. The old lady's eyes and mouth were open, but she had obviously stopped breathing. . . .

Much of human behavior is, of course, automatic, at least on the surface, so there should be no surprise in Miss Coynte's actions following her grandmother's death.

About a week after that long-delayed event, she leased an old store on Marble Street, which was just back of Front Street on the levee, and she opened a shop there called The Better Mousetrap. She hired a black man with two mules and a wagon to remove a lot of the inherited household wares, especially the bric-a-brac, from the house, and then she advertised the opening of the shop in the daily newspaper of Greene. In the lower-left-hand corner of the ad, in elegant Victorian script, she had her name, Miss Valerie Coynte, inserted, and it amazed her how little embarrassment she felt over the immodesty of putting her name in print in a public newspaper.

• • •

The opening was well attended, the name Coynte being one of historical eminence in the Delta. She served fruit punch from a large cut-glass bowl with a black man in a white jacket passing it out, and the next day the occasion was written up in several papers in that part of the Delta. Since it was approaching the Christmas season, the stuff moved well. The first stock had to be almost completely replaced after the holiday season, and still the late *Mère*'s house was almost overflowing with marketable antiquities.

Miss Coynte had a big publicity break in late January, when the *Memphis Commercial Appeal* did a feature article about the success of her enterprise.

It was about a week after this favorable write-up that a young man employed as assistant manager of the Hotel Alcazar crossed the street to the shop to buy a pair of antique silver salt and pepper shakers as a silver-wedding-anniversary gift for the hotel's owner, Mr. Vernon T. Silk, who was responsible for the young man's abrupt ascendancy from a job as bellhop to his present much more impressive position at the hotel.

More impressive it certainly was, this new position, but it was a good deal less lucrative, for the young man, Jack Jones, had been extraordinarily well paid for his services when he was hopping bells. He had been of a thrifty nature and after only six months, he had accumulated a savings account at the Mercantile Bank that ran into four figures, and it was rumored in Greene that he was now preparing to return to Louisiana, buy a piece of land and become a sugar-cane planter.

His name, Jack Jones, has been mentioned, and it probably struck you as a suspiciously plain sort of name and I feel that, without providing you with a full-figure portrait of him in color, executed by an illustrator of remarkable talent, you can hardly be expected to see him as clearly as did Miss Coynte when he entered The Better Mousetrap with the

(continued on page 198)

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

an abundance of extra-special largess to make giving and getting a yule treat

Exhibition ski boot with high front and back wraps around leg to absorb shocks and distribute pressures; raised heel allows for forward lean, by Hanson, $175 a pair.

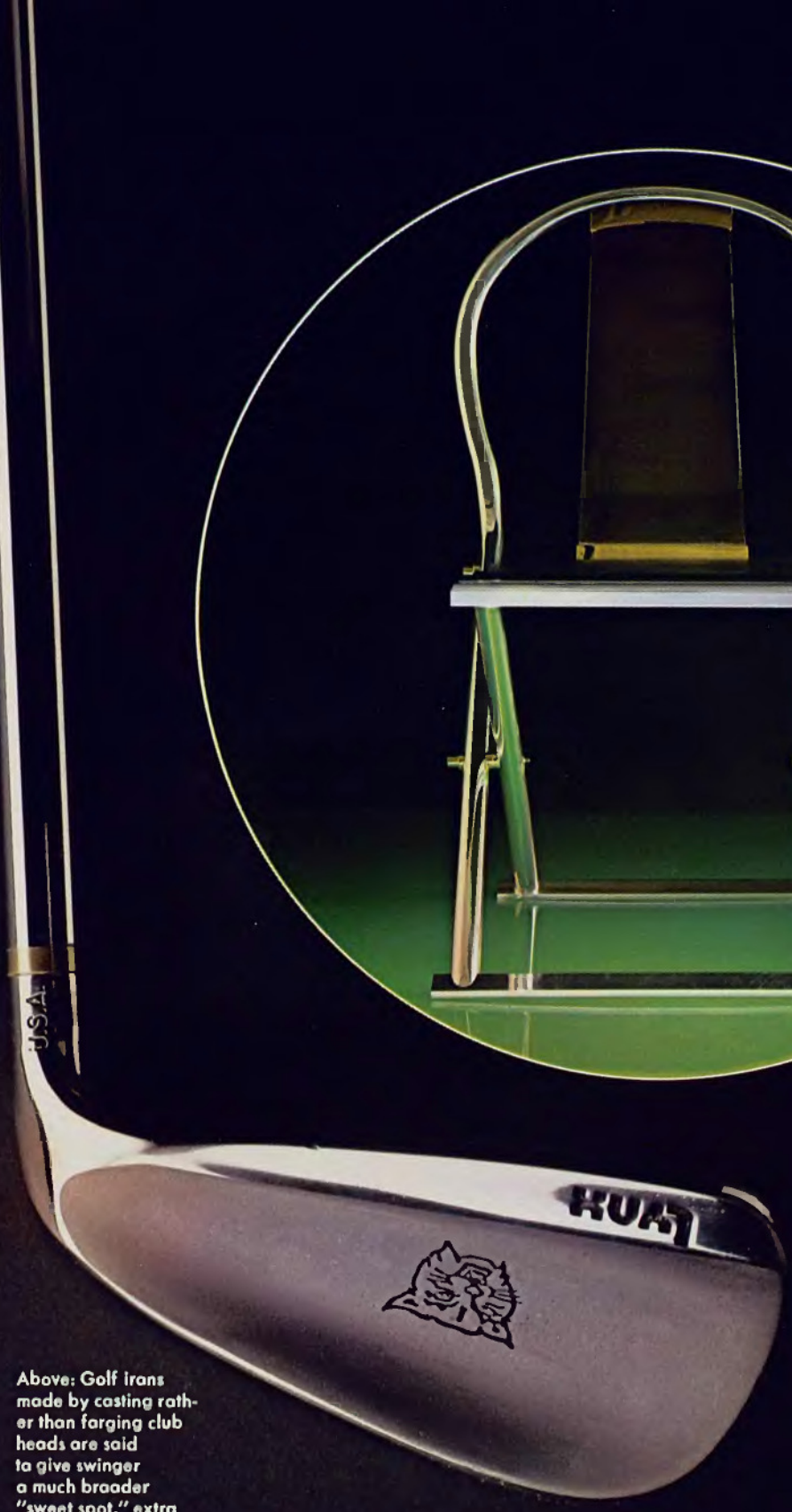
Above: Coronamatic electric portable typewriter with cartridge ribbon system features quick-set visible margins and changeable type, by Smith-Corona, about $260, including carrying case. Below: Equipage 4-oz. cologne atamizer, $8, colagne, 4 azs., $7.50, and bar of soap in dish, $3, all by Hermès.

Above: An elegant tria of art-deco-style accessories made from palisander wood and 18-kt. gold include a cigarette case, $2500, a lighter with Dunhill warks, $1500, and a double pillbox, $850, all from Hunting World.

Below: Individually hand-blown Halmegaard glasses in a new stemware pattern called Flute include a 1½-oz. cardial, $9, and a 10-oz. beer glass, $18.50 (champagne and sherry styles also available), all from Svend Jensen of Denmark. Bottom: Sterling-silver tea holder, from Bulgari, $700.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

Above: Karl Springer–designed polished-steel and Lucite folding chair with padded leather sling measures 35″ high by 21″ wide by 19″ deep; available through interior decorators only, $1500.

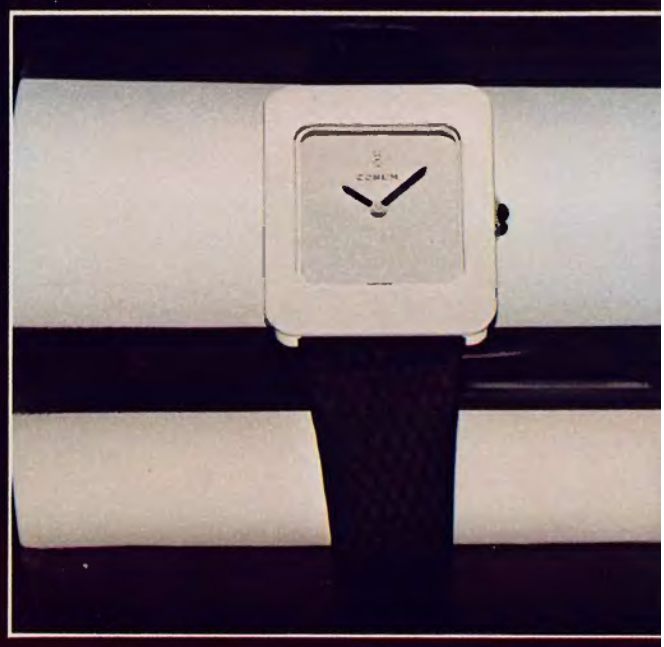


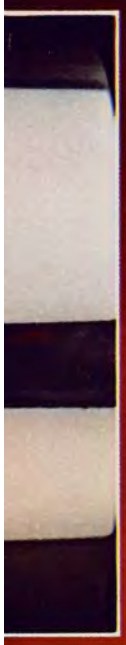
Above: Golf irons made by casting rather than forging club heads are said to give swinger a much broader "sweet spot," extra score lines offer more control of back spin, by Lynx, $325 for set of 10 irons.

Right: Model Z-1 4-cylinder superbike with 903 c.c., disk brakes up frant and drum at rear, plus a five-speed gearbax, by Kawasaki, $1995 P.O.E. West Caast.

Left: Cognac Grande Champagne of the same blend that was served to King George VI in 1938 comes packaged in a hand-blown Baccarat decanter, by Remy Martin, about $75.

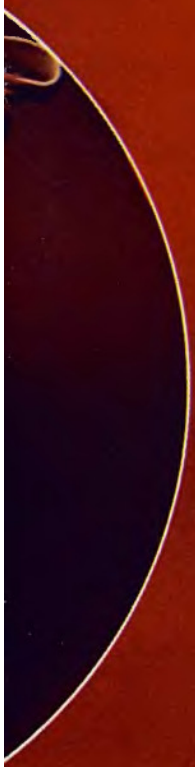
Right: Fire Xtinguisher that's both handsome and practical measures 12¾" x 3¼" x 2⅞" and contains 2½ pounds of dry chemical, by Ragin Limited, $17.50.





Left: 17-jewel blank-faced sterling-silver wrist watch with lizardskin band and a sapphire crown, by Corum, $340.

Left: Curvilinear floor-standing speaker system employs spherical air-suspension enclosures with two 8" Duocone woofers and two 3½" tweeters, by Electrophonic, $209.95 a pair.



Left: Expandable picnic bag of Leatherlux (canvas that has been vinylized) and bridle leather, from Hunting World, $350.

"That was what I call my hat trick, darling."

THE VARGAS GIRL

MISS COYNTE OF GREENE

(continued from page 188)

initially quite innocent purpose of buying those antique silver shakers for Mr. Vernon Silk's anniversary present.

Mr. Jones was a startlingly personable young man, perhaps more startlingly so in his original occupation as bellhop, not that there had been a decline in his looks since his advancement at the Alcazar but because the uniform of a bellhop had cast more emphasis upon certain of his physical assets. He had worn, as bellhop, a little white mess jacket beneath which his narrow, muscular buttocks had jutted with a prominence that had often invited little pats and pinches even from elderly drummers of usually more dignified deportment. They would deliver these little familiarities as he bent over to set down their luggage and sometimes, without knowing why, the gentlemen of the road would flush beneath their thinning thatches of faded hair, would feel an obscurely defined embarrassment that would incline them to tip Jack Jones at least double the ordinary amount of their tips to a bellhop.

Sometimes it went past that.

"Oh, thank you, suh," Jack would say, and would linger smiling before them. "Is there anything else that I can do for you, suh?"

"Why, no, son, not right now, but——"

"Later? You'd like some ice, suh?"

Well, you get the picture.

There was a certain state senator, in his early 40s, who began to spend every weekend at the hotel, and after midnight at the Alcazar, when usually the activities there were minimal, this junior senator would keep Jack hopping the moon out of the sky for one service after another—for ice, for booze and, finally, for services that would detain the youth in the senator's two-room suite for an hour or more.

A scandal such as this, especially when it involves a statesman of excellent family connections and one much admired by his constituency, even mentioned as a Presidential possibility in future, is not openly discussed; but, privately, among the more sophisticated, some innuendoes are passed about with a tolerant shrug.

Well, this is somewhat tangential to Miss Coynte's story, but recently the handsome young senator's wife—he was a benedict of two years' standing but was still childless—took to accompanying him on his weekend visits to the Alcazar.

The lady's name was Alice and she had taken to drink.

The senator would sit up with her in the living room of the suite, freshening her drinks more frequently than she suggested, and then, a bit after midnight, seeing that Alice had slipped far down in her seat, the junior senator would say to her, as if she were still capable of hearing, "Alice, honey, I think it's beddy time for you now."

He would lift her off the settee and carry her into the bedroom, lay her gently upon the bed and slip out, locking the door behind him: Then immediately he would call downstairs for Jack to bring up another bucket of ice.

Now once, on such an occasion, Jack let himself into the bedroom, not the living-room door with a passkey, latched the door from inside and, after an hour of commotion, subdued but audible to adjacent patrons of the Alcazar, the senator's lady climbed out naked onto the window ledge of the bedroom.

This was just after the senator had succeeded in forcing his way into that room.

Well, the lady didn't leap or fall into the street. The senator and Jack managed to coax her back into the bedroom from the window ledge and, more or less coincidentally, the senator's weekend visits to the Alcazar were not resumed after that occasion, and it was just after that occasion that Mr. Vernon Silk had promoted Jack Jones to his new position as night clerk at the hotel.

In this position, standing behind a counter in gentleman's clothes, Jack Jones was still an arrestingly personable young man, since he had large, heavy-lashed eyes that flickered between hazel and green and which, when caught by light from a certain angle, would seem to be almost golden. The skin of his face, which usually corresponds to that of the body, was flawlessly smooth and of a dusky-rose color that seemed more suggestive of an occupation in the daytime, in a region of fair weather, than that of a night clerk at the Alcazar. And this face had attracted the attention of Miss Dorothea Bernice Korngold, who had stopped him on the street one day and cried out histrionically to him: "Nijinsky, the face, the eyes, the cheekbones of the dancer Waslaw Nijinsky! Please, please pose for me as *The Specter of the Rose* or as *The Afternoon of the Faun*!"

"Pose? Just pose?"

"As the *Faun* you could be in a reclining position on cushions!"

"Oh, I see. Hmm. Uh-huh. Now, what are the rates for posing?"

"Why, it depends on the *hours*!"

"Most things do," said Jack.

"When are you *free*?" she gasped.

"Never," he replied, "but I've got afternoons off and if the rates are OK. . . ."

• • •

Well, you get the picture.

Jack Jones with his several enterprises did as well as Miss Coynte of Greene with her one. Jack Jones had a single and very clear and simple object in mind, which was to return to southern Louisiana and to buy that piece of land, all his own, and to raise sugar cane.

Miss Coynte's purpose or purposes in life were much more clouded over by generations of dissimulation and propriety of conduct, by night and day, than those of Jack Jones.

However, their encounter in The Better Mousetrap had the volatile feeling of an appointment with a purpose; at least one, if not several purposes of importance.

She took a long, long time wrapping up the antique silver shakers and while her nervous fingers were employed at this, her tongue was engaged in animated conversation with her lovely young patron.

At first this conversation was more in the nature of an interrogation.

"Mr. Jones, you're not a native of Greene?"

"No, ma'am, I ain't. Sorry. I mean I'm not."

"I didn't think you were. Your accent is not Mississippi and you don't have a real Mississippi look about you."

"I don't have much connection with Mississippi."

"Oh, but I heard that our junior state senator, I heard it from *Mère*, was preparing you for a political career in the state."

"Senator Sharp was a very fine gentleman, ma'am, and he did tell me one time that he thought I was cut out for politics in the state."

"And his wife, Mrs. Alice Sharp?"

"Mrs. Alice Sharp was a great lady, ma'am."

"But inclined to . . . you know?"

"I know she wanted to take a jump off the fifth-floor window ledge without wings or a parachute, ma'am."

"Oh, then *Mère* was right."

"Is this *Mère* a female hawss you are talking about who was right?"

"Yes, I think so. Tell me. How was Miss Alice persuaded not to jump?"

"Me and the senator caught ahold of her just before she could do it."

"Well, you know, Mr. Jones, I thought that this story of *Mère*'s was a piece of invention."

"If this *Mère* was a female hawss, she done a good deal of talking."

"That she did! Hmm. How long have you been in Greene?"

"I'll a been here six months and a week next Sunday coming."

"Why, you must keep a diary to be so exact about the time you arrived here!"

"No, ma'am, I just remember."

"Then you're gifted with a remarkable memory," said Miss Coynte, with a shaky little tinkle of laughter, her fingers still fussing with the wrapping of the package. "I mean to be able to recall that you came here to Greene exactly six months and a week ago next Sunday."

"Some things do stick in my mind."

"Oh!"

Pause.

"Is there a fly in the shop?"

"Fly?"

(continued on page 237)

a real mickey mouse operation

they say walt disney's body is frozen, just waiting for the resurrection. if it's not true about walt, it's surely the case with the empire he left behind

article **by d. keith mano** A big duck is watching me. The megalocephalic bird's head nods, nods; a rictus of Great Fun stuck across its beak. I'm on probation at Walt Disney World. A dreadful feeling, un-American: like getting drummed out of the cub scouts for self-abuse. Wherever I go they supervise me. Charlie Ridgway, the Disney public-relations man, measures his stride to mine. He comes on real cordial, a wrecked Bert Parks, but his smiles are an afterthought of policy. When we interview a Disney employee, Ridgway is there, covering the hard questions. And the employee's lips move, interrupted, relieved. Ventriloquized. Florida sun glints down, bland and cheerful as a publicity release. I see Cinderella's Castle. Its dozen stiff, circumcised towers look afflicted with a chronic priapism. I can't help it: Bawdry teases my mind. Overholy, pompous places have that *(continued on page 322)*

ILLUSTRATION BY JERRY PODWIL

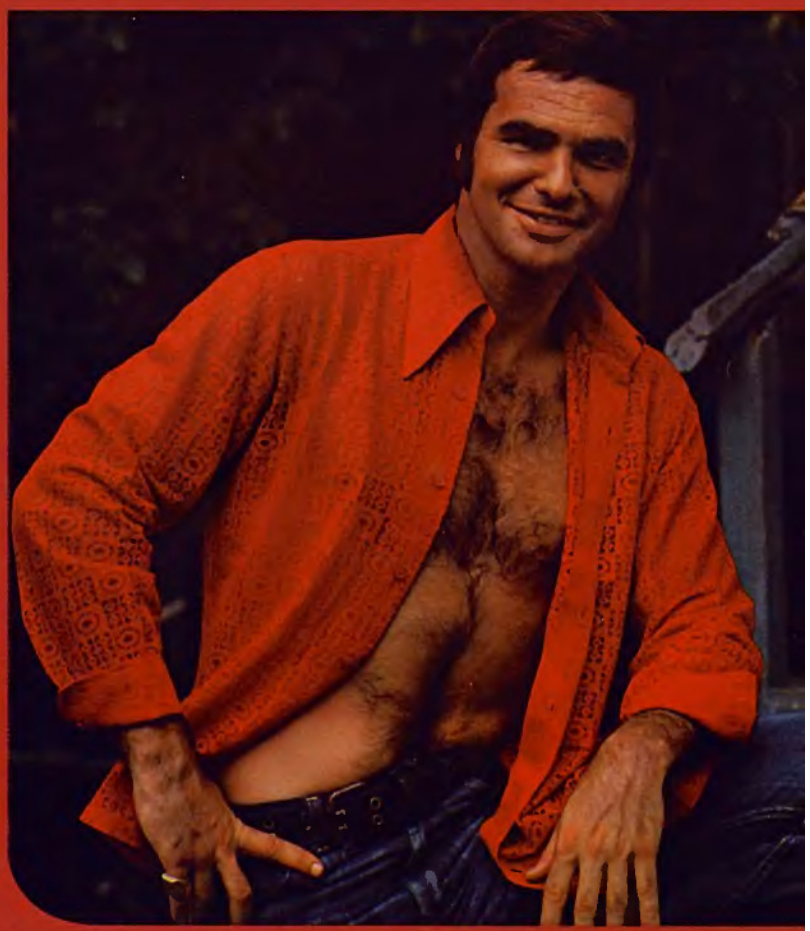
SEX STARS OF 1973

article
By ARTHUR KNIGHT

in a year of sex and violence on the screen, the biggest waves were made by black belts in the erotic and martial arts

IT WAS A STRANGE YEAR, notable for a dearth of sex stars that would have been inconceivable in the heyday of the big studios, with their well-oiled apparatus for manufacturing—and maintaining—idols. For a time in 1973, it looked as if the accolade for sexiest male star of the year would have to be awarded to the feline protagonist of *Frasier, the Sensuous Lion* (the horny old beast from California's Lion Country Safari who had once performed for a *Wall Street Journal* reporter five times in 40 minutes). Frasier died, however, and so—at the box office—did the film. And as the year progressed, it became increasingly clear that the crown of sexiest *female* star would have to be placed on the curly head of Linda Lovelace, who went down in history (and on several male partners) as the heroine of America's hottest porno hit, *Deep Throat*.

Whatever one's reservations about her histrionic abilities, Lovelace has become the screen's first literal sex star for a performance that is still a topic of conversation at cocktail parties—and of heated debate in the courts. As she tells it, the whole thing began when she was doing some modeling in New York, where she was spotted at a party by Gerard Damiano, *Throat*'s director, and offered the lead in his projected film—at $100 a day for approximately two weeks before the camera. It was the kind of work that, as she has frequently announced, she enjoys. The rest, as the saying goes, is history—some of it recorded in her purportedly autobiographical *Inside Linda Lovelace*, more of it revealed through interviews in such varied publications as *Screw*, the *London Times*, *Women's Wear Daily* and *(text continued on page 212)*



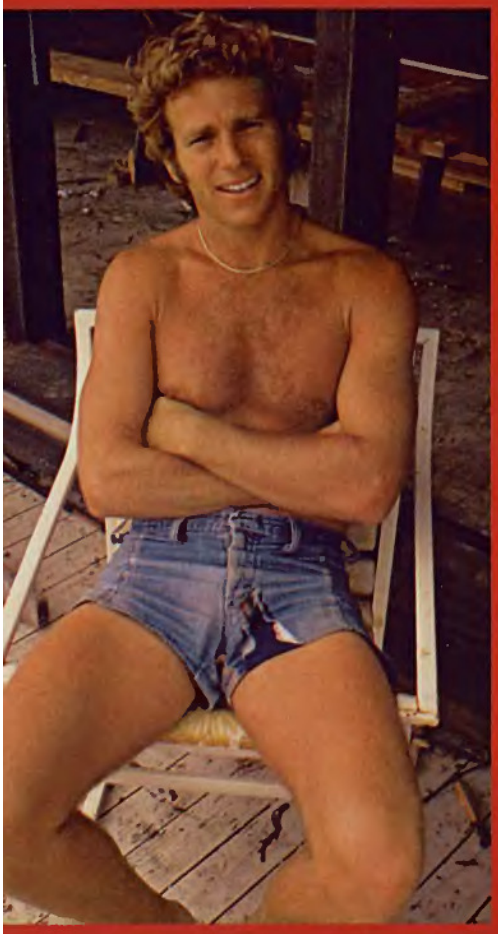
THREE FOR THE MONEY: The hottest box-office attractions of the year, in their disparate ways, were these unlikely companions: porn queen Linda Lovelace (opposite), star of *Deep Throat*; Marlon Brando (above right), who followed an Oscar-winning performance in 1972's *The Godfather* with an even more demanding role in *Last Tango in Paris*; and Burt Reynolds (right), who swaggered from four movies in '72 into *Shamus*, *The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing* and *White Lightning* this season. All are momentarily at leisure—Miss Lovelace stalemated by the Supreme Court, Reynolds slowed down by surgery, Brando presumably idle by choice.

TOGETHER AGAIN: They first joined forces as an outlaw duo in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* in 1969. Since then, Robert Redford (above left) has clicked—this year with *Jeremiah Johnson* and *The Way We Were* and, most likely, will repeat next year in *The Great Gatsby*—while Paul Newman has plodded through comparatively lackluster fare. They're reteamed as hoods in *The Sting*; that's Newman in con-man threads from the film above.
GOING IT ALONE: James Caan and Al Pacino (far and near left), brothers in *The Godfather*, are making it separately this year, Caan in *Slither*, Pacino in *Scarecrow* and *Serpico*. *Cinderella Liberty*, starring Caan, is due out this month; Pacino is now filming a sequel to *Godfather*.

COUPLES: Ali MacGraw and Steve McQueen struck sparks in 1972's *The Getaway* (above); now that they're wed, Ali is temporarily inactive and Steve's in *Papillon*. David Carradine and Barbara Hershey Seagull (above right) have collaborated in producing one child and three films. **NOTEWORTHIES:** Singers Kris Kristofferson (below) and Diana Ross (below right) have moved stylishly to movies: he as a drifter in *Blume in Love* and Billy in *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid*, she as Billie Holiday in *Lady Sings the Blues*.

BOND AND COMPANY: Ian Fleming's fictional Agent 007 was indestructible, but there's been a notable attrition among actors who've played him on film. First there was Sean Connery, then George Lazenby, then Connery again. Now it's Roger Moore (below), who in *Live and Let Die* sampled the charms of sometime Bunny Gloria Hendry (left), as a double-agent-crosser, and Jane Seymour (bottom left), as a tarot-card seeress. Moore is slated for another Bond film, *The Man with the Golden Gun*; Gloria will be seen next in a sequel to her 1973 hit *Black Caesar*.

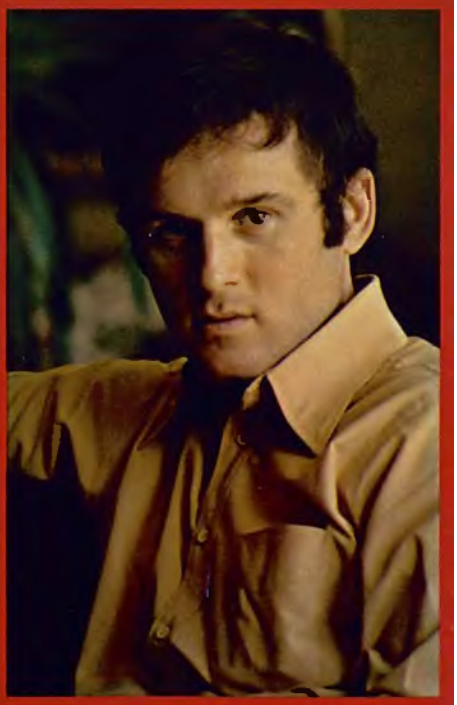
CRIME DOES PAY: But last year's rash of Mafia movies, mainly unworthy offspring of *The Godfather*, has given way to a different breed of crook. Ryan O'Neal (top right) struck pay dirt as a two-bit swindler in *Paper Moon* but not as a jewel robber in *The Thief Who Came to Dinner*; he's currently at work in Stanley Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon*, with Marisa Berenson. Warren Oates (right), Ryan's insurance-investigator nemesis in *Thief* and a novelty-factory worker in *Kid Blue*, crossed over to the other side of the law as *Dillinger*.

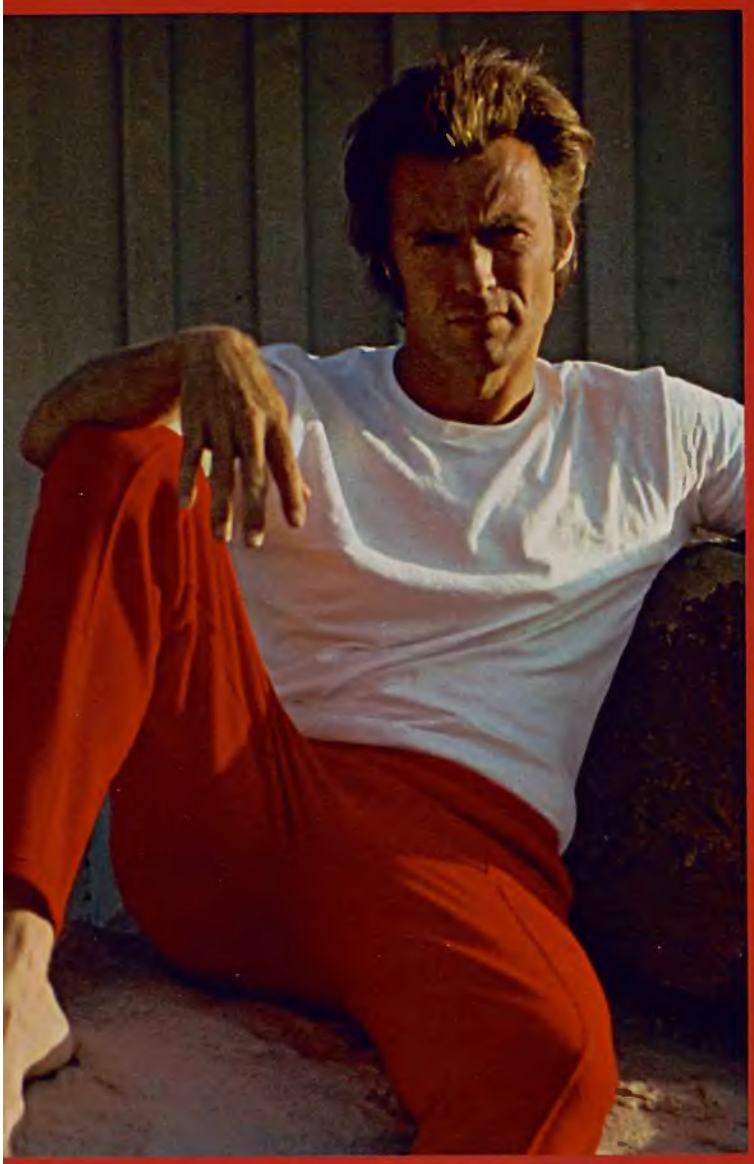


WONDERWOMEN: Black, beautiful—and handy with a right cross or a karate chop—are the year's new superheroines, Pam Grier (above left) of *Coffy*, next to be seen as a gladiatrix in *The Arena*, and rangy Tamara Dobson (above right) of *Cleopatra Jones*. **LIBERATED LADIES:** Very much their own women in 1973 fare, as well as in private life, were Jane Fonda (below left), who played Nora in Joseph Losey's version of Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, and Faye Dunaway (below right), a hard-bitten wildcatter in *Oklahoma Crude*.

THE OLDER WOMAN: They're no longer fresh young faces, but these three mature actresses retain their sex appeal. Dyan Cannon (below), fresh from 1972's *Such Good Friends* and *Shamus*, went on to *The Last of Sheila* and *Child Under a Leaf*. Brigitte Bardot played a medieval chatelaine in *Colinot* (bottom left) and starred as ex-hubby Roger Vadim's female *Don Juan*. And Britain's Glenda Jackson (bottom right), a tigress as Elizabeth I on BBC-TV's *Masterpiece Theater*, won plaudits for her screen performances in *A Touch of Class* and *The Nelson Affair*.

STRONG, SILENT TYPES: Action has always spoken louder than words for Bruce Lee (above) and Clint Eastwood (right). Lee, before his untimely death in July, scored in Kung Fu films, successors to the spaghetti Westerns made famous by Eastwood—whose own 1973 films were *High Plains Drifter*, *Magnum Force*.
BIG TALKERS: Far from taciturn in *their* roles this year were Charles Grodin (below) of *The Heartbreak Kid* and George Segal of *Blume in Love* and *A Touch of Class* (below right).



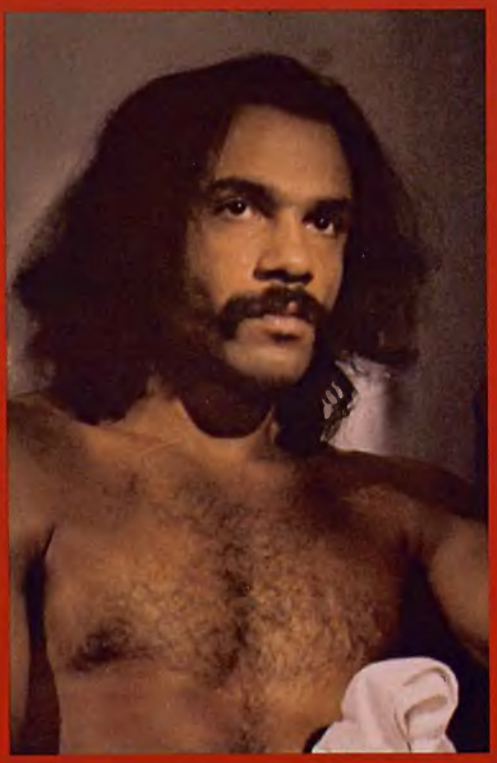


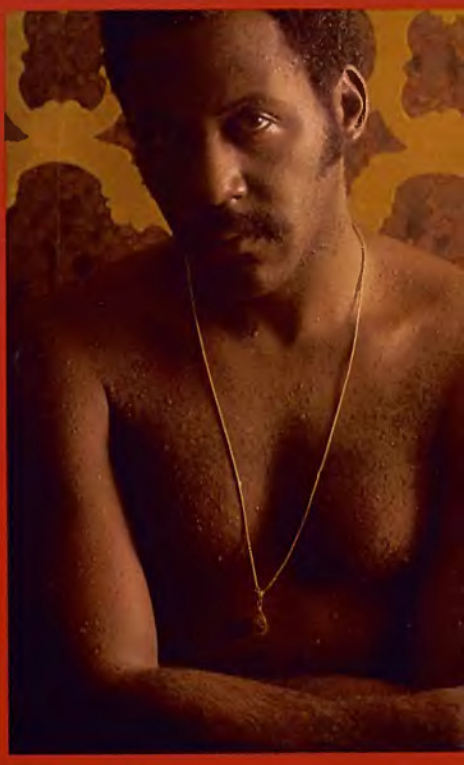
STILL DOING THEIR THING: Sally Kellerman, who skyrocketed to fame as Hot Lips Houlihan in *M*A*S*H*, continues to shine as a funky light comedienne; a *Slither* reviewer dubbed her "one of the grand daffy screen personalities." And Karen Black (bottom) seems typecast as the trollopy naïf (*Rhinoceros*, *Little Laura and Big John*).

UNSTAPLED: Playmates of months gone by are getting established in Hollywood. May 1967's Anne Randall (below) is the private detective in the title role of *Stacey* and a robot beauty in *Westworld*; November 1969's Claudia Jennings (bottom), star of four movies this year, also played Edward Albert's castoff girlfriend in *40 Carats*.

UNCOVERED: You saw these four girls first in PLAYBOY pictorials—soon followed by screen success. We introduced Valerie Perrine (above) of *Slaughterhouse-Five* and *The Last American Hero*; Dayle Haddon (top right) of Disney's *The World's Greatest Athlete*; Angel Tompkins (below right) of *Prime Cut*, *How to Seduce a Woman*, *Little Cigars* and *The Don Is Dead*; and Tiffany Bolling (below) of *Bonnie's Kids*, *Wicked, Wicked* and *Candy Snatch*.

SUPERBAD: Leading the pack of black heroes are ex-grid pros Fred Williamson and Jim Brown (below left and right), each in two releases for '73—*Black Caesar* and *Thunderbolt* for the former, *Slaughter's Big Rip-Off* and *I Escaped from Devil's Island* for the latter. Ron O'Neal reprised in *Superfly T.N.T.* (bottom left) and Richard Roundtree (bottom right) in *Shaft in Africa* and *Charlie One-Eye*, as well as in this season's new series televersion of *Shaft*.





FAMILIAR "FACES": For the past several years, no collection of sex stars has been complete without Raquel Welch (above left) or Stella Stevens (above right). Nor did they let us down in 1973, with Raquel playing a Hollywood glamor girl in *The Last of Sheila* and Stella surfacing in *The Poseidon Adventure*. Coming next: Raquel in *The Three Musketeers*, Stella in *Arnold*.
A STAR IS PORN: Blazing tails in hard-core (below) are *Behind the Green Door*'s Marilyn Chambers (left) and *The Devil in Miss Jones*'s Georgina Spelvin (right), seen here as Bathsheba in *Wakefield Poole's Bible*.

FLAMING YOUTHS: Hot prospects continue to rise from the ranks of the younger generation. Edward Albert (left) capitalized on a previous hit, *Butterflies Are Free*, with a subsequent one, *40 Carats*. Marisa Berenson (bottom left), Liza Minnelli's friend in *Cabaret*, stars in Stanley Kubrick's upcoming *Barry Lyndon*. For Victoria Principal and Johnny Crawford (center left and below), *The Naked Ape* provided their first starring roles. Before that, she had a minor one as Paul Newman's young mistress in *The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean*, and his *The Inbreaker* is due soon.

FOREIGN IMPORTS: Two French actresses, Dominique Sanda and Maria Schneider (top and bottom right), made waves in their 1973 screen outings. Mlle. Sanda, one of the most torrid of last year's newcomers, demonstrated better than average staying power with *Night of the Flowers*, *Impossible Object* and *The Mackintosh Man*; Mlle. Schneider connected her first time out with the co-starring role in this year's most controversial—and erotic—picture, *Last Tango in Paris*. She's since kept the columnists speculating about her reportedly no less kinky offscreen life style.

PLAYBOY. In all of them, she speaks pridefully of her esophageal prowess and—as in her remarks during PLAYBOY's panel discussion of *New Sexual Life Styles* in September—of its importance to mankind. Her contributions to that conversation—in which she was surrounded by psychologists, sociologists and other assorted experts—caused one observer to remark: "She may not have a Ph.D., but she's certainly passed her orals." At present, while awaiting the long-delayed release of *Deep Throat II*, Linda is sharing a Malibu Beach pad with her good friend and manager, Chuck Traynor, about whom she says with great earnestness, "He taught me everything I know."

Over in the men's camp, 1973 finally produced a number of candidates for sex stardom to replace the fallen Frasier. The busiest of the lot was virile Burt Reynolds, whose coy centerfold in last year's April *Cosmopolitan* definitely placed him in the running. A trio of films—*Shamus*, *The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing* and *White Lightning*—helped him maintain that position in 1973; in all of them, he was praised not only for his thespian talents but for his even more evident *machismo*. The fact that co-star Sarah Miles had found refuge in his digs when her secretary-manager died mysteriously while on location for *Cat Dancing* merely enhanced the image—although it's conceivable that Reynolds' constant companion, Dinah Shore, might have had some other ideas on the matter. Whatever the facts in the case, he seems to have wooed and won that special segment of the audience that once pledged eternal fealty to Errol Flynn.

Flint-eyed Clint Eastwood is another who, at the moment, can do no wrong. His *High Plains Drifter*, in which the rangy star again plays a mysterious, monosyllabic loner, has stood high on the box-office charts for the greater part of the year. *Magnum Force*, his sequel to *Dirty Harry*, scheduled to appear just about the time this hits print, can only duplicate the success of the earlier film; it has all the Eastwood ingredients of paranoia, violence and simplistic self-righteousness to make it work. Meanwhile, he has also directed and produced *Breezy*, a surprisingly lyrical and seductive amelioration of the generation gap starring William Holden as a 50ish cynic who would like to think that maybe a 30-year age differential isn't too bad. Eastwood, with a ten-year advantage on Holden, is even more apt to attract the teeny-bopper crowd—and he doesn't always shoo them away.

But the male sex star of the year has to be the protean Marlon Brando, if only because he followed his role as the aging, faltering Don Corleone in *The Godfather* with his multifaceted portrait of a failed American in Paris in Bernardo Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris*—the most discussed film of 1973. For some critics, his work in *Godfather* and *Last Tango* removed completely the tarnish left on his crown by a full decade of flawed movies. Others weren't so sure. "While it is a superbly professional performance," wrote *Time*'s reviewer, "it is also something of a self-portrait." He conceded, however, that "the correspondences between the role and the life are not always precise; in the case of Paul's kinky sexual predilections and darker rages, the viewer can only speculate whether such correspondences exist at all."

Time's man was no doubt being circumspect, for, kinky or not, Brando's sexual predilections and darker rages have been a matter of public record since his stormy advent to stardom more than two decades ago—particularly since both his marriages ended in bitter divorce proceedings, followed by even angrier wrangling over custody of the children. One recalls Rita Moreno's attempt at suicide at Brando's home in 1961, former wife Anna Kashfi's several well-publicized brawls, his long liaison with Tarita, the Tahitian beauty he met while filming *Mutiny on the Bounty*. Inevitably, there were rumors of further entanglements with his uninhibited *Tango* co-star, bouncy Maria Schneider—rumors that she only partially laid to rest with her cryptic statement, "We were never screwing on the stage." Brando, as usual, said nothing.

Always a loner, Brando has if anything grown even more reclusive of late, spending much of his time in the South Sea Island home he bought in 1966. When he speaks out at all (as, by proxy, in his celebrated "no-show" at this year's Academy Awards presentation, or in person on his 90-minute appearance on *The Dick Cavett Show*), it's about the plight of the Indians and similar social concerns, never about himself. His insistence on privacy is so strong that when, earlier this year, a magazine writer flew all the way to Brando's island retreat in Tetiaroa, his subject met him with a shotgun. The writer had to content himself with a lengthy piece on how he didn't get an interview. Only with close friends (which generally means old friends) is he affable, or even approachable. There were not many in Hollywood who mourned when Brando's skyrocketing career began to spiral downward during the Sixties with films like *The Appaloosa* and *Morituri*. Nor is there any noticeable rejoicing now that the spiral has reversed itself. Hollywood is still a fairly ingrown community, and gratuitous slights—such as sending an unknown Indian actress to reject his Oscar for *The Godfather*—are neither readily excused nor quickly forgotten. Besides, *Last Tango* was an Italo-French production, and Hollywood has always reserved its greatest enthusiasm for homegrown products.

On the other hand, if superstardom were simply a matter of Hollywood popularity contests, everybody's pal Ross Martin—whose closest brush with fame has been a co-star slot in the now-defunct teleseries *The Wild Wild West*—would be a big name today. The big stars at any time are those who kindle the audience's enthusiasm and curiosity—the ones whose faces recur month after month in the national weeklies, night after night on the television talk shows. They are there because the media sense the public's interest and cater to it for their own selfish purposes—greater newsstand sales or a bigger piece of the Nielsen ratings (with advertising rates in both instances pegged to the cost per thousand). While it's true that the public can be manipulated to a degree—that a canny publicity campaign can on occasion create a star—not only are the costs prohibitive but the staying power is nil. The really big star is the one who hires a publicity man to keep his name *out* of the papers and fights off the talk-show invitations.

By these standards, 1973 was Brando's year. Though he's pushing 50—the hairline receding, the hair itself graying, the jowls sagging just a bit, the once-hard body sagging even more—Brando remains nevertheless a figure of tremendous authority and power. His portrait of the aging Don Corleone in *The Godfather* re-established him as an actor without peer (even though he had to go through the humiliating ritual of a screen test to obtain the role); and while the critics weren't quite so unanimous in their assessment of his performance as Paul, the American expatriate in *Last Tango*, there was no denying his undiminished sexuality. Especially when, in the film's penultimate sequence at the tango palace, he steps out onto the floor as slick and svelte and smoldering as if he were still playing Sky Masterson in *Guys and Dolls*. It was just a flash of the mighty Marlon that was; but it was more than enough to make his once-ardent fans believe that the past could live again, that the fires had not been completely banked.

Rising quickly, if not to Brando's former eminence, is blond, wiry James Caan, who, ironically, got his biggest boost as Brando's toughest boy, Sonny, in *The Godfather*. Columnist Joyce Haber called him "the sexiest man in the world" after polling her readership. Actually, Caan came in third, after Tom Jones and TV soaper (*Days of Our Lives*) hero and *Playgirl* centerfold Ryan MacDonald—but their "fan clubs were most perceptible," she explained. Caan, a rugged nonconformist and genuinely good actor, had been climbing steadily, if imperceptibly, since he first hit the big time in *Lady in a Cage* back in 1964. Although he alternated between TV and features with remarkable

(continued on page 214)

THE ESCALATOR

that short ride up the moving stairs changed his life

fiction **BY GÜNTER GRASS** I've just put Maria on the express train for Bremerhaven. I don't dare linger on the station platform to watch her departure. Neither Maria nor I likes to leave the other behind this way—it is almost like making a sacrifice to some minor god of punctual railway timetables. We embraced quietly and parted company, as if only until tomorrow.

Now I'm striding across the waiting room. I bump into somebody and apologize—too late; he's gone. I reach into an inside pocket and coax a single cigarette out of the pack. I discover that I have to buy myself some matches. Taking a deep drag of smoke, I pick up a newspaper, a hedge against the boredom of the long bus ride to come.

Then I must wait while the crowd of passengers, dressed in their autumn clothes, slowly feeds onto the escalator. At last I can make my move and I stand in the file crammed between two damp rubber raincoats. I like to ride escalators. I surrender myself to the pleasure of the cigarette and rise slowly upward, like its smoke. The smooth machinery of the stairs fills me with a sense of confidence. There's no need for conversation, either from above or from below. It's as if the escalator were speaking to me, and my thoughts fall into order: By now, Maria should have reached the city limits; the train should get into Bremerhaven precisely on time. Given a little luck, she's had no difficulties. Schulte-Vogelsang had assured us that we could rely completely on his preparations. And everything would go smoothly on the other side, too. Still, maybe it would have been better if we'd tried it through Switzerland? Perhaps—but everybody has told me how dependable Vogelsang is. He's done the job for lots of people, and it's never failed, they told me. So why should Maria—who really hasn't worked with us very long—be the one to get stuck?

The woman in front of me rubs her eyes and sobs through her nose. Probably she has just seen someone off on a train—but she should have come away from the platform earlier, as I did. The departure of a train can have more meaning than it's humanly possible to bear. Maria has a window seat.

I look behind me and I see hats—a long row of them. People are crowded at the foot of the escalator and, from where I stand, they are only a collection of hats, scarves, various headgear. It does me good not to have to look at the individual prints of human faces—that's why I don't want to look upward to the top of the escalator. But eventually I must turn.

I shouldn't have. Up there, where the hard rubber steps level out and are swallowed back into the mechanism, where, neck after neck, hat after hat, all move off and disperse—up there stand two men. I have no doubt that their earnest, quiet surveillance is meant for me alone.

I can't imagine myself turning around again, let alone pushing my way back down the stairs against the oncoming line of hats. This funny sense of security, this seductive feeling that as long as you live here on this step, you are alive. As long as there is somebody breathing right in front of you and somebody breathing right behind you, no one can thrust in between.

The two men call me by name. They show me their identification. Smiling, they assure me that Maria's train will get to Bremerhaven on time. There will be other gentlemen there to meet her—though they certainly won't be waiting with flowers.

How fitting it is that I've just finished my cigarette. I follow these men.

—Translated by Tim Nater and Robie Macauley

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT TALLON

SEX STARS OF 1973 *(continued from page 212)*

consistency, his big problem was that no role came along that separated him from a dozen or more other good-looking guys who also played heavies. Critics began noticing him in offbeat films such as *Games* and *The Rain People*—but critics were practically the only people who saw them. The turning point came when—reluctantly—Caan went back to television after two years' abstention to play Brian Piccolo in the ABC Movie of the Week *Brian's Song*. It garnered top notices, big ratings and numerous reruns. For Caan, it also meant a return to the big screen—first as the tough romantic lead opposite Candice Bergen in *T. R. Baskin*, immediately thereafter in the plum role of Sonny in *The Godfather*—directed by Francis Ford Coppola, who had also done *The Rain People*. Since then Caan's made the zany comedy *Slither*, another comedy, *Freebie and the Bean* (with Alan Arkin); and before the year is out, *Cinderella Liberty*, in which he co-stars with Eli Wallach, will be released.

Caan wears his faded blue denims almost as a uniform—a uniform against the uniformity he despises. Both physically and temperamentally, he is in the tradition of Brando, James Dean, Paul Newman and precious few others who have chosen to live their own lives in their own way—and to hell with the studios. Caan, whose great hobby is rodeo, admits that he is constantly broke—and he doesn't really care. "I own my own car, some clothes and two beds—the leg of one is broke, I think—and a lot of footballs and baseballs." Born in Sunnyside, Long Island, 34 years ago, Caan went to Michigan State University on an athletic scholarship, majoring in baseball and prelaw. Later, he switched to basketball and drama at Hofstra, which led to the famed Neighborhood Playhouse and some off-Broadway roles, followed by a Broadway debut in *Blood, Sweat and Stanley Poole*, starring Peter Fonda. He married at 21. ("She's beautiful, and she's remarried, thank God," is his summary of that interlude.) For the past few years, he has been consoling himself with 1969 PLAYBOY Playmate of the Year Connie Kreski and making no bones about it.

Also placing high on the Haber poll was Robert Redford, who has managed his career with greater care—and intelligence—than any other top star, male or female, in the film colony. Notoriously choosy of his roles, Redford can swing easily from comedy to drama to adventure. After his critical acclaim in *Jeremiah Johnson*, he opted for the role of the WASPish Hollywood writer in Arthur Laurents' controversial *The Way We Were*, a tale of Hollywood in the dark days of the black list, with Barbra Streisand as his militant co-star; then reunited with his *Butch Cassidy* pal, Paul Newman, for *The Sting*. From there, he went into Paramount's much-touted version of F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*, with Mia Farrow ultimately acquiring the role originally scheduled for Ali MacGraw, former wife of Paramount executive Robert Evans. Between pictures, Redford simply retires with his wife and children to his triple-A-frame home on a mountaintop in Utah, looking after the year-round sports resort called Sundance that he has developed outside Provo.

Among the other major male sex stars who have lost none of their allure in 1973 is the exuberant Ryan O'Neal—particularly now that he has finally, and officially, untied the knot that bound him to Leigh Taylor-Young. *The Thief Who Came to Dinner* was hardly helpful; but *Paper Moon*, in which he co-starred with Tatum, his talented nine-year-old daughter (by a previous marriage), certainly placed his zooming career back in full orbit. At the moment, he is in England for the title role in Stanley Kubrick's next picture, *Barry Lyndon*, a period piece. Considering how Kubrick works, the moment is apt to be a protracted one, although with Ursula Andress on hand (offstage), it shouldn't be too burdensome. Even more prolific in 1973 was the talented George Segal, an actor of considerable range who seems to have discovered his flair for comedy only recently. *Blume in Love* caught neatly and perceptively the stresses of a man who still loves his ex-wife, even though she has left him after finding him *flagrante delicto* with his black receptionist—and no small part of the film's humor derives from the fact that he rather likes the guitar-twanging layabout (Kris Kristofferson) his erstwhile spouse shacks up with. In *A Touch of Class*, one of the year's wilder comedies, Segal was in top form again as a philandering husband who takes up with the strong-minded Glenda Jackson. By contrast, his own marriage to Marion Sobol has been one of Hollywood's longer and happier case histories. Before 1973 has bowed out, Segal should be visible again in Michael Crichton's *Terminal Man*, this time opposite Joan Hackett.

Rounding out the front-runners among the male sex stars of 1973 is the dark, saturnine Al Pacino, whose performance as *The Godfather*'s reluctant heir apparent not only rushed him to the top but brought him an Academy nomination and an immediate flood of film offers. After careful picking and choosing, Pacino opted for Jerry Schatzberg's offbeat and inventive *Scarecrow*, in which he played a simple-minded ex-sailor opposite Gene Hackman's even more simple-minded ex-con. A kind of *Midnight Cowboy* of the open road, the film reinforced the critics' high opinion of Pacino's talents and gave audiences a character with whom they could more readily sympathize than the nascent *capo*. He will be seen again toward the end of the year in the New York–based *Serpico*, taken from the Peter Maas book, by which time he should be well into the production of *The Godfather, Part II*. Meanwhile, on the romantic side, Pacino has switched partners, having dropped his girlfriend of record, beauteous Jill Clayburgh, soon after the release of *The Godfather*. Now if he is seen anywhere (which isn't often), it's generally with the talented, mercurial Tuesday Weld.

Perhaps a distinction should be drawn here between the major star, male, and the major *sex* star, male. There may be as many as a dozen top stars—the names of Kirk Douglas, Charlton Heston, Gregory Peck and George C. Scott spring immediately to mind—who have established themselves as reliable and effective performers, with that added industry plus of being eminently bankable: Money is generally available for pictures to which their names are attached. While at one time or another they all may have been sex stars as well, age and familiarity have long since removed the bloom. Just this year, for example, the versatile and amiable Jack Lemmon, for the past decade the studios' first choice for light-comedy romances, seems to have crossed the point of no return with films like *Avanti!* and, especially, *Save the Tiger*. The ability is still there, with *Save the Tiger* probably his best performance ever; but that added fillip of sexuality that riveted attention on him in a subsidiary role in *Mister Roberts*, and in such subsequent entertainments as *Some Like It Hot*, *The Apartment* and *Irma la Douce*, has gradually faded. From here on, it would seem, whatever excitement he gives off will have to be generated by the script.

And then there are some major stars whose popularity was never predicated on sex appeal but on the power and the conviction that they brought to their assorted roles. Ernest Borgnine, for example, with his beetle brows and beer-barrel build, can never completely erase the J. Filthy McNasty image—and, indeed, attempted to do so only once, some 20 years ago, in *Marty*. But rather than wait around for another *Marty*, Borgnine has wisely concentrated on the kind of villainy he does best, such as his portrayal of the sadistic train conductor known as Shack in this year's *Emperor of the North*. (Even when Borgnine plays a married man, as he did with Stella Stevens in the highly successful *Poseidon Adventure*, there is the implication that his sex life is more rigorous than romantic.) Peter Boyle and Warren Oates, two rapidly rising and expert performers, give off the same unwholesome vibes. Gene Hackman, Borgnine's co-star in *Poseidon* and Al Pacino's partner in *Scarecrow*, sets off no sensual tremors

(continued on page 291)

IT'S JUST LIKE YOU'RE TWO RUBBER TITTIES. HELLO!

article **BY DAN GREENBURG**

HOW IT HAPPENS that I am lying naked on a carpet in a warehouse in Las Vegas along with 25 other similarly naked people, 15 of whom are terrific-looking showgirls, is this: We are all posing for the illustration to an article I have been tricked into writing for PLAYBOY, titled *My First Orgy*.

Just why this illustration has to be shot in Las Vegas as opposed to, say, Chicago—where PLAYBOY has its headquarters and where, presumably, hundreds of Bunny types and fun-loving editorial staff members would cheerfully shed their duds to appear in a two-page color spread in the magazine—is not entirely

A TOWN SO TOUGH JUST LIVING IS A FULL-TIME JOB

article **BY JOHN GREGORY DUNNE**

I MET MAISY MORGAN in the pursuit of her profession as a practicing graphologist. Maisy Morgan. Real name Maureen Moran. Thirty-one years old. Former showgirl in the line at the Tropicana. That was the season her name occasionally appeared in Forrest Duke's column as being seen in the big room at the Riviera with someone in from New Orleans on a junket. Maisy Morgan did not much like people from New Orleans. They drank too much and when they were drunk they would sometimes ask her to beat them off under the tablecloth in the big room while the show was going on. Maisy Morgan thought this was

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX EBEL

RUBBER TITTIES *(continued)*

clear to me. I am told it is because models cost a lot less in Vegas. Although this is not a logically satisfying answer to my question, I am as eager as the next guy to get a free trip somewhere, and I drop my counterproductive line of questioning.

So, one balmy day in August 1972, with the temperature standing pat at 110 degrees, inside a warehouse that is supposed to be air conditioned but isn't, I am lying on this carpet, intertwined with these 25 naked people for two successive afternoons, all of us perspiring freely onto one another's bodies; and, although it is probably even hotter than 110 degrees down on the carpet, what with the lights and the close proximity of all that warm flesh, it is not really such a terrible way to kill a couple of days.

What you do when you are lying intertwined with a lot of naked people on a carpet, while an art director and a photographer on an overhead balcony keep calling out minor adjustments in position ("OK now, Greenburg, you put your left hand on the right breast of the girl on your left, and . . ."), is that you get to talking.

Here is the first actual conversation I had with one of my co-models, a young woman with enormous breasts, the right one of which I was holding, as instructed, with my left hand. The young lady asked me what this photo was going to be used for and I said, "Oh, it's for this article I wrote about this orgy I went to." The young lady didn't seem to be perceptibly impressed, so I said, "I suppose you've been to quite a few orgies yourself, have you?"

"I don't know," she said, "does four people count?" I said I thought it probably counted. She seemed relieved. "Oh, well," she said, "then I guess I've been to orgies. In fact, I guess I've done it just about every way you can do it with four people. I've done it with two men and two women, I've done it with three men and me, I've done it with three women and me——"

"Tell me about three women and you," I said.

"Well," she said, "first we dropped acid, of course. Then we gave each other baths. We

TOWN SO TOUGH *(continued)*

disrespectful to her and also to the act onstage. She liked to say that she stood in awe of talent. Not that she had been struck dumb by any of the talent she had met in her season in the line at the Tropicana. There had been a comic in the lounge who had promised to marry her and after she had driven to Nogales and had the abortion, she discovered that the comic already had wives in both Pittsburgh and St. Louis. The trip to Nogales had cost her the job in the line at the Tropicana, because she had started to hemorrhage and had to stay in bed for a couple of weeks and when she got back to Vegas, the job was gone. In the past, she had occasionally spent weekends with people in on a junket when she needed money, so she free-lanced along the Strip for a while until the new Lido de Paris revue started holding auditions. The creator of the revue had once told her that she had the best nipples on the Strip, perky even when she was not getting laid, whereas most of the girls in the line had to rub ice cubes on their nipples to get them up before a show. Maisy Morgan was sure her nipples would get her a job in the Lido de Paris revue, but then one morning she noticed a lump on her left breast and two weeks later, she had a mastectomy.

Maisy Morgan never thought much about having one breast, although sometimes when she was drunk, she said she thought it was "freaky." She was 26 years old when she had the mastectomy and her condition was conducive neither to working in a line nor to free-lancing. Whenever someone wanted to ball her, Maisy Morgan would carefully tell him that he was getting only half of what he expected up top and if that did not bother him, she would be honored to go to bed with him. In matters sexual, Maisy Morgan always affected a rococo speaking style. It was this manner of speech that had first attracted Dominick DiCicco, that and the fact, as he told Maisy Morgan later, that "fucking a girl with one tit was a first for old Dom." Dominick DiCicco was Maisy Morgan's second husband and she had not seen him in three years. Maisy Morgan

DESIGNED BY TOM STAEBLER / PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD FEGLEY

"Just think, right now Momma is probably baking Christmas cookies, Poppa's putting up the tree, the twins are busy stringing popcorn and little Jimmy is trying to stay awake so he can see Santa Claus."

TWO RUBBER TITTIES *(continued)*

set each other's hair, we did each other's nails, we——"

"Did you have any sex?" I asked.

"Oh, yeah, we all went down on each other," she said. "You have to understand—our lives here in Vegas are kind of weird. I mean, we all see each other so much, we've used up all the normal stuff and we've gotten sort of kinky. To me, the kinky has become the commonplace. You know the kinkiest thing I could think of doing right now?"

"What?" I asked.

"Have a straight, one-to-one relationship with a man," she said.

