

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MAY 1973 • ONE DOLLAR

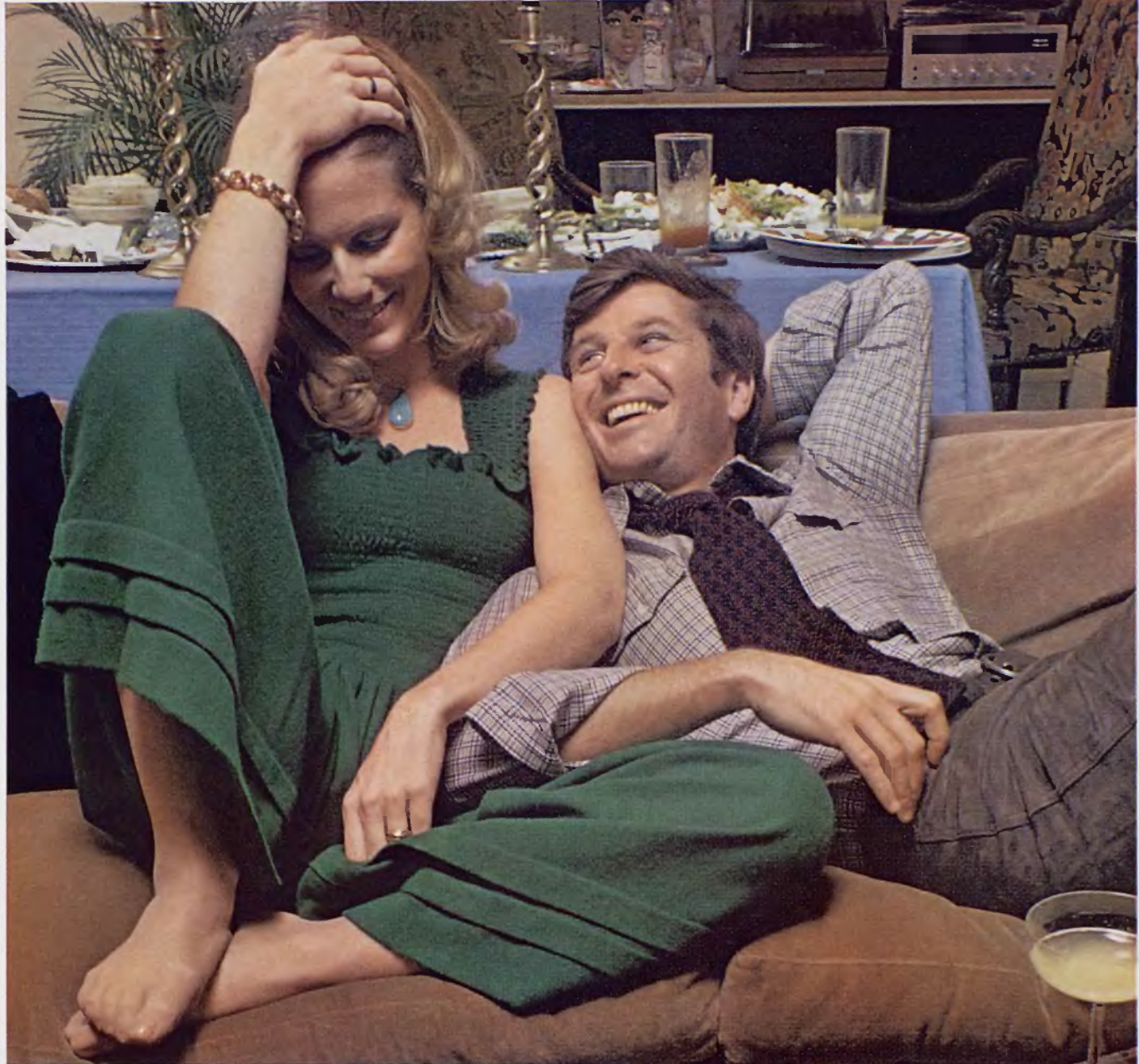
PLAYBOY



Sex and the Automobile:
A Pictorial History

A New Thriller by
"Day of the Jackal's"
Frederick Forsyth

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Super Sportswear
Super Shave Gear



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We were caught recently with an unexpected hankering for something different. Thumbed through a recipe book and decided on the daiquiri. The recipe called for a liquor we never use. So we improvised, and discovered the Smirnoff Daiquiri. While it's not completely original, it is a rather nice twist on an old standby.

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PLAYBILL THERE IS A GENTLEMAN living in an Appalachian cottage that belies his wealth, in a town that he used to own, who will celebrate his birthday this month. The only thing notable about that is that it will be the 90th for Major William Purviance Tams, Jr., a pioneer of the coal-mining industry who is profiled by Laurence Leamer in *Twilight for a Baron*. Leamer, a free-lance writer from New York—"free-lance" is usually another word for unemployed," he says—got into mining when he and his wife went to visit a friend in Roanoke soon after he had finished his book *The Paper Revolutionaries*. When the friend mentioned his acquaintance with the local United Mine Workers headman, Leamer's reportorial juices began to flow. A call to the union man got him permission to work in the mines and to write about them, provided "nothing political" was dealt with (a coal-company executive just happened to be in the labor man's office at the time of the call). Leamer then went underground, where the miners—unaware that he was a writer—hipped him to such things as how to tie his shoes so that he wouldn't get caught in the conveyor belt and be crushed by the machinery and which wires not to step on if he valued his life. Later on, a newspaperman told him that Major Tams—who built the mine Leamer had been working in—was still around. Very much so, as you'll learn by reading Leamer's story.

If You Liked "1984," You'll Love 1973 is Nat Hentoff's article about the unsettling extent to which the Government, by surveillance and other methods, has crept into our private lives. (Jerry Podwil's painting of a serial-numbered baby is an exaggeration, of course—but not by much.) Hentoff—whose article, in somewhat altered form, will be included in *State Secrets: Police Surveillance in America*, to be published this summer by Holt, Rinehart & Winston—tells us he's had several unannounced visits from the FBI during his career and passes on some advice on how to deal with such provocations: "I knew enough to ask if they had a subpoena, which they didn't. So I asked them to leave—and next time to call in advance. Without a subpoena they're just like anyone else off the street, and you can exercise your constitutional right not to talk to them." Not surprisingly, espionage and harassment by the Government are among the subjects handled by Huey Newton of the Black Panthers in this month's exclusive interview.

Gerald Astor's *What a Waste* takes an inside look at the operating procedures used by homicide detectives in Boston—and at the cases they handle. Astor, author of *The New York Cops*, reports that he became involved in a brief high-speed chase when a drunk driver refused to stop at the request of the cops Astor was riding with. During his stay in Boston, however, there were no murders—which led the detectives to wonder if his presence had a calming effect on the population.

Roy Andries de Groot and Calvin Trillin, who debated the location of the world's greatest restaurant in our April 1972 issue, are back—though not on a collision course this time. De Groot laments the deterioration of a civilized tradition in *Service Without a Smile*. Since writing the article, however, he has had one encouraging experience (if you find it credible): "The other day, at New York's famous restaurant Lutèce, the waiter was bringing to my table a whole salmon on a silver platter. He slipped on one of the steps leading down to the dining room and fell full-length on the floor—but he succeeded, as he fell, in keeping the platter upright above his head, so that the fish didn't slip and its decorations were undisturbed." Trillin, in *Dieticians Are Just Folks*, covers a nutritionists' convention—and his own caloric misbehavior in that epicurean Sodom and Gomorrah, New Orleans. Interaction between people and place, or subject and setting, which animates Trillin's article, is also the crux of *Palm Springs Eternal*, in which F. P. Tullius describes the desert city where euphemism is a way of life—and death.

Jean Shepherd took time out from a frenetic schedule of radio shows, campus appearances and night-club dates to write this month's comic misadventure, which he calls *Lost at C*. The Rockwellesque painting that accompanies Jean's tale is the work of Kinuko Craft, a versatile artist who came to Chicago five years ago from her native Japan. Two other humorous entries are both visual in nature. *Commodore Sweetwater's Waterlogged Logbook of Foolhardy and Forgotten Sea Battlers and Epic Episodes in Man's Endless Quest to Stay Afloat* is by Bruce McCall, whose earlier *PLAYBOY* put-ons took care of cars and planes. And cartoonist Alden Erikson does a job on the folks who make *Porno Films*.

Our lead fiction is *No Comebacks*, Frederick Forsyth's tale of a murder plot that goes awry. Forsyth, author of *The Day of the Jackal* and *The Odessa File*, is currently researching his next novel, which will be set in modern Africa. The plaster figures that illustrate *No Comebacks* were made by Chicago sculptor Martin Wanserski. Also on hand is the second installment of George MacDonald Fraser's swashbuckling adventure satire *Flashman at the Charge*, which Knopf expects to release in book form next fall.

Our pictorial subjects include Playmate Anulka Dziubinska, who was discovered in Munich by photographer Pompeo Posar; actress Barbara Leigh, who gets seven pages of well-deserved exposure; and *Sex and the Automobile*, with nine pages of photos by R. Scott Hooper. There's also a uniquely personal, modestly priced, build-it-yourself airplane. Now it's take-off time into this issue. *Bon voyage*.



FORSYTH



WANSERSKI



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TRILLIN



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CRAFT



TULLIUS



DE GROOT



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What a Waste

P. 107



Cars and Sex

P. 97



1964 in 1973

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Brave Lass Barbara

P. 149



Foolhardy Sea Battlers

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PLAYBOY, MAY, 1973, VOLUME 20, NUMBER 5, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES, \$10 FOR ONE YEAR.

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JOHNNY CARSON
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*"It was sad enough having her call everything off.
But did she have to be so cruel?"*

"Good-bye Nick"

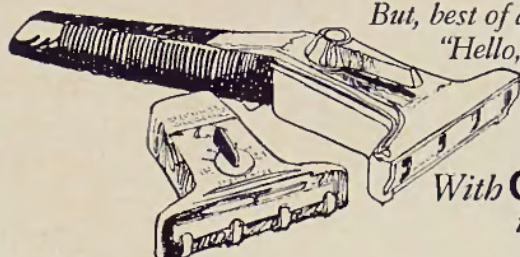
I walked around in the rain for hours after she said good-bye. It was sad enough, having her call everything off. But did she have to be so cruel? "Good-bye, Nick," she said. My name is Tom. Nick was what she called me though, because I always nicked myself when I shaved. The rain was loosening the bandage on my face.

It was late when I arrived at my apartment and found a small, plainly wrapped package at my door. I picked it up and went in. Exhausted, but unable to sleep, I sat down and opened the package.

Inside was a Gillette Techmatic® razor. The note carried her fragrance into the room and memories flooded my dulled mind. The Techmatic, she wrote, is adjustable so I can change the setting to fit my skin and beard. And instead of blades with corners that can cut and nick my face, there's a continuous razor band. And it's all safely enclosed in a cartridge so I will never have to touch a sharp edge again.

A smooth, safe shave, she wrote.

*But, best of all, she signed it,
"Hello, Tom."*



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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LIBERTY OR DEARTH

Your February interview with economist Milton Friedman is one of the most persuasive and enlightening arguments in defense of capitalism that I've ever read. Friedman's faith in individual initiative lacks the self-righteousness that usually accompanies such views.

Jane Elizabeth Estep
Glendora, California

PLAYBOY asked all the right questions. The result is the clearest, simplest exposition of the Chicago view of economics I know of. The Intercollegiate Studies Institute would be interested in having reprints of this interview for distribution to college students in the Midwest. Are reprints available? If so, what do they cost?

Tim Hunter, Midwestern Director
Intercollegiate Studies Institute
Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

Reprints are available from our Reader Service Department for 20 cents each.

First your interview with Ayn Rand, then Karl Hess's *The Death of Politics* and now the interview with Friedman: three PLAYBOY contributions to a badly needed resuscitation of free-market thinking. There is one remark of Friedman's, however, that is conspicuously unlibertarian. If "there really is no such thing as pure monopoly, since everything has substitutes" and if "a consumer . . . has the very best protection agency available: the market," why is "prosecuting antitrust violations" a legitimate function of the state? If the market is sufficiently protective, there is no need for antitrust prosecution.

David Stewart
Los Angeles, California

Friedman says: "If a consumer finds he's being sold rotten meat at the grocery store, he has the very best protection agency available: the market. He simply stops trading at that store and moves to another." This may work for corner grocery stores, but it doesn't work in other areas. What recourse has the consumer who has been ripped off by the automobile industry, or the drug industry, or the oil industry, or the electronics industry, or public utilities, or other cartels in a

country infamous for its excessive profits and price-fixing? Despite his Ph.D., Friedman is an ignorant s.o.b.

Norman M. Pliscou
Holtville, California

I would not call Friedman "the gray eminence of libertarianism," as you did in your January *Next Month* section. If we must have a gray eminence in a movement of individualists, then I nominate economist Ludwig von Mises; or novelist-philosopher Ayn Rand; or psychologist Nathaniel Branden; or philosopher John Hospers (the Libertarian Party's candidate for President, who actually received an electoral vote); or economist Murray Rothbard; or Leonard Read, president of the Foundation for Economic Education; or Robert LeFevre, recently retired president of Rampart College.

Dale Haviland
Brighton, Michigan

Friedman implies that Social Security benefits are payable only to workers above a certain age. The fact is that only 52 percent of the 28,000,000 Social Security beneficiaries are retired workers. The other 48 percent are younger persons too disabled to work and the dependents of deceased, disabled and retired workers.

George R. Evenson
Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin

Friedman's views on the ineffectiveness of government programs are compelling. Liberal-sponsored programs do not, in fact, help those they are intended to help. But Friedman's solution, to return to the do-nothing views of Adam Smith, is equally hollow. Two centuries' experience has demonstrated that.

A pox on both houses. Neither has much relevance to the future. Both assume, as Friedman points out, that greed must underlie any economic system. I submit that we are in the earliest stages of a change in man's perception of his own self-interest. In a finite world, where everyone and everything is interrelated, the single-minded, greedy pursuit of gain threatens us all. No market mechanism can control the strontium 90 in nuclear explosions, massive national and international pollution or burgeoning population. Nothing short of a deep and universal recognition of our mutual

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interdependence can resolve such problems. We must truly become our brothers' keepers. This may appear a utopian vision, involving, as it does, a change in man's attitudes. However, man's self-interest in survival is now coming to coincide with his better impulses. As pragmatism and idealism come together, tremendous forces will be unleashed, giving rise to a new man, a new society—and a new economics. Buckminster Fuller has observed that capitalism and socialism are both obsolete, and he is surely right.

G. A. Gustafson
Danbury, Connecticut

While there are aspects of Friedman's position with which I do not agree, and I wish he were more consistent in his advocacy of political and economic freedom, I admire the clarity and rigor with which he argues a case that is too seldom given public exposure in today's media. That his lucid exposition of libertarianism should appear in a mass-circulation magazine such as *PLAYBOY* is very gratifying. I especially liked Friedman's demonstration that government intervention in the economy invariably results in a worsening of the very conditions it proposes to improve. Freedom is still the most radical idea of all.

Nathaniel Branden
Los Angeles, California

Psychologist, author and one-time protégé of Ayn Rand's, Branden cofounded *The Objectivist*, a libertarian magazine.

STRANGERS IN PARADISE

John Knowles's February article, *Trouble in Paradise*, evocatively detailing the pitfalls of heaven on earth, hit me in the solar plexus. I have survived 16 years in Ceylon by virtue of spending at least six months a year in nonparadisiacal places like the U.S. and Great Britain. However, I am now making arrangements to become a resident here. Contact me in a couple of years to see if the rot has set in.

Arthur C. Clarke
Colombo, Ceylon

Thanks to *Trouble in Paradise*, the 19th Century travelog is alive and still unwell. Knowles's conclusions concerning the inevitable fate of Westerners in Beirut, northerners on the Riviera and mainlanders in Hawaii make an overly familiar picture. To buttress his clichéd account, he obviously sought out those who agreed with him. Having lived in most of the places Knowles mentions, I can safely say he hasn't; he has only been there.

Paul Larudee
Arlington, Virginia

SHOW AND TELL

I think it is high time Gahan Wilson were brought out into the open and exposed for the pure genius he is. Many call his work mere entertainment, but

this is hardly the case. In every drawing, not only does Wilson create images in the physical sense but he's able to produce a reflection of the mind itself. Through a unique talent he shows us a universal understanding, achieved through his timeless and dreamlike sketches. All his characters are so constructed that the viewer can identify with the picture and actually place himself in Wilson's unearthly world. Everyone tends to be fascinated by the supernatural, the terrifying or even the morbid; and Wilson has skillfully joined all these spirits into his art. Gahan, take a bow.

Junior McMahan
University of Missouri
Rolla, Missouri

REBELS WITH A CAUSE

As a Vietnam veteran, I'd like to compliment *PLAYBOY* and Tom Buckley for *The Spartans of Indochina* (*PLAYBOY*, February). This examination of the structure and motives of the North Vietnamese army is both factual and enlightening.

Paul Vieira
Sacramento, California

I couldn't agree more with Buckley. Having spent almost three years in the Air Force, I saw all too often a Service populated with cover-up artists, buck passers and careerists. While in Vietnam, taking a direct part in Vietnamization, I came to know that the South Vietnamese youths I trained were much like myself: They held the Service in contempt.

Jerry Libes
Garden City, New York

For discipline, military skill and blind belief in the rightness of their cause, Attila's Huns and Hitler's SS were no second to Giap's cadres. I agree with Buckley that the North Vietnamese fighters "do not simply 'mouth' what they have been told but seem to have fully absorbed it." As one who witnessed the Nazification of Germany, I can assure you that the transformation of wide-eyed schoolboys into programmed robots is nothing new. It's called brainwashing. Luckily, there are still those who, though flat-footed and overweight, have the courage to face such an enemy.

Leslie Iffy, M.D.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The Spartans of Indochina tells stories of dope, desertion and dissension in the American Armed Forces. I believe such excesses were bound to occur when men were drafted into a war that meant nothing to them. Nevertheless, should the time ever come when our nation is in grave danger, I'm certain the American fighting man will surpass all others.

L/Cpl. John T. Bonfig, U.S.M.C.
Camp Lejeune, North Carolina

I could agree with Buckley when he speaks in praise of the North Vietnamese soldiers. But I would like to remind him that his brave North Vietnamese utterly failed in their last offensive. Despite sustained rocket shelling and the assaults of the enemy, the South Vietnamese troops proved themselves quite capable of defending their territory.

Nguyen Tan Xuan
Montreal, Quebec

In his article, Buckley calls the American military "uniformed cover-up artists, buck passers and careerists." He writes that the military of the United States has no "soul" nor "even a functioning brain." He goes on to claim that our Army is "modeled on the most incompetent of modern corporations" and that "enlisted men are the assembly-line workers: drafted, trained—more or less—anonymously shuttled into their low-skilled jobs." He also says that the new "smart bombs" are "presumably for dumb pilots."

I submit that Buckley doesn't know what he's talking about. He offers no proof whatsoever for his first allegation. I am an enlisted man and can tell you that I've seen no cover-ups, buck passing or careerism in my tenure of service. I can't vouch for their souls, but I am certain that President Nixon, the Secretary of Defense and the officers and personnel of our Armed Forces have functioning brains. Moreover, all pilots have college degrees. There are also few "low-skilled jobs" in the Service. In fact, training is required for all jobs and the competition to secure them is fierce. If Buckley has a low opinion of the American military, as his article leads me to believe, I suggest he move to North Vietnam, where I'm sure he'd feel more comfortable.

AB Jon Newton
Andrews AFB, Maryland

The Spartans of Indochina cannot possibly be true. Hanoi has maintained all along that it never had any troops in South Vietnam, Laos or Cambodia. Simultaneously, we have been told to disbelieve every assertion made by those notorious liars in Saigon and Washington. Someone must have deceived Buckley on the matter of identity of these Spartans. Clever, those Indochinese.

Poul Anderson
Orinda, California

Sci-fi writer Anderson's most recent book is *The Dancer from Atlantis*.

BOOM TOWN

As a longtime resident of Forest City, Iowa, I read Douglas Bauer's *Oh, Little Town of Millionaires* (*PLAYBOY*, February), profiling my home town, with great amusement. The transformation of a small, peaceful community to a rich and noisy factory town has had a profound



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effect on all its inhabitants. Bauer's portraits of the town's leading millionaires are hilarious—and accurate.

Mark Hanson
Fort Collins, Colorado

I have a question for Forest City and all those who worship those air-fouling, road-hogging Winnebagos that are crowding our nation's highways: Why don't you just park them in your own back yards? Then those of us who really enjoy camping and the outdoors won't have to be subjected to your arrogance.

Ken Walker
Athens, Ohio

FINE POWDER

John Skow's *The Powder and the Glory* (PLAYBOY, February) did justice to some of the best skiing in the world. For the record, though, the Bugaboo Mountains are located in British Columbia, not in Alberta, as stated in your *Playbill*.

John Thomas
Radium Hot Springs, British Columbia

FANTASIES FOLLOW-UP

Your quiz on *What Your Sex Fantasies Mean* (PLAYBOY, February) is an excellent feature that I enjoyed immensely.

T. Cumming
Flagstaff, Arizona

As a rape victim, I found myself chilled by the quiz questions that pertained to bondage. Undoubtedly, people have fantasies about having sex with a partner who is restrained. And, undoubtedly, some men have fantasized being white plantation owners who rape black women slaves. But such a fantasy is nowhere to be found in your quiz. Apparently, you realize that using force and brutality against blacks is immoral. Unfortunately, it seems, the same doesn't apply to women.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

I took your quiz and thought it was a true reflection of myself—until I got to the analysis. In that section, you imply that homosexuality is "unconventional." Our country is composed of many cultures, each with its own conventions. Being a well-adjusted gay, I deeply resent your labeling my culture abnormal.

Frank Marthe
Boulder, Colorado

TANGLING WITH "TANGO"

I looked forward to your February pictorial essay *Two to "Tango"* as an exclusive uncoverage of Marlon Brando. But all you published were photos of the nude Maria Schneider, with the exception of one nude Brando—the same one published in *Time*. What a downer.

Delphene Swartz
Bowling Green, Ohio

LIGHT MY FIREPOT

Thomas Mario's February food feature, *Firepot Party*, is a delectable introduction to the wonderful world of firepot cooking. For all present and future Oriental gourmets, I thank you.

Perry W. Kopf, President
Mandarin House Imports
San Clemente, California

LOVE POTIONS

Artist Doug Taylor's takeout on aphrodisiacs (*In Search of Love's Sure Thing*, PLAYBOY, February) is not only funny but fun to look at. Congratulations.

George F. Landry
El Reno, Oklahoma

ENTERTAINMENT FOR WOMEN?

I am a 21-year-old woman and I think PLAYBOY is one of the best magazines around. I regularly read many so-called women's magazines, but PLAYBOY is the only periodical I read from cover to cover every month. That includes every letter, every article, every piece of fiction and even every picture caption.

Diane Weinberg
Glassboro, New Jersey

REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT

I did not know Jack Kerouac before I read John Clellon Holmes's account of his funeral, *Gone in October* (PLAYBOY, February). I've been to a few funerals, but seldom, if ever, cried. *Gone in October* left me in a state of tearful emptiness I'd never experienced before. Why did I feel this way? Was it Holmes's brilliant writing or the intense aura of loss surrounding the story? I'm not sure, but through Holmes, I discovered that there's a little part of Kerouac living in all of us, and I grieve because I have no one to thank for the desperate and unique beauty that he exemplified.

Ralph D. Williamson
Houston, Texas

Holmes's account not only eulogizes a dear friend but achingly describes the recognition, sensed only when it is too late, that the love we hold for our friends should be communicated far more often than it is. But, as Holmes knows only too well, this love, though magically cohesive, can be the most difficult and draining of all human experiences.

Michael C. Radesky
Fairfield, California

When I was in college in New York City in the early Sixties, I, like many, came under the spell of the Kerouac life style. He is gone, but the wine still tastes sweet. Holmes's piece was pure poetry.

Gary Clark
Union, New Jersey

At the risk of sounding blasphemous, I must express my disquiet with the likes of John Clellon Holmes. Apparently

in an attempt to ensure their spot in the lineage of what they perceive as American counterculture, such writers are incessantly describing the beat scene as the forerunner of today's hippie or freak counterculture. To me, the presence of young people at Kerouac's funeral did not signify homage to a father figure. What Holmes sees as "mysterious kinship" is merely curiosity. I'm certain that no youth in attendance had any desire to emulate Kerouac. I'd venture to say that the young people there were more involved with defining their own brand of freedom, while learning how to avoid Kerouac's tragic fate.

Roger Post
San Diego, California

Holmes is correct; no one could have saved Jack, except, perhaps, America herself.

John D. Wells
Johnson City, Tennessee

Let me add one flash recollection to John Clellon Holmes's tender-detailed memento of poet-novelist friend Jack Kerouac's October funeral. Holmes's chronicle is useful in America because it focuses awareness on the collapse degeneration of the mortal body of one whose idealistic national consciousness wakened imagination in many millions of "open-souled" persons and thus permanently affected the psyche of these States. Kerouac's greatest, most tender perception was of the dreamlike transparency and evanescence of solid iron reality, an ancient perception he startlingly revived in this age of violently triumphant materialist meat desensitization. Thus the death of Kerouac's meat has archetypal exemplary drama for young artful spiritual seekers: for Kerouac had written: "the severed gullets more numerous than sands / like kissing my kitten in the belly / the softness of our reward."

When I entered the funeral home, the first glimpse I had of Kerouac lying in his coffin was of a large meat doll in a state of empty meditation. Consciousness was no longer located in his head or body, but had escaped as if by some humorous and deliberate trick into the room, into trees, into America. The impersonal consciousness that had taken temporary illusory form as Kerouac's body had done its bodhisattva job of wakening mortality-consciousness in other sleepwalking soul citizens and, making the death hint more obvious, deliberately drank its way out of temporary body with great show of pain and mock horror into—empty heaven hanging overhead in the ceiling of the Archambault Funeral Home in Lowell, Massachusetts.

Allen Ginsberg
New York, New York



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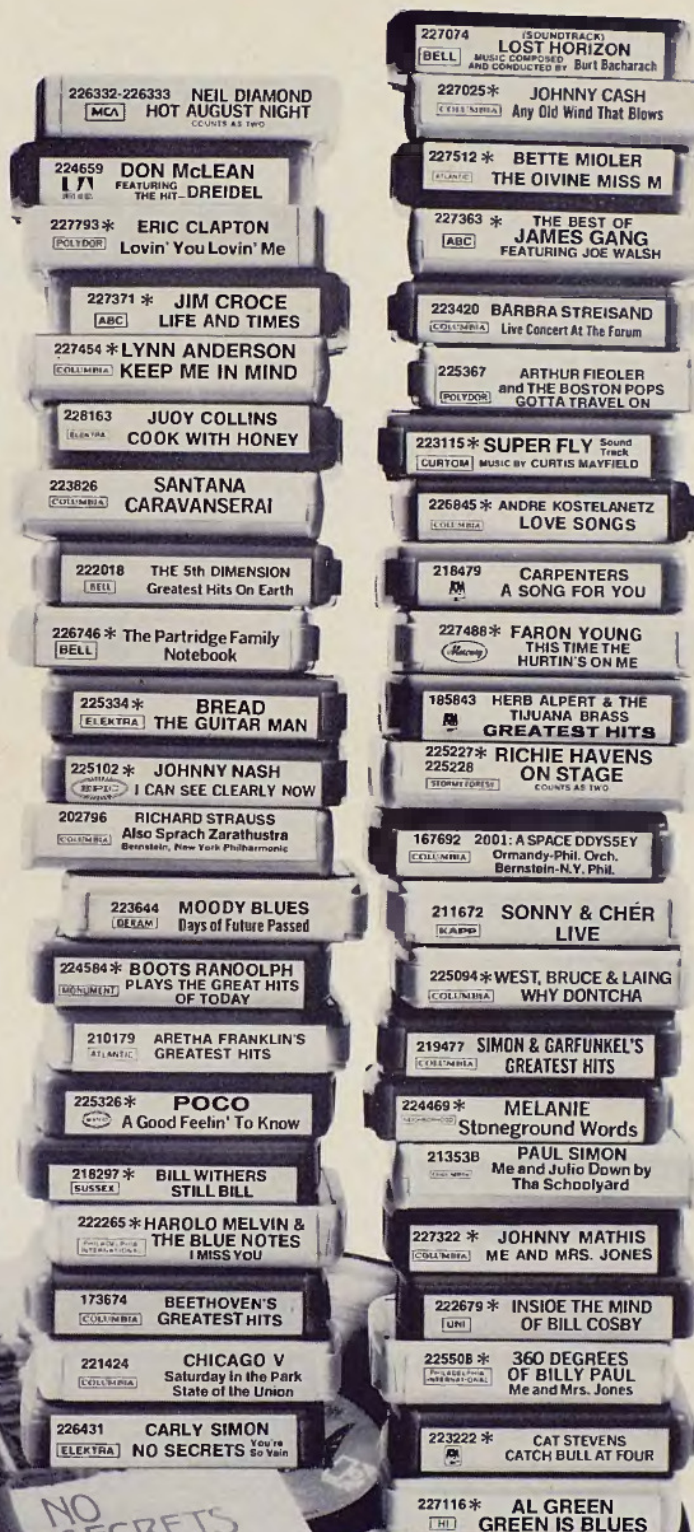
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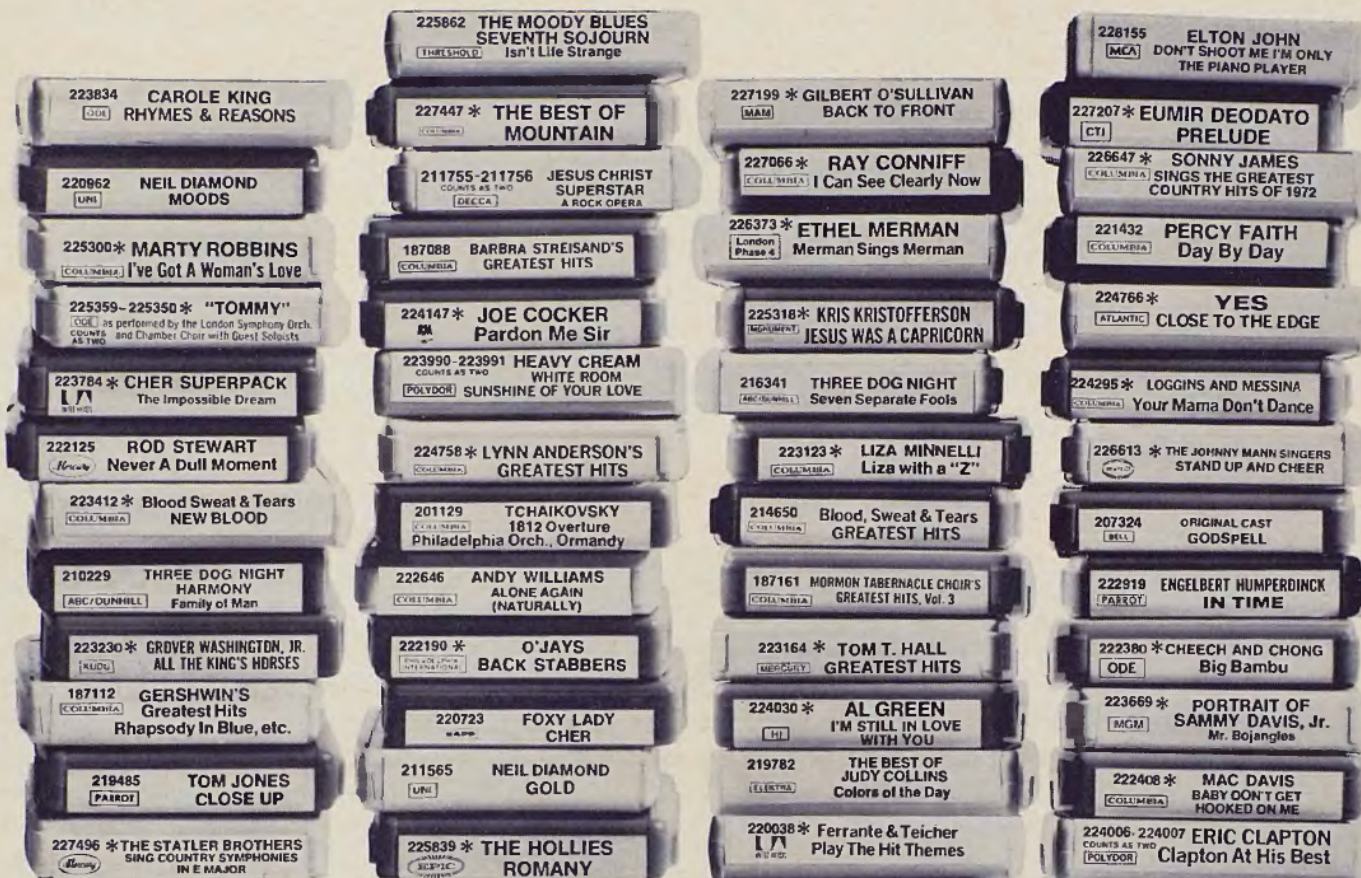
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



New evidence that the earth was visited in prehistoric times by beings of superior intelligence comes to us this month from Poland. *Polityka*, a Warsaw weekly, reports that construction workers, digging a foundation for a cement plant near Poznań, unearthed a three-ton bulldozer. "We consulted an archaeologist," the paper remarked, "and he said the find cannot be taken as an indication of high technological development among ancient Slavic tribes."

Sports fans in a small town in New Jersey were surely heartened to learn, from the pages of the local high school newspaper, that the coach had returned to the playing fields after being "laid up for a week with a bad coed."

An astrological message we'd have trouble disputing was offered to Taurians in *The Cincinnati Enquirer*: "An early tart helps as you begin to untangle yesterday's discrepancies. By evening you've earned a rest."

An A.P. dispatch from England tells us that five Indians charged with drug smuggling were released after police determined that the small box the Indians were carrying contained not hashish but ashes—of a cremated relative.

Press releases we never finished reading: "Negotiations have been completed by Warner Bros. for filmization of *The Boys in the Bank*, tentative title for the much-publicized robbery of a New York bank last summer by a youth seeking to finance a sex-change operation for a boyfriend...."

Acknowledging the perils of our age, the Sacramento County Welfare Department has sent its employees a three-page form to be filled out in the event of a bomb threat. Besides eliciting scads of useful information (What time was the threat received? What does the bomb

look like? Does the caller have a speech impediment?), the form contains some good practical advice: "The amount of time required [to search for a bomb] will be limited to the amount of time before the alleged detonation, if known."

Statistic of the month, reprinted in full from the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*: "In some areas of the country, about 98 percent of all the babies are born."

People who are late paying their bills to the Charleston, West Virginia, General Hospital receive the following letter: "Hello there, I am the hospital's computer. As yet, no one but me knows that you have not been making regular payments on this account. However, if I have not processed a payment from you within ten days, I will tell a human, who will resort to other means of collection."

We should certainly hope so: An article in *The Nashville Tennessean* promised a crackdown on meat standards after a state health official said tests on hamburger purchased in Memphis stores showed too much fat and "high bacteria cunts."

For you back-to-nature freaks, an old-time formula for cleaning soiled sheets, as published in *A History of the Western World as Seen Through the Uses & Abuses of Dirt*: "First soak the cloth from Saturday to Monday in a thick green mixture of soft water and sheep's dung (only summer dung will do). From Monday to Wednesday dip the cloth repeatedly in a pond or river. On Wednesday beat out and leave to soak in a pond or river until Thursday afternoon, then allow to dry. Next day, put it in a tub, spread a buck sheet over it, make a thin paste of dog's mercury, mallow, kecks or wormwood, spread this over the buck sheet, then pour strong boiling lye over the sheet, cover and allow to stand over-

night. By Friday, it is ready to be spread on the grass and watered all morning. Friday night, repeat the whole process. . . . Do the same on Saturday. On Saturday night, drop the cloth into a tub of lye and allow it to soak until Monday morning. It is then ready to be laid out once more and watered every day with pond water until white enough."

A feature in the Columbus, Ohio, *Evening Dispatch* on radio's *Amos 'n' Andy* show reflected on the series' popularity by mentioning that even "motion pictures were cut at mid-reel so audiences could tune in on the dongs of Amos and Andy."

An ad in *The Washington Post* for "flash plastic stack chairs" must have turned the heads of scatologs all over the capital. It claimed that the chairs were "made of turdy plastic that's easy to keep clean at a price that won't clean you out."

England swings: The East Whittier, California, *Review* occasionally runs "Headlines in History" blurbs. Showing up recently was this revisionist entry: "November 5, 1605—Guy Fawkes, hired by conspirators against King James I and Parliament, was seized as he was about to blow the House of Lords."

A motel advertisement in *The Seattle Daily Times* praised the virtues of a honeymoon cottage that sleeps four.

In every cloud there's a silver lining: Distressed by the findings of its promotion director, who claimed tourism in Maine was down for the first time in 20 years, the state commerce department hired a new director. According to *The Wall Street Journal*, the new man dutifully discovered that, in fact, tourism was up 11 percent.

Crime does not pay: Willie Patterson, 39, was standing in a Cincinnati phone

booth, about to make a call, when two teenagers approached and robbed him of six dollars. In their haste, they forgot to take his dime. He used it to call the police, who arrived and arrested the robbers while they were trying to start their car, which was stalled near the booth.

The San Francisco law firm of Kennedy and Rhine has opened an office in southern France to handle narcotics cases involving Americans. It's located in the town of Grasse.

Public notice in *The New York Times*: "DARLING SALLY—We had some happy days in our 31 years of marriage. I remember one in 1964 and another in 1971—Love, your husband, E. J."

Superlatives we don't care to argue with: A bedding ad in *The Washington Post* told readers, "You couldn't cream up a greater mattress and box-spring set."

In an attempt to reduce the highway accident rate, reports the *Duluth News-Tribune*, a pair of Minnesota police agencies set up a new program called Surveillance of Hazardous Interstate Traffic. As an initial step, said the prospectus, "we plan to spread S.H.I.T. evenly over both the Blatnik Bridge and the Arrowhead Bridge." Happy motoring.

In Inglewood, California, the personnel director of an aerospace firm received a Federal form that asked, among other things: "How many employees do you have, broken down by sex?" The director replied—with typical California candor—that "liquor is more of a problem with us."

Wish we'd seen it: An episode of *The Lawbreaker*, a Canadian TV show, was blurbed thus in *The Detroit Free Press*: "The Lawbreaker plays a fancy lecturer in British Columbia and has come trouble with a pretty girl student."

The American Petroleum Institute, writes *The Wall Street Journal*, has published a booklet detailing how to clean and rehabilitate oil-soaked birds.

Well, no wonder: Women's lib, according to a U. P. I. dispatch, "booked another success when Marie-Louise Verkaik was accepted as the first female student at the state aviation school in the Netherlands." The school, the item continued, "trains pilots for the Royal Dutch Airlines."

Today, more than ever, the daytime soap opera is a wonderful form of therapy for the man who thinks *he's* got troubles. Recently, one of our editors spent a week

in bed with the flu, watching the tube and feeling sorry for himself. His report, a recap of the week's action in that classic soap saga *When a Girl Marries in the Secret Storm*, follows. Cue the organ, fellas:

"At the end of yesterday's episode, you'll remember, Grandma was fighting off the crazed orangutan at the cliff's edge with the suitcase of money she'd found in the secondhand Chevrolet that Claude had driven home by mistake from the senior prom to which Marigold had not been invited by young George Carstairs, the passing stranger who had lodged in the Franklin House while his fractured fibula was healing from the effects of the runaway stallion goaded into fury by impetuous Lisa Crandall, who lived in the great house on Hillsbrook Heights, from which had disappeared the philandering Fumio Sata, the Japanese gardener who had been suspected by the police of being somehow connected with the ruthless J. D. Fordsby's recent killing on the stock market—a deal in which 1500 supposedly worthless shares of Amalgamated Mercury were left in partial payment of the rental on the potting shed owned by kindly Dr. Goodwin, who had saved young Toby's life during the windstorm that had ruined Jake Curtis' alfalfa crop on the eve of his daughter's marriage to Barnaby Rutledge, the sinister manufacturer of chipless-plastic dinnerware, whose foreman, weak-willed Harry Grayson, was secretly in love with busybody Iris Chippewaite's Australian cook, Hattie McCoggins, though her accidental poisoning of the Billingsgate twins was still to come to trial in the courtroom of incorruptible Judge Harley Robertson, whose own son was waiting in death row for the approach of the hangman—unless Andrew Forrester, the intrepid New York detective, could find Babsy Asquith, the madcap duchess who had been a witness to the actual slaying while passing incognito through town in pursuit of famed literary agent Mike Masterson, whose old football injury had paralyzed his typing finger in the midst of a lengthy novel about the Civil War, which he was ghostwriting for beloved old Parson Devons, the unsuspected alcoholic who had released the hand brake on the railroad car that destroyed the ambulance before it could deliver the lifesaving serum to Sir Griswold Sussex, the degenerate philanthropist who had suffered a stroke on the tennis court of the country club from which Natalie Fortescue had been banned after her unprovoked attack on the marquis with a blue-banded croquet mallet for misspelling her family name in the forged invitation to the governor's ball—an encounter witnessed by unscrupulous Joe Digby, the local scandal-sheet monger, whose subsequent investigations had proved Penny Galsworth's claims to the missing title of the fire-gutted Schaeffer

estate, where, at this very moment, Grandma was fighting off the crazed orangutan at the cliff's edge with the suitcase of money she'd found in the secondhand Chevrolet that Claude had driven home by mistake from the senior prom to which— But we've run out of time. Tune in tomorrow for the next exciting episode."