I had more chats with my co-models, and the more I heard, the more fascinated I became. I wondered what it was like to be a Las Vegas showgirl. I wondered what it was like to be that beautiful, that sexy, that bored, that kinky. I wondered what it was that had pulled these girls to Vegas, to work nude or seminude on a stage six or seven nights a week, two or three shows a night. I wondered if they ever fell in love or got married or had kids. I wondered what they wanted out of life and I wondered how different their goals were from mine and from the other ordinary humdrum clothed folks I knew in New York.

I decided to find out. Early last January, I found myself back in Vegas.

• • •

When I step off the plane from New York late in the afternoon, I find it is not 110 degrees; it's about 30 degrees and snowing. I walk past a long line of slot machines, which several of my overeager fellow passengers stop to play. I claim my baggage, linger briefly before the counter of SAVE-MOR RENT-A-CAR with its THINK PINK signs and its four hostesses clad in pink hotpants, pink sweaters, pink Dynel wigs, and I decide in favor of a cab.

I check into Caesars Palace. I figure if you're doing an article on Taste City, you might as well live right in the red-hot center of the quintessential Vegas taste.

Caesars Palace, you will not be too stunned to hear, is themed in a Roman motif: Roman columns flank the phone booths in the lobby; Roman columns support the slot machines in the casino; Roman columns serve as bases for the lamps in your room, your TV set, and so on. The lady keno runners, who enable you to keep betting on things right through meals and other annoyances, wear minitogas. The men's and ladies' rooms are labeled CAESARS and CLEOPATRAS. The snack shop is called The Noshorium. The card that hangs on the knob outside your room says DO NOT DISTURBUS. Almost everything in the hotel that I have failed to mention has a small plaque attached to it with a message in pseudo-Roman lettering that proclaims something or other about the function of whatever it's attached to, beginning with the words "I, Caesar," etc. My favorite is the one on the TV set in my room, which reads: "I, Caesar, list the following local television channels for your viewing pleasure. . . ."

The first showgirl I look up once I am settled is one I'd met at the photo session that August. Her name is Janet. Janet is a large, very good-looking, very well-built girl in her 20s. She stands just under six feet without shoes; when she wears stacked heels, you sort of shout up to her. Whatever color her hair is now is not the color it was the last time.

Janet told me two things in August that I loved a lot. The first was that she had been painted by "the foremost nude painter in the world," a person who turned out to be named Julian Ritter.

"When I was managing editor of *Eros* magazine some years back," I said, "I had extensive dealings with another well-known painter by the name of Salvador Dali. Have you ever heard of him?"

"Salvador Dali?" she said. "I was his date at Versailles."

"I see," I said, my crude attempt at name-dropping instantly outclassed. "Tell me, what was it like, being the date of Salvador Dali at a place like Versailles?" *(continued on page 230)*

TOWN SO TOUGH *(continued)*

had married for the first time when she was 15 and seven months pregnant. Her first husband's name was Eugene Pruitt and Eugene had not been inclined to marry Maisy when she told him that she had missed three months in a row. Eugene Pruitt was the high scorer on the Green City, Oklahoma, high school basketball team, which in 1957 had gone to the semifinals in the Class B state tournament. Even today, Maisy Morgan would recall, there was still a faded sign on the outskirts of Green City that had been erected by the chamber of commerce and that said, WELCOME TO GREEN CITY, HOME OF THE GREEN HORNETS, 1957 CLASS B SEMIFINALISTS, OKLAHOMA INTERSCHOLASTIC BASKETBALL TOURNEY.

Eugene Pruitt had been able to persuade the four other Green Hornet starters, plus two substitutes, that they all had had a whack at Maisy Morgan, a claim that Maisy said was not even half accurate. But Maisy Morgan's father had been able to convince Eugene Pruitt to marry his daughter with a promise of a half interest in his Phillips 66 station—that plus the vow to break Eugene Pruitt's legs with a tire iron if he did not do so. Maisy and Eugene were married in Carterville, Oklahoma, in March of 1957 with Maisy's father in attendance. Two days after the wedding, Eugene Pruitt left Green City and enlisted in the United States Marine Corps. Maisy Morgan's son was born in St. Augustine's Hospital in Tulsa and she named him Ralph, after her father. The child had six toes on each foot and only one arm and died four days after birth. Maisy called it a blessing. She never told Eugene Pruitt of either the birth or the death of her son, although she was reasonably sure that he was the father. Eugene Pruitt never returned to Green City, Oklahoma.

Now that she was 31 and had only one breast and was a practicing graphologist, Maisy Morgan was less interested in Forrest Duke than in Dr. Alvarez and Ann Landers. Every morning between 9 and 11, she would saturate her Nescafé with Coffee-mate and saccharin and settle down to see what Dr. Alvarez had to say about Pap smears. Maisy Morgan had a Pap smear every six months and her gynecologist, who attended all the name female acts on the Strip, mainly because of his philanthropy in dispensing reds, had told her she had nothing to worry about. But Maisy's absent breast often itched and the itching would make her think of Bartholin cysts and she would scour Dr. Alvarez to see what he had to say about vaginal disorders. Maisy no longer used a contraceptive, because she was convinced that the mastectomy protected her from ever again becoming pregnant. She readily admitted that this was a superstition without much basis in medical fact, but she said, "If you had had a kid with six toes on each foot, then I guess you'd be superstitious, too."

I readily agreed that I would be superstitious, too. It was nearly five in the morning and Maisy Morgan and I were sitting in the coffee shop at Caesars Palace. I was constantly amazed in the months that I was in Vegas by the encounter-group atmosphere prevailing in the bars and coffee shops of the casinos during the hour or two before dawn. Here in this anteroom of purgatory was a constituency of the emotionally dispossessed. It was as if the end were at hand and there were only one priest to hear all the confessions.

The first thing that Maisy Morgan had said about my handwriting was that I had "original ideas." I am sure that the reason she had said this was that she could not decipher my signature and had asked me to write down something longer, something that would give her more opportunity to decode the swirls and pressure points of my script. I was pretentious enough to jot down a few lines from Yeats:

O love is the crooked thing,
There is nobody wise enough
To find out all that is in it.

"You have such original ideas," Maisy Morgan had said. I was not altogether sure whether she *(continued on page 310)*

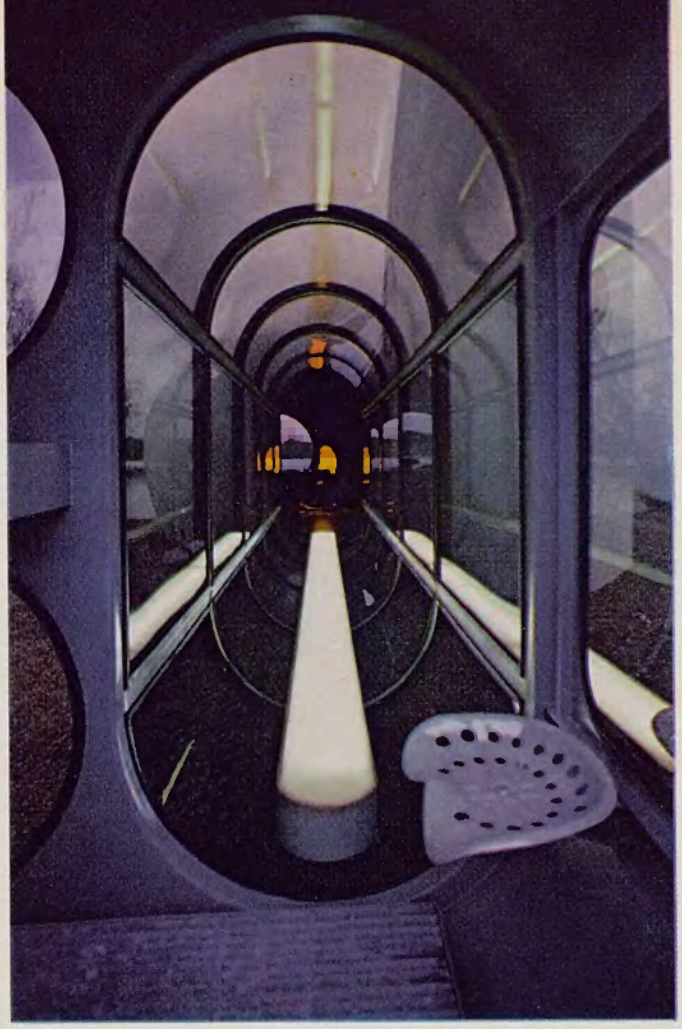
A PLAYBOY PAD:

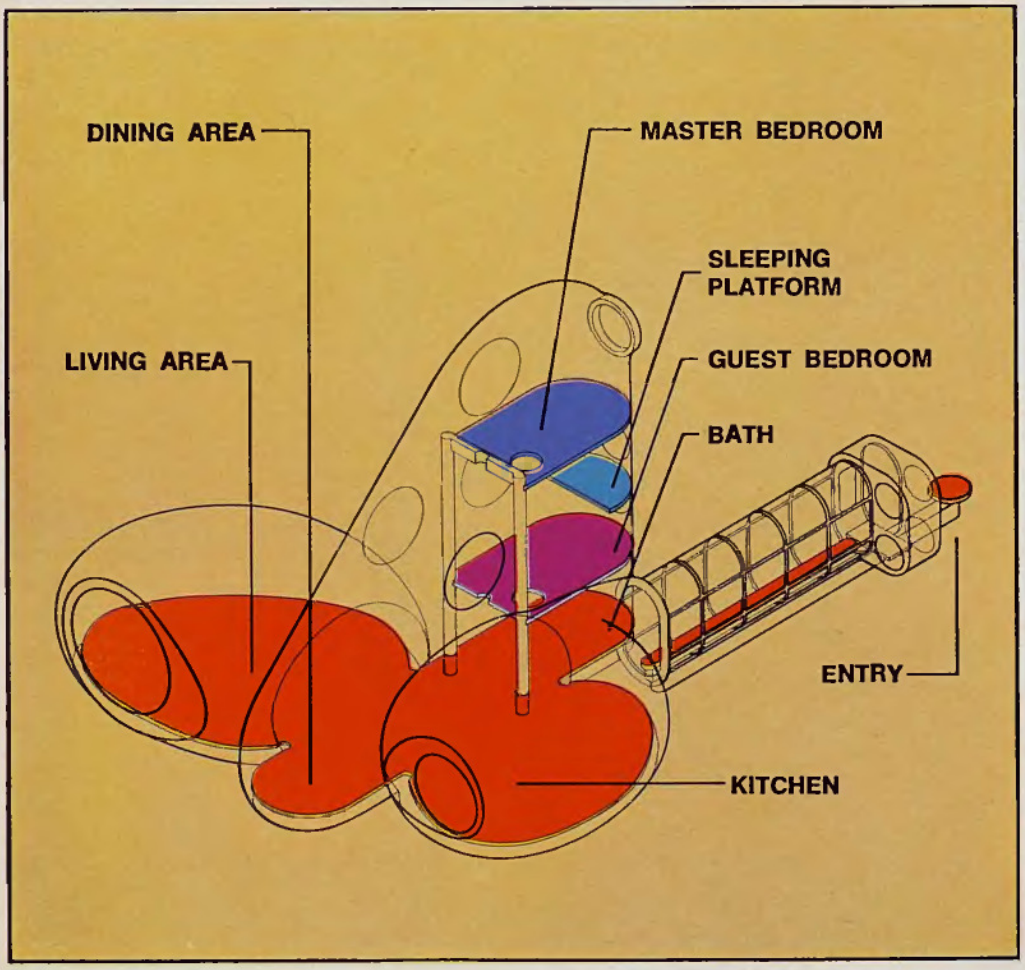
TEXAS TIME MACHINE

three wildly innovative young designers create a "lunar module" retreat

Above: At home in its setting—a peaceful, private lake near a large Texas city—the house exemplifies the organic forms made possible by the use of reinforced cement. Left: The round windows are placed so as to filter the intense sunlight.

WE CONGRATULATE the ant for his industry, toughness and organization; we also fear him, since he seems ready to take over the world whenever we decide to abdicate. A band of cultural guerrillas who call themselves the Ant Farm—they include philosophers, inventors and film makers—resemble their namesake in those attributes. This retreat of reinforced cement, on a private lake in Texas, is the creation of Ant Farmers Richard Jost, Chip Lord and Doug Michels—architects all. "The House of the Century 1972–2072" is its title, and it has a quality all its own, thanks to the unpredictably curvilinear design (which recalls the fantastic churches, parks and houses built by the Spanish surrealist Antoni Gaudí). The furniture is formed by the





Top left: A poir of tall Texans pause at the entrance—a long, well-lit tube of Plexiglas and steel, whimsically adorned with a tractor seat (above). The cutaway drawing at left emphasizes the free-form approach taken by the architects, Richard Jost, Chip Lord and Daug Michels—all members of Ant Farm, a cultural commando group. There are no squares, no rectangles and no real circles, either—just the graceful, mobile forms that nature itself favors. The tower is visible from the wings, which, in turn, are visible from the bedrooms in the tower.

convolutions of the inner shell, which is molded of Plexiglas and laminated wood, hand-crafted, brilliantly colored and arranged around a central staircase. The functions of the house are concentrated in the tower; the work and play areas, in the two bulbous wings, sport a futuristic array of gadgets (a TV, for instance, is set right into the kitchen sink). A small moat, with algae and some baby crocodiles, encircles the interior. Entrance

Top: That object in the center, overhung by the upholstered arch of the ceiling, is the kitchen sink. It's made of handcrafted, laminated wood. The same material was used to make the sunken fireplace area and the dining-room table, which is visible to the right. Above: A head-on view of the fireplace. Right: Illuminated by windows that resemble phosphenes—the lights you see when you press on your closed eyelids—a couple relaxes in the living room.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY THE ANT FARM

Above: The dining area—in use. The sink, visible to the left, has a TV set mounted on it; that, plus the view through the window, makes dish doing less tedious than usual. Left: The bedroom surfaces are upholstered in vinyl, for reasons both acoustic and decorative; access is by means of the ladder. The bed, like the dining and kitchen facilities, is built in. Far left: The bathtub is also made of laminated wood; the pipes are transparent, making the flow of water visible. Opposite page: A time machine on a moonlit night.

to The House of the Century is through a tube of steel and no-glare Plexiglas, illuminated from below. If that all sounds like it was conceived while somebody was on a trip—well, that's how the dropout architects say they got their inspiration. But these guys know what they're doing; Jost, Lord and Michels not only designed the place, they did most of the labor themselves. As one guest observed, "It just goes to show what architects can do when they have no hang-ups about form." Or anything else.

the monk who wouldn't lie down

from *Le Moine Segretain*, a 12th Century French fabliau

AT FAIR TIME, Guillaume the money-changer went to Provins and bought 80 pounds of fine provisions on behalf of several neighbors. But, after he had left Amiens on his way back, he passed through a forest, where robbers were lying in wait. When they saw Guillaume, they rode at him from all directions, knocked him from his horse and stole his money belt. Then the thieves turned their attention to killing his servant and Guillaume was able to escape on foot.

He was a generous man and an honest one, so that when the neighbors came to the market and angrily demanded payment for the lost goods, he said, "Don't be angry. I have three grain mills that mill flour; take them and their profit until I am able to pay you back in full." Then he went home to his wife, Ydoine, that fair and courteous lady, and said, "Our Lord has willed that my servant die and that the goods be lost. I do not know what to say, but perhaps He will give us His counsel."

The next day, Ydoine went to the abbey church, lit a candle and put it on the altar and began to pray for a sign from God. The sacristan, who had long lusted after her, watched from the shadows. Then he slipped up very close and whispered a greeting. Ydoine, intent on her purpose, showed no embarrassment, nor did she move away. Emboldened at that, the monk murmured, "Lady, I have admired you for four years and nothing would give me greater joy than to take you in a secret bed. Come, what would you have? I am the treasurer here. One can buy many fine things with a hundred pounds."

Ydoine thought, "Can this be our Lord's answer? Does He have some mysterious purpose in sending us a hundred pounds in this strange fashion?" She felt the sacristan's arm around her, his hand caressing her belly and a kiss forced upon her lips.

She drew back and said, "Good sir, you should not make love in church. Let me go home and ask my husband's advice about your offer."

"Now, *that* is amazing!" said the sacristan.

"Don't be afraid," said Ydoine. "I shall put it to him in such a way that he will not see the whole truth." Then the sacristan smiled and gave her an alms purse with ten sous in it. She gladly took this, because there was no food in her house.

When she returned home, she said to Guillaume, "My dear, for God's sake, do not be angry at the secret I am going to tell you"—and then she related the whole tale of the monk's offer. Her husband laughed bitterly and said that he would rather die of hunger in a ditch than allow any other man to make carnal love to her.

"I think that we must accept," said Ydoine.

"Now, *that* is amazing!" cried Guillaume.

"No—it may simply be God's way of answering my prayer and teaching the monk a lesson at the same time. God intends that we should trick him." Then Guillaume listened as she unfolded her plan.

The next day, she dressed, put on a silk wimple and went to the church, where she breathed an invitation to the monk. Then she went home and prepared a good repast. The sacristan, for his part, loaded his money belt with 100 pounds purloined from the church offerings. After he had entered Guillaume's door, he dropped it onto the floor with a clank and Ydoine picked it up and locked it away in a cupboard.

Then, when they had eaten, the sacristan was so tormented by her gentle beauty that he was in a rage to solace her between her legs, then and there, on the floor in front of the fire. But Ydoine protested, "For shame! Carry me into my chamber." But when the monk had done so and had thrown Ydoine onto the bed, Guillaume rose up with a shout and struck the monk with a club. He'd meant to stun the fellow, no more, but when the monk rushed at him furiously, Guillaume gave him a harder blow that quite scrambled his brains.

The monk fell down dead and Ydoine, seeing that, began to lament: "Oh, cursed day! Oh, unhappy wretch! Guillaume, why did you do it?"

"Quickly," said her husband, "give me a cloth to bind up his head and also one of the large grain sacks." With the monk in his sack, Guillaume entered the postern gate into the abbey grounds and went to the jakes. There he removed the sack, set the monk on one of the privy seats and put a clutch of hay in his fist. Then he went home to soothe his wife.

A little later, the prior of the abbey, having eaten too much pigeon pie, was seized with the gripes and hurried to the privy. He stopped short when he saw the sacristan, his enemy, sitting there. "Wake up, Sir Bowels," he said, "this is a vile place to sleep," and he took him by the arm. But when the body keeled over, the prior saw that the man was dead and he began to fear that the abbot would accuse him of murder. Prior and sacristan had quarreled just the day before.

Luckily, he saw that someone had left a large grain sack in the corner and so the prior, stuffing the body into it, had the notion of depositing it at the door of the millowner, as if it were a sack of grain waiting to be taken for grinding.

Thus it was that Guillaume and Ydoine, lying in bed and comforting each other sweetly, heard a thump at their door. When Guillaume ran down to open it, the monk's body fell out of the sack and across the threshold. Ydoine, who had come all naked to learn what the trouble was, screamed. "It is the sacristan!" she said. "The Devil has given him legs to walk here, even though he's dead!"

Guillaume groaned and replied, "Bring me my clothes and then help me with this grain sack." This time, he bound the mouth of the sack with a rope. Ydoine, who could both read and write very well, wrote the name of God on a paper and pinned it to the sack. Guillaume gladly trusted that it would keep the Devil his distance this time.

He carried the sack through the town and tried to think of a hiding place. Then he remembered Sir Tibout's dung heap. Now, Sir Tibout was the prosperous farmer who took care of the abbey's wheat fields. He had a big house, cattle, pigs and a pot full of gold coins buried under his hearthstone. In his storeroom were hung from the beams several fine flitches of bacon. Just the day before, Guarnot, a thief, had broken into the room and had stolen a flitch, but, running through the barnyard, he had heard the dogs barking and had been frightened. He'd quickly buried the bacon in the dung heap, intending to come back for it when there was less risk.

"What's this, by the Baron Saint Lot," Guillaume said to himself, "another black monk?" Then he dug a little deeper and uncovered the fine flitch of bacon. "It's truly the grace of God!" he exclaimed. "Just as my dear and gentle wife has said, He is sending His bounty in answer to our prayers." He put the monk in the hole and covered him with the dung.

When Ydoine saw her husband come in with a great, black burden, she cried out, "You have brought him back again!"

"Not at all," said Guillaume. "God has sent us both money and meat; now go and find some cabbages."

In the meantime, the thief was gambling and drinking wine with his friends in a tavern. "My lords, I am hungry," one of them said. "I wish we had some meat to cook."

"Why, it so happens that I know where to find a good side of bacon," said the thief, "and I'll gladly fetch it." So off he went to the dung heap and began to scrabble into the hiding place. Without looking very closely in the half-dark, he seized the sack and ran back to the tavern, where he dropped it in the kitchen and called for Cortoise, the kitchen maid, to build a fire and to cook some meat for the companions. Then he went back to fill his wine cup and await the supper.

"By Saint Leonard," Cortoise called from the kitchen, "this is very tough meat. Your pig is wearing shoes!" Then all of the drinkers, crowding into the kitchen, were astonished to see the dead monk.

"Why did you kill the sacristan and tell us he was a pig?" asked the innkeeper.

"Sire," said the thief in terror, crossing himself many times, "I stole a pig, but the Devil has disguised it as a dead monk."

"Out of my house!" roared the innkeeper. "Go back and hang this Devil's meat where you found it." And so the thief, in a great sweat, carried the sack to Sir Tibout's, made his way into the storeroom through a window and tied the sack to the beam where the bacon flitch had hung.

By this time, the sun was coming up and Sir Tibout's wife stirred in bed. "Get up," she said to her husband, "it's time to make breakfast. While I light the fire, you go to the storeroom and cut some slices of bacon."

"I am tired and I don't feel well," groaned Sir Tibout.

"Then get Martin to help you," said his wife, kicking him in the leg.

So it was when Sir Tibout and his servant laid hold of the sack dangling from the beam, the cord broke and down fell the sack and out sprawled the sacristan, all pale and ghastly.

"Now I am dead!" said the farmer. "Someone has killed this monk and has placed the blame on me. I'll be hanged from the gallows tree."

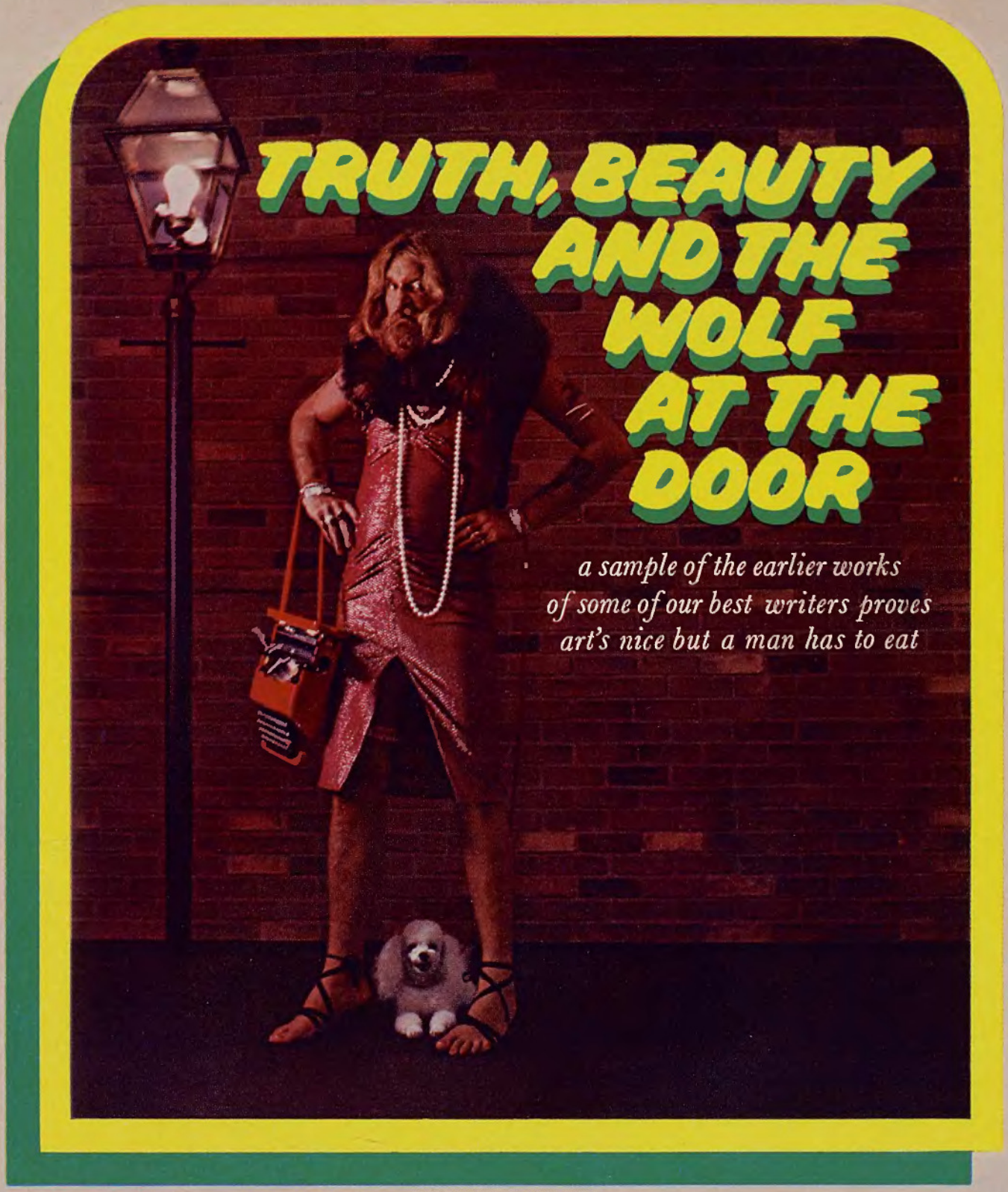
"Well," said Martin, "it hasn't come to that, sire. There's still a way of mending things, if you'll only be calm and listen. I have a thought."

So Martin went to catch a stray colt in the field. Together they tied the monk onto its back with a stout stick to prop him up and a longer stick tied to the monk's arm. On the monk's head they put a clay pot. Then Martin led the colt to the abbey and opened the gate to the courtyard.

"Help! Help!" he shouted. "The sacristan has gone mad and thinks he is a knight!" The sleepers awoke and rushed to their windows. Martin gave the colt a great thump on its crupper and everyone saw the sacristan, couching his wooden lance, gallop wildly across the courtyard and into the kitchen, from whence there soon came a huge crashing of pots, bowls, mortars, plates and platters.

But Guillaume and Ydoine, behind the shutters of their chamber, sweetly wrapped in each other's arms, did not know or care where the wandering monk had finally come to rest. *—Retold by Robert Mahieu*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRAD HOLLAND



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BART HARRIS

BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

The first time I saw her I was on a warehouse floor with my shirt off, pushing a fistful of three-inch nails into Oat's face. He was a big guy who had me on weight, had me on size, was probably stronger than me, too. But I had those nails and that evened us up a little. We had been brawling for about 20 minutes, getting nowhere, until I thought of the nails and then it was "So long, Charlie" for my congenial warehouse colleague. I got them into his face and although this was not my friend's first fistic encounter, the nails must have confused him. Not exactly a double-dome thinker, he lay there, trying to figure out his next move, looking like a big beached tuna, while I got some muscle behind that steel bouquet.

—From "Warehouse Girl," Stag magazine, January 1964, Copyright Atlas Magazines, Incorporated, originally published under the by-line Jack Vance.

KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK, January 3—Powerful atom smashers, special motors to drive a supersonic wind tunnel, and calculating machines for solving in minutes problems ordinarily requiring months were among the accomplishments of General Electric engineers during 1949, according to a summary released by the company here today.

Listed among the year's engineering highlights were such new developments as a gauge that measures the thickness of sheet materials with radioactivity; apparatus for testing parachutes for bailouts at 500 miles per hour; a radiation detector with a long, gun-barrellike probe for testing for radioactivity from a safe distance; an instrument which can distinguish between more colors of light than there are grains of wheat in Kansas; and a repeating photoflash tube that can be used thousands of times before having to be replaced. . . .

In cooperation with the Wilson Sporting Goods Company, of Chicago, Illinois, engineers designed an X-ray fluoroscope to demonstrate the shape and location of the cores in various golf balls. The unit is mounted in a station wagon, and will make periodic tours of the nation's golf courses.

—From General Electric News Bureau News Release, January 3, 1950.

JOAN DIDION

I once knew a young woman, both beautiful and gifted, made incoherent by an affair between her estranged (by quite mutual agreement) husband, whose roving eye had years before achieved the approximate notoriety of Calvin Coolidge's taciturnity, and a rather frumpy Smith girl who tended to regard *Doctor Zhivago*, for that was the year, as the last, best flowering of imaginative literature and to approve most suggestions put to her with a straightforward "Terrific" or the more complex "Sounds divine."

—From "Jealousy—Is It a Curable Illness?," Vogue *magazine, June 1961.*

NEIL SIMON

PAPARELLI: Gee, Sarge, I hope the girls are good-looking.

BILKO: Will you trust me. I tell you that number I found in the phone booth had four stars next to it. And when a sailor puts four stars next to a girl's number that ain't for perfect attendance.

—From "Bilko Joins the Navy" (Program #115), the Phil Silvers show "You'll Never Get Rich," presented by CBS, October 31, 1958.

MARIO PUZO

Lieutenant Stephens turned his head to kiss Anne-Marie, his heart pounding with the expected sweetness. The dark figure stepped very close to the jeep and was caught in the circle of moonlight. One eye was closed, the lid with long dead lashes covered it like a window shade. The face had the seamed weather-beaten look of a man who has for years suffered great physical hardship. This man waited until Anne-Marie pulled her head back from the kiss and Lieutenant Stephens turned to put the jeep into gear. Then the shadowy figure put forth his right hand. There was a tiny spark of flame, a flat crack like a knuckle being snapped, and Lieutenant Stephens, his body filled with desire, slumped forward, dead instantly, a long lead pellet from the single-shot Hungarian pistol buried in his brain.

—From "My Body Is My Fortune," Male *magazine, March 1964, Copyright Male Publishing Corporation, originally published under the by-line Mario Cleri.*

ARTHUR MILLER

CHRIS: I brought you something finer than all the linen in the world.

KATEY: What did you bring?

CHRIS: A new, free country! Smile to me, Katey. . . .

KATEY: How is your rheumatism?

CHRIS: Rheumatism! In a young country there is no place for rheumatism! Don't you realize I have just come from talking to General Washington.

KATEY: Really?

CHRIS: And you know what he told me? He says the bread I baked for him is the first bread he could eat that didn't catch in his teeth.

KATEY: Did he say anything about returning you the money you paid for the bakers' wages in the Army?

CHRIS: No. But that doesn't matter. He said to give his best wishes to you.

KATEY: *Me?*

CHRIS: Give my best wishes to Mrs. Ludwick, he said. She is a very good woman to wait for you so long.

KATEY: Me? General Washington said that about *me?*

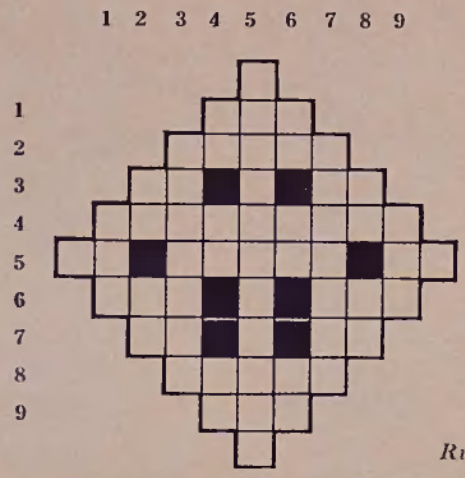
CHRIS: You, Katey! Only you!

KATEY: Well, I always said, Chris, that your place was in the Army. After all, it's not every man understands the bakery business like you. Did General Washington say you are a brave man, Chris?

—From "The Cavalcade of America," NBC Radio, June 22, 1942 (courtesy of Eleutherian Mills Historical Library).

Крестословица № 5

В. С.



VLADIMIR NABOKOV

Горизонтально: (1) Ничего; (2) Часть цѣлаго; (3) Восклицаніе; Простонародная частица; (4) Необходимый человѣкъ въ топографическомъ дѣлѣ; (5) Нота; Дѣло священника; Персидская монета; (6) Числительное; Нарѣчіе; (7) Мѣстоименіе; Простота—родная частица; (8) Одинъ изъ принциповъ изетерическаго ученія; (9) Приставка.

Вертикально: (1) Палачъ; (2) Восклицаніе; Греческая буква; (3) Художественное произведеніе; (4) Восклицаніе; Двѣ согласныхъ; Инициалы русскаго царя наоборотъ; (5) Русскій писатель; (6) Англійскій экономистъ; Двѣ согласныхъ; Мѣстоименіе; (7) Можно встрѣтить въ пустынѣ; (8) Берегъ; Часть автомобиля; (9) Обращающій на себя вниманіе человѣкъ.

—This crossword puzzle comes from the July 26, 1931, issue of Rul', *a Russian émigré newspaper published in Berlin in the Twenties and Thirties.*

TWO RUBBER TITTIES

(continued from page 220)

"Oh, you know," she shrugged. "A lot of people, a lot of mirrors."

I will tell you the other thing that I heard from Janet back in August and then you will see why I had to look her up again and interview her. It seems that a few years ago, Janet's mother, to whom she was extremely devoted, died of cancer. A few days later, Janet went blind. Janet's insurance had somehow lapsed and her first operation cost several thousand dollars. Janet was in the hospital for a year, during which time she had many costly operations. Kids in the shows along the Strip raised a lot of money for Janet and that helped some. Then a contributor who wished to remain anonymous sent her $3000.

At the end of the year, she had an operation that completely restored her eyesight. One of the first things she did upon leaving the hospital was try to track down her anonymous benefactor to thank him. As she turned up more and more people who were unwilling to tell her who'd sent the money, Janet got frightened. Then she learned her benefactor's name and grew even more frightened: He was the boss of one of the biggest casinos in Vegas, a man rumored to be high up in the Mob. By the time Janet burst into his office, she was so worked up with paranoid fear that all she could do was blurt: "How *dare* you give me three thousand dollars anonymously—how *dare* you?"

The casino boss looked coolly at the showgirl who had burst into his office, thoughtfully removed his cigar from his mouth and pointed to a chair.

"Sit down," he said. She sat. "Sweetheart," he said, leaning back in his large leather chair, "let me tell you something. Three thousand dollars to you is three dollars to me. Now get out of here."

It was this story that finally hooked me on Las Vegas. This hardened old Mob guy who is such a softy that he sent three grand to a girl in trouble, who was so embarrassed by the sweetness of the gesture that he had to do it anonymously; the poor girl so out of her mind with fear that all she can do is scream at him, and the guy forced to belittle his own generosity and do a Cagney number on her.

After the strange B-movie confrontation, Janet got to be friends with the Mob guy, whose name is Max. They have a relationship that is unsexual, very father-daughterish, very loving.

"I love Max, I really do," says Janet. "He really has been a father to me, much more than my real one. I always knew that if anybody hassled me, Max would take care of him.

"I was nineteen when I first came here to be a showgirl," she says. "I was very naïve. Every so often Max would say to me, 'Here's a little something, go buy yourself a new dress,' and he'd peel off a hundred-dollar bill. I was so stupid I thought he really expected me to go out and spend it on a dress, so I'd go to Magnin's and take the whole day trying to find a dress for exactly a hundred dollars. Then I'd put it on, go back to him and say, 'Here it is.' He'd look blankly at me and I'd say, 'The dress.' He didn't know what the hell I was talking about. It took me a long time to realize I didn't have to go buy a dress when he said that.

"You know," she says, "I'd heard that Max was in the Mob, but I was so naïve when I first came here I never really believed it. Then I happened to be reading *The Green Felt Jungle* backstage between shows and right there on the page I see Max's name. I rushed into his office and said, 'You're a *gangster*—you really are a gangster! I just read about you in *The Green Felt Jungle*!' He sat back in his chair and he just roared with laughter. Then he said, 'We wined and dined the guy and here he goes writing trash like that about us.' I'd always read about gangsters and seen them in the movies, and here nice old Max turns out to really be one."

Janet, who has been a stripper and nude showgirl for almost six years, has just started in the new Minsky's show as straight woman to a baggy-faced burlesque comedian named Tommy Moe Raft. It is her first clothed onstage job. "I can't stand not being nude in this show," she says.

I go to Minsky's to see Janet's show, which is a dinner thing, and I'm seated at a tiny ringside table across from a pleasant elderly lady who tells me she is left-handed and her grandchildren are left-handed, although her children are right-handed. This oddity is either one that has just struck her, or it is a story she dines out on. I hope for the former. On my right is a good-natured chap named Verne Berkowitz, who asks me what I'm doing taking notes and, when he finds out, insists I put his name into my article. OK, Verne, now what?

"When my son was a little boy," says the elderly lady left-hander, "I used to twist the tie on the cookie bag to close it, and my son, being a righty, would never be able to untwist it."

"Why is that?" I ask, not sure how glad I am to be in this conversation.

"Well, he being a righty and all, he'd always be trying to twist it the opposite way of a lefty, and he'd just get it more twisted instead of *un*twisted."

"Mmmmm."

By the time dinner is whisked onto our tiny tables, I have managed to ease Verne Berkowitz in to pinch-hit for me with the southpaw granny who is now, as I feared, out of the closet and openly bemoaning the general persecution of lefties by a right-handed establishment, as manifested in the exclusively right-handed desks both she and her grandchildren have had to put up with all through school. I grimly envision myself making out my first check to lefty liberation as, mercifully, the show begins.

Janet is in three burlesque sketches with Tommy Moe Raft, a short, funny person whose face is precisely at Janet's breast level. He talks alternately to each breast. "Hey, watch that hand," says Janet as Tommy snakes a hand around her waist.

"You don't have to worry about that hand," says Tommy. "*Here's* the hand you gotta worry about."

"Oh, Tommy," says Janet, "I'm too big a woman for you."

"What the hell," says Tommy, with a take to the audience, "I'll make two trips." I don't suppose *anybody* knows what that means, but the southpaw granny is giggling and Verne Berkowitz is haw-hawing uncontrollably.

"I bought a new Ford."

"You get a Falcon?"

"Oh, no, I got a pretty good deal." Verne Berkowitz is having difficulty catching his breath and the lefty granny seems on the verge of a coronary occlusion.

At the end of the show, Janet comes over to our table and I introduce her around. Verne Berkowitz nearly drops his teeth.

• • •

"You know," says a blonde showgirl named Clarice, "people in the audience think we can't see them or hear them, but we can. They're *our* audience. We talk about them while we're dancing. Once two ladies were making nasty comments about the show in very loud voices. I swept over them with my heavy cape and knocked a wig off one of their heads."

"I don't mind somebody talking ringside," says a dark-haired girl named Ellie, "but I do resent their putting drinks on my stage. One time in Puerto Rico, I swept a whole row of glasses off into some woman's lap. Then I was really sorry and I never did it again."

"People think it's a one-way mirror out there, but it's not," says a girl named Claudette. "We see lots of things. Audiences don't realize they're entertaining *you*. They're scratching and picking their noses and making out, and you think to yourself, 'OK, you're assholes and I'm going to permit you to sit out there.' These women in the audience with their boobs in push-out bras sometimes make really nasty comments about our bodies. Then, of course, they go home and take off their bras and their boobs fall down to their ankles."

"Once some dodgy old hooker in the audience went down on a chap at one of the ringside tables," says a girl named Monica with a very upper-class British accent. "In our dance numbers we move on counts: One, two, three, four and you move to the right, five, six, seven, eight and you move to the left—well, we just

(continued on page 257)

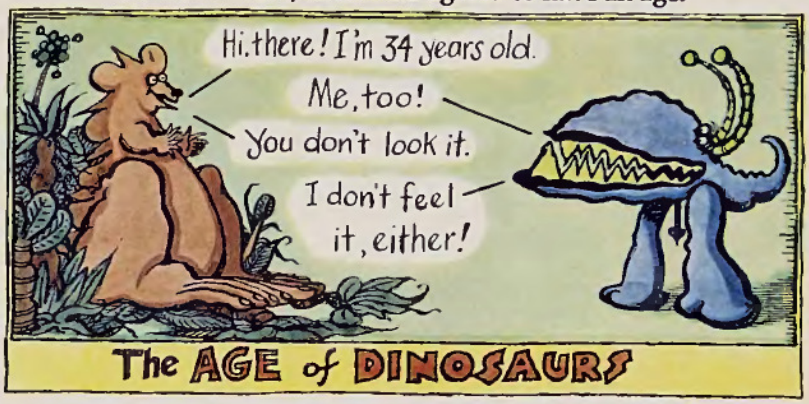
PROFUSELY A ILLUSTRATED HISTORY of SEX

Its Ancillary Activities & a Lot of Other Things which Are Hard to Put a Finger On.

by ARNOLD ROTH

In the beginning there was nothing—
a whole lot of it.

To fill the void, dinosaurs agreed to have an age.



Dinosaurs never performed sexual acts.
They made do by fighting with each other.

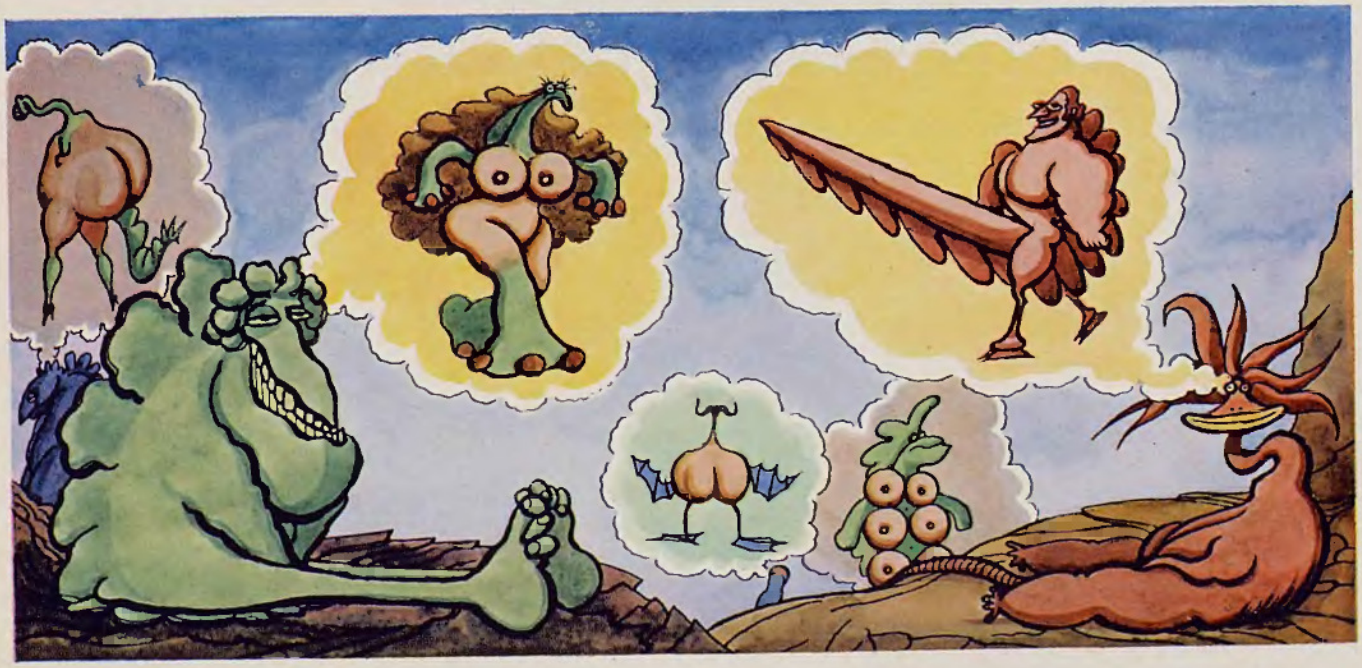
They lived on grasses.

For kicks, they laid eggs, said dumb things and were dull company.

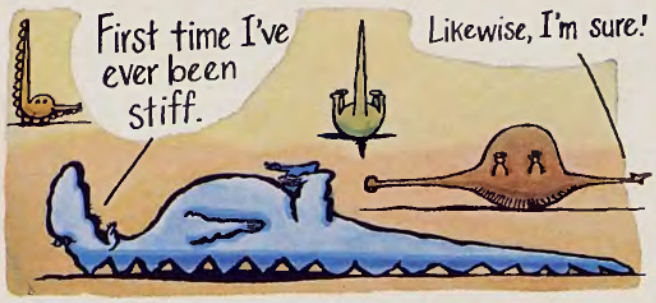
Then a man named Darwin had a theory.

Dinosaurs weren't too affected by that news, so scatology was born, anyway.

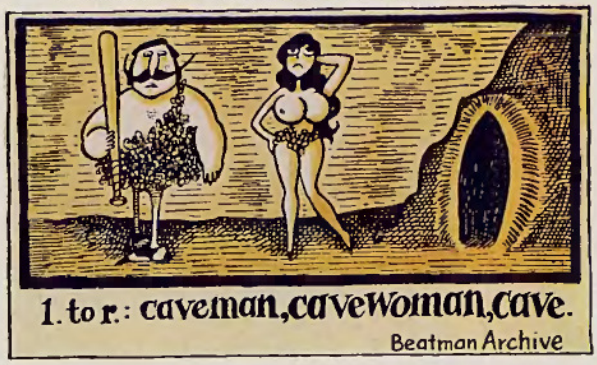
But the seed was sown, so to speak.



Dinosaurs never did discover sex and—though it was hard to tell the difference—they died off.



Cave men and others were the next with a chance to make the BIG DISCOVERY.



1. to r.: caveman, cavewoman, cave.
Beatman Archive

However, accidents and chance discoveries will happen.

A CHANCE DISCOVERY HAPPENING BY ACCIDENT

A cave man named Jhirque sat in a mud puddle. ...

As legend would have it, hair grew on Jhirque's palms, his brains turned to tapioca, his head hair fell out, etc., and, as with all who go it alone, many shunned him. But to him we owe the ~~discovery~~ mastery of...

...INDIVIDUALITY.

EQUAL-TIME DEPARTMENT

Some religionists believe sex was discovered in their own peculiar way. Their tale must be told and it is glossed over here in a sense of fairness.

A man named Adam lived in the Garden of Eden. He was lonely. The Garden of Eden had no mud puddles.

From his rib was made a companion and helpmeat named Eve.

One day, Eve verily thought she saw a snake come out of a tree.

The snake told Eve to verily give Adam an apple.

Eve verily gave Adam the apple.

And he did a verily bad thing.

They were expelled from the Garden of Eden.

And they went to a motel and did verily good.

The start of what we have to call civilization dates from hunting Tigris on the Euphrates Rivers.

As always, education played a vital role in man's unending progression toward getting on with it.

But...

...a feeling...

...of something...

...left undone...

...remained foremost.

Which brings to a head the question:

Was necessity the invention of all mothers?

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

Who needs mistletoe?

Give the world's favorite Scotch for the world's favorite season.

MISS COYNTE OF GREENE

(continued from page 198)

"Yes, it sounds to me like a horsefly's entered the shop!"

"I don't see no fly in the shop and I don't hear none either."

Miss Coynte was now convinced of what she had suspected.

"Then I think the humming must be in my head. This has been such a hectic week for me, if I were not still young, I would be afraid that I might suffer a stroke; you know, I really do think I am going to have to employ an assistant here soon. When I began this thing, I hadn't any suspicion that it would turn out to be such a thriving enterprise. . . ."

There was something, more than one thing, between the lines of her talk, and certainly one of those things was the proximity of this exotic young man. He was so close to her that whenever she made one of her flurried turns—they were both in front of a counter now—her fingers would encounter the close-fitting cloth of his suit.

"Mr. Jones, please excuse me for being so slow about wrapping up these things. It's just my, my—state of exhaustion, you know."

"I know."

"Perhaps you know, too, that I lost my grandmother yesterday, and——"

"Wasn't it week befo' last?"

"Your memory *is* remarkable as. . . ."

She didn't finish that sentence but suddenly leaned back against the counter and raised a hand to her forehead, which she had expected to feel hot as fire but which was deathly cold to her touch.

"Excuse me if I. . . ."

"What?"

"Oh, Mr. Jones," she whispered with no breath in her throat that seemed capable of producing even a whisper, "if there isn't a fly, there must be a swarm of bees in this shop. Mr. Jones, you know, it was a stroke that took *Mère*."

"No, I didn't know. The paper just said she was dead."

"It was a stroke, Mr. Jones. Most of the Coyntes go that way, suddenly, from strokes due to unexpected . . . excitement. . . ."

"You mean you feel . . . ?"

"I feel like Chicken Little when the acorn hit her on the head and she said, 'Oh, the sky is falling!' I swear that's how I feel now!"

It seemed to Miss Coynte that he was about to slip an arm about her slight but sinewy waist as she swayed a little toward him, and perhaps he was about to do that, but what actually happened was this: She made a very quick, flurried motion, a sort of whirling about, so that the knuckles of her hand, lifted to just the right level, brushed over the fly of his trousers.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Excuse me!"

But there was nothing apologetic in her smile and, having completed a full turn before him, so that they were again face to face, she heard herself say to him:

"Mr. Jones, you are not completely Caucasian!"

"Not what, did you say?"

"Not completely a member of the white race?"

His eyes opened very wide, very liquid and molten, but she stood her ground before their challenging look.

"Miss Coynte, in Greene nobody has ever called me a nigger but you. You are the first and the last to accuse me of that."

"But what I said was not an accusation, Mr. Jones, it was merely——"

"Take *this*!"

She gasped and leaned back, expecting him to smash a fist in her face. But what he did was more shocking. He opened the fly that she had sensed and thrust into her hand, seizing it by the wrist, that part of him which she defined to herself as his "member." It was erect and pulsing riotously in her fingers, which he twisted about it.

"Now what does Chicken Little say to you, Miss Whitey Mighty, does she still say the sky is falling or does she say it's rising?"

"Chicken Little says the sky is rising straight up to——"

"Your tight little cunt?"

"Oh, Mr. Jones, I think the shop is still open, although it's past closing time. Would you mind closing it for me?"

"Leggo of my cock and I'll close it."

"Please! Do. I can't move!"

Her fingers loosened their hold upon his member and he moved away from her and her fingers remained in the same position and at the same level, loosened but still curved.

The sound of his footsteps seemed to come from some distant corridor in which a giant was striding barefooted away. She heard several sounds besides that; she heard the blind being jerked down and the catch of the latch on the door and the switching off of the two green-shaded lights. Then she heard a very loud and long silence.

"You've closed the shop, Mr. Jones?"

"That's right, the shop is closed for business."

"Oh! No!"

"By no do you mean don't?"

He had his hand under her skirt, which she had unconsciously lifted, and he was moving his light-palmed, dusky-backed, spatulate-fingered hand in a tight circular motion over her fierily throbbing mound of Venus.

"Oh, no, no, I meant do!"

It was time for someone to laugh and he did, softly.

"That's what I thought you meant. Hold still till I get this off you."

"Oh, I can't, how can I?" she cried out, meaning that her excitement was far too intense to restrain her spasmodic motions.

"Jesus," he said as he lifted her onto the counter.

"God!" she answered.

"You have got a real sweet little thing there and I bet no man has got inside it before."

"My Lord, I'm. . . ."

She meant that she was already approaching her climax.

"Hold on."

"Can't."

"OK, we'll shoot together."

And then the mutual flood. It was burning hot, the wetness, and it continued longer than even so practiced a stud as Jack Jones had ever known before.

Then, when it stopped, and their bodies were no longer internally engaged, they lay beside each other, breathing fast and heavily, on the counter.

After a while, he began to talk to Miss Coynte.

"I think you better keep your mouth shut about this. Because if you talk about it and my color, which has passed here so far and which has got to pass in this goddamn city of Greene till I go back to buy me a piece of land and raise cane in Louisiana——"

"You are not going back to raise cane in Louisiana," said Miss Coynte with such a tone of authority that he did not contradict her, then or ever thereafter.

• • •

It was nearly morning when she recovered her senses sufficiently to observe that the front door of The Better Mousetrap was no longer locked but was now wide open, with the milky luster of street lamps coming over the sill, along with some wind-blown leaves of flaming color.

Her next observation was that she was stretched out naked on the floor.

"Hallelujah!" she shouted.

From a distance came the voice of a sleepy patrolman calling out, "Wha's that?"

Understandably, Miss Coynte chose not to reply. She scrambled to the door, locked it, got into her widely scattered clothes, some of which would barely hold decently together.

She then returned home by a circuitous route through several alleys and yards, having already surmised that her mission in life was certain, from this point onward, to involve such measures of subterfuge.

As a child in Louisiana, Jack Jones had suffered a touch of rheumatic fever, which had slightly affected a valve in his heart.

He was now 25.

Old Doc Settle said to him, "Son, I don't know what you been up to lately, but you better cut down on it, you have developed a sort of noise in this right valve that is probably just functional,

not organic, but we don't want to take chances on it."

A month later, Jack Jones took to his bed and never got up again. His last visitor was Miss Coynte and she was alone with him for about half an hour in Greene Memorial Hospital, and then she screamed and when his nurse went in, he was sprawled naked on the floor.

The nurse said, "Dead."

Then she glared at Miss Coynte.

"Why'd he take off his pajamas?" she asked her.

Then she noticed that Miss Coynte was wriggling, as surreptitiously as possible under the circumstance, into her pink support hose, but not surreptitiously enough to escape the nurse's attention.

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Miss Coynte, although the nurse had not opened her mouth to speak a word about what Miss Coynte's state of incomplete dress implied.

• • •

It is easy to lead a double life in the Delta; in fact, it is almost impossible not to.

Miss Coynte did not need to be told by any specialist in emotional problems that the only way to survive the loss of a lover such as Jack Jones had been before his collapse was to immediately seek out another; and so in the weekend edition of *The Greene Gazette*, she had inserted a small classified ad that announced very simply, "Colored male needed at The Better Mousetrap for heavy delivery service."

Bright and early on Monday morning, Sonny Bowles entered the shop in answer to this appeal.

"Name, please?" inquired Miss Coynte in a brisk and businesslike voice, sharply in contrast to her tone of interrogation with the late Jack Jones.

Her next question was: "Age?"

The answer was: "Young enough to handle delivery service."

She glanced up at his face, which was almost two feet above her own, to assure herself that his answer had been as pregnant with double meaning as she had hoped.

What she saw was a slow and amiable grin. She then dropped her eyes and said: "Now, Mr. Bowles, uh, Sonny, I'm sure that you understand that 'delivery service' is a rather flexible term for all the services that I may have in mind."

Although she was not at all flurried, she made one of her sudden turns directly in front of him, as she had done that late afternoon when she first met the late Jack Jones, and this time it was not her knuckles but her raised finger tips that encountered, with no pretense of accident whatsoever, the prominent something behind the vertical parabola of Sonny Bowles's straining fly.

Or should we say "Super Fly"?

He grinned at her, displaying teeth as white as paper.

Sonny turned off the green-shaded lights himself and locked the shop door himself, and then he hopped up on the counter and sat down and Miss Coynte fell to her knees before him in an attitude of prayer.

Sonny Bowles was employed at once by Miss Coynte to make deliveries in her little truck and to move stock in the store.

The closing hours of the shop became very erratic. Miss Coynte had a sign printed that said OUT TO LUNCH and that sign was sometimes hanging on the door at half-past eight in the morning.

"I have little attacks of migraine," Miss Coynte explained to people, "and when they come on me, I have to put up the lunch sign right away."

Whether or not people were totally gullible in Greene, nothing was said in her presence to indicate any suspicion concerning these migraine attacks.

The Better Mousetrap now had four branches, all prospering, for Miss Coynte had a nose for antiquities. As soon as a family died off and she heard about it, Sonny Bowles would drive her to the house in her new Roadmaster. She would pretend to be offering sincere condolences to relatives in the house, but all the while her eyes would be darting about at objects that might be desirable in her shops. And so she throve.

Sonny had a light-blue uniform with silver buttons when he drove her about.

"Why, you two are inseparable," said a spiteful spinster named Alice Bates.

This was the beginning of a feud between Miss Bates and Miss Coynte that continued for two years. Then one midnight Miss Bates's house caught fire and she was burned alive in it and Miss Coynte said, "Poor Alice, I warned her to stop smoking in bed, God bless her."

One morning at ten, Miss Coynte put up her OUT TO LUNCH sign and locked the door, but Sonny sat reading a religious booklet under one of the green-shaded lamps and when Miss Coynte turned the lamp off, he turned it back on.

"Sonny, you seem tired," remarked Miss Coynte.

She opened the cash register and gave him three $20 bills.

"I find if you put a needle precisely there, it takes the pain out of Christmas giving."

"Why don't you take a week off," she suggested, "in some quiet town like Memphis?"

When Sonny returned from there a week later, he found himself out of a job and he had been replaced in The Better Mousetrap by his two younger brothers, a pair of twins named Mike and Moon.

These twins were identical.

"Was that you, Mike?" Miss Coynte would inquire after one of her sudden lunches, and the answer was just as likely to be:

"No, ma'am, this is Moon, Miss Coynte."

Mike or Moon would drive her in her new yellow Packard every evening that summer to the Friar's Point ferry and across it to a black community called Tiger Town, and specifically to a night resort called Red Dot. It would be dark by the time Mike or Moon would deliver Miss Coynte to this night resort and before she got out of the yellow Packard, she would cover her face with dark face powder and also her hands and every exposed surface of her fair skin.

Do I pass inspection? she would inquire of Mike or Moon, and he would laugh his head off, and Miss Coynte would laugh along with him as he changed into his Levis and watermelon-pink silk shirt in the Packard.

Then they would enter and dance.

You know what wonderful dancers the black people are, but after a week or so, they would clear the floor to watch Miss Coynte in the arms and hands of Mike or Moon going through their fantastic gyrations on the dance floor of Red Dot.

There was a dance contest in September with a dozen couples participating, but in two minutes the other couples retired from the floor as Miss Coynte leaped repeatedly over the head of Mike or Moon, each time swinging between his legs and winding up for a moment in front of him and then going into the wildest circular motion about him that any astral satellite could dream of performing in orbit.

"Wow!"

With this exclamation, Miss Coynte was accustomed to begin a dance and to conclude it also.

• • •

"Miss Coynte?"

"Yes?"

"This is Reverend Tooker."

She hung up at once and put the OUT TO LUNCH sign on the shop door, locked it up and told Mike and Moon, "Our time is probably about to expire in Greene, at least for a while."

"At least for a while" did not mean right away. Miss Coynte was not a lady of the new South to be demoralized into precipitate flight by such a brief and interrupted phone call from a member of the Protestant clergy.

Still, she was obliged, she thought, to consider the advisability of putting some distance between herself and the small city of Greene sometime in the future, which might be nearer than farther.

"Boy, what a dream I had last night. The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come showed me myself grown up, slaving at some boring job to pay for crap like this for my kid."

One morning while she was out to lunch but not lunching, she put through a call to the chamber of commerce in Biloxi, Mississippi.

She identified herself and her name was known, even there.

"I am doing research about the racial integration of Army camps in the South and I understand that you have a large military base just outside Biloxi, and I wonder if you might be able to inform me if enlisted or drafted blacks are stationed at your camp there?"

Answer: "Yes."

"Oh, you said yes, not no. And that was the only question I had to ask you."

"Miss Coynte," drawled the voice at the other end of the phone line, "we've got this situation of integration pretty well under control, and if you'll take my word for it, I don't think that there's a need for any research on it."