BOOKS

Philip Roth couldn't be completely unfunny if he tried. And *The Great American Novel* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) has its moments, such as a one-liner about the midget who is "a credit to his size." But generally, this novel about baseball wanders around too many bases too randomly to yield much in the way of either impact or enjoyment. Indeed, it turns out to be one of those books by established writers that call more for a caution than a review. The story has to do with a wartime baseball team in a fantasized third league that is without a home, forced to journey through a desert of mythical cities, doomed always to bat first. The characters, or caricatures, are legends and prototypes, derelicts and dwarfs, misfits and grotesques. Mostly, though, they are the exercise of a comic imagination seemingly so impoverished that it has to resort to names for laughs, to ranting for style. There are attempts to satirize everything from *Moby Dick* to Martin Dies, but finally only the reader gets hit by the buckshot. Somehow, Roth has forgotten that the prime requisite for pitching comedy is control.

We may have suspected all along that those square-jawed, confidence-exuding executives are really insecure and unhappy men; now we have it on the authority of two veteran management consultants themselves that the man in the gray-flannel suit is turning into *The Corporate Eunuch* (Crowell). According to O. William Battalia and John J. Tarrant, the exec has been emasculated by a philosophy of management that has removed him from the reality of work and left him in limbo. Attacks on modern management theory have been building, most often either cloaked in humor (*The Peter Principle*) or delivered by charismatic mavericks such as Robert (*Up the Organization*) Townsend. Battalia and Tarrant go quietly about their business of documenting how today's executives are emotionally castrated by being put under tremendous pressure without having the satisfaction of actually accomplishing anything tangible. By calling into question much of the mumbo jumbo promulgated by the American Management Association and the top business schools, the book will force its young-executive readers to take a second look

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at what they may be doing with—and to—their lives. The questions the authors pose are basic. Should a management man marry or, like the Turkish Janizary, devote his energies single-mindedly to his goal? In pursuing success, is he giving up more than he may gain? Why do executives never seem to bring their managerial ability to bear on the problems of their personal lives? Anyone can ask provocative questions, but in a deliberately low-keyed style, these authors dig into their professional experience to provide some practical answers.

Come Winter (Doubleday), the prolific Evan Hunter's new novel, is better taken as a whole than in any of its parts. The prose style is cliché-ridden ("The north face was cold and bleak and forbidding"), flashbacks snarl the story line and the characters themselves—for all their exertions—exude little life for other than literary purposes. Yet somehow the final effect of this potboiler is lingering. Hunter places three Mod Jews from New York City—Sandy, a Bennington coed; David, a musician; and Peter, a premed student—at a Western ski resort on their Christmas holiday. The trio is of the *Jules and Jim* variety, Sandy being shared in every way, as they consider themselves a closed corporation of the best and the brightest. An awkward Bronx Jewish gynecologist tries to befriend them: They view him as only a butt for their ski-buff amusements until another outsider, an anti-Semitic model, anxious to crack the citadel of their exclusive companionship, purposely breaks the Jewish doctor's leg. And it is the trio's reaction that makes for a denouement that is at once chilling, satisfying and memorable.

A coy note preceding Arthur Koestler's *The Call Girls* (Random House) tells us that the three parables therein, "though different in style and setting, are intended as variations on a single theme." The theme turns out to be mankind's doom, or, more precisely, its coming crucifixion, which occurs in each parable on a gloomy, doomy Friday. That is the day, in the title parable, when a group of internationally famous intellectuals (always-on-a-junket "call girls") decides after long debate that there is little they can do to ensure man's survival. A fire, in fact, finally transforms the tapes of their symposium on "Approaches to Survival" into black cinder." If the reader still fails to grasp Koestler's point—namely, that man's soul is a Calvinist can of worms—he can turn to another fable. "The Chimeras," which first appeared in *PLAYBOY*, has everybody sprouting lions' heads, goats' bodies and serpents' tails. It's a Kafkaesque nightmare in which "sane" people deny their metamorphoses,

while only "the maladjusted" perceive the truth about their fellow men. "The Misunderstanding," with which this saturnine trio begins, is a straight retelling of the agony on the cross; the victim acts as narrator. He is, with Koestler, discouraged about men's inability to grasp their evil condition: "I repeated the parable of Jonah several times to rub it into their thick heads, and in the end they swallowed that too and would have me rise again as Jonah rose from the deep and Joseph rose from the well. They have eyes but You [God] hide from them, they have ears but You do not speak to them. So they must live by parables." But Jesus' parables were strong and gutsy, with plenty of plot to go around. Koestler's tend to be preachy; the moral wags the tale.

Brown, a headline writer for the *Chronicle*, is out for revenge with hot harpoons and phosphorous balls in Mark Harris' all-out novel *Killing Everybody* (Dial). Brown attributes the death of his stepson Junie Krannick in the Asian unpleasantness to McGinley, former head of the draft board that inducted Junie. Luella, Junie's mother, who runs a real-estate agency for a front and a massage parlor for cash, wears a MCGINLEY FOR CONGRESS button but wishes the candidate dead for his draft-board activities anent her late son. Mixed into the mixture is Lala Ferne, a lady who ripples all over at the sound of certain male voices, which do not include that of her husband, Harold. They do include the voice of James Berberick, also of the *Chronicle*, who before his discovery of powerful body deodorants gave off such offensive smells that his whole career in newspaper work was endangered. So it goes in Harris' latest novel, a tale that tells it like it is on the first, second and third layers of consciousness of some hotly motivated people. At times the book is very funny, in the way that near hysteria can spill over into a fit of senseless laughter. The only thing is that one is left wondering whether Vietnam makes a viable subject for comedy.

A Russian Beauty (McGraw-Hill) offers, as the author himself might put it, an incunabular treasure to Vladimir Nabokov fans: 13 entries from the Thirties, when he was living a sometimes raffish, sometimes threadbare exile's life in Berlin. The stories collected here have been published before in various countries and various languages; but having the whole period available in one volume and in English is richly entertaining and marvelously enlightening for an American reader—it's like being permitted to step beyond the plush rope and get a feel of the rooms as they really were. How strange it is to come upon the embryonic

forms of Humbert and Lolita and Pnin and Van Veen and others who grew up to be Nabokov's full-fledged demons and darlings. This is not to imply that there is anything amateurish or unfinished about the stories themselves; in fact, the backward glow cast by later lights imparts a special charm to these early stories. It enhances the quality of a vignette such as *Torpid Smoke*, in which notations of places and people are so devoid of any apparent causal link that the order and manner of their appearance have the effect of decorative art, like Japanese floral arrangements. And a story such as *The Leonardo* gives so accurate a presentation of cruelty and blood lust at a time when the horrors to come were not even dreamed by the sickest minds that an unnerving prophetic dimension is added. Perhaps the most complete and presaging story is *An Affair of Honor*, in which the author employs his magic trick of growing the flesh of illusion over the bones of reality: betrayal, dishonor, grief, a duel—the stuff of romantic realism—and then the stepping outside time, which is reality's only vehicle. Nabokov displays in these stories that tantalizing, tormenting hidden card of his that tells us that our lives are composed as much of what did not happen as of what did.

The genius of Stephen Birmingham has been to parlay the American mania for peeping at the rich into a successful literary career. Having exhausted the supply of wealthy WASPs (*The Right People*) and upper-crust Jews (*Our Crowd*), he now takes us on a schnook's tour of *The Right Places* (Little, Brown). Observant, facile, industrious, Birmingham conveys the *ambiance* of a baker's dozen "places that count." They range from the predictable—Sun Valley, the Swiss Alps—to the surprising: Kansas City, California's Central Valley. Once upon a time, such a book might have functioned as a social Baedeker for the young man on his way up. But, as the author himself points out, with almost everyone able to go almost everywhere nowadays, the resorts of the wealthy and wellborn have lost their magic: the "right places" change from season to season and ultimately exist only in one's mind. If enough people think a place is right, then it becomes so. But this fact undercuts the *raison d'être* of the book—for, to paraphrase W. S. Gilbert's Grand Inquisitor, when every place is someplace, then no place is anyplace. Despite its title, *The Right Places* is more a social epitaph than a road map.

Muriel Spark, a prose stylist of no slender means, has in the past paid for her mystical waywardness with the hard coin of memorable characterization and



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rich inventiveness. But in *The Hothouse by the East River* (Viking), the author of such gems as *Memento Mori* and *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* comes out badly in debt to the reader and to her own deserved reputation. There are many elliptical clues here that may delight the symbol seeker. The chief clue is Elsa Hazlett, wife of Paul, whose shadow falls the wrong way—that is, *into* the light instead of away from it. Also, she may have been killed as the result of a direct bomb hit back in 1944, so all these subsequent proceedings, including her two children by Paul, may be no more than posthumous possibilities projected on the screen by death's whimsical cameraman. In any event, Elsa and Paul are, or were, Britishers who arrived in the United States after the war with lots of green and became concerned about the seeming appearance of a younger version of one Helmut Kiel in a Madison Avenue shoe store. Kiel was an imprisoned German who had agreed to work for the British, and Elsa may or may not have had an affair with him back in 1944. Paul has reason to fear for his life with the appearance of this ghost. For her part, Elsa flies off to Zurich with Kiel, either to consummate or to conclude their affair or nonaffair. Then she returns and takes up her customary position by the window of her Manhattan apartment, staring at the East River. There's a *Walpurgisnacht* climax in which the entire company goes down to the Village to see a performance of a kind of geriatric *Peter Pan*, but this, too, vapors off into a round of fashionable hotel-hopping. There are hints that perhaps it was better to live with the bombs of the Forties than with the psychoses of the Seventies, but it's quite impossible to make a judgment from the disordered fragments Miss Spark offers as evidence.

In 1972, a 24-year-old high school dropout and veteran of Vietnam (where he had been wounded and had received an Army commendation) tried to become a test case that might lead to the eventual granting of universal amnesty to the thousands of American exiles who escaped the draft or deserted to avoid participation in what they considered a criminal war. John David Herndon, who had been sent to serve in Europe after his Vietnam tour, had witnessed atrocities committed by American soldiers and their allies in Vietnam; when he learned in Germany that he was due to be sent back to Vietnam, he went A. W. O. L. With the help of Safe Return, a committee supporting draft resisters and deserters, he decided to become the first deserter to return home openly in order to fight the charges against him. His defense: It is no crime to desert an Army that itself is engaged in war crimes. *The Amnesty of John David Herndon* (McGraw-Hill), by


James Reston, Jr., is the odyssey of this Appalachian-born, Baltimore-bred young man who knew hard times both in the Army and out of it. As it turned out, Herndon did not become quite the test case he had hoped. The Army avoided direct confrontation by freeing him on the basis of a previous bad-conduct discharge (for an earlier desertion) that had been suspended in Europe. Thus, the Army avoided setting a precedent as to how other draft resisters and deserters may be treated if and when they decide to come back to America. There are a lot of them, somewhere. Army records for 1971 show that nearly 100,000 men deserted during that year alone. Through this story, Reston, son of *The New York Times's* James Reston, may make it easier for more Americans, including members of Congress, to understand the Herndons still in exile and unwilling to return to be punished by a Government whose acts of criminality in Southeast Asia, they believe, give it no right to judge them.

In *The Land of Morning* (McKay), Harry Mark Petrakis' latest novel, is nothing if not Greek. Dark as an olive and zesty as *feta* cheese, this sibylline story of sex and violence is measured out ineluctably, sin and punishment, suffering and redemption—with a final foot in the aisle to send *hubris* sprawling. Alex Rifakis, back in Chicago after serving in Vietnam, picks up his ill-omened family life with mother, Asmene, and sister, Eunice. The unhappy father died while Alex was overseas, leaving a heritage heavy enough to supply two Greek choruses with wailing material. Hassled away from his beloved bakery by an overambitious wife, cardsharped out of the grocery he never wanted in the first place, cuckolded by Gallos, the local gangster-restaurateur, the elder Rifakis must have shuffled off into the shades with a sigh of relief. After Alex' return, his mother and the gangster still carry on while sister simmers Elektrically. There is blood to be shed, and it is shed, and the sumptuous sex scenes, in high Petrakis style, though not fashionably clinical, are explicit enough to satisfy most appetites for firsthand accounts. The only thing missing is credibility. Presumably, everybody is speaking English, but it is an English not to be heard in the streets or in anybody's bed. Here is a love scene between Asmene and Gallos: "The waterlogged philosopher," she says. "Spouting wisdom as he paddles about in his beached playpen." And the bathtubbing Gallos replies, "You are special, my darling. I tell you often but you don't believe me. You are an incomparable woman, your blood like claret, your spirit a honeycomb of juices." Tradition is a wonderful thing, as Teyve tells us, but how much of the histrionic glory that was Greece can

be transported to a modern gangster's bathroom before mistress, metaphor, myth and everything else disappear in a cloud of steam?

Novelists are often accused of pretending to know more about their characters than seems humanly, even artistically possible. Heinrich Böll, the German Nobel Prize winner, has hit upon a simple device for achieving omniscience, casting his latest novel, *Group Portrait with Lady* (McGraw-Hill), in the form of a series of taped interviews with all the people who knew or had dealings with Leni Pfeiffer, the obscure German woman who is the lady of the title. Outwardly viewed, Leni seems the most typical of blonde Nordic beauties, but Böll and his interviewees show us in excruciating detail that appearances are highly misleading. Leni, in fact, has a deeply sensuous and poetic nature that verges on the mystical; her first orgasm was precipitated by a summer night and the sight of a brilliant starry sky, without any other aid. She has remained true to her nature through the miseries of Nazism, a loveless marriage and the air raids of the waning years of the war, not to mention poverty, loneliness and ostracism. The interview technique tells all anybody would ever want to know about lower-middle-class life in Germany before, during and after the Nazi debacle; the author (herein described as such) loves to get down every last grubby detail. Twined in and out of the verbiage are some pet ideas: True spirituality, Böll seems to aver, is based on a sturdy physique and regular bowel movements. The main point is stick close to nature; you may go wrong now and then, but you won't end in total despair. Böll could have said it in fewer words.

Drew Pearson was without doubt the most influential muckraker of his time. Through his syndicated column and radio program, he reached some 60,000,000 Americans over nearly four decades. Although his accuracy was often questioned, sometimes by libel suits, most of his important news breaks stood up. Eventually, Pearson's diaries will be published, and there probably will be other biographies of him; but it's doubtful whether any book about this bellicose Quaker will be as candid and as absorbing as Oliver Pilat's *Drew Pearson: An Unauthorized Biography* (Harper's Magazine Press). This isn't an adulatory portrait, but it does assess Pearson's long-term value to the citizenry as a fighter against corruption in government and as an attacker of demagogues (Joe McCarthy was one of his fiercest enemies). No journalist, as Pilat emphasizes, ever explored the inner



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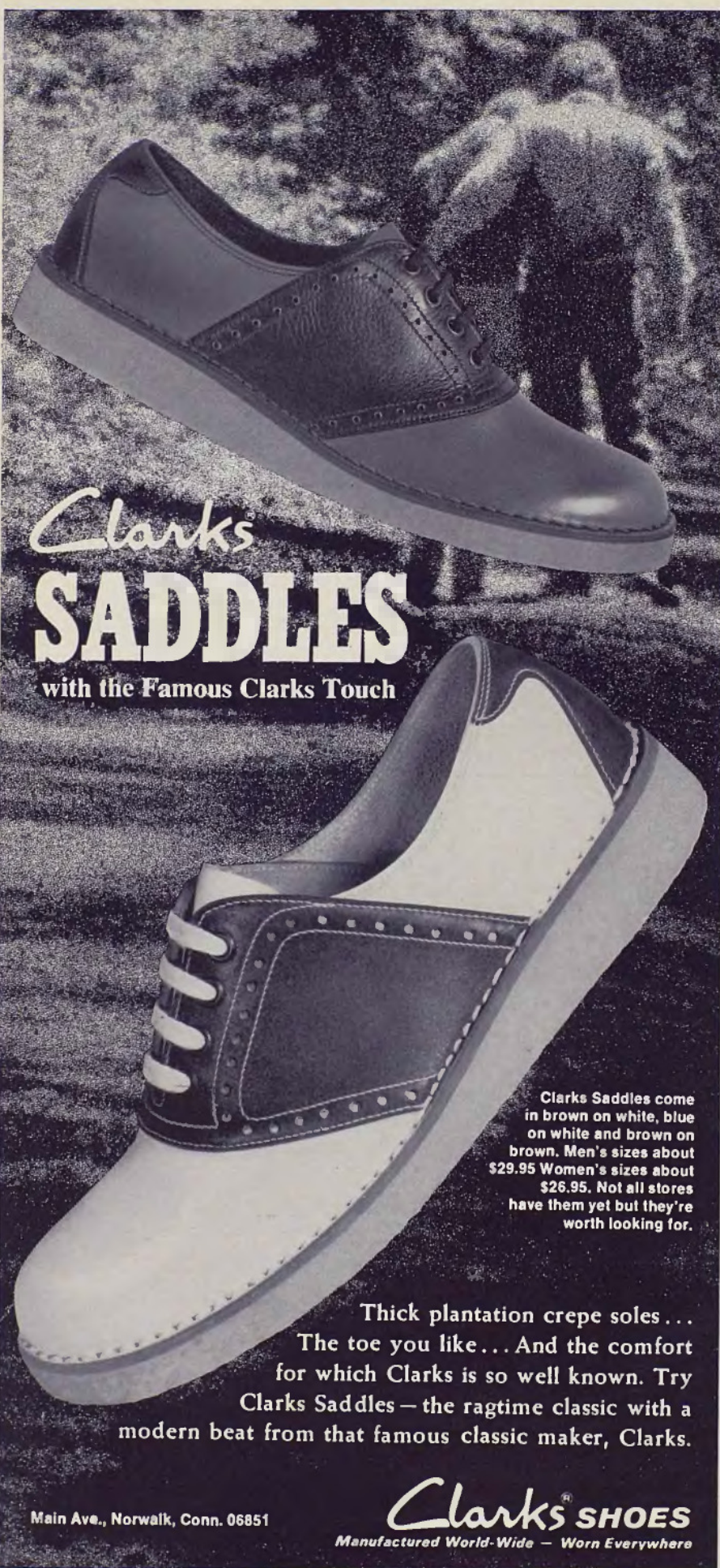
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machinations of Congress and of its members more boldly or persistently than Pearson. His exposés sent four Representatives to jail; in 1967, his insistent reporting on the fiscal mischief of Senator Thomas Dodd and Representative Adam Clayton Powell finally won him a nomination for a long-deserved Pulitzer Prize—but the Pulitzer trustees overruled the nominating committee. A vital element in Pearson's career that appears to have been largely forgotten since his death is rightly underlined by Pilat: "Pearson pounded away at the desirability of reforms—Medicare, better meat inspection, oil-pipeline safety, some kind of health warning against cigarettes, to mention a few—until he created what Ralph Nader called 'a climate of inevitability' for their passage." Pearson was a man with flaws, both professionally and personally; but his commitment to the journalist's basic responsibility—getting the news out to the people—made him an important natural resource. This book is especially germane at a time when the First Amendment is under attack and when the right of journalists to keep their sources confidential is being undermined. Pearson would have fought hard against these developments.

Also noteworthy: After reading *Playboy's Book of Forbidden Words* (Playboy Press), edited by former PLAYBOY Associate Editor Robert A. Wilson, you'll be able to talk about dirty words instead of just talking dirty. Over 700 words of scatological and erotic import—from ab-bess to zoophilia—are discussed. Along with the story of how each word got its meaning, how its meaning has changed and who uses it, Wilson offers valuable philosophical and psychological insight into the nature and causes of verbal taboos. The book is free from boring academism and is replete with jokes, limericks, anecdotes about famous people and many delightful examples of obscene language in thought and action.

DINING-DRINKING

If there's one thing you'd expect to find in Atlanta, it's Southern cooking, and *Pittypat's Porch* (25 Cain Street N.W.) probably serves the best in town. The name is a coy reference to the famous site of Southern hospitality in *Gone with the Wind*, and the restaurant fairly oozes with down-home antebellum charm. China cabinets, old portraits and rocking chairs line a balcony overlooking the main dining area—and the fan-shaped menu is chock-full of cornball references to damn Yankees and Dixie pride. The whole idea of *Pittypat's* is to make you slow down and savor life just like folks used to do back on the ole plantation—perhaps by



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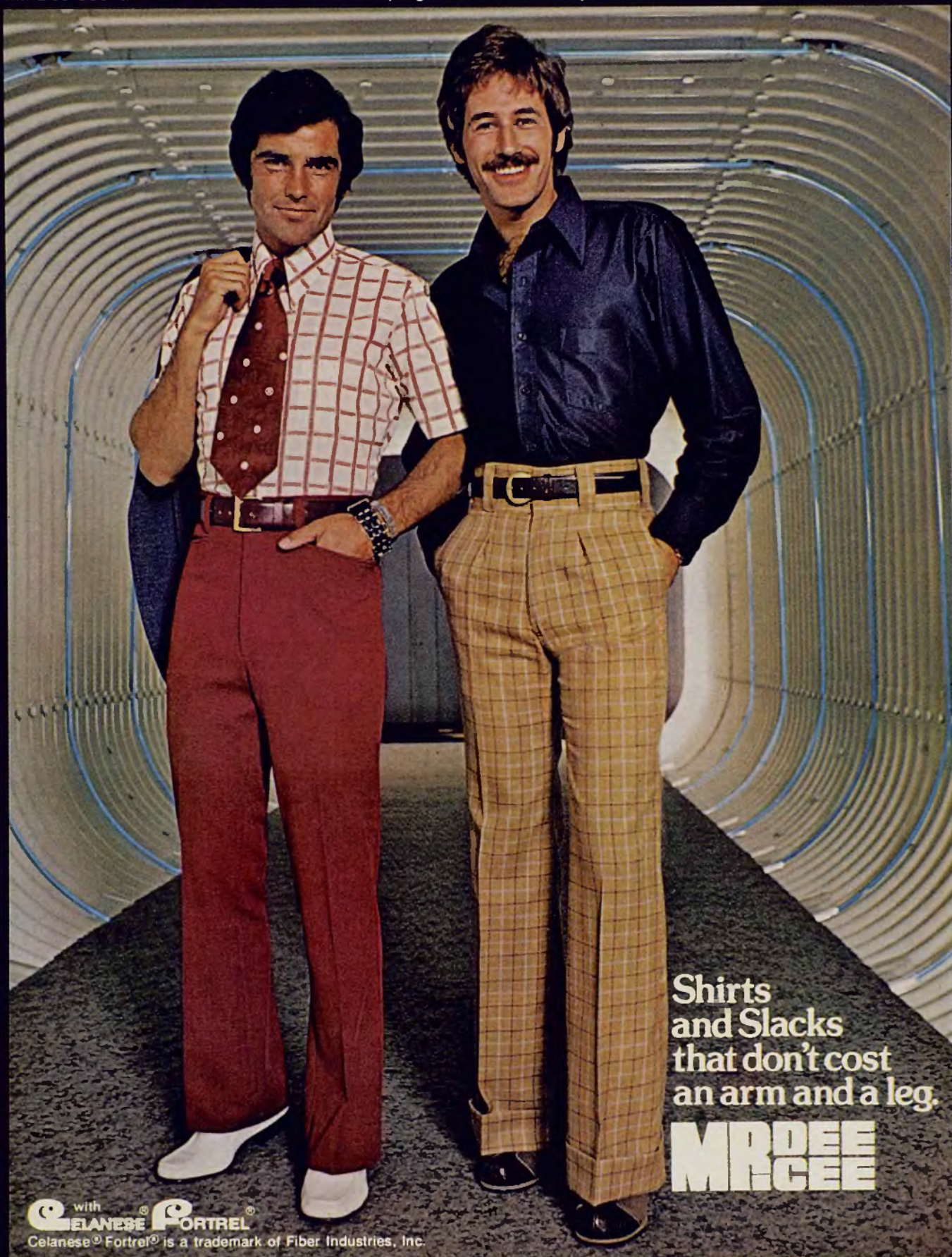
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just sitting in a rocking chair sipping a three-dollar mint julep or a four-dollar ankle breaker (General Jackson supposedly broke one after imbibing half a dozen of them). If the prices seem high, it's because you're also paying for the drinks' containers—which you're invited to take home: it's that kind of place. All of Pittypat's 13 entrees include a relish buffet, soup, vegetables, hot breads (try the corn bread) and dessert. Hint: Restrain yourself at the buffet, since Pittypat's management expects you to do justice to its hefty main-course helpings. For an entree, try the superb Southern Ham, which comes with—what else?—redeye gravy, hot grits and a Georgia peach. Then there's Pittypat's Chicken and Dumplings served in a skillet with mushrooms in wine sauce. (Those who accept Pittypat's offer to take the skillet as a souvenir, y'all be sure to hang it right next to your silk pillow from Niagara Falls, hear?) Pittypat's Jambalaya is the best we've tried outside Louisiana: a huge portion of seafood, ham and rice with the restaurant's own Creole sauce. Or try the Roast Pheasant or the Braised and Stuffed Quail; the latter is served with white grapes in madeira sauce. Pittypat's Porch is open for dinner six days a week from 6 P.M. to 11 P.M. and on Saturdays from 5:30 P.M. to 11:30 P.M. Cocktails in the lounge from 4 P.M. to 7 P.M. All major credit cards are accepted. Reservations (404-525-8228) are taken until 7 P.M., after which guests are seated in rotation. But don't you fret: If you arrive late on weekends, just pull up a mint julep and set a spell.

•
Le Dôme (33 Sunset Drive, Fort Lauderdale, Florida) is the penthouse of the Four Seasons, a showy example of Florida Gold Coast condominium architecture. Nothing so crass as a sign or even a discreet bronze plaque identifies Le Dôme. The only evidence that there is such a place is the label on the top button of the automatic elevator located in the building's security-conscious lobby. But the instant you leave the elevator and step into Le Dôme, you know this is the big leagues. The dress is Florida formal—no open-necked sport shirts, please, and leave your sandals behind. A number of magnificently tanned lovelies are scattered about the room, their Tahitian-print dresses contrasting nicely with Le Dôme's French-provincial decor. La Cave, the restaurant's adjoining bar, is dark, sensuous and candlelit—a perfect spot for a truly serious tryst. In the main dining room, large windows provide vistas of the night panorama of Las Olas Islands, some of the most opulent and expensive pieces of real estate in the country. Le Dôme's à-la-carte prices aren't cheap, either—but why should they be when you're dining

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A color photograph of two men standing in a tunnel with concentric circular patterns on the walls. The man on the left is wearing a short-sleeved, button-down shirt with a red and white grid pattern, a dark red tie with white polka dots, and solid red trousers. He is holding a dark jacket over his left shoulder and has his right hand in his pocket. The man on the right is wearing a long-sleeved, button-down shirt in a dark blue or navy color, and tan-colored trousers with a light-colored grid pattern. He has his hands in his pockets and is smiling. Both men are wearing dark shoes. The tunnel floor is dark and textured.

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MOVIES

For his second film role, as Michael Corleone, number-one son and heir of *The Godfather*, Al Pacino won a National Society of Film Critics citation as top actor of the year. While he was at work on his third film, *Scarecrow*, there were rumors in the trade that as a result, Pacino was becoming a bit touchy and inaccessible. Forget it. Here he was in New York, with a temperature of 102 but amiable as hell, saying come join him for breakfast at his hotel, then on a flight to Boston, where he was due to attend a reading for a Theater Company of Boston production of *Richard III*. His performance in the title role later earned him raves.

Over breakfast, Pacino speculated that he'd earned his reputation for surliness on the TV talk-show circuit. "On the Merv Griffin show, I was a disaster. Right away, Griffin says to me: 'So how'd you get from the Bronx to Broadway?' Wow, man, that is some question.

So I say, 'I walked—I didn't have the carfare.' Zonk! From the audience—nothing. So then Griffin comes back with a crack about the plays I won awards for: '*The Indian Wants the Bronx* and *Does a Tiger Wear a Necktie?*—aren't those funny names for shows?' So how the fuck do you answer that? I thought to myself, 'No, Merv Griffin is a funny name for a show.' The interview was downhill from there on."

At the bar in La Guardia, Pacino seldom stopped talking. He ordered his favorite drink, Wild Turkey bourbon ("I'd like to do a commercial for them. I've had a hundred Wild Turkeys today and I feel great"), and said, "I'm sure the reason I've got this flu or whatever is because of going up to work onstage in Boston. I have to, yet I resist it. I guess it's something to do with being—well, an artist." Whenever he feels himself coming on like that—a bit too seriously—Pacino turns wry or diffident. He hopes, he said simply, to avoid the rap he thinks was unfairly laid on Brando by meeting the challenge of stage roles periodically.

He recalled his childhood as a bright Bronx kid who used to ham his way through softball games in grade school. "The kids used to call me 'the actor,' because I'd go for a ground ball and fall down twice. Drama." His path led to a professional children's school, repertory theater in Boston, off-Broadway, Obie and Tony awards and Hollywood knocking at his door, first to play the junkie in *The Panic in Needle Park*, then for *The Godfather*. "I knew it would all happen. You just know. I knew I would get *The Godfather* when everyone said I wouldn't."

Pacino's next role will place him on the other side of the law, as a cop in *Serpico*; that will be followed by the widely heralded sequel to *The Godfather*. "I don't like to repeat myself. So when they first showed me the second *Godfather* script, I said no. They hit me with another offer; I said no. They came back again, and *wham*: They made me an offer I couldn't refuse. I'm getting so much fucking money! I'm thirty-two now and just getting there—the career struggle is behind me, but I don't want to play it safe; you have to dare to fail at something—like *Peer Gynt* or *Oedipus* or *Macbeth*."

He paused and hunched forward to look left and right down the bar. "I guess I'm not a real movie star, in the sense of being a personality. People hardly ever recognize me in public. Maybe because I'm not very tall, or it's the way I dress." In high leather work shoes, crumpled bell jeans and red wool lumber jacket, with a dark-green knit hat pulled down square over his forehead, he looked less like a star than the hitchhiking vagrant he plays in *Scarecrow*.

Late that day, in a suite at the Ritz

Carlton overlooking the Public Garden, Pacino stood staring across the park. "I used to have an apartment just over there. The first time I really made any money as an actor was in Boston, \$125 a week. I thought I had it made, man." He put a hand to his forehead and said he didn't feel so good. "I'm kind of low right now anyway—personal problems." Pacino had recently moved out of the New York apartment he shared for several years with actress Jill Clayburgh, currently in Broadway's *Pippin*. He didn't mention that Tuesday Weld has been doing what she can to pull him out of the doldrums.

"My love life is what's important to me. That's number one, even before acting. Mostly I spend a couple of years or more with one girl, making a home. I seem to need that. When you arrive where I am right now in this business people are always laying girls on you. It's weird. On location out West, I'd get messages in my room, phone calls. One girl left a vial of dope in my coat pocket in a restaurant, with a note signed 'Love, Susan.' Another time in Denver this chick offered me a ride back to my hotel—I'd had a few, but I wasn't drunk—and after a half hour or so, I realized we were heading out of town. I said, 'What the hell is this?' and she said, 'I'm kidnapping you.' Jesus! I finally talked her into taking me to my hotel."

Talk of love and sex reminded Pacino of a favorite story about Nabokov's explaining to a friend that he had reached a point in life where he could admire an attractive young woman without lusting after her, because he'd had all that. "You like to think you'll have had it, too, when you get where Nabokov is. You don't want to be one of those dirty old men, slaving at the mouth when it's all over." Yet he sees hopeful signs in a writer like Henry Miller, and in Picasso, painting erotic pictures and still getting it on at an advanced age. "Man, that's what encourages you." Pacino lifted his drink exuberantly and threw himself back in his chair, feet off the floor. "Imagine—sixty more years of fucking."

Of his role in *Scarecrow*, a total departure from the virility and toughness he showed in *The Godfather*, Pacino says: "I play this little guy who's sort of lost—he doesn't know who he is or where he's at." The description is apt, and Pacino's open, vulnerable, tragicomic performance turns out to be only one plus mark for a movie filled with the kind of gutter magic that made *Midnight Cowboy*'s losers so winning. Pacino and Gene Hackman play a pair of drifters who meet out West on a dusty, deserted stretch of road. They decide to travel in the same general direction, which turns out to be a good idea, since both are going nowhere fast but don't know it. After five years at sea, Lior



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(Pacino) is headed back to Detroit to see whether a girl he left pregnant will offer him her boy or girl child—or any hope for the future. After six years in San Quentin, Lion's irascible friend Max (Hackman, doing his grittiest job of film acting since *Bonnie and Clyde*) has piled up a little money in jail and means to spend it on his lifelong dream of opening a car wash in Pittsburgh. Their odyssey comes to nought, of course, for they are voluntary exiles from a world scarcely worth conquering. Such essays on stunted aspirations can become depressing, but *Scarecrow* is saved by its rambunctious vitality and credible detail. Written by fledgling scenarist Garry Michael White, the episodic story provides director Jerry Schatzberg (who directed *The Panic in Needle Park*) with an opportunity to explore nuances of character at close range; he manages to make the seedy milieu his misfits inhabit not just a background but a crippling state of mind—all junk yards, gas stations and honky-tonk bars. The first-rate supporting cast at various stops for bed and bread includes Dorothy Tristan, Ann Wedgeworth and Eileen Brennan; and all concerned owe the usual debt of gratitude to cinematographer Vilmos Zsigmond, who makes of *Scarecrow's* exhausted landscapes a visual tour de force comparable to his work in *Deliverance*, *Images* and *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*.

Sixteen years is a long stretch between movies, and French writer-actor-director Jacques Tati has not had a new film shown in America since *Mon Oncle*, winner of a 1958 Oscar. (*Playtime*, made in 1967, has never been released here.) Though Tati's extraordinary gifts as a visual comedian are evident in *Traffic*, the movie is minor league compared with his earlier classics, such as *Monsieur Hulot's Holiday*, a collection of sight gags strung together with matchless ingenuity. Again, Tati plays the Hulot character, lurching through life on the balls of his feet like a puppet whose strings are snarled, and here pretending to be the inventor of a gadget-laden minicamper that has to be delivered to an international auto show in Amsterdam. The absurdities of our technology-minded modern world are Tati's concern, and *Traffic* exposes them by cataloging the droll things that happen as Hulot, a sleek public-relations girl and a driver named Marcel make their way from Paris to Amsterdam through clogged superhighways and a maze of mischance. There are flashes of virtuosity everywhere. Flat tires and mechanical breakdowns hold limited comic possibilities, however, and the fun often becomes strained, lacking both spontaneity and any real human content to set it apart from the peephole humor of *Candid*

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Camera; one lengthy sequence, a study of stalled drivers picking their noses, may make you think that Tati has drawn inspiration from Allen Funt. While that is the worst of it, even the best of *Traffic* is stalling for a comedian once mentioned in the same breath with Keaton and Chaplin.

Yaphet Kotto, who played *The Great White Hope* on Broadway (and delivers a conventional but solid performance in *Across 110th Street*), shows what a good actor he really is in *Bone*—as a black robber and would-be rapist, who explains to the California housewife he is holding captive that he regrets the passing of the old-fashioned "nigger mystique." His trouble these days is that he can't force himself upon the lady unless she agrees to scratch and struggle a bit, maybe show at least a token fear reaction. Clearly, *Bone* is no run-of-the-mill black comedy. Though parts of it are completely out of control and sloppily written, writer-producer-director Larry Cohen—a fledgling film maker with substantial credits in theater and television—shows talent for exploring a rather tired situation with freshness, insight and caustic humor. Besides Kotto, the cast includes Joyce Van Patten as the willing hostage; Andrew Duggan as her harried businessman husband, who drives off to the bank to collect ransom and forgets to come back; and, by no means least, Jeannie Berlin (of *The Heartbreak Kid*), very droll, indeed, as a kinky girl who takes the errant husband home and tells him how she was molested in a movie theater at a tender age.

George Harrison, Fred Astaire, Dick Cavett and Jack Palance have cameo roles in *Imagine*, making rather aimless entrances and exits. There isn't much else to do, though, in this first feature by John Lennon and Yoko Ono, whose devoted fans may never catch the movie in a neighborhood theater (it opened in New York as part of the Whitney Museum's New American Filmmakers series). *Imagine* is an event of sorts for those who accept Mr. and Ms. Lennon as 20th Century cultural heroes equal in every respect to people like Churchill or Picasso. They directed and edited the film together as if they were composing a *haiku* or paying homage to the notion that everything the Lennons say or do is of universal import. John loves Yoko. Yoko loves John. They go for a walk on the grounds of their stately home. They play hosts at a party. John sings a song. Yoko opens some windows. They join a protest march on the American Embassy in London. They go out in a rowboat. They take another walk. John sits on the toilet ("How is it?" asks Yoko. "Very

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good," replies John.). See John run. Run, John, run. Sing, John, sing. But maybe you and Yoko should think twice—or once, at any rate—before you start another movie.

Transforming a second-rate American novel into a first-rate French film is a favorite stunt of Gallic moviemakers, and few can match the skill of François Truffaut as a young dog up to old tricks. *Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me* brings back Hollywood of the Forties, when slightly hard-bitten ladies such as Ida Lupino and Susan Hayward were putting some nice loyal guy through hell. *Such a Gorgeous Kid* concerns Stanislas, an earnest young sociologist (André Dussollier) who sets out to write a thesis on "Criminal Women" and is thrown right off the track by his prison interviews with a sleazy, oversexed, utterly unconscionable jailbird named Camille Bliss (Bernadette Lafont), a whore with a heart of brass. Everyone sees what she is except Stanislas, who studies her record of patricide, theft, fraud and semi-prostitution—and explains it all as "compensation" for a disadvantaged childhood. "Has it ever occurred to you," asks his faithful secretary (Anne Kreis), "that she's just a tramp?" No, never. To find out how Camille becomes a celebrated singing star while Stanislas takes a rap for murder, see the movie—the most impudent French comedy since God knows when. There are flashbacks within flashbacks, music to dry your eyes by (a charming spoof of melodramatic movie traditions by Georges Delerue), plus hilarious moral turpitude at every turn by Mlle. Lafont and her male victims, among them a righteous but horny rat exterminator and a brash nightclub crooner billed as Sam Golden, whose quirk is to make love while listening to records of revved-up engines on the Indianapolis Speedway.

Some awesome stretches of scenery around Durango, Mexico, provide such a grand and sweeping backdrop for *The Train Robbers* that it's too bad the foreground has to be cluttered with the clichés of a standard John Wayne Western. Thanks to writer-director Burt Kennedy, who knows how to take these sand-and-sagebrush epics with a grain of salt, there is always a little humor at hand to lighten the manly heroics. At times, in fact, Kennedy sneaks in dialog so cryptic that he seems to be flirting with outright parody. "Any women in this town?" draws a scruffy range rat. "One." "Good—we can fight over 'er." The woman turns out to be Ann-Margret, a widow whose late husband ostensibly told her the precise location of a wrecked locomotive containing a cool half million in stolen gold. There are

bad guys headed that way, of course, but Wayne eyes them with open contempt—noting that they can't shoot worth a damn, for one thing—and director Kennedy also plainly regards them as musical-comedy desperadoes with a weakness for lining up their horses on a hilltop, like the sons of Cochise. *Train Robbers* is closer in spirit to Disneyland than to Dodge City, yet there's a certain mindless pleasure in the spectacle of Ann-Margret as a desert rose doing her vamp act for the benefit of Rod Taylor, Ben Johnson, Ricardo Montalban and Bobby Vinton. Just one man in the bunch, of course, knows how to handle so spirited a filly: the Duke himself. "Hellfire," he declares, "I've got a saddle that's older 'n you are."

If fine acting, a serious-minded script and intelligent direction were the keys to big box-office success, the whole world would embrace *Baxter!*—a poor little rich movie about a poor little rich boy (Scott Jacoby), the son of divorced parents, who moves from Hollywood to London with his overbearing mother and has a mental breakdown. Patricia Neal is truly heroic as the speech therapist trying to cure young Baxter of his baby lisp; Jean-Pierre Cassel and luscious Britt Ekland are a pair of London swingers who befriend the boy; and Lynn Carlin is his destructive momma. Emmy award-winning TV author Reginald Rose wrote the script as if nothing in the entertainment world had changed since the good old days of family drama on *Studio One*. Most of *Baxter!* is too decently civil and well modulated to justify that exclamation point in the title. A film so well done, yet so lacking in excitement, must be the movie equivalent of that bright, honest, frank, high-minded person nobody wants to date.

Playwright Robert Bolt, whose imposing stage and screen credits range from *A Man for All Seasons* to *Lawrence of Arabia* and *Doctor Zhivago*, makes his screen directorial debut with *Lady Caroline Lamb*, starring his wife, Sarah Miles. Lush and handsome and literate in the established style of the films he made with David Lean, Bolt's *Lamb*—while almost top-heavy with talent—is often fuzzy in both writing and direction and suggests that a man motivated principally by total admiration for his wife may be working at a disadvantage. The problems besetting Bolt also afflicted his subject's husband, William Lamb (Jon Finch), a 19th Century English statesman whose career was very nearly ruined by an indulgent attitude toward his beloved Lady Caroline—a madcap known chiefly for her scandalous love affair with Lord Byron. Richard Chamberlain as Byron, Laurence Olivier as the Duke of Wellington and



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lofty Margaret Leighton as Lamb's mother—herself a former mistress of the king—are effective representatives of an era steeped in moral hypocrisy. "A statesman may have mistresses, no money, even a feeble mind—but he may not have a notorious wife" sums up, in a nutshell, what *Lamb* is all about. Alas, Bolt wraps his screenplay around Miss Miles like a birthday mink and squanders her considerable talents by overstretching them—in scene after scene full of mercurial emotion, each played as an overture to milady's eventual doom. Good as she is, Miss Miles can't quite manage the insouciant style and spirit of a role made to order for someone like the late Vivien Leigh.