"Oh, but, sir, my type of research is not at all likely to disturb your so-called control; if I make up my mind to visit Biloxi this season."

Enough of that phone conversation.

However. . . .

• • •

The season continued without any change of address for Miss Coynte. The season was late autumn and leaves were leaving the trees, but Miss Coynte remained in Greene.

However, changes of the sort called significant were manifesting themselves in the lady's moods and conditions.

One hour past midnight, having returned from Red Dot across the river, Miss Coynte detained her escorts, Mike and Moon, on the shadowy end of her long front veranda for an inspired conversation.

"Not a light left in the town; we've got to change that to accomplish our purpose."

"Don't you think," asked Mike or Moon, "that——"

The other twin finished the question, saying: "Dark is better for us?"

"Temporarily only," said Miss Coynte. "Now, you listen to me, Mike and Moon! You know the Lord intended something when he put the blacks and whites so close together in this great land of ours, which hasn't yet even more than begun to realize its real greatness. Now, I want you to hear me. Are you listening to me?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Mike or Moon.

"Well, draw up closer," and, to encourage them toward this closer proximity to her, she reached out her hands to their laps and seized their members like handles, so forcibly that they were obliged to draw their chairs up closer to the wicker chair of Miss Coynte.

"Someday after our time," she said in

a voice as rich as a religious incantation, "there is bound to be a great new race in America, and this is naturally going to come about through the total mixing together of black and white blood, which we all know is actually red, regardless of skin color!"

All at once, Miss Coynte was visited by an apparition or vision.

Crouched upon the front lawn, arms extended toward her, she saw a crouching figure with wings.

"Lord God Jesus!" she screamed. "Look there!"

"Where, Miss Coynte?"

"Annunciation, the angel!"

Then she touched her abdomen.

"I feel it kicking already!"

The twin brothers glanced at each other with alarm.

"I wonder which of you made it, but never mind that. Since you're identical twins, it makes no difference, does it? Oh! He's floating and fading. . . ."

She rose from her chair without releasing their genitals, so that they were forced to rise with her.

Her face and gaze were uplifted.

"Goodbye, goodbye, I have received the Announcement!" Miss Coynte cried out to the departing angel.

• • •

Usually at this hour, approaching morning, the twins would take leave of Miss Coynte, despite her wild protestations.

But tonight she retained such a tight grip on their genital organs that they were obliged to accompany her upstairs to the great canopied bed in which *Mère* had been murdered.

There, on the surface of a cool, fresh linen sheet, Miss Coynte enjoyed a sleep of profound temporary exhaustion, falling into it without a dread of waking alone in the morning, for not once during her sleep did she release her tight hold on the handles the twins had provided—or surrendered?—win or lose being the name of all human games that we know of; sometimes both, unnamed.

• • •

Now 20 years had passed and that period of time is bound to make a difference in a lady's circumstances.

Miss Coynte had retired from business and she was about to become a grandmother. She had an unmarried daughter, duskily handsome, named Michele Moon, whom she did not admit was her daughter but whom she loved dearly.

From birth we go so easily to death; it is really no problem unless we make it one.

Miss Coynte now sat on the front gallery of her home and, at intervals, her pregnant daughter would call out the screen door, "Miss Coynte, would you care for a toddy?"

"Yes, a little toddy would suit me fine," would be the reply.

Having mentioned birth and death, the easy progress between them, it would be unnatural not to explain that reference.

Miss Coynte was dying now.

It would also be unnatural to deny that she was not somewhat regretful about this fact. Only persons with suicidal tendencies are not a little regretful when their time comes to pass away, and it must be remembered what a full and rich and satisfactory life Miss Coynte had had. And so she was somewhat regretful about the approach of that which she could not avoid, unless she were immortal. She was inclined, now, to utter an occasional light sigh as she sipped on a toddy on her front gallery.

Now one Sunday in August, feeling that her life span was all but completed, Miss Coynte asked her illegitimate pregnant and unmarried daughter to drive her to the town graveyard with a great bunch of late-blooming roses.

They were memory roses, a name conferred upon them by Miss Coynte, and they were a delicate shade of pink with a dusky center.

She hobbled slowly across the graveyard to where Jack Jones had been enjoying his deserved repose beneath a shaft of marble that was exactly the height he had reached in his lifetime.

There and then, Miss Coynte murmured a favorite saying of hers: "Chicken Little says the sky is falling."

Then she placed the memory roses against the shaft.

"You were the first," she said with a sigh. "All must be remembered, but the first a bit more definitely so than all of the others."

A cooling breeze stirred the rather neglected grass.

"Time," she remarked to the sky.

And the sky appeared to respond to her remark by drawing a diaphanous fair-weather cloud across the sun for a moment with a breeze that murmured lightly through the graveyard grasses and flowers.

So many have gone before me, she reflected, meaning those lovers whom she had survived. Why, only one that I can remember hasn't gone before, yes, Sonny Bowles, who went to Memphis in the nick of time, dear child.

Miss Coynte called down the hill to the road, where she had left the pregnant unmarried daughter in curiously animated conversation with a young colored gatekeeper of the cemetery.

There was no response from the daughter, and no sound of conversation came up the hill.

Miss Coynte put on her farsighted glasses, the lenses of which were almost telescopic, and she then observed that Michele Moon, despite her condition, had engaged the young colored gatekeeper in shameless sexual play behind the family crypt of a former governor.

Miss Coynte smiled approvingly.

"It seems I am leaving my mission in good hands," she murmured.

When she had called out to her daughter, Michele Moon, it had been her intention to have this heroically profligate young lady drive her across town to the colored graveyard with another bunch of memory roses to scatter about the twin angels beneath which rested the late Mike and Moon, who had died almost as closely together in time as they had been born, one dying instantly as he boarded the ferry on the Arkansas side and the other as he disembarked on the Mississippi side with his dead twin borne in his arms halfway up the steep levee. Then she had intended to toss here and there about her, as wantonly as Flora scattered blossoms to announce the vernal season, roses in memory of that incalculable number of black lovers who had crossed the river with her from Tiger Town, but of course this intention was far more romantic than realistic, since it would have required a truckload of memory roses to serve as an adequate homage to all of those whom she had enlisted in "the mission," and actually, this late in the season, there were not that many memory roses in bloom.

Miss Coynte of Greene now leaned, or toppled, a nylon-tip pen in her hand, to add to the inscriptions on the great stone shaft one more, which would be the relevant one of the lot. This inscription was taking form in her mind when the pen slipped from her grasp and disappeared in the roses.

Mission was the first word of the intended inscription. She was sure that the rest of it would occur to her when she had found the pen among the memory roses, so she bent over to search among them as laboriously as she now drew breath, but the pen was not recovered—nor was her breath when she fell.

In her prone position among the roses, as she surrendered her breath, the clouds divided above her and, oh, my God, what she saw——

Miss Coynte of Greene almost knew what she saw in the division of clouds above her when it stopped in her, the ability to still know or even to sense the approach of——

Knowledge of——

Well, the first man or woman to know anything finally, absolutely for sure has yet to be born in order to die on this earth. This observation is not meant to let you down but, on the contrary, to lift your spirit as the Paraclete lifted itself when——

It's time to let it go, now, with this green burning inscription: *En avant!* or "Right on!"

"I know! Let's wreak vengeance on the forces of evil!"

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AMERICAN MOTORS CORPORATION

We back them better because we build them better.

HAPPY DAYS AND HARD TIMES *(continued from page 152)*

Lansky rode alongside him. Batista guaranteed Lansky as much molasses as he would ever need. (And this was just one of the many deals that, in the decades ahead, that partnership would parlay into millions.)

But Molaska had no intention of using any but a small part of the Cuban molasses as a sugar substitute. Its real aim was to turn out bootleg booze. Huge stills, elaborately concealed underground and complete with escape tunnels, were built in Cleveland and Zanesville, Ohio, in Elizabeth, New Jersey, and at least 13 (no one is really certain how many) other locations in the East and Midwest. Molaska's product, which cost two dollars a gallon wholesale and retailed for $2.50 a quart, found a ready market all over the Eastern part of the country and as far West as Kansas City. The customers were not just ordinary drinkers who were looking for good cheap liquor but also a host of legal distilleries in which the underworld had some interest. These merely bottled and labeled the Molaska liquor and then sold it, at a price higher than strictly bootleg booze but, even with excise taxes, considerably lower than competitive legal liquor made and sold by non-Mob distilleries.

More is known about Molaska than about other illegal operations, because Molaska eventually became gargantuan and attracted official attention. Early in 1935, agents of the Internal Revenue Service's Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Unit closed down the stills in Zanesville and Elizabeth. The one in Zanesville, they estimated, was the largest illegal still ever discovered in the United States; it contained at least $250,000 worth of equipment and had the capacity to turn out 5000 gallons of 190-proof alcohol every 24 hours. And the Elizabeth still, agents said, was turning out enough booze "to flood New York and New Jersey with illicit alcohol."

Though the raids ended these two operations, it is unlikely that they discouraged the underworld from its continuing bootleg activities. But as a major activity, bootlegging soon lagged far behind gambling, fast emerging as the biggest money-maker in the underworld portfolio. With the Wall Street collapse and the Depression that followed, the chances almost vanished for a quick killing anywhere. But there was still the chance, the long one, to buck the odds and come out rich through gambling, and the underworld provided any and every game of chance that any sucker wanted: a bet on the horses (or any sporting event) at plush horse parlors or with neighborhood bookies, backed and banked by the organization; a bet on the numbers; a coin in a slot machine; a chance from a candy-store punchboard; and, for those with a little more cash, roulette wheels, crap tables, blackjack games and other pastimes at the casinos the Mob was beginning to open around the country.

"I don't care if the other kids have one—you cannot have a pony!"

There was hardly a resort area anywhere in which Mob money wasn't building clandestine casinos, usually with the support of paid-off local officials. During Upstate New York's social event of the summer, the Saratoga horse meet, the casinos boomed, the wheels spun and the chips and money of the nation's elite poured into the pockets of Luciano and Lansky and Costello, who ran the games. In the mid-Thirties, with the backing of Huey Long (whose share of the take may have reached $20,000,000 or more before his assassination), Costello and Kastel not only took the slot machines to New Orleans but they opened the Beverly Club, which was soon awash in the money of rich Southerners and vacationers; Lansky built and opened the Colonial Inn, the Club Greenacres and other places north of Miami. Owney Madden was running a string of casinos for the Mob in Hot Springs, Arkansas, which was becoming not merely a resort for the rich but a sanctuary and a playground for the rulers of organized crime. Zwillman, Luciano, Costello, Willie Moretti and others held controlling interests in an uncounted number of casinos that flourished along the New Jersey strip down the Hudson across from Manhattan. The Cleveland mobsters such as Dalitz, in association with Lansky and Luciano and others, were taking over wide-open Covington, Kentucky. Wherever the rich traveled in search of pleasure, there the Mob either was waiting or soon followed with the games to amuse them and take their money.

But the Mob's gambling was not just for the rich. There was something for the very poor, too. Since the Twenties, the numbers—the policy racket—had been ubiquitous in Harlem; it was the chance for the poor blacks, at the risk of only a penny, a nickel, a dime, a quarter or even half a buck, to suddenly have their pockets filled with cash. Almost everyone played every day, and with the economic collapse extending poverty to millions of whites, the racket spread rapidly to every poor neighborhood in almost every city in the country.

For the bettor, it was painless. Who would miss a penny or a nickel a day? For that penny, he could select any combination of three numbers up to 999, and if he won—the winning number was based ordinarily on the betting totals from a combination of races at some horse track, and so theoretically unfixable—he would get a payoff of 600 to 1.

For the operators, policy was almost unimaginably profitable and without major risk. After all, the real odds on a numbers bet were 999 to 1 and not the 600-to-1 payoff. In 1931, for instance, the Harlem policy banks were grossing $35,000 a day and paying out to winners only $7700 a day. Even with their overhead—commissions, salaries, police- and

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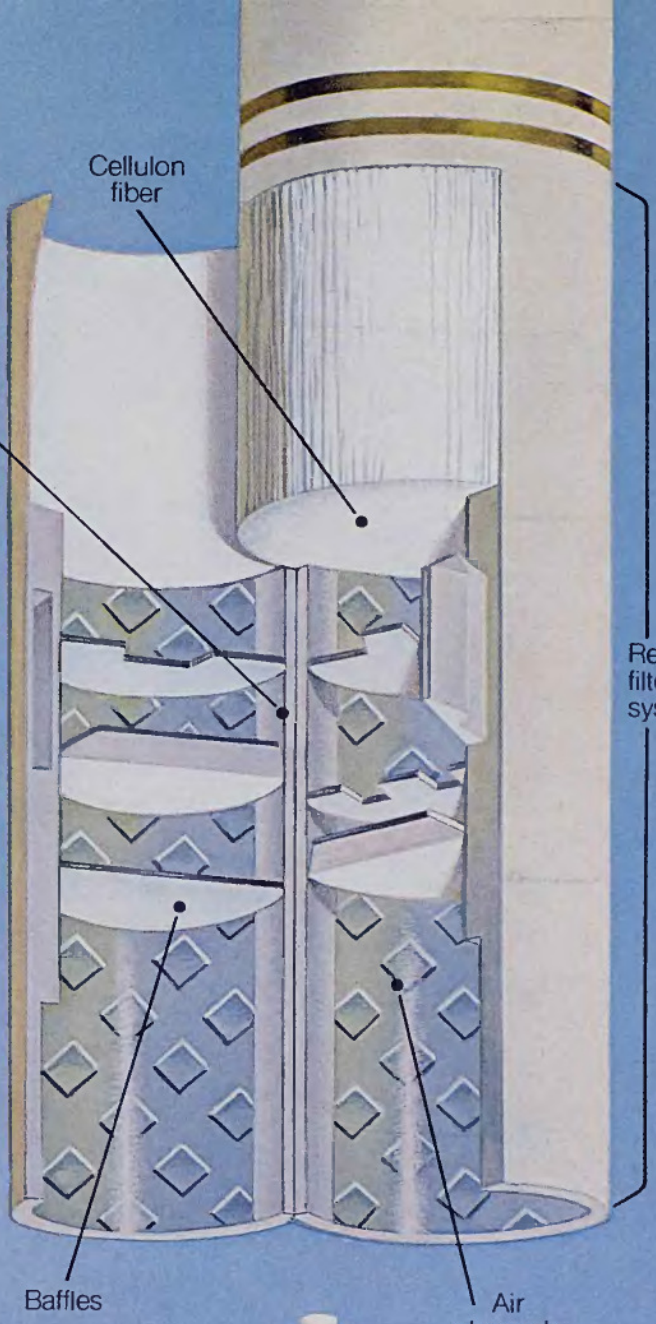

"I swear you can really taste me."

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

political-protection payoffs and the like—they were reaping a profit of more than 50 percent. And by 1933, in the depths of the Depression, there were estimates that policy in New York City alone was grossing more than $300,000 a day, or over $100,000,000 a year. Including the rest of the country, that figure could be multiplied at least ten times.

Costello, who had grown up in East Harlem, always maintained some control over the rackets there, though his real interests were elsewhere. Policy was raining money also onto Luciano and Lepke and others in New York and onto the Cleveland Syndicate and every other major mob in the nation. But in the early Thirties, the biggest numbers operator in New York, and in the whole country, was Schultz. It was said that by 1933, he was cleaning up $20,000,000 a year from the numbers alone.

Schultz had moved in only a couple of years earlier. Backed by the counsel of his lawyer, J. Richard "Dixie" Davis, and the political muscle of Tammany boss Hines, who became his partner, Schultz muscled in on the Harlem operators around 1931. Self-employed numbers bankers Wilfred Brunder, Big Joe Ison, Henry Miro, Alexander Pompez and others were suddenly forced into either retirement or the employment of Schultz. Once he had taken over, Schultz put the mathematical genius of Otto "Abbadabba" Berman to work to figure out ways to increase the take. In a series of devious maneuvers (including the involved one of using his aides to suddenly increase the bets on the vital races to manipulate the payoff number), Berman managed to further reduce the pay-out and increase the profits by ten percent or more. His genius was copied by others, though nobody else seemed to have his ability.

For people who didn't want to bet the numbers or who thought they were not enough, there were options. Bookies inhabited every neighborhood, often as the owners of candy stores or small groceries looking for a way to make ends meet; most of them used the central bookmaking banks controlled by Luciano and his allies in New York, by the heirs to Capone in Chicago and by the leading Mobsters elsewhere. Costello and Kastel had a lock on the slot machines and punchboards, and when the new mayor, La Guardia, went on a rampage against them, personally wielding an ax to break some of the slots seized in raids, they merely took up the offer made by Long and moved them down to Louisiana.

The money generated by gambling and other rackets was mounting almost faster than anyone knew what to do with it, and when combined with the millions that had been salted away during Prohibition, the underworld during the Depression probably had the biggest stash of liquid assets in the nation. It was money waiting to be put to work to earn even more money in an upward-spiraling cycle. It was available, at a price, to any businessman who wanted and needed it, who was willing to seek out the underworld's loan sharks, who was willing to pay the usurious interest rates—50 percent, 100 percent or more—or, failing that, to take on a partner. Shylocking developed into one of the surest, simplest and most important of the underworld's enterprises. "Loan-sharking, sometimes called 'juice,' is believed to be the second most important source of income for criminal syndicates," said former Attorney General Ramsey Clark. And, as the then–acting chief of the Justice Department's Organized Crime Section, Martin Loewy, noted in 1971, "Organized crime is not ordinarily short of cash. When business is slow, it leaves room for organized crime to take over. What starts out as a creditor ends up as a partner."

That was exactly what occurred in the early years of the Depression and continues to this day. The technique is simple. The Shylock lends whatever is needed at the usual usurious interest rate. Every week, the collectors go around for payment of both principal and interest. A classic example is a man who borrows $1000 for ten weeks; each of those ten weeks, he pays the Shylock $150; thus, in just over two months, the loan shark has not only recouped his original $1000 but has added $500 to it, all of which goes back onto the street in the form of new loans.

If, however, the borrower is short and cannot come across, the trouble begins. In the old days, the optional payment would be a pound of flesh, and this occasionally is still exacted as a warning to other defaulters. But after the Wall Street debacle, the Shylocks' clientele expanded to include many respectable men in business and industry who had nowhere else to turn and loan-sharking took a new twist. Luciano, Lansky, Lepke, Costello, Schultz and the other racketeers with imagination and hoards of cash moved into the banking business in a major way. They understood that beating or killing a recalcitrant borrower was simply wasteful: It didn't ensure that the money would ever be repaid and it left behind a bitter customer who might go to the authorities and thereby endanger an almost completely riskless business (police and court records indicate that Shylocks are rarely arrested and even more rarely convicted). They also understood that most of their new customers had collateral—their businesses. And so developed the pattern in which a defaulting debtor was no longer beaten; he merely wound up with a new partner.

Having a gangster as a partner was not always as bad as some have described it, depending on the mood and the immediate objectives of the new partner. In some cases, the racketeer's sole desire was to get back his capital and more. So, through a variety of maneuvers, the business would be milked dry and driven into bankruptcy. But if the business provided a nice cover for the racketeer, it was usually in his interest not merely to keep it going but to make it succeed, to make it pay off with high profits—which a gangster could sometimes do when no one else could. The underworld had its contacts and its payoffs, ensuring that city inspectors would overlook various code violations that otherwise would necessitate costly repairs. And not infrequently, the new partner would invest money in new machinery and equipment that would increase both efficiency and profits.

Then, of course, there were reciprocal deals and interlocking arrangements. Gangster control of a variety of companies in numerous industries opened many opportunities to buy supplies and services cheaper than legitimate competitors could. Also, a company's shipments could be guaranteed safe and speedy handling, for the gangsters often controlled trucking companies, a natural outgrowth of their heavy involvement in trucking during the old bootleg days. And if they controlled local unions (the price paid for their organizing help), they could negotiate sweetheart contracts.

With loan-sharking as either the key or the wedge, the underworld soon managed to infiltrate or take over many corporations in many industries. Adonis, for instance, was for a time the leading Buick dealer in Brooklyn as proprietor of the Kings County Buick Company; he owned Automotive Conveying Company of New Jersey, which Ford paid millions to ship cars from its Edgewater, New Jersey, assembly plant all over the East; he also owned, among other legitimate and semilegitimate enterprises, a major cigarette distributorship and a large vending-machine operation. Moretti, too, controlled cigarette distribution, laundries, trucks and other businesses; Lansky, in addition to his liquor, gambling and other illegal operations, controlled a company called Manhattan Simplex (later, Emby), which distributed Wurlitzer jukeboxes; Lucchese, Albert Anastasia and others were able to list their occupation with taxmen and other officials as dress manufacturer, with factories in New York, Pennsylvania and elsewhere. Joe Bonanno not only owned a garment factory in Brooklyn but, like Costello and many others, was putting his money in real estate. The underworld would eventually control office buildings, apartment houses and other choice properties in every major city. Some of the industries the underworld found easiest to penetrate were amusements of all kinds, including theaters, movie-equipment manufacturers and distributors; automobiles,

particularly distributorships; baking; cigarette distribution; drugstores and drug companies; electrical-equipment manufacturing; construction; flowers; foods, especially meats, seafood, dairy products, fruit—all the perishable commodities that required quick and efficient handling to avoid spoilage and loss; garments; gas stations and garages; hotels; import-export businesses of all kinds; insurance; jukeboxes and other coin-operated machines; laundries and dry cleaners; liquor; loan companies and bonding agencies; news services, especially those specializing in racing information; newspapers; oil; paper products; race tracks; radio stations; restaurants; real estate; shipping; steel; stevedoring; transportation.

Corporate infiltration was only one side of the coin. Along with it went infiltration and take-over of unions, especially those in major urban centers or in industries in which the gangsters were deeply entrenched. The Teamsters, for one, were an early target. During the Twenties, the gangsters had become some of the biggest trucking operators in the nation, controlling huge fleets used to transport the illegal booze to market, and with Repeal they turned to hauling every conceivable kind of merchandise. But, for Teamster organizers, moving in on underworld-controlled companies to try to sign up drivers was no easy task. So deals were worked out. The price of unionization was control of Teamster locals and a voice in the Teamsters' international union. The underworld influence in the Teamsters became so strong that union pension funds and other hoards found their way into gangland hotels and other operations, and the relationship between top Teamster officials and the leading underworld rulers such as Dalitz and Lansky was deep, abiding and very friendly. So corrupt, in fact, did the leadership of the union become that eventually the A.F.L.-C.I.O. found that it had no choice but to expel the Teamsters from the house of organized labor.

The Teamsters was just one union that fell, to a greater or lesser extent, under gangland control. Another classic example occurred in New York's Garment District. For years, the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America had been unsuccessfully attempting to organize the sprawling industry of small loft factories piled one upon the other in the teeming area of the West 20s and 30s in Manhattan. The attempts had been beaten back consistently. Manufacturers entered into alliances with underworld strong men such as Lepke and Luciano and Lucchese to ensure that organizers never crossed their thresholds. And when the underworld began taking

DEPRESSION DESPERADOES

the bank robbers of the thirties were the last of the great american outlaws

The swaggering gangland fops of the Roaring Twenties lost much of their glamor after the crash of 1929; a man standing in a bread line found it easier to identify with a righteous Robin Hood or a vengeful Jesse James. Suddenly, the country was applauding the downfall of the Al Capones but finding certain redeeming qualities in John Dillinger, Pretty Boy Floyd, Bonnie and Clyde and other rugged individualists who "only stole from the bankers what the bankers stole from the people."

Unlike the swarthy big-city gangsters with foreign names, the Depression desperadoes were red-blooded, all-American outlaws who came from "good homes" and were "driven to crime" by misfortune or injustice. They were underdogs in a nation of underdogs. Colorful, daring, sometimes gallant, they robbed fat-cat "banksters," led the cops a merry chase and died with their boots on. At least according to legend.

Their legends were partly created and promulgated by the U. S. Department of Justice, which needed some national villains to prod Congress into passing Federal laws to fight "interstate" crime—and, incidentally, to transform the FBI from an almost powerless investigative agency into a formidable corps of crime-busting G men. In the process, Americans were treated to an exhilarating nationwide game of cops and robbers that provided a welcome distraction from Depression worries.

The first bank robber to attract much attention was Charles Arthur Floyd, a disgruntled young Oklahoma farmer who somewhere acquired a submachine gun and the nickname Pretty Boy. He had a flair for the dramatic and he earned himself a Robin Hood reputation by generously paying the mountain people who often harbored him. Even so, he probably would not have made criminal history but for some bad shooting in Kansas City on June 17, 1933. Paid to spring a convicted bank robber en route to Leavenworth, Floyd opened up with a tommy gun in the Union Station's parking lot, killing three policemen, a Federal agent and, stupidly enough, the man he was supposed to rescue.

The Kansas City Massacre closely coincided with sensational kidnapings in Minneapolis and Oklahoma City, and with the country in an appropriate uproar, the Justice Department declared the usual war on crime. Unfortunately, the FBI could not yet identify the Kansas City machine gunner or the Minneapolis kidnapers; and, in the absence of any other big-name Federal fugitives, the country had to make do with Machine Gun Kelly—the only member of the Oklahoma kidnaping gang who wasn't immediately caught.

George Kelly was an undistinguished Memphis bootlegger who acquired the formidable nickname Machine Gun only after Federal agents captured other members of the group and traced their submachine gun to his wife, Kathryn, who had bought it in a Fort Worth pawnshop. The story then went out that Kelly could write his name in lead and knock walnuts off fence posts with a Thompson. After a nationwide manhunt, he was captured without a fight, sentenced to life and died in Alcatraz in 1946, apparently without ever firing a shot in anger.

The pursuit, capture and trial of Mr. and Mrs. Machine Gun Kelly whetted the public's appetite for G-men adventures (reported almost daily in Justice Department news releases) and newspapers quickly found replacements in Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker. Unlike the Kellys, Bonnie and Clyde were trigger-happy killers who terrorized the Southwest from 1932 to 1934. As a boy-and-girl bandit team, they had inherent romantic appeal, and newspapers enhanced this by publishing

Bonnie's doggerel and snapshots of the two horseplaying with guns. Interstate car theft made them Federal fugitives, but the G men were deprived of these trophies by Frank Hamer, a former Texas Ranger turned bounty hunter. Hamer tracked them to a hide-out in western Louisiana and, with a local posse, bushwhacked their car on a country road with 160 rifle and machine-gun bullets. Later he admitted, "I always hate to bust a cap on a lady, especially when she's sitting down."

Of all the Depression outlaws, the one most renowned for his style, elusiveness and professional ability was John Herbert Dillinger. Raised on an Indiana farm, Dillinger was a good boy from a good home who fell in with a bad crowd. In 1924, he bungled his first holdup and went to prison for nine years, where he fell in with a worse crowd. Released in May 1933, he pulled some robberies and then helped his friends break out. Then they returned the favor, Dillinger having gotten himself caught in the meantime. With everyone finally present, the gang raided two Indiana police stations for submachine guns and began a bank-robbing spree that quickly made national headlines.

Dillinger's career lasted only 14 months, but in that time he pulled dozens of spectacular bank robberies, shot his way out of police and FBI traps against great odds and managed his sensational "wooden pistol" break from the supposedly escapeproof jail in Crown Point, Indiana. He tried to live up to his reputation as a gentleman bandit and he knew how to rub salt in the wounds of the FBI, which had not only missed him on two occasions but had killed innocent people in the process. At the height of the country's greatest manhunt, public enemy number one drove to his home in Mooresville, Indiana, and spent a quiet Sunday eating home-cooked food, visiting with friends and relatives and posing for snapshots with his machine gun and wooden pistol. By this time, the country was rooting for Dillinger and laughing at the discomfiture of the authorities. When he was finally betrayed by the woman in red and shot in the back by G men as he walked out of Chicago's Biograph Theater, the Dillinger legend was complete.

Dillinger's demise made Pretty Boy Floyd the new public enemy number one. The FBI had long since identified him as the Kansas City machine gunner but had neglected to publicize this until Dillinger was down and Floyd properly set up for what the Bureau hoped would be a quicker and cleaner kill. After one indecisive gun battle and a brief two-week manhunt, G men cornered Floyd on an Ohio farm and cut him down with 14 machine-gun bullets on October 22, 1934.

This elevated Baby Face Nelson (nee Lester Gillis) to the top of the FBI's public-enemy list. He was the trigger-happy member of the Dillinger gang who distinguished himself mainly by killing a Federal agent during the gang's escape from an FBI trap in Wisconsin. He died November 27, 1934, after a blazing shoot-out with two G men who had disabled his car in a running gun battle near Barrington, Illinois. According to witnesses, Nelson, firing his machine gun from the hip, killed both agents and managed to escape in their car with the help of his wife and an accomplice. He died a few hours later from 17 bullet wounds.

The last of the Dillinger-era desperadoes to gain lasting notoriety was "Ma" Barker. A dowdy old woman of Ozark hillbilly stock, Arizona Clark Barker supposedly managed the criminal careers of her four sons and a young man named Alvin Karpis. Despite bank jobs netting as much as $240,000 and the killing of two policemen, the Barker-Karpis gang attracted little attention until the FBI identified them as the Minnesota kidnapers, which made them Federal fugitives and highly newsworthy. Ma died with her son Freddie in their Florida hide-out when it was riddled by FBI bullets on January 16, 1935, and for years afterward J. Edgar Hoover continued to cite her in speeches, magazine articles and books as his prize example of the permissive parent. In an *American Magazine* article (one of many Hoover articles and books ghosted by Courtney Ryley Cooper, a particularly melodramatic crime writer of the period), he said:

> The eyes of Arizona Clark Barker, by the way, always fascinated me. They were queerly direct, penetrating, hot with some strangely smoldering flame, yet withal as hypnotically cold as the muzzle of a gun.

In 1969, Karpis, the only surviving member of the gang, left prison and wrote an autobiography describing Ma Barker as a half-senile old woman who witlessly accepted her sons' unusual life style. Since she was not known to the public before the day she was killed, was not wanted by police and had no criminal record, it seems likely that her notoriety was largely manufactured by an FBI that needed to justify the killing of somebody's mother—even a public enemy's.

With the exception of Dillinger, some of whose exploits measured up to his popular image, the Depression desperadoes owe their reputations largely to the press and the authorities. They sold newspapers, provided the Justice Department with new Federal laws, supplied the FBI with its biggest trophies and taught Americans that even if Crime Does Not Pay, it can be a short cut to immortality.

—WILLIAM J. HELMER

control of countless factories, the danger to union organizers only increased.

But gradually there came the realization that more profit and power could be attained by playing both sides, and soon Lepke, Lucchese, Luciano and the rest were not just making dresses, coats and suits but pinning a union label on them. What seemed of greatest interest to the garment-center union leaders such as Sidney Hillman, David Dubinsky, Jacob Potofsky and others during the late Twenties and Thirties was not the wages or working conditions of the laborers but putting a union card in their pockets and extracting dues from them. If it didn't cost the manufacturers much, if it guaranteed labor peace, if it enriched the racketeers and increased their powers, then they were not averse to coming to the aid of the I.L.G.W.U. and the Amalgamated. Soon the ranks of garment-union organizers were swelled by the hirelings of Lepke, Luciano and the rest—tough thugs and killers such as Jacob "Gurrah" Shapiro, Charlie "The Bug" Workman and Abe "Kid Twist" Reles.

So the garment industry was organized, but the price was high. Numerous locals fell under the absolute control of the underworld and the corrupting influence marched all the way into union headquarters. Dues were siphoned off into the pockets of the gangsters and honest garment manufacturers found themselves forced to pay additional extortion money to Lepke, Lucchese, Luciano and their friends to avoid strikes and slowdowns, while their competitors down the street, owned or controlled by the very same men, had no such labor problems.

And then there is the incredible story of the Mob's move into the motion-picture industry. It began in 1932, when George E. Browne, the business agent of Local Two of the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees (I.A.T.S.E.), linked up with one Willie Bioff, extortionist, hoodlum and business associate of Frank Nitti and other Capone mobsters, of Luciano, Lepke, Costello, Zwillman and many more. Browne's local had jurisdiction over motion-picture projectionists and, times being not the best, more than half the local's 400 members were out of work. Bioff and Browne came up with an idea of how to turn that unemployment into golden linings for their personal pockets. They set up a soup kitchen to feed the destitute projectionists and then proceeded to squeeze theater owners for contributions to support the kitchen. It was all pretty small-time until the two decided to take on Barney Balaban, head of the Balaban & Katz theater chain.

Bioff and Browne showed up at Balaban's office one morning and demanded that he restore a pay cut he had imposed

on his theatrical employees a couple of years earlier when the Depression hit. When Balaban resisted, the two gave him an alternative. They would forget the demand if Balaban would kick in $7500 a year to operate the soup kitchen. "Barney," Bioff later testified in court when the law finally caught up with him, "turned out to be a lamb. When he agreed to our suggestion, I knew we had him. I told him his contribution would have to be $50,000 unless he wanted real trouble. By that I meant we would pull his projectionists out of the theaters. He was appalled, but we turned on the heat. He finally agreed to pay us $20,000."

It had all been so simple that Bioff and Browne decided that a single local was not enough, that they could make millions if they could capture the international. To support that bid, there was the underworld. In Chicago, Nitti, Paul DeLucia and other rulers of the Capone empire put the pressure on voting unionists to cast their ballots for Browne as the new president of I.A.T.S.E. In New York, the Browne slate had behind it the muscle of Lepke, Luciano and Zwillman; Dalitz, Frankie Milano and the Polizzis put the same kind of heat on union members in Cleveland and elsewhere in the Midwest. The electioneering was direct and blunt, and successful. When the I.A.T.S.E. convention was held in Louisville, the underworld's enforcers were ominously present, strolling slowly among the delegates and passing out messages. When it came time to vote, Browne was elected president unanimously.

His first move was to appoint Bioff his "personal representative." And then the two decided to take over the whole movie industry, at least to the extent of extorting a fortune from it. They demanded a payoff from the theater chains in Chicago; if the theaters didn't pay up, Browne threatened to strike them with the demand that they hire two projectionists instead of the one they then had to employ. The gambit worked; the theaters came across with $100,000. The only problem for Browne and Bioff was that their Mob backers began demanding a bigger share of the take; instead of a 50-50 split, the Mobsters demanded 75 percent, leaving Browne and Bioff to share the remaining 25 percent. That fazed the union leaders for only a moment; they told the theater owners they were taking a cut of the profits and then, to keep their incomes as high as they had been before the new split, told them to cut the wages of their projectionists and fire some of their stagehands.

Success in Chicago propelled Bioff and Browne ever onward. They turned to New York and with no difficulty at all took the Loew's theater chain for $150,000, the price for calling off a strike. But the biggest stake was still ahead—Hollywood itself. In 1936, I.A.T.S.E. had few members in the West Coast movie studios, but that didn't deter Bioff and Browne or their gangland backers. They demanded that I.A.T.S.E. be given jurisdiction over movie-studio labor. The studios resisted. The Mob reacted by striking and closing every movie theater from Chicago to St. Louis. The theater owners, led by Balaban, howled in anguish and the studios capitulated.

Controlling Hollywood labor was the wedge. Bioff called on Nicholas M. Schenck, president of Loew's and spokesman for the industry, and informed him: "You have a prosperous business here. I elected Browne president of this union because he will do what I say. I am the boss and I want $2,000,000 out of the movie industry."

Schenck was stunned. "At first I couldn't talk," he said. "But Bioff said, 'You don't know what will happen. We gave you just a taste of it in Chicago. We will close down every theater in the country. You couldn't take that. It will cost you many millions of dollars over and over again. Think it over.' "

Think it over was what Schenck did, along with Sidney Kent of 20th Century-Fox and Leo Spitz of RKO, and they decided that wisdom dictated the payment, immediately and in perpetuity. The first money was paid in New York, at the Hotel Warwick. Schenck and Kent took $75,000 as the initial installment in a satchel and then were forced to stand around and watch while Bioff and Browne dumped their loot onto a bed and slowly, carefully counted it.

The movie industry got its high-priced peace and Bioff and Browne and their Mob friends got their fortunes. This went on for several years, until Joseph M. Schenck, brother of Nicholas and 20th Century-Fox chairman of the board, ran afoul of the law. After neglecting to report several large items on his income-tax return, he was indicted for and convicted of tax evasion, and in return for a reduced sentence, he decided to tell the Government of his underworld dealings. His tale led to the indictment of the extortionists. Browne and Bioff were both convicted and sent to prison, where they decided to do a little singing of their own about their Mob backers, some of whom were also indicted. Faced with another term in prison, Nitti decided that was too much. He committed suicide. DeLucia and several others wound up behind bars.

But that didn't happen until 1941. In the meantime, the Mob was thriving. Its legitimate businesses were booming, it was capturing union after union and its illegal enterprises were pouring money into the coffers faster than even a computer could count it. By the middle Thirties, such racketeering opportunities were clear, indeed, to the leaders of the

"Wake up, Horace! You're tossing in your sleep again."

underworld and gave increasing urgency to tightening the links that had been forged at Atlantic City in 1929 and at the Italian-dominated Chicago conference in 1931.

In a series of meetings during the next three years—in Chicago, Cleveland and at several places in New York, including the 39th-floor suite of the Waldorf Towers, where Luciano lived in luxury under the Anglo-Saxon alias of Charles Ross—there was born what some have called the Combination, others the Outfit, still others the National Crime Syndicate or just the Syndicate. Almost every important underworld figure in the nation, either in person or by proxy, took part in these discussions and decisions.

Much of the impetus behind these sessions came from Johnny Torrio, the underworld's elder statesman though still in his 50s. But Torrio had plenty of backing and many allies—men with strong voices and firm ideas of their own who saw, as he did, the need for national cooperation and were determined to bring it about. There were Luciano from New York and his powerful friends, Adonis, Costello, Lansky, Vito Genovese, Bugsy Siegel, Lepke. There were Dalitz from Cleveland, who usually traveled under the name Moe Davis, and Dalitz' friends in both the Jewish and the Italian underworld. There were Costello's New Orleans partner, Kastel, who was discovering gold in Southern slot machines and gambling, and Kid Cann, born Isadore Blumenfield, from Minneapolis–St. Paul. The Philadelphia strong men, such as Harry Stromberg, better known as Nig Rosen, all favored the plan, and so did Zwillman and his partner, Moretti, from northern New Jersey. King Solomon and, after Solomon died, Hymie Abrams usually attended to voice the desires of the New England mobs, and Anthony "Little Augie" Carfano, who had moved to Miami, usually appeared to lobby for the idea that he should have suzerainty there. Kansas City's Boss Tom Pendergast was kept informed of all developments, though he was so deeply involved with Federal and state authorities during these years that he couldn't spare the time to attend any of the meetings; his organization was in chaos and his underworld aide, John Lazia, convicted of tax evasion in 1934, was threatening to sing until machine-gun bullets sealed his lips. Torrio had decreed that no formal invitation be extended to the Chicago mobs; his own experiences with these had convinced him that the Chicagoans were just too uncivilized to engage in polite discussions with perspicacious men. But he did permit Chicago to send observers to the meetings, usually Paul "The Waiter" Ricca, who was generally considered, along with Jake "Greasy Thumb" Guzik, the smartest racketeer in the old Capone organization.

The purpose of these meetings, of course, was to implement the decisions of the 1931 Chicago conference, to forge closer ties among all the mobs, whatever their ethnic make-up, in cities across the country, and to agree on the rules by which they could not only coexist, as in the recent past, but at least partially merge.

And the signs looked good that such hopes could be realized. Luciano frequently pointed out that the days of jealousy and clannishness in the Italian underworld were over. The assassinations of Giuseppe Masseria and Salvatore Maranzano, for which he took due credit, had already begun to bring the Mafia, or the Unione Siciliana, as he preferred to call it, out of the darkness of its provincialism to work cooperatively with everyone. When the underworld cartel was finally established, Luciano stressed, the Italians, too, would abide by the rules and disciplines of the national commission (on which, of course, he and other powerful Mafia figures would sit).

Luciano, Adonis, Lansky and others often referred to the success of the Seven Group (the organization established in 1927 to ensure cooperation among the seven major powers) as an example of

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what interethnic cooperation could accomplish, and after 1933, Lansky and Dalitz held up the Molaska operation and the joint gambling ventures as examples of how profitable interregional cooperation could be.

Zwillman's point, which he raised time and again, dealt with public relations—the need for underworld leaders to present and comport themselves as good and responsible businessmen. It became something of an obsession with the New Jersey racketeer, who was forever denouncing the violence of the Dutch Schultz–Mad Dog Coll warfare and the rise of the free-lance criminals such as John Dillinger and his bank-robbing, chopper-waving, trigger-happy friends. Such adventurers had to be put down, he often said; they were bad for business, as was gangland feuding; and as good businessmen, he and the others must stress discipline, cooperation and organization. Nor should they neglect to enhance their images as public-spirited citizens. As examples, he cited his own offer of a reward for the capture and conviction of the kidnaper of the infant son of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, and Madden's offer of his own personal services at no cost.

Through these continuing discussions, the determination to establish a national Syndicate became fixed, and in the workings of the new Roosevelt Administration—the National Recovery Administration, with its national board and its regional district boards—the underworld found a model for its own organization. By 1934, the Syndicate was following this route, setting up its national commission, or board of directors, to decide over-all policy and arbitrate all disputes. Under it were regional boards; the country was divided into districts with a regional commission in charge of all organized crime in its territory, and with territorial lines inviolate. In those areas, such as the West Coast and Miami, where the organization was just getting started, joint ventures should be undertaken.

To enforce these agreements, the national commission adopted an idea that Lepke had long been advancing. During Prohibition, the Bugs and Meyer Mob had been the enforcers for their partners and for the Seven Group. Lepke proposed a similar enforcement arm, directed by him and Anastasia and composed of professional killers who would work under contract to the national commission and to regional and local organizations. It was a plan that met with approval, except for two minor objections, voiced by Dalitz and Lansky. They noted that when a politician or a reporter was killed, the inevitable result was bad publicity and a wave of civic reform. Thus, politicians and journalists should be declared off limits. With these necessary exceptions, Lepke's scheme led to the establishment of what would become known as Murder, Incorporated.

Such elaborate plans could not be implemented in a single day or week; that took years and many arduous meetings. But by 1934, the Combination was becoming a reality.

At the same time, however, the heat on the underworld was increasing through a series of scandals and disclosures and would soon result in staggering explosions.

This is the fifth in a series of articles on organized crime in the United States.

"Santa doesn't understand me."

GOLDEN CHRISTMAS DUCAT

(continued from page 114)

than such a depraved, alcohol-clouded face. "Twenny cents cash. Plenny more where that came from."

"The booths are designed to accept quarters," Dr. Krommbach said.

He decided not to retreat, although the man had come still closer, his fist thrust at Dr. Krommbach.

"This a clip joint or something?"

"Look," Dr. Krommbach said, unretreating. "In the meanwhile, you can go into my booth."

"You gotta booth?" the man said.

"Over there, with the open door," Dr. Krommbach said. "The film is still running, because I inserted a special coin."

" 'Kay. Here's twenny cents cash."

"No, thank you," Dr. Krommbach said.

"What's the matter, American money's not good enough?"

Less than ten centimeters away from Dr. Krommbach's nose, the two dimes gleamed in the ominous fist. But Dr. Krommbach found he could not take them. They were the day's final insult to his ducat.

"No, thank you, you are my guest, sir," Dr. Krommbach said. "It is Christmas."

"Oh, yeah," the man said. The huge hand dropped the dimes into the U. S. Army pocket and with the same motion pulled out a brown paper bag. "Attaboy, Christmas. Have a Christmas one on me."

"I limit myself to wines," Dr. Krommbach said.

"Aw, have a drink, brother! Jesus! 'Joy yourself."

It was too much. Dr. Krommbach could not improvise further defenses. He had to accept the brown paper bag with the bottle inside and lead it to his lips.

The taste was terrible. "Thank you," he said.

"Thank *you*, brother," the man said. "Hey, bet that's a goody you got for me in there, huh?"

"I—I hope the feature is to your taste," Dr. Krommbach said. He received a smelly pat on the cheek. The man walked into the booth and Dr. Krommbach, at last free to leave, felt a warmth worming with surprising agreeableness down his throat and, at the same time, a distinct lessening in his bladder's burden. Plus an absurd impulse to give the note meant for the priest to the man in the booth. Absurd, but he felt there should be some sort of statement.

"I have drunk your drink in honor of a lady in Vienna," he said.

No answer came. He had not spoken loud enough to overcome Rudolph the Reindeer or the booth's noise, which had become a holiday present. Dr. Krommbach closed his eyes against the chill of the street, all the soiled frenzy outside. As he joined Christmas on Times Square, he tried to remember the last time someone had patted him on the cheek.

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Invention of Women

(continued from page 180)

wielding a mop, scrubbing the floor.

"Hey," Adamovitch said. "Hey, what are you doing? You ruined my stove."

"Things must look nice," the New Fellow said. "Move your feet, you dirty baboon."

"What's a baboon?" Adamovitch said, puzzled.

The New Fellow sloshed a bucket of soapy water over the floor. Adamovitch jumped out of its way. "Cut that out," he yelled.

"Things got to look nice," the New Fellow repeated.

"Listen," Adamovitch said. "You belong to me. I made you. You do what I say." He crossed the room and seized the New Fellow roughly by the shoulders.

"Eeek," the New Fellow said. "How dare you!" He swung his mop in a half circle and caught Adamovitch full in the face. "Go change those dirty clothes," the New Fellow said. "And shave."

"Shave!" Adamovitch said. His face turned red. "Out!" he suddenly shouted. He seized a cleaver from his chopping block and waved it at the New Fellow. "Out! Out!" he yelled.

The New Fellow dropped his mop and threw up his hands, squealed and ran out the door. Adamovitch looked sadly around at his ruined kitchen. He poured himself a water glass full of drinking sherry.

For several days, the New Fellow lived here and there in the community, sleeping outside or in the dining hall. Naturally, he attracted a great deal of attention at first, because none of the other men had ever seen a New Person before, but the novelty soon wore off and he was accepted. Actually, he was tolerated more than accepted, because he *was* different. He didn't care for hunting, cheap cigars, bragging, gambling or, in fact, any of the activities that occupied the others. Until Thursday afternoon.

On Thursdays, the men usually had a wrastling contest. Potzo was the current champion, and he, of course, challenged the New Fellow.

The New Fellow for the first time showed an interest in what was going on. He asked what wrastling was and when it was explained to him, he smiled shyly and agreed.

It was really no contest. Potzo easily threw the New Fellow to the ground and seemed to be winning handily when somehow they began rolling around and rolled beneath some bushes beside the river. After a time, the sound of thrashing about in the bushes became more subdued and regular. Potzo was heard making strange sounds.

They did not roll back from under the bushes for some time. When they did, Potzo had a strange expression on his face and was buttoning up his trousers.

"Hey," he said angrily to the few spectators who had remained. "Hey, whatcha looking at?" The others were puzzled by his expression and the tone of his voice. You see, Potzo was embarrassed, probably the first, but certainly not the last time that man had felt this odd emotion.

"Did ya beat him, Potzo?" Pablo asked.

Potzo, normally loquacious, grinned in a silly sort of way and nodded. "Yeah, yeah, sure," he said. Then he reached out, took the New Fellow by the hand and they wandered off toward Potzo's house.

The next morning, the New Fellow had put up curtains in Potzo's house, mopped the floor and was shouting at him to scrape his feet before coming inside. "Things have to be nice," he said. "And no more coming in whenever you want. You have to be on time for dinner. And no more bringing your crumby friends home without letting me know first."

Potzo glared at the New Fellow. "You shut up," he said.

"All right," said the New Fellow, "but if you don't scrape your feet, no more wrastling."

"Who cares?" said Potzo, and he stomped out.

"You'll see," the New Fellow called after him.

Potzo saw.

By dinnertime, he was back with his feet scraped and his hands washed. Two days later, he had shaved his beard and was wearing a clean shirt. That evening, when Adamovitch came around and tried to claim Steve as his personal property, Potzo hit him in the mouth.

Adamovitch went out and began brooding again. He couldn't forget the New Fellow. In spite of his strange manner, there was something nice about him. He smelled good.

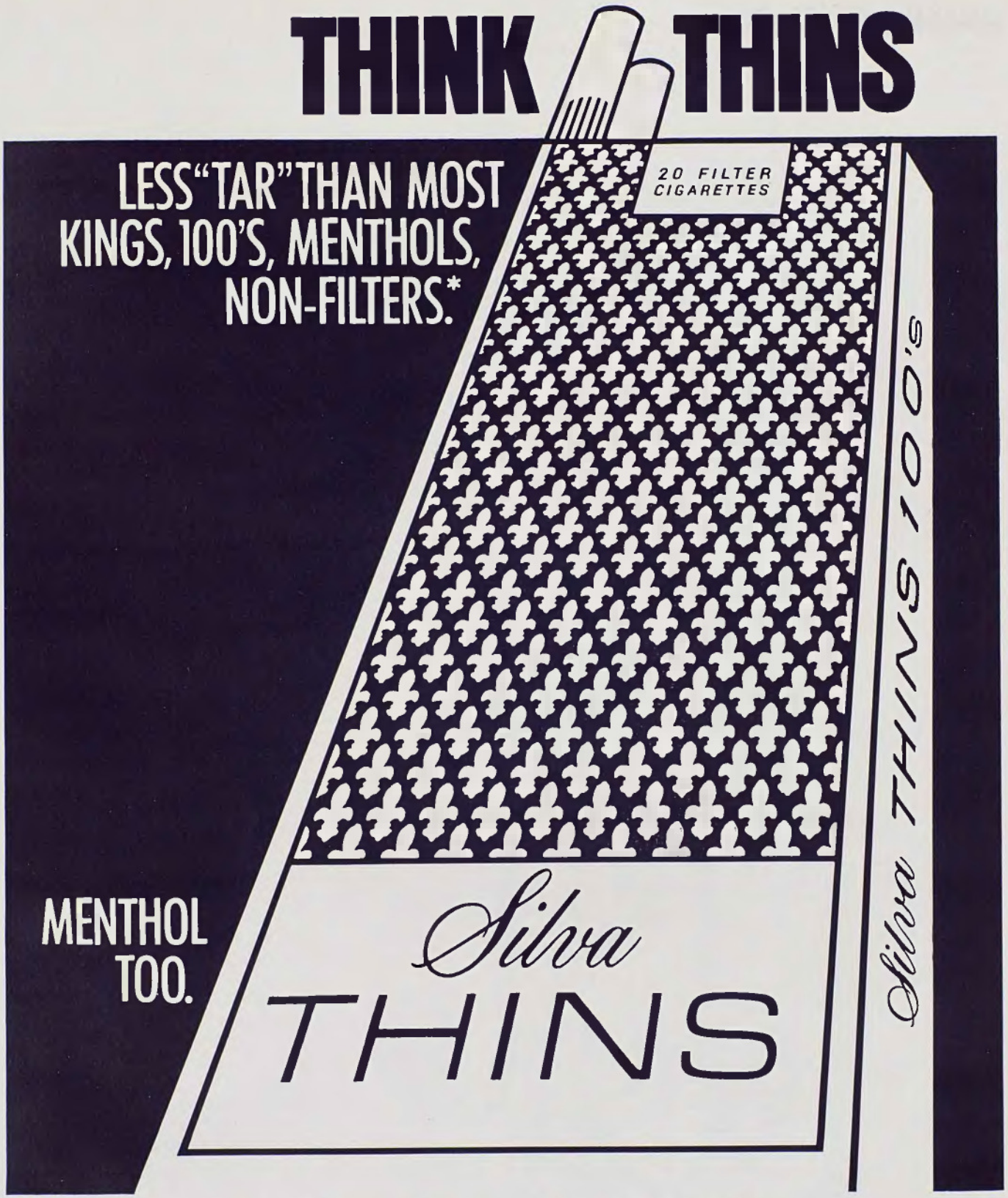
After a while (about ten minutes), Adamovitch decided to make another New Fellow. And he did.

And then he made another. And another.

Until suddenly it was too late.

"We were wondering how you and Bruce feel about wife swapping."

THINK THINS



THINK SILVA THINS 100'S

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SEXUAL BEHAVIOR *(continued from page 91)*

freedom to engage in traditionally shunned or forbidden forms of foreplay within marriage even extends to anal stimulation, which was so rare a generation ago that Kinsey published no detailed data on it. Today, more than half of the married males and females in the younger (under 35) half of our survey sample have experienced manual anal foreplay, and more than a fourth have experienced oral-anal foreplay. Some of this accumulated experience took place before or outside of marriage, but most of it occurred as part of marital coitus. We can gauge the generational change from the fact that fewer than half as many people in the older half of our survey sample have ever had either kind of experience.

Contemporary husbands and wives spend more time at foreplay than did those of a generation ago. Our interviews reveal that the aim often is enjoyment of the foreplay process itself, not just arousal of the wife to the husband's level of sexual readiness. Kinsey's female data indicate a median duration of 12 minutes; ours show a modest increase to 15 minutes. The male data offer more striking comparisons: Kinsey reported that the foreplay of less-educated husbands was very brief or even perfunctory, while that of the average college-bred male was more likely to continue for five to 15 minutes or more (this suggests a ten-minute median); in our sample, the median for noncollege and college-educated husbands alike is 15 minutes. Younger married people in our sample spend somewhat more time at it, on the average, than older people.

Today's married couples make much more use of variant coital positions. Nearly three quarters of our married sample use the female-above position occasionally to very often; only a little more than a third of Kinsey's did. More than half use the side position at least sometimes; only a little more than a quarter of Kinsey's did so. Two fifths engage in rear-entrance vaginal coitus occasionally or more often; a little over one tenth did so in Kinsey's time.

A generation ago, the use of such variant positions was much less common at the noncollege level than at the college level; today, it is equally common at both levels. Age is the important criterion: Younger married couples use every variant position more widely and more frequently than older ones do. Some of the contrasts are extraordinary. Consider the percentages of married people who often use rear-entry vaginal intercourse: 21 percent of those under 25, nine percent of those between 35 and 44 and fewer than one percent of those 55 or older. While very few married people 45 or older engaged in anal intercourse at all in the past year, about one out of seven people between 35–44 and about one out of four under 35 did so at least once.

All of the foregoing changes seem minor when we compare them with the startlingly impressive increase that Playboy found in the typical duration of coitus. Kinsey's estimate was that perhaps three quarters of all married males reached orgasm within two minutes or less of intromission. Today, according to our married males and our married females, the median duration of marital coitus is about ten minutes. An increase of this magnitude signifies a major shift in the outlook of married people concerning their sexual relations. The median duration of marital coitus is greatest among the youngest married couples (13 minutes for under-25s) and shortest among the oldest (ten minutes for those 55 and over). The data suggest that today's young men (and their seniors) can hold themselves back because the sexual goal encompasses the entire process, not just its culmination.

The greater enjoyment of marital coitus is valuable not just in itself but because, as the Playboy survey finds, there is a strong connection between sexual pleasure and marital success:

- A large majority of married men and married women who found marital coitus very pleasurable during the past year rated their marriages emotionally very close. In contrast, few of those who found marital coitus lacking in pleasure or actually unpleasant rated their marriages very close or even fairly close.
- Three out of five women and two out of five men who rated their marriages distant or not close found marital sex lacking in pleasure or actually unpleasant in the past year.

One can argue either that sexual pleasure is the *cause* of marital success or that sexual pleasure is the *effect* of marital success: Sexual success tends to create emotional closeness, but emotional closeness permits many people to be sexually successful. Probably there is no one answer; in most cases, both things are true, each phenomenon being both cause and effect, in a reciprocal interaction.

In any case, the survey data make it clear that the husband and wife who have a liberated, intensely pleasurable sex relationship are much likelier to be emotionally close than the husband and wife who do not, and that the emotionally close marriage is much likelier to include liberated, intensely pleasurable coitus than is the cool or distant marriage. In sum, contrary to popular opinion, sexual liberation has enhanced marriage rather than harmed it.

"I'll tell you this: He's no 'hot-dogger' in the sack."

This is the third in a series of articles reporting the results of a comprehensive Playboy Foundation–funded survey of sex in America. Morton Hunt's full report will be published as a book, "Sexual Behavior in the 1970s," by Playboy Press.

TWO RUBBER TITTIES

(continued from page 230)

stood there, forgetting all about the counts, and girls were crashing into one another all over the place. The fellow himself was just sitting there, watching the show with a big smile on his face like nothing was happening."

We are chatting, these showgirls and I, in a backstage dressing room between shows, and as we chat, they matter-of-factly take off their costumes and put on their street clothes, just as though it's a perfectly ordinary thing to do. And although I've logged two afternoons with some of them naked on a carpet, this clothes-changing thing is still pretty provocative. You know it and they know it and you know they know it, and although you don't feel you have to actually do anything as extreme as avert your eyes . . . still, a fixed stare at a nipple or a bush seems somehow in dubious taste.

I ask the girls what brought them to Vegas to be showgirls. Ellie was a swimmer in a water show in San Diego and came to Vegas because there seemed to be more jobs here. "I didn't want to work nude," she says. "I was forced into it." Forced? How? "There were no clothed jobs around," she says.

Claudette was a go-go girl in Phoenix and didn't find out till just before curtain time on her first job in Vegas that she was to be working seminude. "They'd given me this little folded-down bra to wear and I spent about ten minutes trying to fold it back up again," she says. "Then I looked around at the two chicks on either side of me at the dressing table and I said, 'Hey, am I a nude?' They looked at me like 'Where'd they get *her*?' "

Clarice started as a stripper in the San Fernando Valley, making $75 a week for seven nights' work. She heard there was better money in Vegas. There was. Monica came here from England to be in a show at the age of 16 and had to be chaperoned everywhere. "I had always wanted to see the States," she says, "but when I first came here, I hated it. I got very homesick, so after six months I went back to England and I found that I no longer had anything in common with my chums there. I found myself actually getting homesick for Vegas—for the people I'd met and for the life itself. I came back and I've been here ever since."

"I love this town," says Clarice. "I love the desert. This town has been very good to me. The only disadvantage is I don't meet a good cross section of men. But I can't worry about that now."

"One reason we have such weird relationships with men," says Claudette, "is our image. All showgirls are automatically categorized as know-nothing sex-fiend hookers. You say, 'I'm a fireman,' people say, 'Oh, you put out fires.' You say, 'I'm a showgirl,' they say, 'Oh, you hang your tits out and hook.' They think

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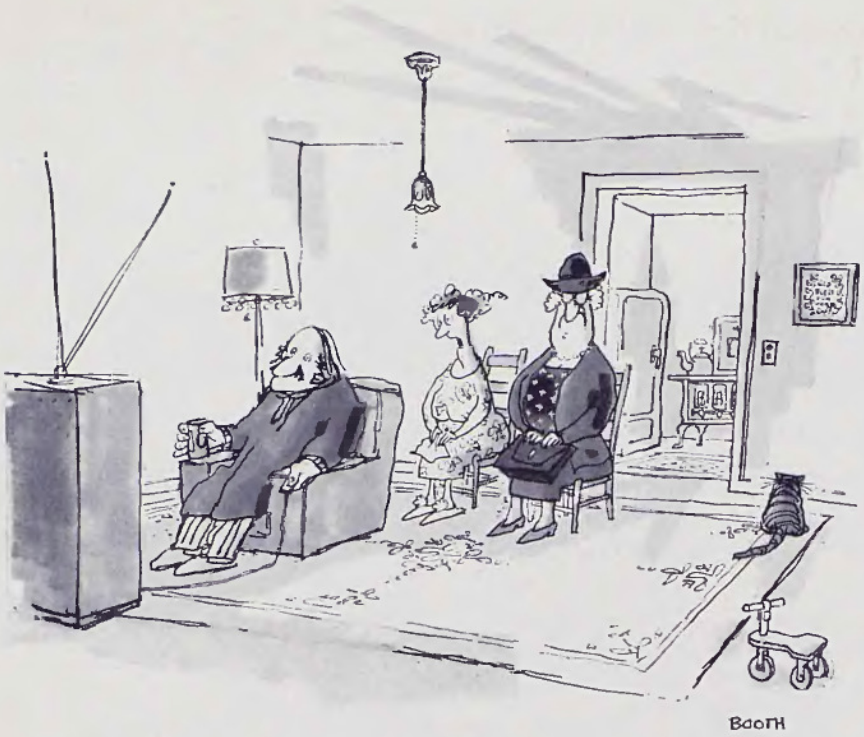

"Burgess . . . Momma burned your porno collection."

you've got to be a freak, so they're lewd when they talk to you or, at best, condescending. 'I'm shocked that you're so sweet,' they say. It's just like you're two big rubber titties. Hello!"

"Showgirls are prey," says Clarice. "There are so few guys in town, a girl will take any halfway-decent one. Practically all the girls I know who are married or living with someone are with stagehands, musicians or dealers."

Clarice is unmarried and has had two traumatic affairs with musicians. Monica is seemingly happily married to a dealer and has a ten-year-old daughter. Ellie was married for one year to a dealer and has a 12-year-old son. Claudette was married to a stagehand, was recently divorced and is very bitter.

"Showgirls tend to get hooked up with men who don't like to work," she says. "I supported my husband for three years and then one day I said, 'This is a piece of crap,' and got out. I got married because I was a single female entertainer under twenty-five and I couldn't buy insurance or real estate or get credit. Well, I paid for it. I bought a house while I was married, but I gave it to my husband as a peace offering, and now that I'm not married anymore, I lost my credit rating. The whole thing is a piece of crap."

"What are we going to do after our looks go except marry some dealer or stagehand?" says Clarice. "I'm going to be twenty-five soon. I don't have too many good years left. What am I going to do after that? You've only got about ten years of your life you can be a nude. You don't get bad money while it lasts, but then it's over and what've you got left? Nothing. I'm already panicking."

"Most showgirls," says Ellie, "are really looking to give it up after about five or six years. They've sown their wild oats and they're tired of it. They're ready to settle down and get married. If they're not married by the time they're too old to be showgirls, they become cocktail waitresses. When they're too old to be cocktail waitresses, they become cashiers. God," she says softly to herself, "I hope I don't end up a cashier."

• • •

I am somewhat depressed by the dressing-room revelations and decide to head for my room. I stand disconsolately waiting for the elevator and I note that although there are three elevators in the bank, one is permanently out of order, one is temporarily out of order and the elevator call button is held together with Scotch tape. The only unbroken elevator eventually arrives and takes me to my floor. I note that the mirrored wall between elevators on my floor has been cracked in several places and the cracks repaired with gray Mystik tape.

I enter my room and turn on the lights and find that half the bulbs are burned out. I turn on the TV and switch to one of the local television channels that he, Caesar, has listed for my viewing pleasure, and discover that the TV is broken. It is too warm in the room and I fiddle with the thermostat, only to discover that it has its own ideas about what temperature my room should be and isn't conceding anything. I go into the bathroom to take a shower before bed and note that there is only one bath towel. You know how you are always hearing how hotels in Vegas are so luxurious and so cheap in order to lure people to the gaming tables? Well, guess what? I don't consider gray Mystik tape on a cracked mirror and elevator buttons held together with Scotch tape and a room with half the bulbs burned out and an anti-Semitic thermostat with a mind of its own and a TV set that turns on but does not otherwise function and one lousy bath towel in the bathroom luxurious, and if $43 a day for a room is cheap, then the whole thing is, as my friend Claudette says, a piece of crap, indeed.

I climb into bed, turn off those lights that are not already burned out and go to sleep.

A couple of hours later, I am dredged up through several layers of unconsciousness by the loudest pounding I have ever heard in a hotel room. After a quick check to make sure the pounding is not in my hung-over head but on the actual ceiling of my room, and after a quick check of my watch, which informs me it is seven A.M., I pick up the phone and dial the front desk. Controlling my fury with difficulty, I say, as follows:

"This is Mr. Greenburg in room three seventy-three. There seems to be someone hammering on my ceiling."

"Room three seventy-three," says a sweet female voice. "Oh, yes. They're installing carpeting in four seventy-three."

"Listen," I say, "I only just got to bed about an hour or two ago and I have a really awful hangover. Don't you think you could please get them to stop hammering up there?"

"Oh, my, no," she says, amazed that I would even ask such a thing.

"Why not?" I say.

"Because it's contract work."

There seems to be no further explanation forthcoming, so I hang up the phone. There is no sleeping with the continuing pounding. There isn't really even any lying in bed. So I get up, get dressed and go downstairs to breakfast.

Sometime later I return to my room for a nap. The pounding has stopped, but now there is tapping. Better than pounding, but still not the sort of thing one wants on his ceiling. I pick up the phone to call the manager and find that it has gone dead. I sigh and go back downstairs to make a personal complaint.

One of the things that are happening in the always busy Caesars Palace casino is that there are klieg lights and a movie camera set up, because Alan King is making a TV special here. As I push my way through the crowd, I hear someone loudly, peppily call my name. I turn around to discover it is Alan King himself, who says, "Hi, how are you, how'd you like to write a segment on a TV special I'm putting together soon?" Alan King is a very nice fellow whom I know vaguely and the part about writing the segment on the TV special is, I think, just what Alan King tends to say to folks after he

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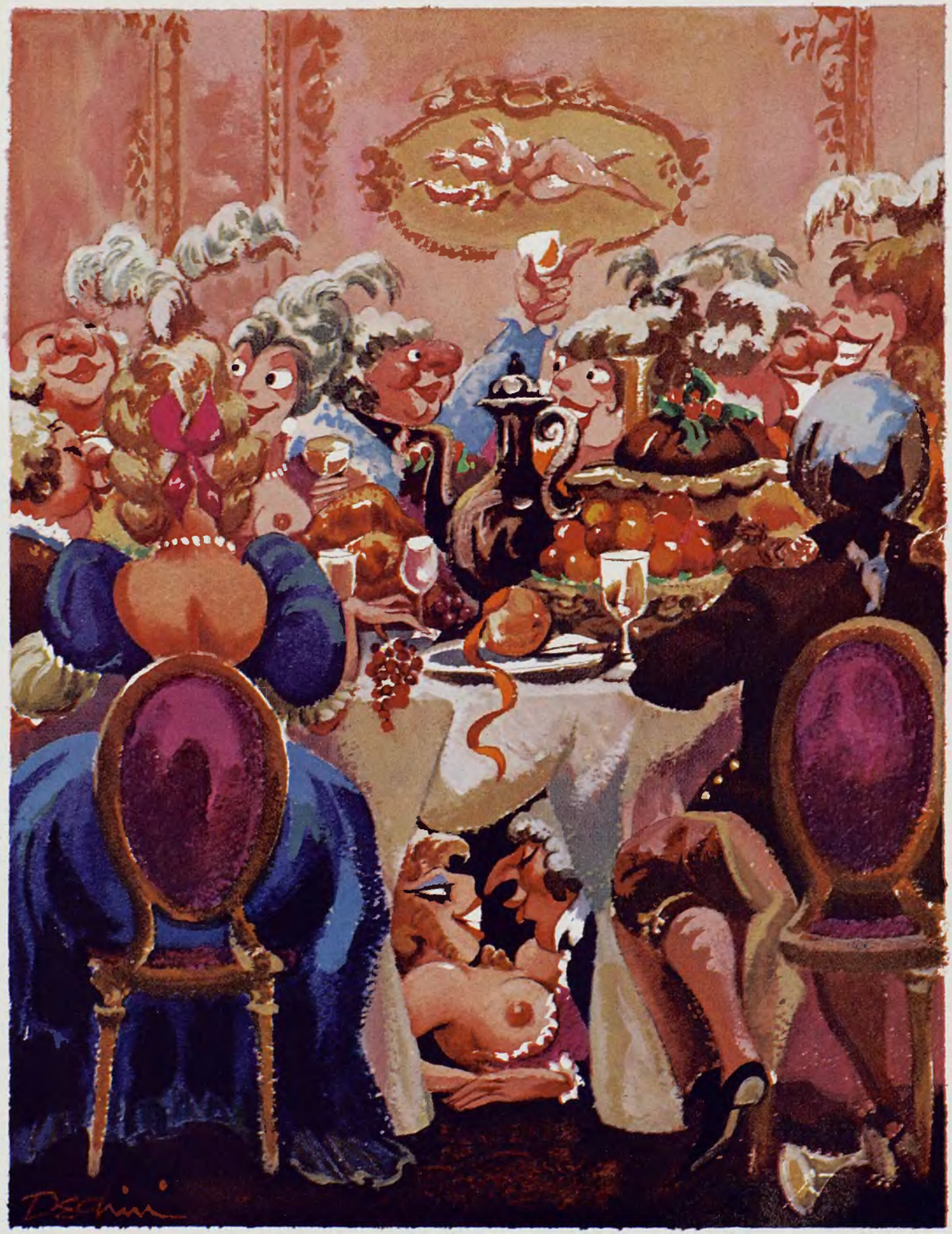

"I think we should be getting back before we're missed."

says "Hi, how are you?"—or at least that has been my experience.

I tell him about the pounding on my ceiling and ask whether he knows the manager, whereupon he turns around and yells: "Jerry? Jerry Gordon! Come on over here and meet a good friend of mine, Dan Greenburg—give him anything he wants!"

A man distinguished chiefly by how unimpressed he is with this introduction shuffles over to me. I introduce myself and, pushing things just a wee bit because of my fatigue, say, "Hi, my name is Dan Greenburg and I'm doing a piece for PLAYBOY on Vegas and I was up till about six A.M. doing interviews and at seven on the nose this pounding begins on my ceiling and they tell me they are laying carpeting and what I would like to know is whether this is going to continue."

"What room ya in?" says Jerry Gordon, clearly even less impressed with my being from PLAYBOY and writing a piece about Vegas than he is with the fact that I am best friends with Alan King.

"I'm in three seventy-three."

"Three seventy-three. Oh, yeah. They're laying carpeting in four seventy-three. It'll continue."

"It will? But I have to get some sleep."

"So change rooms."

"Change rooms? But I just got in there yesterday and I unpacked and my stuff is all over the place and I really am not too anxious to get it all packed up again right now."

In response to this unreasonable kvetching from Alan King's demented friend, Jerry Gordon merely sticks out his hand, which, although it is his left hand and not his right, I feel I am obliged to shake, because the audience with the manager of Caesars Palace is clearly at an end. I reach out and limply shake the left hand of Jerry Gordon and, as I do so, realize with the sort of sinking feeling I will get to know rather well in this town in days to come that the left hand was not intended for me to shake. It was merely signaling to someone standing just behind me. I slink back to my phoneless room with the tapping ceiling and start packing.

• • •

"I didn't have any boobs when I first came to town," confides a showgirl by the name of Lola, who very definitely has them now. We are having dinner, Lola and I, in the Ah So Japanese restaurant and we are surrounded by bridges and streams and waterfalls and rivers and ponds and various other bodies of water—as a matter of fact, there is scarcely enough dry land in this restaurant to walk on.

"The producer of this show I was in said, 'I think you ought to have the shots,' so I got them."

"Silicone?"

"Yeah. I got two shots under each boob down here and one on top up around here. Anyway, I had the shots in the afternoon and that night I'm doing a show with little Band-Aids over the shots, and all of a sudden I feel the silicone start dribbling out. Ugh! This French girl I used to work with had a *lot* of trouble with her shots. She got a bad batch of silicone and at first it made her boobs all red and swollen, then the silicone dropped and it really got messy."

"How far down did it drop?"

"She said it started seeping into her vagina. She can't work anymore. She went back to her family in Paris. Most girls I know have had the shots, but the latest thing now is having sea-water bags put in there surgically. We call them sea-water bags because they sort of sloosh around inside. They look more natural than silicone and they don't feel as hard. Unfortunately, some sea-water-bag jobs turn out terrible, with ugly scars under the nipples."

"Like Georgette's?" I say, referring to a girl she'd introduced me to earlier.

"Oh, you thought Georgette had a bad job? That was a *good* job. You should *see* the bad jobs."

As I understand it, Georgette had pretty big boobs to begin with, but she had silicone shots anyway, and when the silicone dropped she had sea-water bags installed. "How come she wanted to be so big-busted?" I say.

Lola looks at me carefully. "She read too many copies of PLAYBOY," she says. "Most women, you know, are naturally an A or B cup, but you see all those big tits in PLAYBOY and you start thinking there must be something wrong with you. *I* sure did. I used to wear padded bras. They're filled with foam rubber, which makes your boobs sweat a lot. And when you sweat, you lose weight. I'm convinced that with all that sweating, wearing padded bras made me at least one cup size smaller than I was already. Listen, you think PLAYBOY has the guts to print that? What I just said about it?"

"Absolutely."

"Well, anyway, big boobs may be on the way out. In Vegas, I mean. They used to be fine when all you had to do was stand onstage and look glamorous, but now they're making us dance our *buns* off and it's not so good to have big boobs anymore. They jiggle around so much it hurts. Also, all that jiggling breaks down the tissues and makes them drop faster. I guess we could all get reduction jobs."

"What's that?"

"On a reduction job they cut a lot of fat out from underneath each breast, then they slice off your nipples and put them on again higher up. The sensitivity in your nipples is gone for a while, but then it comes back. If they didn't reset your nipples higher, then when they took the fat from underneath, they would end up down around your waist. A reduction job is a fairly common operation."

Speaking of nipples, I had by this time seen several shows, and hundreds of naked breasts, and every nipple I saw on every breast, both onstage and off, was fully erect. I asked Lola how she accounted for that.

"Some girls touch themselves just before they go onstage. Some rub up against the velvet curtain. We have one stagehand in our show now who's very tall and good-looking. I rub up against him just before I go onstage to make my nipples hard."

"And how does this stagehand react?"

"Oh, he doesn't have *time* to react—I run right out onstage. Sometimes, you know, it's a very groovy feeling to just rub up against another nude woman, even if you're not gay—to rub up against a soft female chest instead of a hard male one. I mean, if you're nude and you're next to somebody else who's nude, it's very natural to want to touch her. But that doesn't mean we're lesbians, because we're not. Not all of us, I mean."

"Are you?"

"No." Pause. "I mean, I don't think I am." Pause. "I don't really know, to be honest with you. I've never actually done it with another girl, I mean, but there've been times when I've been tempted to try it." Pause. "See, the thing of it is that with all the men I've been to bed with, I've never actually had an orgasm." Pause. "Does that surprise you? The sex-fiend showgirl who never had an orgasm?"

"I guess so. I don't know."

"I told my gynecologist and he didn't believe me at first. Then he realized I was serious. He asked if I had orgasms when I masturbated. Do you know up till that time I hadn't even masturbated? Anyway, I tried it, and that didn't help either. That's when I started thinking maybe I'm gay. I mean, I do find myself occasionally turned on by chicks, so maybe what I am is gay. I'm sort of scared to try and find out for sure."

Pause. Lola giggles. "This guy I knew who worked at one of the casinos here had this one showgirl he was going with in Puerto Rico and this other showgirl he was going with here who was a friend of mine. He brought the girl from Puerto Rico to Vegas, because he thought he could get a threesome going. Anyway, the girls met and really dug each other. They went out for drinks and they forgot about the guy completely. They went to bed together, and then they ran off and got married. The guy was kind of shattered. He'll never try *that* again."

Another giggle. Then silence.

"You know," says Lola, "I once went to a gay bar here and let myself get picked up." Pause. "I went home with this girl and we started necking and it wasn't too bad, and then she started undressing me and suddenly I knew I

couldn't go through with it. I mean, I felt kind of sick, you know? I got up and babbled some kind of apology and left." Pause. "I wonder what it would have been like. If I had stayed."

• • •

I am with my showgirl friend Ellie between shows and we are having a drink in a very gimmicky bar, not because there aren't ungimmicky bars in Vegas but because I have discovered to my chagrin that I tend to *like* the gimmicky ones.

"Listen," I say, "I've been talking with a number of girls and I am hearing a lot about gayness. I have my own theories about it, but why do *you* think there's so much gayness and bisexuality in Vegas among the showgirls?"

"I haven't noticed any," says Ellie.

"You haven't?" I say. "Almost every girl I've talked to has spoken about it in some form."

"That's really weird," says Ellie. "I didn't think there was that much of it going on. I've only made it with a couple of chicks, myself." This is said quite matter-of-factly, and I act perfectly unimpressed and wait for her to continue. "I didn't like it with either of them," she says. "I couldn't wait for it to be over. I doubt whether I would ever do it again. I don't say I *wouldn't*, I just doubt it. It's a lot more fun to fantasize than to actually do, if you ask me. Anyway, I'd much rather have an affair with a man than a woman." Pause. "I guess the main reason I don't have affairs with women is that I find women very devious. I don't trust women. I like men better."

"You can probably control men better," I say gently.

"Yeah, that, too," she says.

• • •

"Listen," I say to Lola, the girl I'd had dinner with the previous night, "I was talking to Ellie and she says she's done it with chicks."

"Oh, we all have," says Lola. "You remember that girl we met at the restaurant? That was my first gay lover."

"Let's take that again from the top," I say. "Last night you told me you'd never made it with a chick at all."

Lola giggles. "Oh, is that what I said?"

Pause. A long sigh.

"You know the story I told you about the girl in the gay bar who picked me up?" she says. "Well, I didn't leave when she started to undress me." Pause. "We sat on the floor in front of her fireplace and we drank wine and talked and giggled and had a pretty good time. And then we started kissing and it was very groovy. And then we made love. The whole experience was a lot tenderer than with a man, and nobody was trying to prove anything. The next day she sent me flowers. God, I really loved that."

• • •

Lola has suggested we see the show at the Stardust lounge, which she says is the best lounge show in Vegas. The lounge is very small and fairly crowded. As we enter, the headwaiter leads us past six empty ringside tables and row after row of filled tables, then seats us at a table against the back wall behind a post.

Lola leans over and whispers that I should give the headwaiter some money to get a better table. How much? I whisper. About three bucks, she whispers. I discover all I have are fives. Lola furtively rummages in her purse, slips me three dollars in a little crumpled ball, which I am just about to smooth out and decide how to gracefully offer the headwaiter, whose back is turned. But he has heard the earsplitting crackle of money, whips around and, like a lizard's tongue around a fly, plucks the ball of bills neatly out of my hand. He bum-rushes us over to a ringside table and disappears.

The show is a dazzling combination of rock music, dance, song, comedy and magic. It is on a small stage and it's the fastest-paced and most brilliantly choreographed thing I have seen in a very long time. From the opening, in which a fast-stepping group of dancers comes out in black-velvet monk's habits and does humorous flashes of tit, to the number where they reappear as huge-headed dwarfs, with heads and shoulders hidden in enormous top hats, with their breasts made up as eyes topped by bushy eyebrows, with long rubber noses stretched from cleavage to pupik and huge goatees around their. . . . Well, it sounds sexist and awful on paper. You had to be there.

Lola tells me I have to see the main show at the Stardust but that it's always sold out and almost impossible to get tickets. "If you have any juice," she says, "now is the time to use it." Juice, I have learned, is a peculiarly Las Vegas word meaning pull or influence. I tell her I'll see what I can do.

The next evening at the Ah So bar at Caesars Palace, I pick up the phone and ask the operator to connect me with the Stardust. I ask the next operator to put me through to the manager, and when he answers I go into my spiel—well modulated, seemingly assured, carefully rehearsed. It is the Hi-my-name-is-Dan-Greenburg-and-I'm-doing-a-story-on-Las-Vegas-for-PLAYBOY number, following which I say I have tried unsuccessfully to get tickets to the dinner show at the Stardust and was sure he would be able to help me. The manager seems confused. Then I learn that the reason he is confused is that the Nazi operator at Caesars Palace has put me in touch not with the manager of the Stardust but with the manager of Caesars Palace—none other than the unimpressible Jerry Gordon of Alan King–introduction and left-hand-grasping-signaling fame. I hang up and cower under the bar for a moment. I chugalug two quarts of an exotic Japanese fruit-and-rum-with-flowers drink. And then I try again with the operator. I speak to her quite sternly now, indicating that I am on to her plot to humiliate me and will brook no further nonsense. I persuade

"I'll be a little late, dear. I have a tough client on my hands who is holding out for more money!"

her to stay on the line until I am personally speaking to the right manager of the right hotel. She is cowed by my new mastery of the situation and in scarcely 20 minutes more I am speaking to the manager of the Stardust. I give him the PLAYBOY-writer number and he smoothly tells me that he is terribly sorry, they're all sold out, have been for months; *perhaps* if I'd stop by sometime in June——

I cut short this nonsense with my juice. I tell him that such and such a person, who I happen to know is on the Stardust Hotel's board of directors and whose nickname I have just dropped, although I only met the man for 20 seconds the day before, is going to be *terribly* surprised, since he *personally* assured me I would have a ringside table any time I wanted one. The Stardust manager is no fool. "I see we have one table left," he says immediately, and I hang up with a smug and, it turns out, wholly inappropriate smile.

Lola and I arrive at the Stardust, stroll past a block-long line of tourists who have been waiting there a minimum of 48 hours and make our way up to the monkey-suited gent at the velvet rope. I say in my suavest voice that the nicknamed board-of-directors man has made a reservation in my name, which is an outrageous lie, and he smiles and bows and lets us through the velvet rope. The headwaiter to whom he has given us over, however, has not been properly briefed, because he leads us past hundreds of perfectly decent tables to one that is roughly a foot from the parking lot. I rather imperiously advise him that Old Nickname has made a reservation in my name and urge him to check his little book. He checks but finds no reservation. He tells me that, in point of fact, he does not remember ever having heard either my name, the name of my magazine nor any of the several aliases of the board-of-directors chap. Lola whispers to me that five bucks ought to be enough. I reach into my pocket, pull out a roll of bills and, with what I hope is an insultingly ostentatious gesture, whip off a five, snarling as I do so: "Perhaps *this* will refresh your memory."

Alas, I am new to this game and its rhythms. The five-dollar bill rips in two and I am stuck offering half a bill to the bemused headwaiter. It is a terrible moment. It would be a terrible moment even if I had had the presence of mind to quip, "OK, now you meet me ten years from tonight on this very spot and we will fit our two halves back together again." The headwaiter is fortunately not a bloodthirsty man and doesn't let me bleed much longer than I absolutely deserve before pocketing both halves of my five and showing us to a considerably better table. Lola doesn't think much of this table either, but I sense that I am no longer the influential person I used to be and I tell her to shut up. We sit. I become violently homesick for New York, where I am a fellow who knows his way around tough Brooklyn cabdrivers and snotty French sommeliers and where I am not normally found with my fly open in public places.

I wonder aloud if the headwaiter would have been impressed with my five-dollar tip if I had been able to deliver it to him in one piece. "Oh, I doubt it," says my companion. "Once this Texas oilman took me to see Elvis Presley—he slipped the headwaiter a hundred-dollar bill and we only got a little table in the balcony."

The show in the main showroom of the Stardust is as dazzling in its way as was the one in the lounge. In one scene, an ice rink appears and two skaters do a seminude ice ballet; in an Oriental scene, the ice rink is replaced by a huge, sunken, mirrored mountain pool with people swimming around inside it, with waterfalls plashing behind it, while in the background a display of fireworks depicts the eruption of Mount Fuji; in a medieval English scene, two knights in armor riding live horses joust with swords and battle-axes and real doves fly overhead at the end. There is a prison scene, the climax of which involves a prison break of about three dozen female prisoners, and two helicopters appear on a track over our heads with flashing red lights, cops firing tommy guns, and I am too overpowered to know what else.

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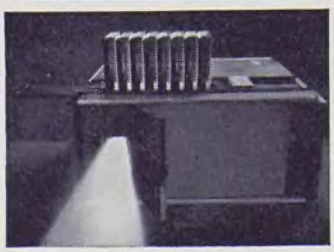

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this?" I whisper to Lola in awe.

"Yeah, Frederic Apcar did it three years ago at the Dunes, and so did Donn Arden, and Barry Ashton, and a lot of other guys. It's a fairly common number."

We go next to the Dunes, where a friend of Lola's with much juice comps us to the show. The Dunes' show has no helicopters or pool or ice rink, but it does have a fleet of bare-breasted showgirls driving incredibly loud motorcycles through the audience onto the stage and it does have three wild men from Argentina who do a terrifying act with bolos and it does have four Gauchos on live horses galloping toward the audience on a treadmill surrounded by clouds of dry-ice-produced dust, and it even has an incongruous salute to Israel that features spirited singing of *Hava Nagila* and film clips from World War Two newsreels that, on opening night I am told, included footage from Nazi death camps—the point of which escapes me, but it must have seemed like a good idea to *someone* at the time.

• • •

Shortly before arriving here, I happened to read somewhere that Raquel Welch has an act in Vegas, at the climax of which she whips open her gown and gives the audience a fast flash of Everything. I ask a showgirl named Myrna about Raquel's flash.

"She opens up her dress and then closes it again," says Myrna. "Big deal. I thought it was really tacky. Plus she was wearing a G string and *pasties*. In Vegas that's a real cop-out. It makes nudity look cheap, which it isn't. Stagenudity-wise, I didn't think she was at all effective."

We are driving down the Strip in a car I have rented and we pass the Flamingo, onetime hangout of Bugsy Siegel. "Hey," says Myrna, "did you hear they discovered a safe in the floor of Bugsy Siegel's old office?"

"Yeah," I say, "I read about that—they spent six hours getting it open and then it turned out to be completely empty."

Myrna laughs. "Oh, is that what you read, that it was empty?" she says.

The Mafia in Las Vegas, which seems to be composed mostly of Jewish gents in their mid-60s, is very definitely on the way out. It is being eased out by giant corporations like Hughes, which now owns five of the major hotels, and like Hilton, which owns a couple more. Everybody I have talked to, including Myrna, is sorry to see the Mafia go.

"The Mafia didn't insist that anything but the casinos make a profit," she explains. "The giant corporations insist that every part of the hotel make a profit—the guest rooms, the restaurants, the showroom, the lounge, whatever—and if it doesn't, they scrap it. When the Mafia ran this town and a gambler lost his whole roll, he always knew he had a free bed and meals and whatever shows he wanted to see as long as he stayed here, and then he had a free plane ticket home. A couple weeks ago, I was with a man at the crap tables who'd just dropped $10,000—he asked the pit boss for a cigarette and the pit boss directed him to the *cigarette machine*. That never could have happened in a Mafia casino, and that's why the high rollers aren't coming to Vegas anymore.

"I wish there were more Mafia people here now," she says. "God bless 'em, they were a pleasure to do business with. I call them the Good People. You never needed a signed contract with them, just a handshake. You did your job and they did theirs. And if you didn't do your job, they were always fair about it. Let's say a dealer is caught stealing from the house, OK? So what do they do? They take him out and they break both his hands. Now, isn't that fair? He can't steal anymore, right? He was a bad boy and he got his hands broken. This legal-recourse stuff is bullshit. A couple months ago, a Maf attorney gets into his car, turns on the ignition and the whole thing blows to pieces. There was nothing left of the car or the attorney. A very professional job and they never found out who did it. So that's one less member of the Good People here and that's a shame. Since the Mafia lost control here, the crime rate has really risen—muggings, robberies, rapes—all kinds of urban crime. This was a clean town when the Mafia was running it. They were really super. They treated us like princesses."

• • •

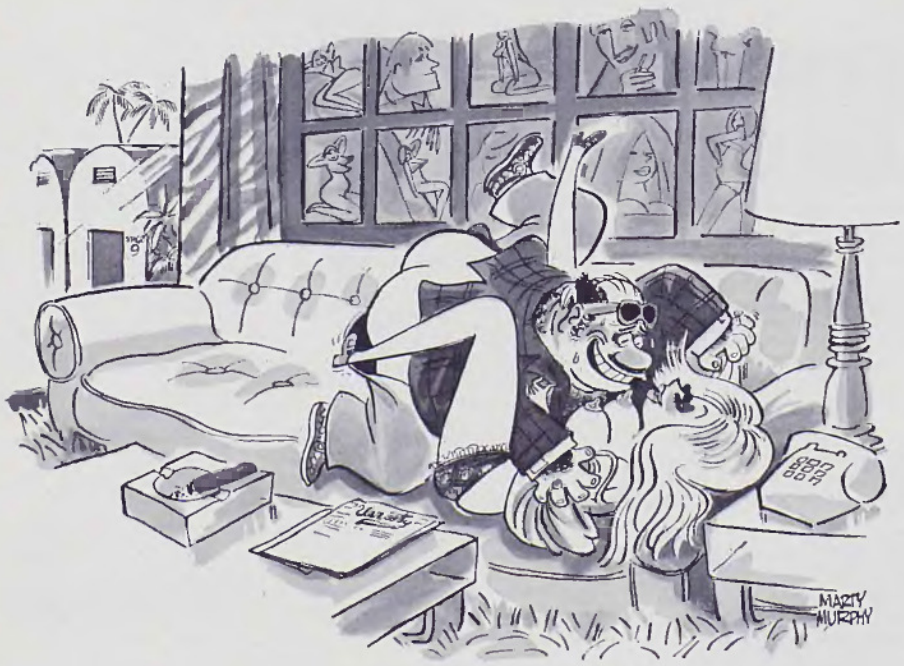
"I just couldn't believe when I first came here that men would hand you a hundred dollars just for standing next to them looking beautiful while they gambled," says my tall friend Janet. "There was this one Texan who was trying to hustle me, but I wouldn't ever go out with him, because I'd heard he liked to lock girls up in his room. One night I got to the showroom and there was this security guard waiting for me with a bouquet of a dozen white roses. I didn't know what the security guard was doing there till I looked closely at the roses: Wrapped around each one of the stems was a new hundred-dollar bill. It was from this Texan—twelve hundred-dollar bills! I still wouldn't go out with him, though."

"Did you give the money back?" I ask.

"Well," she says, "I sort of offered to, but he said, 'Oh, I lose that much on the tables every night anyway,' so I kept it."

I ask some other showgirls about the gifts that men have given them. A tough little number named Stevie says: "This one guy I knew gave me a Mustang, a fox stole and a diamond ring. He was in the Maf, but I didn't know that at the time. I didn't even know he had any bread at all till he started laying this stuff on me. I mean, he wasn't even an old dried-up guy, he just felt he had to buy my company. I felt obligated to him and I don't dig that, so I went to bed with him and discharged my obligation." She looks at me coolly. "I don't really like men that much, if you want to know the truth."

"There was this one old dude who used to take about three of us to dinner every so often," says a showgirl named



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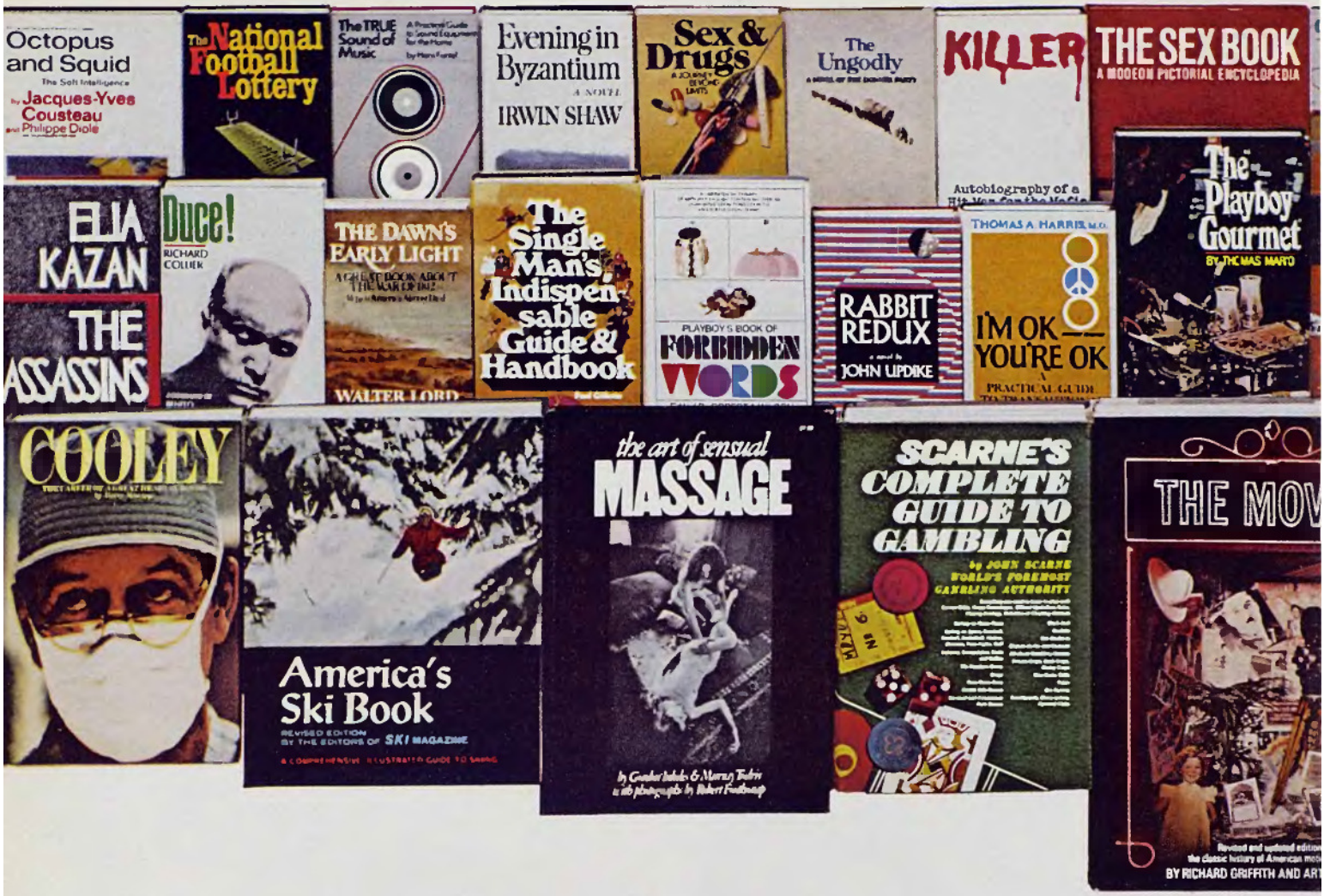

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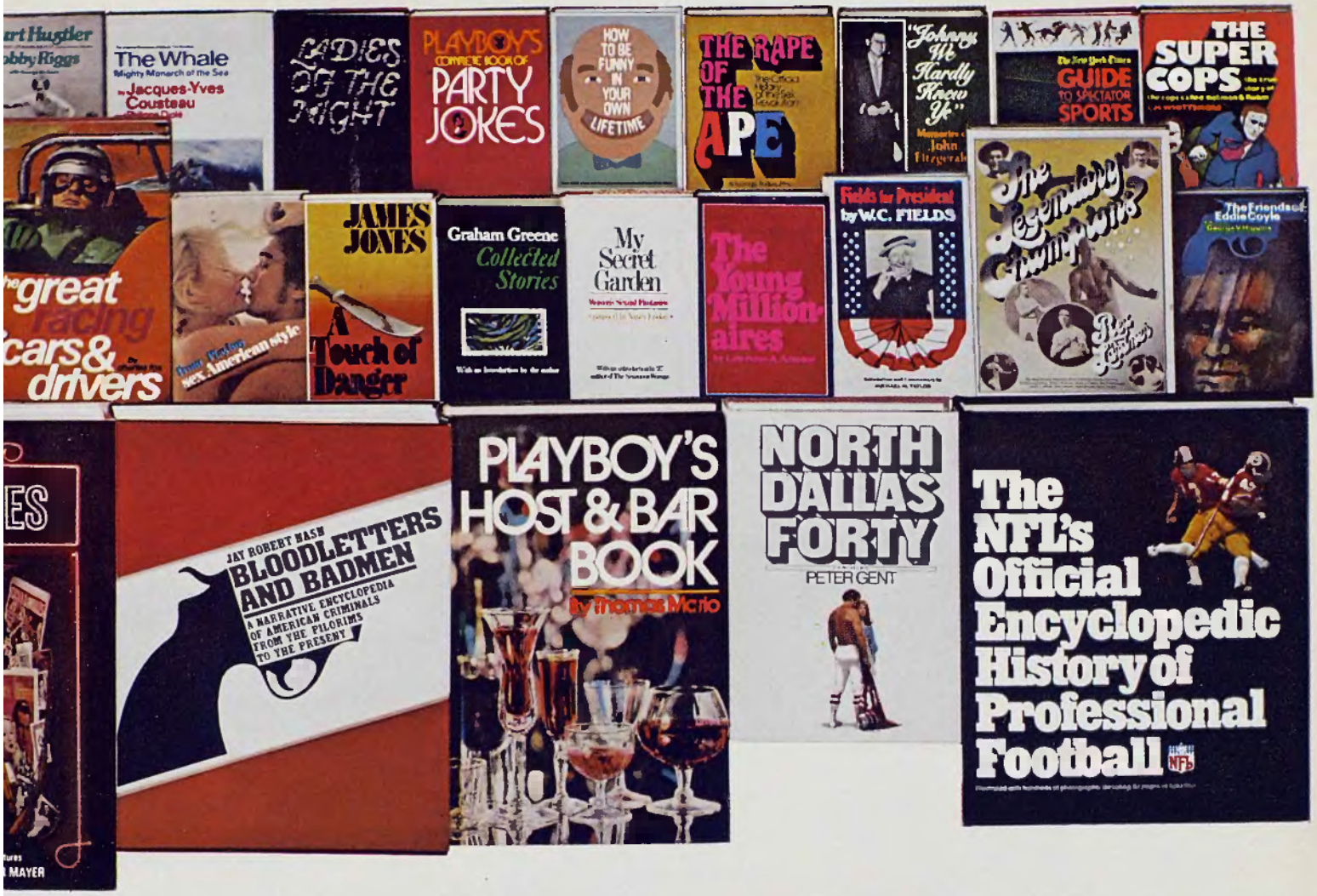

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Marcia. "And during dinner he'd slip each of us a hundred-dollar bill. We realized we were being paid just to eat with him, to make him look good. Which is a form of hooking, I guess."

"Are there showgirls who are hookers?" I ask.

"There are showgirls who hook on the side," says Marcia, "and there are secretaries who fuck for the rent, too. I've gotten a lot of gifts from men. I never scored a car or a house, though. One guy I knew gave me a strand of pearls once, but I don't know what it's worth. It's a triple strand, eight-and-a-half-millimeter, opera-length strand of pearls, but I have no idea of what it's worth. And this is from a man I never even made it with.

"I don't take money or gifts from men anymore," says Marcia. "I don't need to. I own three houses and I'm in pretty good shape financially. You know what I'd really love to do the next time some dude propositions me? Lay a hundred dollars on him and say, 'Here, go get yourself a hooker.' I think I might actually do that, as a matter of fact, just to see the look on his face."

Not many girls I talked to had ever really hooked. My friend Janet took one try at it, though, when her mother was dying of cancer and there was no money for cobalt treatments:

"This guy comes up to me after the show and offers me a hundred dollars to come up to his room," Janet recalls. "I figured, well, I go to bed with guys anyway—why not get paid for it and give the bread to mother? So I get up there and in the room are these five middle-aged rough-looking guys. One of them tells me to go into the bedroom. He has a huge potbelly and an old T-shirt and a big cigar—really disgusting. I go into the bathroom to change and all of a sudden I realize what I'm doing and I start to cry. I can't stop crying. Then the guy who'd asked me up there in the first place comes into the bathroom and says to me, 'Is this your first time?' I say, 'Yes, but I'll be OK in a minute.' He says, 'I don't think you will be,' and he asks me why I need the money and I tell him. The next thing I know, he's taken out this huge roll of bills, peeled off a hundred dollars, pressed it into my hand and is shuffling me out a side door. I say, 'What about all those guys in there?' He says, 'Don't worry, I'll get them someone else.' That guy turned out to be another casino boss. Every time I'd see him after that, he'd tease me about the night in his room—'How's your career in hooking going?' he'd say."

Prostitution is, you may be surprised to hear, legal in many parts of Nevada—but not in Las Vegas. No one seems to take this exception very seriously. I talk to a showgirl named Paula, who works at a place called Circus Circus, which happens to be my favorite place in Las Vegas, but more about that later.

I ask Paula if she's ever hooked.

"Sure," she says, "whenever I've needed the bread. But I never have anything to do with pimps. Pimps are very clever. They find out a girl's weakness and they play on that till they get control of you. I won't have anything to do with pimps. I'll dance with them, I mean, or I'll drink with them, and if I'm really in a wild mood I might go to bed with them, but I'll never be soft and cuddly in bed with them like I am with other men, and I'll never show them any weakness.

"I guess I'm kind of disappointed with most men," she says. "When you need them to be the strongest, they're the weakest, so then you have to become the strong one yourself. The younger men I go out with are really like toys."

"What do you mean?"

"I just know I can control them so easily. I think when I finally get married it'll be to an older guy. I'm really drawn to older guys. They're very gentle. And they take care of you. I'm going with an older guy now, a dealer, but it's not working out very well, so I've got another guy warming up in the bull pen. I used to think my luck with men was just a lot of bad breaks, but lately I see it's a pattern."

"Why do you think you have such a pattern?" I say, my closet psychoanalytic tendencies creeping out.

"Because," she says, "my Venus is in Sagittarius."

• • •

That men view showgirls as sexual objects is scarcely news. That showgirls view men the same way came as something of a surprise to me:

"All of us get very turned on looking at a man's body if he's got a good firm body and he's wearing nice tight clothes," says a nude dancer named Rochelle. "The male dancers in our show have fantastic bodies, and I know most of them are gay, but they still turn me on. Like, I'll grab Ron's or Alan's buns sometimes and they're firm and hard and I find myself wondering what his cock must be like. I love to look at a man and mentally undress him, right through all the layers of clothing. I used to get embarrassed talking that way—it was considered unladylike. But if men can talk that way about women, why can't women talk that way about men?

"It's not just showgirls who feel that way," says Rochelle. "You should see how the women in the audience look at our boy dancers. Nice straight little housewives from Akron and they're staring right at those guys' goodies. When somebody like Elvis or Tom Jones is in town, the women in the audience go wild. They throw their room keys up onstage to them and even their panties."

"Why do they do that?" I say.

"Because Elvis and Tom Jones are supposed to have very big cocks."

"I see," I say. "How do we know this?"

"Well, when we hear that some performer is a good lay, we see to it that one of us checks him out and reports back."

We then get into a very specific discussion about the sexual hang-ups of famous people that I wish I could tell you here, because it's the gamiest, most fascinating gossip you've ever heard in your life, but if I did, this would be PLAYBOY's last issue. What I *will* do is tell you one anecdote and say no more than that the fellow in this story is a famous TV personality you have seen a lot and that the girl who told me this story is a showgirl named Shari, who is known for, among a number of other intriguing qualities, her absolute bone-chilling truthfulness.

Let us tune in to our story shortly after Shari arrives at the TV star's apartment: He shows her a video-tape machine, turns it on, and what he plays back is not his latest TV show but an instant replay of the last lady he made love to. He explains that taping himself in the act is something of a hobby. He then switches the tape machine to RECORD and starts to work on Shari.

"He was very rough with me," says Shari. "He pulled me around the room by my hair—a lot of it came out. Then he screwed me in the ass, which I really could have done without. I tried to resist it—I cried and screamed and hollered a lot, but it didn't do any good." She pauses to think over the scene she's just described to me. "Actually," she says, "I think I might have been overacting a little bit at the time, because I knew I was oncamera."

• • •

"Showgirls are very direct," says a tall, good-looking stagehand named Burt. "It's like, having already shed their clothes, they've shed the first veil of intimacy or whatever. The first showgirl I ever met came up to me backstage and said, 'Do you think I have a nice ass?' I damn near fell off my chair. I said sure. So then she said, 'You know, I'll bet you have a great big cock.' I've had a showgirl see me from behind only, see that I'm tall and blond and have long hair, and say to somebody, 'I want him.' That's just the way they are, very direct.

"You know," says Burt, "after a while, you get sort of tired looking at all the nudes. It's like looking at your dog. I find myself ignoring the nudes now and trying to sneak peeks at the dancers while they're dressing."

Burt tells me about a showgirl he used to go with who had two pet boa constrictors. "Sheilah really dug snakes," he says.

"Sexually, you mean?"

"That, too. She also dug putting a snake in bed with you while you were making love to her, at which point *I* dug getting out of bed and going home."

A showgirl named Laura overhears this story and adds a wrinkle of her own. "Sheilah and I bought our snakes together," she says, "only at the time she told me they were worms. When I found

"Well done, Simpson. You may retire."

"Do you realize that we've been living together for almost a year and I've never seen your ears?"

out they were boa constrictors, I got rid of mine. Sheilah's are about fifteen feet long now."

I never got around to asking how it was that Sheilah convinced her to buy the snakes in the first place, even under the pretense that they were worms, but I don't think that if I had, the answer would have clarified matters much.

• • •

Now I will tell you about Circus Circus, which, as I said before, is my favorite place in Las Vegas. Circus Circus is a relatively new hotel, the casino of which could comfortably hold Madison Square Garden. Covering the floor of the gargantuan round room is a thick undergrowth of slot machines and gaming tables. Along the perimeter of the casino is a heady array of carnival activities, including shooting galleries, bumper cars, Skee-ball and basketball shooting games, stands selling carnival eats such as hot dogs and cotton candy and ice cream in a host of unnatural flavors, an oyster bed with a Japanese pearl diver who will swim down and trap you an oyster guaranteed to contain a pearl, and a device called the Bunny Bank that holds two live, unhappy-looking rabbits in a cage made up as a miniature bank office that will, upon insertion of a dollar bill into the device, pull a lever that wins you one of eight terrific prizes. "Oh, goody," says a tall fat man, looking at the prize a bunny has just selected for him. "A tiny change purse—just what I needed."

Up above the casino, high in the air, unwatched by the folks playing slots or craps or carny games, is an almost continuous succession of trapeze and high-wire acts. Were an aerialist to miss the bar and plunge to his death, only he and the person he landed on would ever know about it. Everybody else would be too busy gambling.

Alternating with the high-wire acts are other circus attractions on various rings scattered around the upper levels of the casino. As I enter tonight, a troupe of Mexican acrobats called The Palacios is just finishing its unwatched act. The eight-year-old Palacio boy completes two and a half somersaults in the air between trapezes while blindfolded. The gamblers below him have seen as much of this as he has. The Palacios take perfunctory little bows to their nonaudience and trot swiftly off to their dressing rooms, doubtlessly thinking bitter south-of-the-border thoughts about their big break in the land of the gringos, where nobody even watches them except the performer that follows—Tanya the Baby Elephant.

Ranged around the casino at ring level are a number of gift shops catering to the novelty seeker. There is, for example, an item for sale known as "My Yiddeshe Keychain," which turns out to be a key ring with a rectangular piece of plastic attached to it on which is inscribed your choice of the following: "schmuck . . . clutz . . . *momser* . . . yenta . . . fresser . . . gonif . . . shtunk." As I stand there scribbling notes, a security guard materializes in front of me wearing a cartridge belt, a service revolver and a little badge on his chest reading, CALL ME BARNEY. Here is the peppy menace that epitomizes Las Vegas to me: a loaded pistol and a jolly how-de-do.

The guard demands to know what I am doing taking notes, but I am by now weary of being pushed around by hotel managers and switchboard operators and desk clerks and headwaiters and I decide not to tell him. A man can be pushed only so far.

"What could I be doing that's illegal?" I say.

"I don't know," he says. "You could be a competitor taking down our prices."

"That's illegal?" I say.

"I don't know," he says. "I'd have to check the books."

"Swell," I say, "you do that," and resume my note-taking.

Suddenly, hand drops to butt of gun: It's no more Mr. Nice Guy.

"OK, fella," he says, "you tell me right now what you're doing or there's going to be trouble."

I decide to tell him. A man can be pushed farther than he thought. "I'm taking notes for an article on Vegas for PLAYBOY magazine," I say.

"Let's see your identification," he says.

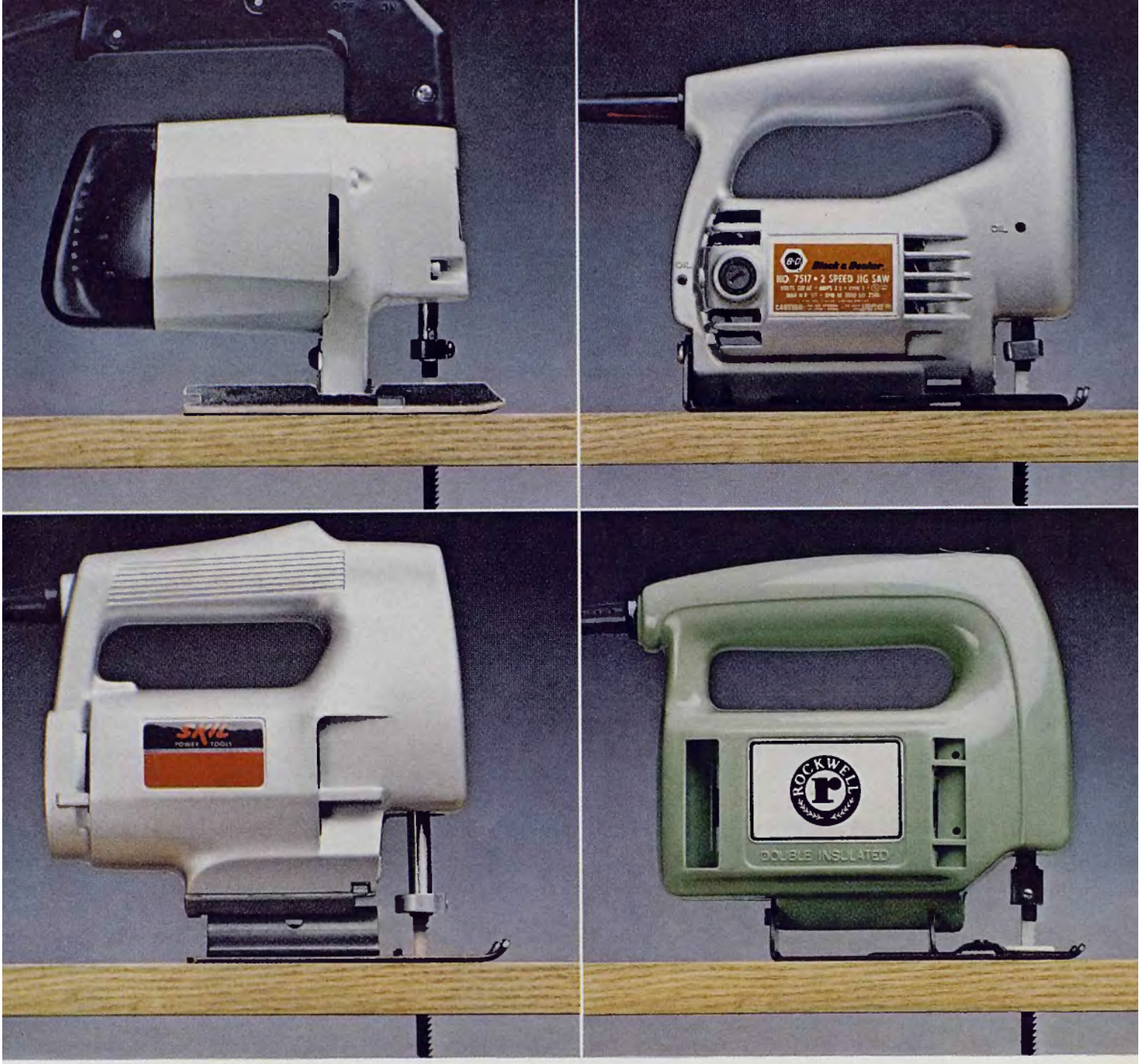
"My *identification*! I don't *have* any identification. Why the hell do I need identification to take notes?"

Finger unsnaps leather strap on holster, hand closes around handle of gun.

"Look," I say, "look. OK. You want to see identification. OK. I don't have a PLAYBOY press card yet—they said they were sending one to my hotel, but it hasn't come yet. I do have one from *Life*, though. Remember *Life* magazine? The one with the pictures? That went out of business?" I am babbling now as I shakily sift through the three dozen or so cards that together make up my identity. I whip out a card and hand it to him. It turns out to be my Chemical Bank Courtesy Card. I apologize and finally find my old *Life* press card and press it into his hand—the unarmed one. He squints at the picture on the card, then at my face, then back at the card. He decides I'm legit and a big grin breaks across his face.

"You from New York?" he says. "*I* used to live in New York. But then I come to Vegas. Helluva town, Vegas, I'm not kidding ya."

The crisis is over. I have a new best friend. I chat with him about old times



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in the Big Apple, I ponder going hunting and drinking and bowling with him, I finally bid him a bittersweet farewell and amble on out of the gift shop.

Next door is another shop featuring novelty items: key chains with adorable little pink polyethylene penises, fake credit cards reading, INTERCOURSE CLUB . . . NO FEES, NO DUES, JUST COME . . . BEN DOVER, PRESIDENT, and bumper stickers that say, MAFIA STAFF CAR, KEEPA YOU HANDS OFF! I love having Mafia joke items on sale in a town that is still at least partly Mafia run. I resume my note-taking and a clerk appears to ask what I am doing. I am through playing games. I tell him. I have another intimate friend.

"Have you seen the Talking Toilet?" he says. I say no and he proudly produces a device that you can hook up to your commode and that, when activated by the weight of someone sitting down on the toilet seat, triggers a recorded voice that says: "Hey, I'm *working* down here!"

"Vegas," says the clerk with a happy sigh, "is my kind of town."

"How's that?" I say.

"Everybody here is a weirdo," he says.

• • •

"You saw Tanya the Baby Elephant?" squeals a showgirl named Priscilla. "I used to be in a *show* with her."

I tell Priscilla that Tanya seems to be well, if not altogether tickled with the audiences at Circus Circus. We are chatting at the Ah So bar, which has become a sort of home away from home, and I am sipping rum-and-fruit drinks and nibbling the flowers that float around inside them. For some reason, we happen to be talking about birds.

"You know," says Priscilla, "when you're a nude, you have to shave around your bird so your pubic hair doesn't show around the edges of your G string. Some girls just shave the sides of their birds—Mohawks, I call them. Some girls shave off the whole thing. Angelique used to shave hers in the shape of a heart. One night between shows we were bored, so we had a bird contest. To see who had the prettiest bird."

"Who won?" I say.

"Vivian. We all thought she had the prettiest one."

"How come?"

"Oh, hers was blonde and ours were just brown or red."

I swing the subject back to G strings and find out that they are not bought in stores, that the wardrobe women backstage make them up for each of the girls, that some G strings have little pockets in the crotch, where you can keep your money while you're onstage—there are no lockers in the dressing rooms.

"I think a patch is a lot sexier than a G string," says Priscilla, "because when you're wearing a patch and your back is to the audience, it looks like you're completely nude. They started wearing patches in Europe, but I was one of the first girls here to wear a patch instead of a G string. When I first started wearing them, I used to break out in these terrible rashes. See, the edges of the patch are adhesive—it's actually toupee tape that holds it in place—then you put the patch over your bird and it sticks. If the tape isn't sticky enough, you hang the patch over one of the bulbs of your dressing-room mirror. Then when you put it on, it sticks better, plus which it's all warm and sensual. It's hell getting that adhesive off, though. It's all sticky. It can really ruin your sex life.

"Sometimes maintenance men take our patches or our G strings. We found one guy who'd swiped a G string and was just sitting there, sniffing it. Mae West once had a life-size cardboard cutout of herself backstage that she used in her act. It disappeared and they found a maintenance man with it in the basement. He'd cut a hole in the appropriate place and was fucking it. Once we found a workman backstage dressed in just a G string and a big feathered hat. He was standing in front of a mirror, putting pasties on his hairy old chest."

During the day, Priscilla looks a lot different than she does at night. She works in a real-estate office and dresses in demure little suits. She wears no makeup and not even one of the several pairs of false eyelashes she owns. In place of her electric-blue contact lenses, she wears horn-rimmed glasses. A suit and glasses—Great Hera! Shades of Wonder Woman!

Priscilla has earned enough money between real-estate and showgirl jobs to buy herself a $28,000 house, which is impressive even after I learn that all she had to put down on it was $1400. She'd managed to keep her nighttime identity a secret from everybody at the office for quite some time, but then her boss found out and came to her show with a bunch of his cronies. They sat at a ringside table, got drunk and loud and awful. Priscilla decided to teach her boss a lesson. In this show there was a French singer whose routine included going down into the audience, dragging some innocuous-looking gentleman back onstage with her and making an ass of him. Priscilla pointed her boss out to the singer, who promptly got him up onstage and proceeded to make such an ass of him that the next day he left town and never came back.

I find the story a little chilling. I find the destruction of the gentleman onstage sadistic, though wholly justifiable. I find the French girl's routine in general (it is a fairly common routine in Vegas shows, by the way) just as chilling, just as sadistic, just as justifiable. Because that type of routine is one of the few ways that showgirls are able to get back at the men who daily paw and grope and condescend to them—that routine and, of course, systematically relieving these men of an endless stream of $100 bills, fox stoles, diamond rings, opera-length pearls, Mustangs, town houses and what have you.

I was not surprised, really, to have learned that girls so adept at stripping men of money and expensive gifts should themselves be so vulnerable to the dealers and stagehands and other men who, in turn, drain these girls of their very salaries. Tit for tat, you might say. Scratch a sadist and find a masochist, you might say. And, of course, there is nobody quite so gullible as a con man, since con men and con women naïvely think that their own particular kind of cunning is the only brand in town.

Las Vegas is, I think, an intensification and a parody of the war between the sexes that has been going on with growing passion throughout the country. Las Vegas is also a study of people who are deprived of things such as conventional family constellations, who substitute Mafia bosses for fathers, showgirls for daughters and lovers of their own sex when none of the opposite sex seem suitable or trustable. If one's world is short of appropriate folks to play the necessary roles in life, one remakes that world with what's available. And it's not too surprising that, having done so, one's sense of reality blurs and shifts like the focus in an Antonioni movie, and sometimes it's hard to tell what actually is and what only seems to be.

I found it fascinating to keep interviewing the same showgirls on the same stories on different days, to see how the facts had a way of changing. I honestly don't think they were trying, in most cases, to be deceptive or to sweeten up the stories for dramatic effect—the newer versions of the stories were no better or worse than the old ones, only different. I honestly think that the teller in each case simply never knew which slipping, sliding version of the facts was real.

The time I have spent in Las Vegas has been much like the time I have spent in dreams—always more frightening, more ecstatic, more grotesque, more compelling than the waking world has ever been. And showgirls—who are the most attractive, calculating, vulnerable, poignant, sophisticated, naïve women I have ever met—are the perfect citizens of that twilight world.

Toward the end of my stay, I was talking to Ellie again and somehow we drifted into the subject of suicide. Ellie admitted that she had contemplated suicide several times, which surprised me, since she seemed about the smartest and the most successful and the most together showgirl I had met there.