He is a tough and virtually indestructible private eye in Manhattan. For entertaining sleep-overs at home, he keeps his mattress atop a pool table and racks up a healthy score. He is hired by a millionaire recluse to solve a murder and finds himself up to his ears in an arms-smuggling plot. He goes into a bookstore to ask questions and lingers on behind drawn shades to ball the voluptuous salesgirl. This last is a direct steal from *The Big Sleep*, a Bogart hit of the Forties, and the rest of *Shamus* also pays conscious homage to the Hollywood action thrillers of yesteryear. What has been added is a heavy dose of sex and graphic violence. The movie opens with a copulating couple being burned alive by assassins who drop through the skylight with a flame thrower. From that point on, *Shamus'* plot leads into a maze of dead ends and chase sequences and lines of inquiry you'd need a map to follow. As pure escapist entertainment, however, the movie zings right along, helped considerably by the high-voltage teamwork of Burt Reynolds as the shamus and Dyan Cannon as a girl to remember after the case is closed.

More sex and violence are blended—with diabolical zest—in *Sisters*, a kinky black comedy by writer-director Brian De Palma, who made the leap from underground cinema into the movie limelight some years ago with *Hi, Mom!* Which suggests that De Palma's concern is family relationships. *Sisters* follows the severed half of a set of Siamese twins from homicide to homicide. As Danielle, one of the troubled twins, Canadian-born beauty Margot Kidder sports a seductive French accent to deepen the enigma about her. Playing the kind of bird any red-blooded male might accompany back to her nest without a moment's hesitation, Margot is just fine. So are Jennifer Salt, as a plucky girl reporter whose apartment windows make her an eyewitness to murder, and Charles Durning (of Broadway's *That Championship Season*), as the private investigator she hires to convince the police and herself that she hasn't been imagin-

ing things. Though gory, with buckets of blood everywhere and a corpse trundled around in a sofa bed, *Sisters* is also gritty and spontaneous. A kinky *Candid Camera*.

The British secret agent (Stanley Baker) who dominates *Innocent Bystanders* is a bogus James Bond, a 40ish spy whose superior officer (Donald Pleasence) considers him both incompetent and impotent—the result of diabolical enemy torture. Baker travels to Turkey to rescue a Russian-Jewish agronomist from Soviet thugs and more or less incidentally finds his sexual powers restored by Geraldine Chaplin. An otherwise routine exercise in international intrigue, too contrived to be convincing but too earth-bound to be taken as fantasy, *Innocent Bystanders* derives most of its swagger from Sue Lloyd and Derren Nesbitt as Baker's dubious colleagues, a spy team whose taste for sadism, sarcasm and treachery might give pause to 007. The location photography (in England and Spain) is picturesque, the violence fiercely concentrated, but apt to trigger a sense of *déjà vu*. Fans of the genre may prefer to wait for another blast of vintage Bond, straight up, in the forthcoming *Live and Let Die*.

The level of taste in *Black Caesar* is graphically illustrated by a scene in which Fred Williamson—as a Harlem crime lord who wrests his turf away from the Mafia—drops the severed ear of a hoodlum he has killed into a mafioso's plate of spaghetti. Williamson belongs to the new breed of black hero: He rapes the girl he loves (Gloria Hendry) and ultimately settles his grudge against a racist cop by beating the bastard to death with a shoeshine box. At last, alone and friendless, mortally wounded—and staggering through what must be one of the longest death scenes in screen history—he learns that money, power and hate aren't everything. Just seems that writer-producer-director Larry Cohen (see *Bone* review) thought putting the three together might loosen another box-office avalanche of fools' gold.

The Feather family and the Gutshall family are spiritual cousins of the Hatfields and the McCoys. The two clans feud and fuck and fight, and finally declare open war on one another in *Lolly-Madonna*. The title—you may be sorry you asked—refers to a nonexistent girl whose signature on a picture postcard fools the Feathers into kidnapping an innocent lass (nicely played by newcomer Season Hubley) whom they believe to be the bride of one of them god-awful Gutshall boys. But that has nothing to do with the senseless violence set off by a dispute over several empty acres of meadowland (there's another, not so heated argument when two strapping

Feather boys rape Gutshall's daughter). A message of sorts lurks between the lines of *Lolly-Madonna*—something about the perilous escalation of hate, mistrust and violence destroying down-home folk the same way it destroys nations. But there's no support for any idea in these subhuman characters, who are loathsome at first sight and worse later. Though played by superior actors—Rod Steiger and Robert Ryan (the clan chieftains), Jeff Bridges, Scott Wilson, Tresa Hughes and Katherine Squire—*Lolly-Madonna's* rubes and rapists constitute mainly a cogent argument for birth control.

The ordinary folks who enter the world of crime in *Slither* bear names such as Dick Kanipsia, Kitty Kopetzky and Barry and Mary Fenaka. Since the inept lawbreakers are played, respectively—and engagingly—by James Caan, Sally Kellerman, Peter Boyle and Louise Lasser, *Slither* has its moments. There are diverting fun, games and taut suspense along the way—beginning when Caan comes out of prison and stops off for a visit with a former inmate, who is riddled with bullets and blown to smithereens just after divulging a scheme “to acquire wealth beyond your wildest dreams.” The sum is actually \$312,000, so Kanipsia sets off for an address in California to find Fenaka, and encounters a zany gunslinging moll named Kopetzky en route. Writer W. D. Richter and director Howard Zieff (an advertising wonder man described in publicists’ puffs as “the Fellini of video commercials,” making his feature-film debut) keep the action light and lively most of the time, while fine photography by veteran Laszlo Kovacs (*Easy Rider*, et al.) makes comic capital of a mad cross-country chase involving the Fenakas’ family camper and three evil-looking black buses that appear to be part of some murky criminal—or even extraterrestrial—conspiracy. Nothing turns out to be quite what it seems, so crime-fiction purists had better leave *Slither* before the end or take it on its own terms—as a shaggy-dog story about the kind of people who usually get their kicks vacationing in trailer parks.

Filmed concerts are nearly a thing of the past, but there is more to *Wattstax* than music. Made last August in the Los Angeles Coliseum, where more than 100,000 people gathered to observe the seventh anniversary of the 1965 Watts riots, the movie is a medley of blues, jazz, pop, rock and Gospel set against one of the most potent images of black power ever caught on film. While Kim Weston swings lightly into *The Star-Spangled Banner*, we cut away to an angry militant voicing his conviction that “I got no country—I got no



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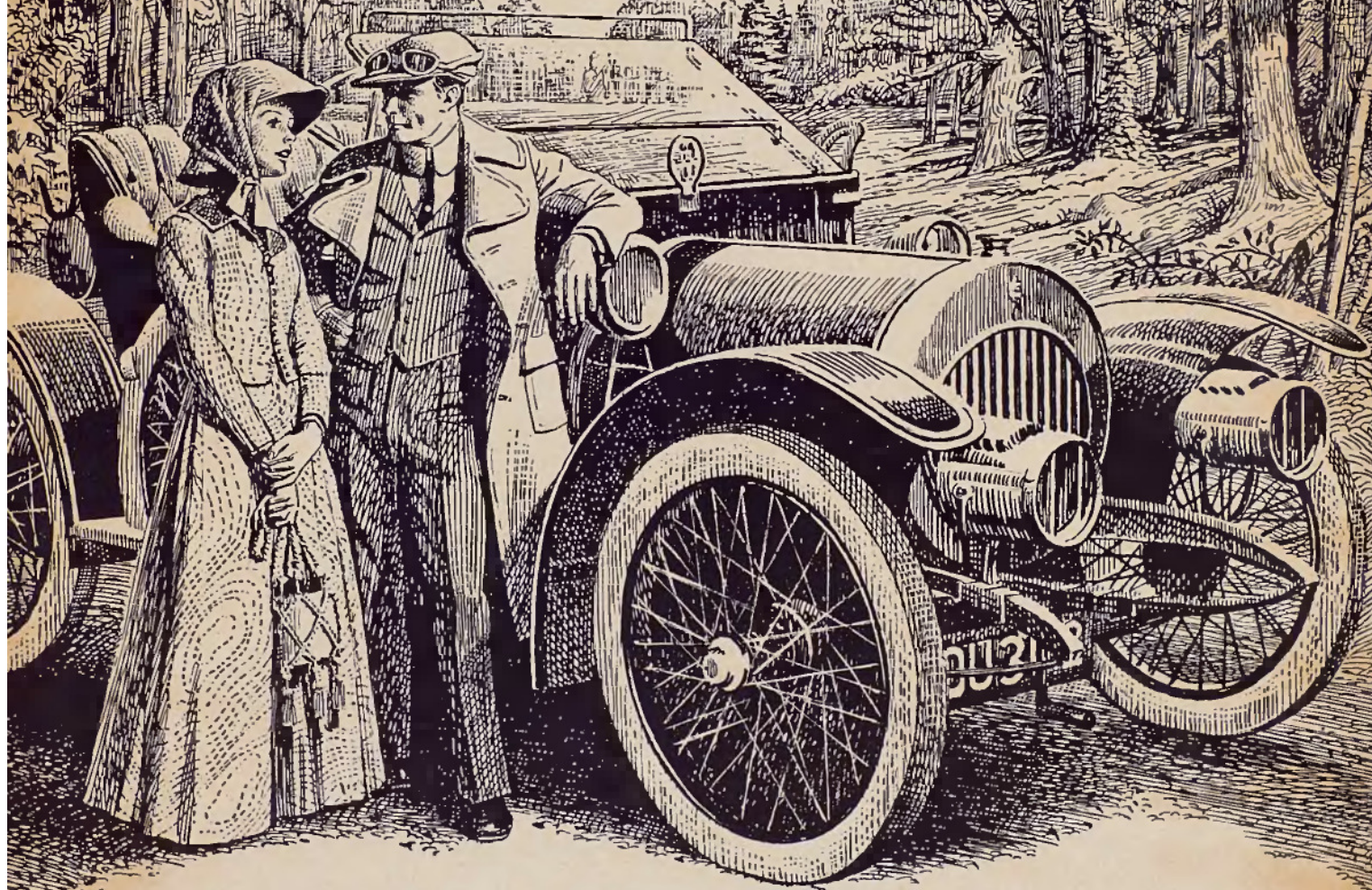


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flag." Later—sandwiched between dazzling sessions by The Staple Singers, Luther Ingram, Albert King, Isaac Hayes, Rufus Thomas and a host of other black stars—comedian Richard Pryor (a scene stealer in *Lady Sings the Blues*) provides continuity with his rollicking personal reminiscences of what it means to live in a ghetto night world where "niggers have to be home by eleven . . . Negroes, twelve." There's little here that hasn't been said before, but director Mel Stuart (in association with David L. Wolper, a pacesetter in the documentary field) says it with gusto. *Wattstax* is the black Woodstock, and in some ways even better.

RECORDINGS

What's it like growing up suburban poor, playing in punk-rock bands in Asbury Park, meeting violence and comedy around every corner, being "the cosmic kid in full costume dress"? Bruce Springsteen tells you about it, a lot about it, in *Greetings from Asbury Park, N.J.* (Columbia). First off, you will think of Dylan, without whom Springsteen's music could never have existed. *Blinded by the Light* is a surreal *Subterranean Homesick Blues*, even to the internal rhymes, though the tune is a funky r&b riff, complete with tenor sax. The rich lyrics of these songs, however, are Springsteen's unique accomplishment, and the best of them, such as *Lost in the Flood* or *Spirit in the Night*, tell stories that are by turns desperate or fantastic. Occasionally, the songs slop over into sentimentality and smugness (*For You*) or preciousness (*Mary Queen of Arkansas*). But this is an album that takes all kinds of risks; and usually they pay off, eminently.

The German avant-garde, more than most, has been preoccupied with politics in recent years. Hans Werner Henze, a charter member, has displayed a growing political commitment in his music, the latest example of which is *The Tedious Way to the Place of Natascha Ungeheuer* (Deutsche Grammophon), premiered in America last November. But the text by Gastón Salvatore, dealing with the temptations and backslidings of a bourgeois revolutionary, is heavy with *echt deutsche* abstractions and hard to digest. Not so Henze's music, which is fascinating in the interplay of various ensembles, or musical nuclei, used to advance the action or deepen its meaning. William Pearson sings the protagonist's role against a partly charted, partly improvised accompaniment of classical piano quintet, brass quintet, free jazz ensemble, organ, percussion and prerecorded tape. Flashes and bursts of tone color predominate against a background of shifting musical contexts. A self-con-

fessed eclectic, Henze has created in *Natascha* an intriguing musical collage, vividly programmed.

It seems so natural you wonder why it hasn't been done till now. *Great Scott! Ragtime on the Harpsichord* (Klavier) proves the works of ragtime great Scott Joplin perfectly suited to the somewhat tinny, tinkly sound of the harpsichord. The performer here is William Neil Roberts and the performances—of the likes of *Heliotrope Bouquet*, *Maple Leaf Rag* and *Pine Apple Rag*—are delightful.

A reissue and a new release provide a fascinating comparison between the tenor-sax sound that reigned supreme 15 years ago and a sound as contemporary as a four-speaker rig. The former is found on *The High and Mighty Hawk* (MJR), the latter on *Stan Getz / Communications '72* (Verve). Both are superlative examples of their genre—Coleman Hawkins' large, limpid tenor sound is displayed within the context of a small group (featuring trumpeter Buck Clayton), while the mellifluous but increasingly hard-edged Getz horn is applied to the works of Michel Legrand, who also conducted and handled the arrangements. The backdrops for Getz are multihued and Stan varies his mood and attack accordingly; yet when placed alongside the *Sturm und Drang* larger-than-life sound that belonged to the Hawkins of 15–20 years ago, the Getz approach seems somewhat inconsequential.

On *Joe Tex Spills the Beans* (Dial), the baddest and the boldest raconteur/singer in soul land is in rare form, indeed. The subjects include a barnside argument between a rooster and his number-one hen (*King Thaddeus*), the exultation of a farmboy at the bountiful crop that came just a year too late for his father (*Papa's Dream*), the daily indicators that we're *Living in the Last Days* and Joe's promise to get together with a few other bluesmen and beat up on any *Woman Stealer* who comes around trying to do his nasty thing. J. T.'s voice makes whatever he does seem unique, even when the musical influences are obvious (as on *Let's Go Somewhere and Talk*, which is stone Otis Redding); and the band, which is tight as can be, goes out of its way to dramatize what's happening. Check, for instance, the "rain music" at the beginning of *Rain Go Away*—or the clank of chains in *A Mother's Prayer*, when the cops slam the cell door on the cat who's been dealing dope to her kids. All of which proves that you can add a little imagination to the facts and still tell it like it is.

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by Champion Jack Dupree and King Curtis, and *Louisiana Red Sings the Blues* (Atco) provide the evidence. The former reminds us of the jams that the ubiquitous King Curtis did a million years ago for the Bluesville series on Prestige, with such old-timers as Roosevelt Sykes and Arbee Stidham. Dupree contributes his usual mix of pathos and humor ("They call me a reefer smoker, but every word they say is true"), and there are some inspired licks from Curtis and guitarist Cornell Dupree (no relation); but it remains our suspicion that veterans like Dupree, whose music is so unpredictable, are best recorded alone. *Louisiana Red's* LP also suffers from a lack of rehearsal. Red seems to be a more than competent country bluesman, who does other people's things accurately and his own with feeling (*The Story of Louisiana Red*, for instance, which immortalizes the lynching party that made him an orphan). However, it's obvious at times that the other musicians don't know his material, and the recording quality is less than one expects from Atlantic.

The first time *Me and Mrs. Jones* came up on the radio, we knew it would be a hit; it wasn't until a couple of listenings later that we caught on to just what Billy Paul was doing with his voice. There's a lot of that voice on *360 Degrees of Billy Paul* (Philadelphia International) and, despite a certain triteness in the Gamble-Huff orchestral charts, it's worth getting into. Billy Paul, as it turns out, can worry a phrase with the best of them; he also has some marvelously effective tones tucked away in his pipes and a puckish rhythmic sense—all of which makes him reminiscent sometimes (and happily) of the late Billy Stewart. But—with or without Mrs. Jones—he's got his own thing going on.

There's no doubt about it; Freddie Hubbard has moved a giant step ahead of every other trumpet player around. *Sky Dive* (CTI) is a superset. Four long tracks, charted and conducted by Don Sebesky, enable Hubbard to stretch out so that his vivid imagination and brilliant tone are given their due. The sidemen are spectacular (George Benson, Hubert Laws, Keith Jarrett, Ron Carter, et al.) and the numbers range from Bix Beiderbecke's haunting *In a Mist* to the *Theme from the Godfather*. Hubbard is saying wondrous things with his horn these days. Listen well; there's a lot to be learned.

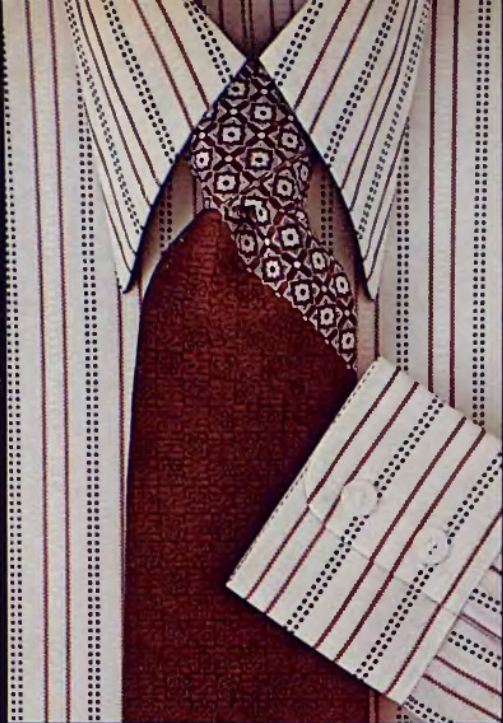
Doug Sahm and producer Jerry Wexler corralled these good ol' boys in New York for *Doug Sahm and Band* (Atlantic): Dr. John, Bob Dylan, David Bromberg, Charlie Owens, "Fathead" Newman and assorted Memphis and Texas luminaries of congenial musical sympathies. The result had to be impressive, right? Wrong. It's mostly a bore and occasionally downright embarrassing. The best things hap-

pen when the group gets into the T-Bone Walker groove, as in *Papa Ain't Salty*, with Fathead's tenor and Doug's guitar leading the way. The two cuts on which Dylan is prominent (*Wallflower* and *Blues Stay Away from Me*) are the weakest things in the album. Bob's music is as faceless and diffident as he himself seems lately. All this took three weeks to record and occasioned much hoopla. In contrast, consider the little-known J. J. Cale, who took just seven days in five Tennessee and Alabama studios, each time with different musicians, to record *Really* (Shelter), a beautiful album of Southern blues and rock. While Cale and Sahm have similar roots, J. J.'s music—particularly his soft, easygoing vocal style—understates, insinuates and always drives. Despite his varied backings and the range of modes, from country to jazz, the Cale style is unmistakable in every tune. Even *Mo Jo*, one of the two songs he didn't write, sounds very different from most versions. On *Ridin' Home*, a great mournful blues, Cale sings and, through overdubbing, plays bass, piano, drums and guitars, everything but a few harmonica licks. It works and illustrates in the process how one man's musical personality can lead the band, any band.

Guitarist Joe Pass's album *Intercontinental* is another in the fine series of made-in-Germany recordings being released in this country on the MPS label. Accompanied by German bassist Eberhard Weber and English drummer Kenny Clare, Pass works his way with exquisite taste and sparkling inventiveness through a passel of standards, from the ancient *Chloe* to recently planted evergreens such as *Meditation* and *Ode to Billy Joe*.

We don't know what it takes to make Shirley Horn a popular success, but we're going to do our best to help her along. The pianist-singer has a breathy, poignant voice and a fine instrumental talent that combine splendidly on *Where Are You Going* (Perception). With only rhythm accompaniment, Miss Horn weaves a web around the listener that holds him in thrall from the title opener through Arlen and Gershwin and several tunes of more recent vintage. All right, world, it's up to you; Shirley Horn's done her part.

With all the Eric Clapton releases lately, you'd think the man had just died. But, in fact, he's performing again and his managers, the Robert Stigwood Organization, have issued a two-disc set of *Derek & the Dominos in Concert* (RSO), a fantastic display of Eric & Co. at the height of their powers. Recorded almost three years ago at the Fillmore East, the set features great Clapton standards such as *Presence of the Lord*, *Tell the Truth* and the fine loping boogie *Bottle of Red*



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Wine. The cream of the cream, so to speak, is *Why Does Love Got to Be So Sad*, with Eric's driving choruses and Bobby Whitlock's powerful organ fills, and *Got to Get Better in a Little While*, in which Jim Gordon's drumming and Carl Radle's bass are just magnificent. It's about time this concert came out of the Stigwood vaults: The Clap has recorded nothing to equal it since. Polydor has also released four alternate takes of Dominos' tunes formerly heard on *Layla*, which are very much worth having for their subtle differences from the originals. The album is called *Clapton* and includes four lesser numbers—also re-engineered—from a 1970 Atco thing called *Eric Clapton*, with Bonnie Bramlett, Steve Stills, John Simon, et al. Confusing? Well, listen to the Polydor *Bell Bottom Blues* again. Eric's most interesting blues experiment, and it will all become clear.

André Previn's romantic, robust *Guitar Concerto*, written for that impeccable master of classical guitar, John Williams, receives its first recording in *John Williams / André Previn* (Columbia). The work has a lot of charm—no forbidding, inaccessible seriousness here—and was frankly written, Previn notes, "in the hope of being entertaining." Which it is, particularly the last movement, with its occasional counterpointing jazz explosions of bass, drums and electric guitar. Well paired with the Previn concerto is Manuel Ponce's *Concierto del Sur*, a quietly bravura piece alternately displaying Williams' immense talents and the gorgeous sounds of the London Symphony Orchestra.

Jamaica has been discovered, musically, and the rage for *reggae* (pronounced re-gay) is on. Johnny Nash's *I Can See Clearly Now* is partly responsible, but so is Chris Blackwell of Island Records, who has for some time popularized *reggae* in England. With Bob Marley, he produced Marley's group, the Wailers, on *Catch a Fire* (Island), which is, unlike Nash's Americanized stuff, the real thing. And it's a treat for the jaded ear. Typically light guitar lines build on a bass-heavy, hesitating backbeat; lyric content ranges from the frivolous to the profound, as Marley sings of the hopes and fantasies, the despair and defeat of life in the slums of Kingston. With groups like Traffic and the Stones now recording in Jamaica, we hope that the pure sounds of the Wailers don't get lost in the rock shuffle.

Mr. Taj Mahal, the Compleat Musician, plays steel guitar, kalimba, banjo, conch, bass (John Henry's "fiddle," we are told), and sings with great potency on *Recycling the Blues & Other Related Stuff* (Columbia). The sepia cover photo ap-

propriately pictures Taj with the late Mississippi John Hurt, whose music sometimes bore a close resemblance to that of his younger devotee. The first side presents Taj as Entertainer before a live audience, performing classic blues, shouts and catchy vamps to the cries and tumult of the enraptured throng. Side two, done in the studio, is better yet. The Historian takes over, accompanied by Howard Johnson on tuba in the rollicking *Cakewalk into Town*, and by the Pointer Sisters, who manage to evoke both the Andrews Sisters and Forties' r&b on *Texas Woman Blues*. This is none of your Dan Hicks-variety nostalgia but, perhaps, the kind that Mississippi John would have approved.

Wilderness Road is an incredible group: a Chicago band that plays *real* rock 'n' roll, the way God and Chuck Berry intended it; and it's also into a variety of brown-bordering-on-black humor that comes out like the *National Lampoon* with electric guitars. We've been crowding into local bars to catch their act for four years now; it's been a turn-on every time. And so is their second album, *Sold for Prevention of Disease Only* (Reprise). Most of the cuts are boogie-on-down-the-line road songs, and it's probably hard to believe, but they sound like a successful mix of the Grateful Dead and The Rolling Stones. Honest. There's an eight-minute Gospel show that begins with the musical question, "What key does the good Lord sing in?," passes through all sorts of strange territory, including an ad for a "genuine simulated leather hand-tooled vibratic Bible Belt," and concludes with a religious son of *Six Days on the Road* titled *Heavily into Jesus*. Wilderness Road will cheer you up.

THEATER

Jean Kerr's *Finishing Touches* is a comedy about being too late—too late for a menopause professor to chance a fling with a seductive young actress, too late for his 40-year-old housewife to let herself be swept off her feet by a Don Juanly neighbor. Unfortunately, it's also too late for the sort of comedy in which the husband delays his prospective affair to buy Gelusil at the drugstore, in which the wife is astonished and outraged that her Harvard-senior son is sharing his college bed with a woman (and asks him if he's still going to church) and in which the neighbor finally dares a kiss on the housewife's mouth and says, "That was worth waiting for." Mrs. Kerr has, as usual, her comic-essayist's ear for the absurdities of domestic chatter; the production is slick; and the actors, particularly Barbara Bel Geddes as the housewife, Robert Lansing as the professor and Gene Rupert as the neighbor, perform with humorous

aplomb. But the play is last decade's model—with unseasonable sentiments. At the Plymouth, 236 West 45th Street.

National Lampoon, that repository of collegiate humor (bred by Harvard, then cast upon more troubled waters), ribs youth in its off-Broadway revue, *National Lampoon's Lemmings*. The show is on a par with the magazine: half sophomoric, half fresh and manic. The first act offers a limp assault on sex and an even limper assault on politics, but the second act is a fanciful spoof of the world of rock. Arrive at intermission, in time for the "Woodshuck Festival of Peace, Love and Death," in which 1,000,000 rockophiles congregate to commit mass suicide by ear blast. Emcee John Belushi, a devious young clown weaned at Chicago's Second City, introduces the acts, issues demented progress reports on drug traffic and finally takes the stage himself with a plugged-in, electric impersonation of Joe Cocker—hair, feet and voice flying in all directions. Humming and strumming, Christopher Guest does a malevolent take-off on Bob Dylan; and button-cute, barrel-voiced Alice Playten is magically transformed into Mick Jagger. The imitations are on target, as is the music by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest. Uneven, but *Lemmings* effectively devastates star quirks, singing styles and states of mindlessness. At the Village Gate, Bleecker and Thompson streets.

El Grande de Coca-Cola es un revue satirico y musical que depicts un floormshow terrible en un night club terrible en un seccion terrible de Honduras. Casi todo de esta comedia es en Español fracturado, como esto: los skits son similar a Sid Caesar; y el todo es loco. No se necesita comprender Español para apreciar este show, y actualmente es un hindrance. Pause usted y refreshe. El primer inspirator del comico es Ron House (en inglés, Ron Casa), un graduado de la Segunda Ciudad de Chicago. Sus compañeros estan de la Inglaterra. Señor House, que se llama Don Pepe Hernández, introduce los actos, que incluye un contesto de cauciones. Un grupo es "Las Dos La-La-Las," dos señoritas que canten solamente "la-la-la." *Coca-Cola* featura un tango (con un hombre que tiene una rosa en los dientes), la juggling, el acrobático y algo magico. Todo es inepto y ridiculo, particularmente las imitaciones por Don Pepe de James Cagney y Boris Karloff in Español. El momento mas hilarioso es un skit—en francés fracturada—sobre Toulouse-Lautrec, un midget de Montmartre que insisten está "grown-up"; las muchachas del "cancan" son muy skeptica. *El Grande de Coca-Cola* es, en una verba, increíble. En la Mercer Arts Center, 240 Calle Mercer, Nueva York.



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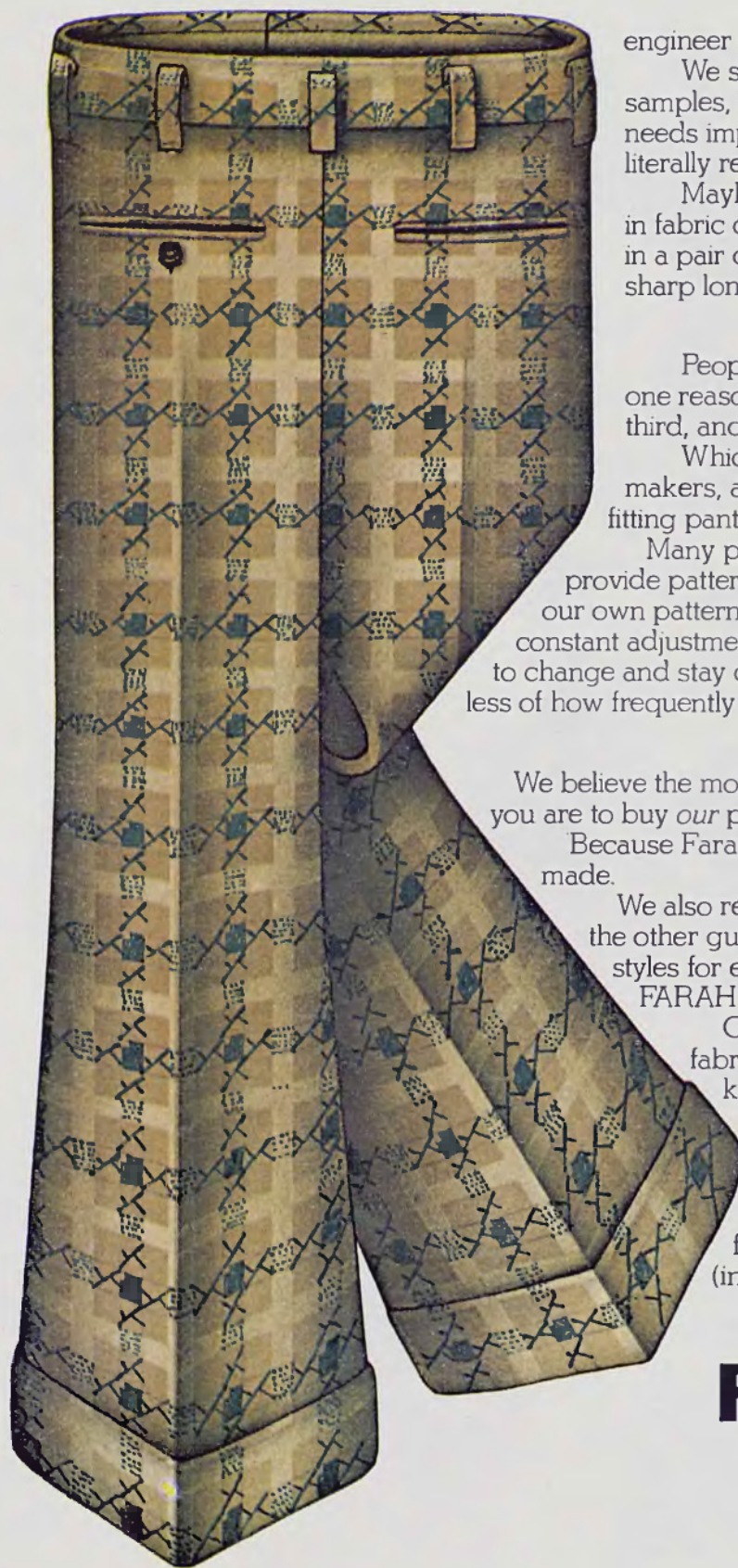
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Sex manuals inspire the reader to explore the primary and secondary erogenous zones of the human body. I have responded to the call, but sometimes I feel like I'm traveling through California with a map of New England. What is primary for one woman is secondary or non-existent for the next. I enjoy variety, but the inconsistency is unnerving. Can you recommend a reliable tour guide for the young man on the move?—D. H. B. III, San Francisco, California.

We suspect that the variety you enjoy is the variety of the chain motel. Individual differences are the essence of variety, and discrepancies between text and touch are inevitable. Sex manuals, like road maps, tend to limit exploration to well-traveled highways, famous landmarks and tourist traps. Learn to travel without reservations (another word for expectations) and you may discover the pleasures of lesser-known avenues. In any case, the only reliable source of information is your partner; a native always makes the best guide.

During a sojourn in the Lyons region of France last summer, I discovered a marvelous wine called Beaujolais Supérieur. Now that I am back in the States, I notice that most of the imported Beaujolais does not bear the appellation Supérieur. Does this indicate a lack of quality?—L. R., Glastonbury, Connecticut.

No. Wine labels, like Delphic oracles, neither speak nor conceal, but give signs. And some of the signs are meaningless. Wine that bears the appellation Beaujolais Supérieur must have at least ten percent alcohol, while a standard Beaujolais must have at least nine percent alcohol. Since most of the Beaujolais imported by this country contains at least 11 percent alcohol, the additional adjective is not a useful guide to the quality of the wine. Beaujolais is produced in the district between Mâcon and Lyons in southern Burgundy. Some of the better Beaujolais comes from the central region of this area and bears the appellation Beaujolais-Villages. Perhaps the best Beaujolais comes from nine communes in the northern region and bears the names of individual communes (Moulin-à-Vent, Brouilly, Fleurie, et al.). You might experiment with these labels, but remember, truth is a matter of taste.

Seeing the Merrill Lynch herd on television prompted a question: How did bulls and bears come to have their stock-market connotations?—C. N., Dallas, Texas.

According to the "Oxford English Dictionary," use of the word bear to describe

a person who thinks stock prices will go down began during the South Sea Bubble. This was a period of frenzied speculation in the early 18th Century, sparked by the prospective exploitation of the riches of the Orient. Speculative fever spread to the middle classes and short selling—borrowing a stock and then selling it, in hope of repurchasing it later at a lower price—became common. A popular proverb of the day lamented the fate of those who "sell the skin before the bear is caught," and the obvious parallel caused short sellers to be dubbed "bear-skin jobbers." Subsequently, this was shortened to bears, and bulls were added by association. In those days, both bulls and bears were tortured publicly for sport—a pastime, some say, that still goes on in Wall Street.

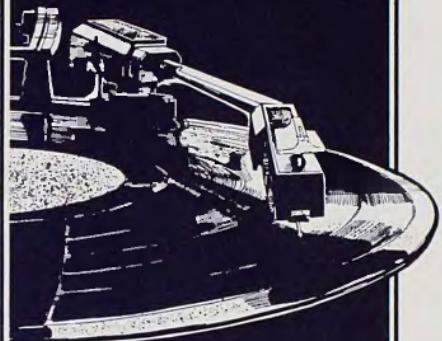
I'm divorced and have a young child. Unfortunately, I can't go out as much as I'd like, because I can't afford baby sitters. Is it proper for my date to pay for the sitter, or is that my responsibility?—Mrs. T. E., Washington, D. C.

On your first date with a man, we'd say it's your responsibility to pay for the sitter. After you determine his financial situation and decide that he can afford it, you might broach the subject with him and see how he feels. If he likes you well enough, the fee for the sitter will seem minor.

My girlfriend and I like to trip occasionally and we prefer the organic psychedelics such as mescaline or psilocybin to most of the synthetics. A friend has warned us that although our dealer seems like a nice guy and has a reputation for handling only righteous drugs, he's probably ripping us off—and may not even know it. According to our friend, very little in the way of organic drugs is available, and even THC, the synthetic that we sometimes use, is really something else. Is he correct or is this just another scare story? So far, no bad trips.—L. J., Portland, Oregon.

Your friend is right (see "Buyer Beware," PLAYBOY, September 1972). In the early days of psychedelic experiments, the drugs were far purer than they are now. THC (tetrahydrocannabinol, the active ingredient in marijuana) is prohibitively expensive to synthesize and is almost never available on the street. What is usually sold as THC is either PCP (phencyclidine), a tranquilizer used by veterinarians, or one of several other drugs that are nothing like THC. Psychedelic hallucinogens such as mescaline and LSD that are sold

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on the street all too often turn out to be combinations—sometimes with PCP, often with methamphetamine (speed) and sometimes with other substances (one rare fix laces LSD with strychnine). Impurities, uncertainty about quality and the general anxiety involved in the use of black-market drugs make good trips unlikely and bad ones all too frequent.

During the final moments of lovemaking with my boyfriend, I drift into a fantasy world composed of fragments from D. H. Lawrence, Wingate Paine and Salvador Dali. For example, I sometimes imagine that I am spread-eagled on a rock altar in a mountain cave. An Aztec priest slowly lifts a knife. Rays of light play across my exposed body and set fire to my breasts and thighs. Always, as the blade begins to descend, I climax and the fantasy disappears like a piece of broken film. In another recurring fantasy, I imagine that I am tied to the rails of a brass bed, helpless, while masked figures caress my body. When I mentally struggle against their advances, I find that my own sensitivity increases dramatically. The subsequent orgasm is overwhelming. These daydreams are sexual dynamite, but how do I handle them? My lover has asked me to describe what I feel during intercourse and I am afraid to confess the existence of these fantasies. I have heard that erotic daydreams are evidence of sexual maladjustment, but I can't accept this theory. I dig my lover, and if the orgasms I experience as a result of my fantasies are a sign of sexual maladjustment, I couldn't survive improvement. What do you say?—Miss V. W., Taos, New Mexico.

Dynamite, sexual or otherwise, is dangerous only when it is contained. Share your fantasies with your lover—confess is the wrong word. Your imagination is normal and healthy. Psychologists have found that most women fantasize during intercourse and that many of them rely on effective fantasies to precipitate orgasm. (See "What Your Sex Fantasies Mean," PLAYBOY, February.) Ask your lover to reciprocate. Alex Comfort says in "The Joy of Sex" that if you can't communicate your fantasies, you don't deserve to be lovers.

Land appeals to me; real estate does not. The local bank has a motto that describes my situation: "A man's reach must exceed his grasp, or what's a loan department for?" I've begun to consider homesteading as an alternative to the hassles of credit, escrow and interest rates. Is homesteading still legal and, if so, where?—A. A., Kent Falls, Connecticut.

The Homestead Act of 1862 remains on the books, so technically it is still legal

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to homestead in any of the 50 states. However, agricultural land in the public domain has virtually disappeared. Alaska is the only state that still has even a semblance of open land. The Alaska Native Claims Act of 1971 gave the Federal Government control of 15,000,000 acres that theoretically are available for homesteading. A spokesman for the Bureau of Land Management described this acreage as virtually inaccessible, agriculturally unfeasible and "so barren that a jack rabbit packs its lunch when it travels across it." If you can't farm it, you can't homestead it. Alaska has its own homestead act that covers another 103,000,000 acres of land, some of it agriculturally feasible. The land is sold at auction. You can get details from the Alaska Department of Natural Resources, Division of Land, Pouch M, Goldstein Building, Juneau, Alaska. You might remember John F. Kennedy's observation that "The farmer is the only man in our economy who buys everything he buys at retail, sells everything he sells at wholesale and pays the freight both ways."

A malicious neighbor in my apartment building apparently has been spreading the rumor that I prefer boys to girls. I discovered this with some embarrassment while trying to establish a relationship with a lovely young lady in the building. I'm a happy heterosexual with absolutely no desire to be anything else. How can I convince my neighbor of this?—B. N., St. Louis, Missouri.

Don't bother. Treat the subject lightly and, if it comes up again, say that your neighbor has it all wrong—that you actually prefer boys over girls.

The number of Chinese restaurants serving Mandarin-style food seems to be on the increase. I am a great fan of Oriental cooking and I wonder if this is really a distinct style of Chinese cooking and, if so, how it differs from the regular Chinese fare.—L. N., Chicago, Illinois.

Mandarin refers to one of the four branches of Chinese cuisine: northern (Mandarin), coastal, inland and southern. (Some authorities refer to the five styles: Peking, Honan, Szechwan, Canton and Fukien.) The northern school, common around Peking, Shantung and Honan, features noodles and dumplings, lamb dishes such as Mongolian firepot and delicacies such as Peking duck and sweet-and-sour fish. The coastal area, including Shanghai, is big on rice, chicken, duck, vegetables, fish, shellfish and gravy dishes. Sautéed foods are bland and the juices are natural in color; spices tend not to be too sharp. Inland, around Szechwan and Yunnan, dishes are spicy—lots of hot red pepper is used. Southern

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TUMWATER



Tumwater Firemen spend most of their time making beer.

Give these fellows some good malting barley, some choice hops and a lot of time, and they know just what to do with them. Because they all work at the Olympia Brewery, here in Tumwater, Washington.

The local Fire Department is strictly a volunteer thing—although it seems only natural that the fellows would volunteer for something that involves water. After all, we spend most of our time working with water: Olympia's

famous natural artesian brewing water. In fact it was one of the fellows from the brewery who came up with the official motto of the Tumwater Fire Department.

You guessed it.



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cooking—more commonly referred to as Cantonese—features the Oriental foods most familiar to Americans: egg rolls, egg fooyoung, pork, poultry and seafood. Nuts and mushrooms abound in southern cooking, as do sweet-and-sour sauces and light, subtle spices.

As an ecology buff, I try to reduce my use of electricity as much as possible. I realize that stereo sets consume quite a bit and thus am somewhat concerned about going into a four-channel system. Would it consume twice as much electricity as a two-channel setup?—A. W., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

A four-channel system consumes approximately ten percent more electricity than a two-channel system. If you really want to cut down on your use of electricity, avoid the use of washing machines, toasters, electric ranges, power tools, air conditioners and such. A really high-powered amplifier will draw perhaps 500 watts at its peak. An average-size air conditioner will draw close to 1000.