"I would never commit suicide," said Ellie after thinking it over carefully for several moments. "My mother would make such a mess out of my financial affairs after I was dead that it just wouldn't be worth it."

Gahan
Wilson

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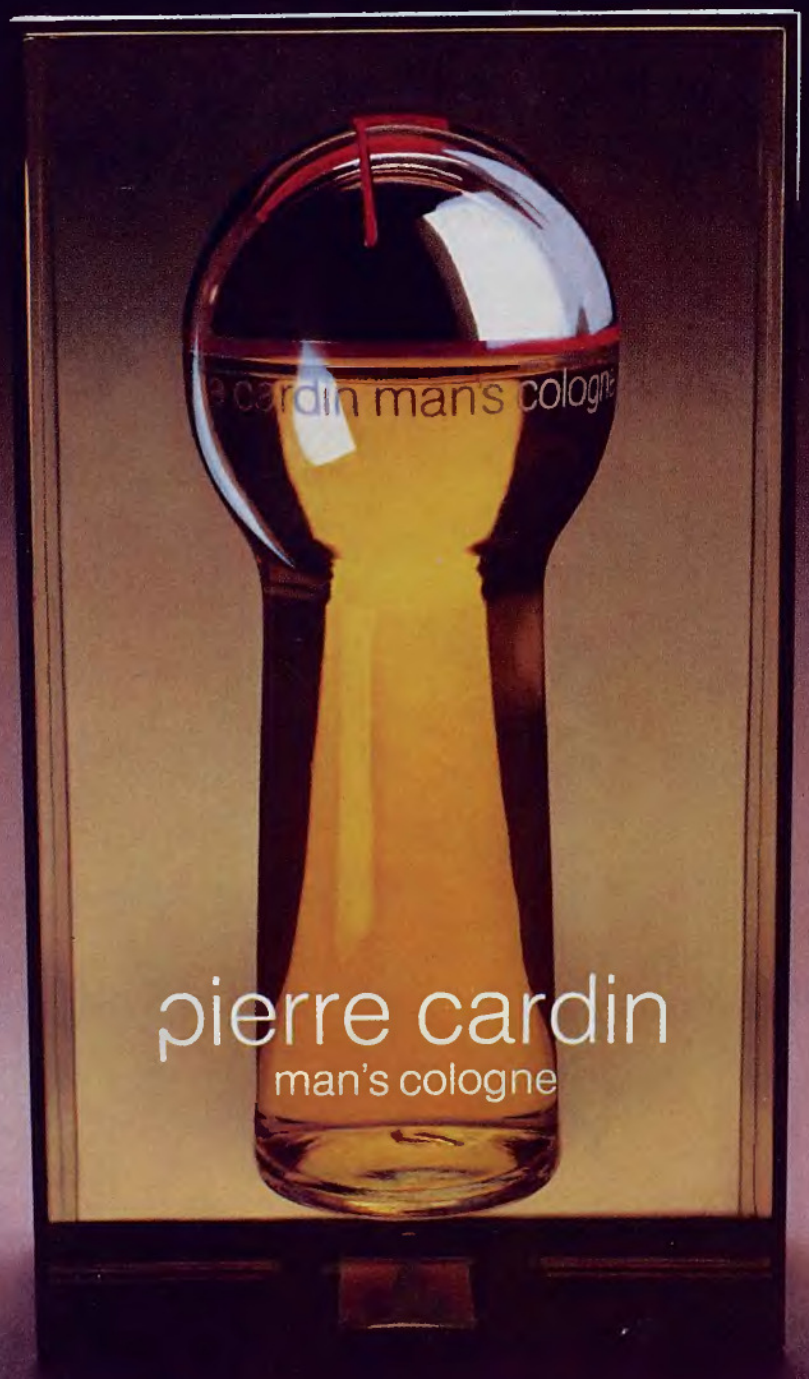

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TYRANNY OF WEAKNESS *(continued from page 160)*

but most of his readership will have voted for McGovern.

There is nothing surprising about this, nor deplorable. The press, by reason of its twofold direction (looking to the sphere of words and thought on one hand, and to the public it must serve on the other), acts as a bridge between the populace and the establishment, the electorate and the educators. That is why Cronkite, even though he is elected in the sense that he gets favorable viewer response in a competitive industry, stands a little to the left of the man we elected President. Agnew quite rightly suspects that Cronkite and his peers are consorting with the literary folk and with professors. But far from being divisive, as Buchanan argues, this keeps various parts of the nation in touch with one another—minorities with other minorities and with the majority. Maybe the people listen only to Nixon and the professors only to McGovern; but both listen, at least part of the time, to Cronkite—who therefore fulfills the abrogated Nixon promise to "bring us together." The press complements, rather than parroting, polls and election returns. It stands slightly apart, commenting. Without it, the electorate and the elite would have little if any contact with each other—and that is what Buchanan really wants. He condemns the press not for dividing but for uniting.

The Nixonian's hatred of the elite is magnified because he is not really at home with sneers at the pointyheads. Nixon, if anything, is more relaxed among the old Populists' real enemies—with millionaire entrepreneurs like Bebe Rebozo and Robert Abplanalp, like C. Arnoldholt Smith or W. Clement Stone. Nixon would be awkward company in taverns. The oddity of his claim to be the people's kind of man is summed up in the fact that Agnew was trotted before us as a hoity-toity Harry Truman in tennis outfit and John Held, Jr., hairdo, camping out in the debris of the Rat Pack. Nixon's band of fearful little men, most of them disaffected intellectuals themselves, lacks the earthy disdain, the visceral sincerity that other politicians, at home in crowds and with common people, exude without an effort. Nixon must make up for that easy identification with the people by obsession with the one thing that links him to them—the common enemy, those intellectuals he envies as well as contemns. To remain the fake Populist he is, he must reject the more congenial type he might have been—the type he heaped ridicule on when it came before him as an Adlai or an Acheson, trying to cut them all down to the measure of Hiss, and just diminishing himself in the process. It is this self-maiming for which, in Nixon's eyes, the world still has something coming to it.

So every Democratic opponent, from Muskie to McGovern, had to be cast as an Ellsberg, while Ellsberg was being typed as a Hiss. The Senators running for President were "consciously aiding and abetting the enemy," Haldeman claimed as the election year began. It has been especially important for Nixon, from the day of his own election in 1968, to make people realize that Edward Kennedy is the elite's spoiled favorite. It was for a long time dogma in the White House that Teddy would be the opponent in 1972. The whole re-election race was shaped as a vendetta for the Kennedy defeat of Nixon in 1960. A dossier on the Massachusetts Senator was early begun and devoutly maintained. Kevin Phillips was already thinking ahead to the Kennedy race as he helped with the Humphrey one. Even after Chappaquiddick, Teddy haunted the White House. Mitchell held strategy sessions on ways to get Teddy savaged (though not defeated) in his re-election race for Senator. He wanted a hard right-winger to take the Republican nomination, one who would not be finicky about snide side references to the accident. (Colson, who was becoming the White House Kennedy expert, put up Al Capp's name for the job—at the height of Capp's frenzy against "long-hairs," and before his own legal troubles with a young girl began.)

Kennedy's misfortunes, instead of placating the Nixon forces (as removing him from competition), just seemed to inflame them more. He could get away with things denied to Nixon (who lamented, while Bobby was still in the 1968 race, "Oh, hell, why does Bobby get to be so mean, and why do I have to be so nice?"). Teddy acts like a spoiled child, yet remains the darling of the establishment, given undeserved help along the way, a flunk-out with professors at his beck and call, the campus cutup and admired subtle tyrant, bullying with charm—a very Steerforth in the world where Uriah Heep must climb by obsequious skill, watching charismatic bunglers get all the praise. Teddy is every Alger Hiss who ever blocked Nixon's rise, making him climb by self-abasement. Heep lives at the contradiction point in a society that admits invisible distinctions while crowing its belief in competition. He is not understandable except in conjunction with Steerforth, he of the easy destructive charm. Heep, that is, cannot be understood until he can almost be excused. He is the spokesman of competitive merit in a world that honors it only in theory, one cheated by the system unless he cheats; speaking for the open race yet wronged by it and needing revenge upon it, even though—by being false to its own principles—he seems to vindicate it.

It was not enough for these people that the academy itself had begun to turn on Camelot and was documenting just how wrong elites can be. Colson still had to help float a forged document that would damage President Kennedy (and the country) retrospectively. The nation had to be protected from its own infatuation with the Kennedys, who were disconcertingly popular as well as "established"—Bobby fit into neighborhood taverns surprisingly well. So E. Howard Hunt was sent to Chappaquiddick and Anthony Ulasewicz was given license to Don Giovanni all Mary Jo's friends seriatim, to work up horror by traducing her name posthumously, all in the cause of family sanctity and Ehrlichman pieties about the Washington cocktail culture. Haldeman suggested a 24-hour watch on Kennedy. His friends and acquaintances were spied on, his travels clocked. If he had gone to a psychiatrist, no doubt the doctor would have been burglarized. And there is the point: The operation created to bring down Kennedy careened on against lesser fry like Ellsberg and McGovern, long after there was any need of such pious treachery. Teddy was the symbol of all that had to be smashed; the methods used elsewhere were first legitimized against him.

The Watergate ethos, expressed in overlapping theories of grievance, was irreversible, despite the demise of Kennedy and the ease of the campaign against McGovern. What was being asserted was the vileness of the elite; and that is a continuing symbolic and philosophical issue, not just a matter of winning one campaign. The organizing energies of this effort moved in concurrent waves, reaching successive crests. There was the Mitchell movement, a brute affront to the establishment, meant to capture Wallace votes—a self-assurance quite at home with mediocrity, reaching its appropriate climax in the Carswell-Haynsworth nominations, Mitchell's Sequoia cruise with Nixon and the subsequent Presidential tantrum over snobs who hate all Southerners. There was the Haldeman-Ehrlichman war on demonstrators that reached a peak in the raid on Ellsberg's doctor and the strident 1970 campaign. And there was, finally, the scramble of Nixonites to outdo one another in undoing all Democratic candidates for 1972, a scramble from which Colson emerged as, briefly, supreme. While Mitchell was being shunted off to C.R.E.E.P., and Haldeman worried out through Porter and Strachan and Magruder over keeping him in his place there, Colson had Nixon's ear more and more at the Executive Office Building, speaking to him in mysteries—Colson's whole face narrowing and wrinkling out toward that whispering piranha-nibble of a grin. He had sat with Nixon on the night of disappointing election returns in 1970, after Nixon spoke publicly what he and Haldeman used to tell each other in private. The President did his own dirty

work in 1970. He would have to be more "Presidential"—i.e., devious—in 1972. The open scorn of Haldeman would give way to Colson's sneak attacks. (In 1970 one of the few bright spots was the way Colson sabotaged the Tydings race with a planted falsehood in *Life*.)

Colson, Nixon's latest Chotiner, gave him what he has always needed—not only a Haldeman protectiveness but the ability to kick at one remove, protected by anonymity (or—if not that—by "deniability"). If he cannot be mean like Bobby, he can be mild as a Uriah Heep, crawling for everyone to see and kicking only on the side away from the viewer. The crawling, as a thing imposed on him, justifies whatever kicks he can get in. It is important to remember one key passage in Nixon's *Six Crises*, which occurs just after the worst kind of grievance had been visited upon him as a touring Vice-President in Peru. A man who spat on him was instantly jumped by a Secret Service agent: "He grabbed him by the arm and whirled him out of my path, but as I saw his legs go by, I at least had the satisfaction of planting a healthy kick on his shins. Nothing I did all day made me feel better."

The important thing is not that Nixon kicked the man—few of us could resent that temptation, I guess. Nor is it important that he remembered it, or let it slip into his ghostwriter's account of this episode. What is significant is that Nixon gloats over this sneaky little secret kick, years later, and wants us to know he is still gloating. If others did not have the grace to regret that rather undignified and petty vindictiveness, they would be too embarrassed to cackle over it. But not Nixon. He needs his thugs, his delayed kick back at an abusive world—just as Heep, after crawling to the top, must reveal at last how he hid his kicking, all along, inside his crawl. It was foolish for anyone to expect repentance over Watergate in Nixon's speeches. In his eyes, the world has a Watergate or two still coming to it.

"'Sorry, but due to increased costs, I can no longer stop in jerkwater towns. Sincerely, Santa Claus.'"

MOST DANGEROUS BOOK

(continued from page 136)

> gods' [quoting *Psalm* 82]? If He [i.e., God] called those to whom He gave His word gods—and you can't contradict the Scriptures—how can you say of him whom the Father has sanctified and sent into the world, 'You blaspheme!' because I said, 'I am a son of God'?" [The original Greek says "a son," not "the son."]

In other words, the Gospel, or "good news," that Jesus was trying to convey, despite the limitations of his tradition, was that we are all sons of God. When he uses the terms I am (as in "Before Abraham was, I am") or Me (as in "No one comes to the Father but by Me"), he is intending to use them in the same way as Krishna in the *Bhagavad-Gita*:

> He who sees Me everywhere and sees all in Me: I am not lost to him, nor is he lost to Me. The yogi who, established in oneness, worships Me abiding in all beings lives in Me, whatever be his outward life.

And by this "Me" Krishna means the atman that is at once the basic self in us and in the universe. To know this is to enjoy eternal life, to discover that the fundamental "I am" feeling, which you confuse with your superficial ego, is the ultimate reality—forever and ever, amen.

In this essential respect, then, the Gospel has been obscured and muffled almost from the beginning. For Jesus was presumably trying to say that our consciousness is the divine spirit, "the light which enlightens every one who comes into the world," and which George Fox, founder of the Quakers, called the Inward Light. But the Church, still bound to the image of God as the King of kings, couldn't accept this Gospel. It adopted a religion *about* Jesus instead of the religion *of* Jesus. It kicked him upstairs and put him in the privileged and unique position of being the Boss's son, so that, having this unique advantage, his life and example became useless to everyone else. The individual Christian must not know that his own "I am" is the one that existed before Abraham. In this way, the Church institutionalized and made a virtue of feeling chronic guilt for not being as good as Jesus. It only widened the alienation, the colossal difference, that monotheism put between man and God.

When I try to explain this to Jesus freaks and other Bible bangers, they invariably reveal theological ignorance by saying, "But doesn't the Bible say that Jesus was the *only*-begotten son of God?" It doesn't. Not, at least, according to Catholic, Eastern Orthodox and Anglican interpretations. The phrase "only-begotten son" refers not to Jesus the man

but to the Second Person of the Trinity, God the Son, who is said to have become incarnate in the man Jesus. Nowhere does the Bible, or even the creeds of the Church, say that Jesus was the only incarnation of God the Son in all time and space. Furthermore, it is not generally known that God the Son is symbolized as both male and female, as Logos-Sophia, the Design and the Wisdom of God, based on the passage in *Proverbs* 7–9, where the Wisdom of God speaks as a woman.

"But then," they go on to argue, "doesn't the Bible say that there is no other name under heaven whereby men may be saved except the name of Jesus?" But what is the *name* of Jesus? J-E-S-U-S? Iesous? Aissa? Jehoshua? Or however else it may be pronounced? It is said that every prayer said in the name of Jesus will be granted, and obviously this doesn't mean that "Jesus" is a signature on a blank check. It means that prayers will be granted when made in the spirit of Jesus, and that spirit is, again, the Second Person of the Trinity, the eternal God the Son, who could just as well have been incarnate in Krishna, Buddha, Lao-tzu or Ramana Maharshi as in Jesus of Nazareth.

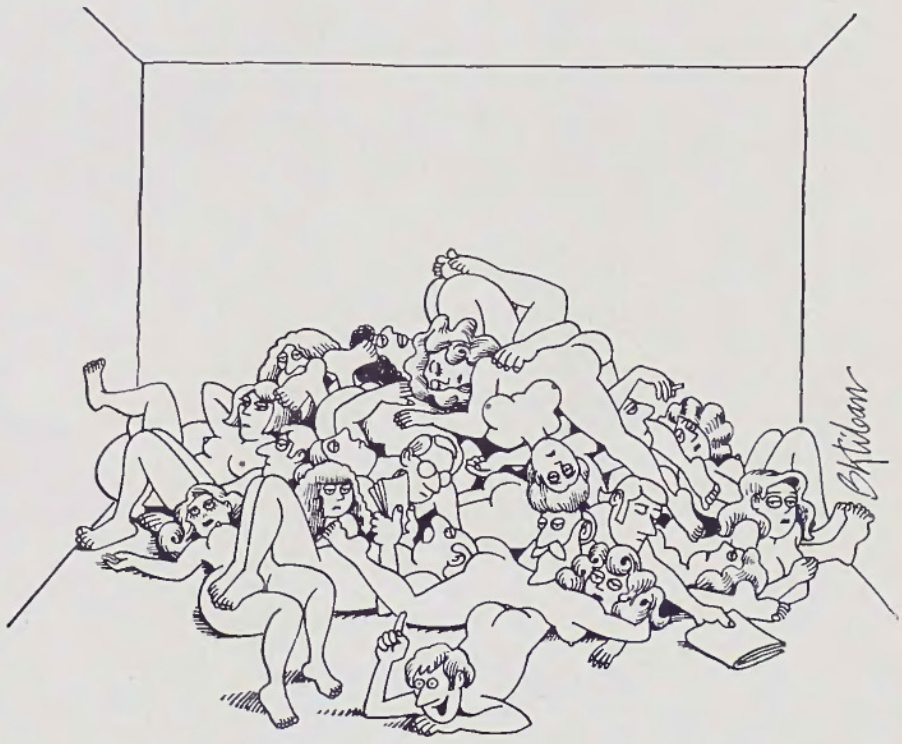
It is amazing what both the Bible and the Church are presumed to teach but don't teach. Listening to fundamentalists, one would suppose that if there are living beings on other planets in this or other galaxies, they must wait for salvation until missionaries from earth arrive on spaceships, bringing the Bible and baptism. But if "God so loves the world" and means it, He will surely send His son to wherever he is needed, and there is no difference in principle between a planet circling Alpha Centauri and peoples as remote from Palestine A.D. 30 as the Chinese or the Incas.

It should be understood that the expression "son of" means "of the nature of," as when we call someone a son of a bitch, and as when the Bible uses such phrases as "sons of Belial" (an alien god), or an Arab cusses someone out as *e-ben-i-el-homa*—"son of a donkey!" or simply "stupid!" Used in this way, "son of" has nothing to do with maleness or being younger than. Likewise, the Second Person of the Trinity, God the Son, the Logos-Sophia, refers to the basic pattern or design of the universe, ever emerging from the inconceivable mystery of the Father as the galaxies shine out of space. This is how the great philosophers of the Church have thought about the imagery of the Bible and as it appears to a modern student of the history and psychology of world religions. Call it intellectual snobbery if you will, but although the books of the Bible might have been "plain words for plain people" in the days of Isaiah and Jesus, an uneducated and uninformed person who reads them today, and takes them as the literal Word of God, will become a blind and confused bigot.

Let us look at this against the background of the fact that all monotheistic religions have been militant. Wherever God has been idolized as the King or Boss-Principle of the world, believers are agog to impose both their religion and their political rulership upon others. Fanatical believers in the Bible, the Koran and the Torah have fought one another for centuries without realizing that they belong to the same pestiferous club, that they have more in common than they have against one another and that there is simply no way of deciding which of their "unique" revelations of God's will is the true one. A committed believer in the Koran trots out the same arguments for his point of view as a Southern Baptist devotee of the Bible, and neither can listen to reason, because their whole sense of personal security and integrity depends absolutely upon pretending to follow an external authority. The very existence of this authority, as well as the sense of identity of its follower and true believer, requires an excluded class of infidels, heathens and sinners—people whom you can punish and bully so as to know that you are strong and alive. No argument, no reasoning, no contrary evidence can possibly reach the true believer, who, if he is somewhat sophisticated, justifies and even glorifies his invincible stupidity as a "leap of faith" or "sacrifice of the intellect." He quotes the Roman lawyer and theologian Tertullian—*Credo, quia absurdum est*, "I believe because it is absurd"—as if Tertullian had said something profound. Such people are, quite literally, idiots—originally a Greek word meaning an individual so isolated that you can't communicate with him.

Oddly enough, there are unbelievers who envy them, who wish that they could have the serenity and peace of mind that come from "knowing" beyond doubt that you have the true Word of God and are in the right. But this overlooks the fact that those who supposedly have this peace within themselves are outwardly obstreperous and violent, standing in dire need of converts and followers to convince themselves of their continuing validity—just as much as they need outsiders to punish.

Mindless belief in the literal truth of the Bible and furious zeal to spread the message lead to such widespread follies, in the American Bible Belt, as playing with poisonous snakes and drinking strychnine to prove the truth of *Mark* 16:18, where Jesus is reported to have said: "They [the faithful] shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them." As recently as April 1973, two men (one a pastor) in



"Hey, I know! Let's split into couples and go to separate rooms!"

Newport, Tennessee, died in convulsions from taking large amounts of strychnine before a congregation shouting, "Praise God! Praise God!" So they didn't have enough faith; but such barbarous congregations will go on trying these experiments again and again to test and prove their faith, not realizing that by Christian standards this is arrant spiritual pride. Meanwhile, the Government persecutes religious groups that use such relatively harmless herbs as peyote and marijuana for sacraments.

What is to be done about the existence of millions of such dangerous people in the world? Obviously, they must not be censored or suppressed by their own methods. Even though it is impossible to persuade or argue with them in a reasonable way, it is just possible that they can be wooed and enchanted by a more attractive style of religion, which will show them that their unbending "faith" in their Bibles is simply an inverse expression of doubt and terror—a frantic whistling in the dark.

There have been other images of God than the Father-Monarch: the cosmic Mother; the inmost Self (disguised as all living beings), as in Hinduism; the indefinable Tao, the flowing energy of the universe, as among the Chinese; or no image at all, as with the Buddhists, who are not strictly atheists but who feel that the ultimate reality cannot be pictured in any way—and, what is more, that *not* picturing it is a positive way of feeling it directly, beyond symbols and images. I have called this "atheism in the name of God"—a paradoxical and catchy phrase pointing out something missed by learned Protestant theologians who have been talking about "death of God" theology and "religionless Christianity," and asking what of the Gospel of Christ can be saved if life is nothing more than a trip from the maternity ward to the crematorium. It is weird how such sophisticated Biblical scholars must go on clinging to Jesus even when rejecting the basic principle of his teaching—the experience that he was God in the flesh, an experience he unknowingly shared with all the great mystics of the world.

Atheism in the name of God is an abandonment of all religious beliefs, including atheism, which in practice is the stubbornly held idea that the world is a mindless mechanism. Atheism in the name of God is giving up the attempt to make sense of the world in terms of any fixed idea or intellectual system. It is becoming again as a child and laying oneself open to reality as it is actually and directly felt, experiencing it without trying to categorize, identify or name it. This can be most easily begun by listening to the world with closed eyes, in the same way that one can listen to music without asking what it says or means. This is actually a turn-on—a state of consciousness in which the past and the future vanish (because they cannot be heard) and in which there is no audible difference between yourself and what you are hearing. There is simply universe, an always present happening in which there is no perceptible difference between self and other, or, as in breathing, between what you do and what happens to you. Without losing command of civilized behavior, you have temporarily "regressed" to what Freud called the oceanic feeling of the baby—the feeling that we all lost in learning to make distinctions, but that we should have retained as their necessary background, just as there must be empty white paper under this print—if you are to read it.

When you listen to the world in this way, you have begun to practice what Hindus and Buddhists call meditation—a re-entry to the real world, as distinct from the abstract world of words and ideas. If you find that you can't stop naming the various sounds and thinking in words, just listen to yourself doing that as another form of noise, a meaningless murmur like the sound of traffic. I won't argue for this experiment. Just try it and see what happens, because this is the basic act of faith—of being unreservedly open and vulnerable to what is true and real.

Certainly this is what Jesus himself must have had in mind in that famous passage in the Sermon on the Mount—upon which one will seldom hear anything from a pulpit: "Which of you by thinking can add a measure to his height? And why are you anxious about clothes? Look at the flowers of the field, how they grow. They neither labor nor spin; and yet I tell you that even Solomon in all his splendor was not arrayed like any one of them. So if God so clothes the wild grass which lives for today and tomorrow is burned, shall He not much more clothe you, faithless ones? . . . Don't be anxious for the future, for the future will take care of itself. Sufficient to the day are its troubles." Even the most devout Christians can't take this. They feel that such advice was all very well for Jesus, being the Boss's son, but this is no wisdom for us practical and lesser-born mortals.

You can, of course, take these words in their allegorical and spiritual sense, which is that you stop clinging in terror to a rigid system of ideas about what will happen to you after you die, or as to what, exactly, are the procedures of the court of heaven, whereby the world is supposedly governed. Curiously, both science and mysticism (which might be called religion as *experienced* rather than religion as *written*) are based on the experimental attitude of looking directly at *what is*, of attending to life itself instead of trying to glean it from a book. The scholastic theologians would not look through Galileo's telescope, and Billy Graham will not experiment with a psychedelic chemical or practice yoga. Two eminent historians of science, Joseph Needham and Lynn White, have pointed out the surprising fact that in both Europe and Asia, science arises from mysticism, because both the mystic and the scientist are types of people who want to know directly, for themselves, rather than to be told what to believe.

And in this sense they follow the advice of Jesus to become again "as children," to look at the world with open, clear and unprejudiced eyes, as if they had never seen it before. It is in this spirit that an astronomer must look at the sky and a yogi must attend to the immediately present moment, as when he concentrates on a prolonged sound. Years and years of book study may simply fossilize you in fixed habits of thought—so that any perceptive person will know in advance how you will react to any situation or idea. Imagining yourself reliable, you become merely predictable and, alas, boring. Most sermons are tedious. One knows in advance what the preacher is going to say, however dressed up in fancy language. Going strictly by the book, he will have no original ideas or experiences, for which reason both he and his followers become rigid and easily shocked personalities who cannot swing, wiggle, lilt or dance.

In this connection it should be noted that the blacks of the South swing and wiggle quite admirably, even in church—but this is because the preacher, starting from the Bible in deference to his white overlords, very soon reverts to the rhythms and incantations of some old-time African religion, and there is no knowing at all what *he* is going to say. This is perhaps one of the principal roots of conflict between whites and blacks in the American South—that the former go by the Book and the latter by the spirit, which, like the wind, as Jesus put it, blows where it wills, and you can't tell where it comes from or where it's going.

Thus, we reach the seeming paradox that you cannot at once idolize the Bible and embody the spirit of Jesus. He twitted the Pharisees as today he would twit the fundamentalists: "You search the Scriptures daily, for in them you *think* you have life." The religion *of* Jesus was to trust life, both as he felt it in himself and as he saw it around him. Most of us would feel that this was a ridiculous gamble—to the Jews a stumbling block and to the Greeks foolishness—but, come to think of it, is there any real alternative? Basically, no human community can exist that is not founded on mutual trust as distinct from law and its enforcement. The alternative to mutual trust, which is indeed a risky gamble, is the security of the police state.

Flame *(continued from page 137)*

drinks, provided he follows the four basic principles explained here.

1. *The higher the proof, the brighter the flame.* Most spirits, even low-proof cordials, will ignite under proper conditions. But the bonded bourbons and such high-proof spirits as Wild Turkey (101 proof) and green Chartreuse (110 proof) give bluer, longer-lasting flames. There are also 151-proof rums. Stand back when you light them.

2. *Warm the liquor before flaming.* Warming vaporizes the alcohol and it's actually the vapors that ignite. To warm, pour the liquor into a small receptacle, such as a butter melter or a metal measuring cup, and set at the back of the range or over a pilot light or hold briefly over low heat or a candle.

3. *Take sensible precautions.* Be careful about ties, long hair and loose garments and keep flammable decorations out of the way. Refrain from adding liquor directly from the bottle to a flaming drink.

4. *Save your antique crystal punch bowl for another occasion.* While it's highly unlikely, hot punches have been known to crack crystal. Instead, use an attractive heatproof bowl that you've warmed before filling.

With this succinct briefing, and the tested recipes that follow, your forthcoming flambé party is bound to be a flaming success.

NORTHERN LIGHTS

(Serves 20)

(Dim the lights before igniting the punch and you'll have a mini aurora borealis.)

1 orange
1 lemon
⅓ cup sugar
1 cup water
3-in. cinnamon stick
1 bottle (fifth) port wine
1 bottle (fifth) Gallo Hearty Burgundy or other full-bodied red table wine
4 ozs. 151-proof Puerto Rican rum

Remove zest (outer rind) in a spiral from the orange and lemon and place in a large enamel pan. Add sugar, water and cinnamon stick and bring to boil. Add wines and heat *just* to the simmer. Taste for sweetness and add more sugar, if necessary. Pour hot wine into 2½-quart punch bowl. Warm rum by pouring into a preheated measuring cup. Float rum on surface of punch by pouring slowly over the back of a large spoon. Ignite with long-stemmed match, then stand back and admire the leaping blue lights. Ladle the flaming punch into small punch cups.

ITALIAN SALUTE

(In Italy, this potion is alleged to have aphrodisiacal overtones. But then, what the hell doesn't, in Italy? The drink can be made with Galliano, Izarra, Cordial Médoc, Benedictine, Southern Comfort or any high-proof liqueur.)

Rinse liqueur glasses in hot water and quickly wipe dry. Fill almost to the top with Sambuca Romana or Sambuca Italiano and float an espresso coffee bean in each glass. Dim lights, ignite each glass and raise in toast. Blow out flames. Let the glass cool for a moment and then slowly sip the liqueur.

FLAMING HOLIDAY SOUR

(No shaking or blending required to make this holiday sour. Serve with spoon *and* wide straw.)

1½ ozs. 100-proof bourbon
1 small scoop lemon sherbet (about ⅓ cup)
¾ oz. lemon juice

Warm ½ oz. bourbon. Scoop the lemon sherbet into a 7-oz. wine goblet or a 6–7-oz. old fashioned glass. Add lemon juice. Indent top of sherbet to form a hollow and add remaining ounce of bourbon,

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filling hollow. Ignite the warmed ½ oz. bourbon and add to glass. When flames subside, stir drink with spoon, then sip through straw.

SPICED CHRISTMAS ALE

8 ozs. ale
2 whole cloves
2 allspice berries
1 tablespoon brown sugar
1 pat butter
½ oz. whiskey (86 proof)
1 small sugar cube

Simmer ale with spices and brown sugar for 3 minutes. Strain into mug and add butter pat. Float about two thirds of the whiskey on top. Place the sugar cube in a teaspoon and pour over it the remaining whiskey. Hold spoon so that bottom touches ale. Ignite and then gently lower into brew. The whiskey on the surface should catch and flame. Stir and sip when flames go out.

IRISH COFFEE BLAZER

(There's a lovely Irish custom of placing lighted candles in the window on Christmas Eve, as a sign of welcome. You'll find this flaming drink equally inviting.)

1¼ ozs. Irish whisky, warmed
1 teaspoon sugar
Hot black coffee
Lightly whipped cream

Rinse 7-oz. Irish-coffee glass with just enough whisky to moisten inside thoroughly. Add sugar to the glass and rotate so that sugar adheres to sides. Pour remaining Irish whisky into the glass and tilt to ignite. As sugar starts to melt, add hot coffee and more sugar, if desired. Top with whipped cream.

COGNAC A L'ORANGE
(Serves two)

(A favorite at Brennan's, Antoine's and other New Orleans hostelries, known as Orange Brulot. As cognac flames, it releases the orange fragrance that subtly perfumes the drink.)

1 thin-skinned orange
2 small sugar cubes
3 ozs. cognac, warmed

Scrub orange, then soak in hot water for about 5 minutes. Using a sharp pointed knife, cut around the center of the orange just through the peel. Insert a thin spoon handle between the peel and the meat. Work the handle all the way around to separate them. Gently roll each peel half back so that it is inside out. Cut the 2 peel "cups" off at the base, being very careful not to tear or puncture. Set each cup into a sherbet glass or round-bowled wineglass. It should be a snug fit. Place a sugar cube and 1½ ozs. warmed cognac in each. Ignite. Blow out the flame when it starts to flicker. (Traditionally, the cups are not detached from the fruit. The top half holds the cognac and the bottom serves as a base. But that's a little tricky, since the thing tends to be tippy.)

Now that the subject of flaming drinks has been properly illuminated, you may fire when ready, Gridley!

"No, damn it! I said 'Zippo'!"

THE SPREE

(continued from page 161)

a shout to stop the crime and then he saw daylight in the room and heard bare feet running past his room and the shouts of his three grandchildren and his daughter-in-law calling "Ssh! Don't wake Grandpa."

The old man got out of bed and stood looking indignantly at the mirror over the washbasin and at his empty gums. It was terrible to think, as he put his teeth in to cover the horror of his mouth, that 12 or 14 hours of this London daylight were stacked up meaninglessly waiting for him. He pulled himself together. As he washed, listening to the noises of the house, he made up a speech to say to his son, who must be downstairs by now.

"I am not saying I am ungrateful. But old and young are not meant to be together. You've got your life. I've got mine. The children are sweet—you're too sharp with them—but I can't stand the noise. I don't want to live at your expense. I want a place of my own. Where I can breathe. Like Frenchy." And as he said this, speaking into the towel and listening to the tap running, he could see and hear Frenchy, who was his dentist but who looked like a rascally prophet in his white coat and was 70 if he was a day, saying to him as he looked down into his mouth and as if he were actually tinkering with a property there:

"You ought to do what I've done. Get a house by the sea. It keeps you young."

Frenchy vanished, leaving him ten years younger. The old man got into his shirt and trousers and was carefully spreading and puffing up his sparse black-and-gray hair across his head when in came his daughter-in-law, accusing him—why did she accuse?

"Grandpa! You're up!"

She was like a soft Jersey cow with eyes too big and reproachful. She was bringing him tea, the dear sweet tiresome woman.

"Of course I'm up," he said.

One glance at the tea showed him it was not like the tea he used to make for his wife when she was alive, but had too much milk in it, always tepid, left standing somewhere. He held his hairbrush up and he suddenly said, asserting his right to live, to get out of the house, in air he could breathe:

"I'm going in to London to get my hair cut."

"Are you sure you'll be all right?"

"Why do you say that?" he said severely. "I've got several things I want to do."

And, when she had gone, he heard her say on the stairs:

"He's going to get his hair cut!"

And his son saying, "Not again!"

• • •

This business, this defiance of the haircut! It was not a mere scissoring and

clipping of the hair, for the old man. It was a ceremonial of freedom; it had the whiff of orgy, the incitement of a ritual. As the years went by, leaving him in such a financial mess that he was now down to not much more than a pension, it signified a desire—but what desire? To be memorable in some streets of London or, at the least, as evocative as an incense. The desire would come to him, on summer days like this, when he walked in his son's suburban garden, to sniff and to pick a rose for his buttonhole; and then, already intoxicated, he marched out the garden gate on to the street and to the bus stop, upright and vigorous, carrying his weight well and pink in the face. The scents of the barbers had been creeping into his nostrils, his chest, even went down to his legs. To be clipped, oiled and perfumed was to be free.

So, on this decent July morning in the sun-shot and acid suburban mist, he stood in a short queue for the bus, and if anyone had spoken to him, he would gladly have said to put them in their place:

"Times have changed. Before I retired, when Kate was alive—though I must honestly say we often had words about it—I always took a cab."

The bus came and whooshed him down to Knightsbridge, to his temple—the most expensive of the big shops. There, reborn on miles of carpet, he paused and sauntered, sauntered and paused. He was inflamed by hall after hall of women's dresses and hats, by cosmetics and jewelry. Scores of women were there. Glad to be cooled off, he passed into the echoing hall of provisions. He saw the game, the salmon and the cheese. He ate them and moved on to lose 20 years in the men's clothing department, where, among ties and brilliant shirts and jackets, his stern yet bashful pink face woke up to the loot and his ears heard the voices of the rich, the grave chorus of male self-approval. He went to the end, where the oak stairs led down to the barbers; there, cool as clergy, they stood gossiping in their white coats. One came forward, seated him and dressed him up like a baby. And then—nothing happened. He was the only customer and the barber took a few steps back toward the group, saying:

"He wasn't at the staff meeting."

The old man tapped his finger irritably under his sheet. Barbers did not cut hair, it seemed. They went to staff meetings. One called back:

"Mr. Holderness seconded it." Who was Holderness?

"Where is Charles?" said the old man to call the barbers to order. Obsequiously, the man began that pretty music with his scissors.

"Charles?" said the barber.

"Yes. Charles. He shaved me for twenty years."

"He retired." Another emptiness, another cavern, opened inside the old man.

"Retired? He was a child!"

"All the old ones have retired." The barber had lost his priestly look. He looked sinful, even criminal, certainly hypocritical.

And although the old man's head was being washed with lotions and oils and there was a tickling freshness about the ears and his nostrils quickened, there was something uneasy about the experience. In days gone by, the place had been baronial; now it seemed not quite to gleam. One could not be a sultan among a miserable remnant of men who held staff meetings. When the old man left, the woman at the desk went on talking as she took his money and did not know his name. When he went upstairs, he paused to look back—no, the place was a palace of pleasure no longer. It was the place where—except for the staff—no one was known.

And that was what struck him when he stepped out the glancing swing doors of the shop, glad to be out in the July sun, that here he was cool, scented and lightheaded as a sultan, extraordinary in a way, sacred almost, ready for anything, but cut off from expectancy, unknown nowadays to anybody, free for nothing, liberty evaporating out of the tips of his shoes. He dissembled leisure. His walk became slower and gliding. For an hour, shop windows distracted him, new shops where old had been shocked him. But, he said, pulling himself together, I must not fall into that trap: Old people live in the past. And I am not old! Old I am not! So he stopped gliding and stepped out willfully, looking so stern and with mouth turned down, so corrupt and purposeful with success that he was unnoticeable. Who notices success?

It was always—he didn't like to admit it—so often like this on these days when he made the great stand for his haircut and the exquisite smell. He would set out with a vision, it declined into a rambling dream. He fell back, like a country hare on his habitual run, to the shops that had been his customers years ago, to see what they were selling and where he knew no one now: to a café that had changed its decor, where he ate a sandwich and drank a cup of coffee; but as the dream consoled, it dissolved into final melancholy. He with his appetite for everything, who could not pass a shop window, or an estate agent's, or a fine house without greed watering in his mouth, could buy nothing. He hadn't the cash.

There was always this moment when the bottom began to fall out of his haircut days. He denied that his legs were tired, but he did slow down. It would occur to him suddenly in Piccadilly that he knew no one now in the city. He had been a buyer and seller, not a man for friends: He knew buildings, lifts, offices, but not

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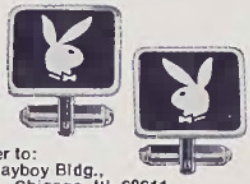

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people. Expectancy was dead. There would be nothing for it but to return home. He would drag his way to the inevitable bus stop of defeat and stand, as so many Londoners did, with surrender on their faces. He delayed it as long as he could, stopping at a street corner or gazing at a passing girl and looking around with that dishonest look a dog has when he is pretending not to hear his master's whistle. There was only one straw to clutch at. There was nothing wrong with his teeth, but he could ring up his dentist. He could ring up Frenchy. He could ring him and say: "Frenchy? How's tricks?" Sportily, and (a man for smells) he could almost smell the starch in Frenchy's white coat, the keen, chemical, hygienic smell of his room. The old gentleman considered this and then went down a couple of disheartened side streets. In a short cul-de-sac, standing outside a urinal and a few doors from a dead-looking pub, there was a telephone box. An oldish, brown motor coach was parked empty at the curb by it, its doors closed, a small crowd waiting beside it. There was a man in the telephone box, but he came out in a temper, shouting something to the crowd. The old man went into the box. He had thought of something to say:

"Hullo, Frenchy! Where is that house you were going to find me, you old rascal?"

For Frenchy came up from the sea every day. It was true that Frenchy was a rascal, especially with the women, one after the other, but looking down into the old man's mouth and chipping at a tooth, he seemed to be looking into your soul.

The old man got out his coins. He was tired, but eagerness revived him as he dialed.

"Hullo, Frenchy," he said.

But the voice that replied was not Frenchy's. It was a child's. The child was calling out: "Mum. Mum."

The old man banged down the telephone and stared at the dial. His heart thumped. He had, he realized, dialed not Frenchy's number but the number of his old house, the one he had sold after Kate had died.

The old gentleman backed out of the box and stared, tottering with horror, at it. His legs went weak, his breath had gone and sweat bubbled on his face. He steadied himself by the brick wall. He edged away from the bus and the crowd, not to be seen. He thought he was going to faint. He moved to a doorway. There was a loud laugh from the crowd as a young man with long black hair gave the back of the bus a kick. And then, suddenly, he and a few others rushed toward the old man, shouting and laughing.

"Excuse us," someone said and pushed him aside. He saw he was standing in the doorway of the pub.

"That's true," the old man murmured to himself. "Brandy is what I need."

And, at that, the rest of the little crowd pushed into him or past him. One of them was a young girl with fair hair who paused as her young man pulled her by the hand and said sweetly to the old man:

"After you."

There he was, being elbowed, traveling backward into the little bar. It was the small private bar of the pub and the old man found himself against the counter. The young people were stretching their arms across him and calling out orders for drinks and shouting. He was wedged among them. The wild young man with the piratical look was on one side of him, the girl and her young man on the other side. The wild young man said to the others: "Wait a minute. What's yours, Dad?" The old man was bewildered.

"Brandy."

"Brandy," shouted the young man across the bar.

"That's right," said the girl to the old man, studying his face. "You have one. You ought to have got on the first bus."

"You'd have been halfway to bloody Brighton by now," said the wild young man. "The first bloody outing this firm's had in its whole bloody history and they bloody forgot the driver. Are you the driver?"

Someone called out: "No, he's not the driver."

"I had a shock," the old man began, but crowded against the bar, no one heard him.

"Drink it up, then," the girl said to him and, startled by her kindness, he drank. The brandy burned and in a minute fire went up into his head and his face lost its hard, bewildered look and it loosened into a smile. He heard their young voices flying about him. They were going to Brighton. No, the other side of Brighton. No, this side—well, bloody Hampton's mansion, estate, something. The new chairman—he'd thrown the place open. Bloody thrown it, laughed the wild man, to the works and the office and, as usual, "the works get the first bus." The young girl leaned down to smell the rose in the old man's buttonhole and said to her young man, "It's lovely. Smell it." His arm was round her waist and there were the two of them bowing to the rose.

"From your garden?" said the girl.

The old man heard himself, to his astonishment, tell a lie.

"I grew it," he said bashfully.

"We shan't bloody start for hours," someone said. "Drink up."

The old man looked at his watch: a tragic look. Soon they'd be gone. Someone said: "Which department are you in?"

"He's in the works," someone said.

"No, I've retired," said the old man, not to cause a fuss.

"Have another, Dad," said the young man. "My turn."

Three of them bent their heads to hear him say again, "I have retired," and one of them said:

"It was passed at the meeting. Anyone retired entitled to come."

"You've made a mistake," the old man began to explain to them. "I was just telephoning to my dentist."

"No," said one of the bending young men, turning to someone in the crowd. "That bastard Fowkes talked a lot of bull, but it passed."

"You're all right," the girl said to him kindly.

"He's all right," said another, handing the old man another drink.

If only they would stop shouting, the old man thought, I could explain.

"A mistake," he began again.

"It won't do you any harm," someone said. "Drink up."

Then someone shouted from the door. "He's here. The driver."

The girl pulled the old man by the arm and he found himself being hustled to the door.

"My glass," he said.

He was pushed, holding his half-empty glass, into the street. They rushed round and he stood there, glass in hand, trying to explain, trying to say goodbye, and then he followed them, still holding his glass, to explain. They shouted to him "Come on" and he politely followed to the door of the bus, where they were pushing to get in.

But at the door of the bus, everything changed. A woman wearing a flowered dress with a red belt, a woman as stout as himself, had a foot on the step of the bus and was trying to heave herself up, while people ahead of her blocked the door. She nearly fell.

The old man, all smiles and sadness, put on a dignified anger. He pushed his way toward her. He turned forbiddingly on the youngsters.

"Allow me, madam," he said and took the woman's cool, fat elbow and helped her up the step, putting his own foot on the lower one. Fatal. He was shoved up and himself pushed inside, the brandy spilling down his suit. He could not turn round. He was in, driven in deeply, to wait till the procession stopped. "I'm getting out," he said.

He flopped into the seat behind the woman.

"Young people are always in a rush," she turned to say to him.

The last to get in were the young couple.

"Break it up," said the driver.

They were slow, for they were enlaced and wanted to squeeze in united.

The old man waited for them to be seated and then stood up, glass in hand,

THE TOSHIBAS. THEY SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

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as if offering a toast, as he moved forward to get out.

"Would you mind sitting down?" said the driver. He was counting the passengers and one, seeing the old man with the glass in his hand, said, "Cheers."

For the first time in his adult life, the old man indignantly obeyed an order. He sat down, was about to explain his glass, heard himself counted, got up. He was too late. The driver pulled a bar and slammed the door, spread his arms over the wheel and off they went, to a noise that bashed people's eyeballs.

At every change of the gears, as the bus gulped out of the narrow streets, a change took place in the old man. Shaken in the kidneys, he looked round in protest, put his glass out of sight on the floor and blushed. He was glad no one was sitting beside him, for his first idea was to scramble to the window and jump through it at the first traffic lights. The girl who had her arm round her young man looked round and smiled. Then, he too looked round at all these unknown people, belonging to a firm he had never heard of, going to a destination unknown to him, and he had the inflated sensations of an enormous human illegality. He had been kidnaped. He tipped back his hat and looked bounderish. The bus was hot and seemed to be frying in the packed traffic when it stopped at the traffic lights. People had to shout to be heard. Under cover of the general shouting, he too shouted to a couple of women across the gangway:

"Do we pass the Oval?"

The woman asked her friend, who asked the man in front, who asked the young couple. Blocks of offices went by in lumps. No one knew except someone who said, "Must do." The old man nodded. The moment the Oval cricket ground came into sight, he planned to go to the driver and tell him to let him off. So he kept his eyes open, thinking:

What a lark. What a thing to tell them at home. Guess what? Had a free ride. Cheek, my boy (he said to his son), that's what you need. Let me give you a bit of advice: You'll get nowhere without cheek.

His pink face beamed with shrewd frivolity as the bus groaned over the Thames, which had never looked so wide and sly. The young girl—restless like Kate she was—got out of her young man's arms and got him back into hers, in a tighter embrace. Three containers passed, the bus slacked, then choked forward so suddenly that the old man's head nearly hit the back of the head of the fat lady in front. He studied it and noticed the way the woman's thick hair, gold with gray in it, was darker as it came out of her neck like a growing plant and he thought, as he had often done, how much better a woman's head looks from behind, the face interferes with it in front. And then his own chin fell forward and he began a voluptuous journey down corridors. One more look at the power station, which had become several jumping power stations, giving higher and higher leaps in the air, and he was asleep.

A snore came from him. The talking woman across the gangway was annoyed by this soliloquizing noise, which seemed to offer a rival narrative; but others admired it for its steadiness, which peacefully mocked the unsteady recovery and spitting and fading energy of the bus and the desperation of the driver. Between their shouts at the driver, many glanced admiringly at the sleeper. He was swinging pleasurably in some private barbers' shop that swerved through space, sometimes in some airy corridor, at other times circling beneficently round a cricket match in which Frenchy, the umpire in his white linen coat, was offering him a plate of cold salmon, which his daughter-in-law was trying to stop him from eating, so that he was off the bus, striking his way home on foot at the tail of the longest funeral procession he had ever seen, going uphill for miles into fields that were getting greener and colder and emptier as snow came on and he sat down, plonk, out of breath, waking up to hear the weeping of the crowds, all weeping for him, and then, still waking, he saw himself outside the tall glass walls of a hospital. It must be a hospital, for inside two men in white could be clearly seen in a glass-enclosed room, one of them the driver, getting ready to carry him in on a stretcher. He gasped, now fully awake. There was absolute silence. The bus had stopped: It was empty; he was alone in it, except for the woman, who, thank God, was still sitting in front of him, the hair still growing from the back of her neck.

"Where——" he began. Then he saw that the hospital was, in fact, a garage. The passengers had got out, garage men were looking under the bonnet of the bus. The woman turned round. He saw a mild face, without make-up.

"We've broken down," she said.

How grateful he was for that mild face. He had thought he was dead.

"I've been asleep," he said. "Where are we?" He nearly said: Have we passed the Oval? but swallowed that silly question. "Quarter past three," he said. Meaning 30 miles out, stuck fast in derelict country at a crossroads, with a few villas sticking out in fields, eating into the grass among a few trees, with a hoarding on the far side of the highway saying blatantly, MORTGAGES, and the cars dashing by in flights like birds, 20 at a time, still weeping away westward into space.

The woman had turned to study him and when he got up, flustered, she said in a strict but lofty voice:

"Sit down."

He sat down.

"Don't move," she said. "I'm not going to move. They've made a mess of it. Let them put it right."

She had now twisted round and he saw her wide full face, as meaty as an obstinate country girl's, and with a smile that made her look as if she were evaporating.

"This is Hampton's doing," she said. "Anything to save money. I am going to tell him what I think of him when I see him. No one in charge. Not even the driver—listen to him. Treat you like cattle. They've got to send another bus. Don't you move until it comes."

Having said this, she was happy.

"When my husband was on the board, nothing like this happened. Do you know anyone here? I don't."

She studied his gray hair.

The old man clung for the moment to the fact that they were united in not knowing anybody. His secretiveness was coming back.

"I've retired," he said.

The woman leaned farther over the back of the seat and looked around the empty bus and then back at him as if she had captured him. Her full lips were the resting lips of a stout woman between meals.

"I must have seen you at the works with John," she said. "It was always a family in those days. Or were you in the office?"

I must get out of this, the old man was thinking and he sat forward, nearer to her, ready to get out once more. I must find out the name of this place, get a train or a bus or something, get back home.

But, since his wife had died, he had never been as near to a strange woman's face. It was a wide, ordinary, babylike face damp in the skin, with big blue eyes under fair, skimpy eyebrows, and she studied him as a soft, plump child would study—for no reason, beyond an assumption that he and she were together in this: They weren't such fools, at their ages, to get off the bus. But it was less the nearness of the face than her voice that kept him there.

It was a soft, high voice that seemed to blow away like a child's and was far too young for her, even sounded so purely truthful as to be false. It came out on deep breaths drawn up from soft but heavy breasts that looked as though they could kick up a hullabaloo, a voice that suggested that by some inner right she would say what suited her. It was the kind of voice that made the old man swell with a polite, immensely intimate desire to knock the nonsense out of her head.

"I can smell your rose from here," she said. "There are not many left who knew the firm in John's time. It was John's lifework."

He smiled complacently. He had his secret.

She paused and then the childish voice went suddenly higher. She was not

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simply addressing him. She was addressing a meeting.

"I told him that when he let Hampton flatter him, he'd be out in a year. I said to John, 'He's jealous. He's been jealous all the time.'"

The woman paused. Then her chin and her lips stuck out and her eyes that had looked so vague began to bulge and her voice went suddenly deep, rumbling with prophecy.

"'He wants to kill you,' I said. You," said the woman to the old man, "must have seen it. And he did kill him. We went on a trip round the world, America, Japan," her voice sailed across countries. "That's where he died. If he thinks he can wipe out that by throwing his place open to the staff and getting me down there, he's wrong."

My God, she's as mad as Kate's sister used to get after her husband died, thought the old man. I'm sitting behind a madwoman.

"Dawson," she said and abruptly stood up as the old man rose, too. "Oh," she said in her high regal style, gazing away out the window of the bus. "I remember your name now. You had that row, that terrible row—oh, yes," she said eagerly, the conspirator. "*You* ring up Hampton. He'll listen to you. I've got the number here. You tell him there are twenty-seven of his employees stranded on the Brighton road."

The old man sighed. He gave up all idea of slipping out. When a woman orders you about, what do you do? He thought she looked rather fine standing there prophetically. The one thing to do in such cases is to be memorable. When is a man most memorable? When he says no.

"No, I wouldn't think of it," he said curtly. "Mr. Hampton and I are not on speaking terms."

"Why?" said the woman, distracted by curiosity.

"Mr. Hampton and I," he began and he looked very gravely at her for a long time. "I have never heard of him. Who is he? I'm not on the staff. I've never heard of the firm." And then, like a conjurer waving a handkerchief, he spread his face into a smile that had often got him an order in the old days. "I just got on the bus for the ride. Someone said, 'Brighton.' 'Day at the sea,' I said. 'Suits me.'"

The woman's face went the color of liver with rage and unbelief. One for the law, all the rage she had just been feeling about Hampton now switched to the old man. She was unbelieving.

"No one check?" she said, her voice throbbing. She was boiling up like the police.

The old gentleman just shook his head gently. "No one checked"—it was a definition of paradise. If he had wings, he would have spread them, taken to the air and flown round her three times, saying, "Not a soul! Not a soul!"

She was looking him up and down. He

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stood with a plump man's dignity, but what saved him in her eyes were his smart, well-cut clothes, his trim hair and the jaunty rose: He looked like an old rip, a racing man, probably a crook; at any rate, a bit of a rogue on the spree, yet innocent, too. She studied his shoes and he moved a foot and kicked the brandy glass and it rolled into the gangway, and he smiled slightly.

"You've got a nerve," she said, her smile spreading.

"Sick of sitting at home," he said. Weighing her up—not so much her character but her body—he said: "I've been living with my daughter-in-law since my wife died."

He burst out with confidence, for he saw he had almost conquered her.

"Young and old don't mix. Brighton would suit me. I thought I would have a look round for a house."

Her eyes were still busily going over him.

"You're a spark," she said, still staring. Then she saw the glass and bent down to pick it up. As she straightened, she leaned on the back of the seat and laughed out loud.

"You just got on. Oh, dear," she laughed loudly, helplessly. "Serves Hampton right. Sit down," she said. He sat down. She sat down on the seat opposite. He was astonished and even shy to see his peculiar case appreciated and his peculiarity grew in his mind from a joke to a poem, from a poem to a dogma.

"I meant to get off at the Oval, but I dropped off to sleep." He laughed.

"Going to see the cricket?" she said.

"No," he said. "Home—I mean, my son's place." The whole thing began to appear lovely to him. He felt as she laughed at him, as she still held the glass, twiddling it by the stem, that he was remarkable.

"Years ago I did it once before," he said, multiplying his marvels. "When my wife was alive. I got a late train from London, went to sleep and woke up in Bath. I did. I really did. Stayed at the Royal. Saw a customer next day. He was so surprised to see me he gave me an order worth three hundred pounds. My wife didn't believe me."

"Well, can you blame her?" the woman said.

The driver walked in from the office of the garage and put his head into the bus and called out:

"They're sending a new bus. Be here four o'clock."

The old man turned. "By the way, I'm getting off," he shouted to the driver.

"Aren't you going on?" said the woman. "I thought you said you were having a trip to the sea."

She wanted him to stay.

• • •

"To be frank," said the old man, "these youngsters—we'd been having a drink, they meant no harm—pushed me on when I was giving you a hand. I was in the pub. I had a bit of a shock. I did something foolish. Painful, really."

"What was that?" she said.

"Well," said the old man, swanking in his embarrassment and going very red. "I went to this telephone box, you know, where the bus started from, to ring up my dentist—Frenchy. I sometimes ring him up, but I got through to the wrong number. You know what I did? I rang the number of my old house, when Kate—when my wife—was alive. Some girl answered, maybe a boy, I don't know. It gave me a turn, doing a thing like that. I thought my mind had gone."

"Well, the number would have changed."

"I thought, I really did think, for a second, it was my wife."

The traffic on the main road sobbed or whistled as they talked. Containers, private cars, police cars, breakdown vans, cars with boats on their roofs—all sobbing their hearts out in a panic to get somewhere else.

"When did your wife die?" said the woman. "Just recently?"

"Two years ago," he said.

"It was grief. That is what it was—grief," she said gravely and looked away from him into the sky outside and to the derelict bit of country.

That voice of hers, by turns childish, silly, passing to the higher notes of the exalted and belligerent widow—all that talk of partners killing each other!—had become, as his wife's used to do after some tantrum, simply plain.

Grief. Yes, it was. He blinked away the threat of tears before her understanding. In these two years he seemed, because of his loneliness, to be dragging an increasing load of unsaid things behind him, things he had no one to tell. With his son and his daughter-in-law and their young friends, he sat with his mouth open ready to speak, but he could never get a word in. The words simply fell back down his throat. He had a load of what people call boring things that he could not say: He had loved his wife; she had bored him; it had become a bond. What he needed was not friends, for since so many friends had died he had become a stranger: He needed another stranger. Perhaps like this woman, whose face was as blank as his was, time having worn all expression from it. Because of that she looked now, if not as old as he was, full of life you could see, but had joined his lonely race, and had lost the look of going nowhere. He lowered his eyes and became shy. Grief—what was it? A craving. Yet not for a face or even a voice or even for love, but for a body. But dressed. Say, in a flowered dress.

To get his mind off a thought so bold, he uttered one of the boring things, a sort of sample of what he would have said to his wife.

"Silly thing. Last night I had a dream about a dog," he began, to test her out as a stranger to whom you could say any damn silly thing. A friend would never listen to "damn silly things."

The woman repeated, going back to what she had already said, as women do:

"Remembering the telephone number—it was grief." And then went off at a tangent, roughly. "Don't mention dreams to me. Last week down at the bungalow I saw my husband walk across the sitting room clean through the electric fire and the mirror over the mantelpiece and stand on the other side of it, not looking at me, but saying something to me that I couldn't hear—asking for a box of matches, I expect."

"Imagination," said the old man, sternly correcting her. He had no desire to hear of her dead husband's antics, but he did feel that warm, already possessive desire to knock sense into her. It was a delightful feeling.

"It wasn't imagination," she said, squaring up to him. "I packed my things and went to London at once. I couldn't stand it. I drove into Brighton, left the car at the station and went up to London for a few days. That is why, when I heard about Hampton's party at the office, I took this bus. Saved the train fare," she grinned. "I told Hampton I was coming to the party, but I'm not. I'm picking up the car at Brighton and going home to the bungalow. It's only seven miles away."

She waited to see if he would laugh at their being in the same boat. He did not and that impressed her, but she sulked. Her husband would not have laughed, either.

"I dread going back," she said sulkily.

"I sold my place," he said. "I know the feeling."

"You were right," said the woman. "That's what I ought to do. Sell the place. I'd get a good price, too. I'm not exactly looking forward to going back there this evening. It's very isolated—but the cat's there."

He said nothing. Earnestly, she said: "You've got your son and daughter-in-law waiting for you," giving him a pat on the knee. "Someone to talk to. You're lucky."

The driver put his head in the door and said:

"All out. The other bus is here."

"That's us," said the woman.

The crowd outside was indeed getting into the new bus. The old man followed her out and looked back at the empty seats with regret. At the door he stepped past her and handed her out. She was stout but landed light as a feather. The wild young man and his friends were

shouting, full of new beer, bottles in their pockets. The others trooped in.

"Goodbye," said the old man, doing his memorable turn.

"You're not going?" said the woman. And then she said, quietly, looking round secretively, "I won't say anything. You can't give up now. You're worried about your daughter-in-law, I know," she said.

The old man resented that. "That doesn't worry me," he said.

"You ought to think of them," she said. "You ought to."

There was a shout of vulgar laughter from the wild young man and his friends. They had seen the two young lovers a long way off walking slowly, with all time to themselves, toward the bus. They had been off on their own.