Recently I read about an amazing device called the linga pendulum that supposedly can increase the length of the penis by as much as 50 percent, while proportionately increasing the diameter. For those of us who could use a little extra up front, is it for real?—J. L., Denton, Texas.

The account we read suggested that the linga pendulum is, quite literally, a put-on. The man who feels underendowed attaches a miniature ball and chain to his penis every morning and the weight causes his organ to stretch. It also does wonders for his footwork.

There is precedent for the linga pendulum. Women of the Ubangi tribe in Africa wore weights that stretched their ears and lips, until they reached down to their shoulders—and made them less attractive to slave traders; later the tribe came to like the look. Sanshiro Miyamoto slept in traction for several months trying to increase his height by two inches to meet the Detroit Police Department minimum. He gained an inch and a half.

The linga pendulum is medically impractical, possibly harmful and certainly unnecessary. (Slave traders are outlawed and the police department isn't interested.) We don't say that less is more, but in most cases it's enough.

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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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

THE PRYING EYES OF TEXAS

In April 1972, Mary Elizabeth Strong and I visited a privately owned and operated recreation area, where we paid the entrance fee for overnight camping and use of the facilities. We set up our campsite and spent the night on the premises. The next day, a Monday, when all the other campers had left, we went to a very secluded area in the woods and bathed in a stream. Then we lay down on a blanket on a ledge underneath an overhanging cliff and we engaged in fellatio. We also fished; and most of the time we were covered with the blanket to protect us from the bright sun.

After a while, we gathered up our fishing gear, dressed and went from the ledge to the top of the hill. There, we were confronted by a deputy sheriff. He had been called by the owner of the property to run off several trespassing youths. He asked us, "Are you married?" When we answered that we were not, he asked, "Well, do you know what sodomy is?" We said that we didn't and he thereupon said we were under arrest for sodomy. He marched us back to our campsite, where he found a partially smoked marijuana cigarette in our car. After he searched through all our personal belongings and found a small amount of marijuana in Mary's purse, he took us to Kendall County jail, where we were booked. I was indicted for sodomy and Mary for sodomy and possession of marijuana. To complicate matters, I am under a ten-year probated sentence for possession of marijuana, and the state of Texas has filed a motion to revoke my probation on the grounds that the act of sodomy violated its terms. Under Texas law, Mary could be imprisoned for two years up to life for first-offense possession of marijuana; and I might have to serve a ten-year prison sentence if my probation is revoked; and both of us could be sentenced to from 2 to 15 years for our harmless sex act.

We both appreciate the Playboy Foundation's help at a time when it seemed there was no one to turn to.

Richard A. Browning
San Antonio, Texas

The Texas sodomy statute would have made Mary and Richard's conduct illegal even if they had been married and had

performed the sex act in the privacy of their own bedroom. It reads:

Whoever has carnal copulation with a beast, or in any opening of the body, except the sexual parts, with another human being, or whoever shall use his mouth on the sexual parts of another human being for the purpose of having carnal copulation, or who shall voluntarily permit the use of his own sexual parts in a lewd lascivious manner by any minor, shall be guilty of sodomy, and upon conviction thereof shall be deemed guilty of a felony, and shall be confined in the penitentiary for not less than two nor more than 15 years.

A three-judge Federal court in Texas held this law unconstitutional, but the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals, the highest state criminal court, has declared that it will not be bound by the ruling. Mary and Richard's attorney has to take their case to Federal court to save them from imprisonment. The Playboy Foundation will continue to help.

PANDERING IN OKLAHOMA

Apparently, citizens of Woodward County, Oklahoma, consider pimping to be 15 times worse than child beating. A man charged with the felony of pandering, or acting as a go-between for prostitution, was convicted by a jury and sentenced to 15 years in the state penitentiary and fined \$300. A man found guilty of child beating was sentenced to one year in the county jail and a similar fine.

David Jacobson, D. V. M.
Woodward, Oklahoma

NUDITY ARREST DEFENDED

Sheriff Tom Kelly, whose deputy arrested the four young people bathing nude in California's Trinity River, was the subject of a story in the Redding, California, *Record-Searchlight*. He says he won't reply to the letter from the bathers in the January *Playboy Forum* because "he doubts whether anybody reads *PLAYBOY* letters, anyway, what with all those pictures. . . ." Ha-ha.

The sheriff defended his deputy's actions in refusing to let the foursome dress and driving them to the county courthouse nude on the grounds that they might have had weapons concealed in their clothing and that blankets were

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provided for them as they emerged from the patrol car. The four were convicted of disturbing the peace and they have appealed, but Sheriff Kelly says, "We proved our point. They were convicted of the crime with which they were charged." Seems to me the only point proved is that some lawmen will go to ridiculous lengths to harass harmless people. By the way, the *Forum* is one of the first things I read in *PLAYBOY* every month.

Michael Fulton
Central Valley, California

NEWS FROM SIN CITY

They are still tracking down fornicators in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, with all the implacability of a band of Puritan witch-hunters. *The Sheboygan Press* reports that a man and a woman were fined \$100 apiece because "they unlawfully engaged in sexual intercourse 'on numerous occasions' during the month of March last year, while not married." On the same page of the paper, another story reports that a man who beat his wife so badly that she had to be treated at a hospital was fined only \$50.

They may be against screwing in Sheboygan, but they sure are screwed up.

G. Hunt
Minneapolis, Minnesota

FORNICATION FINE

Does anyone think the sexual revolution is won? A 19-year-old man in Machias, Maine, knows better. He was fined \$35 and court costs for fornication. As long as sexual intercourse out of wedlock can still be treated as a crime in one of the oldest states in the Union, the cause of sexual liberation has a long way to go.

(Name withheld by request)
Columbia, Maine

WHO IS ON TRIAL?

When a man is charged with rape, it is his victim who stands trial. The question becomes not whether the victim was forced to submit to sexual intercourse against her will but whether she enticed the man into seducing her. Is it any wonder that in Los Angeles County, only one out of five women who are raped reports it? There are laws for prosecuting accused rapists: it is society's attitude that must be changed if justice is to be done. A woman ought to be able to dress or act as she chooses and still retain the right to refuse sex.

Donna Robinson
West Covina, California

RACE MIXING

Sam A. Choat seems to be upset about photos of "colored men mingling with white women" (*Dear Playboy*, January), but he doesn't mention white men mingling with colored women. Southern

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

LAY THERAPY

NEW YORK CITY—A six-month investigation into the practices of unlicensed mental-health therapists has disclosed widespread quackery, sexual misconduct and deception of clients, according to the New York attorney general's office, and indicates a need for a law restricting the use of such titles as psychotherapist, group therapist and psychoanalyst. An investigator reported that one of the major problems is the "pattern among male therapists and young female patients whereby the therapist informs the patient that in order for her to work out her problems, she should engage in sexual activities with him. Women have reported to us that they were solicited to engage in sexual contacts all the time, as part of their therapy. Ironically, they were still being charged for it."

INDECENT PUNISHMENT

SAN FRANCISCO—The California supreme court has ruled that a life sentence for indecent exposure is a bit much—that "not only does the punishment not fit the crime, it does not fit the criminal." The court then ordered the release of a man who had served five years of a life sentence for a second conviction for indecent exposure, citing psychiatric evidence that exhibitionists seldom are dangerous people and that their activities are "no more than a public nuisance." Legal observers considered the decision especially important as the first to rule a criminal penalty cruel and unusual on the basis of duration rather than the method of punishment.

FOR MEN ONLY

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI—Defending the purity of the female mind, Mississippi's supreme court has declared the state's Peeping Tom law valid even though it applies only to men. A defendant had argued that the law was sexually discriminatory and therefore unconstitutional, but the court ruled that "The legislature, by this statute, took note of the fundamental difference between men and women, and recognized that looking at persons for a lewd, licentious and indecent purpose is an activity traditionally ascribed to men rather than women."

BIBLICAL SEXISM

Members of the Arkansas senate and the Oklahoma house of representatives have cited the Bible as their authority in refusing to ratify the proposed Equal Rights Amendment to the U. S. Constitution. Oklahoma representative John Monks, of Muskogee, said, "We have

enough permissiveness in our society already. The Bible, the good book, says woman shall serve her husband." In Arkansas, senator Guy "Mutt" Jones, of Conway, argued that "Women were put on this earth to minister to the needs of miserable men."

THE VALUE OF VIRGINITY

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT—A Yale professor of medicine has come to the defense of virginity. Writing in the *Yale Journal of Biology*, Dr. Richard V. Lee said that "in this age of apparent moral chaos and sexual liberation, the virgin and open advocacy of virginity for young people seem to have become undesirable anachronisms" that are too often scoffed at or ignored instead of given the medical study they deserve. He agreed that "The increasing acceptance of sex as a deep-rooted instinctual drive is refreshing and reassuring," but added that "Those young people who do aspire to remain chaste need as much reassurance that their choice is healthy and of value as those who choose sexual liberation."

MURK AND FILTH

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND—A Roman Catholic bishop who defended birth-control pills on a television talk show has been asked by the Catholic Priests Association to resign or retract his "monstrous" views on contraception. The organization, which claims to represent 1600 of Britain's 7000 priests, said the bishop had failed to "show the purity of Catholic doctrine rising above the murk and filth of modern man's sex life."

KEEPING SEX DANGEROUS

SACRAMENTO—Governor Ronald Reagan has explained to a group of high school students why he has repeatedly vetoed bills that would allow unmarried teenagers to purchase contraceptives without parental permission. He said that such a law would be "almost like the government putting a stamp on immorality, saying that what you're doing is all right and we'll provide the means so there's no danger in it." He added, "There is one form of birth control that just begins by shaking your head."

PILL BEFORE BEDTIME

LONDON—A new type of oral contraceptive that can be taken just once before intercourse may be marketed in about a year if its trial use by some 200 British women confirms its safety and reliability. The pill has already been tested successfully in Chile and Mexico, and its developers hope the British tests will also establish its effectiveness.

as a "morning-after" contraceptive when taken within seven or eight hours following intercourse. The pill contains a hormone, clogestone acetate, whose principal effect on the system is temporarily to alter the lining of the uterus and the Fallopian tubes so that a fertilized egg can't become implanted.

PILLS FOR PETS

SACRAMENTO—State assemblyman Mike Cullen, of Long Beach, has introduced legislation that would encourage pet-food manufacturers to spike their products with birth-control drugs. The measure is intended to reduce the state's unwanted-pet population and provides for a one-cent tax on each can of pet food sold without the drugs.

REVELRY AND SOBRIETY

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The 21st Amendment repealed Prohibition in 1933; 40 years later, it is being reinterpreted to justify state laws indirectly prohibiting sex shows in bars and night clubs. The U. S. Supreme Court has ruled in a California case that the amendment does not give states the power to ban constitutionally protected forms of entertainment, but it does give them the virtually unlimited authority to decide which establishments may or may not have liquor licenses. In the Court's majority decision in "California vs. LaRue," Justice William H. Rehnquist denounced "gross sexuality" and "bacchanalian revelries" in bars and clubs. Justice William J. Brennan, Jr., one of three dissenters, declared, "Nothing in the language or history of the 21st Amendment authorizes the states to use their liquor-licensing power as a means for the deliberate inhibition of protected, even if distasteful, forms of expression." California attorney general Evelle Younger said the Court decision means "You can still see dirty shows in California. You can still eat and drink. You just can't do both at once." A spokesman for the state liquor-control board acknowledged that implementing the new rules would probably take years.

POSTAL PLOT BACKFIRES

WASHINGTON, D. C.—U. S. postal inspectors intercepted mailed copies of The Daily Rag, an underground newspaper, and delivered them personally, asking subscribers if they wished to refuse acceptance of the paper as objectionable. The purpose of the action was to establish a basis for prosecuting the paper for publishing a front-page cartoon of a fat woman wearing a button reading FUCK THE FOOD TAX, referring to the district's new two-percent sales tax on food. A representative of the paper called the action harassment and said, "The word is certainly not obscene in that context. It's a

political statement. It's hardly calculated to appeal to prurient interest." The inspector in charge of the case denied that the Postal Service was attempting to solicit complaints and said, "We are just trying to determine if subscribers want to accept or refuse the publication." They all accepted it, according to The Daily Rag, which is now considering a suit against the postal authorities.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON—The Washington Judicial Council has decided to recommend a law allowing couples to get married simply by paying a fee and signing a county register, and to obtain a divorce almost as easily. The law would allow marriages to be dissolved by petition, stating only that the relationship was "irretrievably broken." The Episcopal priest who headed the council's task force on marriage and divorce commented, "We found that the main cause of divorce was marriage."

Elsewhere:

- In Phoenix, 194 couples who thought they were divorced learned they were not—because they hadn't paid their lawyer's fee and he had not filed their divorce decrees with the court clerk to make them official. The incomplete divorces, some dating back to 1924, were discovered after the lawyer died and executors of his estate found the documents in his files. State authorities are trying to decide how to straighten out the matter, which could raise problems of bigamy, illegitimacy of children, property rights, Social Security and pension benefits.

- The Haitian government has issued a decree that requires future divorce applications from non-Haitians to be submitted to a council of lawyers and puts divorce fees in a special government fund. Some observers believe that—depending on how they are administered—the new regulations will end the quickie-divorce business that has flourished in Haiti for the past two years.

- The Catholic Church is increasingly recognizing "psychic incapacity" to fulfill marriage responsibilities as grounds for annulment. A panel of canon (Church) lawyers addressing priests at a Catholic seminary college in Niles, a suburb of Chicago, explained that the Church no longer considers that sexual consummation makes a marriage valid and, therefore, indissoluble; and that some people are incapable of entering into true sacramental marriage because of personality disorders or psychopathology. As a result of the Church's new interpretation, Catholic annulments have increased about 300 percent in Chicago in the past ten years. In 1972, only nine out of 126 petitions for annulment were rejected.

white men have always had their little backdoor affairs with "colored" women without guilt, but they seem to want to draw the line when "colored" men turn the tables.

William E. Anderson
New Castle, Delaware

THE ETHICS OF ADULTERY

In the January *Playboy Forum*, Charles Porter expressed the fear that extramarital sex violates one of man's oldest moral laws, but he didn't seem to know what the consequences might be. To anyone seriously espousing the Christian or Jewish faiths, extramarital sexual intercourse is adultery, expressly forbidden and a mortal sin. Any married couple contemplating mate swapping should be cautioned that they are making a choice between good and evil—between reunion with God and eternal damnation—assuming, of course, that there is a God and that He gave us a moral code to live by. Although your views on extramarital sex may seem reasonable, they do not apply to devout Christians or Jews.

G. A. Malloch
Scudder, Ontario

People should feel free to follow whatever moral code they prefer. We believe that applies to serious Christians as well as to everybody else. Furthermore, we don't think all those who could be called devout Christians or Jews necessarily have the same moral code.

SWINGING THREESOME

The couple who complained in the February *Playboy Forum* that swingers are unattractive are quite right. My husband and I learned long ago to avoid organized swingers, a dreary lot, and do our swinging on a small-scale, catch-as-catch-can basis. We travel a lot together, and what we like to do is pick out an attractive man (I do the choosing) and inveigle him into our hotel room with us. Generally, my husband pretends that I've just picked him up, too. That way, the stranger doesn't feel the situation is quite so kinky. First I perform fellatio on the newcomer, which my husband likes to watch, after which my husband makes love to me. By the time he is through, the other man is usually ready for round two, which gives my husband a chance to recuperate and get turned on again. And so it goes through the night, with me alternating between them till both men are exhausted. I never get tired and I've had as many as 20 orgasms in a single night—before I lost count.

(Name withheld by request)
Wantagh, New York

BLACK BELT IN SEX

Knowing that readers of *The Playboy Forum* would not be shocked by what seems bizarre to most people, I'd like to recount a recent experience of mine. One

evening, very unexpectedly, my girlfriend suggested we use my black-leather belt in our loveplay. At first I was shocked, but the more we talked about it the less terrible it seemed. So we undressed and bathed together, then after some nude petting, she crouched on her hands and knees on the bed and I gave her ten strokes on her bottom with my belt—not hard enough to cause severe pain but enough to leave her buttocks slightly pink. I found this amazingly exciting. I then lay on my stomach on the bed while she belted me about 20 times. To be perfectly frank about it, I almost had an orgasm. After these preliminaries, we made violent love twice. The experience was erotic beyond description.

For days after, I thought frequently about the whole scene and was a little worried about doing something so far-out. But we're going to try it again.

(Name withheld by request)
Fairfield, Connecticut

THE ORGASM AND THE IMAGE

As a *cognitive*—or mind-oriented—psychologist, I believe Masters and Johnson, and the Kinsey investigators before them, have missed the essence of human sex. Their behavioristic approach is in principle incapable of recognizing a qualitative difference between animal and human sex. Obsessed with the orgasm, they are nearly blind to the mental image.

For example, a heterosexual in prison may engage in so-called homosexual acts until released; then, overnight, he returns to exclusively heterosexual activity. The behavioristic sexpert would call this situational homosexuality. But a cognitive approach would state that even when behaving like a homosexual in prison, the man remained a heterosexual, if while sodomizing a fellow convict he would close his eyes and imagine the recipient to be a woman.

Is the habitual masturbator autosexual? Shallow behaviorism concludes that he is, because he masturbates only when alone. A cognitive approach would distinguish at least three types of masturbators, depending on the object they have in mind: heterosexual, homosexual and autosexual, or narcissistic. Similarly, a farmer with his sheep, a woman with her dog may not be the animal lovers that a behavior-oriented approach would suggest. Rather, they may merely be substituting an available object for a preferred one out of reach.

Lawrence La Fave, Ph.D.
Professor of Psychology
University of Windsor
Windsor, Ontario

PROBLEMATIC PENISES

During the past six months, I have gone to bed with a number of different women and have found myself unable to

ball them. Perhaps "unwilling" would be a better term, it is difficult to describe my mental state exactly. On the one hand, I feel that I ought, as a healthy animal, to respond sexually with a readily erect penis to a willing female of my species. On the other hand, I am not turned on sexually by a woman who means nothing more to me than a well-proportioned chunk of flesh. I've gone to bed with such women on occasion because they did their part to encourage me and I wanted to see what would happen. But most of them have had a condescending attitude, as if they were doing me a favor, or else they've viewed me as nothing more than a rampant penis whose sole purpose was to give them satisfaction. I resent both of those attitudes. The only girl I date whom I'm *really* interested in balling is a virgin who has told me she intends to remain that way. Perhaps I'm suffering from a case of impotence; perhaps I'm a brainwashed victim of the double standard. But the way I see it, I'm simply too selective to get it up for just anybody.

(Name withheld by request)
New Orleans, Louisiana

From the day I discovered sex, I dreamed of finding a woman who would be as enthusiastic about screwing as I. Well, I found her, but the dreams turned into a nightmare. I met the girl of my fantasies at a party. We had a few drinks together, I took her home, she invited me in for a nightcap, one thing led to another and zowie! I found myself in bed with a beautiful woman I had known for only a couple of hours. It seemed too good to be true. It was. She was horny as hell and ready to ball almost immediately; I was eager, too, but the alcohol I had drunk left me somewhat flaccid. In similar past situations, patience and diligent stimulation by my partner eventually produced tumescence, but before I could suggest such attentions, this liberated lady was demanding that I get it up and in right then or get out. God knows I wanted to screw her, but it was no use. She got sarcastic as hell, gave me a lecture on men who want sex only on their own terms and called me an impotent male-chauvinist bastard. I replied with a few ungentlemanly epithets and stormed out of the place. The worst part of the story is that it's taken me three months to get the whole ugly episode out of my head, during which time every attempt to make it with a woman reminded me of that castrating feminist bitch. Only recently have I regained full potency with a warm, sensitive, feminine woman who views orgasm as a mutual delight instead of as a nonnegotiable demand.

I've heard that male impotence is on the rise. If the sexual revolution and women's liberation are producing a number of these harpies who see multiple

orgasms on demand as their inalienable right, I'm not surprised.

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

I'm a successful 22-year-old topless dancer and I can't get decently laid. I work an average of ten hours a day, seven days a week. Most of the time, I redirect my sex energies into dancing; it's a sexual release. Most of the men I meet on the job are too messed up psychologically to bother with. The rare nice guys I do take home come after two thrusts, having watched me dance all night. They apologize and I say, "That's OK, I understand." Then after five hours of sleep, I get up and go to work again. I've given up using a vibrator because by the time I resort to using one, I'm so horny I can't handle the intense climax it gives me. Besides, a vibrator come is so empty. A man's penis is just right. I've got to keep working because my body and this business won't last forever. But I feel like I'm wasting my youth. I wonder if many women who, like myself, rely mainly on one-night stands for sex, meet as many poor performers as I do?

(Name withheld by request)
Patchogue, New York

FREEDOM AND GROSS SEXUALITY

In a recent ruling, the U.S. Supreme Court asserted that because the First Amendment does not protect "gross sexuality in public," states have the power under the 21st Amendment to lift the liquor licenses of bars that feature nude entertainment. Thus the Court has implied that unless the Bill of Rights specifically names a particular right and forbids the government from abridging it, the government may proceed to abridge it at will.

That's the problem with the Bill of Rights: It contains dangers such as those Alexander Hamilton warned of in *The Federalist* in 1786. He argued that any attempt to enumerate powers that were *not* granted to the Government (i.e., a bill of rights) would invariably contain exceptions that could be used by the Government to claim *more* powers than were granted. Hamilton reasoned: "For why declare that things shall not be done which there is no power to do?" In other words, to forbid a government from doing certain things implies that it has the power and could do them if it wanted.

James Madison foresaw another danger in a bill of rights; namely, that it might lead to the view that there are no rights except those specifically enumerated. He said, "It has been objected . . . against a bill of rights that, by enumerating particular exceptions to the grant of power, it would disparage those rights which were not placed in that enumeration; and it might follow,



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by implication, that those rights which were not singled out, were intended to be assigned into the hands of the General government, and were consequently insecure." He stated further that this was a plausible argument against the inclusion of a bill of rights into the Constitution, but added "that it may be guarded against, and I have attempted it." His attempt was the Ninth Amendment, which reads: "The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people."

Both Hamilton and Madison obviously understood that freedom requires that an individual may do anything that is not explicitly forbidden, while a government may not do anything except what is specifically permitted. There is nothing in the Constitution permitting the Supreme Court to enforce either Christian asceticism or the moral notions of any other group. Nor is the Court permitted to trample men's rights just because they are not specifically mentioned in the First Amendment. Yet in ruling against nude entertainment in bars, it has acted as though it has the legal authority to do anything not forbidden to it.

As for the Court's claim that the public is being harmed, let the Court prove it. And if it proves that, then let it prove that those people are being harmed against their wills. Since a person's life is his own, he has a right—guaranteed by the Ninth Amendment—to risk it, and his welfare, in any way he sees fit.

Cleo Paine
Malvern, Arkansas

CHILD BEATING

Some of those who read the letter from Carole Duncan of Citizens Against Physical Punishment in the January *Playboy Forum* may have reacted negatively, thinking that teachers are sometimes justified in spanking students. However, according to a *Science News* article that rounded up behavioral scientists' opinions on the corporal punishment of school children, this practice definitely does more harm than good. The article quotes a joint statement made by the American Civil Liberties Union, the American Orthopsychiatric Association and the National Education Association Task Force on Corporal Punishment. It states:

The use of physical violence on school children is an affront to democratic values and an infringement of individual rights. It is a degrading, dehumanizing and counterproductive approach to the maintenance of discipline in the classroom and should be outlawed from educational institutions as it

has already been outlawed from other institutions in American society.

The article goes on to cite a number of arguments against corporal punishment derived from studies by psychologists, sociologists and educators. The use of violence by those in authority sets an example for children, encouraging violent behavior. The degree of punitiveness in parents is positively correlated to the degree of psychopathology, especially violent delinquency, found in children. Even verbal violence can be harmful, since name-calling frequently teaches a child to think of himself as incompetent or bad and to act accordingly. Furthermore, corporal punishment doesn't attain the goal it aims at. Kids who are beaten do not give up the behavior for which they are punished. If anything, they simply become alienated from the educational process, lose interest in learning and view teachers as enemies.

Manuel Hernandez
Phoenix, Arizona

TOO OLD FOR PRISON

I've often heard that our courts are too lenient with criminals, but now it's becoming ridiculous. In New York, a man who confessed to strangling his wife walked out of court after being sentenced to five years' probation! The judge justified this slap on the wrist on the grounds that the killing was manslaughter—a crime of passion, not premeditated—and that the man was 75 years old, in poor health and had lived "an otherwise blameless life." It's great to learn that if I live a good life, I might someday have a chance to commit murder with impunity.

Robert Lepore
East Orange, New Jersey

I read that an aged New York man who pleaded guilty to manslaughter for killing his wife was sentenced to only five years' probation. Though manslaughter in this state is normally punishable by up to 25 years in prison, the judge handed out the unusually light sentence because the 75-year-old man's health was such that "a prison sentence would have been fatal to him." This strikes me as an instance—all too rare in our society—of tempering justice with reason and mercy. It's too bad judges don't recognize more often that, in some cases, incarcerating an offender will only harm him and will serve no useful social purpose.

Allan Jones
New York, New York

MERCY KILLING

A bill introduced in the Oregon legislature would allow an incurably ill person to have his own life ended legally. The bill also would allow a person formally to

request euthanasia in advance, in the event of a future incurable illness. A law recognizing the right of individuals to determine their own fate is admirable and necessary. Medical care is tremendously expensive and medical science can sustain some vital functions long after hopes have vanished for recovery, indeed, long after the patient is nothing more than a vegetating extension of heart, lung or kidney machines.

Unfortunately, this bill does not go far enough. It ignores patients who are not in a position to make decisions—the hopelessly comatose person, the accident victim with serious and irreparable brain damage and the child who is unable to understand either his pain or the decision required to end it. Is it humane to insist that they, and their families, endure their suffering until "natural" death overtakes them, no matter how long that takes, no matter what the financial and emotional costs to their families, because they cannot speak for themselves?

I once worked extensively with terminally ill patients, and I have seen families economically ruined when a comatose relative was kept alive for months—at \$100 or more a day—after any reasonable hope for recovery was gone. I also have seen families torn apart emotionally when parents devoted nearly all their time over a period of months, or years, to a dying child, thereby neglecting the needs of their other children, who couldn't understand why their sickly brother, or sister, should get all the attention, and so felt both guilty when they hated him for it and responsible when he then died. Some of these parents, aware of the strain on their families, openly expressed the wish that if their child could not get better, he would die quickly so other family life could go on. I remember one family whose two-year-old son experienced little but fear and pain for the last six months of his life, yet the law allowed the parents to do nothing except wait.

There ought to be some recourse in cases such as these. Of course, there is no simple way to judge when one person should decide whether or not another should continue to live. But just as a person should have the right to end his own life when he foresees only more pain and sorrow than he can bear, so there should be some criteria that decent and reasonable people can agree on that would allow a family to decide for a patient who is unable to express his own wishes that it's time to end the heroics, pull the plugs on all the machines and allow him to die with dignity, in peace.

Mary Johnson
Chicago, Illinois

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

PLAYBOY is to be commended for its extensive support of reform efforts in such areas as censorship, sex legislation, prison

reform, abortion, drug education, etc., over the past several years. There is one issue, however, on which you have taken a well-meaning but erroneous position: I noted in the annual report on the Playboy Foundation (*The Playboy Forum*, January) that you have been involved in efforts to end capital punishment. I would like to know if this means that PLAYBOY feels that the likes of Charles Manson and his "family" of convicted murderers should escape the death penalty for their brutal, inhuman slaughter of Sharon Tate, the LaBiancas and the others. Recently, interviewed by Truman Capote, one of Manson's cohorts was still saying they had done nothing wrong! Surely you must agree that there are at least some cases, of which this is one, in which death is the only reasonable punishment.

Dennis Ehrhart
Sharon, Pennsylvania

We oppose capital punishment not out of sympathy for murderers or on humanitarian grounds alone but because it seems to do more social harm than good. All available evidence indicates that capital punishment does not deter either crimes for profit or crimes of passion. To the contrary, psychologists agree that certain types of violent criminals are motivated by self-destructive impulses that inspire them to acts for which they can be punished by death; and many criminologists fear that the mandatory death penalty only motivates other types of criminals to kill their victims or any witnesses. Also, many judges and lawyers believe that a capital case is more likely to end in a hung jury or even acquittal when jurors know that a guilty verdict means sentencing a man to death. As for the argument that execution would save taxpayers money, it probably doesn't, due to the long and costly legal protections properly accorded any condemned prisoner under our system of justice. Worst of all, in maintaining the death penalty, the state sets for its citizens a dangerous example: It officially condones killing as a legitimate response to certain kinds of wrongdoing, which implicitly justifies murder as a means of revenge. Considering the persuasive arguments against capital punishment, we suspect that support for it boils down to a simple gut feeling that some son of a bitch did something so bad that he deserves to die, or to a feeling born of fear and frustration that something drastic has got to be done to discourage increasing crime and violence. The death penalty is satisfyingly drastic, but so is lynching.

THE COURT'S ABORTION DECISION

Within the space of a few months, the U. S. Supreme Court has rendered two decisions concerning life. One negated capital punishment, affirming that every

traitor, murderer and kidnaper has the right to live. The other legalized abortion, denying the God-given privilege of life to the innocent in the womb. A sad commentary on our society.

Kathy Thompson
Niles, Michigan

The U. S. Supreme Court's decision striking down restrictive abortion laws is a victory, not just for the rights of women but for our society and the Constitution. It demonstrates that our system can make needed changes even when there is initially great resistance. It also shows that the fundamental American ideal of personal freedom is still alive and growing.

I can't recall the details, but I know that PLAYBOY has been vigorous in its support of abortion-law repeal. In fact, I believe that PLAYBOY has been the only large-circulation magazine to take that position consistently. So this decision is also a victory for you.

John Gibson
Atlanta, Georgia

PLAYBOY joined many national and local organizations in the effort that climaxed in the U. S. Supreme Court abortion decision of January 22, 1973. Until the early Sixties, abortion was never mentioned in the press except to be condemned as immoral and criminal. In 1965, "The Playboy Forum" opened a dialog with PLAYBOY's readers on abortion; our first editorial statement advocating legalized abortion appeared that December. The following month, we published a letter publicizing the Association for the Study of Abortion and the Society for Humane Abortion. At that time, the abortion movement was moving from proposals to liberalize abortion laws to calling for total repeal. In May 1967, "The Playboy Forum" published a letter from Dr. Lonny Myers of Illinois Citizens for the Medical Control of Abortion, who stressed the difference:

"*Liberalizing* the law will not (1) allow a physician to use all medical resources in treating his patient, (2) allow women the control of their own reproductive systems, (3) decrease the high death rate and the hundreds of thousands of serious illnesses caused by clandestine abortions or (4) help make real the right of every baby born to be wanted and loved by its mother. Only repeal of all laws relating to abortion performed by licensed physicians will allow positive action in these four areas.

PLAYBOY's advocacy of abortion-law repeal was highlighted in September 1970 by the publication of "The Abortion Revolution," by Dr. Robert Hall, which outlined the course of the struggle to

abolish obsolete abortion laws. Hall predicted that if the Supreme Court could find such laws unconstitutional because they violate the citizen's right of privacy protected by the 14th Amendment, the nationwide implications of such a decision "would accomplish in one stroke what would otherwise take years of legislative wrangling in state after state"; i.e., it would overturn all restrictive state laws at once. This is essentially what has now happened. After legislative and court victories in several states had advanced the cause of repeal, the "Forum" called attention to the increasing opposition to this movement in a special report, "The Abortion Backlash," published in September 1971. The report also provided a summary of existing state abortion laws and a list of agencies women in need of abortions could contact.

The Playboy Foundation began assisting the right-to-abortion movement in 1966 with a grant to the Association for the Study of Abortion, which acted as a strategy and information source for the action-oriented groups. The Foundation subsequently gave grants to groups such as the Illinois Citizens for the Medical Control of Abortion, the Clergy Consultation Service on Problem Pregnancies, the National Association for Repeal of Abortion Laws and the Women's National Abortion Coalition. It also aided local organizations in Illinois, North Dakota, Michigan, Pennsylvania and Ohio. When Shirley Wheeler became the first woman in American history to be charged with manslaughter for obtaining an abortion, the Foundation gave grants to the Center for Constitutional Rights, which helped defend her, and to Professor Cyril Means, who filed a brief on her behalf on constitutional issues involved in the abortion law. The Florida supreme court overturned her conviction. The Foundation also aided Texas Citizens for Abortions, whose challenge to the Texas law eventually reached the U. S. Supreme Court, and it helped supply the Supreme Court with copies of an article by Professor Means on the history of abortion in both English and American law, which was quoted in the Court's Texas opinion.

Although the Court's decision does not assert an unqualified right to abortion, practically speaking it is as good as anyone could ask for. Especially coming as it does from a Court deemed conservative, it holds out hope for changes in other areas in which the law infringes on individual rights and liberties.

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





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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: HUEY NEWTON

a candid conversation with the embattled leader of the black panther party

When most of the American public first heard of him, it was as a name on a button, a graffito scrawled on subway walls: FREE HUEY. Huey, it turned out, was Huey P. Newton, "defense minister" of the Black Panther Party, a paramilitary organization (founded by him and "chairman" Bobby Seale) with a flair for self-publicity and inflammatory sloganeering. He became a martyr for black militants—and a cause célèbre for white liberals—after being convicted of and imprisoned for manslaughter following a 1967 shoot-out with Oakland police that many called a frame; he swore he wasn't even carrying a gun.

But being in trouble with the law—and carrying guns—was nothing new for Huey Newton. Son of a Louisiana sharecropper and Baptist minister who had almost been lynched for "talking back" to his white bosses, Huey was in a more or less uninterrupted state of war with his teachers in elementary school, started breaking open parking meters when he was 11 and was arrested at 14 for gun possession and kept in juvenile hall for a month.

Though almost illiterate until his last year of high school in Oakland—to which his family had moved when he was two—Newton taught himself to read and write and, in 1959, entered Oakland City (now Merritt) College. There he met

Donald Warden, head of the Afro-American Association, hung out with members of a socialist labor party and, in 1961, was introduced to the Black Muslims. "Malcolm X was the first political person in this country that I really identified with," says Newton. "If he had lived and had not been purged, I probably would have joined the Muslims. As it is, his insistence that blacks ought to defend themselves with arms when attacked by police became one of the original points in the program of the Black Panther Party."

When he wasn't in class or at meetings during this period, Huey was spending his spare time burglarizing homes in Berkeley, passing forged checks, engaging in credit-card hustles and other activities for which he was occasionally caught—but never tried, for lack of evidence. His first jail term, in 1964, was for assault with a dangerous weapon: a steak knife. Huey and other witnesses present claimed it was an act of self-defense. In any case, he served eight months—two of which were spent in solitary confinement in a cell the other inmates called the "soul breaker"—and drew an additional three years' probation.

In 1965, out of jail and back at Merritt College, Newton joined Seale and a handful of other blacks in forming the Soul Students Advisory Council, which pushed for the rights of black students.

But since the Watts uprising some months earlier, the Oakland police had been patrolling the black ghettos with shotguns and rifles at the ready; Newton and Seale felt a militant response was needed and, in October of 1966, created the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense. "The party was formed as an alert patrol—an armed one," says Newton. "We wanted to show that we didn't have to tolerate police abuse, that the black community would provide its own security, following the local laws and ordinances and the California Penal Code." By then a prelaw student at Merritt, Newton had carefully researched the code and found that it was perfectly legal for a citizen to carry a loaded, unconcealed gun.

The alert patrols were an instantaneous success from the standpoint of gaining publicity, which is what the Panthers needed most. In a series of dramatic confrontations with police, Newton refused to surrender his weapon—and threatened to use it in self-defense if they tried to take it away. The impact on black crowds was electric; they weren't used to seeing a black man refuse to submit to a white policeman, let alone jack a round of ammunition into the firing chamber of an M-1, as he did once in the face of a squad of officers who then backed off and docilely went away.

But the event that launched the party



CANDICE BERGEN

"Eldridge Cleaver's rhetoric allowed the police to murder many of our members without great community protest. If we'd had an organized people, they wouldn't have been able to get away with it."

"Our ambition is to change the American Government. I think that ultimately it will be through armed violence, because the American ruling circle will not give up without a bitter struggle."

"While I was handcuffed on a stretcher, the police kept beating and spitting on me. I was bleeding internally, so I started spitting back—lungsful of blood right in their faces."

into national prominence took place in Sacramento on May 2, 1967. The state legislature was debating a bill to forbid the carrying of loaded weapons within incorporated areas when Bobby Seale and 29 other men in Black Panther uniforms, 20 of them ostentatiously armed, invaded the state capitol and made their way onto the assembly floor. The idea was to give the party national news exposure: It did, beyond their wildest dreams. Within 24 hours, the Black Panthers were a household phrase. "We really had only about four or five members at the time," Newton recalls. "We recruited the rest that day, just got them off the streets and strapped guns on them. It was our first manipulation of the press, a media event." Among those who traveled to Sacramento, as a reporter for Ramparts, was Eldridge Cleaver. Recruited by Newton, he joined the party soon after the Sacramento episode and quickly became its most articulate and best-known spokesman.

On October 28, 1967, the day on which he was formally off parole for the first time in three years, Newton was involved in the Oakland police shoot-out, during which he was seriously wounded and a policeman was killed. In the course of the next 33 months, with Newton in the California state prison, Cleaver took over de facto leadership of the party, escalating the rhetoric of armed revolution through the news media. In retaliation, at the outset of the first Nixon Administration in 1969, a series of police raids was launched on Panther homes and headquarters throughout the nation. Among the victims in the resulting bloodshed, which decimated the party leadership, were Chicago's Fred Hampton and Mark Clark. That same year, facing trial on a murder charge himself, Cleaver fled to Cuba and subsequently to Algeria. Newton, meanwhile, remained in jail until August of 1970, when the California state court of appeals overturned his conviction on the grounds that the judge had improperly instructed the jury. His second and third trials, in August and October of 1971, ended in hung juries, and the state finally dropped all charges against him.

Since emerging from prison, Newton has made few public appearances, and little has been seen or heard of him or the Black Panthers. To find out what's happening with both, we assigned freelance journalist Lee Lockwood—author of "Conversation with Eldridge Cleaver/Algiers," "Castro's Cuba, Cuba's Fidel" and our "Playboy Interview" with Castro—to interview Newton. Lockwood reports:

"Huey P. Newton is alive and apparently well in Oakland. Twelve Hundred Lake Shore Avenue, where he resides, is a high-rise luxury apartment house resplendent with semitropical shrubs, trickling fountains and smartly uniformed

black doormen. With its façade of pastel stucco balconies and tinted glass, it rises from the otherwise flat landscape like a missile gantry. I gave my name to the door captain, who made me stand before a closed-circuit TV camera while he telephoned upstairs to announce me. Duly scrutinized, I took the elevator to the penthouse floor. Newton's door was opened by Gwen Fountaine, who is his secretary and the apartment's only other resident. I looked around, while she made me a cup of instant coffee, and found the apartment an eerie combination of opulence and Spartan impersonality, like some prison cell of the future. The walls of floor-to-ceiling glass provide a blinding view of Oakland and San Francisco across the bay. The furniture is all glass and black leather, the adornments simple and few: a heroic pastel portrait of Huey on a far wall, a vividly rendered painting of Ché Guevara set affectedly on an easel, an oversized onyx chess set and, curiously, a pair of binoculars with camera attachment mounted on a tripod and trained on the Alameda County Courthouse.

"Huey startled me by coming in behind me from the kitchen. He was as handsome as his pictures, his celebrated baby face showing few lines of aging. He is slim but enormously muscular, his voice high and soft, with a Louisiana lilt, and he mumbles a lot—especially when, as often, he seems to have more ideas in his head than he can articulate.

"Since moving into this \$650-a-month apartment, Newton has seldom ventured outside. Indeed, most of his meals are ordered from restaurants and sent in. It was curiosity about this reclusive life style, and about the new low profile of the Panthers, that prompted my first question."

PLAYBOY: Only a couple of years ago, one could hardly pick up a newspaper or watch a newscast without learning of some new outburst from or about the Black Panther Party. The Panthers were talking "off the pig" and armed revolution, and J. Edgar Hoover denounced the party as "the greatest threat to the internal security of this country." Yet today one reads very little about the Panthers in the national press. Are the Black Panthers dead—or just lying down?

NEWTON: We are neither dead nor lying down. We are becoming better established in our own community—and hence potentially more powerful—than ever. As for the white press not telling our story, that shouldn't surprise you. It's only interested in sensationalism—and we were, in the early days, sensational.

PLAYBOY: Do you blame the press for that image?

NEWTON: No, I blame ourselves. We were premature in presenting the idea of armed struggle; we used rhetoric when we should have used organizing tactics. But I don't dismiss the blame the

press deserves. The press serves the white establishment.

PLAYBOY: In any case, most of what's known about the Panthers today is in the form of rumor. The party, once seemingly dedicated to radicalism and violence, is now said to be forming coalitions with the black church, with white peace groups, even with the Democratic Party. And Huey P. Newton, whom Bobby Seale once called "the baddest motherfucker that ever set foot in history," has been talking electoral politics. Is there a new Panther Party and a new Huey Newton, as there is alleged to be a new Nixon?

NEWTON: There's no new Nixon. This era of peace he's talking about is nothing more than a new era of domination and oppression. The visits Nixon has made to Moscow and Peking only indicate that America is attempting to co-opt more territory by making agreements with the other great powers so that they won't interfere with United States imperialism in other parts of the world. Whether he will succeed remains to be seen.

As for the Black Panther Party, it is no accident that the party is now becoming more aware that we cannot stop this new level of siege without a very strong, organized people. To have an organized people you must have a conscious people, and we're now in the process of educating them and lifting their consciousness. That was always one of our essential goals. But in the early Sixties, we spent too much energy on phrasemongering and not enough on organizing. As a result, the Black Panther Party found itself divorced from the community. I don't view the party today as a new one. I think as history develops, new conditions require adjustments. Through community-service programs—which we call survival programs—we are now moving toward our original goal of organizing the black community; and toward making coalitions with as many people as possible, in order to fight a new wave of repression.

PLAYBOY: Against blacks?

NEWTON: Against all the oppressed people of the United States. We are being threatened with total destruction through more and more domination and control by the white establishment. Through survival programs, we can organize the people to make a revolution. For example, there's our food program. We not only have the breakfast-for-children program now; we also have given out over 10,000 bags of groceries to poor people.

PLAYBOY: Where do you get the funds for these efforts?

NEWTON: From books. George Jackson left his estate to the party, but we get only half of it. Plus the income from my books and all of the chairman's royalties—I mean, all of Bobby Seale's royalties. We have recently abolished all

titles in the party, but I still call Bobby chairman from force of habit.

PLAYBOY: Are you able to raise money from the community?

NEWTON: Only a little. They don't have any money.

PLAYBOY: At one time the Panthers got a good deal of money from Eastern philanthropists.

NEWTON: We don't get that anymore. Actually, we got our first financial break back in 1966, by selling Chairman Mao's Little Red Book. I saw news reports that every Chinese in the Bay Area was reading a Red Book, so we checked with the New China Bookstore in San Francisco, which had just gotten in a shipment, and we bought all the copies they had at about 23 cents each and sold them for a dollar apiece. That is how we raised our first money for weapons, which we used to start patrolling the community. But now it's really a tight situation. We get by with a little from our newspaper, a few speeches and honorariums in addition to the money from book contracts and royalties, which has amounted to a few hundred thousand dollars in the last two years.

PLAYBOY: But you can turn out books only so fast.

NEWTON: Well, so far I've done pretty well. My latest, *Revolutionary Suicide*, comes out this spring. But I know I can't keep it up. I'm not primarily a writer, anyway. I mean, it's not my thing.

PLAYBOY: You were talking about community programs. What other projects do the Panthers sponsor besides food distribution?

NEWTON: Our health clinics have expanded, and so has our school, the Samuel Napier Intercommunal Youth Institute. It's a free school; there's no tuition. We have 42 students—most of them children of party members—in the school now. We hope soon to get new and larger facilities, so that the majority won't be children of Panthers but other kids from the community.

PLAYBOY: What about the party's health program?

NEWTON: We have six health clinics throughout the country. Our sickle-cell anemia program has tested over 175,000 people. At the clinic here in Oakland, we have three regular doctors, plus a number of trained party members and community workers who donate their time. What we're doing is a drop in the bucket, of course, if we talk about handling the real suffering of the people on any large scale. What we really want to do is organize the people so well politically that they won't need their own health clinic but the Government will provide adequate health care. In the same way, our school is different from parochial schools. Our children graduate back into public schools, where they will be the future organizers. But they will also be equipped with what I didn't get in public

school—reading and writing.

PLAYBOY: At your last trial, the jury said, "The only thing Mr. Newton said that we can't believe is that he didn't know how to read before he was 16 years old." We find that hard to swallow, too.

NEWTON: Not even my parents believed it. But, in fact, I couldn't read until after I got out of high school. I mean, not even third-grade words like house and car, and so forth. But I have a very good memory and as a kid I was pretty clever. I could trick my brothers or someone else into reading something enough times so I could remember it.

PLAYBOY: How is it possible that you went all through grammar school and high school without learning to read?

NEWTON: Well, I was a good bluffer. I had to be, because I was suspended from school approximately 38 times, and that's a conservative figure. And we moved a lot. I went to every school in Oakland and five or six in Berkeley. We were always moving, either trying to get a better place or because they would raise the rent and we couldn't pay it. Even when I was in school, I spent most of my time standing outside the classroom door because of fights with my instructors. I found the classes humiliating, and because my father had taught me to stand up for myself, I would always speak up or cause a disturbance. I didn't like the stories they read in class. *Little Black Sambo*, for example—I hated that story. Every time they read it, I would have a fight. Once, I hit an instructor with my shoe.

PLAYBOY: A white instructor?

NEWTON: Yes. She started to run out of the room and I took my other shoe off and threw it and hit her with that, too—on the head. But *Little Black Sambo* was about the only story they would read that involved blacks, that and *Br'er Rabbit and the Tar Baby*. *Little Black Sambo* was given to the blacks to identify with, while the whites had the story of Sleeping Beauty and the glorious knight rescuing her. *Little Black Sambo* wasn't glorious or courageous at all. He stood for lack of strength, lack of courage, humiliation, gluttony, submission. Some of the other black kids would laugh at the story and that would make me even angrier, of course. Sometimes they would laugh just to cover up the fact that they were ashamed.

As a matter of fact, I remember that in junior high school, whenever the African continent was mentioned in geography class, the blacks would cringe, because they knew that the next thing the teacher was going to talk about was the missionaries who "civilized the heathens." They didn't say anything about the glorious kingdoms of Africa before the conquest in the 1100s—like Timbuktu, the cultural center of the world. The philosophers in Timbuktu were so advanced that

the Greeks would take gold there in order to buy books from their university.

PLAYBOY: When did you finally learn how to read?

NEWTON: It happened when I was 16, just turning 17, and my guidance counselor asked me, "Well, what are you going to do now? You going to try to get some sort of manual job?" I guess I got mad, so I said, "No, I'm going to college." "You're going where?" he said. "You can't even make it into city college." So I taught myself to read and went to college—mainly because he told me I couldn't do it. In other words, he told me I wasn't smart, and I didn't like that. So it was really a matter of rebellion.

PLAYBOY: How did you teach yourself to read?

NEWTON: I started out with Shakespeare. Plays like *Macbeth* and *Hamlet* were on records; I remember Vincent Price had recorded a lot of them. And I would also get the book and read along. But the first real book I ever read was Plato's *Republic*, stumbling through. I read it about five times. By the fifth time, I could read it and understand it. The only thing I still had trouble with was all those Greek names. I would give them my own nicknames, you know, so I could tell the characters apart. But the records were the most helpful. I would hear the record and I would identify a word and write it down, over and over again. But the kids in our Panther school aren't going to have to learn that way.

PLAYBOY: Why is your school called an intercommunal institute?

NEWTON: Because we live in communes and we're mobile. Each unit is a family structure, and it's run like a family. People choose friends and stay with them, and when they decide they don't want to stay together anymore, they don't. As far as the children are concerned, they are the party's children. The kids live in their own school, and they go home on the weekends when they want to. Most of the time they don't want to. The kids raise each other; they make their own rules. We just make sure they don't hurt themselves. The few rules we do make probably hurt them more than anything else.

PLAYBOY: Why is that?

NEWTON: I don't know; I think adults generally make bad rules for children. I think all we should do is try to keep the kids from running in the street and having a car hit them or something. And work to give them reading and writing, make sure they learn the basic skills. If you do anything else, there is the danger that you will spoil their creative minds. But they do have to be disciplined.

PLAYBOY: Do your students get an ideological education?

NEWTON: Yes. Our children are taught at a very early age to grasp the primary

principles of dialectical materialism.

PLAYBOY: From a Marxist-Leninist point of view?

NEWTON: We don't subscribe to any particular school of dialectical materialism. Maybe we'll call it Pantherism.

PLAYBOY: In your book *To Die for the People*, you wrote: "We will never run for political office, but we will endorse those candidates who are acting in the true interests of the people." That policy seems to have changed since that book came out.

NEWTON: Well, it had to change, because never is an anti-dialectical word, one that flies in the face of the basic principle of the operation of nature and history. Therefore, we not only contradicted ourselves by running candidates; by saying never, we had contradicted our belief in the theory of dialectical materialism, which is change through contradiction.

PLAYBOY: Specifically, how have the Panthers entered electoral politics, and why?

NEWTON: We have run candidates for mayor and the Oakland city council, because we feel that we can use it as a forum from which to organize the people. We also believe that we can bring about certain practical changes by assuming administrative offices in the name of the people. We registered 26,000 people in Alameda County, 16,000 in Oakland alone. The registrar's office here told a reporter that we had signed up more new voters in Alameda County than had ever been registered before.

PLAYBOY: How did you go about it?

NEWTON: We registered 11,000 people in three days through our adult food program, where we passed out groceries and had people speaking about social ills—Congressman Ron Dellums, Johnnie Tillmon of the National Welfare Rights Organization and others. We have been most successful in registering large numbers of people when we've served them at the same time. We always give out food at survival conferences just before the welfare checks come out, when people have run out of money. At one conference, we had something like 7000 in the auditorium, and the next day we had 5000 or 6000. We've held five survival conferences and we're planning another one now, as soon as I get the advance on my new book.

PLAYBOY: We mentioned earlier that the Panthers are also said to be working closely with the black church, whereas not very long ago you were critical not only of those who worked with church groups but of the church itself.

NEWTON: The church is an integral part of the black community. It's an old institution, probably the oldest black institution in our history in America, and probably the most stable one. That's why we're trying to work with the church institution; of course, we'd like to revolutionize it as much as possible by drawing it into political action and service to the

people in the black community. Actually, we worked with the church once before. When the party was founded, we had breakfast programs at the churches; they would let us use their facilities. Then, when I was in prison, the party went through something like the so-called filthy-speech movement, which was an infantile diversion from Mario Savio's "Free Speech" movement. I didn't understand it, and I stood against the profanity. But I didn't have much influence in the party while I was in prison.

PLAYBOY: This was when every third word in the Black Panther newspaper was motherfucker?

NEWTON: Not only in the paper but even inside the churches. They would go into the churches to give political-education classes for the general community and they would use motherfucker every other word. This was Eldridge's brain storm, this filthy-speech movement. And it really entertained the white radicals. Blacks had used motherfucker for a long time, in its proper place. But whites? Maybe it was their way of attacking their own rigid Anglo-Saxon culture. Maybe it served its purpose, though I doubt it. In any case, they were entertained. So we drew more and more white radicals and street people. But we alienated the whole black community and we got kicked out of the churches. The black community wouldn't bring their children to our rallies. So we ended up with 90 percent whites and ten percent blacks at the rallies. And we had lost the people we were trying to mobilize, those we could have worked with best at that time.

That experience taught me that most revolutionaries—or, rather, so-called revolutionaries—fail to understand the continuity of history. That's what really struck me in China when I was there on their National Day: their great continuity of history. I was somewhat shocked when I saw the pictures in Red Square. Of course, they had pictures of Mao, and of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin. That didn't surprise me. But then I saw equally huge posters of Dr. Sun Yat-sen. Any Chinese will tell you that he was a bourgeois revolutionist. When I asked them why they had his picture there, they said they had to honor him on that day because it was Sun Yat-sen who made possible the existence of the Peasants' Institute, where Mao taught and trained his first troops. He was the leader of the left wing of the Kuomintang, with Chiang Kai-shek on the right. After Sun Yat-sen died, the right wing took over and the institute was closed. But it is still called the cradle of the revolution.

Immediately, I thought of Martin Luther King and how he has been criticized by the Black Panther Party and by other black revolutionists, who talk about him as if he didn't contribute anything at all. In many ways, King was a

bourgeois revolutionist, but he did accomplish some things that were necessary for the revolution to proceed, and for the Black Panther Party to exist. That doesn't mean we should imitate Martin Luther King now, any more than Martin Luther King could have imitated us then. But it would be wrong to say that he didn't contribute anything.

PLAYBOY: What do you think he contributed?

NEWTON: He advanced the cause of civil rights, the human rights of black people and of oppressed people generally. But I could say the same thing about Nat "The Prophet" Turner and Denmark Vesey and their great slave rebellions, earlier in history.

PLAYBOY: All of the programs you've mentioned—running candidates for office, registering voters, setting up health clinics, giving away food, cooperating with the black church—seem to indicate that the Panthers are essentially working within the system. Yet, in 1970, just after you'd gotten out of prison, you stated in an interview: "We intend to overthrow the United States Government by force and violence." Isn't there a contradiction between what you said then and what you're doing now?

NEWTON: I think that Vietnam's National Liberation Front has been working within the American system. That's why they've been fighting. They don't like the American system, so they struggled to transform the situation so that it would not be one of domination.

PLAYBOY: But they weren't within the American system, and they tried to transform it by fighting, not by working within it.

NEWTON: I'm saying that they fought precisely because they *did* find themselves within the American system. I contend that *everyone* is within the system. I think the world is so close now, because of technology, that we are like a series of dispersed communities, but we're all under siege by the one empire-state authority, the reactionary inner circle of the United States.

As for whether we intend to overthrow the American system by force, the statement still holds that our chief ambition is to change the American Government by any means necessary. And when I say we, I'm talking about we, the people. We feel solidarity with the people of Africa, Asia and Latin America, and we feel that we're fighting now through armed violence, though on different fronts.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the *only* way to achieve your revolutionary goals is through armed violence?

NEWTON: Yes, and I think that ultimately it will be through armed violence, because the American ruling circle will not give up without a bitter struggle. But America will not be changed until the world is changed. To say that change will come here just through the ballot

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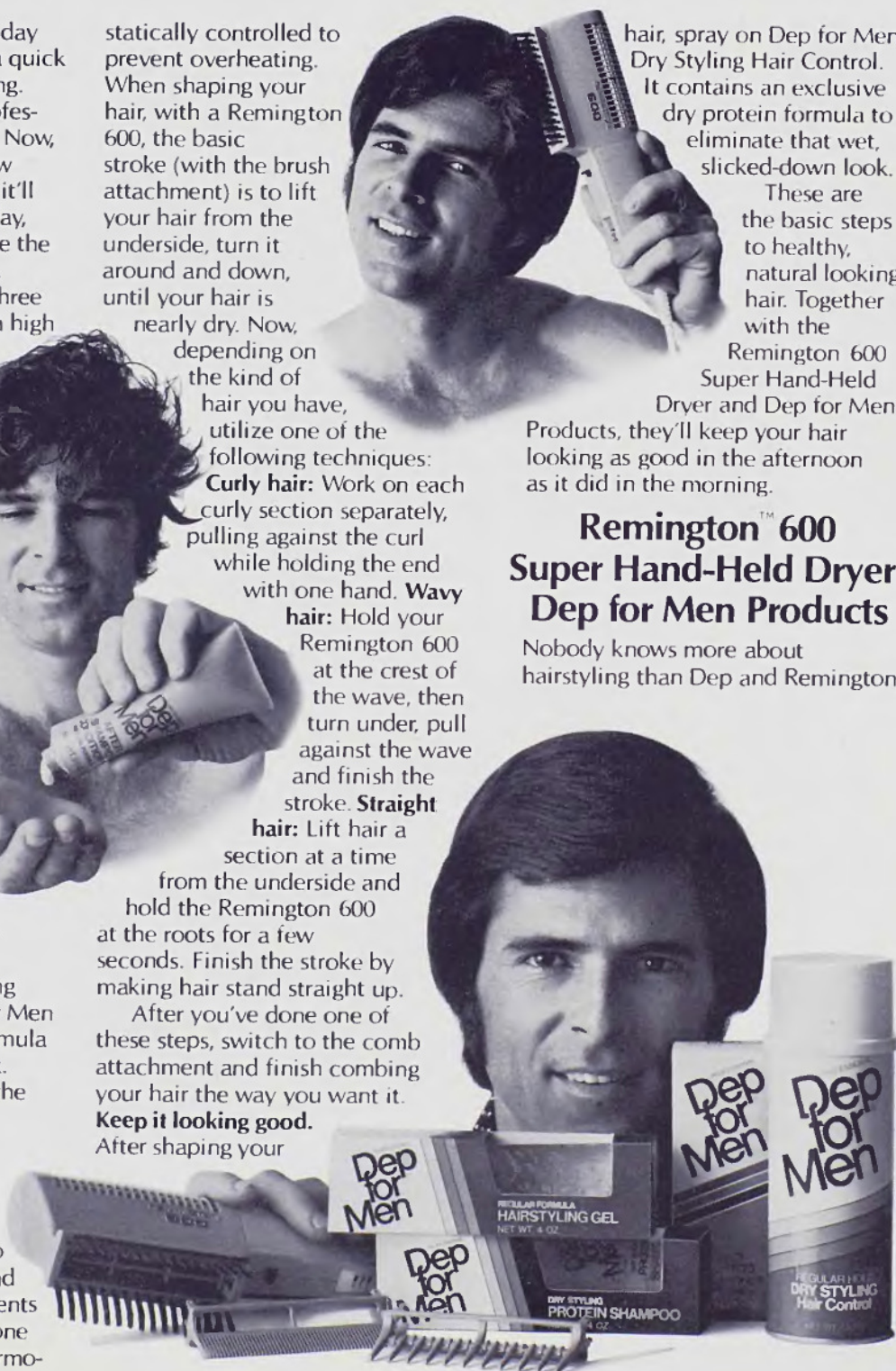
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box would be a fantasy. We're running for city-council offices today. But if you ask if we would be prepared to fight with armed force when the time is right, I would say yes, when the occasion presents itself—and I think it will come, at some point in the future.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any idea how far away that may be? A generation? Two generations?

NEWTON: I refuse to make a prediction. I'll tell you a story, though. I was very impressed with last year's Democratic Convention. I saw great potential there. It was the first open convention; there were liberal rules made; the people there were progressives. But I wasn't very impressed with their consciousness; they didn't know what they had or how to deal with it. And they had a misunderstanding: They went there under the false assumption that they had taken over the party. But the "real" Democrats, the old white Southerners and the big money, had already left the party. So the party powers had abdicated, and the progressives filled the vacuum. But the powers in this country don't care which party wins the election. Democrat or Republican, they regard the whole party system as nothing more than a scheme to put their man into office.

At any rate, the proposal came up at the Democratic Convention that they should have a dues-paying membership. And this was voted down in the rules committee. That was a mistake, because if they had created a dues-paying party—say, five dollars per month per person as an arbitrary kind of figure—the party would have had money to fight during the next four years, without having to cede control to big contributors. McGovern would still have lost the election, but the party would have had money. A couple of million people at five dollars a month—that's pretty good money to function on. Then by 1976, with a candidate such as, hypothetically, Cesar Chavez, and Ron Dellums as a running mate, heading up what would then be a wealthy and progressive party, the Democrats would be stronger than the American Independent Party, which is the only real party in this country with a physical apparatus and an ideology. The others are all, as I say, just schemes to put a man in.

Say that this happened—and, of course, I'm just dreaming. Between now and 1976, we would have been working very hard to mobilize thousands of people to go to every state convention around the country, using Bobby Seale as our whip. By the time of the next national convention, we would have been there with an organized force under the banner of the Democratic Party, which would really then be a socialist party.

PLAYBOY: But in this country, rather than a socialist proletariat, don't we

have a mass of workers who really don't want revolutionary change, who really wouldn't vote for Cesar Chavez or Ron Dellums in 1976—or ever?

NEWTON: You're probably right. Many leftists, so-called dialectical materialists, say that dialectics is based on contradiction, and that nothing stands outside dialectics; everything can be transformed. Yet at the same time they seem to think that one thing stands outside it: the proletariat, who always carry the banner of revolution. But the dialectical method tells me that the proletariat, too, can be transformed into something else; and that's just what's happening in this country. The industrial proletariat is not now the class with the most revolutionary potential. As technology develops, you're getting a new class of people who are unemployed, or only seasonally employed, or unemployable. If that trend continues, this class may eventually constitute a majority of the people. I think it's this class that will ultimately carry the banner of revolution. When Rome fell, 80 percent of its people were unemployed.

PLAYBOY: What are the Panthers doing to develop this new revolutionary class?

NEWTON: We work closely with the Welfare Rights Organization. We were instrumental in forming a welfare-rights group in Oakland. And we've worked very hard throughout the black community in getting people to question the refusal of city and state government to take responsibility for the right to work, the right to live. We try to educate them through our paper and through block meetings. We're working with old people. We're just now organizing patrols in neighborhoods where old people are getting mugged. We take them to pick up their checks and to cash them, and we talk with them about their general problems.

PLAYBOY: Are most of your programs in the Oakland area?

NEWTON: No. We have several very large survival programs in Chicago, in North Carolina, in Detroit—all over the country, at the largest chapters.

PLAYBOY: What is the strength of the party at the present time?

NEWTON: We're very strong. We don't usually give out numbers. We don't think they're important, because we're not trying to be a huge organization. We want a party that's capable of organizing people, and we're strong enough to do that. But I've given out the number in Oakland before, so I'll tell you that around central headquarters we have about 300 regular cadre members.

PLAYBOY: In an interview in *Jet*, you said that there were 1500 members nationwide.

NEWTON: I didn't make that statement.

PLAYBOY: You were quoted as saying, "We have 38 chapters across the country which are located in principal cities, with a membership of 1500."

NEWTON: I'm quoted saying a lot of things I didn't say. I don't know where the interviewer got that figure. I've never given any estimate. The number of chapters is correct, though.

PLAYBOY: How is the party structured?

NEWTON: We have about 10 or 15 committees, and we have a coordinator for each committee, and a coordinator of the coordinators, and we have a central committee, which is the decision-making body for the whole party.

PLAYBOY: How large is the central committee?

NEWTON: We don't give out those numbers.

PLAYBOY: Are the names of committee members secret, too?

NEWTON: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Why?

NEWTON: Because of harassment from the police. When they think they've ascertained who has official authority in the party, he's focused on and followed, and his relatives and friends are badgered by the FBI. The mother of my secretary, Gwen Fountaine, has been approached and offered money. One of my staff workers, Robert Bay, has been approached by the FBI ten times in the past three weeks. His father was taken off his job to be questioned. They left \$50 on Robert's car windshield with a note saying, "There's more where this came from." I can show you the note. Then three days ago, he was offered \$20,000 by an agent.

PLAYBOY: Twenty thousand dollars to do what?

NEWTON: Just to tell them anything about me, about the party. But me in particular. They said that I'm hard to get to and I won't talk, anyway, so they want to "protect" me, since we're in the system now. We're not a threat, but they would pay \$20,000 for the privilege of protecting me. It's crazy, huh?

PLAYBOY: Are the chapters under the same kind of surveillance and police pressure that they were two years ago? Have there been, for example, any assaults by police on Panther chapters?

NEWTON: We have reports that there has been something going on in Atlanta. But there hasn't been any shoot-out. The police seem to be worried; they know they can win a shoot-out at this point, but they're afraid they might lose the fight we're waging to mobilize the people against them and what they represent.

PLAYBOY: You make considerable use of such terms as mobilization and consciousness raising, which are also employed by the women's liberation movement. What is the party's position on women's lib?

NEWTON: We support the white women's liberation movement. The liberation of black women is a very different problem from what white women, in what is commonly called the women's liberation movement, talk about. The values are

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different. White women talk about getting equal jobs, equal pay, and not being kept in the home as housewives. But black women have always been the breadwinners. Most of us are from matriarchal families. I'm an exception; my mother never worked and my father was a very strong figure in our home. He was what I'd call a benevolent tyrant.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

NEWTON: He was very strict. He insisted that we do our chores, each one to the letter; not the right way or the wrong way but *his* way, the way he prescribed. And he would discipline us. Whenever the kids would get into contradictions, he'd line us all up and listen to our stories—"No, he did it" or "No, she did it." Sometimes he'd listen for hours and hours; then he would point to one and say, "You're guilty." We never knew *how* he knew, but he would always get the right one. I can't remember him ever punishing the wrong kid. Then the guilty one would get two punishments: one for doing wrong and the second for lying about it.

PLAYBOY: Did you identify with your father?

NEWTON: I idolized him. He was a strong, proud man who had very few fears. As a matter of fact, I don't know anything he fears today. He even used to operate on himself. He once took his own tonsils out with something like a cactus. And another time—I was only about five years old—he hurt his foot, and it was all swollen, and I remember watching as he heated up a knife blade, put his foot in very hot water with Epsom salts, and then split his own foot open to let it bleed. Then he took some cat hair and some regular long thread and stitched the wound back together. Later it turned out that his foot was swollen because it was broken in five places.

PLAYBOY: You say your mother never worked. How did your father support a wife and seven children?

NEWTON: He had to hold down three jobs to do it—and he was an assistant pastor of a Baptist church, too, but that he did for nothing. He was never really out of work, because even during the Depression he would catch a freight train and go from state to state, city to city, finding a day's work here and a day's work there, and sending the money back to the family. He is a very responsible person. He was gone a lot, and I used to resent that, but we were luckier than most families I knew, that had no father at all.

That's why black women today would like to think of a time when they can stay home and raise their families. They try to get a strong masculine man who can protect them. It is hard for black women to get involved in the white women's liberation movement. I always laugh when that question about women's lib is asked in public, because I know it's going to start a big row.

PLAYBOY: How do black women feel about the Panthers?

NEWTON: It just happens that in the party, women hold more official positions than men do—and also higher offices, in general. All of which gets the black male pretty upset. There's no black male superiority complex, as you have with the white male. Really, it's because of an inferiority complex that he feels threatened, because the woman in his house is always the master, anyway, and he wants to cut the cord. So we get some disagreements in the party about women holding more of the positions; some of the brothers don't like it.

PLAYBOY: Let's discuss the Panthers' most publicized internal struggle. After the split between Eldridge Cleaver and the Panthers, according to the media, the party was in a shambles, its numbers reduced and its influence vastly lessened. Wasn't the change in tactics from paramilitary militance to community politics really as much a "survival program" for the Panthers as for the community?

NEWTON: No. We don't accept the idea that there was a split in the party, and the party was not in a shambles, although the media made it look that way. We lost one chapter in Harlem, plus Eldridge and a few other individuals. But our party was always made of stronger stuff than a few individuals. It's stronger now than it's ever been. Only, as I said, the media aren't publishing reports of our community work, because that doesn't sell papers.

PLAYBOY: In what way do you think the media built up the split?

NEWTON: By printing Eldridge's words; he made many derogatory statements about the party. We refused to answer him through the press, because we had too much work to do to bother with that kind of thing. And that's the way we feel now. If Eldridge comes back, we're going to make sure that he can organize and do as he pleases, but we're not about to get into any confrontation with him, no matter how much the police would like that.

PLAYBOY: Can you describe the circumstances behind the split between you and Cleaver?

NEWTON: The split was between Eldridge and the party, not between Eldridge and me. Eldridge left the party. When I was in the penitentiary, there were rumors that he was attempting a coup, but I didn't believe them. And after I got out in 1970, I talked to him once a week on the telephone. He was in Algiers, so you can imagine that it ran up a high telephone bill. We talked regularly, and he wouldn't make any complaints or anything; he just kept asking me to "come to Algiers, come to Algiers." I told him I was still on bail, waiting to go on trial. But he kept saying, "You've got to come to Algiers, I need you in Algiers." He

also insisted that David Hilliard and others in the party were scheming to kill me, that it was unsafe for me here.

PLAYBOY: He wanted you to go to Algiers and ask for political asylum?

NEWTON: Yes. He kept repeating, "You can't win a trial. You don't need a court thing—you need an armed-struggle thing." Meantime, these rumors kept going around that there was something wrong between Eldridge and me. Maybe he was talking to reporters there, building it up. But I still didn't believe it. To stop the talk, I set up a conversation between the two of us on the Jim Dunbar show, which is a top TV program in the morning on channel seven in San Francisco. I called Eldridge and arranged the time, so that he'd be home, and I gave Dunbar the telephone number, so that he could place the call. I was to be in the studio with Dunbar, on camera, and Eldridge would be on the phone. I had explained to Eldridge how people were talking and that I would like to go on with him to clear it up.

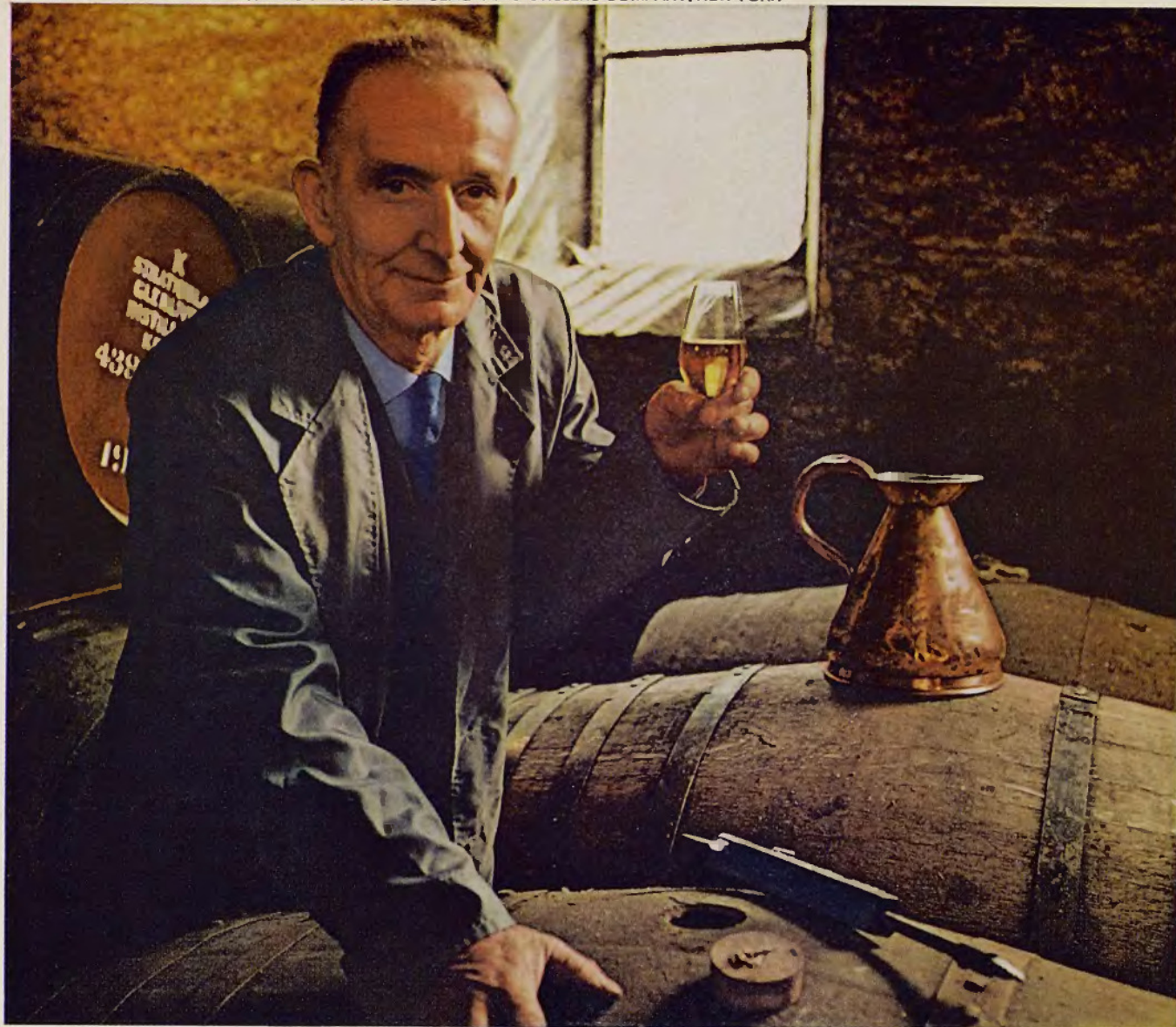
So the program started and the first thing he said was, "Hi. I'm splitting the party down the middle." That was his opening statement: "I'm splitting the party down the middle, and if you don't purge David Hilliard and some others, then you're purged also." I was flabbergasted. I told him that this wasn't the proper place to discuss it, that I would report his outburst to the central committee and we would come up with a decision. Dunbar was sort of shocked. He thought it was a scheme of ours to get publicity, so he didn't even pursue the matter after Eldridge got off the phone.

PLAYBOY: What else did Cleaver say?

NEWTON: Well, he went on to say these guys were revisionists, that they were ruining the party because they were turning it into a breakfast-for-children program and a health-clinic program, whereas a revolution is armed violence, and so forth. After the show, I went downstairs, and the news media were waiting, about 25 reporters, asking all sorts of questions. They bit the bait, you know. But it was a serious thing.

PLAYBOY: What happened next?

NEWTON: Right after that, I went to Boston for a fund-raising party for our attorney, Charles Garry. As soon as I landed, I called Eldridge up again. I had restrained myself on the TV program, but this time I cursed him out and threw the phone down. He was very calm; he just kept saying: "After all, this is a political thing, you shouldn't be emotional about it." And he just listened to me swear. What I didn't know was that he had his telephone hooked up to a tape recorder and was having himself video-taped all the time I was cursing him out. And he sent a tape to various radio and TV stations in the U.S. It was played in Chicago, it was played in New York, it played here in



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Oakland, on the TV news, with pictures of both of us on a split screen. And Eldridge was shown sitting back, smoking a cigarette, looking very relaxed and mature, while I was made to look as if I was a raving maniac. And people thought it was a public conversation. Really, it was a great violation of friendship and confidence, because it was a private conversation which he made public. But that's the kind of person Eldridge is.

PLAYBOY: Had he been a close personal friend of yours?

NEWTON: I felt that he was. But in retrospect, I don't think he ever felt the same way. I was very hurt at first. That's why I cursed him out. But I got over it after a while. I don't hate Eldridge Cleaver. I have sympathy for him, if anything; he's a very disturbed and unhappy person.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe he hates you?

NEWTON: Well, let me tell you something. Just before this whole thing happened, when I was making a tour of the country, I visited our Harlem branch, which was the only one that later defected to Cleaver. They had five security guards assigned to me, and I felt uncomfortable with them. I didn't have any concrete information then to explain my discomfort, but something just wasn't right. The people there had arranged for me to speak at the Apollo Theater, and they had sold tickets. It was sold out, as a matter of fact; it was going to be my first speech in Harlem. But that night, just before I was supposed to speak, I convinced Hilliard, who's chief of staff, to ditch those security guards, walk out and come back with me to the West Coast. Later, after Eldridge defected, these same guys who had been my bodyguards in New York announced that they wanted me dead. I also received information that if I had spoken at the Apollo that night, there was a plan that they would kill me from the audience.

PLAYBOY: As Malcolm X was killed?

NEWTON: Yes. That way, they would have been covered by the confusion of the crowd. Then, on another occasion—a few months after the split—our office in San Francisco was blown up. Dynamite blew out a reinforced brick wall. I was supposed to be there that day. At the time we blamed the police for it, but later we got information that it was one of Eldridge's men.

PLAYBOY: Do you think they're still out to kill you?

NEWTON: Well, I don't think they're interested in my welfare.

PLAYBOY: You said you feel sorry for Cleaver because he's disturbed. On what do you base that opinion?

NEWTON: I think Eldridge is so insecure that he has to assert his masculinity by destroying those he respects. It's very dangerous to become a friend of his, because he'll only accept a person whom he respects, and then he'll try to destroy him. It's a very self-destructive thing; he

probably hates himself very much. I think Eldridge has to be understood as a disturbed personality rather than as a serious political problem. In a book I'm now writing—it will probably be called *Infantile Leftism*—I make a long analysis of his book *Soul on Ice* and his attack on James Baldwin. Baldwin is a homosexual, and Eldridge finds it necessary to make a vicious attack upon him for this reason. It has always struck me that a male who goes out of his way to attack another male because of his sexual relations must have a psychological fear that he, too, might not be so masculine.

I use Eldridge's discussion of rape in *Soul on Ice* as an example to prove my point. He went to prison as a rapist. When I was in prison, I quickly learned that guys who would come in with many counts of rape ended up as homosexuals a large percentage of the time. I think it was no accident that Eldridge had the rape conviction or that when he came out of prison he became so attached to the Panthers and the idea of the gun. I think the gun was a substitute for his penis; he called it his "rod." That's what the party meant to him: a masculine kind of demonstration that he needed in order to reinforce his very shaky sexual identity.

PLAYBOY: How do you view Cleaver's thesis that rape is an "insurrectionary act"?

NEWTON: Well, many times you get eloquent people like Eldridge in politics; they're very intelligent and they disguise all their internal difficulties with eloquent phrases. He also said that he had practiced on black women in order to get to the real woman—the white woman. That statement says an awful lot about his attitude toward black women, that they're something to be practiced on. You know, most blacks didn't like that book at all. In any case, I don't think rape is a revolutionary act. It's a social disorder.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any factual evidence that Cleaver is a repressed homosexual, or is it just conjecture?

NEWTON: Well, there was something that happened on the occasion when he and I met Baldwin. We met Baldwin shortly after he returned from Turkey, I guess in 1966 or the early part of '67. Eldridge had been invited to a party to meet him, and he asked me to go along. So we went over to San Francisco in his Volkswagen van and we got there first. Soon after, Baldwin arrived. Baldwin is a very small man in stature; I guess about five-one. Eldridge is about six-four, you know; at the time, he weighed about 250 pounds. Anyway, Baldwin just walked over to him and embraced him around the waist. And Eldridge leaned down from his full height and engaged Baldwin in a long, passionate French kiss. They kissed each other on the mouth for a long time. When we left, Eldridge kept saying, "Don't tell anyone." I said all right. And I kept my word—until now.

I was astounded at Cleaver's behavior, because it so graphically contradicted his attack on Baldwin's homosexuality in his article "Notes on a Native Son," which later appeared in *Soul on Ice*. In the article, Cleaver indicted Baldwin as a self-hater and homosexual. "Homosexuality," he said, "is a sickness just as baby rape or wanting to become the head of General Motors." But unlike Cleaver, Baldwin makes no attempt to conceal his homosexuality; he thereby escapes the problems of the repressed homosexual. The problems and conflicts Cleaver has with himself because he's engaged in the denial of his own homosexuality are projected onto an external self—Baldwin—in order to defend his own threatened ego. He attempts to project his own femininity onto someone else and to make someone else pay the price for his own guilt feelings. I didn't understand it at the time, but now I realize that Baldwin, who hadn't written a word in response to Cleaver's attack on him, had finally spoken at that meeting. Using nonverbal communication, he had dramatically exposed Cleaver's internal ambivalence. In effect, he had said: If a woman kissed Cleaver, she would be kissing another woman; and if a man kissed Cleaver, he would be kissing another man.

PLAYBOY: You've written: "If it is argued that it is the condition of exile that wrecked Eldridge Cleaver's once great and tragic imagination, then it should be noted that the exile was in large measure staged by the exile himself." Are you saying that Cleaver didn't have to go into exile?

NEWTON: Yes. He's a very complicated person, but I think he staged his exile. Thanks to all the publicity, he saw himself as a great revolutionary being sought by American authorities. It's part of a fantasy that he indulges himself in. I think that now he finds his exile not so exciting, because they've taken away his means of communication: his telephone, his toy. So he wants to come back now and be heard again.

PLAYBOY: When you talk about Cleaver's defection from the party, you usually mention it in tandem with what you call "the defection of the party from the black community." You apparently blame Cleaver for leading the party away from the community and into paramilitarism and coalition with white radicals. How could Eldridge command such influence in the party, when you were its leader?