"Worn yourselves out up in the fields," bawled the wild young man and he got the driver to sound the horn on the wheel insistently at them.

"You can ring from my place," said the woman.

The old man put on his air of being offended.

"You might buy my house," she tempted.

The two lovers arrived and everyone laughed. The girl—so like his wife when she was young—smiled at him.

"No. I can get the train back from Brighton," the old man said.

"Get in," called the driver.

The old man assembled 70 years of dignity. He did this because dignity seemed to make him invisible. He gave a lift to the woman's elbow, he followed her, he looked for a seat and when she made room for him beside her, invisibly he sat there. She laughed hungrily, showing all her teeth. He gave a very wide sudden smile. The busload chattered and some began to sing and shout and the young couple, getting into their clinch again, slept. The bus shook off the last of the towny places, whipped through short villages, passed pubs with animal names, The Fox, The Red Lion, The Dog and Duck, The Greyhound and one with a new sign, The Dragon. It tunneled under miles of trees, breathed afresh in scampering fields and 30 miles of greenery, public and private: until, slowly, the bald hills near the sea came up and, under them, distant seams of chalk. Farther and farther the bus went and the bald hills grew taller and nearer.

The woman gazed disapprovingly at the young couple and was about to say something to the old man when, suddenly, at the sight of his spry profile, she began to think—in exquisite panic—of criminals. A man like this was just the kind, outwardly respectable, who would go down to Hampton's garden party to case the place—as she had read—pass as a member of the staff, steal jewelry or plan a huge burglary. Or come to her house and bash her. The people who lived only a mile and a half from where she lived had had burglars when they were away: Someone had been watching the house. They believed it was someone who had heard the house was for sale and had called. Beside her front door, behind a bush, she kept an iron bar. She always picked it up before she got her key out—in case. She saw herself now suddenly hitting out with it passionately, so that her heart raced, then, having bashed the old man, she calmed down; or, rather, she sailed into one of her exalted moods. She was wearing a heavy silver ring with a large brown stone in it, a stone that looked violet in some lights, and she said in her most genteel, faraway voice:

"When I was in India, an Indian prince gave this ring to me, when my husband died. It's very rare. It's one of those rings they wear for protection. He loved my husband. He gave it to me. They believe in magic."

She took it off and gave it to the old man.

"I always wear it. The people down the road were burgled."

The old man looked at the ring. It was very ugly and he gave it back to her.

What fools women are, he thought and

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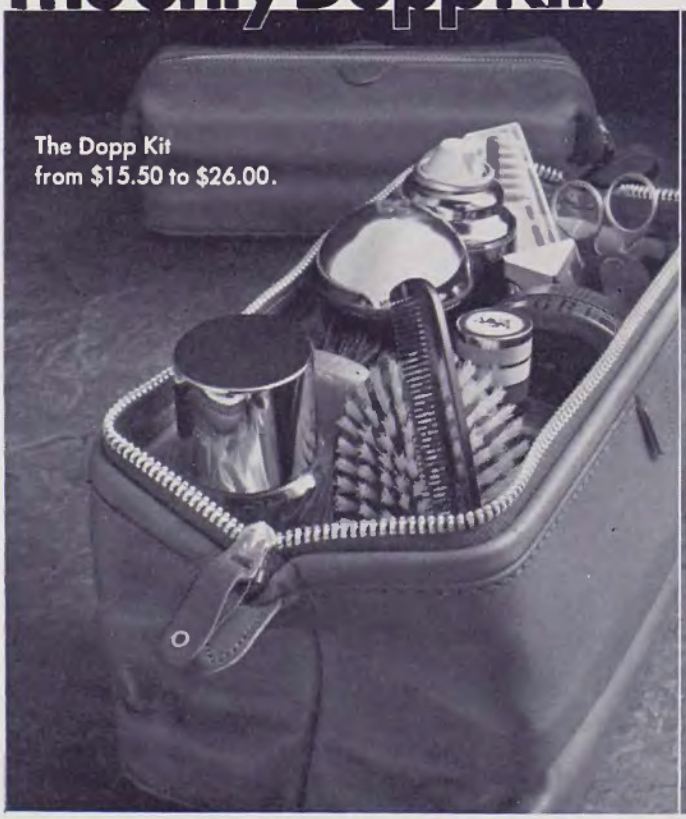

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felt a huge excess of strength; but aloud he said:

"Very nice." And, not to be outdone, he said: "My wife died in the Azores."

She took a deep breath. The bus had broken through the hills and now cliffs of red houses had built up on either side and the city trees and gardens grew thicker and richer. The sunlight seemed to splash down in waves between them and over them. She grasped his arm.

"I can smell the sea already!" she said. "What are you going to tell your daughter-in-law when you ring up? I told the driver to stop at the station."

"Tell them?" said the old man. A brilliant idea occurred to him.

"I'll tell them I just dropped in on the Canary Islands," he said.

The woman let go of his arm and, after one glance, choked with laughter.

"Why not?" he said, grinning. "They ask too many questions. 'Where have you been?' 'What are you doing?' Or I might say Boulogne. Why not?"

"Well, it's nearer," she said. "But you must explain."

The wild young man suddenly shouted: "Where's he taking us now?" as the bus turned off the main road.

"He's dropping us at the station," the woman called out, bossing them. And, indeed, speeding no more, grunting down side streets, the bus made for the station and stopped at the entrance to the station yard.

"Here we are," she said. "I'll get my car." She pulled him by the sleeve to the door and he helped her out.

They stood on the pavement, surprised to see the houses and shops of the city stand still, every window looking at them. Brusquely, cutting them off, the bus drove away downhill and left them to watch it out of sight. The old man blinked, staring at the last of the bus and the woman's face, aged.

It was the moment to be memorable, but he was so taken aback by her heavy look that he said:

"You ought to have stayed on, gone to the party."

"No," she said, shaking brightness onto her face. "I'll get my car. It was just seeing one's life drive off. Don't you feel that sometimes?"

"No," he said. "Not mine. Theirs." And he straightened up, looked at his watch and then down the long hill. He put out his hand. "I'm going to have a look at the sea."

And, indeed, in a pale-blue wall on this July day, the sea showed between the houses. Or the sky. Hard to tell which.

She said: "Wait for me to get my car. I'll drive you down. I tell you what—I'll get my car. We'll drive to my house and have a cup of tea or a drink and you can telephone from there and I'll bring you back in for your train."

He still hesitated.

"I dreaded that journey. You made me laugh," she said.

• • •

And that is what they did. He admired her managing arms and knees as she drove out of the city into the confusing lanes.

"It's nice of you to come. I get nervous going back," she said as they turned into the drive of one of the ugliest bungalows he had ever seen, on top of the downs close to a couple of ragged firs torn and bent by the wind. A cat raced them to the door. She showed him the iron bar she kept behind the bush by the door. A few miles away, between a dip in the downs, was the pale-blue sea again, shaped like her lower lip.

There were her brass Indian objects on the wall of the sitting room and on the mantelpiece and, leaning against the mirror he had walked through, was the photograph of her husband. Pull down a few walls, reface the front, move out the furniture, that's what you'd have to do, he thought, when she went off to another room and came back with the tea tray, wearing a white dress with red poppies on it.

"Now telephone," she said. "I'll get the number." But she did not give him the instrument until she heard a child answer it. That killed her last suspicion.

"I want twenty-one thousand pounds for the house," she said grandly after he had spoken to his daughter-in-law.

The sum was so preposterous that it seemed to explode in his head and made him spill his tea in his saucer.

"If I decide to sell," she said, noticing his shock.

"If anyone offers you that," he said dryly, "I advise you to jump at it."

They regarded each other with disappointment.

"I'll show you the garden. My husband worked hard in it," she said. "Are you a gardener?"

"Not any longer," he said as he followed her sulking across the lawn. She was sulking, too. A thin film of cloud came over the late-afternoon sky.

"Well, if you're interested, let me know," she said. "I'll drive you to the station."

And she did, taking him the long way round the coast road, and there, indeed, was the sea, the real sea, all of it, spread out like the skirt of some sly and lazy old landlady with children playing all along the fringes on the beaches. He liked being with the woman in the car, but he was sad his day was ending.

"I feel better," she said. "I think I'll go to Hampton's, after all," she said, watching him. "I feel like a spree."

But he did not rise. Twenty-one thousand! The ideas women have! At the station he shook hands and she said:

"Next time you come to Brighton . . ." and she touched his rose with her finger. The rose was drooping. He got on the train.

• • •

"Who is this ladyfriend who keeps ringing you up from Brighton?" his daughter-in-law said in her lowing voice, several times in the following weeks. Always questions.

"A couple I met at Frenchy's," he said on the spur of the moment.

"You didn't say you'd seen Frenchy. How is he?" his son said.

"Didn't I?" said the old man. "I might go down to see them next week. But I don't know. Frenchy's heard of a house."

But the old man knew that what he needed was not a house.

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SEX STARS OF 1973

(continued from page 214)

whatsoever; although there were bed scenes in both *The French Connection* and *Scarecrow*, the act seemed purely perfunctory, as if he did it because it was there. (Robert Duvall, who finally achieved full stardom this year as the angry cop in *Badge 373*, gives off much the same aura—indubitably male but essentially sexless.) And though Peter Finch began as a low-voltage romantic lead in films like *Elephant Walk* and *The Nun's Story*, he has now matured into the eternal "other man," the one who doesn't get the girl—the Ralph Bellamy of our day.

Contrast these with such stars as Jim Brown, Michael Caine, James Coburn, Lee Marvin, Steve McQueen, Robert Mitchum and Richard Roundtree. Even though they may vary widely in age, race and national origin, their mere presence in a picture is enough to produce an erotic tingle—a promise of things to come. With the possible exception of McQueen, whose performance in *The Getaway* provided a welcome restorative to a slipping career, all of these men have been in what the airlines would describe as a holding pattern. Nothing they did in 1973 either enhanced or blackened their reputations; their studios provided them with staple fare that neither displeased nor distressed their many fans.

It is almost axiomatic that a real sex star must be sexy offscreen as well as on. His exploits, as duly reported in the gossip columns and fan magazines, become part of the charisma, part of the allure. Certainly, *The Getaway* didn't suffer when word began to leak from the location for the film that the love scenes between McQueen and Ali MacGraw weren't all taking place in front of the camera; the public went to the local Bijou to see how much of the voltage had been recorded on celluloid. The two stars went through divorces and their eventual marriage to each other, soon after the picture went into release, was almost anticlimactic. Leathery Lee Marvin—who had been sharing his Malibu pad so openly and so long with the same woman that last year she officially (but without sanction of clergy) changed her name to Michelle Marvin—suddenly and impulsively took off last spring and returned home wedded to a girl from his old home town. Michelle is currently suing for alimony as his common-law wife. Similarly, it was no well-kept secret that Michael Caine, whose interviews invariably reiterated his affection for "the birds," had set up light housekeeping with the exotic Shakira Baskh. And when they finally married earlier this year, no one was particularly surprised that their baby arrived "prematurely." Although big Jim Brown, hero of the *Slaughter* films, has been relatively quiet of late, he has frequently

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made headlines in the past through his penchant for pushing around women and cops, usually in that order.

But it's all part of the image, all part of the game. And it's a game—or even a life style—that many of the younger, not quite established stars can play, too. Dennis Hopper, whose *Last Movie* told much about the drug culture in movieland, generally keeps himself well away from the film colony these days, living on a remote ranch in New Mexico. But that doesn't mean he hasn't kept busy, quite apart from his starring role in the critically acclaimed *Kid Blue*. Divorced from lovely Brooke Hayward (daughter of producer Leland Hayward and the late Margaret Sullavan), he married doe-eyed Michelle Phillips (of the late Mamas and the Papas) early in 1972. It lasted about a week. Now he is married to Daria Halprin (of *Zabriskie Point*). After splitting from Hopper, Michelle began seeing a good deal of his *Easy Rider* pal, Jack Nicholson, who then began seeing Faye Dunaway, who is also seeing Elliott Gould, who used to be married to Barbra Streisand. There were rumors, meanwhile—later denied—that Michelle was thinking of reuniting with her former husband, John Phillips (also of the late Mamas and the Papas); the dust has not yet settled. It's fascinating to contemplate the *Ronde* that Arthur Schnitzler might have produced if he were alive and well and living in Hollywood today.

Pop-singer-turned-actor Kris Kristofferson, whose films in 1973 include major roles in *Blume in Love* and *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid* (he played Billy), made no secret of his attachment for fellow singer Rita Coolidge. "I was on my way to Memphis to rehearse with my band and he was on his way to Nashville," Miss Coolidge explained. "I met him at the ticket counter. He wound up flying to Memphis, and after that we were flying back and forth across the country to see each other. It got a little ridiculous, so we just put our bands together." Obviously, it was more than the bands that got together. Rita worked with Kris, in a small role, in *Pat Garrett* and shared the bill with him this past summer in a highly successful series of concert engagements before they tied the marital knot late in August.

And so it goes. David Carradine has been living with Barbara Seagull (nee Hershey) these past several years, and has a baby to prove it—but nothing else. Michael Sarrazin has been playing house with lovely Jacqueline Bisset just about as long, although after her several public appearances this year with the likes of Henry Kissinger and François Truffaut (her director on the French-made *Day for Night*), the Hollywood rumor mills have it that she and Sarrazin had broken up. Other splits have included the marriages of the Peter Fondas and the Richard Roundtrees, although neither was quite so spectacular as the on-again, off-again, on-again divorce of the Burtons. Elizabeth was supported through her well-publicized ordeal by such Hollywood friends as Laurence Harvey and Peter Lawford; but insiders placed the blame on fast-rising Helmut (*Ludwig*) Berger, her co-star in *Ash Wednesday*.

No question about it, the sex stars play sexual games, and to the winner belong the spoils—and often the spoiled. Consider the case of rugged, muscular Charles Bronson. Happily married, Bronson and his wife saw a good deal of television's blond, intellectual David (*The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*) McCallum and his wife, Jill. Before long, Bronson was seeing more of Jill than of David. Today, Bronson is married to Jill. Though his performances as a paid killer-diller in 1972's *The Mechanic* and *The Valachi Papers* failed to click—as did this year's *The Family*—Bronson remains high among the top box-office stars of western Europe and needs only another money role to restore him to the favor he enjoyed a year ago in this country.

If at this season the skies are filled with falling stars, so are the skies over Hollywood. Perhaps the biggest to fall is Richard Burton. Advance reports out of Moscow suggest that his portrayal of Field Marshal Tito in the grand-scaled epic he made in Yugoslavia is a total disaster, a repeat of the hammy, overemphatic performance he proffered last year as Trotsky in a film that also flopped. At the very least, his future without Liz around to bolster his asking price is problematical. Similarly, Donald Sutherland without Jane Fonda seems to be finding the going rough. Her marriage to radical activist Tom Hayden—which produced another "premature" baby—seems to have left Sutherland out on an uncomfortable, and unprofitable, limb. Peter Sellers, who for the past several years has fancied himself a singularly desirable sex image, surged to the fore again for the few weeks that he and Liza Minnelli were cast by the columnists as a hot item. It cooled abruptly when it became clear that Liza's interests were turning elsewhere, and Sellers went back to work on a British comedy, *Soft Beds and Hard Battles*, which may be here before New Year's. It will have to be awfully good to overcome the pall of apathy cast by his past few films. Sidney Poitier, whose current heart interest is his *Warm December* co-star Esther Anderson, seems to have lost out completely at the box office to

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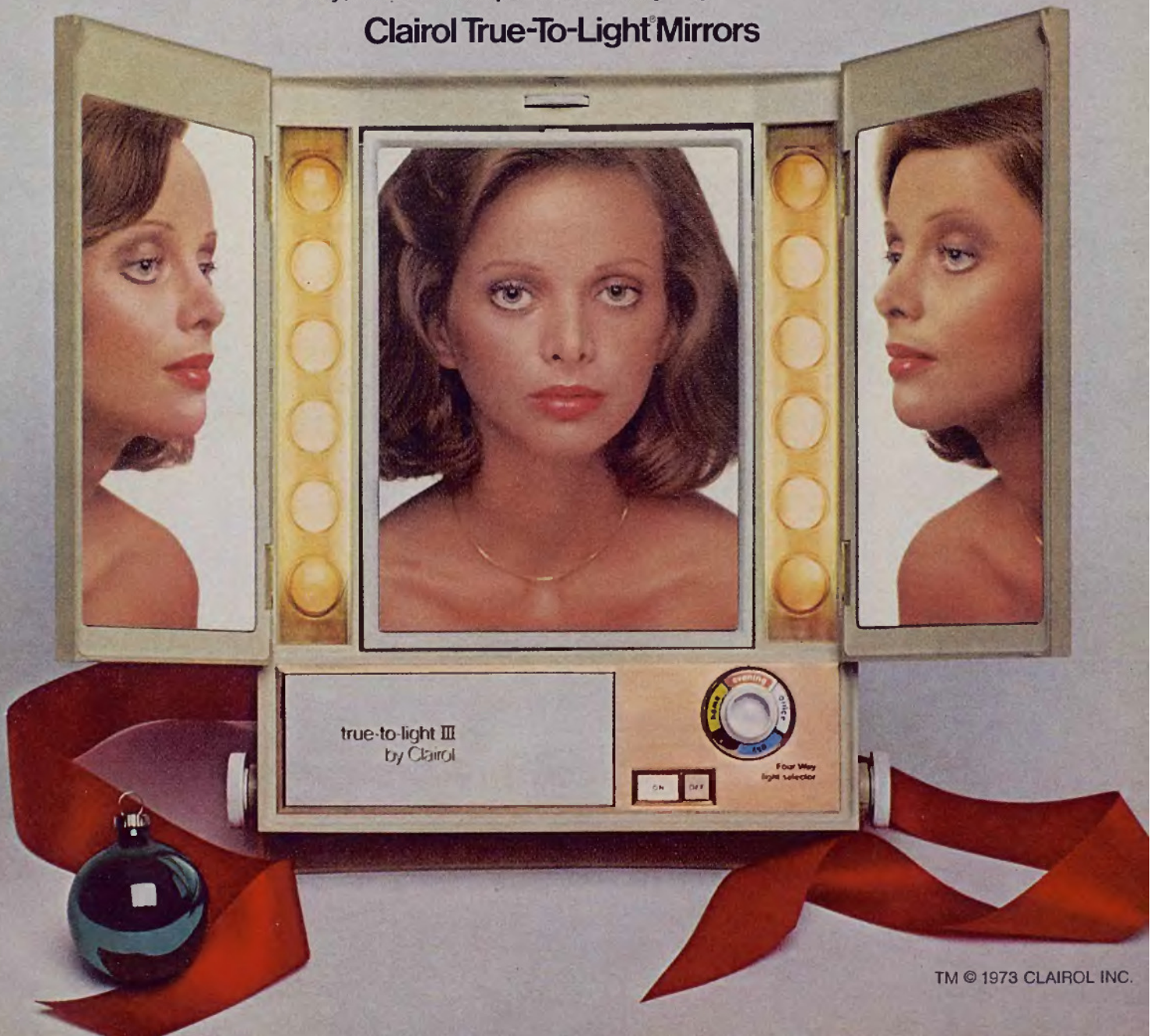

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such superstud soul brothers as Jim Brown, Ron O'Neal, Billy Dee Williams, Richard Roundtree and Fred Williamson.

Nor have the Europeans contributed anything like their customary quotient of exciting male leads. Perhaps most eagerly awaited was the American debut of Jean-Louis Trintignant, the protean star of—among dozens of other outstanding French pictures—*A Man and a Woman*, *The Conformist*, *Z* and *My Night at Maud's*. Trintignant was brought here for *The Outside Man*, in which he was to co-star with Angie Dickinson and Ann-Margret. It may arrive this year, but too late to affect his status here one way or the other. Less known in this country, although even bigger than Trintignant in their native France, is tall, dark, blue-eyed Alain Delon. At 38, he has appeared in about 40 pictures—*Rocco and His Brothers*, *Is Paris Burning?* and his own production of *Borsalino* among them—owns his own airline and is generally considered one of France's most practiced heartbreakers. Last year, however, he was represented here as the shady assassin in Joseph Losey's ham-handed rendering of *The Assassination of Trotsky*, and this year fared little better as yet another assassin in Michael Winner's confused (and confusing) *Scorpio*, in which Delon's unhappy assignment was to hunt down CIA defector Burt Lancaster. The ambitious, bilingual Delon at this moment has both eyes on America as his next country for conquest, but to date the gods who shuffle his movie scripts have not been kind.

Nor have England's several entrants in the sex-star sweepstakes been notably more successful this year. When Sean Connery once again demurred over returning to his golden Bondage, the harassed producers of the series, Albert R. Broccoli and Harry Saltzman, signed up British TV star Roger (*The Saint*, *The Persuaders*, *Ivanhoe*) Moore to fill his patent-leather shoes—indicating, unkindly, that they had actually been after Moore for the role as far back as *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, the one 007 epic starring George Lazenby. There is no doubt that *Live and Let Die* did well; all the Bond films do. The only question is: How well did it do for Roger Moore? For all the tub thumping, and not a few critical comments that found the suave, polished Moore closer to Ian Fleming's 007 than Connery had ever been, he still lacks the insouciant swagger, the *machismo* that made Connery the ultimate Bond for many fans. Whenever Connery has backed off to play a "serious" role, the results have been singularly uncommercial. What, then, can happen to Moore, who isn't even as magnetic a Bond? England's other contenders this year were sparkle-eyed Malcolm McDowell, the amoral hero of Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*, as a present-day Candide in Lindsay Anderson's boldly original *O Lucky Man!*; young Simon Ward, who made a strong impression last year as *Young Winston* and scored again this year in *Hitler: The Last Ten Days* (even though the movie didn't); and Jon Finch, whose original boost to stardom came in the title role of Playboy's *Macbeth* production, visible this time around as the almost too gentlemanly husband of *Lady Caroline Lamb*. All three are first-rate actors—not conventionally handsome but with an impressive presence. Their futures will be worth watching.

One last major star—indisputably male—to emerge this year came from, of all places, Hong Kong. During the past three years, the busy Hong Kong studios of Run Run Shaw and Golden Harvest have been cranking out dozens of low-budget action pictures demonstrating the fighting techniques of Kung Fu, a kind of mayhem in which no holds are barred in pursuit of the swift, bloody and utter destruction of the opposition, no matter what its numbers. Gradually, these films made their way into Western markets and, very much like the Italian spaghetti Westerns of a few years back, suddenly developed into a craze. Riding the crest of this craze was the dark, lithe, ever-smiling Bruce Lee, the world's top screen exponent of the ancient art. Actually, although of Chinese descent, Lee was an American, born in San Francisco. Avid television viewers may remember him as Cato in *The Green Hornet* series. A graduate of the University of Washington, he taught karate in Los Angeles before beginning his acting career. On a visit to Hong Kong just about two years ago, Lee was invited to play the lead in a Kung Fu special, *Big Boss*, and scored an overnight success. The studios asked for more and such was his drawing power that in less than a year, his price per picture zoomed from $10,000 to $250,000—following which he set up a coproduction deal with Warner Bros. to film *Enter the Dragon*, the first English-language Kung Fu epic ever made in Hong Kong. On July 20, shortly before he was scheduled to leave for the United States to promote the picture, he was found unconscious in his Hong Kong home. Rushed to a hospital, he died that day, reportedly of an embolism. He was 32.

If Bruce Lee was carried to fame and fortune by his skill in arts of violence, the pseudonymous Georgina Spelvin found her niche by reason of her aptitude at venery. Indeed, so pseudonymous was Miss Spelvin that for the first several months her hit hard-core film, *The Devil in Miss Jones*, was in distribution, the credits listed her as Georgina Spevlin. Born 37 years ago as Chele Graham, she speaks of growing up in a series of small towns throughout the South and Southwest, terminating with junior high school in Marshall, Texas. She ran off at the age of 12 to join the Pollock Circus—doing acrobatics, trampoline and some dancing—and joined the *corps de ballet* of the Radio City Music Hall in 1953. "Pranced from 51st to 53rd Street every day," she recalls, not quite accurately. She appeared in sales and promotional pictures and was one of the dancers in *Hello, Dolly!* when that company was on location in Garrison, New York.

Although she had appeared in skin flicks before *Miss Jones* (one of them, *Parental Guidance*, has subsequently been rereleased as *The High Priestess of Sexual Witchcraft*, now touted as starring Georgina Spelvin), her original function on that film was simply to have been running the commissary. "I read the script," she said recently, "and Gerry Damiano [yes, he of *Deep Throat*—Ed.] and I talked about it. The lead role was already cast, but he changed his mind and I did it." And a star—of sorts—was born. Miss Spelvin isn't sure whether she got $500 or $600 for her chores on *Miss Jones*—"I won't know till I get my W-twos," she says—but she does know that in the future she is going to get a percentage or no deal. Unlike Linda Lovelace, who has found a sociological rationale for her work in the pornos, Miss Spelvin couldn't care less. "I got enough trouble saving my own soul without trying to save the world" is the way she looks at it. Her troubles include a couple of marriages that didn't work out and some nonmarriages that didn't, either. As reported in Bruce Williamson's authoritative *Porno Chic* (PLAYBOY, August), she now "keeps house with actress Claire Lumiere—her partner in private as well as in the lesbian sequence of *Miss Jones*." About her films, she has a very simple and pragmatic outlook: "If you don't dig it, don't go see it." As this year's Supreme Court obscenity rulings take effect, you may not get a chance to.

Not quite in the Spelvin-Lovelace category at this point, but climbing fast, is Marilyn Chambers, the 21-year-old San Francisco beauty who made her hard-core debut just about a year ago in the Mitchell brothers' erotic fantasy *Behind the Green Door*. A Cybill Shepherd look-alike, Marilyn is also the girl on the Ivory Snow box—a fact that gave her less pause than it did Procter & Gamble when the New York *Daily News* headlined, "MRS. CLEAN IS PORNO CUTIE." P&G subsequently renewed her contract, after noting, as Marilyn herself put it, that the publicity had sold a lot of soap. Whatever the special talents or charms of these hard-core queens, their futures are not precisely in their own hands. At this point in time, as they say, the courts would seem to hold the ultimate answers.

Back in the mainstream of film making, no one at all seems to hold any final answers. Rarely has there been a year when a new star, a vibrant new personality, hasn't zoomed into focus, raising all

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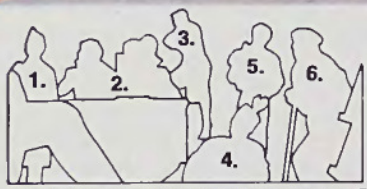

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hopes. Not so in 1973. At the outset of the year, all signs pointed to Liv Ullmann, described then on *Time*'s cover as "HOLLYWOOD'S NEW NORDIC STAR." A stand-by regular in Ingmar Bergman's talented troupe, she had just completed for him her demanding role in *Cries and Whispers*, and for his fellow director Jan Troëll the even more demanding role of a reluctant *émigrée* from Sweden to the United States a century ago in his two-part epic, *The Emigrants* and *The New Land*. While in Hollywood to promote *The Emigrants*' chances for an Academy nomination, she was signed by Ross Hunter for the female lead in his musical production of *Lost Horizon*. This, in turn, was still before the cameras when producer Mike Frankovich offered her the starring role in the movie version of the Broadway hit comedy *40 Carats*. Columnists wrote of the advent of another Garbo, another Ingrid Bergman.

But nothing happened. *Lost Horizon* was a gigantic turkey—critically, artistically, financially. A flat and unimaginative remake of Frank Capra's 1937 hit—with songs, yet—the film gave Liv little to do beyond looking beautiful; and Burt Bacharach's second-rate score called upon her to sing a Julie Andrews–type number, *The World Is a Circle*, that suddenly made you appreciate Julie Andrews. And *40 Carats*, which Frankovich had had rewritten to emphasize that Miss Ullmann is Scandinavian and to deemphasize that she is considerably less than 40, enjoyed only a moderate reception. As an older woman who purportedly falls in love with a boy of 20, Miss Ullmann, herself a radiant 34, seemed far too desirable to make the age discrepancy worth noticing, and far too intelligent to let the whole affair happen in the first place. Still to come before the year's end is *The New Land*, in which she is nothing short of magnificent as the patient, long-suffering wife of an early Minnesota settler. Generally dressed in faded calicoes and bulky sweaters, and pregnant during the film's climactic episodes, she may well garner another New York Film Critics Award; but the role can hardly restore her to the sex-star status she enjoyed when the year began.

Sheer inactivity robbed others of their eminence. Lovely Cybill Shepherd, the WASPish golden girl of Charles Grodin's ambitious dreams in *The Heartbreak Kid*, was the hottest young star in Hollywood as 1973 began. Instead of choosing a new picture, however, she chose to be director Peter Bogdanovich's latest flame. They're making a film together in Italy, but there's no chance that it will arrive before 1974. Similarly, Liza Minnelli, whose *Cabaret* swept the Academy last March, has spent the subsequent months in some concertizing, and even more socializing, with the *paparazzi* constantly in pursuit. Was it going to be Desi Arnaz, Jr., Peter Sellers or who? She got lots of pictures in the papers, none on the screen. Equally wasted, it would seem, was Diana Ross's electrifying personification of Billie Holiday in *Lady Sings the Blues*. Happily married (to personal manager Robert Ellis), and a millionaire since she was 25, Diana hardly needs the money. But in the bad old days of Hollywood, no studio would have dreamed of failing to capitalize at the earliest possible moment on the surprise success of one of its stars. Certainly, they wouldn't be permitted to go off touring Europe—as Diana did—when there was a buck to be made from a fast follow-up film.

Actually, no matter what else may be held against Hollywood's long-vanished studio system, the fact that it had, as we indicated earlier, all the machinery and the muscle to create stars is something woefully missed today. For the studios, the stars were assets, as tangible as their film inventories, their back lots and their theater chairs. Because the performers were tied to them by long-term contracts, it was to the studios' advantage to turn them into household names as quickly as they could. Not only did they maintain enormous publicity departments for this purpose, constantly feeding photos and reams of interview material to the world press; they also cast their contract people in picture after picture, so that by the end of a single year—after as many as four, five or six appearances—the public was well aware of a Jimmy Stewart or a Lana Turner. The studios quite literally built their stars.

Not so anymore. The would-be star must make it on his (or her) own—which generally means his (or her) own agent, business manager and public-relations firm. Some, like curvaceous Edy Williams, have a flair for self-advertisement, flaunting the body beautiful on every plausible—and sometimes implausible—occasion. The stratagem won Edy plenty of attention, but nothing tangible beyond roles in several films by her then-husband, Russ Meyer, including the trailer for a picture called *Foxy* that was once appended to *Blacksnake*, an action movie that Meyer made earlier this year—without Edy. The rumor mills have it that this had a good deal to do with the subsequent Meyer-Williams separation. In any case, the trailer has been lopped off *Blacksnake* and *Foxy* is no longer on Meyer's schedule—nor, as of this moment, has anything else turned up on Edy's. On the other hand, when the equally curvaceous Raquel Welch wed Patrick Curtis, she got a husband, agent, business manager and public-relations firm rolled into one, and her career soared. Patrick's problem was that he wanted to be a producer as well, using his wife's name as the bait for a number of dubious packages. The pictures failed, and so did their marriage. Ever since then, the gossip columns and trade press have been filled with harshly anti-Welchian comments about her "unprofessional conduct" on *The Last of Sheila* and her sudden withdrawal, later retracted, from the European-based production of *The Three Musketeers*. She was said to be distressed with the small size of her role but at last report was back on location, filming in Spain.

As any old studio publicity hand could tell you, no small part of the publicist's job is to keep such items out of the press. But for most young hopefuls, the problem isn't keeping their names out of the papers but getting them in. The Hollywood trades are filled with hot items like, "Spooling spaghetti at Nicky Blair's: Mark Nathanson & Leigh

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Taylor-Young"; "Fattening on fettuccini at Emilio's Ristorante: Angel Tompkins & Dick McInnes"; "Milking mai tais at The Islander: Tab Hunter & Mary Gavin." The gossip columns dote even more on who is going with whom—"Karen Black seeing much of Skip Burton," "Brenda Sykes is Fred Williamson's current steady," "Hollywood's new two: Sally Kellerman and Clifton Davis (of *Two Gentlemen of Verona*)." And the aforementioned unfortunate death of Sarah Miles's secretary-manager while on location for *The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing* provided a good two weeks of copy (with the movie always carefully identified).

This is not to suggest that any of these momentous events had been arranged for the special benefit of the gentlemen and ladies of the press, but it would be ingenuous to suppose that, once having taken place, there wasn't a publicist around (at about $100 a week) to "leak" them to the papers. Ann-Margret's Lake Tahoe accident, and her gallant battle back to full control of her body, won the sympathy of the entire nation. But what was the first announced project for her following her recuperation? Arthur Miller's *After the Fall*. There will always be a press agent.

But while such gambits may be sufficient to grab off a few lines of type (and remind a casting director that one is still around), they are hardly the stuff of which movie legends are made. A film career requires repeated appearances on the screen, not in the trade papers or the fan magazines. Because the number of feature films has declined drastically over the years, however, such opportunities have become increasingly rare—especially, oddly enough, for women. At the very least, two or three good roles in quick succession are necessary to establish lasting star potential. But how many get a run of such luck? Beautiful Victoria Principal—a cross between Ava Gardner and Esther Williams, with perhaps a smidgen of Jackie Kennedy—lucked into an important role as Paul Newman's Mexican mistress in *The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean*, followed immediately by Playboy's production of *The Naked Ape*. As a result, Victoria has two major pictures, virtually back to back, to her credit, and is considered a comer. But how far she will come depends on how good her next film roles are—and how soon they arrive.

At the moment, Lindsay Wagner—a tall, tawny-haired former model with an impressive list of television appearances behind her—is in very much the same position. Although Robert Wise's *Two People* was hardly one of the major hits of 1973, the lissome Miss Wagner received all kinds of good notices, both for her looks and for her performance as the *haute couture* model who falls in love with GI deserter Peter Fonda. The film's release was held up long enough to bring it into fairly close proximity to 20th Century-Fox's *The Paper Chase*, in which she plays a Harvard professor's willful daughter who shacks up with one of poppa's better pupils, Timothy Bottoms. Critical reactions were uniformly favorable—to her, at least. But what does she do for an encore? At this point, there must be half a dozen or more young actresses, good-looking and talented—Tiffany Bolling, Diane Keaton, Jane Seymour, Valerie Perrine, Angel Tompkins and Susan Tyrrell among them—waiting either for another picture or for that one big one that will make them strong contenders for future fame.

Of all the studios on the West Coast, Universal is the one most closely resembling the old Hollywood, right down to its New Talent Development program. Under the supervision of Monique James, young actors and actresses discovered in off-Broadway or university plays, or even in the films or television programs of rival studios, are brought to Universal under contract, trained in Miss James's classes and gradually permitted to play small roles in that studio's numerous TV shows. If they click, if they accumulate sufficient fan mail, they graduate into features. Lindsay Wagner came out of this program. But so did Susan Clark, Katharine Ross and Carrie Snodgress. Anybody heard from them lately? And Jo Ann Pflug, that promising starlet of two years ago, you will be happy to know, is alive and well and married to singer Chuck Woolery—whoever he may be.

Every year, there is an actress or two who, on the basis of a single performance, registers so strongly that her future seems assured. This year, it seemed to happen for high-fashion model Marisa Berenson—who once graced the pages of PLAYBOY and had a wordless walk-on in Luchino Visconti's *Death in Venice*—in an indelible role as Liza Minnelli's Jewish friend and confidante in *Cabaret*. La Berenson—granddaughter of designer Schiaparelli, great-niece of the late art historian Bernard Berenson and longtime companion of banker David Rothschild (of *those* Rothschilds)—has been signed to appear opposite Ryan O'Neal in Stanley Kubrick's new movie. "I think I play an English countess," she told columnist Joyce Haber. "I've never met Mr. Kubrick. I'm dying to. Ryan says he's

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fantastic." Miss Berenson may be an amateur, but she indubitably has talent—and connections. Obviously, her future doesn't rest on whether or not she makes it in Hollywood.

Another young actress who scored importantly this year, her first time out, was Michelle Phillips, playing Billie Frechette to Warren Oates's grinning Dillinger in the motion picture of the same name. As we observed earlier, Michelle was formerly with the Mamas and the Papas; now she's seemingly wedded to her new profession. "I want to be a star," she announced on completing her *Dillinger* assignment. "A big star. Big like stars used to be." No question about it, she has the potential. But will she have the opportunity? At the present writing, even though *Dillinger* has been doing socko biz, no new assignments have been posted for this exciting new talent.

On the other hand—and at long last—the film scene has suddenly opened up for talented blacks. Within the past two years, according to *Variety*, there have been more than 50 black-oriented movies, which has meant unprecedented opportunities for actresses who are not only black but beautiful. Topping the list, of course, are Diana Ross and Cicely Tyson, both of them nominees for last year's Academy Awards. (Possibly they canceled each other out: Liza Minnelli won.) The diminutive Miss Tyson has consistently turned down offers ever since. A black activist and a militant feminist as well, she refuses to appear in any movie that goes against her principles. Instead, this past fall, she did a TV film for considerably less than a movie company would have paid her, simply because she believed in what it was saying. Miss Ross has yet to make another film commitment, even though the offers have been coming thick and fast.

But there are others—the girls who follow the Gunns, the Shafts and the Super Flys through their incredible adventures. Brenda Sykes was eminently appealing as Jim Brown's girlfriend in *Black Gunn*, and has had many more roles as a consequence. Cool-eyed Pamela Grier is currently one of the most active young women in Hollywood: She has starred in *Coffy* and offered strong support in such films as *Scream, Blacula, Scream*; *Trouble Man*; and *Black Mama, White Mama*. Almost as active is Playboy's own New York Bunny graduate Gloria Hendry, seen this year in *Black Caesar*, *Slaughter's Big Rip-Off* and *Live and Let Die*. Paula Kelly, the sinuous star of *Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope* on the stage, registered strongly as Chuck Connors' mistress in *Soylent Green*. "I suppose some years ago it might have caused raised eyebrows," she says. "It seems so totally natural today, I doubt that anyone in the audience would say, 'Why is she black?' " She has since been starred in American Film Theater's production of *Lost in the Stars*.

Certainly the most resounding success of the year in black films was registered by the statuesque (6'2") ex-model Tamara Dobson, whose starring role in *Cleopatra Jones*—her first movie outing—promptly racked up box-office tallies to rival those of *Super Fly*. Cast as a sophisticated, supersexy undercover agent, Tamara fights Shelley Winters and her drug racketeers with her wits as well as her fists, and comes off better than most of her male counterparts. As athletic as she is beautiful, Miss Dobson is off to a flying start. Other black beauties currently on their way up include the lovely Vonetta McGee (Shaft's companion in Africa), Jonelle Allen, Rosalind Cash, Sheila Frazier and Polly Niles. But most of them would agree with Vonetta, who recently told an interviewer, "I've done too many films in the last year which abused my head, my mind and my body. I used to think it was important to keep working, but when the great part comes along, I fear I will hate acting so much I won't know it when I see it."

She was, of course, referring to the kinds of roles generally assigned to black actresses in the blaxploitation field. Lynn Hamilton, who has a continuing role on the *Sanford & Son* television series, provided what seems to be a fairly typical illustration. Summoned by a producer to read for a movie in which she was to play what was described to her as a "strong Angela Davis type," she was asked almost immediately if she were willing to do nude scenes. Although she was noncommittal in her reply, she was asked to read for the part anyway. "I started to read," she later reported, "and here is this woman who holds all kinds of academic degrees and has a high position opening the door totally nude to admit her boyfriend, a policeman. The first thing he says is, 'Fix me some breakfast.' She starts to fry bacon. It was completely unrealistic. Any woman knows that bacon splatters grease, and she would certainly not cook it without clothes on. While all this is going on, the boyfriend is patting her butt and feeling her breasts and saying things like, 'Baby, you move me.' I was incensed. It's doubly wrong to have an intelligent woman whom you profess to be an Angela Davis type running around like this. I left, and they never did ask me about my acting background. But just turning down roles like this doesn't stop them from being written," Miss Hamilton continued. "There is always an actress hungrier than the one who turned it down. Actresses, especially minority actresses, are in no position to bargain."

But things may be beginning to change out in Hollywood, for white actresses as well as black. The new militancy that has characterized the women's liberation movement has finally struck at the film industry, hitting simultaneously at its male-chauvinist hiring policies and at what the movement regards as the simplistic, demeaning image of women perpetuated by the screen. Women's committees have been formed within both the Screen Actors Guild and the Writers Guild of America to study ways and means of ameliorating conditions in their respective areas. More recently, under the leadership of Tichi Wilkerson Miles, publisher of the *Hollywood Reporter*, Women in Film—an organization of established and respected names in the industry, banded together to provide job information that could transform the studios from what they call a "White Male Club"—was formed. Another group, Cine-Women, is planning a Women's Film Festival—similar to that held last year in New York—to be presented in Hollywood next February. A new feminist magazine, *Women & Film*, has published several issues, and a second magazine, *Myth America*, is scheduled to appear shortly.

While all of these are primarily concerned with the bread-and-butter business of opening up more jobs behind the camera to women—which involves taking on such staunchly conservative unions as those of the cameramen and the film editors—their ultimate rationale is that only in this way can they alter the image of women that's presented on the screen. Only this way, they feel, can they counter the type of thinking offered by such executives as Paramount's Robert Evans, who recently opined, "Women are turned on by male violence, blood-and-guts films, as long as they are not part of it. They enjoy them just as they sometimes enjoy porno films. Writers write for men, not women, and there are no female stars except Barbra Streisand who could hold up a film." It is this type of thinking that makes ardent feminists such as screenwriter Eleanor Perry dream of one day heading a studio herself. She calls it her favorite fantasy.

But the hard fact remains that most movies today are not only written for men—they are written and produced *by* men. And since the accent now is very much on violence, there are precious few memorable female roles that an actress can play—unless, like Tamara Dobson, she doubles in karate. Perhaps casting director Joyce Selznick had this in mind when she stated, "Today, the few women who come up as actresses get one or two pictures, and then you never hear of them again." Certainly, the present imbalance between male and female sex stars would seem to bear this out. For two years now, the dominant male has nowhere been more dominant than on the screen. But nature abhors a vacuum; and perhaps next year, nature—aided by the women of women's lib—will find a way of filling this particular void.

"It's just that we think you ought to get that box of yours seen to, Pandora."

BARBI'S BACK!

(continued from page 146)

want to go to lunch in it."

Going to lunch, and dinner, and breakfast rank high on Barbi's list of pastimes, and it's a passion that sometimes gets her in trouble. "I like to eat everything"—mischievous laugh—"and that's a problem. If I slip up for five days, I put on five pounds. I'm five, three and I like to weigh about a hundred and one; don't like anybody to be able to say I have love handles," grabbing herself around the waist and managing to pull out a tiny pinch of flesh. "So I diet. But I find myself eating all the carbohydrates I want one day and saying to myself that they're low in calories; and then the next day I'll have a big omelet, followed by chicken legs and all kinds of goodies, and it comes to three thousand calories, and I say, 'Oh, well, I'm on a low-carbohydrate diet today.' But somehow that doesn't work! So I end up fasting for three days, drinking water and iced tea." She stirs a tall glass of iced tea, very pale, the way the staff knows she likes it, served with huge wedges of lemon and a bottle of Sweeta. "One, two, three, four, five," she counts the drops of sweetener. "If I were to put enough sugar in my iced tea to suit me, it would take three tablespoons."

Does she diet to please Hefner? "No, he's very good about it. But he notices when I've gained or lost: when I'm heavier he likes my face, and when I'm thin he likes my body. I don't think he'll ever get both."

Over the five years since she met Hefner on the set of his television series, *Playboy After Dark*, where she'd been sent by a modeling agency to be one of the girls who lent a house-party atmosphere to the show, Barbi has been trying to interest Hefner in gourmet cuisine. Unsuccessfully. "He's still a pot-roast-and-fried-chicken man." She had somewhat better luck persuading him to join her in other pursuits. "I got him on the ski slopes four times, and he took up tennis. He got to be better at tennis than I am—but that isn't saying much." Not ready to challenge Bobby Riggs, then? "No, but I'm ready to take him on at backgammon!"

What do Barbi and Hefner have in common? This time the laugh bubbles up slowly, as if starting from her toes and overflowing into the crinkled, thickly lashed eyes. "We're both lazy." The laugh dissolves into a smile. "No, we both love to play games and we're both very competitive, so we can never work as a team. We always have to beat each other. In most games, he doesn't mind if I beat him; that's considered par for the course; but it really bothers him if I beat him at backgammon. It would bother him if I continued to beat him at any heavy mental game. But I don't. So that's a good thing." Barbi reflects for a moment. "I don't know, I think he'd like me to be less competitive, probably, but I can't help it. I'm built that way. *Kill, Bubba, kill!*" The laugh returns.

Backgammon is probably their favorite game—Barbi organized and hosted a ladies' invitational tournament in September at Los Angeles' exclusive club Pips, surprising (and somewhat embarrassing) herself by taking first place—but there are several others: Monopoly, Risk, pinball, a sort of electronic table tennis called Volly, and Barbi's personal forte, Computer Quiz. "I'll have to admit I have an edge over most people there, because part of the score depends on how fast you can answer the questions, and I've had a course in speed reading." The quiz game, pinball and several of the larger toys are housed in the former gardener's cottage, now known as the Game Room—one end of which is dominated by Barbi's prize purchase, an enormous, illuminated, stained-glass Seeburg Orchestrion: a combination of player piano, organ, castanets, cymbals, bells and xylophone. "I can't play it after ten o'clock at night, because the neighbors complain."

She bought the Orchestrion at an auction, the sort of event she haunts—along with that typically Southern California version of the flea market, the swap meet. There she picks up things—Tiffany lamps, funky fox furs—no longer available, or overpriced, in Los Angeles antique shops. "The most interesting meets are usually held in drive-in theaters, sixty miles or more out of town," she says. "They start at six in the morning, so I have to leave the house by five; but I enjoy driving at that time of day." At the meets, sellers spread their merchandise on tables: "Most of the things have prices written on them, but you have to bargain. I have this problem," she says, frowning slightly, "of feeling a bit guilty about that, because I know I can afford what they're asking. But half the fun is being able to haggle. So I do."

Her swap-meet and auction bargains are only a few of the things Barbi talks about as she takes guests on a tour of Playboy's 30-room Western Mansion. Others are her needlepoint—hundreds of items, ranging from pillows (mostly her own abstract designs) to framed reproductions in stitchery (the *Mona Lisa*, hunting scenes, erotic figures from the sketchbook of sculptor Frank Gallo); the huge black-marble bath ("This is where I like to practice my singing; the acoustics are great"); the glassware set she's making from wine bottles ("Blue Nun labels are prettier, but the Château Lafite-Rothschild ones have more class"); and her new sitar, also discovered at a swap meet.

Outdoors, she passes a tree laden with just-ripened apples. "Wanna tummy ache?" she inquires with a grin, picking and offering one, taking a bite of another. Strolling on, she points out and names some of the scores of exotic animals and birds that populate the grounds. "That's Yogi, the woolly monkey. He smells like coconut." Moving along the walk, she stops, opens a wooden bucket on a post and extracts a couple of bananas and a handful of grapes. Immediately, she's surrounded by spider monkeys; each gets his or her favorite treat. "Oh, look," exclaims Barbi, pointing to an infant monkey clutching its

"I'm putting on Ravel's 'Bolero'—think you can keep up?"

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mother pickaback style. "How exciting! I wonder if Hef knows about it. That's the first baby I've seen here. But then," she adds straight-faced, "they're always fooling around, so I'm not surprised." Reaching a pool, she tosses a handful of fish food to some of the stock of 400 carp, who instantly turn the water into a roil of orange and silver. Perched on branches nearby are such characters as the macaws Merlin, Merkin, Macbeth and Marvin and the cockatoos Casper and Calvin. "Hef and I named them all," she says. "You'll notice we went in for alliteration." Less easily identifiable are the pony-sized sheep dogs, Big Dog and Little Dog, since Little outweighs Big by a stone or two. In the conservatory, filled with orchids and other tropical plants, are the iguanas—not among Barbi's favorites—colorful finches and a growing family of doves, offspring of the pair she gave Hefner last Valentine Day. "Aren't they sweet? Look, she's sitting on another egg now."

It's obvious that Barbi lavishes a good deal of maternal instinct on these pets. How does she feel about having children of her own? "Oh, I'm a nester. I would like to have children, but not right now. And I certainly wouldn't want to have children unless I were married. Some people—well, like Hef—think you can go ahead and have them anyway, because there are no taboos anymore. I don't believe that. I don't care if Mia Farrow had her children out of wedlock or not. It would bother me. Someday the time will come to have children, but I want to get married first. I guess in lots of ways I'm an old-fashioned girl."

Career plans loom much larger on Barbi's current horizon than any marital prospects do. She's made three films—the aforementioned *Third Girl from the Left* and another ABC-TV movie, *The Great American Beauty Contest*, in both of which she had relatively minor roles, and the German production *How Did a Nice Girl Like You Get into This Business?*, in which she had the lead. She has several night-club engagements as a singer-guitarist under her belt, with another coming up next year at Chicago's prestigious Mister Kelly's, and she's becoming prominent—getting more lines and more songs to sing—on *Hee Haw*.

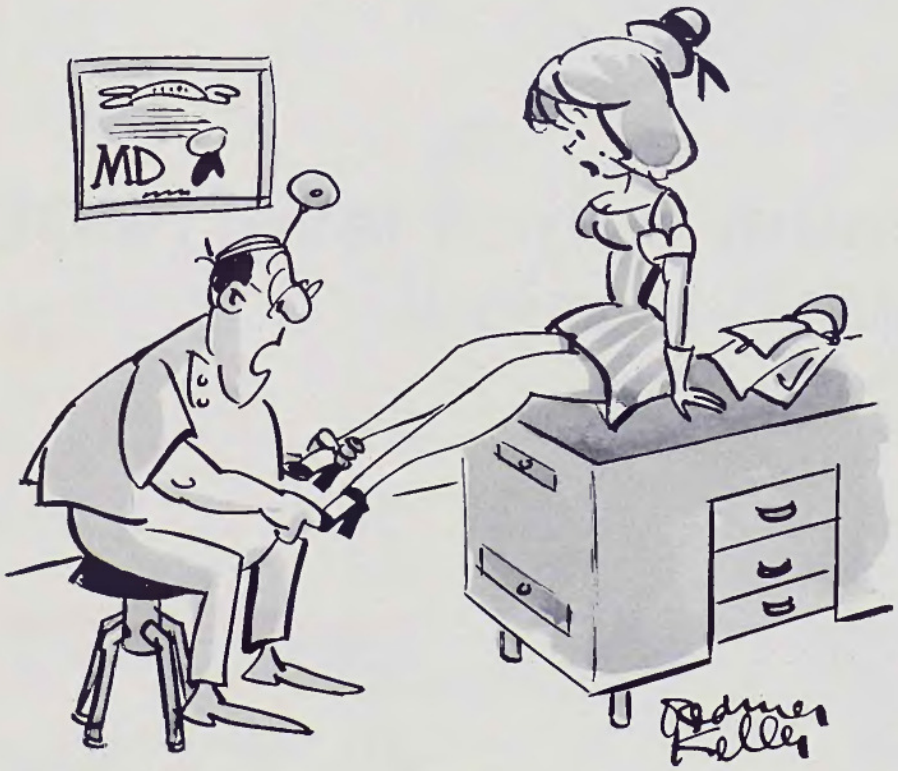
"Doing *Hee Haw* isn't really like work; it seems as if we get paid for having a great time on the set. I always look forward to going to Nashville to do it." The *Hee Haw* cast congregates in Nashville every six months for a daily shooting schedule lasting from two to five weeks. "I don't know why, but I'm a different person in Nashville," Barbi says. "We work long hours, but after we finish a day's taping, we gather at someone's house and everybody brings his instrument—I take my guitar—and we sit around the fire and sing. I would never dream of inviting all my friends over here with their instruments. It would be strange. But in Nashville we just have a great time—for about two weeks. I wouldn't want to live there; I'd miss Los Angeles."

One thing Barbi prefers about Nashville: the recognition she gets. "It's funny. In Los Angeles, I've always been recognized as Hef's girl. In Nashville, I'm 'that girl on *Hee Haw*.' That pleases me, because it's something that I've done myself." She smiles. "If I went to Nashville with Hef, they would think he was Mr. Benton." Another laugh, the quiet one this time. "Nothing would please me more."

Although *Hee Haw* isn't exactly an intellectual show—"It has thirty million viewers, twenty million of whom are probably pretty square"—she feels her increased exposure on it is helping her shed a certain aura of superficiality she's acquired. "I think that I definitely have an image of not being smart, because people think of me as a doll: 'She walks! She talks! She cries real tears!' Actually, when I was cohost with Hef on *Playboy After Dark*, I never had any lines; you just saw my face. It was more like: 'She walks! She cries real tears! But does she *talk?*' It's ridiculous. Of course I talk."

What Barbi feels she most needs to guard against now is spreading herself too thin, becoming something of a dilettante. "I'd like to be good at a lot of things, and Hef is always warning me to be careful. I remember when I started taking singing lessons. Hef walked in and hid behind a partition while I was practicing to one of those records with the melody left out. He turned off the phonograph and sat me down and said, 'Dear, I think you should concentrate on your acting.' He thought I shouldn't divide my energies. It was terrible. I cried and cried. I kept on, though, and now I'm good enough for him to want to hire me to sing in all the Playboy Clubs. But I have to watch myself. I'm studying dancing and acting and singing and guitar; I want to take sitar lessons and banjo lessons. And"—spreading her hands helplessly—"one of my friends from the *Hee Haw* cast, Misty Rowe, just called. She's landed the lead in one of those Bruce Lee–type movies and she has to study karate. Well, you know me, the old sucker: When Misty asks, 'Can you take karate lessons with me?' I say, 'Sure, of course!' So I guess I'm going to be taking karate, too. I don't have time to do *everything*."

Barbi looks at her watch. "Oh, *no*! I promised my agent I'd see him this afternoon about a film interview!" And she flashes up the grand staircase, quickly changes her clothes, runs back down, hops into her Maserati and leaves the place she's often described as paradise, heading for the workaday world of Hollywood below.



"Your streetwalking days are over. Your arches are gone."

marijuana. Basically a conservative group representing 170,000 lawyers throughout the nation, the A.B.A. announced its new position on marijuana at its annual meeting in Washington, D.C., last August, after a major effort by a number of attorneys working closely with the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML).

We at NORML planned and executed a thorough program to educate delegates to the A.B.A.'s convention. During an hourlong floor debate at the annual meeting, a past president of the A.B.A. and a former chairman of the A.B.A.'s house of delegates spoke in support of the marijuana resolutions. When the final tally was taken, the resolution stating that "there should be no criminal laws punishing simple possession of marijuana by users" had passed by a vote of 122 to 70, and a second resolution urging "that casual distribution of small amounts not for profit be treated as simple possession" had been approved by a 103-to-84 vote.

The majority of public officials at all levels of government are lawyers, and many of them are A.B.A. members. As such, they are receptive to A.B.A. positions, particularly on questions involving a changing legal response to current social issues. We expect that many legislators who previously had a wait-and-see attitude toward marijuana will now feel free to favor decriminalization.

Frank R. Fioramonti
Legislative Counsel
NORML
Washington, D.C.

SCIENTISTS IN CAGES

I must say I agree with Robert Anton Wilson's letter on the case of Dr. Timothy Leary in the June *Playboy Forum*. Wilson's comparison of Dr. Leary's situation to the case of Dr. Wilhelm Reich is especially apropos. It is dismaying to recall that only a handful of psychiatrists in the country protested when Dr. Reich was jailed and his books were burned in 1956. It is tragic that the protest in the Leary case has been equally microscopic.

Of course the ideas of Dr. Reich and Dr. Leary are especially offensive to majority opinion. This is why protest should have been vigorous. We owe our existing liberties not to people with acceptable ideas but to the willingness of bar associations, learned societies and similar groups to fight like hell for heretics with unpopular ideas. Every scientist, every writer and publisher, every teacher, every man and woman who might at some time have an unpopular idea should protest loudly and persistently until Dr. Leary is freed. The civil liberties you save may be your own.

E. Hart
Fort Worth, Texas

THIS LAND IS WHOSE LAND?

Last spring, Continental Oil Company's mineral division staked 3200 acres of land, affecting about 2000 homes in the Tucson mountain area of southeastern Arizona. Conoco officials said they would be drilling on this staked property for as long as three years. It may seem wrong that a person can't refuse to let a mining company dig on his own land, but an 1872 Federal mining law reserved the mineral rights of much of the land in the state. To acquire these rights, a company has simply to find mineral deposits; then anyone living on the land must permit the company to dig.

We local homeowners formed an organization called S.M.A.R.T. (Stop Mining Around Residential Tucson). When the first drill rig came onto our land, we sat in front of it and stopped it. Law-enforcement agents finally forced us to let the rigs on our land, informing us that we couldn't occupy our own property if it interfered with drilling operations.

In July, we walked 120 sweltering miles

(concluded on page 308)

RELAX
YOU'VE GOT MASTER CHARGE

Helen. Lorraine. Jackie. Evelyn. Sue. Ginger. Bunny. Mary Lee. Alice. Meg. The Master Charge card is good in more places across the country than any other card. And, if you like, you can stretch out your payments. Merry Christmas.

master charge
THE INTERBANK CARD.

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

CLAP HANDS, HERE COMES CHARLIE

There he is, rolling around on roller skates, taking a tumble in *Modern Times*. It's vintage Chaplin and it's only one of 15 masterpieces in both 16mm and 35mm that are available on a rental basis (rates vary, depending on whether or not you charge admission) from RBC Films, 933 N. La Brea Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Other rarities include *A King in New York, Monsieur Verdoux, The Great Dictator, The Circus, The Idle Class* and a forthcoming Peter Bogdanovich–Bert Schneider documentary, *The Life Work of Charles Chaplin*. Be assured they're the reel thing.

QUICK KICK

The French, they are a funny race; they fight with their feet and, well, you know the rest. And the French have come up with what probably is the best footsball game built, René Pierre's competition model, available from its American distributor, Peabody's Inc., Box 163, Virginia Beach, Virginia, for $495 plus shipping. (Footsball, for all you hermits, is a terrific table game where players attempt to maneuver a ball into an opponent's goal via the use of miniature soccer men on rods.) René Pierre's features telescoping rods, spring shock absorbers and rugged construction. You'll get a kick out of it.

FARAWAY LOOK

With *everyone* carrying Vuitton luggage these days, God knows there's got to be something else around that will still impress all those airport security people. There is. Period luggage stickers from the Twenties, Thirties and Forties that the Nostalgia Factory in Crazy Eddie's Game Centre (2022 Peel Street, Montreal) is selling for 50 cents each or 12 for five dollars. You can pay your money and take your chance or request a specific establishment: Shepheard's in Cairo, perhaps, or even the Hotel Winthrop in "the heart of the evergreen playground," Tacoma. Now, *that's* class.

WILD AND WOOLLY

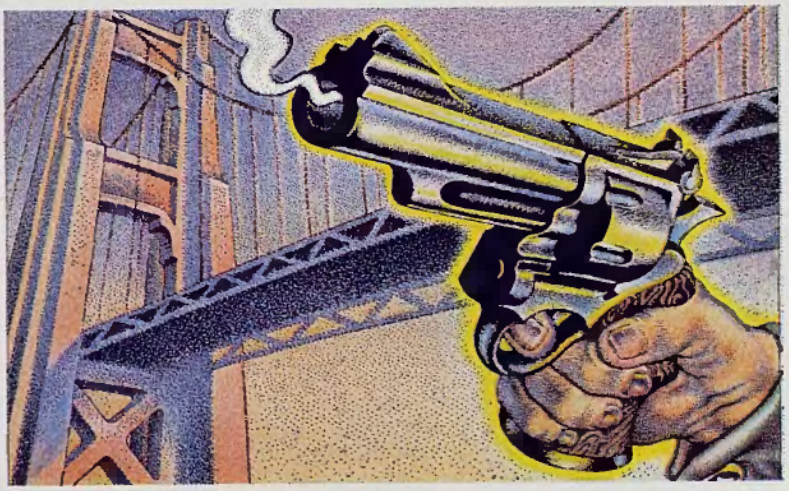
To paraphrase that old Roger Miller lyric, you may not be able to roller-skate in a buffalo coat, but now at least you can buy one. The Black Hills Buffalo Coat Company, Box 131, Keystone, South Dakota, has a variety of shapes and sizes for sale, from ski-jacket styles at $340 to full-length yet lightweight models at $495. (It will even customize your choice with $15-each solid-silver buttons and a velvet quilt lining. You can also order unlined 8′x10′ rugs at $175 or lined ones at $250.) Lastly, all you conservationists can calm down, as the buffalo is no longer an endangered species, and we're not buffaloing you about that, pardners.

SEALS OF APPROVAL

To everyone's relief, the annual slaughter of harp seals in the Gulf of St. Lawrence has been suspended—and will stay so, *provided* tourism replaces some of the revenue lost by this grisly practice. So this spring, Hanns Ebensten Travel in Manhattan is offering four-day, $495 round trips by air from Montreal to view the pups in their natural habitat. Join up!

INNIES AND OUTIES

The belly button is a truly wondrous thing—man's only common birthmark. Why, if it weren't for the belly button, you couldn't even be sure you were born. Jewelry designer Eric Marlow appreciates this and has cast a navel in solid bronze and made a belt buckle out of it, which he sells for $15. If by some quirk of fate you're not a b.b. freak, try a bronze-on-sterling nipple medal, $45. (Both from Box 28224, Columbus, Ohio.) And if by some slight chance you're neither, go bite a dog, you prevert.



MORE DIRTY WORK

Yes, violence buffs, relief is in sight, courtesy of Warner Bros., from all the good-will-to-men jive that you'll soon be getting from street-corner Santas. This month, Clint Eastwood as hard-nosed Dirty Harry is scheduled to ride again through the crime-packed alleys of San Francisco. His vehicle this time is *Magnum Force*, so-named for the trusty .44 Harry prefers never to be without. Hal Holbrook co-stars as Harry's disgruntled superior in crime prevention, Ted Post directs and the script is from a story by John Milius. Ka-chow!

HIGH HORSE

Christmas toys are traditionally found *under* the tree. But here's one that will dwarf just about anything, assuming you can get it in your door. It's an 11′ x 7′ hand-carved pine rocking horse that's available from Ken Bright (8 Point House, 18 West Grove, Greenwich, London S.E. 10, England) for only $3735 plus shipping. Thoughtful givers, of course, will include a stepladder as part of the surprise.

CUTTING THE CORD

If Ma Bell's latest model doesn't keep you in touch with enough people, take note: A completely cordless telephone, which sells for $350 postpaid, has been developed by Hugle International (625 Ellis Street, Mountain View, California). It operates via a base unit transmitter that plugs into your phone jack and a 110-volt outlet. Then you just raise the antenna on the battery-powered rechargeable push button shown at right and stroll wherever you please—or even float about your pool—provided you stay within 200 feet of the transmitter. Hello, sweetie, come on over, the water's . . . glub.

PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 305)*

from Tucson to Phoenix. Four of us went to see the governor, presenting him with an 8000-signature petition asking for a special session of the legislature to pass bills regulating mining operations, which he rejected. At the prompting of state senator John Scott Ulm, who is a strong opponent of the mining companies' exploitation of this state, senator William Jacquin, president of the senate, met with the marchers. He promised to help draw up the bills we wanted and to get a special session to get the bills passed. Now we're waiting.

The Federal mining law we're fighting affects not only Arizona but also Utah, Nevada, Colorado and a number of other Western states in which the Government has reserved mineral rights. We are hoping for national support and ask those who want to help to write to S.M.A.R.T., P.O. Box 26407, Tucson, Arizona 85723.

One image stands out in my mind as a clear demonstration of what we're up against. After our meeting with the governor, I took a look at the seal of the state in the capitol. It depicted a beautiful sunset, lovely scenery and a miner standing in the foreground, pick and shovel in hand.

John D. Krygelski
Public Relations Director
S.M.A.R.T.
Tucson, Arizona

HOW NOT TO FIGHT CRIME

After spending two years in study and $1,750,000, the National Advisory Commission on Criminal Justice Standards and Goals, appointed by the U. S. Department of Justice in 1971, has made many sound proposals for fighting crime and one proposal that is disastrous.

The commission recognizes the folly and wastefulness of laws against victimless crimes such as gambling, prostitution, pornography, marijuana use and private sex acts between consenting adults. It recommends that states re-evaluate such laws and, at the very least, abolish prison sentences for offenses in most cases. The commission's report also proposes cutting back on the prison system, reducing sentences, seeking alternatives to incarceration and guaranteeing prisoners more rights and privileges. It suggests that law-enforcement authorities concentrate maximum effort on reducing murder, rape, aggravated assault, robbery and burglary.

With all of this, I agree. But then the report calls on state governments to limit possession of handguns to the police and the military by 1983, to "acquire" (cute word) all privately owned handguns and to render collectors' items inoperative.

For as long as anyone can remember, the anti-gun forces in this country have been condemning those firearms owners who have adamantly resisted efforts to pass laws requiring the registration of weapons. The idea that registration leads to confiscation was scoffed at as just another example of gun-nut paranoia. The commission's proposal has proved that confiscation—or acquisition, if you prefer—is no fantasy.

Millions of Americans do not misuse their handguns, and it is terribly unfair to these law-abiding citizens to deprive them of pistols just because pistols are also used by criminals. Our crime experts are finally admitting that it's foolish to criminalize millions of young people who defy the law by smoking pot, but they seem calmly prepared to create a whole new class of criminals out of gun owners, who up to now respected the law. Prohibition isn't going to work any better against handgun ownership than it did against alcohol, marijuana or any other "problem" that millions of Americans consider a basic personal right.

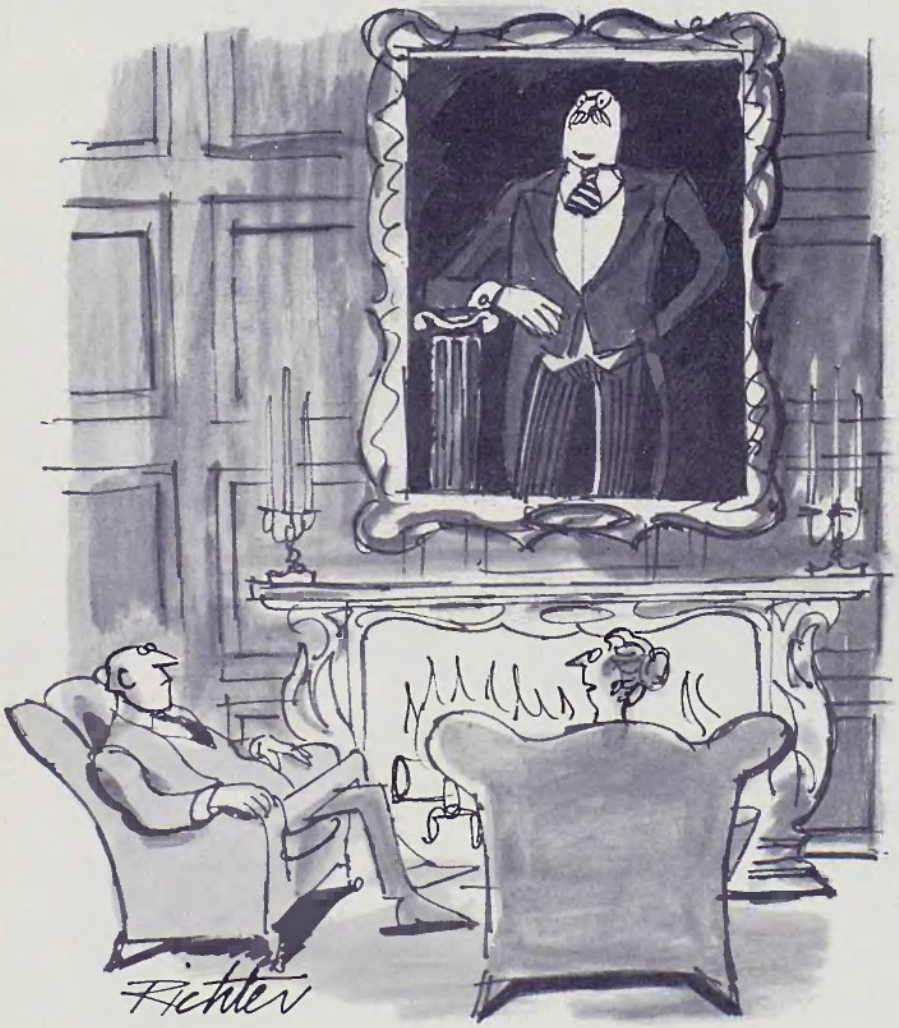
Gary Nelson
Minneapolis, Minnesota

DEFYING THE GUN LOBBY

At last an official body—the National Advisory Commission on Criminal Justice Standards and Goals—has had the courage to defy the gun lobby and to recommend the confiscation of handguns. The only purpose of such weapons is killing people. Many gun owners will howl but, for the sake of the thousands of innocent people not yet murdered by bullets or robbed at gunpoint, I hope this sensible proposal isn't rejected by vote-hungry politicians.

William Smith
Newark, New Jersey

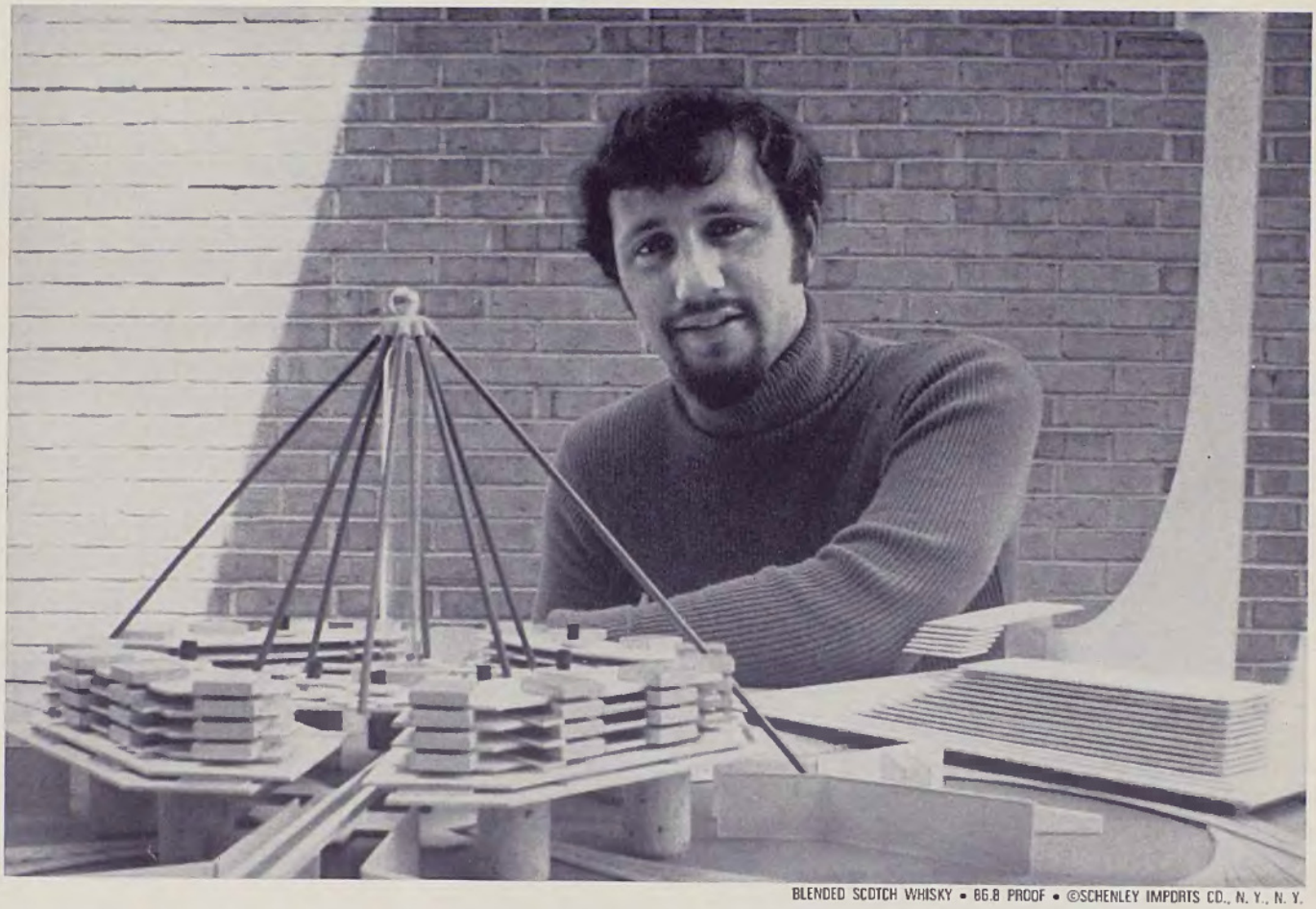
"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues related to "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



"Yet, where would we be, you and I, if he had not fleeced widows and orphans?"

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.

TOWN SO TOUGH

(continued from page 220)

found them in the handwriting or in the Yeats. "You're artistic, you dislike routine and you're a nonconformist."

Which was why I was on my sixth cup of coffee at Caesars with her, awaiting the arrival of her new boyfriend, Sonny Silver (this and all other names are fictitious). Writers, she had said, were good listeners, and she had filled me in on the mastectomy while polishing off the pastrami on pumpernickel.

"You're going to like Sonny," she said. "I read his hand and knew right away that he was in some kind of athletics. You could tell."

You certainly could. Sonny Silver was 4'9¾" tall and was an ex-jockey. He worked for one of the biggest comedians on the Strip as a combination gofer, masseur, bookie and pimp. His profession was unique to Vegas; he was a side-kick. He had been the side-kick to a singer before the comic and to one of the People before that. He made them laugh, he knew where to get a *knish* at five in the morning and that the fifth at Hollywood Park was a boat race and that there was a hooker on the Strip who would pop her glass eye and take it in the socket.

"How you hitting them, slugger?" he said when we shook hands. He pointed to Maisy Morgan. "She tell you about the boob?"

I did not quite know what to say.

"She tells everyone about that tit. You know, I think she's really looking for it. She's going to be driving down the Strip one night and here's this tit walking out the front door of the Desert Inn. With Howard Hughes. The first time anyone's seen Howard in forty-two years. But I knew Howard in the old days and if there was one thing he could never pass up, it was a good tit."

Maisy Morgan was slapping the table, shaking with mirth. "Sonny, you really make me laugh."

"You know, I could have made it in a big room," Sonny Silver said. "But you got to be five feet tall. I defy you to name me one comic under five feet tall."

"Mickey Rooney."

"Five, two and three eighths."

Sonny Silver ordered a Shirley Temple. He said he never drank hard liquor. The comic he worked for was a heavy boozer and Sonny said it was up to him to be a good example. The comic billed Sonny Silver as "entertainment coordinator."

"People ask me what an entertainment coordinator is," Sonny Silver said, "and you know what I tell them?" He cupped his hand over the side of his mouth. " 'How much does the chick cost?' "

"Sonny, show John your trick," Maisy Morgan said.

"You want to see my trick?"

"Sure."

"Then I'll show you my trick."

Sonny Silver reached into his jacket and drew out a long sheet of lined paper. At the top of the paper he wrote down the number 68,000.

"Sixty-eight thousand, Sonny," Maisy Morgan said. "It was only sixty thousand this morning."

"It's been a good day, champ," Sonny Silver said. He mentioned the comic. "We had the house debugged. You know, half this town is wired. My friend and I, we make a lot of bets around the country. I know people at all the tracks. They say, 'Maisy's Tit in the fourth,' so we get a little action down. Eight to one, that's thirty-two grand at Del Mar alone. The Feds know that, so they put a wire on your phone. I tell my friend I know a guy who can find the wire. So he comes in, finds the wire and for a couple of days you don't have the eagle on your ass. You get the eagle on your ass in this country and you are in big trouble. The bastards ruined Dick Haymes. It wasn't Rita Hayworth, it was the eagle."

"You better start, Sonny," Maisy Morgan said.

Sonny Silver took a gold pencil from his pocket. He said it was a personal gift from Sammy Davis Jr. On the sheet of paper he began to write down numbers, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven. Maisy and I watched silently, trying not to interrupt Sonny Silver's concentration. The minutes passed. Sonny Silver wrote on, occasionally shaking his wrist to ward off writer's cramp. The numbers piled up on the paper: 434, 435, 436, 437. Ten minutes. Fifteen. Twenty. No one said a word. Finally, with a triumphant flourish, Sonny Silver wrote 69,000 at the bottom of the back of the paper.

"I bet you never seen anything like that in your life," Sonny Silver said.

I still was not quite sure what I had just spent 22 minutes watching.

"I counted to a thousand," Sonny Silver said.

"Why?"

"Because I'm counting to a million."

"Oh."

"I bet you never met anyone in your whole life who's counted to a million."

"No."

"I've done it three times."

"That means that Sonny's counted to three million, if you add it all up," Maisy Morgan said.

"I guess that's what it means," I said.

"It's a very simple operation," Sonny Silver said. "I take Sammy Davis' pencil here and three times a day I count up to a thousand."

"That's three thousand a day," Maisy Morgan said.

"I write it all down just so I got a record of it. You know, there's people in this town, you tell them you've counted to a million, they won't believe you."

"Yeah, I can believe that," I said.

"Takes about twenty minutes to a half hour every time I count to a thousand. I write the number I begin with at the top of the page, the number I end with at the bottom. To double-check, so to speak."

I nodded.

"Any more than three times a day, you tend to lose interest," Sonny Silver said. "Less than that, the whole operation would take too long."

"You wouldn't want that."

"Did it once in three hundred and thirty-three days. The longest was three hundred and forty-five days. And I got a record of every page. Signed, with the date. You want to witness this one?"

I signed my name with Sammy Davis' gold pencil on the page full of numbers. I asked what he did with the pages.

Sonny Silver said he gave them to the comic. "It makes him laugh. He shows them to real superstars. Buddy Hackett. Frank Gorshin."

"It really makes them laugh," Maisy Morgan said. "I've seen them."

"And people ask what an entertainment coordinator does," Sonny Silver said.

• • •

Artha was depressed. It had been a bad day at the Manhattan Beauty College. She blamed it on the recession. That fucking Nixon. She wasn't political, she had never registered to vote. Register to vote and she might be called to jury duty and if she were called to jury duty, it would be hard to work. Although it might be nice, when a judge asked what she did, to say, "I blow a lot of guys." That would shake up his Honor. Fuck him. And Nixon, too. There was a recession, he was in the White House, he should have fixed it. Artha blamed Nixon for getting busted. It was the first time she had been busted since Milwaukee, and that was for carrying reds. This time the bust was for hooking. It was Nixon's recession, it was his fault. When she applied to the Manhattan Beauty College, she had thought she would hook only on weekends. That would keep her going and leave her time to study on week nights. But the recession had hit Vegas so hard that she was now forced to work during the week. She was not doing her homework; she had begun to cut classes. It was difficult to take a three-o'clock date and then get up for an eight-o'clock class. It was better to cut the class altogether than to be tired and make a mistake in bluing or tinting. She was tired all the time now. The nights were longer. There were so few high rollers

"You're jolly, Nick, but you ain't no saint!"

around that the pits were not coming through with the steady good tricks and she had started to cruise. Because of the recession. And cruising was how she got busted. Right off a blackjack table at the Landmark.

Artha had stopped to play a hand of 21. She did not gamble much. She just wanted to rest her feet. And be on display. A single girl at a blackjack table at three in the morning. Even the rubes could figure that out. She had been cruising since midnight with no luck. The secret of cruising was to keep moving. Caesars first, then the Tropicana, then the Sands. No luck. No more than two drinks in any casino. Stay for more than two drinks without making a connection and hotel security begins to get nervous. The hotels draw a very fine line. They like the girls available for the roller who wants a pop, but then they don't want the casino to look like a lamppost. So two drinks and move on. Artha had talked to a lot of guys. Lookers, talkers, guys who wanted to negotiate. The nice thing about working out of the pits was that there was no negotiating. That was all fixed beforehand. A hundred dollars, cash or chips. Cruising was different. There was always some dude who got his rocks off negotiating. A hundred dollars to $50, $50 to $30. At three o'clock in the morning with no hits, even $30 looked good. Then the guy would say no, he thought not, it was a little steep. Fuck him. That kind of guy was trouble. When she first got to Vegas, before she made her connections in the pits, she had always cruised with a friend. If she got a trick, she would tell her friend his room number. If she was not down in an hour, give the room a call. There were guys who liked to work a girl over, a little punch in the tit to liven up the evening. So call in an hour to see if I'm OK. It was better to be safe than sorry.

Artha was tired at the Landmark. Her feet hurt and she did not feel like moving on to the Sahara. That was her mistake; she did not keep moving. She looked up and saw the cop beckoning to her. She had never seen him before, but she knew he was not just another john. Johns never beckon. They always ask for a match or the time or say what a nice night it is or how lucky they feel. Only the vice crook their finger. When a dude snaps his finger, beckons with his hand and wears a small American flag in his lapel, a working girl can be sure it's the vice.

She went along. A girl always went along. It was not smart to cause trouble. She wanted to work the Landmark again and if she caused a scene, she never would. Hotel security would be on her ass before she got through the automatic door. Nor did the vice want to cause a scene. The hotel would disapprove and the hotel had too much juice downtown. The only difference between getting busted and walking out of the hotel with a trick was that she did not take the cop's arm. Nobody could tell what was happening except hotel security and some of the people in the pits. No one seemed to notice, not even a blackjack dealer who had turned a $50 pop over to her the night before. Before the recession, the dealer used to turn her on to a couple of tricks a week. Artha had never turned any money over to him. He had balled her a few times and there was one thing about him that she particularly liked. He had never asked to go to her apartment. She would have let him, but he never asked. He lived in a two-bedroom apartment on the west side of the Strip and sometimes after a date, she would play a couple of hands at his table and he would say that if she was not busy, he got off in a half hour or so. That was all, nothing more. Sometimes she would say yes and other times, when she was tired or had had too much action, she would smile and say no. "You're at the end of a long line," she would say, and he would laugh and deal her another hand. He never paid. That was part of the bargain. But she did not turn him down too often. Times were too tough and the supply far exceeded the demand. If a girl wanted to make a living, she could not tell a good contact in the pits to go take a cold shower every time he hinted around for a freebie.

Only her contacts got the free pussy. All the other locals paid. Artha had worked out an elaborate pay scale for the locals. She let a dealer go for a "quarter," or $25, a pit boss for a half, or $50. It was a flat $100 for the casino or hotel manager. There was one hotel manager who anted up $150 every time. The extra $50 was so the girl would not wash him. He had a phobia about being washed. It seemed to him too professional. The money did not make it professional, only the washing. That was how Artha had lost him as a trick. She had washed his joint first thing. He let her finish, but then wadded the two bills into her purse and dismissed her before they got anything going. It was a long time before Artha even worked his hotel. She was afraid that because she had soaped his joint he had put the word out for hotel security to lean on her if she ever came in. It was too bad, but she washed everyone, she did not care who he was. She said it was going to be difficult for her if she ever got married, because on her wedding night she was sure to take a washcloth, some soap and warm water, and

"You didn't just make silly jokes, no, sir! You really gave us something to think about."

that would not look right. But it had paid off. She had got the clap only once and that was when she was in high school in Wisconsin. She was almost sure she had caught it from a boy named Walter Keenan, whose brother was a Dominican priest and whose mother was active in the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul.

Artha often wondered how she had managed to catch the clap only once, even with all the washing. She had played around with a very rough group in Milwaukee, spades mainly, numbers people, pimps, second-story men, some dealers in reds. She had never taken to drugs. She simply did not like them. "They just don't agree with me," she said. She had taken up with a black pimp after her baby was born. There was a black girl in the maternity ward with her and the pimp had come to see her a couple of times, but he had spent most of his time talking to Artha. She had never balled a black man before, although at that time she never called them blacks. In the part of Milwaukee where she was brought up, blacks were "niggers," and it surprised her when she got out of the hospital and began going with the pimp that the blacks called each other nigger, although they did not much like it if a white person did. She went with the pimp for several months and he bought her clothes and paid for her apartment and one day when he asked her to do a white friend a favor and work a house in Antigo, Wisconsin, she said, "Why not?" Antigo is in the potato and lumber country and the house was a two-girl affair and she was expected to service anyone who came through the door. The other girl did not seem to be around and the madam said the other girl was having her period, but a couple of days later Artha learned that a lumberjack had laid open the girl's skull with an ax handle. It was an accident; he was drunk; the girl would live. Artha was not reassured. She had arrived in Antigo on the bus on a Tuesday and was back in Milwaukee Friday afternoon, missing the big weekend rush in the lumber country. But in the slow middle of the week in Antigo, Tuesday night, Wednesday night and Thursday night, she had serviced 31 potato farmers and lumberjacks, and that seemed more than adequate payment for the clothes and the apartment the pimp had given her.

She took up with another pimp, who took her to Chicago and set her up in a cheap hotel on the 1000 block of North Clark Street, three dollars a night for the room, and every trick paid the three, so the hotel did not mind the heavy traffic. There was a coin-operated television set in the room, 25 cents for a half hour of TV time, and she balled the night clerk for a roll of quarters in order to watch *The Man from U. N. C. L. E.* and her other favorites between tricks. The night clerk's name was Opatashu and he had cancer of the rectum and he shit out of his side into a little bag attached to his waist. But he was straight—on, off, no tricks, no gimmicks, not like some of the guys she met on North Clark Street, especially the one with the hot plate. The john with the hot plate would carry it around with him and when he picked up a girl, he would fry up a couple of eggs in her room, dump the eggs on her pussy and then eat them with a plastic knife and fork. That was all, nothing more, except the yolk from the sunny side up crusting in her pubes. Opatashu died while she was on North Clark Street and she went to his funeral. It was something to do, she did not like to waste her quarters on the game shows on TV in the afternoon and the local cooking show reminded her of the john with the hot plate. The assistant manager and the housekeeper of the hotel were at the cemetery, and it struck Artha that it was a sad way to die, cancer of the asshole, poor Opatashu, no place even to crap out of in the end, attended at death only by a fag, a hooker and a spade maid.

Chicago was the farthest east she had ever been. She wanted to see New York

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"Who was that masked man? I wanted to thank him."

someday, but the place that really interested her was Buffalo. No reason. She just liked the name. She did not even know anyone there. She was like that about cities. If the name was nice, the city was probably nice. Another city she thought would be an all-right place was Macon, Georgia. Once she had tricked a john from Macon. He was in the dental-supply business and was in Vegas for a convention and told her he wanted "the W. F. W."

"What's that?"

"The whole fucking works," he had said. "It's a Macon expression."

W. F. W. She liked that and eased it into a conversation whenever she got the chance. In a restaurant she would order a schnitzel with the W. F. W. and if the waiter looked at her strangely, she would say, "The whole fucking works, it's a Macon expression." That was a nice thing about Vegas; the waiters never batted an eye. They had heard it all, the W. F. W. When a trick took her to dinner, she would immediately call for the wine list. She always ordered wine by the number on the list. "Number sixty-nine," she would say. It was cute the way the waiters always got the joke.

"May I recommend instead number sixty-five," they would say.

"That's four short," she would say.

She had been in Vegas five years. Long enough to learn all the tricks. She freelanced for a while, until she met a couple of bell captains. But the trouble with hooking through the bell captains or the cabdrivers was that they took 40 percent. Off the top. Working out of the pits was not as steady, but there was less overhead. Better free pussy to every dealer in town than 40 percent. The barmen got to know her. That was important. They would tell her when the vice was making a sweep through the hotel and she would disappear into the ladies' room. Once while she was cruising the Sands, the heat made a swing through the casino and when she disappeared into the can, an old broad in a silver pants suit offered $50 to watch her take a leak. Artha had to take a leak anyway, so it was no problem. That was another thing she liked about Vegas: It was possible to turn a profit just by taking a piss.

She kept moving, she never got busted. Until the recession. Nixon's recession. Not that she ever got careless. It was too easy to run afoul of the heat. One of the first things she did when she got to Vegas was to get herself a bail bondsman. Just in case she did get busted. The bail bondsman's name was Bill Parsons and most of the hookers on the Strip used him. It was easy to find him in the Yellow Pages. He advertised himself as "Friend of the Working Girl." She gave Bill Parsons a $50 cashier's check so that in case she did get busted, he could bail her right out. And she got herself a lawyer. Again, just in case. The charge in a hooking bust was usually vag loitering. It was just a harassing tactic the vice used to keep cruising in the casinos within reason. The vice would never bust a girl when she was with a trick. There was no knowing how much juice the trick had. He could be an optometrist, but then again he could be the chief of police in Broken Butte, Arkansas. Or one of the People. Or someone with a $50,000 line of credit at the Sahara. The kind of people it was best not to mess with.

It was just Artha's bad luck that she was alone and that it was after midnight. If she had been busted before midnight, she could have made bail and been back in the casinos within the hour. But after midnight you have to spend the night in the tank. She made her one call to Bill Parsons and he said he would get her out the next morning. She settled in for the night. Or what was left of it. In knee boots and a black-velvet pants suit. The only excitement was when a spade tried to pinch her sausage-curl wig. Artha told the spade she would get a kick in the cunt if she was not careful. It was tough enough to cruise in the recession without a boot up the twat. The spade got the message.

Artha was out by eight the next morning. She gave Bill Parsons another $50 check to cover the bond for the next time she was busted and went home to bed. She would not have to appear in court. Vag loitering was a misdemeanor and the cases were always dismissed. But the lawyer cost $100, and with Bill Parsons' $50, that meant a C and a half. And no tricks to cover it. She would have to cruise again that night. Which is what caused all the trouble at the Manhattan Beauty College.

The problem was that she had missed the lessons about applying the solution for a permanent. Because she was working nights and cutting classes the next day. At school she was now on the floor and over the past week she had picked up $7.85 in tips while doing $21.50 worth of work. What she had learned, she had learned well. She was good at dyes and tints and was now into cuts, practicing on the wigs and falls that the Manhattan Beauty College kept on blocks for the students to work on. The customers of the college were all women who worked downtown, older women, mostly, the kind who want rinses and permanents and want them done cheaply. Artha had done a rinse and a tint that morning and she had performed both jobs meticulously. She was not fast, but she was thorough, and speed would come later. What was important now was learning how to do the job right. Everything was going well until this old broad in bifocals came in and demanded a permanent. Artha was the only girl free on the floor. She did not have permanents down yet, but it was worth a try. She put on too much solution. The woman began to complain. Artha got flustered. She was tired, she began to make mistakes. She realized how little sleep she had been getting. First the night in the tank, then last night, trying to make up for it, with a man from Chicago who dealt in pork futures. She had spent the evening with him at the crap tables at the Riviera and then, when she finally got him to his room, he could not get it up. She worked

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on him for two hours, until 4:30 in the morning. The john was in for $100, but when he could not make it, he demanded $50 back. She had first told him to go fuck himself and then she remembered the night in the tank and returned the $50. Two nights in the tank were two too many. And now this old bitch was complaining about the solution. It was burning her scalp, it was splitting the hair ends. Mr. Luigi ordered Artha off the floor and began to soothe the customer. Her permanent would be free. Mr. Luigi would perform it himself. That old bitch. Fuck her. Fuck the recession. Fuck Nixon.

• • •

Buster Mano filleted a Hostess Twinkie as neatly as if it were a Dover sole. With a butter knife he scooped the cream filling from each half of the cake, leaving a hollow in each like a pitted avocado. Buster never ate the cream in a Twinkie; he claimed the filling made him bind up. His lower intestine was a Dunkirk always waiting to be evacuated and Buster kept up-to-the-minute status reports on the departure readiness of his bowels. He signaled the waitress for a half cup of coffee. Hot and weak. The waitress extracted a pencil from the northern extremities of her lavender-tinted beehive and pondered the order. A half cup, hot and weak.

"I don't know about that," she said. The plastic name tag on her uniform identified her as Reeta.

"Know about what?" Buster Mano said.

"We don't serve half cups at Denny's."

"A whole cup tends to get cold before you finish," Buster Mano said.

"I'd have to charge you for a full cup," Reeta persisted.

"The menu says all the coffee you can drink for the price of a cup," Buster Mano said. "So it doesn't matter if the first cup's a whole cup or a half cup, does it?"

"I guess I never really thought of it that way," Reeta said.

"Takes thinking," Buster Mano said. "A half cup, then."

Reeta studied her order pad. "You wouldn't mind if I wrote down a full cup on the check and not a half cup, would you?" she said. "The boss might think it's funny, you know, ordering a half cup."

"Sure thing."

"You're nice. You from Vegas?"

Buster shook his head and mentioned the name of a Midwestern city.

"The nice ones never come from Vegas," Reeta said. "I'm from Fresno and, believe me, have I got a story."

"I bet," Buster Mano said, not unkindly. "The coffee."

"Half cup coming up," Reeta said.

Buster quartered his Twinkie and dunked a quadrant into the half cup of coffee. He closed his eyes as he ate, smiling to himself, and then finally he said, eyes still shut, "Lester Pugh."

I did not realize I was supposed to reply.

Buster opened his eyes and dabbed a piece of Twinkie from his lips. "Lester Pugh," he repeated.

I took the bait. "Who is Lester Pugh?"

Buster Mano smiled. "Lester Pugh," he said, "is a loser."

A casino downtown had asked Buster Mano to locate Lester Pugh. It was a small matter. Lester Pugh had run out on a marker of $2700 and dropped out of sight. His telephone had been disconnected and a hooker named Moreen was now living in his apartment. Moreen had never heard of Lester Pugh. Moreen said she had put two months' rent down on the apartment and to leave her the fuck alone. She had juice, she had a boyfriend who had eight points in the Thunderbird and her boyfriend had connections downtown and his connections would lean on anyone who bothered her. Who the fuck was Lester Pugh, anyway? A nobody.

Moreen was right. Lester Pugh was a nobody and the casino decided to let matters drop. Gambling debts are legally uncollectible and $2700 was not enough to get upset over. Better to eat $2700, especially when it might cost two bills to find Lester Pugh. Nor was $2700 worth any rough stuff. Not that Lester Pugh's disappearance did not rankle. Money was money, there was a principle involved. It was just that it was hard to think of Lester Pugh in terms of principle. He was a steady player, a good player, he knew the layout and figured the percentages. A quiet little fellow from Fort Smith, Arkansas. The only thing that anyone could really remember about him was that he hated the niggers. His daughter had drowned in an integrated community swimming pool in Fort Smith and Lester Pugh blamed Martin Luther King. It was a stretch, but everything about Lester Pugh was a stretch. He came to Vegas after his daughter died and got a job selling dice. Dice and the Reverend M. L. King were the only things Lester Pugh ever talked about. Always M. L. King, never Martin Luther King. He liked to hold a pair of dice in his hand and talk about the tolerances. Precision milled to one ten-thousandth of an inch. Sand-finished rather than clear, because the added friction gave dice more action on the table. He would stand at a crap table at three o'clock in the morning and talk about dice. He always gambled downtown. There were too many Jews on the Strip. Jews and M. L. King, there was the trouble with the world. A pair of dice was the only thing that had any meaning. Lester Pugh claimed to sell 8000 pairs of dice a month, $1.40 a pair. It was a good living, he had no major expenses. Just a girlfriend, a dim number with no tits who had flunked the dealer's test at a gambling school—the blackjack test, the easiest one to learn. A typical Lester Pugh girlfriend. The girlfriend never went gambling with Lester Pugh. He would always stand at the table alone and go into his monolog about dice. Never to anyone in particular, just to himself. If anyone was listening, fine. It was for this reason that there was never much action at any table where Lester Pugh was playing. The voice was quiet, obsessive. Dice, the only thing in the world that has any meaning. Three quarters of an inch to a side, edges razor sharp, made from cellulose nitrate, you call it celluloid, heaviest of all the thermoplastics, the spots are flush, that's because recessed spots make the six side too light, I bet you didn't know the heat from your hand distorts the tolerance, 30 days, that's as long as you should keep dice on the shelf, after that give them to the U. S. O. Lester Pugh was a nut about dice, as he was about M. L. King.

It was a pit boss from the casino downtown who spotted Lester Pugh coming out of the Valley Bank of Nevada in Henderson. The pit boss had often talked to Lester Pugh about dice and he knew there was a $2700 marker and that Lester had quit his job and left town four months before. Or so everyone had surmised. The pit boss told his shift boss that he had seen Lester Pugh in Henderson and the shift manager told the casino manager and the casino manager called Buster Mano. It was not the sort of case that Buster Mano usually took on, but he was offered not only his time but five percent of the marker. Buster said ten percent or find another boy. Seven and a half, the casino manager said. Ten, Buster Mano repeated. It was a matter of some honor with him. It was Buster's considered opinion that the People controlled all the casinos and when dealing with the People, the only way one could salvage some dignity was to get top dollar. That is the only language they understand, Buster would say. Never mind that ten percent in this case is only $270, it is still top dollar. And $270 plus time is better than a kick in the ass.

Buster Mano got his ten percent and immediately went to work. He sent a letter in a windowed envelope to Lester Pugh's last-known address, knowing the post office would not forward the letter but would probably put the forwarding address he had requested on it before returning it to him. The letter came back to Buster Mano address unknown and he

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carefully noted on his expense sheet, "One U.S. stamp—eight cents." Next he checked his IBM print-out of power-meter credits. Anyone who had transferred his utilities over the past year was listed in that book. Again, no luck. Buster placed a call to the casino manager.

"What's the name of Lester Pugh's girlfriend?"

"The one with no tits?"

"She might have three tits, for all I know."

"I'll get back to you."

The name of the girl with no tits was LaVerne. No known last name. She had once worked as a cocktail waitress at the Stardust. Buster called a friend in the security office of the Stardust. The friend said he would see what he could do. On his expense sheet Buster noted, "Two telephone calls—20 cents."

The friend at the Stardust called back the next day. "LaVerne Burdette. A real dumbbell. No tits."

Buster checked the power-company print-out. Four months earlier, LaVerne Burdette had moved from an apartment on Rome in Las Vegas to another in Henderson. Her new telephone number was 555-2033. Buster dialed the number.

"Hello."

"LaVerne Burdette?" Buster's voice was up half an octave, quick, exhilarated.

"Yes."

"Les Lacy, LaVerne, KENO Radio, the sound of Las Vegas for over thirty years."

"Yes."

"How about that, LaVerne? I bet you're not even thirty yourself. You sound like a . . . twenty-four."

"I'm twenty-seven, Les."

"How about that? Married, LaVerne?"

"Not yet, Les."

"But a boyfriend, though, right?"

"That's right."

"And what does that lucky young man do?"

"He's in sales."

"In sales! How about that? What does he sell?"

"Patio furniture."

"Patio furniture. How about that? It wouldn't be for White Front, would it? White Front is a sponsor, got to get in every plug we can, you understand that, I bet, LaVerne."

"I sure do, Les. He works for Mojave Lawn and Patio."

"Would you believe that's another sponsor, LaVerne?"

"This is just so wonderful, Les."

"And it's going to be even more wonderful, LaVerne. Now, listen, you've heard my show——"

"Oh, sure, Les."

"Well, you know we give away albums, LaVerne, if you can answer the lucky question."

"I never win anything, Les."

"Your luck is going to change right here, LaVerne. Ready or not, here it comes."

"I'm so scared."

"It's a tough one, LaVerne. Now, for the original sound-track album of *The Sound of Music*, I want you to tell me who was the star of the movie version of that hit Broadway musical."

"Julie . . . Andrews."

"LaVerne, I thought you told me you never win anything, but you have just won an original sound-track album of *The Sound of Music* with Julie Andrews and all those other great stars. Isn't that exciting?"

"Oh, boy, Les. Listen, there's just one thing. I've already got Julie on *The Sound of Music*."

"LaVerne, sweetie, now you've got two. Let me ask you something. You got a mom?"

"Sure do, Les."

"Well, now, with your new album, you've got your mom her Christmas present next December. A little early Christmas shopping, LaVerne, isn't that exciting?"

"It sure is, Les."

"*Ciao*, LaVerne, it's been great talking to you."

Buster Mano hung up. His brow was beaded with sweat. A long low fart whistled through his office.

"Jesus, I thought I was going to cut one when I was talking to her," Buster Mano said. "It would have blown the whole number. Maybe I blew it anyway. I should have told her the show was on tape. She's probably twisting the dials right now, trying to find me." He farted again. "Oh, well, you live and learn," Buster Mano said.

• • •

"Why?" I asked.

"Why what?" Buster Mano said.

"Why do you do it?"

"You mean, what's my motivation?"

"Yes."

"You asshole."

It was the next morning and Buster Mano and I were driving to the casino downtown with the information about Lester Pugh. Buster had called Mojave Lawn and Patio and they had volunteered that Lester Pugh would that afternoon be setting up a patio display at a model home in a subdivision called Rio del Sol.

"Polished terrazzo benches?" Buster Mano had asked.

"Oh, absolutely. Stain resistant to any food and drink."

"Just what I'm looking for," Buster Mano had said.

There was a tape recorder beside me on the front seat of the car and the cassette was monitoring our conversation. Buster hefted the tape recorder in his hand.

"I'm trying to find Lester Pugh; you're trying to find me; there's no difference. You're the same kind of Peeping Tom I am. Except I don't give a shit. I like looking for people and I cleared eighteen grand last year before taxes. So don't give me that crap about motivation. Motivation is a very poor explanation of character."

I shut off the tape recorder.

"No dramatic gestures," Buster Mano said. He switched the machine back on. "By the way, did you fuck that spade who was in your apartment that night?"

We parked the car and went into the casino. Buster never gambled, but he knew a number of the players at the tables. Buster preferred downtown to the Strip. It was a city and he understood cities. Cities meant failure and he was a connoisseur of failure.

"Buster."

"How are you?"

"Jack Eastern, Buster."

"I'd know you anywhere, Jack."

"What's it been, Buster?"

"Three years anyway, Jack. You're looking good."

"Fuck looking good, Buster. I'm seventy-four years old."

"Never would have figured that, Jack."

"Stopped playing golf four years ago."

"What are you doing for exercise?"

"I'd walk up Fremont Street buck-ass naked if I could stop getting old."

"I'd like to take you up on that, Jack."

"Only thing worse than dying is getting old."

"That's a grim son-of-a-bitch thought," Buster Mano said.

The casino manager was pleased at the progress of Buster Mano's investigation. He sat in his Naugahyde desk chair, a heavy-set man with a walleye, and twirled the dial of a closed-circuit television set on the desk in front of him. Each channel zeroed in on a different pit. He was watching a blackjack game.

"Look at that losing son of a bitch," he said. "He'll hit an eighteen, you watch."

The player took a queen. The dealer paid 18.

The manager turned off the set. "With stiffs like him, this could be a good business," he said. He was wearing a white-on-white shirt with his initials monogrammed on the cuffs. It was hard to tell which was his good eye, whether he was looking at Buster or me.

"So you found Lester."

Buster Mano grunted. "What do you want me to do?"

"Get the money back."

"How bad you want it?"

"We'll settle. Even like his business back. Cash business."

"And if he won't settle?"

"That son of a bitch likes to gamble

"For Mr. Bakst, Christmas is still a pagan festival."

too much. I'll put his picture in every casino in town."

"You got his picture?"

"You got a Polaroid?"

"Gotcha."

• • •

The Rio del Sol subdivision was off Flamingo Road east of the Strip. Pastel ranch styles, terrazzo roofs, two-car garages. There was a developer's sign in front of the model house—OPEN FOR INSPECTION—LOW DOWN—VHA/FHA—FROM $22,995.

Buster Mano walked through the living room with his Polaroid camera in hand.

"You don't mind if I take pictures?" he asked the real-estate agent. "For the little woman. She works days at the Sands."

"Really?" the real-estate woman said. She was a hefty blonde, nearing 60, in a miniskirt, and her voice was guarded, as if LOW DOWN—VHA/FHA—FROM $22,995 was too steep for the husband of what she seemed to assume was a cocktail waitress at the Sands.

Buster Mano caught the hesitation. "In the publicity department," he said.

"Of course, go right ahead," the real-estate woman said.

Buster Mano began snapping pictures with his Polaroid.

"You'll notice the light dimmer," the real-estate agent said.

"I like the push-button controls," Buster Mano said.

"And it's all name-brand furniture. Of course, it doesn't come with every house, but the manufacturer is willing to give a discount. And no separate financing. It would all come with the initial loan."

"With approval of credit, I presume," Buster Mano smiled.

"Oh, of course. And isn't the breakfast nook darling? An all-electric kitchen."

"We have butane now," Buster Mano said. "The wife hates it."

"Well, then, this is the place for you."

Buster Mano tore off a snapshot, nodded with satisfaction and put the photograph in his pocket.

"It's the patio I'm really interested in," he said. "We spend all our time on the patio. Ruth and the dog and myself. We don't have any children. Mustard, our dog, he's family enough for us."

"That's delightful."

We went out the sliding glass door to the patio. Lester Pugh was arranging a rattan grouping around the barbecue. On a rattan cocktail table, there was a tray full of empty plastic liquor bottles, a Scotch-plaid ice bucket and some tinted plastic patio glasses.

"I'd just love a picture of that," Buster Mano said. He motioned Lester Pugh to one of the rattan chairs. "Could you sit in a chair? I want my Ruth to get the full flavor of it."

Lester Pugh moved reluctantly into the chair. He was a small, ferret-faced man in a dark suit and a string tie. On his right pinkie finger was a diamond ring with the stones worked into the initials L. P.

Buster Mano raised the camera to his eye. "It's a wonderful effect with the bottles," he said. "A real selling point. Just like home."

The real-estate woman came out onto the patio. "I didn't give you my card. I'm Mrs. Becker. And this is Mr. Pugh from Mojave Lawn and Patio. I can't wait for your wife——"

"Ruth."

"Of course, Ruth. I can't wait for Ruth to see the patio."

"Do you have any other kind of patio suites?" Buster Mano said. He tore off the snapshot and showed it to Lester Pugh. "You should smile more," Buster Mano said.

"Contemporary or classic?" Lester Pugh said.

"Polished terrazzo," Buster Mano said.

"We'd have to order it," Lester Pugh said. "Six-week delivery."

"I'm afraid you'd skip town if we gave you six weeks, Lester," Buster Mano said.

Lester Pugh sat transfixed in the rattan chair. His bones seemed to have collapsed. He tried to wipe his forehead, but he could barely lift his arm.

"I'm sure Mr. Pugh could have it here quicker than six weeks," Mrs. Becker said.

"Five weeks, I could write you an order," Lester Pugh said weakly.

"Oh, shit, Lester," Buster Mano said. He looked at the snapshot once again. "You take such a good picture."

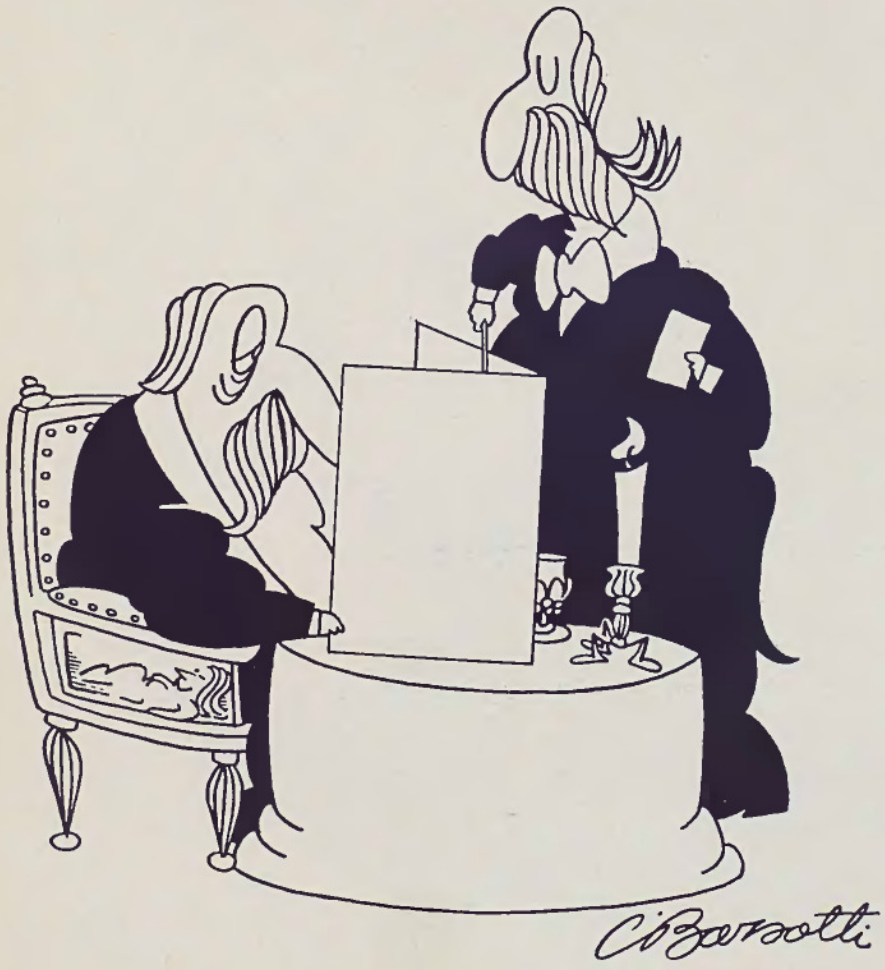
"I'm sure I don't understand," Mrs. Becker said.

"Tell her, Lester," Buster Mano said.

Lester Pugh tried to rise from the chair. "That stupid LaVerne," he said finally. "You know, that dumb bitch really thought she was going to get *The Sound of Music*."

Buster Mano extended a hand to help Lester Pugh from the chair.

"Oh, hell, I'll buy her the album, Lester," Buster Mano said.



"May I suggest the canard bigarade au Grand Marnier? I'd like to see what the hell it is."

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mickey mouse

(continued from page 199)

effect. The thyroid duck shakes its head.

But the crowds are unsuspicious. They mean to have fun: soldiers with a three-day R and R in Hong Kong. I envy their innocence. One Disney flier notes that W. D. W. has a bigger annual draw than Mecca. Mecca's a lousy attraction, anyway: no rides, no ducks. Lines here, though. My God, you don't get such lines except maybe at Lenin's tomb. And this is an average day in the Magic Kingdom. Lines are bent into metal mazes; a 50-minute wait is camouflaged by right angles. "We're nuts," says one lady, wearing cameras cross-strapped like Pancho Villa's bandoleers. "In line for an hour to see something that takes maybe seven minutes. But it's great. I love it."

The crowds aren't crowds: They're audiences. And the lines aren't lines: queues. You'll have to learn the language. The Disney organization employs a full-time staff of semanticists. The nomenclature department. Queues are roofed over. There's a rainy season in central Florida: It lasts all summer long. Terrific storms detonate over the Magic Kingdom. But the audience holds its ground. For most folks, the trip to W. D. W. represents a 12-month commitment of savings and anticipation. At those prices, you damn well better enjoy yourself. And people do. I don't question it.

W. D. W. is as clean as an intensive-care unit. The streets are washed more frequently than day-old kittens. If they were made of human skin, they'd be wrinkled. Drop a cigarette pack and men in white with whisk brooms converge, swans after a bread crust. Underneath Main Street, there's another Main Street. The Magic Kingdom is a duplex. Below, a fifth column of maintenance men and their facilities: unseen, magic. The Swedish AVAC garbage system guns trash through big tubes to a compacting station. Smoke is scrubbed smokeless. In the near future, sewage will be bowdlerized to drinking water. The waste heat from Disney's private electric generators is used to air-condition buildings. It works: It interlocks like Disney marketing. Every book, sweat shirt, record, film sells another book or sweat shirt or record or film.

Main Street, Frontierland, Adventureland, Tomorrowland: It's all Nineteen Fiftiesland. The Disney kids are swell. Sideburns calipered to the odd half hair, my college service society at a crippled orphans' picnic. Polite, jolly, helpful; extrovert as hell. I ask around. They're happy working at W. D. W. They say "Walt" the way an evangelist minister says "Amen": frequently and with reverence. It's a wonderful name; fits to words like gosh and darn. "Gosh, Walt." Adolph Disney would have gone into another line of work. This unremitting good-naturedness is no meager achievement. I'm very favorably impressed. The Disney organization is our greatest trainer of people, our greatest manager of crowds—audiences. I notice there are no steps to speak of in the Magic Kingdom. It's emblematic. Mostly gentle ramps. Saves a mortality in ankles and moves the audience with a swift, easy grace.

No easy grace for me. I'm an outsider in the Magic Kingdom. It's like reaching puberty at the age of six: makes you different. PLAYBOY is on the Disney Index. The corporate images, let us say, do not mesh. You can buy 100-proof Smirnoff's at the Disney hotel stores, but no centerfolds. And PLAYBOY has committed a particular, recent indiscretion. The April issue, which hit the stands a day or two before I hit Florida, featured the pictorial *Disney's Latest Hit*—Dayle Haddon, a Disney studio starlet, naked as a newborn mouse. And better looking. We got calls from Ridgway and from Jim Stewart, a West Coast Disney public-relations honcho. Outrage. The pictorial is tasteless, negative. They will speak to us, but, as for a trip to California—where the big men are—my associate, Bernice Zimmerman, and I are on trial. Getting a moral short-arm inspection. Dayle Haddon, I figure, is finished in the Family Fun Film business. If she buys a Mickey Mouse watch, her wrist will turn black.

They'll speak to us. Just that: speak. A grudging, guarded, scared courtesy. For candid opinions, get Martha Mitchell. The Disney outlook is as flat and simple as Mickey's cartoon face: We have made the best of all possible corporate worlds. Negative words are sex-changed by the nomenclature department. This will be an article written by nameless people: Disney employees who were willing to talk frankly—off the record, for God's sake, I've got a wife and three kids. The Disney loyalty has become a joke. It's more an unhappy joint silence. Enforced. All is not Tinker Bell in Fantasyland.

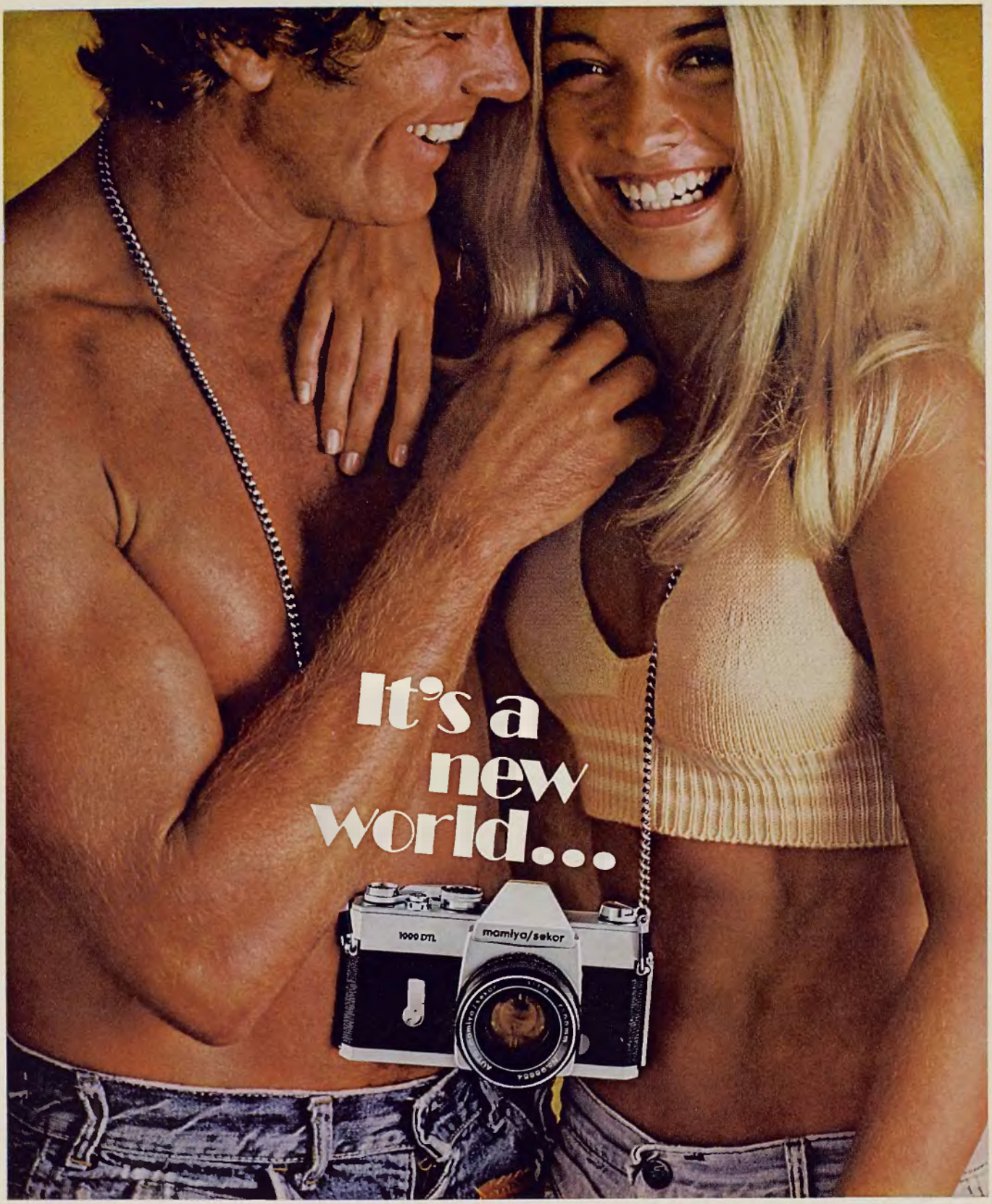
But I grant them magic. They're entrepreneurs of disorientation. They blinker you, crowbar you away from the present, away from the Florida latitude and longitude. Only the audience jars. I wonder they don't hand out costumes at the gate. It's all stage sets, your vision is the camera; the motion-picture-art-director's approach. In five acres, say, they fabricate a Congo, suspending lianas, chimpanzees and disbelief. W. D. W. is themed with great accuracy; they'd edit a 747 out of the skies over Frontierland if they could manage it. Here's an example: From my hotel window, I see two huge blank dice lying corner up in the Seven Seas Lagoon. A clinker. I sense it. They happen to be ramps for the daily water-ski show. But a Polynesian lagoon doesn't have water-ski ramps. When an old-fashioned paddle-wheel steamer passes, they subvert the illusion. Later I'm told that a sunken ship will be fashioned around the ramps. I knew it. The ramps were uncostumed. I'm starting to think Disney. The audience is grateful. They want to be somewhere else. And there have been better times than America circa 1973.