NEWTON: That's part of the criticism Bobby Seale and I give ourselves. We created Eldridge's influence ourselves, from the very beginning. I had great respect for Eldridge because he was such a good writer and a good speaker, so when I recruited him into the party, we offered him the highest rank. On two occasions, we even offered him the party leadership, but he turned it down, saying

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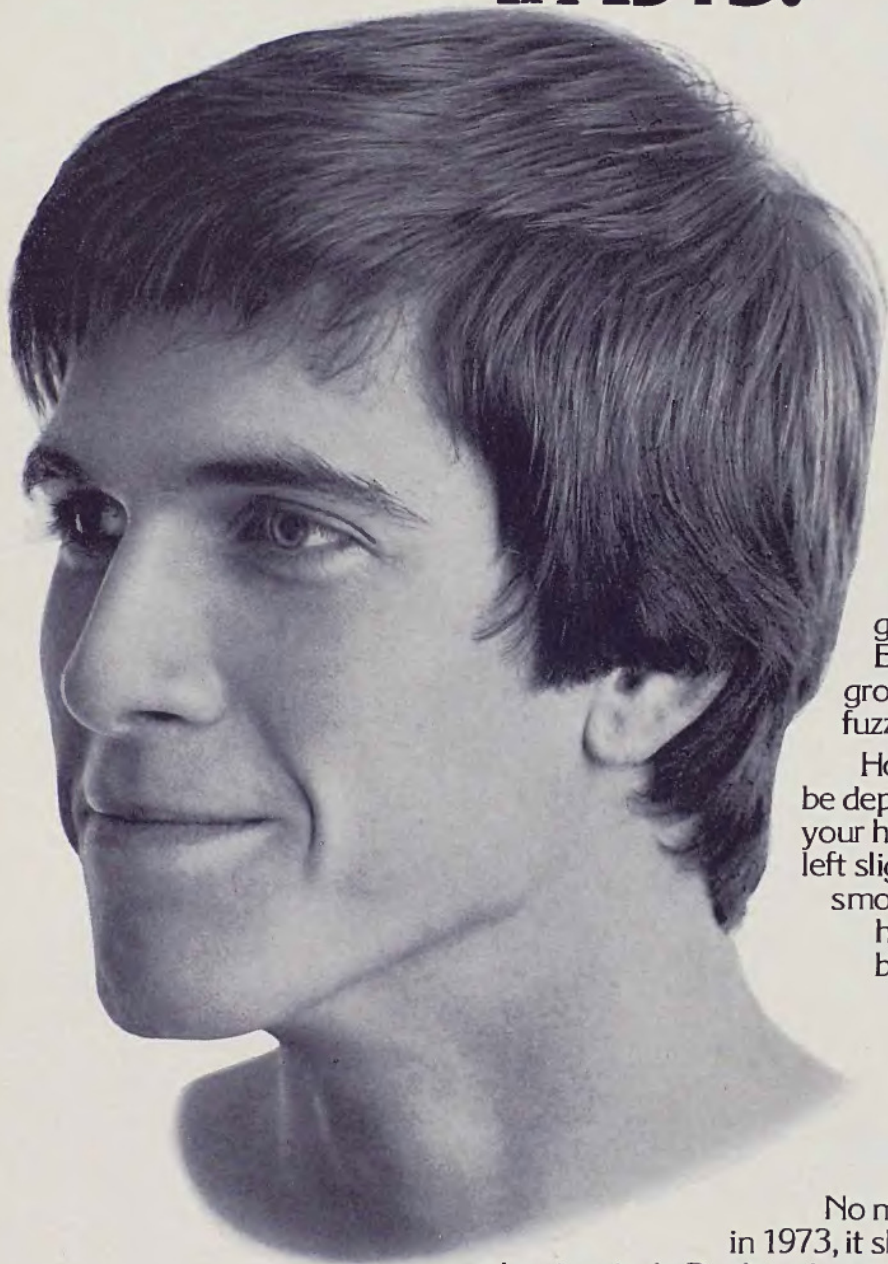
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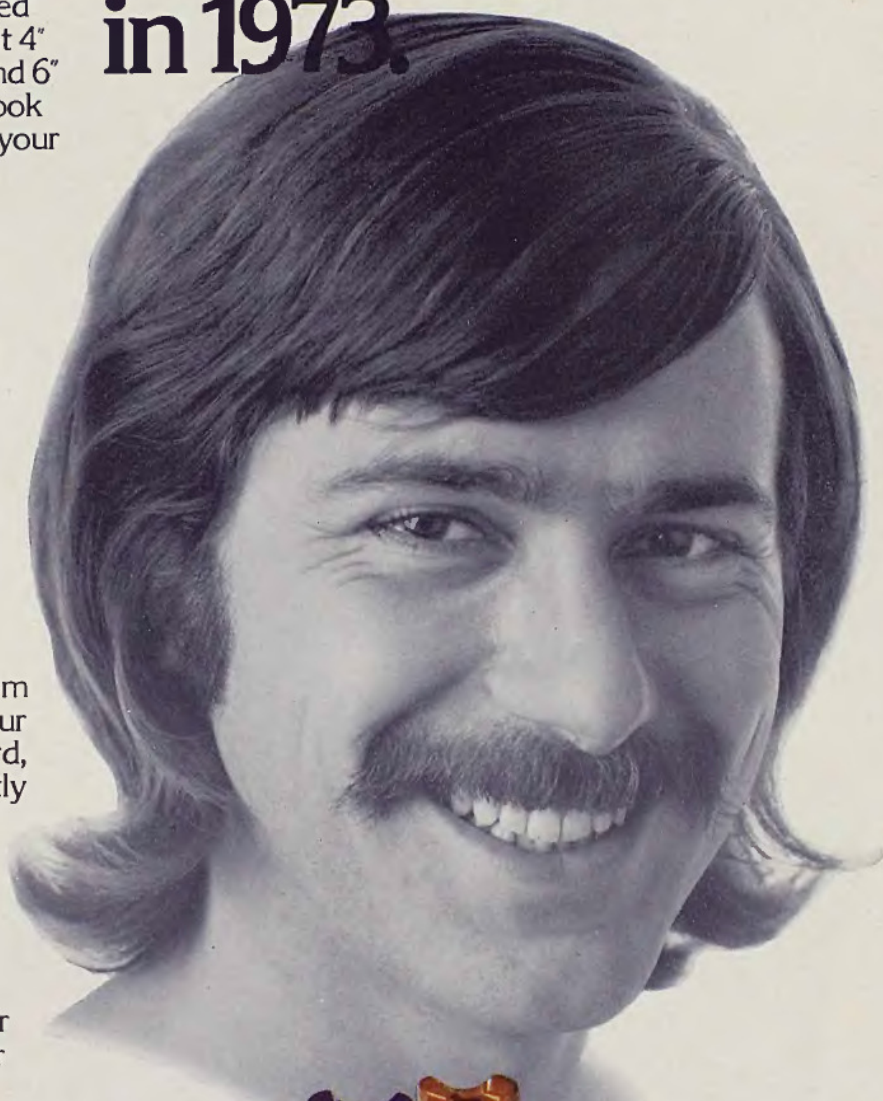
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that we were more qualified. But it was known in the party that I respected Eldridge, and in this way I delivered some degree of influence over to him without knowing enough about the man.

Placing as much emphasis on the weapon as he did made the black community afraid of us. You can't organize anyone who's afraid of you. Even though they respected our posture, they weren't about to help us in building any urban guerrilla activity. And when we found ourselves allied with white radicals—who were alienated from society in general and from the white community in particular—the black community didn't understand it. They viewed it as the whites' taking over the party; we were talking a language they didn't understand or respect. And that's why I say we alienated the black community.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you realize at the time that wearing guns, dressing in black uniforms and talking violence was alienating the community?

NEWTON: I knew it after I got into prison.

PLAYBOY: Did you try to do something about it?

NEWTON: Yes, but I was outvoted. Before I went in, our police-alert patrols, even though they were armed, were actually working to organize the community. At one point, we had a broad cross section of the black community supporting us across the country. Our patrols were respected. Remember that when we started in 1966, we called ourselves the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense. But then we adopted an aggressive, off-the-pig posture instead of a defensive one, and the community wasn't ready for that. We kept accelerating it as the press jumped on it, because it was sensational. And the more publicity we got, the more we set ourselves up for shoot-outs with the police, until finally the blacks were afraid to have us in the community.

PLAYBOY: Among the most celebrated of those shoot-outs was the one in October 1967 that sent you to prison and was responsible for the "Free Huey" movement. What's your version of that incident?

NEWTON: I remember the night very well. I had just completed three years' probation—I'd been in continual trouble with the police ever since 1964, when I did my first prison term—and that very night in October I had become a free man. I went down to Seventh Street and Willow in Oakland to get something to eat, some barbecue. It was late at night—three or four A.M., maybe. I was riding with a friend, Gene McKinney, when I turned onto Seventh Street and noticed some spotlights behind me. I should say that all during my probation the police used to harass me—stop me and hold me for two hours or so, not giving me a ticket but just "checking"—so I wasn't surprised when they stopped me that night. I sat there and another police car came up, and then they ordered me out of my

car. I asked, "Am I under arrest?" One of the policemen opened the door, ordering me out of the car—he never did place me under arrest—and we got out and started to go back toward his car.

PLAYBOY: Were you carrying a gun?

NEWTON: No. He frisked both of us after we got out of the car. Anyway, as we were walking toward the police car, the policeman had me by the arm, pushing. I had a book on criminal law in my hand—I always keep it for such emergencies—and I opened it up, trying to find an appropriate section on "reasonable cause for arrest." And he hit me. He held me with his right hand and hit me with his left. I reeled and hit the ground on one knee. I started to get up—I think I still had the book in my hand—and the policeman drew his gun and fired on me. And then all hell broke loose, all sorts of shots.

PLAYBOY: Where were you hit?

NEWTON: In my midsection, in the stomach. The bullet went out through my lower back. After that, I don't know what happened. I was unconscious. The next thing I knew, I was in the hospital, being guarded by police. While I was lying handcuffed on a gurney, waiting for surgery, they abused me and hit me.

PLAYBOY: The police hit you while you were lying in handcuffs, with a bullet hole in your stomach?

NEWTON: Yes, and spat on me. So I yelled for help, and one of the doctors who were preparing me for surgery came in. I asked him to stop the police and he told me to shut up. And they kept beating on my wrists, which were handcuffed to the gurney behind my head, and spitting on me. I was bleeding internally, so I got this bright idea of how to stop them. I started spitting back—lungsful of blood right in their faces. And they ran out of the room. I told the doctor, "All you white boys are alike." And then I passed out. His is the only face I really remember in that whole thing.

PLAYBOY: But you were convicted of voluntary manslaughter for killing a policeman and sent up for two to 15 years in the state penitentiary.

NEWTON: Where I spent a good deal of time in solitary.

PLAYBOY: That experience shakes a lot of men very deeply.

NEWTON: Not me. I had already learned how to handle it.

PLAYBOY: When?

NEWTON: When I was in the Alameda County Jail and in Santa Rita, back in 1964.

PLAYBOY: What were you sent up for?

NEWTON: I was given a year for assault on a man named Odell Lee.

PLAYBOY: Were you guilty?

NEWTON: No, I wasn't.

PLAYBOY: Were you framed?

NEWTON: No. It was self-defense. I admitted on the stand that I had stabbed him, but he wouldn't admit that he had attacked me twice that night. I stabbed

him because I thought he was reaching for a weapon. But I was convicted and sent to jail—first to Alameda County. I can't remember what problem I got into with the bulls over there, but they put me in the hole. It's called the soul breaker, and it's four and a half feet by six and a half feet, padded, with one steel door. No bed—only a concrete floor. There's no light, no window, no washbasin and no toilet, only a hole in the center of the floor about four inches in diameter that you're supposed to urinate and defecate into. They ran a hose in about every week or two to flush it out. If you used it too often, of course, it would back up. They give you a half-gallon milk carton with water in it, to last for two weeks. And every 15 days they let you out for a shower. You're out for 24 hours; then they take you back if you haven't broken yet.

PLAYBOY: What were you expected to do to get out?

NEWTON: Apologize. Practically no one would do the whole 15 days.

PLAYBOY: How long did you stay in the hole?

NEWTON: I did 15, went out for a day and did 15 more. Thirty days on that trip. During nine months, I made three trips to the hole.

PLAYBOY: How did you keep your sanity?

NEWTON: I knew about the hole from other guys who had gone there. Either you apologize and get out or else you scream and have to be taken to the hospital, because you're mentally disturbed. It's well known that the brain gets disorganized if it isn't bombarded with external sensory stimuli. So, to occupy my time, I would try to think of the most pleasant experiences I'd ever had. But then I found that this didn't work, because the images started to pick up in speed, like a fast-moving projector, and I couldn't control them, and it would put me into a spin. I almost screamed a couple of times. One time, as a matter of fact, to repress a scream, I threw up, but I swallowed it again because I didn't want to admit it was making me do that. Finally I started to exercise, and I found that if I exercised until I became exhausted, I could fall asleep.

PLAYBOY: What did you do for exercise in that cramped space?

NEWTON: Just push-ups and dynamic tension and squats, stuff like that. After a while, even that didn't work. But somehow I found myself lying on my back on the floor with my buttocks tight and arching my back and shoulders, so that my shoulders touched. Later I was told by a Buddhist that this is a Zen Buddhist position that controls breathing and slows down the thought processes. And I started to be able to control those images in my mind; I could stop them, like freezing a frame of a film, and then I could make them disappear. I mastered the technique so well that later, in 1967, being

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in solitary was really no problem.

PLAYBOY: This time you were in the penitentiary for three years. What was it like to get out after all that time?

NEWTON: Well, I was bewildered. I didn't ever expect to get out of the pen. First I had expected to go to the gas chamber; then I was sure I would have to do at least 15 years, if not life. When I got out, I was disoriented. Life seemed jerky and out of synchronization. All those sounds, movements and colors coming on simultaneously—television, radio, people talking, doorbells and phones ringing—were dizzying at first. Ordinary life seemed quite overwhelming. I even had to figure out what to eat and what time to go to bed. In prison, all this had been decided for me. And things had changed a lot by the time I got out.

PLAYBOY: What were the biggest changes?

NEWTON: Well, the party. Many of my old comrades had been murdered. Bobby was in jail, Eldridge out of the country. We had suffered shoot-out after shoot-out and were under constant surveillance. We had made many mistakes in the direction of "radical" militance, and the community was leery of us. But I couldn't do anything about it but argue. The party didn't relate to what I was saying, because it had been influenced by Eldridge.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as though the party defected from you, too; that you weren't in control of it.

NEWTON: I've always had only one vote. I was simply outvoted, so I won't say it was a defection. Others can vote against the way I think any time they want to, just as I can vote against them.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that because of this build-up of fear, Cleaver's leadership was ultimately responsible for the murders of several young Panthers—Fred Hampton and others in Chicago, for example?

NEWTON: Yes, yes. I think that Eldridge's rhetoric allowed the police to attack us and murder many of our members without a great community protest in most cases. If we had had an organized people, and the same police attacks and murders had taken place, the police wouldn't have been able to get away with it.

PLAYBOY: You once said that the party was thinking in terms of "a new International," based on armed struggle and socialist ideology, that would presumably bear some resemblance to the old Communist Internationale. Do the Panthers have any relationship with the Communist Party of the United States?

NEWTON: No, we don't like them.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

NEWTON: They're not a very revolutionary group. They don't *do* anything. I mean, so they run their candidate. They're more alienated than we were before we went back to the community. Their ideology is foreign. They're so connected up with Moscow they have no

relationship with what's going on here. The best thing they can be used for is defense funds. They have a good apparatus for raising money, and they know how to do it. Their officials have a lot of money. Everyone I've met is pretty well off, very middle-class, you know?

PLAYBOY: Why do you think Angela Davis is such a fervent supporter of the American Communist Party?

NEWTON: I think she must be a fool of some sort. I could see why some of those old blacks got tied up with the C. P., when it was the only group that would give any sort of dignity to blacks. But for her to do it, she must be a fool of some sort. How could any intelligent person join the U. S. Communist Party at this date? Even their own children won't join now.

PLAYBOY: Were you being intelligent when you offered the leadership of the Black Panther Party to Cleaver—and then, when he wouldn't take it, giving it to Stokely Carmichael, who you now say was an agent of the CIA?

NEWTON: No, I was being a fool. That's why I have faith that I know what a fool is.

PLAYBOY: In deciding on a new direction for the party after you got out of prison, did you consider the possibility of going underground?

NEWTON: Underground! That's funny. You go underground when you're buried. After we get underground, then what? Guerrilla warfare? Then you make the same mistake that we made by alienating ourselves from the community. They'd be terrified. We have to organize and mobilize the masses, because that's our support. And you can't do it by the underground method.

PLAYBOY: The Weathermen tried to operate underground. Do you think they made any contribution to the revolutionary movement?

NEWTON: I can't really see it. I try very hard to, but I can't see the contribution—only the negative aspects of terrifying a lot of workers and central-city dwellers.

PLAYBOY: How do you relate to the Black September Movement and the kind of terrorism it engaged in at Munich and through the letter bombs that followed? Is that so different from the Weatherman tactics?

NEWTON: I think it's much different. I can judge whether that tactic is right or wrong only by what they accomplish through it. Our official position in our paper was that we criticized the German police for murdering the hostages as well as the guerrillas.

PLAYBOY: But you don't criticize the Black September movement for invading the barracks where the Israeli athletes were housed, killing people there and then abducting the others?

NEWTON: As I say, I can criticize it only in the context of how positive or negative an accomplishment it turns out to

be for their freedom movement.

PLAYBOY: Then the end justifies the means?

NEWTON: No, not necessarily.

PLAYBOY: Are there limits, then, as to what means you would use?

NEWTON: Yes, of course. I have principles I operate within.

PLAYBOY: Would you spell them out?

NEWTON: I guess I would have to have a situation presented. I think that when terrorism is disciplined and directed, it sometimes serves a positive purpose. But you almost have to judge each act within itself. In other words, I don't make a blanket condemnation of terrorism. I do condemn it if it doesn't come from an organized body, such as an army, and if it's not disciplined and directed toward a specific goal. Now, the goal of some terrorists' activities has been the release of prisoners, for example. In that context, I would say it was all right.

PLAYBOY: What about terrorism when it's used by an organization such as the Ku Klux Klan, which also has specific goals?

NEWTON: I don't think anything they do would be justified, because I disagree with their principles. I oppose everything they support, and I support everything they oppose. So I would have to make a subjective choice on what organization I'm talking about. You have to be subjective.

PLAYBOY: So you would feel no hesitation about using violence as a tool, even to the point of killing people, provided it advanced your movement or your principles?

NEWTON: That's right.

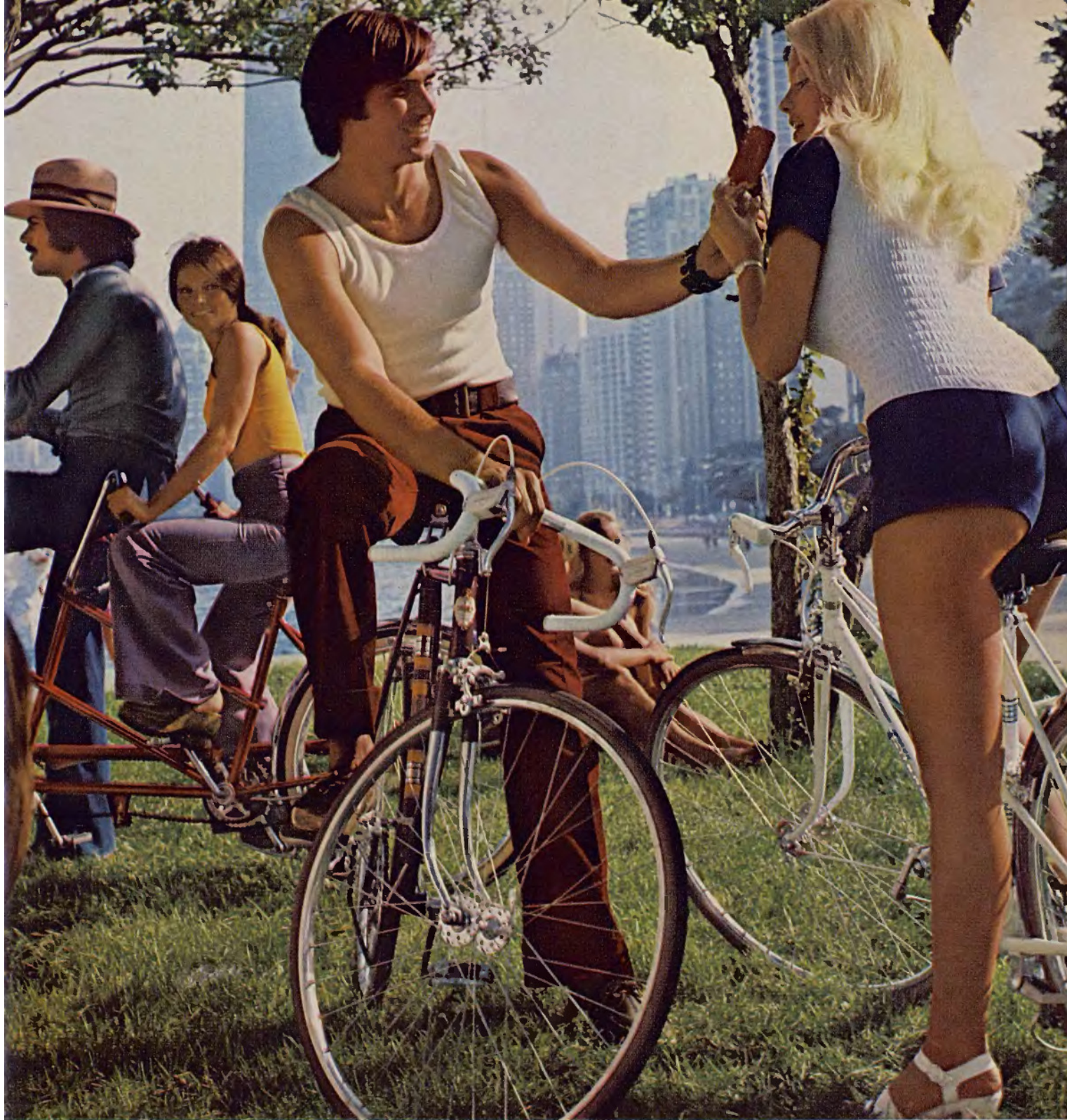
PLAYBOY: And you say that without reservation?

NEWTON: The death of any man diminishes me, but sometimes we may have to be diminished before we can reconstruct.

PLAYBOY: That raises our last question: If you're ready to kill for the cause, you must also be ready to die for it. Are you?

NEWTON: I will fight until I die, however that may come. But whether I'm around or not to see it happen, I know we will eventually succeed, not just in America but all over the world, in our struggle for the liberation of all oppressed peoples. The revolution will win. But Bakunin wrote that the first lesson the revolutionary *himself* must learn is that he's a doomed man. If that sounds defeatist, you don't understand the nature of revolution: that it's an ongoing process and that we don't get out of life alive, anyway. All we can do as individuals is try to make things better now, for eventually we all die. I think Mao's statement sums it up best: "Death comes to everyone, but it varies in its significance. To die for the reactionary is as light as a feather. But to die for the revolution is heavier than Mount Tai."





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SITTING in the bright July sunshine, two men ordered a drink one day at a café in the Rue Miollin. The Englishman's name was not Barrie—that was borrowed from a dimly remembered writer—and the Corsican's name was not Calvi—that was a village in Corsica where he had been born, but these were the names they used for the moment. A voice on the telephone, belonging to a man they had never seen, had arranged the precise time and place of this meeting. It was to last no more than 20 minutes.

After their drinks had been brought, the Englishman laid two snapshots on the table. The first one was in black and white, a photo of the dust jacket of a book. From the print peered a middle-aged man with weedy hair, a clipped mustache and a chin in despondent retreat. Beneath the face, a caption read: "Major Archibald Summers has again added to our knowledge of and delight in our avian friends with his new volume on the birds of the Western Mediterranean lands. I read it with much pleasure.—Lady Clara Whitehope-Smith." The Corsican turned the picture over. A caption on the back read: "Villa San Crispin, Playa Caldera, Ondara, Alicante, Spain."

The other photo was in color. It showed a small villa with white walls and lemon-yellow shutters. Next to it was a rose garden with a number of bird feeders among the bushes.

"He's always at home between three and four in the afternoon. There are no servants and he should be alone," Barrie said.

"Five thousand pounds," Calvi said. "Border crossings are treacherous and the Spanish police are like wolves."

"Half now," said the Englishman and he laid a flat pasteboard box on the table. It was labeled as a box of photographic film. "Here is a London number where you can ring me between seven-thirty and eight any morning. Just say, 'Your picture is ready.' Written next to the number is the name of a café near the Invalides. I'll give you another box of film at two P.M. the day of your call."

"D'accord," said the Corsican. He put

NO COMEBACKS

fiction
By FREDERICK FORSYTH





*the english millionaire always
got what he wanted—and what he
wanted now was another man's wife*

the box and the photos into his jacket pocket.

"Most important of all—no witnesses. He must be quite alone when it happens. Don't let yourself be seen by anyone who could identify you in connection with the villa."

The Corsican sighed and spread his huge hands. "Thus far, we had managed to proceed without platitudes, monsieur. I can only reply that I have a very vivid notion of life inside Tolédo Penal. Would you warn a noted surgeon that he must sterilize his instruments before an operation?"

After Barrie had gone, the Corsican rose and walked slowly in the direction of the Place Vendôme. In his mind, he was trying to get two things across a border in a perfectly normal, inconspicuous way. One was a package and the other was himself—but every time they attempted to cross together, his mind came to an impasse. At Orly nowadays, what with all the hijackings, every parcel was minutely checked. The Paris-Barcelona train entailed a customs check. The obvious problem was how A and B could enter separately and successfully and become AB again on the other side.

Now he noticed that, without being aware of her, he had been following a pretty girl. She was probably an American tourist—she was carrying a large, illustrated guidebook with a title in English. Excellent! he thought suddenly. What is more boring than a book? When he came to a bookshop near the Place Vendôme, he entered and began to browse.

About a half hour later, now carrying a bulky package under his arm, he paid a visit to the Spanish tourist office. His next stop was at the Iberia Air Lines office; from there, he took a taxi to his flat in Neuilly.

That evening, he rang the Astoria Palace, the best hotel in Valencia, and introduced himself as Monsieur Calvi, who desired two rooms for one night only, a fortnight hence. One was for himself and one was booked for another gentleman—and the name he gave was the name he used on his own passport. He told the registration clerk that he would write a letter of confirmation at once.

In fact, he had already written the letter. It reiterated his directions and added, as a postscript, that he'd ordered a book from a Paris bookstore. It should be held for his arrival. At the bottom of the letter, he wrote Calvi's signature with his left hand.

Then he rolled up his sleeves, unwrapped his purchase of the afternoon, weighed it and set to work to create a solander. The book for the purpose was a history of Spain in French, a thick quarto volume on heavy paper, bound in tan buckram. He bent the two covers and the first ten pages back and

fastened them with a stout band. Then he took two carpenter's clamps and secured the remaining 400 pages at the edge of his kitchen table.

He produced a pair of flat steel L bars and a surgeon's scalpel. Leaving a margin of an inch and a half all around, he began to slice a neat rectangular cavity in the body of the book. After about an hour, 2973 years of Spanish history had been excised and reduced to ashes in the fireplace. He now had a box with a hollow measuring 6½" x 9½". He now applied bookbinder's glue in a thin coat to what remained of the pages and to the inner edges. He smoked three cigarettes as he waited for it to dry. As soon as it had hardened, his solander was ready for special fitting.

In the hollow, he carefully glued a cushion of foam rubber, cut to size for each surface. Then, from a concealed drawer in his desk, he produced a nine-millimeter "Le Français" model automatic he'd never employed before. The front sight had been ground off and a half inch of the Browning's barrel had been threaded to take a silencer—he had done this job some months before with his own lathe. He was a man with a number of specialized skills, of which he was rather proud.

A silencer on an automatic is never truly quiet, despite the delusion of scriptwriters and sound-effects men in television thrillers. An automatic makes a very respectable bang—because, as the bullet leaves the barrel, the jacket is forced back to expel the spent cartridge and to inject a fresh one. In this split second, half the noise of the explosion comes out through the open breech, making the silencer only 50 percent effective. Thus, Calvi would have preferred a revolver, but he needed a flat weapon for this particular purpose.

The silencers seen on television—usually about the size of a champagne cork—are about as useful for secrecy as a home fire extinguisher would be against Vesuvius in eruption. His was a heavy cylinder about six and a half inches long. He thrust the loaded magazine into the automatic's handle to save space.

Then, with a felt-nib pen, he marked out a place on the foam rubber for each component of the disassembled Browning. With a new scalpel, he cut neat beds for each part. By midnight, all the pieces lay snugly in their foam nests, the long silencer vertical along the book's spine, the barrel, frame and slide in a neat pattern. It made a deadly book, but one could hardly call it boring.

He covered the aperture with a small slab of foam rubber that protruded just slightly above the edges of the cavity. Over this he fastened a precisely cut sheet of firm plastic and secured it with six long, slender, brass screws. The last loose page was pasted over the plastic. Now the cover and the first pages could

be opened—as a casual inspector might glance at them—but the rest of the book was a solid block that would require a knife to penetrate.

He weighed the solander; it was now just a half ounce heavier than the original. Next, he slipped it into a polyethylene case of the kind publishers use to protect expensive books from wear and scratching. The open end of this case he bonded together with a soldering iron heated over the flame of his gas stove. If a mildly curious official opened the outer wrapping, he would see a history volume and would let it go at that. If a somewhat more inquisitive type actually opened the plastic covering, he would find a book whose cover and first pages turned easily. The odds were a million to one that the Spanish postal system embraced a scholar so interested in the history of Spain in French that he would pursue the matter as far as page ten.

Calvi now brought out a page of Letraset letters in 12-point Caslon and a small instrument, like a pen, with a tiny brass knob at one end. He carefully placed the sheet over a shipping label and began to transfer, by pressure, the letters to the surface of the label. When he had finished, the legend read: "GALIGNANI. Livres. 224 Rue de Rivoli, Paris," and its look was indistinguishable from real printing. He typed the address—M. Alfred Calvi, Hotel Astoria Palace, Calle de Rodrigo Botet, Valencia, Espagne. With a rubber-stamp printing set, he made up the words LIBROS—IMPRESOS—LIVRES and stamped that on the outside wrapping.

The following morning, he mailed the letter by airmail and the package by surface post, which meant shipment by train and a ten-day delay.

• • •

Mark Sanderson was nervous as he let himself into the small London flat he had rented under the name of Barrie. Dark shabbiness made him uncomfortable and the flat was his momentary prison. Its only function was to enclose the telephone that stood on a rickety little table. And the telephone's only function was to receive one ten-second call. Sanderson loved telephones—in his Regent's Park penthouse, his Elizabethan manor in Worcestershire, his château on the Loire and his villa at Cap d'Antibes, there were telephones everywhere. His Riviera servants even had a joke about the apocryphal telephone under the surface in his swimming pool. But the fact was that he'd closed many deals worth millions of pounds, dollars or francs on the telephone; he was waiting for the greatest, the most golden deal of all.

The rather bizarre fact was that Mark Sanderson was in love. He'd been in love many times, of course, but never before with a woman. There'd been a



"Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who is the greatest lay of all?"

passionate affair with South African gold-mining stock, an infatuation with his own jet plane, a romance with a huge resort-property investment in the West Indies and many others. There was also a continuing love for travel, fine food and wines, an art collection and flattering newspaper publicity. Most of these loves had been ornamented by one or another expensive beauty in female form—an actress, a model, a society girl. But their attentions and their well-acted gasps of arousal in bed had never been any more to him than a passing compliment paid to wealth and power. Then he had met Angela Summers.

The season had been Maytime, the place a fashionable house in Belgravia, the occasion a cocktail party in aid of some charity—and his hostess was saying in a casual way, "I don't believe you've met Mrs. Summers." He had looked at Mrs. Summers and suddenly had become 16 years old, a gawky lover, all the self-assurance of wealth and command suddenly vanished. Had he actually said, "An angel of summer!" to her? And had he actually blushed? That was the way he recollected it later.

She was startlingly out of vogue for the thin lines and the high-fashion affectations of the Seventies. She had a deep bosom, slender waist, rounded hips. Her shining chestnut hair was drawn back and coiled. She wore a simple white dress that set off her medium-gold suntan and she had just a hint of make-up around her eyes. A Renoir in a room full of Helmut Newton photos.

He blundered into conversation on the subject of suntan. Was it from a skiing vacation that had been prolonged into spring? Or a Caribbean cruise?

Wrong on both counts, she replied with charming honesty—she simply didn't have that sort of money. She'd managed it mostly while working in the garden. That and her daily swim every afternoon from three to four while her husband worked on his book. They lived in a little house on the Costa Blanca.

"An author?" Sanderson asked. "Should I know his books?"

Not really, she explained, Archie was a retired Signals major who wrote books about birds. "Rather good books of their kind," she said bravely and defensively. They lived on his retirement pay and the small earnings she got from teaching English. Not a terribly glamorous life, she supposed, but they did like their privacy, the climate and the small house. "And Archie is mad about the Costa Blanca birds—he says they're rather special," she added with a slightly forlorn note coming into her voice.

Sanderson immediately asked her to go out to dinner with him that evening. "Oh, yes!" she whispered, almost as if she had been waiting for that. There

was a minute of silence between them. Then she said in a cool and normal voice, "I must make some excuses to the friends who brought me. And we shouldn't leave together. Where shall we meet?"

The week that followed was the strangest in Sanderson's life. It was a little like a Georgian romance, rescued from time, illicit but not sinful. His other girls, modern girls, had been impressed by the chauffeured Rolls-Royce, the elegant dinner at the Mirabelle, his spacious penthouse—but for them these things all made up a dotted line that led directly to an episode in his bed. Not Angela. It seemed to occur to her not at all.

She noticed and she admired, but she was not overwhelmed. She would return his kiss warmly, but when he tried to put his hand inside her dress, she stopped him firmly. She was affectionate, but there was an old-fashioned boundary in her mind beyond which she would not go. Sanderson was dazed with love and rejection.

The evening before she was to fly back to Spain, as they were sitting over brandy in his flat, he suddenly asked her to divorce her husband and to marry him.

She smiled her usual, candid smile. "It would be nice, wouldn't it?" she said, "but I'm afraid not."

"Oh, don't be so bloody cool and English," he said. "I love you in a perfectly honest, simple-minded way. I admit that I've been trying to seduce you by all the old gambits—but being rich enough to have everybody do what I want has made me stupid. I don't even know enough to convince you that all of that was a sham. But there is one true thing: I love you. And I think that you love me."

She shook her head gently. "Now I'll say something perfectly simple-minded. I'm married to Archie. I can't destroy him. Have you ever seen a child whose puppy has been run over by a motorcar? That comparison sounds a bit grotesque, but it's close to what I mean."

"He has his birds, after all," said Sanderson.

She smiled and was silent. After a while, she said, "Would it help any if I went to bed with you just once and then never saw you again?"

"No," he said. "It wouldn't."

"Very well, now I believe what you've been saying," Angela answered, "and just in order to give our little story a firm ending, I'll say yes twice. Yes, I've fallen in love with you. And yes, I am going back to Archie in spite of it."

At the airport the next day, she was more heartbreakingly beautiful than ever. Before she kissed him goodbye, she said, "Mark, you can stop thinking and go back to being rich. In Spain, I'll have a lot of lonely time to think and

remember." She was crying as she went to the plane.

. . .

The Iberia Caravelle drifted into the airport at Valencia and touched down as the sun was setting. It was still furiously hot and the 30 passengers, mostly villa owners from Paris arriving for six weeks' vacation, grumbled at the usual baggage delays in the customs shed.

Calvi carried one medium-sized suitcase as hand baggage. It was opened and inspected carefully, then he was out of the airport building and into the taxi rank. First he wandered over to the airport car park and was glad to see that a large area of it was screened by trees from the airport buildings. The cars stood in rows beneath the trees waiting for their owners. He decided to return the next morning and take his transport from there. Then he took a taxi into town.

The clerk at the hotel was more than helpful. As soon as the Corsican presented himself and his passport, the desk clerk recalled the booking and the letter of confirmation written by Monsieur Calvi and dived into the back office to emerge with the package containing the book. The Corsican explained that, unfortunately, his friend Calvi would not be joining him but that he would settle both room bills when he left the following morning. He produced a letter from the absent Calvi authorizing him to take receipt of the book awaiting collection. The clerk glanced at the letter, thanked the Corsican for offering to settle both room bills and handed over the package.

In his room, Calvi checked the padded envelope. It had been opened: The metal staples had been bent together to pass through the sealing aperture and then bent back again. The blob of glue he had placed on one of the metal lugs was missing. But inside, the book was still in its polyethylene wrapper untouched, for it would have been impossible to open it without tearing or distorting it.

He opened it, forced the book covers apart with the blade of his penknife and extracted the parts of his gun. These he assembled back together, then he screwed on the silencer and checked the bullets in the magazine. They were all there—his special cartridges, with half the load removed to cut down the noise to a low crack. Even with half the usual load behind it, a nine-millimeter slug still goes straight into a human head at ten-foot range, and Calvi never fired at more than ten feet on a job.

He locked the gun into the bottom of the wardrobe, pocketed the key and smoked a cigarette on the balcony, gazing out at the bull ring in front of the hotel and thinking of the day ahead. From the hotel clerk he learned there was a plane to Madrid at eight in the

(concluded on page 106)



SEX AND THE AUTOMOBILE

the first car on the road did more than revolutionize transportation—it created a whole new ball game



Most people seem to think that the automobile was invented to provide a more efficient means of transportation. Not so. Of prime concern to the creators of the earliest autos was getting sex off the porch swing and onto wheels. This is why the world's first automobile component was the back seat; only then was an engine invented to move it around. This 1909 E. M. F. Tauring Car was an early effort, as is evident from its draftiness, cramped quarters and lack of privacy; but at least there was no horse to watch the occupants. So, with all its faults, the primitive auto found ready acceptance among the more adventurous folk during the Naughty Oughties.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY R. SCOTT HOOPER



Just driving a 1928 Phantom Rolls-Royce was such a pleasure that a gentleman dallying in the rear with his "niece" (below) often felt an irresistible urge to take the wheel himself. Ordering the chauffeur to switch places (opposite), the gentleman tooled about contentedly—until he heard odd noises from the back seat. Rolls-Royce would learn about this; after all, the clock was supposed to be the loudest sound.







During World War Two, many a British lass sought refuge from the blitz in the rear of a London cab (this page)—preferably in custody of a GI bearing nylons. Both driver and lass kept their meters running and split the difference when the all-clear sounded. Back in America (opposite), the postwar baby boom got off to a brisk start at drive-in theaters across the land, particularly on triple-feature nights.







The '54 Corvette was obviously made to be parked on Blueberry Hill. Indeed, many a bobby-soxer lost both her sox and her blueberry to the sounds of rock 'n' roll on the car radio. Two problems of the Fifties: 'Vettes, like early 'Birds, seemed to run out of gas around ten P.M. and American males found later in life that only the touch of a steering wheel against the lumbar region could arouse them sexually.





In the Sixties, most kids were putting flowers in their hair and splitting for the Coast—and getting there was *all* the fun. Psychedelic VW Microbuses, fitted with heavy-duty springs, could be seen bouncing along the nation's highways. (Curiously, the vehicles continued bouncing when stopped at traffic lights as well.) And statements like "We came all the way from N.Y. to L.A." took on heavy new meaning.





NO COMEBACKS (continued from page 96)

morning and he had himself called at six.

The next morning he checked out at seven and took a taxi to the airport. Standing at the gate, he watched a dozen cars arrive, noting the make and number of the car and the appearance of the driver. Seven cars were driven by men without passengers, in what looked like business suits. From the observation terrace of the airport building, he watched the passengers stream out to the plane for Madrid, and four of the drivers were among them. He looked at the notes on the back of an envelope in his hand and found he had a choice of a Simca, a Mercedes, a Jaguar and an old Spanish SEAT, the local version of the Fiat 600.

After the plane had taken off, he went to the men's room and changed from his gray suit into jeans, pale-blue sport shirt and blue zip-front nylon windbreaker. The gun he wrapped in a towel and stowed in the soft airline bag he took from his suitcase. He checked the case, confirmed his evening booking for the Paris flight and walked back to the car park.

He tried the Mercedes and the Simca and found them both locked. Luckily, the third car, a well-worn SEAT, was not. He preferred a SEAT, in any case, because it is the most common car on Spanish streets. He opened the engine compartment and clipped two wires to the voltage regulator. One of these he attached to the engine coil, the other to the engine solenoid. He climbed into the car quickly. There was no hitch—the engine turned over at once and he bowled out of the car park onto the road to Valencia and the new seaboard highway N. 332 south to Alicante.

It is 92 kilometers or 57 miles from Valencia to Ondara, through the orange-growing centers of Gandia and Oliva, and he took it easy, making the trip in two hours. The whole coast was blistering in the morning sun, a long ribbon of golden sand dotted with brown bodies and splashing swimmers. The heat was oppressive, without a breath of wind, and along the sea horizon lay a faint and misty haze.

In Ondara's town center, he had no trouble asking the way to Playa Caldera, which, he was told by helpful townspeople, lay four miles out of town. He drove into the residential sprawl of villas just before noon and began to cruise, looking for the Villa San Crispin. To ask directions to the beach was one thing, to ask them to the villa might stick in someone's memory.

He found the yellow shutters and the white painted terra-cotta walls just before one o'clock, checked the name painted on a tile set into the pillar by the front gate and parked the car 200 yards farther on. Walking idly, his bag

slung over one shoulder like a tourist heading for the beach, he cased the back entrance. It was easy. From farther up the earth road on which the villa stood, a small footpath led away into a plantation of orange trees behind the row of houses. From the cover of the trees he could see that only a low fence separated the red earth of the orange orchard from the unshaded patio at the back of the villa with the yellow shutters, and he could see his man pottering about the garden with a watering can. There were French windows leading from the back garden into the main ground-floor room, wide open to allow a draft to blow through, if there should be a breath of wind. He checked his watch—time for lunch—and drove back to Ondara.

He sat till three in the Bar Valencia on Calle Doctor Fleming and had a large plate of enormous grilled prawns and two glasses of the local light white wine. Then he paid and left.

As he drove back to the *playa*, the rain clouds finally moved in off the sea and there was a dull rumble of thunder across the oil-smooth water, very unusual for the Costa Blanca in mid-July. He parked the car close to the path into the orange grove, tucked the silenced Browning into his belt, zipped the windbreaker up to the neck and headed into the trees. It was very quiet when he came back out of the grove and stepped across the low wall into the garden of the villa. The locals were all taking siestas in the heat, and the rain began to patter onto the leaves of the orange trees; large drops hit his shoulders as he crossed the flagstones, and when he reached the French windows, the shower broke at last, drumming into the pink tiles of the roof. He was glad, no one would hear a thing.

From a room to the left of the sitting room he heard a typewriter clack several times. He eased the gun out, standing immobile in the center of the lounge. Then he walked across the rush matting to the open study door.

Major Summers probably never knew what happened or why. He must have seen a man standing in the doorway of his study, and he half rose to ask what he wanted. Then he could see what was in the stranger's hand. There were two soft plops, hardly louder than the sound of the rain outside, and the major took two bullets in his chest. The third was fired vertically downward into his temple, but it was unlikely that he felt that one at all. The Corsican knelt and put a forefinger on the major's wrist. Then, rising to a crouch, he swiveled around toward the sitting-room door.

Sanderson arrived at the Café Grogard just a few minutes late. As soon as he had hung up the telephone in the

shabby flat, he had taken a taxi to the airport, but there had been several delays. Calvi, in a pair of dark sunglasses, was sitting inside the café. All the other customers had chosen the sidewalk tables and the sun.

Sanderson sat down and, with a briskness he didn't feel, asked, "Done?"

Calvi nodded slowly.