No rides at W. D. W.: The term is attractions. Ride is a carny word; it suggests pitchmen and geeks and the top of an old ice-cream cup stuck to your sole. Walt loathed dirty, sucker-a-minute amusement parks. Still, by any other name, there are rides in the Magic Kingdom. With this difference: They impose a persona on you—Peter Pan or Mr. Toad or Captain Nemo. They cast you momentarily in a role. The Haunted Mansion doesn't supply a new identity, but it is incredibly sophisticated, decades of light-years beyond the Coney Island spook ride, where a few dangling strings and a lot of darkness are the best effects. The Haunted Mansion illusions bewilder me. Foot-high ghosts, real as Johnny Carson on my 24-inch black and white, but standing free. Three-dimensional. Alive. The literature mentions lasers. I don't want to know the logistics of it. I want to be astonished. I am: a half-dozen times.

Success is contagious. It may be inconvenient to stand in line, yet the inconvenience is also compelling and exclusive. The longest line marks the most popular play, movie, attraction. More bon ton, more fun to watch the New York Giants play with 62,000 fans—though you can't park and sitting in traffic boils your radiator over. Some weeks back I stood with a group of 50 people staring across 42nd Street in New York. I stood for three minutes; I saw nothing. Behind me, the crowd increased. I left, frustrated. Down the block a cop told me, "Oh, we picked up a shoplifter twenty minutes ago." Yet the rubbernecking persisted, a ghost of the event, long after. No one wants to miss out.

At W. D. W. you also hear people say, "God, how much they must have spent on all this." Great cash outlays impress. The Pyramids have a similar effect: You think in terms of size, of unreimbursed man-hours, not of art. This—and cleanliness and politeness—accounts in great measure, I think, for the Disney triumph and the collapse of Palisades Park, now converted to unamusing high-rises.

Frankly, W. D. W. disappointed me. Except for the Haunted Mansion, the Country Bear Jamboree—perhaps one other "big" attraction—the Disney rides are rides, they belong to a century-old amusement-park tradition. The carrousel is there. W. D. W.'s Mad Tea Party disguises the Coney Island whip. Dumbo, the Flying Elephant, appears, in one incarnation or another, at every county fair. The Small World water ride is your tunnel of love, made endless and saccharine-boring, without even the promise of a kiss. There are twice as many attractions



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per acre at W. D. W. They are larger, more carefully machined, more expensive. They use the Disney characters. But they cannot, in any sense, be called original. Yet, when asked, I had to profess amazement. W. D. W. is not a place for cynicism nor even an ordinarily critical eye. It would be cruel and cheap. People are enjoying themselves. You don't tell Polish jokes at the Pulaski Day parade. The emperor may have been naked—or semi-dressed—but I wasn't going to blow the whistle. I'm not that kind of guy. And I don't think this assessment is unfair. I remember the same disappointment, at the age of 15, visiting Disneyland.

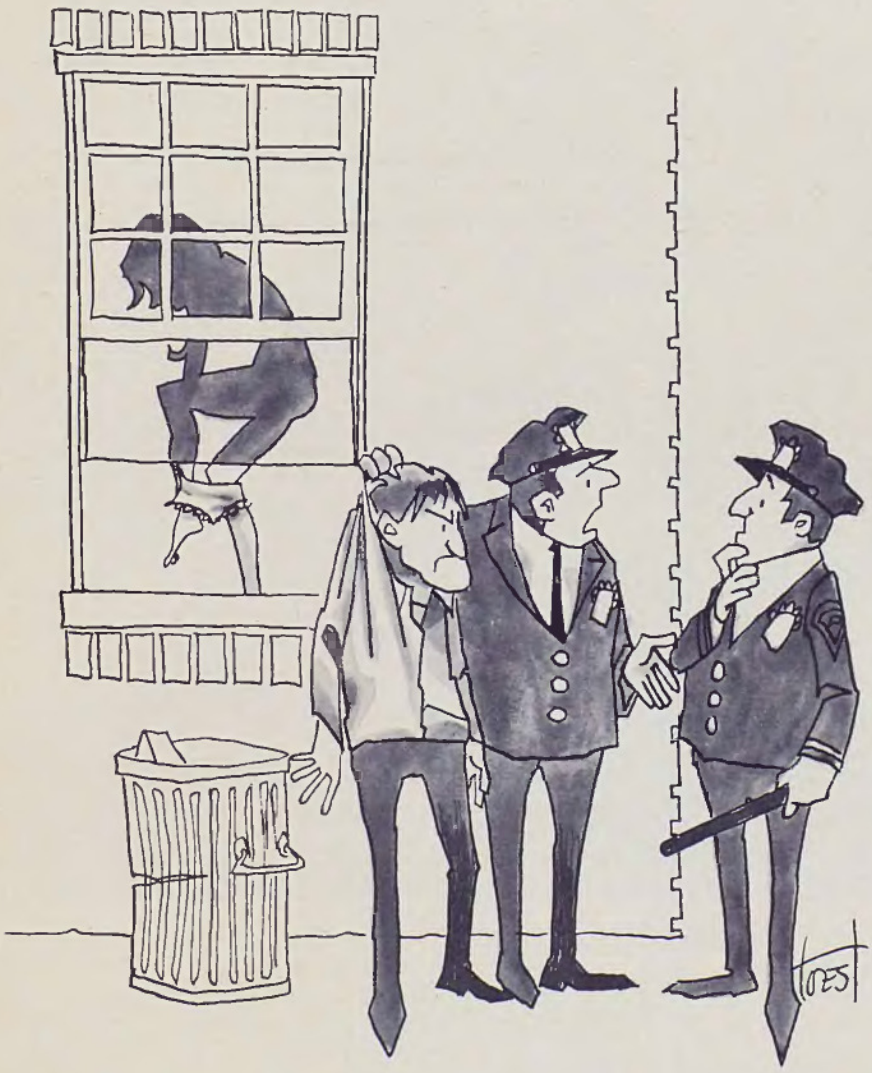
W. D. W. merchandises education and vicarious travel. Few people really want to see Africa—tsetse flies, you know, and cholera shots and, God, Africans—but the Jungle Cruise provides a bugless, nativeless simulacrum. And the presumption is: Your children will learn. The Flight to the Moon, the Hall of Presidents are instructive, though 20-minute, simplistic contractions of U. S. history or space science are antieducational, like one-record courses in French. Yet we want this: We want to learn easily, without application. It's the *Sesame Street* mentality. The old amusement park never pretended to teach; W. D. W. gives the sensation of healthful mind improvement. The reaction is awe that it can be *done* at all—create moon shots in a building—let alone with such technical skill and illusion. The deft doing, rather than what is done, impresses.

Transportation is entertainment. Walt's lone frivolity was a back-yard steam railway. W. D. W. provides canoes, a sky ride, keelboats, horsecars, you name it. And the monorail, which has been described as a "futuristic device whose time has passed." Disney releases call it a "high-speed" monorail: 45 miles per hour. High speed for my 1962 Oldsmobile. But it looks futuristic, streamlined, and it disposes crowds efficiently. Motion is crucial to the W. D. W. strategy. It controls illusions. Easier to move people through things than to move things past people. In fact, the Disney attractions are an exact analogue of film. Movement gives life or the impression of life: motion pictures. Each car, each boat in an attraction is one frame of a film passing through action. But the process is reversed. The camera moves. The set is a stationary series of images.

And so audio-animatronics: another elaboration of film technique. Richard Schickel is scared by audio-animatronics. In *The Disney Version*, he writes, "Here *is* the dehumanization of art . . . at this point the Magic Kingdom becomes a dark land, the innocent dream becomes a nightmare." Nonsense. I'm not scared. When Walt started in animation, he used the most primitive method: dolls that could be articulated joint by joint, then filmed painstakingly frame by frame. Audio-animatronics is no more than a logical extension of that process: three-dimensional cartooning. Sure, to the oversensitive, there's a kind of vulgarity in hooking an outboard motor to Abraham Lincoln. But it's essentially innocuous. To be fair, of course, an audio-animatronic Walt should appear in the Walt Disney Story attraction on Main Street. However, my saint is my saint and your saint is an electric Barbie doll.

I distrust audio-animatronics for quite another reason. It seems a dead-end technique with endless limitations. One shrug of a human shoulder, one human kneecap flexing lazily embarrasses a figure computerized for 10,000 tics and gestures. Abe Lincoln's mouth will always look like Sophia Loren's, dubbed into English by someone from the Andy Granatelli school of elocution. It's an irony that several commentators have noted: Disney, the fantasist, was hung up on realism. His cartoons, with the multiplane camera, with *National Geographic* reproductions of animal life, were bogged in a stupid literalism—and short-changed the superreal possibilities of the medium. For my taste, audio-animatronic Presidents rank with hardware salesmen's conventions for tedium: It's a gimmick worth five minutes' attention at most. The Mickey Mouse Revue gets one and a half yawns on the excitement meter. No figure can ambulate and who knows how a duck forms its glottal stops or pops its Ps, anyway? Just so many complicated metronomes for a mélange of Disney theme songs.

There is an exception of sorts: the Country Bear Jamboree. If God ever made an audio-animatronic figure, it was the bear. Bear faces are semihuman (indeed, the show is a cruel yet humorous parody of Appalachian types). You accept their grimaces: not human enough to seem inaccurate, not animal enough to be irrelevant. It's in the middle ground—the



"I dunno. Can we arrest him if it's his own home and his own wife?"

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"Dad, please, all we want is your blessing."

missing linkage between man and animal—that audio-animatronics can function with some flexibility. Some. Yet the Disney organization is top-heavily committed to this process. It's convenient for them. Audio-animatronic figures can't use a cost-of-living raise and their hair styles are precisely the correct length.

From time to time rumors, savagely denied, hint that Walt isn't dead at all. He's been frozen, they say, waiting for the kiss of a cryogenic Prince Charming. Probably untrue, but the story has a nice aptness. Walt adored technology, gimmicks. It was his faith. In 1901, the year of Walt's birth, machines still surprised, still seemed positive and American. His father was a farmer–handy man who moved with small success from one Midwestern Main Street to another. Young Walt took with him to Hollywood a fine distrust of banks and debt: independent, ornery from the first. The Disney genius was a compound: toughness, appreciation of technology, great money sense (partly brother Roy's contribution) and a sweet ear for the nation's simple yearnings. Walt was never an avuncular, mouse-loving pushover. He came on hard as new boils. For instance, through a family firm called Retlaw, Walt licensed his name back to Walt Disney Productions. Like superstitious natives who secrete nail parings and odd locks of hair to protect identity from evil magic, Walt stayed aloof, private. The face, the name, the easy drawl were marketable assets: Even his own corporation had to pay for them.

Walt didn't invent things. He was an entrepreneur of entertainment, a user. He never could draw a respectable Mickey Mouse; he couldn't even manage that spidery signature with the fat dot on the I: His autographs were suspected of forgery. *Steamboat Willie* was a breakthrough for Disney: the first sound cartoon. He guessed the possibilities—animation and sound—but he didn't create a technique. There is a much-quoted story. Young child asks, "But what do you do, Mr. Disney?" As Schickel has it, Walt ponders, "Well, sometimes I think of myself as a little bee. I go from one area of the studio to another and gather pollen and sort of stimulate everybody." Accurate enough—down to the stinger.

Walt attracted creative people—notably, the man with the gargled name: Ub Iwerks. Iwerks first drew Mickey. He developed the multiplane camera, which permits three-dimensional effects in animation. Walt the bee added great energy, coordination and his excellent sense of what middle America wanted: animals; good craftsmanship; pratfall jokes; clean, cute, uncontroversial story lines. He took a chance on *Snow White*, the first feature-length cartoon. A dangerous financial risk; it worked. But, easily most significant, Walt inspired an ambience of imagination, open-mindedness and perfection at Disney Studios—not to mention loyalty, family spirit and a willingness to work for almost nothing. In 1941, when the spirit curdled and family animators went on strike, Walt felt sharp betrayal. Camelot showed hairline cracks. How could they? He was such a swell guy.

Walt approached "art" with ice tongs and rubber gloves. Not his line of work. There was something corrupt and European about it. When he made what finally became a cult film, *Fantasia*, the result was quite unintentional. Schickel quotes Walt as saying in 1961. "Oh, *Fantasia*! Well, we made it and I don't regret it. But if we had to do it over again, I don't think we'd do it." There are fine moments in *Fantasia*—the *Sorcerer's Apprentice* and *A Night on Bald Mountain* sequences—but most of the film, particularly the *Ave Maria* and the *Pastoral Symphony*, is cloying, near repulsive. The concept intrigues: a synaesthetic melding of vision and sound. Schickel: "Disney enjoyed working on the sequence [Bach's *Toccata*], perhaps, because its basic concept was his: 'I said, "All I can see is violin tips and bow tips—like when you're half asleep at a concert."' He thought they were abstractions, but they were not, of course. They were merely a form of iteralism different from any he had attempted before." After seeing the *Pastoral Symphony* segment, Walt—who remembered being half asleep at concerts—said, "Gee, this'll make Beethoven." At first, *Fantasia* was a four-star box-office flop. Walt never forgave the film that. He judged his children as a Calvinist minister would have; the elect were the prosperous.

And cost accounting affected the film philosophy. Soon Walt Disney Productions was tiptoeing out of the animation business. Too expensive. Walt had caught on: Straight pap films were more profitable—*The Love Bug, Son of Flubber, Lt. Robin Crusoe, U. S. N.*, dozens like them. These films are empty and workmanlike and they never require parental guidance. The ratio of animated to live films has been roughly one to ten. Even in the middle Fifties, Walt was making cartoons

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"Cheryl had all the luck that day. Everything started out all right when I took flight. Then, just when I reached peak altitude of 50 feet... the spinnaker collapsed and I was wiped out. Kerplunk! Some devil of a wind had decided that my next destination was the deep blue sea.

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with great reluctance, only because they refurbished the corporate image: perhaps one every three years.

But Walt's sweet ear was pressed to the ground. Novel ideas, innovations never fazed him. Against the smart-money advice, he backed a young couple who were nature photographers. According to Schickel, when *Seal Island* won an Academy Award, "He trotted around to his brother's office, opened the door and flung the Oscar at the wall above his head." Television gave Hollywood a case of nervous colitis. Not Walt. He used it. *The Mickey Mouse Club* and the hour-long Sunday show became wonderful free advertisements for the Disney product. And then—with great insight and guts—Walt sensed that a clean, polite, educational, fun amusement park, a place that would please adults as well as children, that would showcase Disney characters for generation after generation, would be titillation for America's pleasure zone. No one agreed with him. The corporation was without amusement-park experience. Walt had to hock his own life insurance for capital. But he was right. Again. And Walt Disney Productions was bullied into an era of big business and spectacular success.

Times have changed. Walt is dead. Roy is dead. There are new ears and they have shown a disturbing tone deafness. Oddly, as Walt aged and as the day-to-day cash-flow pressures diminished, his entrepreneurial imagination opened out. He got better as he went along. For a legacy, he left dreams of an extraordinary magnitude. But, as we shall see, Walt's dreaming has confounded the corporate dwarfs who inherited his sorcerer's robes. The guts, the confidence are gone. Walt must be turning over in his grave. Or, if the rumors are true, in his freezer unit.

The operative word is show. As in showbiz. Remember it. One Disney employee told me, "I can hand them a fifty-page report and they don't understand it unless they see a show. Everything has to be translated. They're like kids—but they aren't fools. It better be a damn good show." Even the annual stockholders' meeting ends with a Disney flick. Ridgway lets us see the tunnels, the computers, the wardrobe rooms. He's game enough, but uncomfortable: a five-foot politician caught without his elevator shoes. I'm awed by the hardware. This is America. W.D.W.'s digestive tract thrums in busy peristalsis around me. The mirror streets beneath are veined for garbage and water and electricity and compressed air. Ridgway deprecates. It's backstage; it's negative. True. The underground streets are ghost-town empty. The computer room is like other computer rooms. Now and then, a technician will bicycle past, going to fix some refractory audio-animatronic figures, chain drive echoing against concrete walls. Or, paradoxically, a sweating employee, mouse head under his arm, will pass beneath the logical, neat plumbing. Antiseptic. They axed a U.S. Steel commercial on W.D.W. because it pictured the maintenance areas. "We like to emphasize what's up front." The man inside the mouse suit doesn't exist.

And you aren't hired at W.D.W.; you're cast. The job interview is an audition. There are several dozen cameo parts, but the big role is cheery, kempt, American kid. All ingénues; all romantic leads. Archie and Veronica. *Our Town* done by De Mille, with a cast of 10,000 or 12,000. Like the Lord Jehovah, they mark the sparrow's fall and verily, brother, every hair on your face is numbered. No beards, no mustaches: Walt, they tell you, wouldn't have hired himself. W.D.W. is 27,000 acres of depilatory. And when they aren't shaving hairs, they split them. Note these picky standards for women. "The only hair accessory will be a plain barrette either silver, gold or tortoise shell. If a hair ribbon is worn it should compliment [*sic*] the costume and be no wider than one half inch or longer than four inches when tied. Hair ribbons are for the express purpose of holding the hair away from the face, not as a decorative addition to the costume." Cynthia, you can pick up your pay check. That's a decorative hair ribbon. "Fingernail tips must not exceed one fourth of an inch. Perfume or sented [*sic*] powders should not be used excessively." Barbara, punch out on the clock. Your deodorant just registered as an odorant. The cast can't be radically fat or short or tall, either. Costumes come in a middle-American range of sizes. Prince Disney eliminating the nation's ugly stepsisters by their foot width.

They aren't joking. A lady called Greta Groom, the last puritan, spies on employees. Pokes under fingernails; shadows the eye shadowers. One warning, maybe two: The Magic Kingdom says TILT and you're gone. But, in general, the staff doesn't resist. They measure hair ribbons amenably. The screening process has rooted out troublemakers. I ask W.D.W.'s personnel director, Pat Vaughn, what happens when the A.C.L.U. comes down; when it rules you can't refuse employment to Tiny Tim. He's hurt, surprised. How could that be? We cast, we don't employ. Right on, but the grooming standards apply even to a hotel bartender. Correction: W.D.W. doesn't have bartenders. Bartender isn't a family word. The nomenclature department has renamed them: Beverage Hosts. Beverage Host is a role, like Spear Carrier. Yes. All the Walt Disney World's a stage. Still, I suspect the A.C.L.U. will arrive in Florida someday. And it'll be fun to watch.

That's not all: They'll even try rebaptizing you. We get a guided tour. Our Disney hostess is lovely; right out of some archetypal Orange Bowl half-time show. Born with a silver baton between her teeth. From Florida: Disney employs a whole carillon of Southern belles. It strikes me that the guided-tour accent is the Southern accent. The same lazy, long vowels for stress, gratuitous diphthonging. "On yo le-eft, Fahantasyland." Our guide's name is Honey; the nomenclature people didn't like her name. I mean, what if some good family man said, "Hi, Honey"? Masher. "They're very strict. I had a hard time. I had to bring my birth certificate." But Honey approves of W.D.W. and its standards. I ask her about the A.C.L.U. She's hurt, surprised. "They wouldn't do that, would they? Gosh. It'd spoil evahthing."

No question: This is the very best aspect of W.D.W., of Disneyland. Each kid gets a one-day indoctrination in the Disney "philosophy" at the Disney "university." Philosophy is a bit much: It's nothing more than people-handling techniques. We visit a classroom wallpapered with flash cards: WORKING TOGETHER; EVERY GUEST IS A VIP; THE MAGIC MIRROR OF YOUR SMILE; ACCEPT PEOPLE AS THEY ARE. The university's dean, Bill Hoelscher, is pleasant, avuncular, so soft-spoken he could do Preparation H commercials. The kids get Disney dust sprinkled on them, holy water from an aspergillum. They sit in director's chairs: Walter Pidgeon, Phil Silvers, Vera Miles. They're shown a film about Disney Studios. Hollywood. Glamor. Audience. They're meant to think—like the man who pushed a broom behind the circus elephants—that, bang, they're in showbiz. I read one card aloud. "Accept people as they are." I add: "But you don't accept people as they are." The dean smiles.

Ridgway doesn't smile. "No, we don't. We use this kind of employee because we find it works for us." Business—as usual. The Disney philosophy is a marketing device, soap-flake boxes, S&H Green Stamps. But cynicism hasn't filtered down. The kids are enthusiastic and damned nice. They make W.D.W.

In a few months during 1971, the university trained 10,000 people. They use young kids: A front-line company on the Somme had about the same attrition rate. It's an extraordinary accomplishment. The methods are sophisticated. In each employment area there's a lead, responsible for efficiency and morale. The lead gets 20 cents an hour extra but has no authority to fire or assign work. He operates on charisma and push, nothing much else. This is the kindergarten for middle management. The Disney organization is as inbred as Egyptian royal families once were. A high percentage of top management has worked for no other firm. And top management's roster lists very few Jews, very few Catholics. No blacks. No women. There's the obligatory black in charge of minority affairs: That's it. Disney hiring practices are impeccable, of

course; they're too street wise to be caught on that one. A Disney employee told me, "They're not prejudiced. They have Walt Disney's Midwest approach. I remember hitchhiking through Iowa with a Jewish friend when I was a kid. We stopped at a small-town store. Just in passing I mentioned that my friend was Jewish. The store owner, an old guy, stepped back and said, 'Excuse me, sir. Mind if I look at you? Never saw a Jewish person before.' That's the way it is at Disney. Not prejudice. Ignorance. Blindness. Let's say they're not too aware of things. Their sense of history doesn't extend much beyond Pearl Harbor in either direction."

Show is the word. But there's another word. Control. Understand these two words and you pretty much understand Disney. In the Fifties, when TV mugged box office after box office, Walt refused to sell his film library for quick cash. The other studios panicked, capitulated to TV. Now Disney Productions can rerelease films every four or five years with handsome profit and negligible overhead: *Snow White* looks good as Garbo the fifth time around. Control. When Walt decided, against the world's advice, to build Disneyland, he ignored the expert but impure carny men. He ordered cartoon animators to shift from two dimensions to three and to design a revolutionary amusement park. You can't trust outsiders. Control. He got away with it—largely because of another Walt Disney maxim: Spend, spend big for quality; make mistakes, but get it right. Walt could afford this wise extravagance, because a Disneyland attraction or film costing several million dollars can pay back with relative swiftness. But ground rules are changing and the Disney organization has lost its great reflexes. The legs are gone. There is confusion. The formula for success, taken externally, may well be a prescription for trouble. Financial pressures have compelled Disney to move beyond show. The experience so far has been unpleasant. They're not comfortable. And no new methods have been developed.

The Contemporary Resort is impolite: Florida's largest uncovered yawn. An A frame, it looks like your old pop-up toaster. The monorail passes right through it. In fact, the Contemporary seems to exist just so the monorail can pass through it. Inside, baby, it's the Big House: tier after tier of prison cells reaching up. Emptiness architectured. The place is massive and unattractive and superbly inefficient. U. S. Steel owned the hotels and constructed the rooms for Disney on site in a Disney-built factory. Each modular room was trucked to the steel-and-concrete croquet wicket, then was slid into place, a bureau drawer. Estimates vary: anywhere from $60,000 to $100,000 per module. A terrific cost overrun: Spend for quality. The Contemporary (and its sister hotel, the Polynesian) operates at 98-percent occupancy; even so, it'll be two weeks after Armageddon before the Contemporary cracks its financial nut. U. S. Steel was appalled, annoyed. Roy Disney wanted to placate U. S. Steel if it was the last thing he did. It was. He arranged purchase of the hotels and died some few hours later. The Disney organization had control. And it was in a new business. And it wasn't show.

For a while, very reluctantly, they hired an outside hotel specialist. It didn't work. He wasn't to the manner trained. A Disney man told me, "They want top management to be right in the store, on the scene, not sitting behind a desk somewhere. That's the Disney success story. Vice-presidents right at ground level." Bob Allen, a veteran Disney man with no hotel experience, was brought in. But the Contemporary remained a $40-per-day disaster area. At one New York Society of Security Analysts meeting, a Disney spokesman had the nerve to say, "Bob has done an outstanding job in hotels, because it isn't that complicated. It's a matter of giving people service, of getting them in orderly, getting them out orderly, and so on." Bull. Hotel management is a deep art.

Audiences will queue up to see the Haunted Mansion. They're somewhat less

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willing to stand in line for breakfast. That's not much of an attraction, after all. Fred Ferretti, a *New York Times* reporter, cooled his family's heels for 90 minutes while a room was being made up. Everything is computerized, even the incompetence: Mickey Mouse as Sorcerer's Apprentice. And in the Contemporary Hotel, Disney has made an uncharacteristic mistake. It can't be cast or costumed. Shows at W. D. W. are either past or future or geographically dislocated. But contemporary? How do you play that charade? Hell, I'm contemporary. Who isn't? Disney doesn't act out the present very well. Its Polynesian Hotel, smaller and themed, apparently plays better. The staff, in ersatz Oriental dress, like Warner Oland doing Charlie Chan, has some morale. The Contemporary staff acts trapped: stowaways on the Titanic. And the place is as homey as an airplane hangar: You expect your voice to come echoing back from the far prison tiers, worn out even at the speed of sound. There is one futuristic item: room service. It's about four hours in the future. I rang up at ten P.M. and asked for scrambled eggs at seven the next morning. Well . . . they had an opening for me just after 11. If I didn't mind. I did.

I dwell on the Contemporary because it's symptomatic: suggests a limit to the film-art-director approach. The Contemporary was designed in part by W. E. D., the "imagineering" arm at Disney (which takes its name from Walter Elias Disney's initials). Previous experience: the Jungle Cruise and Cinderella's Castle. But the imagineer is boss. The engineer has to go along, sink or swim. Spend big for quality. Bill Hoelscher says, "W. E. D. wanted the monorail. It's the way we design things. Then we get right down to where's the kitchen and you wind up with a very tiny kitchen. We've got to get a bigger kitchen." Hotels aren't all monorails and show and 1000 admissions per hour. Moreover, the university can't train a 19-year-old kid, say, to be a talented waiter overnight. Serving is another deep art—deeper than the magic mirror of anyone's smile. We chatted with the hotel restaurant staff. Demoralization, off the record. "Everyone's left. They managed to keep the chef, but that's about all." It's a very competitive job market in central Florida.

Later we had dinner at a hotel far from the Magic Kingdom. Our excellent waiter said, "Why should I work for Disney? They don't know how to run a restaurant. Anyway, I don't want to shave off my mustache." I order veal Oscar. The waiter shakes his head. "No, sir. No. The veal Oscar isn't very good." What a pleasure. At Disney restaurants, friend, the veal Oscar is always good. Always. No negative thoughts. And the hair in your soup is exactly two inches long.

• • •

From square one, the Disney organization has been a first-name autocracy. It's typical of the most cagey modern dictators, the Uncle Joe Stalins, that they relinquish titles for power. Walt Disney, Walt to you, was a superstar tyrant; but he was also a genius of several sorts. For years Walt didn't even have an official position on the company letterhead, yet nothing—repeat, nothing—came out of W. E. D., out of the studios, without his personal U. S. Prime stamp. Production was celled—as it is in subversive organizations. Each employee made tab A or slot B; few knew how to fit them together. Over-all concepts were understood by perhaps half a dozen men. Then Walt died. His brother Roy—a financial fairy godfather and a somewhat more benevolent, low-key ruler—slipped on the equipment of absolutism. Then Roy died. There was a vacuum, which the Disney firm abhors. With no history of self-government, it gravitated to dictatorship, as serfs might to some new fiefdom. It needed, probably craved, a tyrant. After just months, it got one—E. Cardon Walker. Card to you, buddy.

Roy had groomed two men for leadership: Donn Tatum and Card. The poop on Tatum is uniformly flattering. "A top-notch financial man." "A man of honor." "A great gentleman." Tatum remains chairman of the board. But Card Walker, who started with the Disney firm in 1938 as a traffic man, makes all the ex-cathedra decisions. He claims to be a sacred repository of Walt's ideas and dreams. Nuts. At best, Card Walker knows what Walt wouldn't have wanted: X-rated films, long fingernails, brummagem Mickey Mouse watches. Walt's vision changed year to year. Only another Walt could, for instance, have dared to make the dangerous and brilliant leap from films to amusement parks. Walt left a ten-or-15-year master plan: This has temporarily protected the mediocre leadership from its own mediocrity. But the master plan has been just as often an embarrassment as a support. You see, Walt didn't explain it all clearly enough.

A Disney employee told me, "Card has his own staff of enforcers and spies. We call them the Southern California Mafia." Mostly youngish, physically trim and tough, they enforce Card's negative vision. The most notorious is Dick Nunis, vice-president of operations for Disneyland and W. D. W. Nunis and Sandy Quinn and Ron Miller all came out of USC. Nunis, with his third-degree crewcut, made it by running Disneyland as a noncom runs a platoon: that is, not from behind a desk. Nunis was on the spot, brother, when trouble happened. The above-quoted employee said, "You can't talk to Dick. Either he's lecturing you or he's figuring out how he can fire you. He terrifies me." Miller, who has a second-degree crewcut, is a special person. He's married to one of Walt's two daughters. Miller is executive producer for Disney Studios. He has two big advantages: nepotism and a strategic position. Card pampers Ron. The Walker faction—despite a corporate poker face of unity—doesn't get along at all well with the Disney family and those who have been loyal to Walt and Roy. Relations with the relations are strained, to say the least. Miller is a Disney at one remove. He's also Card's personal stockholder: Through his wife, Ron controls a fair number of shares. Roy's son, Roy, Jr., avoids company politics, wears a beard. He makes some films and enjoys his wealth. Enough for any man.

Disney employees outside the Walker faction have an uninsurable corporate life. I get these phone responses: Talk to PLAYBOY? Even off the record? "If they found out, I'd be up to my you know what in hot water." "Are you kidding? I've got three kids." This state of siege doesn't nourish creativity. The films are squalid pap, (A) because no one at Disney will approach social issues with a ten-foot magic wand and (B) because they refuse to lay out decent sums for decent material. I'm not offended by the Walker tyranny: Tyranny is more or less standard in American businesses. But unimaginative tyranny is inexcusable and, from all reports, Walker is a vacillating tyrant, the worst kind. "Card has great enthusiasms. He'll get all hot for something. Then he'll change his mind. It's hard on his yes men. They don't know when to say yes—he might want something different tomorrow." W. E. D. will continue to design interesting attractions for the two theme parks. The technology is there. But the Walker ambience isn't conducive to risk, to a major breakthrough. A major breakthrough would embarrass management. The Disney organization has abdicated as an innovative factor in American life. It will do only what it knows how to do: nothing much else. And it's a damned shame.

Our Florida probation lasted four days and three nights. On Saturday we ask Charlie Ridgway: What about California? Will Nunis and Walker see us? Ridgway is noncommittal, nervous. "It depends on Sandy Quinn." For this, read: "I just work here. A Walker man will have to check you out." We have a pleasant Polynesian dinner with Quinn: sweet-and-sour pork, conversation. He's at ease. Strawberry blond, affable, handsome, in fine shape: good for 50 push-ups. I notice he chews a lot, even when there's nothing in his mouth—gives him time to think out the answers. Quinn asks: Will the article be negative? I'm not that stupid, nor entirely hypocritical. I do some chewing myself: Well, we can't judge until we look at the California operation. I have my tape recorder on. I get an hour plus of my own voice. On the defensive. But it's not good enough. Our

"It was really for Mrs. Culpepper in 23C, but what the hell."

rabbit test comes up negative, or positive: Depends on how you look at it. Jim Stewart calls from the Coast a few days later. Nunis and Walker haven't yet gotten over the shock of seeing Dayle Haddon nude. May never get over it: a four-alarm trauma. They won't talk to us.

Then, by chance, Bernice comes across a PLAYBOY memo. "Can you please make sure I get the [photo] rejects returned to me after the feature has been laid out and approved. *Disney wants them back.*" Disney wants them back? Call to PLAYBOY's West Coast Photo Department. Yes, the Disney people were delighted with our pictorial. Yes, one Disney promotion man lent us transparencies from Dayle's film. I call Stewart, let him in on the good news. Heavy breathing at the other end. He would like to know the man's name, Goddamn right he would. "OK—be glad to tell Mr. Nunis when I see him. In California." I have no compunctions. This guy's publicity angles are obviously too—ah—stark for Disney; he's in the twilight of a short career, anyway. Stewart says, "I'll call you back." Call back: Nunis and Walker will see us, after all. I pack for the other Magic Kingdom. Call back a few days later. Nunis and Walker have decided not to see us, after all. Guess they found the poor bastard without me.

By now you've caught on: The ruling Disney junta isn't a team of Tinker Bells. When you're a smart, virile young jock in the business of marketing deer and crickets and Peter Pan, you compensate but good with toughness. Nobody's gonna say you believe in fairies. Disney Productions, wheeler-dealering from the strength of its powerful image, comes on like a covey of Scrooge McDucks. The stinginess and arrogance are legendary. Lonnie Burr, an ex-Mouseketeer, capsulized it for the Chicago *Reader*. "Disney was the cheapest major studio I ever worked for in my life. I mean, we couldn't even keep the [Mickey Mouse] ears after three years, because they cost twenty-five dollars." Do business with Disney, man, and you're lucky to keep your own ears.

Down in W. D. W. they refer to "American Industry" as if it were a subsidiary of the Disney organization. And at the two theme parks, that assumption is accurate enough. The capitalist biters are bit. To get your soda or your film on Main Street, you pay through the corporate nose. It's a great location. Ten million plus people pass annually, twice: going in, coming out. Disney calls these firms "participants." A rabbit participates in *Hasenpfeffer*. One participant told my associate—off the record—"They're very difficult people to deal with. They have a fine product and they want to ring a dollar out of every single thing they can. The world owes them a living because they're Disney and they do nothing to help promote the participating companies." Control. The man who sells you a Coke or an Oscar Mayer wiener at W. D. W. is a Disney employee. Any participant commercial or promotion that mentions W. D. W. is scrutinized by Disney with a jeweler's loupe. Still the participants line up. There is no firm in America that could command such respect from its peers—or serve up such frank abuse—and get away with it.

GAF laid out a hot $1,000,000 to become the official film at W. D. W. for three years. Sandy Quinn insisted that no participant has paid royalties to use a Disney character. I guess the nomenclature department covered for him on that one. Probably there's another word for royalty: duck rent, perhaps. But be sure, it's cheaper to hire a $100-an-hour callgirl as your live-in baby sitter than it is to get Goofy on your box top. *Business Week* contradicts Quinn: "A participating company . . . pays an annual fee that can run from $75,000 to $200,000 for use of the names and characters. In addition: It pays perhaps $40,000 a year to lease space in which to sell its wares or promote its corporate identity." And "They are told point-blank that the money taken in across the counters will not pay for their investment at Disney World." The Pope sold indulgences with a similar come-on: supernatural good will. Still, they line up. You don't find such headlong willingness under "Masochists" in the classified section of *Screw*.

And, like it or lump it, Disney has turned the sovereign state of Florida into another subsidiary. When Walt planned Disneyland, he underestimated by about ten square miles. A roadside ghetto of motels and quick-stops sprung up around it. Walt was indignant: a gross cancer on his magic body. It wasn't clean. He couldn't control it. Also, the clang of strange cash registers kept him awake at night. No miscalculation in Florida. W. D. W. is nearly 100 times the size of Disneyland, twice the size of Manhattan Island. Only alligators around the second Magic Kingdom: poor competition. The property was assembled with brilliant sleight of hand—dummy front firms, superb discretion. The Disney organization paid an average of $167 per acre. Since W. D. W. opened, at least one prime acre site outside the complex has gone for $500,000.

Florida sold its birthright for a mess of tourists. I have the "Disney Bill" in my lap—with indexes, it runs over 200 pages—the fattest piece of enabling legislation ever passed in Florida. And, friend, it enables. It enables Disney to do damn all. I doubt if there has been anything comparable in the nation's legal history. W. D. W. is a government: a good-sized principality. With the restraint due embarrassment, the text never once mentions Disney. Yet the Reedy Creek Improvement District, the cities of Reedy Creek and Bay Lake, are Disney, nothing but Disney. The most monstrous company towns ever conceived.

The Reedy Creek Improvement District has every governmental perquisite except police power. And the two cities can have even that. "Each municipal judge shall have the power . . . to have brought before him any person charged with violation of city ordinances and to conduct all proceedings of a criminal nature." Got that? The city council appoints judges and the city council, though elected at large, is an instrument of the district. Of Disney, that is. "The legislature hereby finds . . . that it is essential for the welfare of the residents and property owners of the city and for the harmonious development of the city and of the R.C.I.D. . . . that the exercise of the powers and duties vested in the city . . . be coordinated with the exercise by the board of supervisors of the R.C.I.D. . . . and conform to plan, programs, resolutions and other actions adopted or undertaken by the board of supervisors for the district." And the board? "All of the members of the board shall be owners of the land within the district." And who owns the district, all 27,000 acres? Right.

Extraordinary. Florida has even ceded its right of condemnation. No elected government in the country can be as sure of its constituency. W. D. W. is an *Animal Farm* democracy. Who's afraid of the big, bad wolf? You better be if you live in a Disney city. When we bring up the enabling legislation at W. D. W., Ridgway or Quinn or vice-president General William Potter tend to talk building codes. You see, Disney construction methods are so new, so complex that they could never have built Cinderella's Castle under existing Florida codes. Yes. City powers shall include "the right to license, regulate, restrict and control the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages . . . to own, acquire, operate and maintain cemeteries and crematories and otherwise provide for the burial of the dead." Building codes. Cinderella's Castle is half womb, half tomb. And, according to Ridgway, Disney has done local Florida governments a big favor: After all, W. D. W. doesn't need fire protection, sewage, etc. But the local governments, ungrateful, don't consider themselves quite so favored.

W. D. W. was subtracted from two Florida counties—Orange and Osceola. Paul Pickett talked to me: He's one of five Orange County commissioners and he has been in office since well before Walt went South with his Mary Poppins carpetbag. Pickett is a wiry, intense man: His severe crewcut would probably give Greta Groom palpitations. Pickett indicts the Disney organization for arrogance and tactlessness. Take the story of 535—an 18-foot-wide country road: It winds amiably through orange groves. Disney selected 535 as the employee-access

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"You look out for possible rescue planes and I'll look out for ships."

road. Pickett: "We told them that there is no way you can have an entrance for 10,000 or 12,000 employees on that little road. If you do, you're going to have the damnedest traffic jam. And one of the Disney representatives looked at me and said, 'Fella, that's your problem. When they leave our property, they're your problem. You go build the road.'" Tinker Bell. Bambi. A spoonful of sugar makes the medicine go down. Mind you, the state had already spent $6,250,000 constructing a major highway to serve W. D. W. Pickett got tough: The enabling legislation had been jammed down Orange County's throat. He wasn't about to swallow. "We're not going to interrupt our planned expansion to run down there with a bunch of money." Understandable, I think. Huh, fella?

Disney went ahead. They sited the employee entrance on 535. And they crowbarred at Pickett's will with some hot-shot marketing techniques. "They got a group of employees to write a song called *Can You Arrive Alive on 535?* They published this song in a very professional manner. They put thousands of bumper strips on automobiles that said ARRIVE ALIVE ON 535? They put large billboards on their property, CONGRATULATIONS, YOU'VE ARRIVED ALIVE AFTER DRIVING 535." Jiminy Cricket. Peter Pan. Snow White. Pickett held firm, though the county did put clay shoulders on the road.

But things weren't happening fast enough. The Papal State of Fun isn't used to procrastination. So Dick Nunis, the enforcer, decided to shoot him some trouble. He got on the spot. One Disney employee told me, "Back then W. D. W. and the local government were on a honeymoon. But that didn't last long. Nunis killed it before the marriage was consummated."

Pickett: "The problems we had with Mr. Nunis were a result of his coming in and sitting down and telling us exactly what he needed to be done and what time tomorrow are you going to start doing it? Mr. Nunis is a very domineering personality."

W. D. W. has one obligation to Orange County: It pays $2,000,000 in taxes annually. But the Orange County sheriff's budget alone went up 30 percent—went up $2,250,000 in one year. The county has gotten nine months pregnant almost overnight and Disney ignores the paternity suit. Pickett: "Only the warm-body people profit." Newspapers, insurance salesmen, merchants. From December 1971 to December 1972, Orange County gained 42,012 new residents: a one-year increase greater than the populations of 43 Florida counties. Hotel rooms have proliferated like Watergate indictments: from fewer than 6000 to 24,000, with 4200 under construction and another 5000–10,000 proposed. According to the Orange County Extension Service, each 1000 new inhabitants means 27 blind people, 45 aged people, 37 juvenile delinquents and no fewer than 85 alcoholics (making alcoholism the largest voting bloc in the nation). Services: jails, courts, hospitals, schools, drying-out facilities.

Osceola County has counterattacked. In 1972, it assessed W. D. W.'s real-estate tax on the cash value of surrounding property, sent along a bill for $15,000,000. The dispute is being adjudicated. If Osceola County wins, it'll be a terrific blow, compounding financial pressures on the Walker faction. Pickett defends Disney here. He feels that undeveloped land, including 7500 acres at W. D. W. set aside for conservation, should not be assessed at the going rate for an acre's worth of gas pumps.

Employee housing is a serious problem now in Orange County. There are 10,000 Disney kids, pulling down maybe $2.35 an hour. The Papal State washed its hands of responsibility. Land values doubled, tripled; doubled the tripling: Local contractors were reluctant to undertake low-income housing. Then, abruptly, goosed by money considerations, Disney decided to go into the real-estate business. And big. Pickett: "They announced that they were going to build twenty-two thousand units on nine hundred acres." For 10,000 employees, most of whom can afford to live only two or three per apartment? "Obviously, the whole concept was to go into the real-estate land-development business with apartments." Pickett came down hard. Twenty-two thousand units meant at least that many residents and another couple thousand alcoholics. The Disney organization backed off, became flustered. Pickett was told, "News to us: The announcement came out of California." Ridgway said it came out of Florida and, gosh, he didn't know who'd thought up that crazy 22,000 figure. Pickett: "The Disney organization vacillates between confusion and chaos. It never gets better than confusion and never gets worse than chaos." The domineering posture, though, remains pretty consistent.

Comparisons are odious; nonetheless, I illustrate with one. The Martin Marietta firm arrived in central Florida in the late Fifties with 12,000 employees. It donated the land for one entrance road, donated the land and paid for construction of a second road. Employees need services: Martin Marietta gave 400 acres for school and public purposes. Orange County had no sewage plant. Pickett says, "They came to us and said, 'We'll give you the money and the land to build

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a sewage plant and you pay us back sometime in the future, just give us a discount or something through the years until you pay us back.' Disney hasn't given land to anyone for any purpose."

I confront Charlie Ridgway. He's indignant. "Martin Marietta has Federal subsidies." And, anyway, "We take care of our own sewage." True. This is called negative public relations. I'll flush my john, you flush yours.

While we're on the subject of flushing. . . . Orange County has a special concern: It's the water-recharge area of all central Florida. The county is zoned for orange trees, one-acre housing and tourist facilities (the latter don't require secondary services: schools, hospitals, paving). Pickett: "Disney's real big on planting trees on their own property. But I sincerely believe they don't give a damn about what happens outside the perimeter of their property." W. D. W.'s on-site environmental efforts are admirable. For instance, treated sewage is shot by cannons over a tree farm: The rich water improves growth remarkably. (In future, W. D. W. hopes to supply its own paper needs: ecological pragmatism.) But Orange County has lost 5000 acres of citrus in two years. Orange County, California (Disneyland), lost 50 percent of its citrus acreage in ten years. Land values make agriculture unprofitable. Pave enough orange groves and rain water can't percolate through to the Florida aquifer, an underground formation that supplies every well from Orlando to Cape Kennedy. The sudden announcement of 22,000 apartment units indicates rather succinctly Disney's concern for the quality of life beyond the magic pale.

What can the county governments do? Not much. Pickett says, "We can't stop them by exercising a county regulation, but picture yourself hypothetically as starting a business someplace . . . all based on a special law you got passed that gives you the power of God. Now, can you picture what might happen if the government suddenly decided your whole damn law was illegal and unconstitutional? We're convinced it is and the next time we bump heads, we're going to take it to court and prove it." Maybe Pickett is bluffing. I can't judge. The Disney Bill was declared constitutional by the Florida supreme court. And the Disney legal department seems to have anticipated a Pickett or several Picketts:

"If any section, clause, sentence or provision of this act . . . shall be held inoperative, invalid or unconstitutional . . . it shall not be deemed to affect the validity or constitutionality of any of the remaining parts of the act."

Even so, says Pickett, "At the moment, the one thing they can't stand is a court test. Do you know what would happen on the stock market?" I don't know. But I do know that Nunis and Company has alienated the two local governments that W. D. W. will have to work with most intimately.

The warm-body people aren't alienated. They circle overhead. W. D. W. has been playing Rosalind to Orlando and it's just as they like it. Once a sleepy retirement town, Orlando has been renamed by its own nomenclature department: "The Action Center of Florida." New attractions have been yanked into Disney's orbit: Circus World, Sea World; Cypress Gardens and Silver Springs are expanding to catch the overflow. Anybody with a two-headed chicken or a four-foot-deep sinkhole is printing up tickets. Spokesmen for Orlando's chamber of commerce face to the east when they mention W. D. W. Sure, some fixed-income people have had to get out because of increased real-estate taxes. Sure, there are hookers, pushers and apprentice big-city criminals now. It's the price of growth.

Even the Salvation Army is a Babbittish Disney booster. I interviewed Brigadier Richard Bergren. During W. D. W.'s first eight months, his Salvation Army facilities were S.R.O. Indigents, drifters, runaway teens answered the siren whistle of warm weather and jobs. Early newspaper articles had pictured Bergren as being deeply worried. But Bergren doesn't seem worried at all. The salvation business is just another numbers game. Bergren sits back, grandfatherly and complacent, in his deep rugged office; there is the gloss of dark, sturdy woods around us. "The people here gave one half million dollars to build a welfare building, entirely private means. It'll be ready this time next year. There's prosperity here beyond the imagination . . . with this, you always bring in the undesirables. I don't condemn W. D. W. because they've made my work harder; that's what I'm here for." And Bergren has a swell new facility. Warm bodies. Warm souls.

Warm labor relations. W. D. W. gave unions a foothold. Florida has been stuck in the Cro-Magnon age of labor organization. As W. D. W. goes, so central Florida goes. (Right now, it goes at a 1.8 percent unemployment rate: only mule skinners and dumb-waiter makers out of work.) The building trades eagerly negotiated a no-strike, no-stoppage contract. W. D. W. opened on time to the minute: an Augean effort for any project of that magnitude. Disney also agreed to accept the service trade union that could organize 50 percent of the kids. No single union had a chance. So six unions blurred their jurisdictions, formed a Service Trades Council. With considerable difficulty, it managed to recruit a majority. Though salaries were lower at W. D. W., the council signed a contract. It balked only once—when Disney suggested the council monitor bralessness. "We passed on that," says Paul McCastland, council chairman. "Disney is the fairest group I've negotiated with in Florida in the past twenty years. It's mostly top-down decision making. Everything is 'I'll call you back.' The organization leans toward summit meetings. Card Walker has the yes or no on everything now." Or the maybe. Disneyland has experienced minor stoppages: California is more labor wise. In Florida, unions can't afford to kill the duck that laid them a golden nest egg.

A strike in Florida, where the organization has concentrated its assets, would be calamitous. In fact, the Walker management is under significant financial stress. Disney Productions has been a glamor issue for some time now. New York securities mavens want a solid return on investment, never mind family fun, never mind innovations. One Disney officer told me, "The Walker faction doesn't know how to handle New York. They think you give a show." Headlines after a weak first quarter indicate the p.s.i. of investment pressure. "DISNEY STOCK MAGIC WANES." "IRRATIONAL MOOD: OVERREACTION TO DISNEY QUARTERLY." A six-percent profit dip initiated flurries of selling. On one full day's volume, Disney Productions took a nose dive steeper than the Matterhorn ride: down nearly ten points. Walt would have had a terse reaction. With help, perhaps, from his nomenclature department, he would have said, "Shove it." His business. His money. But to finance W. D. W., Roy engineered a massive new sale of stock. Family holdings have been diluted. The Walker faction hornpipes to a New York tune. Walt borrowed against his own life insurance when he started Disneyland. But the time of risk is past. Adventureland exists only as a theme kingdom. Size and respectability have made Disney Productions arteriosclerotic.

New York pressure accounts for the premature announcement of 22,000 apartment units. The 27,000-acre site—most of it a condominium for alligators and possums—has become somewhat burdensome: somewhat more burdensome should Osceola County score with its $15,000,000 assessment. At present, Disney is building Lake Buena Vista (originally Reedy Creek), one of the two cities provided for by its enabling legislation. A community of town houses and single-family dwellings: second homes. They are leased to corporations at a high price, $8000 or $10,000 per year. We visited several of these houses. Southern California architecture grafted forcibly onto central Florida: pleasant enough, conservative. But Lake Buena Vista is a balance-sheet success. An insurance firm, say, will lease one home and send agents down for three-day vacations as an incentive. More and more, the Papal enclave is focusing on real estate. It needs a fast cash turnover. The dreams are gone.

And Walt bequeathed dreams. His ten-year plan, as suggested before, has saved the nickel-and-dime leadership from its

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characteristic befuddlement. But the biggest, the best of Walt's dreams has proved discomfiting. EPCOT is the biggest, the best: an Experimental Prototype Community of Tomorrow. Without exaggeration, EPCOT represents the most farsighted and important concept ever proposed by an American corporation. Before his death, Walt earmarked a good portion of W. D. W. for his second city: a city that could test and develop advanced urban technologies. EPCOT would be 25 years ahead of its time; it would change continually. Mass transportation, sewage, energy, building methods, whatever: EPCOT would have 20,000 residents life-testing the newest R and D of American industry.

Yet EPCOT would also have been a show, the quintessential Tomorrowland. Admissions, queues, cash: Walt could have made it profitable. Certainly, EPCOT was an influential selling tool when Walt peddled W. D. W. to the Florida legislature. Potentially, EPCOT could have changed America. When Walt arrived in Florida, he was ready to go. The Magic Kingdom, more or less a first-cousin Disneyland, the hotels, the golf courses probably bored him. As General William Potter, a Disney vice-president, says, "Walt wasn't a repeater." No. But that's all the present management is: repeaters. Pickett told me—and his opinion was seconded by every Disney employee or Disney watcher we talked to—"EPCOT died about three minutes after Walt stopped breathing."

Dead. But kept around as Walt's relic: a piece of the true cross. Walker and Nunis and Potter realize the public-relations value of EPCOT. It's the only coming attraction that isn't *Son of Disneyland*—or sheer commercialism. But not a thing has been done. No Disney spokesman could remember a single item—conceptual or real—that might someday implement EPCOT. And Quinn had the gall to suggest that Disney's 22,000 apartment units were EPCOT. "After all, people have to live there." Balls. At that rate, Levittown is EPCOT.

There are two sorts of reasons: financial and psychological. At the New York Society of Securities Analysts meeting, Walker was asked about EPCOT. He waffled for three transcript pages about sewers and tree farms, then came out with it: "I'll be very honest to say that we don't have any definitive plan for EPCOT, nor did Walt." Walt died seven years ago; what's Walker's excuse? Maybe he's waiting to arrange a séance.

I questioned a securities analyst: What would happen if Disney announced that it was shelving EPCOT? "The stock would probably go up." With $400,000,000 sunk in W. D. W., the organization hesitates to undertake another multimillion-dollar project: It couldn't stand the New York heat.

Moreover, EPCOT would require the close cooperation of Disney's branch office—American Industry. And American Industry has evidenced typical shortsightedness: It isn't much interested in EPCOT. General Potter administers EPCOT: a beautiful sinecure, something like fireman on a diesel locomotive. Potter resembles George Gobel in death. Imitating Walt, he smokes heavily; for his better ideas, Potter has a copy of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* on the desk. Potter: "Walt told me, get on your horse and see what American industry has on its drawing boards." When questioned, though, the plans on those drawing boards had slipped his mind.

"Sure," one Disney employee told me, "American industry is working on new things: new ways to sell cars and light bulbs." Anyhow, American industry has caught on to Disney. The "participant" experience is well known: Working with Disney is working *for* Disney.

We talked to half a dozen firms that had been hired as Disney consultants. "Unless we scream, they won't even put our name on the project. It's as if we didn't exist." Well, it may be worth while to introduce a new soda in the Magic Kingdom. But to invest millions, say, to develop a new communications system for Walt Disney's Experimental Prototype Community of Tomorrow at Walt Disney World, run by Walt Disney kids? Once bitten, twice nuts.

The psychological reasons are perhaps more compelling. I give you a for instance: Friend of mine tried to visit Disneyland. His belt buckle—get this—had a bronze representation of a marijuana leaf on it. The Disneyland security hosts suggested he remove the belt. Then it was not a suggestion. My friend had to rent a locker for his belt and spend the afternoon thumb-hooking his pants up. EPCOT would be a real city, with real people—not an artificial second-home community for middle-class salesmen like Lake Buena Vista. One Disney employee said, "We're terrified of social issues. EPCOT would have high schools. OK: We'd develop great audio-visual equipment. But what would we teach? The Walker people don't want to think about epistemology. They don't even know what the word means. And suppose the high school kids decided to burn an American flag?" Just suppose. Real people; real marijuana leaves. The Disney organization understands technological gimmicks and show—not life. If an urban problem can't be computerized or shot through a tube, it makes them irritable.

Walt's dream was a dirty trick. And he had another dream: It turned out to be another dirty trick. Walt envisaged a community of young creative people: all the arts in a synaesthetic fraternity. Walt left a great deal of cash to found his university, California Institute of the Arts, but it has been an ongoing nightmare for the Disney organization. Social issues. Sexual issues. Drug issues. Just imagine talented young artists gang-banging Greta Groom. Political views somewhat to the left of Hubert Humphrey.

Students and faculty went at the Disney administration: It was like the battle between scorpion and tarantula in *The Vanishing Desert*. One teacher, unhappy, stripped nude at a faculty meeting. Herbert Gold tells the story delightfully in *The Atlantic*. He quotes one ex-dean: "Last year we had a little group that wanted to slash tires and chant 'Om' with their eyes rolled up, and others who just wanted to play the violin nine hours a day. . . . Roy Disney was always telling us: Don't deface the $26,000,000 white walls." And then there was "Womanhouse, with its nude closet, its monster garden, its menstruation bathroom . . . the kitchen covered with plastic fried eggs–flapjacks–breasts and the torn and suffering . . . crocheted cloth . . . afterbirth womb room." Can you imagine? Dick Nunis' private hell. Lately, under Bill Lund, a Disney son-in-law, genuine efforts have been made to give Walt's dream artificial respiration. But Cal Arts reinforced the Disney paranoia. Avoid social issues. Do only the things you know how to do.

What's new at Disney Productions? Not very much. W. D. W. is Disneyland but bigger: with golf courses and real-estate developments and governmental prerogatives to embarrass a fascist. And this article has been written without once mentioning the terrific environmental resistance Disney has met at Mineral King, its proposed California winter-sports complex. Admirable restraint, I think. Bill Schwartz, a stock analyst for Drexel, Burnham Co. predicts that a new W. D. W. will be constructed in southern Europe, perhaps Spain, ten years from now. I'm not so sure. I doubt if Walker is ready to deal with people who don't speak English, people who have a history of chronic anti-Americanism. And how could he be sure of control?

It's frankly tragic. This isn't the story of just another business grown too fat, too unwieldy and cautious, for innovation. In a time when American industry is subjected to knee-jerk abuse, Disney retains a fine reputation and the good will of nearly all the nation's people. In this sense, Disney is our most powerful corporation. It has resources and prestige and opportunity. EPCOT—or at least a viable, smaller version—could improve the quality of American life. But time is against Disney. The incumbent leadership is young. It has let financial considerations and a myopic social outlook ruin what could have been positive forces of unguessed influence. Walt's eccentric, brave and always profitable dreams hang lifeless—fetuses floating in formaldehyde. From California to Florida, Card Walker and his men have been scattering Mouse-nots across the land.

"There goes old Fogerty with his annual Christmas goose."

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WHY IS THE BRASS MONKEY STILL IN HIDING?

New inquiries suggest some nasty realities in the story behind the drink that defeated the Japanese Imperial Secret Service in World War II.

On a foggy night in Macao in 1942, a name was whispered into the darkness. "Rasske! H.E. Rasske!"

Was this simply the cover name of an Allied spy—code-named the Brass Monkey? Or, was it also the alias of a Japanese agent?

Lately, some of our mail has suggested a startling new theory to resolve the contradictions in the Brass Monkey legend. Is it possible that Admiral Kokura, head of Kempeitai Counterespionage, and H.E. Rasske were both double agents—and that *each* was protecting *the other*?

The Story As Originally Told.

The "facts" as leaked so far, revolve around a notorious club allegedly operated in the port of Macao. A small brass figurine squatting in a niche at the door gave the place its name, and the sunshine yellow drink they served, its renown. Both were known as the Brass Monkey.

We are asked to assume, perhaps too conveniently, that only our operatives knew that the drink was the key to a spy. That by scratching out the words, "No Evil" from the coaster under the Brass Monkey cocktail, then eliminating every letter from "The Brass Monkey" that didn't match those in "See, Hear, Speak," the name of the contact—H.E. Rasske—would be revealed.

Secrets of a Bar-Girl.

Is it possible that none of these coasters got into the wrong hands: even though members of the Kempeitai no doubt infested the place? Surely they pumped every likely employee for information, especially the club's bar-girls. These girls routinely tempered their own intake of liquor by mixing the Brass Monkey with orange juice. Even with this stratagem, is it possible that none of these girls, however innocently, ever let slip a single piece of information? Or, that all of them successfully resisted the temptation to sell out? Possible, but unlikely.

Incriminating Evidence?

How then was the Brass Monkey spy ring able to perform so cavalierly right under the nose of the enemy? Surely, it was more than dumb luck.

Kokura was quoted as saying, "The Brass Monkey is worth two aircraft carriers in the Coral Sea." Was this ambiguous remark a guarded admission that Rasske was more valuable to Japan alive than dead? Or, was his value to Kokura himself?

That would solve the riddle of the all-too-accommodating suicide of the Macao Kempeitai section chief *and* the closing of the Club itself at about the same time. Both events could have been engineered to cover Kokura, if the section chief was about to un-mask him as a double-agent.

Behind the Mask.

The possibility that the Brass Monkey himself was "doubling" (with headquarters' approval, of course) is too logical to discount. But why is the Brass Monkey still in hiding? Has he secrets still too dangerous to divulge? Does a former Japanese admiral still vow revenge for his betrayal? Or, could certain of Rasske's own ex-functionaries believe to this day that he deceived them?

Will the Brass Monkey ever show his face again? We don't know. Mr. H.E. Rasske, if that *really is* your name—will you?

What's a Brass Monkey?

It's an absolutely smashing drink made from a secret combination of liquors. Tasty, smooth and innocent-looking, but potent. The color of sunshine with the mystery of moonlight. If you've got a long evening ahead of you, try mixing the Brass Monkey with orange juice. Especially if you have your own secrets to keep.

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The face in this photograph is said to be H.E. Rasske, the man we think was the Brass Monkey.

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