Sanderson waited for a moment to hear if Calvi would add anything. Finally, he asked, "Any problems? The kind we spoke of?"

Calvi nodded ponderously again. "One. But I solved it."

"Explain!" said Sanderson sharply.

"A small mishap—simply that a woman came into the room just after I'd done the job. But there is no need for alarm, monsieur. As you ordered, no witnesses. I finished her off and concealed them both."

Sanderson seized the Corsican by his upper arms; his face was suddenly distorted and red; his jaw was working strangely. Finally, he was able to say, "What woman? Who? Tell me!"

Calvi stared at him and was afraid. All at once, it struck him that he had been hired by a madman. This English gentleman who had seemed so self-possessed was actually a maniac. Even though Calvi had powerful biceps, the pressure on them was crushing. "A woman. Just a woman," he said in confusion.

"Tall, beautiful, chestnut-colored hair?" asked Sanderson wildly. Calvi, who knew a great deal about such things, saw death in the other man's eyes. He knew that he was going to be killed by this madman. Here at this table in the Café Grogard. Then, in a flash, something came back to him about the photograph of the book jacket with the major's picture.

"I have no notion of what you mean," he said. "As I say, a woman came into the room. It was a bright, sunny day and there were many birds in the garden. She had a pair of binoculars around her neck. She was quite short, had white hair and a bony face. She said something in English."

Sanderson's grip relaxed, but it was several minutes before he could calm himself enough to extract the film box from his pocket, rise and walk out of the café.

Calvi watched him go. It was a near miss, that one, he told himself. Thinking it over, he sincerely regretted that it hadn't been a little, white-haired woman with binoculars who had come into the room. The other had been truly beautiful. Beautiful enough to do murder for.

corpses keep the boston homicide squad in business—and business is pretty good

article by gerald astor "YOU START WITH A BODY. Bodies in back alleys, in parking lots and playgrounds and automobiles, up on rooftops, in town houses and tenements and housing projects." Lieutenant Detective Edward Sherry, head of Boston homicide, is talking. "Bodies butchered into eight pieces and stuffed into three suitcases, in a trunk in the cellar, in an old mailbag at a deserted corner of an express station. And John Rooney—no head, no arms, just a single leg and a torso found in the marsh grass at Squantum."

Or a floater in the Boston harbor, the bungled abortion, wrapped in burlap; flesh gnawed by crabs, invaded by waterworms. Prolonged immersion constricts the tendons and the face that finally surfaces bares a permanent silent scream. "It was awful," Sherry says. "How could you ask someone to identify it?" But a few weeks before, a mother reported an absent daughter. Armed with his own charts and X rays, the girl's dentist peers at the remains. "That's my work, and that's the mouth of Claire Quinn."

Strangulation: "I would wake up at night sweating," says Boston homicide's Lieutenant Jim McDonald, "after I saw what the strangler had done to Ida Irga, a 75-year-old widow. She was spread-eagled on the floor. Ankles jammed into the spaces between vertical wooden rungs on the backs of two chairs like a gynecologist's stirrups, a white pillowcase knotted around her wrinkled neck, dried blood in her right ear." A 75-year-old woman whose murderer mounted her to perform an act of . . . love? . . . after her death.

"Strangulation is a common cause of death in sexual crimes," says Ed Sherry. (continued on page 110)

what
a
waste





"You're right, Mr. Williams—it looks just like Italy."

THE VARGAS GIRL



what a waste *(continued from page 107)*

"Sometimes you don't want to tell the family what's actually happened in a sex murder."

Shootings: From a statement by Richard K. Ellis, witness to a double shooting at a night club: "Roger walked out of the elevator and by this partition, and just as he got by it, I don't know if he saw the fellow there . . . but he came out and made a slight turn and this gunman said, 'OK, open the safe.' At this, Roger said, 'I don't have the combination, only the general manager has that.' With that, the gunman shot him in the front somewhere. . . . Roger was standing there and I heard the gun go off and I saw him go like this" (grabs his stomach).

Interrogator: "Did he say anything?"

"No. Ugh. Just a groan. The gunman took me and just as I got in the elevator, I heard another shot. He took another shot at Roger. He shot him again."

Jim McDonald: "When people are shot, they usually just look so very peaceful."

Lieutenant Jerry McCallum: "The only thing that shocks me, and I've been to hundreds of autopsies, is the battered child. I can't take it. It's so unbelievable; they're almost all colored. The people upstairs could hear the body of the child going thump, thump, thump against the wall, swung by its hand. And in the wall, indentations where the body, the skull hit the wall."

The knife: From an interrogation by Ed Sherry: "When she came out of the kitchen and saw you and started to yell and scream, did you do anything?"

"I didn't know what to do. I panicked."

"Did you do anything other than panic?"

"I started swinging at her."

"With what?"

"With the knife."

"Did you strike her?"

"Yes."

"What part of the body did you strike?"

"I don't know, everything happened so fast."

"Was it with the knife you struck her?"

"Yes."

"Did she make any effort to fight back?"

"Yes."

"How did she fight back?"

"She came at me."

"With her hands?"

"Yes."

"Did you stab her?"

"Yes."

"How many times?"

"I don't know."

Or, from another interview: "How many times did you strike the man with the knife?"

"I don't know."

"Was it more than once?"

"Yes."

"Did he fall to the floor or onto the stairs?"

"He fell over the banister, like, and knocked over the table."

"Was he able to get up again?"

"He moved a few feet past the table."

"How did he move, was he walking upright?"

"No, he was more or less crawling."

"Did you do anything with this man after you caught up to him?"

"I put him in a small closet, like. I dragged him."

"Did you believe that perhaps he might be dead? Did that occur to you, did that thought enter your mind?"

"Yes, but I tried not to let it through."

A blunt instrument: Jim McDonald: "The guy used a claw hammer; it made holes, holes in the face and head. Every time he swung that hammer over his head, he flung blood all over the walls."

Who gets murdered and why: At a sand-lot baseball game, "It's my turn at bat."

"No, it's my turn." A gun comes into play; one batter is permanently out.

A single bullet placed neatly in the back of the skull: Ed Sherry: "Those are the ones by organized crime, always by white guys. You never find out who did it, or at least you never can arrest anybody even if you do know. Most gangland murders are prosecution-proof. But then, they're no great loss to the community, like George McLaughlin, who left us suddenly one noon on a Boston street. I remember the Delaney murder. He was found nude in the Boston harbor after he had broken into some North Shore house and stolen a dozen suits worth \$250 apiece. His old Irish mother came to us in tears. She complained about receiving his body the same way it came into this world. He was buried in one of those stolen suits, though. His girlfriend copped it before we found where he kept them."

Interruption of a crime: At a bank job, the alarm alerts police. As a cop approaches the bank, a lookout opens up with an automatic rifle from 60 yards away and stitches the cop up the back.

Hookers: An argument over price or practice, a knife four times in the gut. "We know the two girls who did it," says Sherry, "but we can't prove it. They carry a switchblade or a .22 in their bra. How do you tell some respectable family that their son was a white hunter looking for a black prostitute down in the combat zone?"

The spoils system: Four Roxbury ghetto people, all with police records, meet with a visitor from Cleveland to

plan a community-action program. Enter a trio with guns, locals who erroneously feel themselves frozen out of a piece of the community action. They fire a bullet into the head of one man. A second man murmurs, "What a waste, what a waste," and he, too, is shot.

The Cleveland traveler protests, "I'm only a visitor. I don't know nothing about anything."

"You should have stayed there, man," the last words he ever will hear. Two wounding bullets fell the surviving pair.

One testifies against the three accused of the crime, but the jury does not believe his identification. But two of the assassins receive long sentences for other offenses. The third still walks the Boston streets. "An animal," says Sherry.

A bystander: William Sheridan peacefully attends the christening of a baby. Two gangland celebrants argue; a wild shot kills Sheridan.

A dead infant: For the benefit of policemen, a toddler demonstrates with a doll how she played with baby sister: walking on the doll's stomach, jumping up and down on the tiny chest.

An anxious student: With an iron bar, he bludgeons a watchman who catches him breaking into a classroom at Suffolk University for a look at an upcoming examination. The student pours sulphuric acid over his victim. No arrest at the time, but months later Texas police inform Sherry they are holding a former Suffolk student on charges of slaughtering a scrubwoman who discovered him going through an instructor's desk.

Self-defense: A black juvenile officer drives up a narrow street in Roxbury. Four youths, tagged troublemakers, come from the opposite direction. Vehicles brush. A dispute. The black officer kills one with a single shot. The survivors claim, "We were backing up."

The cop: "They were coming at me."

The threat: From an interrogation: "I walked into the hallway and the boys stopped me."

"Were they all known to you?"

"There was Ronnie and his brother Reuben and Hands and another one."

"What did they do to you?"

"Hands asked me for money. I said, 'Man, I've got no money.' Hands started to fight me and he busted me on the mouth with his fist."

"Where did you go?"

"I went home and got my knife."

"Why?"

"I don't know. Ronnie said he was going to do something to me. His brother was laughing at me."

"Were you scared?"

"Yes."

"Had they beaten you before?"

"Yes, every day, all the time."

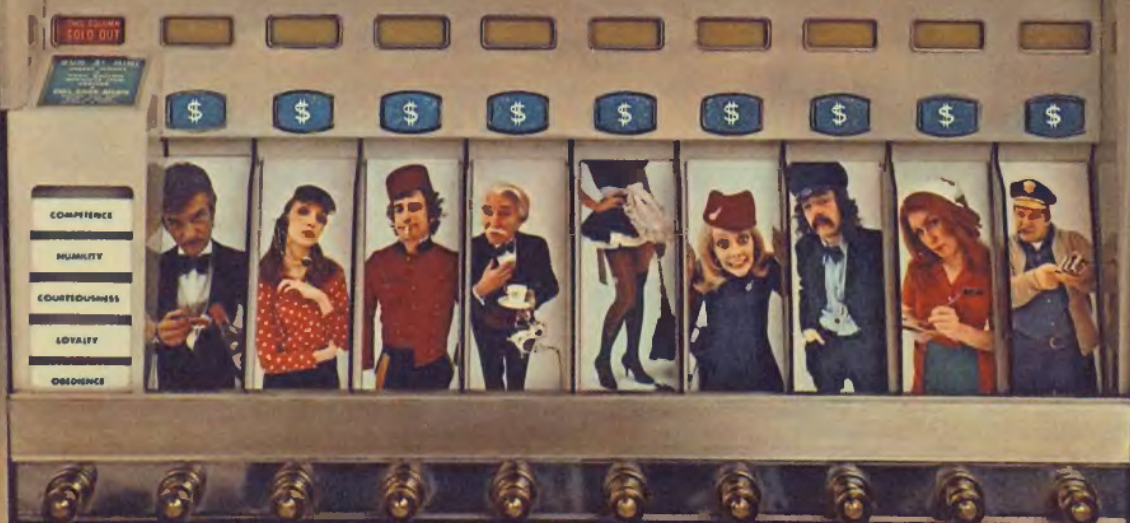
The investigating detective: "He said *(continued on page 140)*

Service Without a Smile

article By ROY ANDRIES DE GROOT

ON THE MORNING OF MY 16TH BIRTHDAY, in London between the two world wars, my mother, who was a snob, decided that her beer man was no longer giving satisfactory service and fired him. He had begun his week's work every Monday morning by delivering several gallons of light beer that was used exclusively to wash our polished-wood floors, thus bringing up their color and grain. On that particular morning, she had caught him in her drawing room drinking the beer from the pail instead of using it on the floor. When she reprimanded him, he merely smiled. My mother thought that was altogether too forward a gesture. She was convinced that servants should "keep their distance" and provide service without a smile.

Then she presented me with my birthday present: my first formal outfit of white tie and tails. With it came her gratuitous advice: "Whenever you appear in public, always



*requiem for that vanished breed of servant who knew
his place—and yours—and didn't wish the twain to meet*

remember that you are being watched, especially by the servants. Learn to demand quietly and to expect the proper service from them. But never expect too much. Always be slightly distant. The servant knows his place and is proud of it. You must know yours and be equally proud."

With this Victorian credo ringing in my ears (a credo that I deeply resented—I was already steeped in the revolutionary writings of Thorstein Veblen and Beatrice and Sidney Webb), I was launched into the last social whirl of the "old days" in London, Paris and The Hague. At private and public parties, the ratio was about four servants to each guest. I remember one charity ball in London where my date and I walked up a great curving flight of stairs lined on either side with perhaps 100 footmen in powdered wigs, brocaded coats, white knee breeches and silver-buckled shoes. I handed my gold-edged invitation to the footman on the bottom step and the card was passed up, hand to hand, exactly parallel with our upward progress in the procession of guests. Finally, at the precise moment when we passed through the great ballroom doors on the upper level, our card was handed to the master of ceremonies and our names were announced in stentorian tones. It was a smart trick of timing.

Service, in those days, was intense and highly personal. On Thursday afternoons, I would often drive out to the country for a weekend house party. Even in an upper-middle-class home, the degree of service offered to guests was, by modern standards, extraordinary. When I swung into the driveway and pulled up at the front door, a footman carried in my suitcase and one of the chauffeurs took over my car, washed it, waxed it and filled it with gas. Meanwhile, the footman had unpacked my suitcase, laid out my dinner clothes, drawn my bath and was prepared to shave me. He also stood behind my chair at dinner, woke me each morning with a tray of tea and biscuits and ministered to every detail of my personal needs throughout each day.

I called him by his last name, Jenkins, and he called me sir. Yet there was not the slightest sense of servility in his manner. He saw himself in terms of a long tradition of high skill and professional standing. He deferred to me as if I were the master, but he looked me very straight in the eye and matched his senior self-assurance with my much younger and less solid confidence. In fact, I often felt that I was on trial before him. He knew all the rules of the social game I was playing and was quite prepared to pull me back if I were about to make a *faux pas*. He even advised me on the various girls at the party.

Jenkins belonged to what in England is still known as the servant class—a term implying no sense of inferiority whatsoever—a class of highly skilled professionals, very proud and independent. Jenkins once said to me, "The other day, the master asked me if I would go out and dig some potatoes in the vegetable garden. Of course, I refused, pointing out to him that I was a house servant. I gave him a bit of a row for it and I think it did him a deal of good. I don't believe I'll have any more trouble with him." This type of man might equally well have been a fine waiter in a great restaurant or a room clerk in an

outstanding hotel or a steward on a luxury liner. Perfect service was such a normal way of life for him that a smile would have been redundant.

A few days ago, just about 43 years after I last saw Jenkins, I experienced the full impact of the change in the concept of service between then and now. I lunched in the automated cafeteria of a suburban New York department store. All along one wall were seven-foot-tall machines, with clear-glass fronts like giant jukeboxes. I put in my quarters, pushed the button for beef in Burgundy and the interior stainless-steel wheels started turning. Small doors opened and closed. A turntable rolled around and my dish came into view, gently slid down a chute and was in my hand, still ice-cold. The food was on a square plate made of an unburnable, unsoakable, indestructible plastic foam produced by one of the giant gasoline companies. On the wall adjacent to the gastronomic jukeboxes was a row of small infrared ovens. I pushed the timing button marked MEAT STEWS. After about 30 seconds, the door snapped open and my meat was steaming hot, while the plastic-foam plate remained cool enough to pick up. From other machines, I obtained a bowl of tomato soup, a carton of strawberry ice cream, bread and butter, and a plastic cup of coffee. I was given a disposable cardboard tray, a paper cup of water, plus disposable plastic knife, fork and spoon. At the end of my meal, I complied with the signs posted all around the room: PLEASE CLEAR YOUR TABLE AND PLACE YOUR GARBAGE IN THE CAN.

In this cafeteria, I was told, 300 people are served lunch every day under the control of one human manager. During the lunch rush, he gives change, clears the disposable garbage from the few tables where the customers have refused to cooperate with the signs and, presumably, dutifully kicks any of the machines that might suddenly refuse to operate.

After lunch, I thought about the historic concept of service—of one man earning a dignified and honorable living by serving another. Is the concept dead? If good service still exists, how can one find it? And what can one do to bring it out?

The word comes from the Latin *servitium*, or slavery. There is the key to the problem. In ancient times, one tribe went out and conquered another and held its people in lifelong and unsmiling bondage. Through later centuries, service by slaves (which meant bondage to a particular person) was supplemented with service by serfs (which meant bondage to a piece of land), in many forms and under various names. Service by compulsion was practiced in every part of the world.

In Europe, the ultimate refinement was the feudal system, which began to disintegrate when the cities were built and the young peasants found at least some freedom by leaving the land to work in the new factories. In England, the most significant development in terms of service was the formation of the guilds, which included apprenticeship training as butlers, cooks, footmen, house stewards, gardeners, coachmen, grooms, etc. These British guilds had much to do with the development of a proud, professional service class, which remains the secret ingredient of the great hotels and (continued on page 134)



"Buzz off, buster. Nobody screamed rape around here!"

MAJOR TAMS is sitting in his favorite cushioned chair in the parlor of his cottage. He looks up at the portraits on the wall, portraits of his ancestors by Anna Peale and Gilbert Stuart, and he sighs. "I'm like John Randolph of Roanoke. John Randolph said in his old age there wasn't a drop of his blood in the veins of any living creature. No, I'm the last of my gang. No great loss." His small eyes brighten and his mouth purses into a semblance of a smile. "No use pulling up now no use pulling up one two three years Christ I'm eighty-nine I'm living on borrowed time now. No use picking up and trying to put down roots somewhere else. People come over here to see me when they want to discuss anything of importance."

William Purviance Tams, Jr., is the last of the West Virginia coal barons. He is a millionaire a good many times over, but he still lives in the cottage he built 63 years ago, when he opened up a part of the Winding Gulf coal fields in southeastern West Virginia. He lives in the coal-camp town of Tams, a town the regional paper once called, quoting Emerson, "nothing more than 'the lengthened shadow of one man.'"

I am not sure what I expected when I went to visit Major Tams that first time. Surely, no group of men so symbolized all that was evil and brutalizing about the early years of industrial capitalism as did the coal barons. Coal miners were the serfs of American labor. Still today there are working miners, thousands of them, who back in the Thirties fought for their union, the United Mine Workers, a struggle waged in blood and fury. There are men and women, tens of thousands of them, living in good houses or mobile homes now, who are the melancholy children of the coal camps. I knew something of what their lives had been and are, for I had been working in a West Virginia coal mine and living in a trailer park. My finger had been broken in two places and yet I had been sent back down into the mine. Whenever I complained, one of the old-timers would say, "Shit, buddy, it's a lot better than it used to be."

I learned about Major Tams from a newspaperman in Beckley, West Virginia. "He was one of the real pioneers," the man had said. "Lived over there by himself in Tams for years. He must have died a few years ago. I guess he died, anyway." I was almost sure he couldn't still be living in Tams, because I had been there myself when I had signed on as a miner at the

headquarters of Westmoreland Coal. Except for two big buildings, no more than 30 houses remained, all gray and paint-flaked like dead skin. Nonetheless, I called the W. P. Tams, Jr., listed in the Tams phone book. An old man's voice answered—a voice that spoke in steady cadences, strong yet distant—and the voice invited me over for the next afternoon.

I found the major's cottage easily enough, half covered by shrubbery in front of Westmoreland's repair shop. The rusty hulk of a mine buggy sat at the front gate and other equipment and parked autos rested all along the front picket fence. I entered the gate and knocked on the screen door. The major appeared almost immediately. He has not grown old as most men grow old. His skin has not crinkled limply around his large oval face but appears to have hardened, to have turned to bone. He remains six feet tall and he still stands ramrod straight in his suit and tie, but he has a paunch now and his slippered feet sometimes slow to a shuffle.

Tams led me through his library with its thousands of books into his parlor, a room all shuttered and cool as a mine, and he sat down in his cushioned chair. He has never had much use for reporters, that's plain enough, but these days he's rather free with this borrowed time of his. If a person is attentive and doesn't fiddle with his tape recorder too much, the major can go on for hours.

Tams told me that he was born in Staunton in the Shenandoah Valley into a distinguished Virginia family that had been ruined in the aftermath of the Civil War. He went to Virginia Polytechnic Institute in years when a man could still grasp technology whole, with his hands and his head, and he spent hours in the woodworking shop, the forge and the foundry, the blacksmith's shop and the machine shop. Tams took to this and to the mathematics and science and to the military discipline as well. In 1902 he graduated *summa cum laude* and in 1904, in his 22nd year, he took his skills and his bearing and brought them to the frontier country of West Virginia, where he would work as a mining engineer for Samuel Dixon, a pioneer operator. And where he would make his fortune.

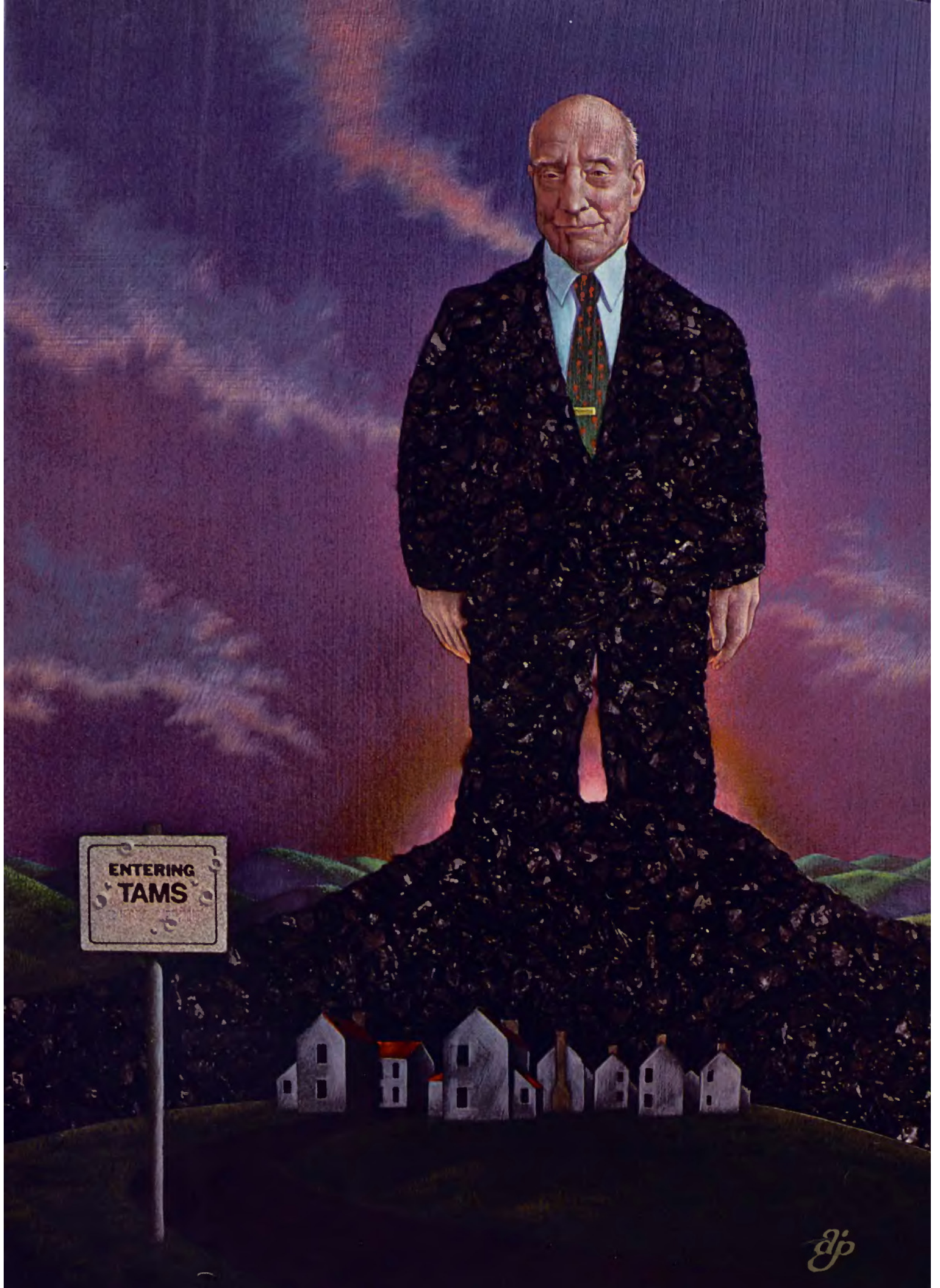
"First time I came over to the Winding Gulf was in December 1905," Tams said. "I had looked at a map and noticed that the Beckley coal seam appeared to widen here, at the headwaters (continued on page 120)

TWILIGHT FOR A BARON

personality **By LAURENCE LEAMER**

*major william purviance tams, jr.—
there was a time when he owned it all:
the mine, the town, even the miners. no more*

ILLUSTRATION BY DON IVAN PUNCHATZ





attire

By ROBERT L. GREEN

THIS SPORTING LIFE

IT'S SPRING, a young man's fancy has turned to thoughts of sport (among other things) and outdoor fun and games have become the order of the day. Left: This well-tailored railbird has the winning combination to rein in a high-spirited filly. He's wearing a plaid cotton madras suit with peaked lapels, \$75, along with a matching shirt, \$12, both by RFD; and slip-ons with saddle-bit-style hardware, by Nunn Bush for Brass Boot, \$42. Below: There's no question here as to who'll play ball when the lead-off man has on a brushed-cotton jacket, \$42.50, worn with a gingham-check, Avril-cotton half-sleeve shirt, \$15, and matching slacks, \$22.50, all by Hathaway Otherwear. Right: Diana's beau is right on target in a bulls-eye Trevira and cotton ring-neck pullover, by Forum Sportswear, \$20; bird-print nylon shirt, by Europe Craft, \$20; gabardine slacks, by Jaeger, \$30; and lace-up two-tone shoes, by Verde, \$35.





*casual clothes for the man
about town who knows the
importance of a sound body*

Left: Polished leather may be a biker's best friend; for out-of-the-saddle action, however, it's hard to fault this sateen blouson suit, by Michel Faret for Barney Sampson, \$85; worn with a rib-knit pull-over, by Forum Sportswear, \$13; and tie-dye-patterned shoes, by Nunn Bush for Brass Boot, \$50. Below: Of course, drifting through the wild blue yonder is a kick, but this comfortably clad sky king prefers his pleasures more down to earth. He's wearing a cotton blouson suit with piped trim, by Jupiter of Paris, \$55; along with patent-leather slip-ons, from Brass Boot, \$30. Right: Our tennis buff scores game, set and match without the need to raise a racket, having donned a plaid, acrylic and wool sports jacket, \$110, and an open-knit cotton half-sleeve pullover, \$22.50, both by Larry Kane for Raffles Wear; plus pleated flannel slacks, by Paul Ressler, \$15; and patent-leather tasseled slip-ons, from Brass Boot, \$46.





TWILIGHT FOR A BARON (continued from page 114)

of the Guyandot River. And so I rode over on horseback from Beckley, a good sixteen miles or more. I brought with me an old fellow, a surveyor from Johnstown. Johnstown was a little doghole a mile out of Beckley, a bootleggers' center, a place that wasn't safe to go on Saturday night. We rode through virgin forest: hemlocks, poplars, laurel bushes, rhododendrons—and copperheads, about as many copperheads as rhododendrons—some bear and a lot of wild turkey, too.

"We rode down off the mountain and reached Will Lester's cabin, not two hundred yards from here. After we ate supper and it got dark, Mrs. Lester strung up a blanket in one corner. She slept behind that. And this surveyor and myself, they gave us a blanket and we slept on the floor, a hand-hewn, hand-planked floor. Chicken were roosting over our heads and Will Lester's dog had taken a fancy to me. He had a hundred fleas at least, but next morning I had all of them. It didn't matter, though, for we discovered that the seam was everything I thought it was, the top seam a good six feet thick, and just ten to eighteen inches below that a second section three feet thick. I didn't have any money and no railroad came through the Winding Gulf. And I knew I'd have to have both before I could build my mine."

Here in the Appalachian highlands, Northern land companies had already bought the mineral rights from rude and isolated mountaineers. Now, in the first years of the 20th Century, entrepreneurs were leasing land and burrowing holes and sinking shafts into the coal-rich earth. The coal had to be got out and into railroad cars and sent North to power progress: to warm homes, to fuel steam engines, to drive turbines. Coal camps had to be hammered together. Eccles. Slab Fork. Glen Jean. McAlphin. Stuart. Men had to be paid good wages: two dollars a day. Never mind the winter mud. Tie the horses' tails up. If the wagon gets stuck in the mud, leave it there, get it in the spring.

This was no country for the genteelly educated. The high ridges and narrow valleys appeared created to foil attempts to civilize the region, to break it into communities or to exploit it and ship out its treasure. The thousands of men, soon tens of thousands, one day hundreds of thousands, who dug out that coal did not take to it easily or well, and many drank and fought and gambled and whored. Mount Hope, the town Tams first called home, had eight taverns where a man could get whiskey for a dime a drink, a dollar a quart. On pay-days the gamblers came down from Cincinnati and in the back rooms of the saloons set up equipment for faro, rou-

lette, chuck-a-luck and bird cage. Men bet on anything and anything they bet on they fought over. Nearby at Glen Jean on Loop Creek each Sunday, a wildcat and a bull terrier battled to the death and the miners wagered on the results.

If many of the men squandered their time and money, it was in part because every day below ground they faced dangers as great as those on any battlefield. Tams himself was in an explosion in the Royal mine. Both he and his Negro helper survived, but one man died, and the black man had the pigmentation burned out of his skin so that the rest of his life his face and hands were pink. I asked Tams about those days and the callousness of the mine operators.

"No man who has ever seen an explosion can be callous about human life," Tams said in a voice rich with feeling, and he told me of that day in January 1907 when the Stuart mine blew up, a day that seems to have touched him as little else has. "The explosion blew the exhaust fan off its bearings and destroyed the air shaft. Without restoring the air shaft, the people on top let two men down the shaft in a steel bucket about three feet in diameter and four feet deep. A hundred feet down they ran into afterdamp [methane gas] and they were pulled back up unconscious. About that time I arrived. We organized crews to nail cloth down the shaft to provide a passageway for the air. Three of us got in the bucket. The two others stayed in while I got up and straddled the bucket and nailed cloth. Then they'd lower the bucket and we'd repeat the thing, every six feet, seven hundred feet down.

"Two hours of that with water falling all around us and our jackets and trousers were frozen like armor plate. I had no feeling in my hands. We'd signal to come back out and on top I'd go to the exhaust pipe on the hoist engine and put my arms around it and stand there until I thawed out. About two hours later the other crew would come back up and we'd go down again.

"Finally we reached the bottom. The mine had blown up at the end of the shift, when the men had been waiting to come up. Most of them were right there. One of them, I can see him now, sitting there dead with his back against the rib, lunch bucket between his legs, biting into half a loaf of bread. And Jesse Arthur, I knew him well, sitting on a mine locomotive, his head blown off. Dead like that. The shock. Three little boys, twelve years old, wrestling, playing with each other, killed instantly. And over on the side opposite the explosion, one Polish miner, kneeling in prayer against the room rib, his hand making the sign of the cross in the dust when the afterdamp

got him. Fifty-six of them. Dead like that.

"We worked eight-hour shifts, the six of us, carrying out the bodies, punching holes and then liming the bodies of the dead mules that had swollen up, blocking the passageways. No, no, I can't conceive of any man who's been underground being without regard for the safety of his men. I've known 'em in New York that was selling the coal and getting the proceeds, yes, but no one who's ever worked around the mines."

His memories of that explosion helped make Tams an abnormally cautious man, a man whose own mine never blew up.

Death, nonetheless, remained part of the equation. Tams knew that when he went looking for capital to build his mine. He had no money of his own. He tried to use family connections, but already in those years the blood of sentiment and tradition was thinner than most old Virginians could admit. In the end it was his employer, Mr. Dixon, an abrupt, shrewd Englishman, who backed the 25-year-old engineer.

Late in 1908 Tams learned that the Virginian Railroad would be building a branch line 24 miles up from Mullens to the Winding Gulf. Now there was no time to waste. He had to pay \$30,000 a year to the Beaver Land Company whether he mined or not, and already Harry Caperton, another Virginian and VPI graduate, had opened his mine at Slab Fork, only a two-mile walk over the mountain from Tams's land.

In the spring of 1909 the mountain resounded with a cacophony of saws and hammers and struggling steam engines. Up from Slab Fork, up to the top of the mountain, a hoist engine pulled the materials for Tams's cottage; and down, down to the bottom it came, carried on a wagon on a crude path. Over from Sophia, a sawmill was pulled along the horse trail; Tams's men struggled with it, got it down to the bottom, set it up, cut trees, sawed timber and the next day built a house on the spot. Cutting into the mountain, into the seam, building a tippie. The railroad people felling trees, setting the roadbed, laying track, each day farther down the Winding Gulf. And the lumber company, leasing the land, cutting the finest timber, fastening chains from its haulage engine around the logs, dragging the fallen trees through the woods, knocking down saplings, smashing young trees, hoisting the lumber up onto the railway lumber cars, leaving branches and dead trees and saplings in its wake, so that each fall the woods would catch fire, so that even now a man can put both his hands around most any tree that grows in the Winding Gulf.

Well before the last of the virgin timber had been felled, on October 1, 1909,

(continued on page 168)



AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the American Dietetic Association in New Orleans, I lived in constant fear that the dieticians would find out what I had been eating all week. The discovery would be made, I figured, by an undercover operative—some strict diet balancer who normally worked as the nutritionist in a state home for the aged but was posing as a mad-dog glutton in order to trap me. “How were the oyster loaves at the Acme today?” she would ask casually, chewing on a Baby Ruth bar and fixing me with a look of pure food envy.

“Not bad at all,” I would say, thrown off my guard by having met an apparent soul mate in an exhibition hall that included displays for such items as “textured protein granules with beeflike flavor” and some evil-looking powdered substance for which the most appetizing boast was that it was rapidly absorbed in the upper intestine. “I had to have two

DIETICIANS ARE JUST FOLKS

article By CALVIN TRILLIN

*will the people who gave
the world carrot-and-raisin
salad be tempted by the best
food new orleans has to offer?
what do you think?*

oyster loaves, in fact, which left room for only an ordinary-sized platter of red beans and rice and homemade sausage at Buster Holmes's place on Burgundy Street. I think if I hadn't had so much beer at the Acme, I might have been able to go a few pieces of Buster's garlic chicken, but——”

“Get him, girls!” the agent would shout, whereupon a gang of dieticians would fall upon me and hold me down while the chairman of the public-policy committee poured carrot-and-raisin salad down my throat.

“Oysters are extremely high in cholesterol,” a lecturer would say while the force feeding was going on. “If one must eat oysters, oysters on the half shell rather than the fried oysters in an oyster loaf would be a better choice. Buster Holmes's homemade sausage defies scientific analysis.”

“There were (continued on page 240) 121

ALL THE RIGHT MOVES

*the important thing in anulka's life is
not where she's been but where she's going*

IT'S NOT FOR EVERYONE. We all like to talk about being free, but it's a long way there and usually a quick look is all we get. Anulka Dziubinska seems to have found her own answer: mobility. For Anulka, it's not a matter of finding freedom; the looking for it is what counts—and what keeps you free.

Born and raised near the Irish Sea in Preston, Lancashire, she says of her childhood, "I was brought up to enjoy life rather than to fear death. And the best way I've found to enjoy life is to learn. People, cultures, languages, places—the best education is traveling." Since she was 15 she has traveled most of the Western world, living at times in London, Madrid, Bilbao and Hamburg, stopping off for lengthy stays in Italy, France and the United States. She also spent some time in Munich, where Pompeo Posar first photographed her for *PLAYBOY's The Girls of Munich* (August 1972).

And along the way she's done more than just modeling. In Preston she was a dental nurse, but the routine was too restrictive for her. From there she went to London, where even her lively job as a Playboy Bunny proved wanting in the face of her wanderlust; her thoughts kept drifting off to places she'd never seen.

Finally, a friend's trade provided a solution to her problem. He made jewelry. With a few tools and a display board, Anulka was able to take her work wherever she went, provide for herself in a creative way and, most important, learn. "Lots of people ask me what I do. That's not so difficult to understand. This is the world I live in and I'm finding out what's in it." And what has she found? "It's beautiful. I guess I believe in good karma. People mean a great deal to me and when I run into someone who isn't nice, it really upsets me. But when this happens, someone always comes along who is beautiful and full of energy, who makes things right. Of course, I don't think the world is all beauty. For example, being a girl means that there are a lot of things I can't do that I'd like to do, places I'd like to see that aren't safe. It's not a women's lib problem. If a woman wants to be liberated, she can liberate herself. I do agree with their stand on most of the issues, but I'm pleased to see they have quieted down. The hysteria makes me sick. But there's still a point to be made. I'd like to go to Africa, for example, but I



Anulka has herself a fashion field day in the Global Village Shop under the arches of London's Charing Cross Station. "Kathy Buday, the owner, went to Afghanistan and brought back loads of absolutely beautiful material, which she's turned into clothes that I really dig."





don't feel I could go alone, because I'm a girl. On the other hand, I think I might not be too eager to walk the streets of Chicago alone. It probably is safer in the African jungle, from all I hear about crime in America."

But traveling is only part of Anulka's life style. Though she hesitates to talk about it, her most recent ambition is to become an actress, a profession that can provide an outlet for her creative energy and at the same time keep her mobile. Her experience on the stage already runs from Shakespeare in school to a small bit with France's touring Grand Magic Circus at the Roundhouse in London. By working onstage as much as possible, Anulka feels she'll get enough background to break into movies. "I'm going to spend some time with my family in Preston, but I hope to wend my way to Rome eventually. That seems to be the best place in Europe for film. And who knows? Some crazy director may be looking for a slightly different heroine." If he picks Anulka, he's crazy like a fox.



Acting hopeful Anulka gets together with London talent agent David Jopp to discuss the potentials—for him and her—of a new script he hopes will make it to the screen.





Anulka gets in the spirit of Portobello Road. "There's a big open-air market filled with a lot of antiques and a lot of junk. The trick is to know the difference."



With her longtime friend Derek Branch, a local actor, Anulka enjoys a slice of London's Fanfare for Europe celebration as they watch some oncent vehicles take off for Brussels in on antique-car rolly. "London is still one of the most interesting places I know," Anulka says. "It's not like the States, where everything has to be brand-new every year. They have a real sense of history here. Even in a car race."



MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



"I love visiting with my family," Anulka says, as she relaxes in her native Preston. "It gives me a chance to remember where I've come from while I'm contemplating where to go next. It seems the best people I know have had very strong family ties. And that makes good sense to me. No matter how far you travel, there's always a special feeling associated with coming home again."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The pretty secretary wasn't saying much on the phone one morning, just smiling sweetly to herself as she listened to the voice at the other end of the line. Finally, she hung up and turned dreamily to the girl at the next desk. "My boyfriend's boss must have walked into his office," she murmured. "Just before saying goodbye, he thanked me for letting his firm have a shot at my prime location."

We're inclined not to trust Red China for one very simple reason: Any country that has over 750,000,000 people and maintains that ping-pong is its favorite sport will lie about other things, too.



Every time the U.S. Cavalry major rode through the camp of the recently subjected Indian tribe, he'd deliberately wave to the old chief. And the latter would reply by giving him the finger, in the usual vertical manner, and then turning his hand so that the same digit stuck out horizontally. After a few weeks of this, the major's curiosity got the better of him, so he rode over after one such exchange and said, "Look, Chief, I know what it means when you give me the finger straight up, but what the hell does it mean when you also give it to me sideways?"

"It means," grunted the chief, "that I don't like your horse, either!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines 13-year-old girl as a meager beaver.

In these two test tubes," declared the biologist to his rapt professional audience, "are the synthesized ingredients for the creation of human life! Solution A is a balanced amalgam of the constituent chemicals of the female ovum, while solution B is an organically valid infusion of male spermatozoa. Mix them in this aseptic, environmentally controlled container—and a new human being will begin to take form! And now, are there any questions?"

"Could you possibly give us a demonstration?" asked a distinguished scientific colleague.

"Not this evening," replied the biologist. "Solution A has a headache."

And this," said Harry, who was showing his onetime college roommate around town, "is our local lovers' lane. The kids refer to it as Firestone Drive."

"I suppose the name bears some relationship to 'hot rocks,'" grinned the visitor.

"Not really," Harry said. "It's called that because it's where the rubber meets the road."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *street-walker* as a pussyfooter.

Perhaps you've heard of the guru who refused Novocain while having a tooth pulled because he wanted to transcend dental medication.

My husband must have been quite a bedroom operator before we married," confided the woman to her best friend. "Whenever there's a thunderstorm at night and lightning flashes, he bolts upright in bed and shouts, 'I'll buy the negatives!'"

When the subject of reincarnation came up at a party, the guests took turns expressing their ideas on how they would like to come back. One fellow said that he'd like to be reincarnated as a whale. "Whale?" asked someone. "Why in heaven's name a whale?"

"Just think how much I'd be in demand," he rejoined, "if I were able to breathe through the top of my head."



A man vacationing at a nudist camp for the first time was surprised to see a large sign at the edge of the woods that read: BEWARE OF HOMOSEXUALS! A little way into the woods, he came across another sign, and then another, and then a whole series of them, each slightly smaller and lower than the last, but all with the same wording: BEWARE OF HOMOSEXUALS!

Finally, he came upon a very small sign and he had to bend way over to make it out. It read: WE WARNED YOU!

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.



Buck Brown

*"Actually, Miss Hilliard, I thought we'd
have a little dinner first."*



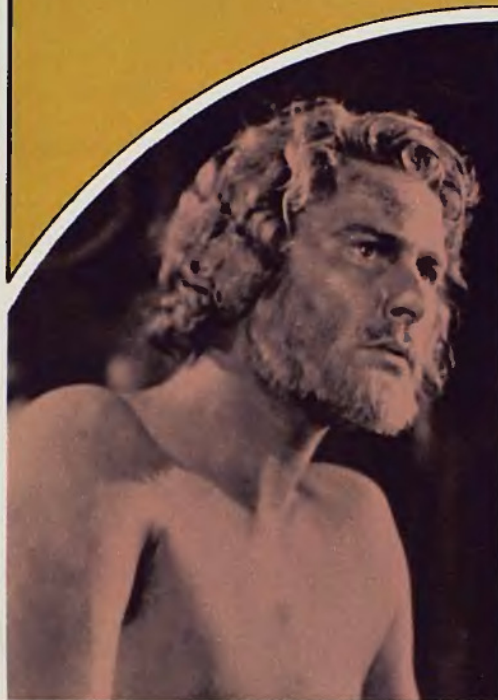
modern living

A STAR IS SHORN

*featuring a splendid supporting
cast to make your next shave
a smash production*



Following the numbers: 1. Soft-lighted shaving mirror, by Norelca, \$19.95. 2. Bill Blass 100 Strength Spray Cologne, from Bonwit Teller, \$10; and a tube of Braggi Skin Conditioning Cream, by Charles Revson, \$5. 3. Xave Motorized Razor with slim, safety-razor shape, from Saks Fifth Avenue, \$39.95. 4. Model 575 battery-powered shaver with pop-up trimmer, by Panasonic, \$13.95; and Aramis 900 Absolute Comfort Shave Cream, from I. Magnin, \$5.50. 5. Heated-shaving-cream dispenser, by General Electric, \$16.98.



WITH A THREE-DAY growth of stubble on his chin, even Bogey would leave the ladies colder than the Petrified Forest. Beards and burns still have plenty of face value, of course, but there's a growing trend among guys to forsake the fuzzy look in favor of one that's a bit more barbered. So for all you old and new smoothies out there—from lather-and-blade purists to those who prefer the clean, luxurious sweep of an electric razor's edge—here's a selective gathering of some of the slickest shaving gear available. None will make the morning mirror any easier to face. But it's nice to know that under all those whiskers there's a matinee idol waiting in the wings. Ready when you are, Raquell!



6. Brut for Men lotion, by Fabergé, \$3.50; and Canoe After Shave, by Dono, \$3.50. 7. 400 Flexomatic electric shaver, by Schick, \$34.95; Stahly Live-Blade windup razor, by General Precision, \$29.95; and Trac II injector razor, by Gillette, \$2.95. 8. The Skin Machine cleansing brush, by Cloirol, \$14.99. 9. Shaving crock with soap, by Aromis, \$6.50; and badger-bristle brushes, \$18–\$45, oil from Kent of London. 10. After Shave Cologne, by Hawaiian Surf, \$3.50; and Total Shave Creme, by Royal Copenhagen, \$3.75.

Service Without a Smile

luxury restaurants of today. Outside Europe, the concept of service was generally imposed by colonial administrators. During their phases of empire building, Englishmen, Dutchmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Belgians and Portuguese carried their ideas about service to native peoples.

The Britisher was always the most obstinate in imposing his traditional way of life. No sooner had the rubber planter settled down in his faraway job than he sent to London for his regular brand of afternoon tea and favorite orange marmalade. He trained the natives to serve him in the English manner. Indian girls became ayahs—English-style nursemaids—for the children. African boys learned to wait at table. Chinese cooks were taught how to prepare English plum pudding.

The Dutch colonial was a good deal more adaptable. He accepted many of the traditions of the Eastern countries where he lived and worked. This is how the *rijsttafel*, or rice table, the marvelous 50-course Javanese feast, became one of the national dishes of Holland.

On Sunday afternoons, the Dutch planters on Java would gather at the *soos*, the *societeit*, or club, to begin the entertainment with solid slugs of heavily iced Holland gin. The big round tables had a large circular hole in the middle. When you wanted your next drink poured, you would kick gently under the table and up through the hole would rise a *djongo*, a Dutch-trained Javanese boy waiter, in an impeccable white jacket. Having poured more drinks, he would again disappear downward to squat invisibly under the table.

When the gong sounded, everyone walked into the dining room and sat down at long tables for the *rijsttafel*. The snow-white tablecloth was of Dutch linen from De Twente, the Dutch china from Maastricht, the sparkling Dutch glasses from Leerdam. The double doors of the kitchen swung wide open and the procession of *djongos*, led by their *mandor*, or foreman, marched in with military precision. They wore brilliantly colored Oriental sarongs of batik, with *kebajas* (the original Nehru jackets) and bright-colored turbans.

The table service was utterly precise and completely silent. Throughout the meal the boys hovered, watching the guests with total concentration. It was a perfect example of service without a smile.

The American concept of service is different. It has been molded by two overwhelming factors: The first was our traumatic experience with slavery. We have never forgotten Abraham Lincoln's admonition that no man shall say to another man, "You toil and work and earn

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bread and I will eat it." We still seem to feel that servant and service are vaguely entangled with slave and thus with a sinister implication of inferiority.

One can trace the roots of this feeling in the reports of visitors from Europe in the early 1800s. One of the most perceptive and sensitive of these early travelers was Mrs. Frances Trollope (the mother of the great English writer Anthony Trollope), who traveled around the U.S. for four years and set down her experiences in a book titled *Domestic Manners of the Americans*. Mrs. Trollope said that she found everywhere a horror of any kind of service because of "the reality of slavery." She found "hundreds of half-naked girls" working in the Cincinnati paper mills for less than half the wages they would have received in service. Mrs. Trollope concluded that the natural desire for one person to give service to another was being "paralyzed" by the example of slavery. A little of that paralysis seems to have remained as a permanent part of the American character.

The second factor that has molded the American philosophy of service is the egalitarian vision of the immigrants who landed on our shores in search of freedom. "Every man a king," said Huey Long. The only way you can persuade a young American to do a service job is to tell him that he's on his way to becoming a manager. It is inconceivable that anyone here should consider himself a member of a servant class. This egalitarianism was also sensed by Mrs. Trollope. She felt that Americans were convinced that "any man's son may become the equal of any other man's son" and she found, on the part of people in service, such a deep resentment, such a sense of inferiority, that they were angry and short-tempered, rudely patronizing to their customers and were continually in a state of "ever wakeful and tormenting pride."

It is the same thread—thinner now and often gilded, but still the same thread—when the manager of a famous American hotel says, as one said to me recently, "People need not be given what they want, provided they can be persuaded to want what they are given." Or when the sommelier in a fancy restaurant sizes up an inexperienced patron, sells him that superexpensive bottle of wine, which he waves around like a baseball bat before oh, so gently placing it in the wicker basket.

Obviously, there is good and bad service everywhere—and usually a lot more of the latter than the former. Yet one is bound to say that the highest expression of luxurious personal service—the service that comes naturally, without a smile—is still most often found in Europe. Not long ago, while flying the Atlantic

in the first-class lounge of a BOAC jet, I tried to get to the essence of it in a relaxed after-dinner discussion with the chief steward. With a slightly satiric twinkle in his eye and just a trace of Cockney in his accent, he said: "First off—it takes professional training. I was apprenticed for thirteen years before I became a chief steward. You have to begin by making the customer feel comfortable, relaxed and confident about your skill. So you act very calmly, speak in a low tone and are precise with your movements. You must know when to leave him alone, but you must be watching. You have to anticipate. You have to know what he wants a fraction of a second before he knows it himself. You have to be self-assured about your own job and yet you have to make him feel that he's in charge. You might call it an art. We British have been doing it for centuries."

I have found these guiding principles expressed in dozens of ways in such truly great hotels as Claridge's in London, the Ritz in Paris and the Gritti Palace in Venice. Perhaps Marcel Proust said it best when he expressed his preference for the Paris Ritz: "I prefer to be in a place where there is no jostling." He was right. An absence of fuss, an imperturbability, is the mark of a great hotel as against a merely good one. From the moment one steps into the lobby, one is flattered and made to feel welcome. Every problem is instantly smoothed over.

One evening in his suite at the Gritti Palace, Ernest Hemingway and a group of friends began playing baseball. They used the long-handled, ornamental doorstop as a bat and a rolled-up pair of Hemingway's socks as the ball. With the first swing, the lead weight on the bottom of the doorstop flew off and crashed through the arched window out into the Venetian night. There was an angry shout from the bank of the Grand Canal below.

When he checked out the next day, Hemingway offered to pay for the broken window. "Ah, yes, the window," the manager said. "The flying lead weight barely missed the nose of a gentleman who is, unfortunately, a member of the city council. This gentleman, trembling with rage, came into our lobby with the weight in his hand. However, we calmed him successfully. As for paying for the window, in the 300-year history of the Gritti Palace, no one, to our knowledge, has ever played baseball in any of its rooms. In commemoration of the event, Signor Hemingway, we are reducing your bill by ten percent."

The great hotel provides the unexpected or unusual service without batting an eyelid. When Peter O'Toole registered at the Dolder Grand in Zurich, he called room service to say

(continued on page 187)

Commodore



Sweetwater's

WATERLOGGED LOGBOOK OF FOOLHARDY AND FORGOTTEN

SEA BATTLERS

And Epic Episodes in Man's Endless Quest to Stay Afloat

POLAND'S SUB GOES "GLUB"

humor **By BRUCE McCALL** Poland succumbed just a tad later than most nations to the epidemic of submarine fever that engulfed the navies of the world around the turn of the century. Twenty-three years later, to be precise—a lag explained by Polish Naval Chief of Staff Pzdyndzk as the consequence of forgetting to renew the defense ministry's subscription to *Jane's Fighting Ships* in 1901 and *prodli plać dżynubi* ("just plain missing out") on world naval developments ever since. But then Poland awoke; a subscription to *Jane's* was fired off. Within months, submarine fever gripped the Polish naval soul. Now all Poland needed was a submarine. The used-sub market proved a bust; those submarines not lost in a devastating First World War had since been broken up under terms of one or another disarmament pact. By 1924, a good used one-owner U-boat was not to be found. Poland must build her own, just as Poland had built her own steam-powered aircraft in 1917 (hopefully, with better results). A vigorous research-and-test program followed;

the 16 citizens who had them volunteered their bathtubs and hundreds of individuals participated in exhaustive underwater trials. Who can forget citizen Jerzy Szudz of Zakopane, who set an underwater record of better than 23 hours—and whose widow still treasures the medal brave Jerzy posthumously earned? And what of the student body at Kraków's Polytechnical Institute, who performed the painstaking task of scaling up a four-inch kazoo to 88 feet of gleaming, full-sized sub? At last the big day came, the dockside scene a glitter of pomp and circumstance, Polish style. One token crash dive, then Poland's pride and joy would surface and head out for sea trials. Or . . . would it? The dive was flawless, but eight hours later the band still stood poised. Dignitaries squirmed. Doubts dawned. The Prime Minister's eulogy one week later was upbeat. "*Popli, Polski!*" it began—"Good try, Poland!"—and went on to stress the importance of all Poles' banding together to design and build a truly modern lug wrench.



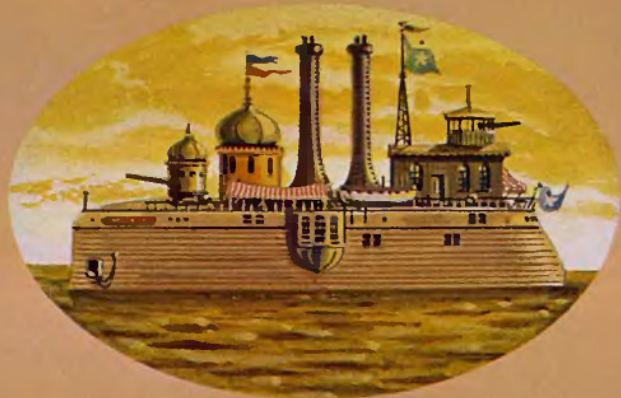


PLUCKY ECUADOR'S DARING BLUFF

It all began when Colombia violated the 1908 Jute Treaty with neighboring Ecuador by dumping her jute production on world markets at rock-bottom prices. Six months later, in the spring of 1941, Ecuador's jute industry faced ruin—and out of the bedlam on the floor of Quito's Jute Exchange rose a cry for justice. Colombia must pay reparations! But Colombia, under the iron heel of Generalissimo Lopez "Iron Heels" Lopez y Lopez, was in no mood for conciliation. Quite the opposite. Claiming "intolerable insults," Lopez demanded free passes on Ecuador's new railway for all his military officers. Rather than comply, the proud Ecuadorians blew up the railroad. No railroad, no invasion—Ecuadorian roads could kill a man. Tensions mounted. Then Ecuador acted. Colombia's coast line would be blockaded; the naval embargo would throttle her into a more reasonable state of mind. An Ecuadorian blockade? Generalissimo Lopez scoffed. What would Ecuador do for a navy? It is not recorded what Iron Heels said a few days later, when aides puffed into the presidential mansion in Bogotá with stunning news. Hundreds of Ecuadorian ships were sitting offshore in a line that stretched farther than the eye

could see! His words, happily, are lost to posterity, but it is known that Lopez quickly ordered Colombia's fleet—the pocket battleship *Conchita*, a converted banana boat—home from a two-year good-will visit to Havana, with orders to run the blockade. A gesture was better than nothing to the honor-conscious Latins; indeed, it was everything. But even the gesture came to naught. One sight of that forbidding string of Ecuadorian sea power fronting the coast of his homeland and the *Conchita*'s captain paled. A few token barrages from a good safe distance and Colombia's sole sea-borne sentinel steamed away on a good-will visit to New Orleans. Months dragged by, months of increasing hardship for Colombia and her strangled economy. Army colonels mumbled junta. Tons of unshipped and unsold jute lay rotting, or whatever jute does, on the docks. Ecuador's own jute industry revived, then flourished; and nine months after it began, the blockade ended. In Ecuador, it became knitted into the legends of the land. There it has remained, sacred symbol of the *chutzpah* of a doughty nation. And to this day in Colombia, anybody caught building or displaying a cardboard cutout of a ship is shot on sight.

SWASHBUCKLERS OF THE SEA, BUCKLED IN ONE SWASH



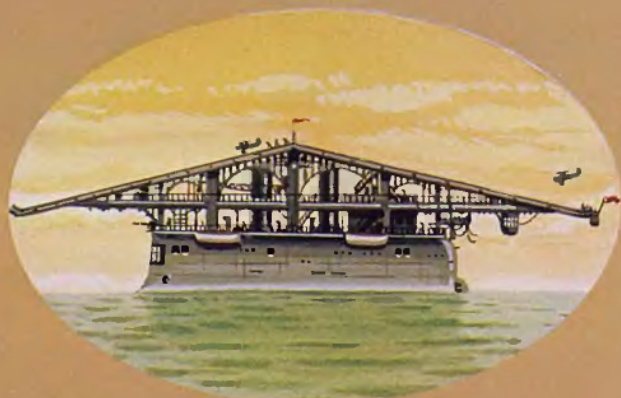
Gleaming cannon mingling with fluttery awnings, the fighting summer yacht Tanya Chebovka Smirbovka plied the limpid waters of Lake Gnip in the restless summer of 1909 on a double mission of pleasure and vigilance. Pleasure because Lake Gnip was the summer playground of Czar Nicholas' court; vigilance because not even a yacht was safe in these parlous times from attack by the anarchist Bubkin Clique. Hence an armed pleasure craft. But it was no use. Engineering dropout Bubkin merely waited for the Tanya and her cargo of aristocrats to reach the middle of Lake Gnip—then drained the lake, liquidated his trapped victims and made the beached yacht his headquarters. But no use again; days later, czarist police reflooded Lake Gnip and surrounded the refloated Tanya with armed punts. The hapless Bubkin and his henchmen were nabbed high and wet.



The U. S. S. Mrs. Millard Fillmore carried a crew of nine and one giant Mode-O-Tone table radio, left over from an exhibit in the Hall of Sparks at the fabulous 1933 Chicago World's Fair. Entertainment was her mission; the fleet was in and "Mrs. F." was on, serenading American gobs. The Pugh Custard Harmonica Hour or Church of the Air—no sailor could escape the ubiquitous Mrs. F. and her high-decibel jollity, blaring across the water for more than a mile. From Pearl Harbor to Panama resounded that unmistakable din. Not even gunnery practice brought relief. The merry-making marauder of the U. S. Navy was unstoppable—until one fateful August night in 1936. Nobody knew which ship sneaked up in the dark and rammed the Mrs. F., tying up her tubes forever; but the immediate scramble within the fleet to claim blame was, to say the least, unseemly.



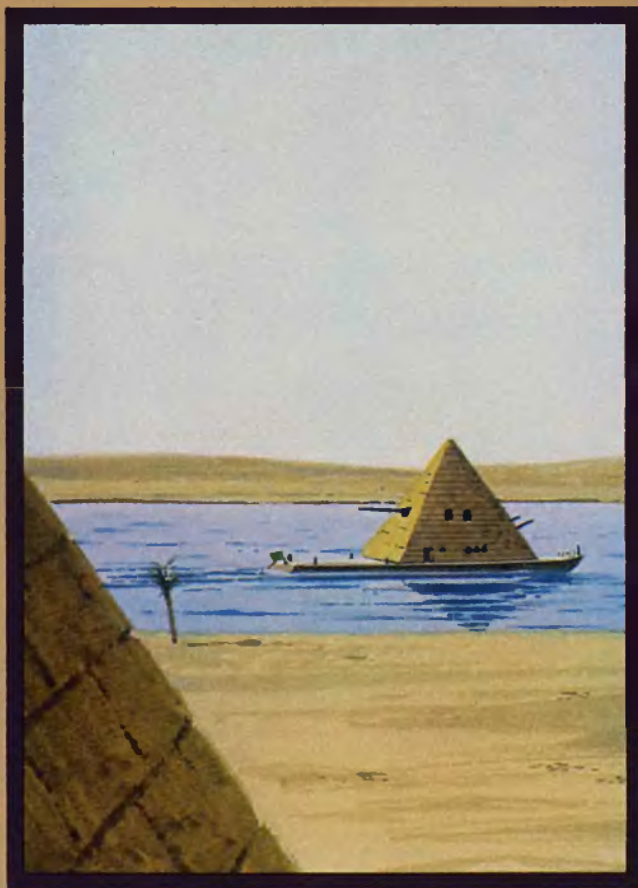
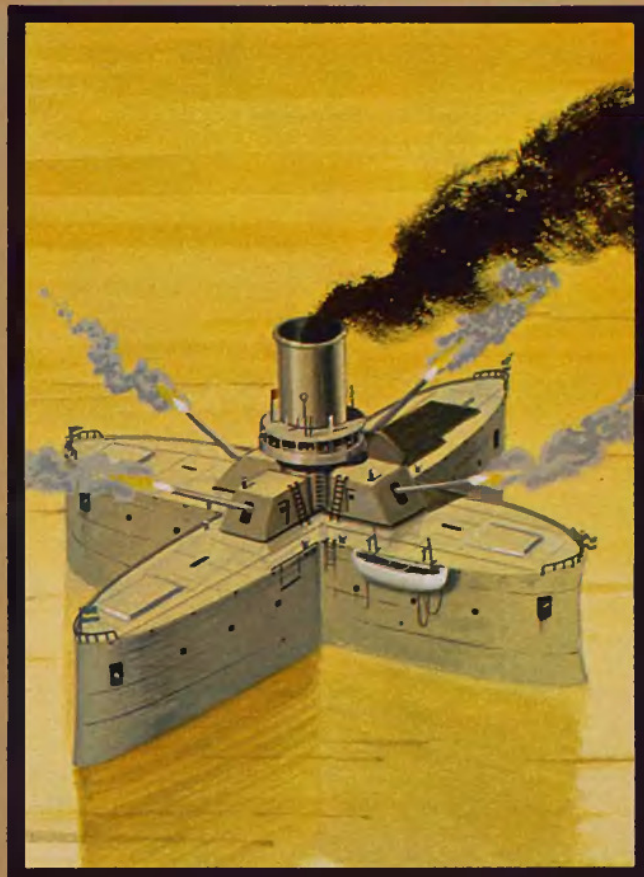
Water-borne man has dreamed of the unsinkable ship since the day he first capsized. And ever since Nazism first surfaced, Hitler's minions plotted to put the idea afloat for the perverted purpose of war. Thus was born one of the Third Reich's most diabolical secret weapons: the heavy cruiser Graf Himmelfarber, with her ingenious reversible hull. *Ach*, let the British swine tear her to bits below the water line; the Graf would simply roll over and start on another hull while a team of experts patched the damaged one. Let the English scum riddle her again; over she would roll once more. She had just been launched when a workman fishing off the bow caught a carp; little did he realize that his "catch" was, in fact, one more Nazi trick, a bait-seeking torpedo disguised as a fish. Up with a roar went the Graf Himmelfarber. Down in flames came another of Hitler's evil dreams.



It was more than just seagoing lingo when tars aboard H. M. S. Contagious were summoned up to the bridge. Much of this cast-iron leviathan of the sea lanes was a bridge over England's scenic River Wumble until 1923, when dire flaws in the navy's new Fitts & Blithery Sea Mouse carrier biplane fighter called for drastic cures. The defense ministry saw the bridge as just what it so desperately needed: its arched structure was the key. By giving the plane a rolling downhill start, that steep forward deck did what a 91-hp engine couldn't—got it airborne. Success? No, disaster, for aviation's unbending rule says that what takes off must sooner or later land. Sea Mice by the droves took off without a hitch. Sea Mice by the droves landed, rolling uphill on that steep aft deck, hesitated, stopped... then rolled right back down again like stones into the sea, ker-plunk! Bad show, gentlemen.

ALBANIA GIRDS FOR FOUR-WAY WAR

What did it matter that tiny Albania was not really menaced from all four sides, so long as tiny Albania *thought* she was? Enemies were everywhere the keyed-up Albanians looked in 1927, and they looked everywhere: to the north and Yugoslavia; to the east and more Yugoslavs, not to mention Romanians and Bulgarians; to the south and Greece; and west lay Italy. Some called it Balkan paranoia, but the Albanian naval chief of staff, Admiral Luhixu, called it an emergency. The country went on round-the-clock alert, or as much of an alert as Albanians could summon. The air force flew himself into exhaustion on patrol. And the unique destroyer Abnax Nerpi was christened—four times, once for each of her quartet of prows. What a master stroke for a nation whose pinched purse allowed only one man-o'-war yet who had to defend herself in several directions at once! Here was a ship to blast the Yugoslavs closing in from the north while broadsiding the Romanians and Bulgarians on the east and spitting fire at the Greeks attacking from the south and still dealing salvos to the Italians in the west. The Abnax Nerpi was indomitable, impregnable—and, alas, unnavigable. In fact, berserk. The overbowed destroyer took a shakedown cruise and shook herself to smithereens, going down with Admiral Luhixu standing—fittingly, somehow—at what he deemed to be the helm. Fair Albania, bereft of what seemed a brilliant means of defense, was left waiting for the imminent invasions to begin; at last report she still was.



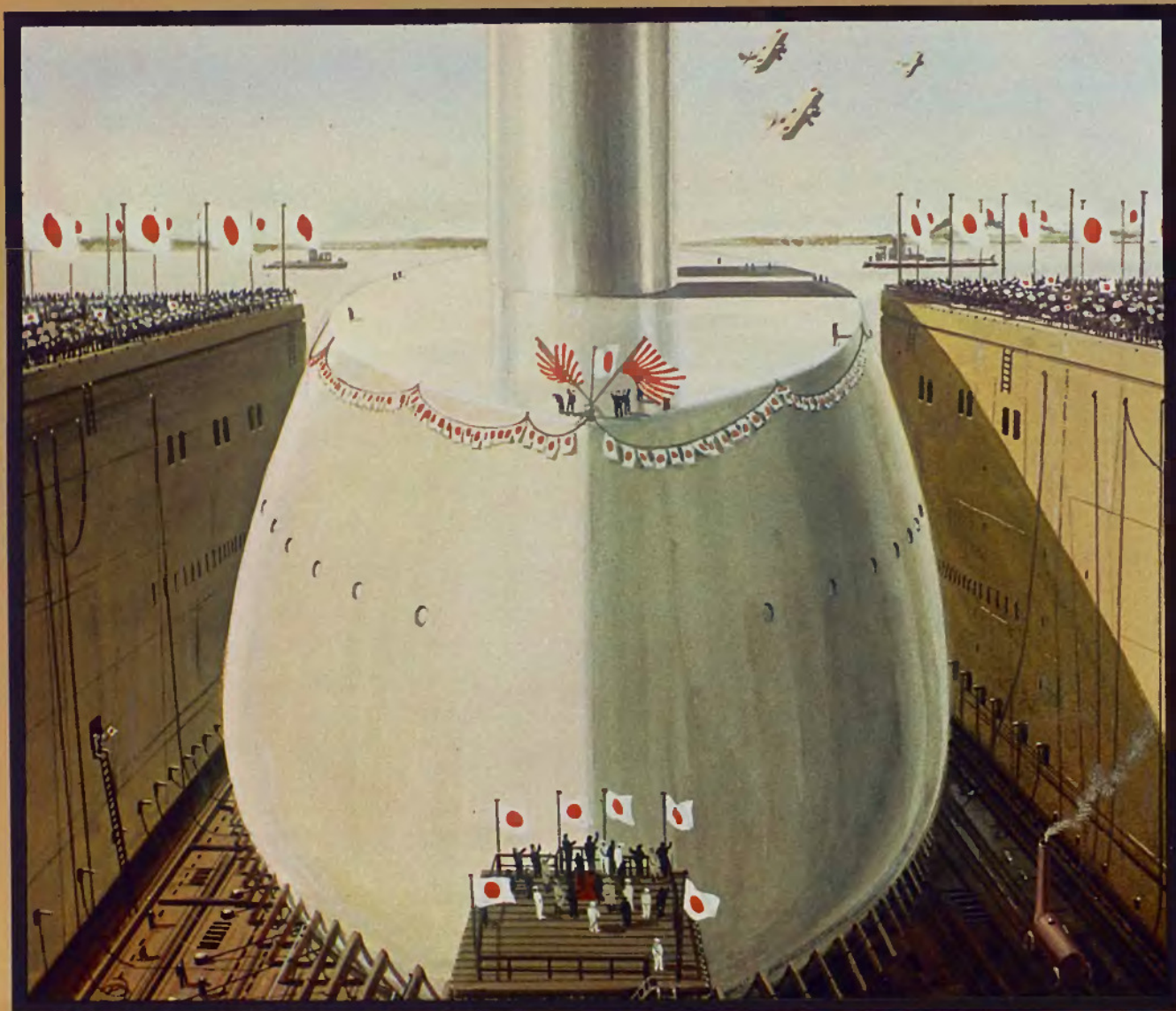
HOLY IMHOTEP, IT'S MOVING!

The desert heat plays strange tricks on a man's eyes, but this was ridiculous—a distant pyramid off on the Suez skyline, not just floating in the fierce noonday sun but seeming to move steadily south at a good four knots! Surely, it was a mirage brought on by the heat, the lack of water or an extra helping of couscous. But no, it *was* a pyramid moving steadily south at a good four knots. And not just any old pyramid but the most lethal pyramid ever conceived, something to boggle the wildest mind of the highest high priest in Imhotep's temple. It was Imhotep, Jr., desperate last-ditch gambit of Cairo's clandestine-warfare plotters. This sly masterpiece of Arab subterfuge may have looked to casual eyes like just another harmless old stone pile—but underneath that authentic facade bristled a gunboat load of shot and shell. Come darkness and the Imhotep, lurking in some unexpected spot, would open up on nearby Israeli positions, raining down a hail of Arab ammo. Come dawn and a bruised and baffled enemy would find no gun emplacements to snuff out, only an empty desert with its ever-constant pyramids. The brilliant ruse worked. Deadly Imhotep's guns flashed nightly and Cairo rejoiced. Alas, the eager Arabs could not leave well enough alone; a fleet of 22 more death-dealing decoys soon studded the Suez. One pyramid, yes; two, maybe—but a traffic jam of pyramids? Something was definitely not kosher. Israeli guns boomed, Cairo's crafty pyramid club came tumbling down and another Arab jig was up.

THE DAY THE BANZAIS DIED

Jap spies fanned out across the Pacific as the Thirties dawned and the Rising Sun rose. Their orders were clear: Bring home plans of the latest foreign warships; lie, steal, kill—even buy—*anything* to help build a modern fighting fleet. The battleship Goto Jaiyu was one triumph of this sinister espionage assault but a coup that all too quickly curdled into tragedy. Launched in November of 1936 after a crash construction program and a blaze of publicity, the 1,500,000-ton silver monster puzzled naval savants. She looked to expert eyes less like an up-to-date battlewagon than some mighty, hellish toy. Was that giant hull really cast in lead, as it seemed? Why no guns? What to make of a battleship with a superstructure of two huge funnels, period? And could a flat-bottomed battleship even float? The Goto Jaiyu drew awed gasps as she slowly, majestically backed down the slips; but the roar of a million banzais faded and died when she slithered in one long breath-taking slide straight to the bottom of Tokyo Bay. What had gone wrong? Nippon's lips were sealed, but captured Jap documents squealed; postwar sleuths pieced together a bizarre tale of espionage run amuck. Present in an honored place at that ill-fated launching had been

the junior Japanese spy known to Westerners only by his code name, Mr. Nice Boy, a rather dim lad who took up espionage only after failing in an earlier career as an abalone slicer. Mr. Nice Boy had sailed for America in 1932 but misread instructions. Instead of working in a shipyard in Walla Walla, Washington, as ordered, the hapless Jap ended up toiling as an obscure shipping clerk in a Waltham, Massachusetts, novelty-and-game factory. After two years, he suddenly returned to Japan, where his suicide by hara-kiri scant hours after the Goto Jaiyu fiasco—though little noted at the time—proved the key to everything. Sensing a clue in the movements of the shadowy Mr. Nice Boy, investigators retraced his steps in America. And there it was, in a yellowed clipping from the back pages of the *Waltham Daily Hue & Cry*: the answer to both the riddle of the Goto Jaiyu and Mr. Nice Boy's messy end. "STRANGE INCIDENT AT LOCAL FACTORY," ran the minor squib. "OFFICIALS BAFFLED BY THEFT OF MOLD FOR TOY BATTLESHIP USED AS MARKER IN POPULAR MONOPOLY GAME." The eager Mr. Nice Boy had done his job not wisely but too well—and Japan's plan for naval supremacy and world conquest never passed Go.



what a waste (continued from page 110)

he didn't mean to kill Ronnie, only cut him. He put seven and a half inches of an eight-inch blade in Ronnie's chest."

Race: A black man sat in a car with some friends in South Boston, enslave of lower-class white America. "It's like Selma, Alabama," according to Jerry McCallum. Whites approached the car. "Nigger, get out of South Boston," they ordered.

McCallum: "He made the mistake of getting out of the car to argue. They beat him, stomped him, kicked him to death. His friends in the car testified against the whites who were arrested, but the jury decided not guilty."

Sherry: "You don't get that sort of thing from Negroes, mobbing a man, kicking him to death."

. . .

Fourteen men work under Ed Sherry, who started out as a traffic cop 32 years ago. They're all white, thick-waisted, heavy-bottomed, earthy churchgoers. Mostly high school graduates, not a Mod haircut among them. Street tough. Jack Spencer, called Bruce, interrogates a Cuban refugee, through an interpreter, about the shooting of his wife. She took two .22-caliber bullets in the mouth while three children and a grandmother watched. The witnesses finger the husband. Through the interpreter the accused vigorously insists that an intruder burst into the apartment, snapped off the two shots and left, dropping the weapon behind him. After 15 minutes of Spanish relayed into English, Spencer turns to the interpreter. "Tell him he's a fucking liar."

"Who's a fucking liar?" shouts the accused.

Sherry himself is plump, red-faced, deceptively gentle and soft-spoken. If the mean and friendly interrogation tactic is to be used with a suspect, you know who will play the Mr. Softie role. But he's devious when it profits. "We had a suspect in the murder of a woman. He had worked for her but claimed that he hadn't been in the house for months. We had his fingerprints on the neck of a bottle. I told him that if the last time he had been in the house was in December, his prints wouldn't still be on the bottle in March. That was a lie. I left the room so he could talk with his mother, but I left the door ajar. He said, 'Ma, they have my fingerprints on a bottle. I killed her.'

" 'Shut your damn mouth,' she said, but I came in, threw her ass out and he confessed."

The lieutenant holds down a wooden desk in a small room sometimes used for interrogation. A one-way looking glass allows witnesses and cops to peek. Stashed in a corner are two paintings found in the apartment of a murdered

girl. Lurid yellows and reds, thick gobs of oil paint, skull images with a knife cutting off one head. "If this were crime fiction, the answer would be in the paintings," grunts Sherry as he removes them from his office. "We tried to make this a suicide, but we couldn't find the knife."

City grit powders the window sills of homicide's four-room suite on the second floor of headquarters. Recent WANTED posters hang on walls that are blotchy where paint has peeled away. There are also calendars from the Middlesex Welding Company, Army recruiting posters (an unlikely place for enlistees, considering the middle age of the residents and the character of their guests), a small notice that announces the schedule of Masses at Our Lady of Victories Shrine, an official document on the proper procedures for transporting a prisoner aboard a commercial aircraft and a monthly score sheet that notes the current homicide totals, by weapon and by race. An old cartoon clipped from a newspaper shows a policeman standing before a desk sergeant, with the gag line, "I just made an arrest and I would like to call my lawyer."

Lockers store neatly pressed uniforms to be used for ceremonial duties or crowd control, Smith & Wesson protective headgear. A bookcase contains Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People* and *How to Stop Worrying and Start Living*, a Gideon Bible, Boston novelist Edwin O'Connor's *Edge of Sadness*, a stack of Massachusetts legal codes, plus some election ledgers that list residents by ward.

Atop a cabinet sits a cardboard box from the Southmost Vegetable Co-op and it bears in large letters the names HOWARD STEELMAN, FATS BUCCELLI, THOMAS SULLIVAN and RABBI ZUBER. "All unsolved cases from before I got here," says Sherry, and an ecumenical note on the wide spectrum of murder.

Along a wall of one of the rooms stands a cupboard packed with hundreds of stenographers' notebooks, all neatly numbered. These are the originals of interrogations and statements. But the thousands of notebook pages quietly gathering grit barely begin the pile of paperwork that surrounds a homicide.

In Sherry's office, dark-green filing cabinets store an age of Boston homicides, each murder neatly tucked into a manila casing. Written on the outside are the names of victims, defendants, stenographers, photographers, chemists, medical examiners, witnesses and other principals. Inside the folders, a thick stack of forms reduces murder to a clerical procedure. A number 87, a white card, carries the victim's vital statistics and a green, number 1381, lists the data

on the defendant. "We have more white cards than green ones," Sherry points out.

A homicide case-summary form encapsulates what's known about a killing at any one time. The police journal records the initial discovery of a crime by an officer. "About 12:30 p.m. Saturday, July 17, 1971, as a result of information received, Patrolman Albert Covello and Patrolman Cornelius Kelly of District Four found one John Sebastian, 41, lying in the street in front of 401 Ashley with a wound in the back of his head. . . ."

Also in that manila folder are copies of reports from ballistics, the fingerprint man, the crime lab, the medical examiner. Photographs of the murder scene, complete with descriptions of the camera position, add more bulk to the file. Then there are the requests for an individual's criminal record, teletypes to the FBI or other police organizations and warrants for a suspect's arrest. "Most of the time, though," says Sherry, "we don't wait for a warrant but pick up the guy on probable cause."

"Press down hard, you are writing through five copies," commands the sheet that must be filed with the Boston central records office. Field-interrogation forms that tell who has been interviewed and what was said increase the paper weight. Much of the collecting must be done by uniformed men and detectives working out of the various station houses. "We encourage them to get it all down on paper, instead of trusting to memory," says Sherry. "We like to know what the neighbors saw or heard and get a listing of license-plate numbers in the area so we can talk to other potential witnesses later."

There are chits to be filled out for toll calls, "So nobody thinks we're just calling a broad in New Orleans," explains Sherry. And if a man is found in New Orleans, someone must go and get him. "It's known as rendition," points out Sherry. "Extradition refers only to transfer of a person from a foreign country."

A chronology-of-interrogation form requires homicide cops to list the places and times of questioning of a suspect or defendant. "So he won't claim we took him down in the cellar and beat the shit out of him," says Sherry. It also provides an obstacle to a defense attorney who argues that the cops interrogated the client for an excessive length of time or bounced him from station house to station house to avoid being served legal writs.

Another form covers the warnings that must be given before a suspect can be interrogated. Sherry calls it "the *Miranda* card" after the Supreme Court decision that declared an individual had a right

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PALM SPRINGS ETERNAL

article **By F. R. TULLIUS**

*euphemisms are a way of life
in this desert city where all
the finer people come to
frolic and to pass on—
discreetly, of course*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. SCOTT HOOPER

OUT IN THE Coachella Valley, where the Los Angeles basin meets the Colorado Desert, lies a glittering elephants' graveyard known as Palm Springs. It's where fading movie stars simmer in the sun, where golf courses glisten and hot springs burble and there's never really much happening, and that's why you go there.

Which is true enough—except that Palm Springs also has a black ghetto, busing for racial balance, smog (from L.A., 100 miles away), overgrowth, high-rise hassles, an Indian war (in the courts, anyway), hippies, street demonstrations, a community-relations

coordinator and a population that—when a mile-high resort area in the nearby mountains is finished—could reach 100,000 in a decade or so.

If you end up at one of the big hotels and make the kind of *turista* trip taken by the Pickle Packers International, the Pacific Association of Reform Rabbis or the Third Annual Weathermen's Weekend (three recent convention groups)—that is, play a few rounds at the municipal golf course, take a Gray Line tour of the date farms (including a color film, *The Romance and Sex Life of the Date*), see a show at the Dunes Hotel, take a two-and-a-half-mile ride on the aerial tramway—you get a certain surface view of this place. You see a desert resort town of 21,000 with a near plethora of golf courses. Thirty-two of them. Los Angeles, with a population of over 2,000,000, has only 49 courses. The country clubs here drench about 1,000,000 gallons a day on each course, which makes you feel that your efforts to adjust the toilet float or cut your morning shower short are mere drops in the conservation bucket. A regular at Ruby's Dunes Bar estimates that if every city in America used water like this place, the world's supply of potable stuff would be depleted in six days—with everyone resting, and thirsting, on the seventh.

There are 5000 swimming pools here, one for every five residents. The pools and the saturation water bombing of the links—plus the cultivation of all those front lawns—have given rise to fears that the dry Coachella climate, ever a lure for those wanting to leach out their emphysematous conduits, may be on the way out. All that instant water could change the relative humidity, the theory goes, and the same philosopher at Ruby's is certain that when the rains come, they'll have a definite tinge of chlorine and pool cleaner.

The attitude toward money in the Springs—and there is plenty of it, although it's mostly the newer tainted stuff—is one of reverence. Nobody jokes about the estimated 300 millionaires in the area. A businessman's wife put it this way: "It's good for children of middle-income families to grow up in a community like this. . . . They learn that millionaires are no different from you and I and it may even make them ambitious to become millionaires themselves."

Palm Springs is the home of "celebrities," mainly Hollywood celebrities. One such is Charlie Farrell. Charlie first became a celebrity when he starred with Janet Gaynor and people like that. There are even folks around L.A. who knew him when. These people, most of them at the Motion Picture Home, say he was called Charles then but can't always remember what pictures he played in. (Charlie later made common commercial cause with

actor Ralph Bellamy and they started the Racquet Club of Palm Springs. Ralph's face is easier to place, because he can be seen almost any month on channel four in *Sunrise at Campobello*.)

But the point about Farrell is that he became another kind of celebrity—a Celebrity II. What Celebrity II connotes is that you are better known by the second thing you try than the first. Most talk-show hosts are. They didn't quite succeed at what they first tried and now are doing better than the guests on their shows who did succeed. Most of the celebs in Palm Springs aren't really celebs. They're more like celeb ½. I mean, a celeb is someone who's *doing* something now—who's in the lime. Right? Jack Nicholson. That's a celeb. Henry Kissinger, bless his stout little torso. Bobby Fischer. Jane Fonda. Margaret Mead. Neil Young. Evel Knievel. The Watergate Five, Six, Seven or however many. But what do you make of names like these in the "Movie Star and Celebrity Homes Guide," issued to each bona fide tourist with reasonably short hair and wearing shoes—Bonita Granville, Bob Cummings, Gummo Marx, Phil Harris, Jolie Gabor, George Gobel, Billie Burke, Dennis Day. Dennis O'Keefe, Jackie Coogan, Percy Faith, Lily Pons? Truman Capote, who is a true celebrity—and may or may not still live here—says the town is "square but charming. Everyone looks like Eisenhower." Sounds like a description of himself.

If Detroit is automobiles, Palm Springs is golf carts. There are around 1300 of them in town. In 1964, Lyndon Johnson, whose longhorn style seemed to mesh here as easily as John Kennedy's didn't, was royally (that adverb is possible here) welcomed in a Presidential visit. Afterward, the mayor reflected: "We've got to get some kind of gimmick to welcome guys like this—something symbolic of Palm Springs. You know, the way Honolulu greets people with hula dancers. Is there anything we can do with a bunch of golfers with golf carts?" Well, sure. Sod 'em over.

Just thinking of all those Panzer divisions of electric carts, you flash on this *fued duello*, with the forces from Montague Dunes ignorantly clashing by night with the Capulet Chamber of Commerce in their Biltrite carts with telephones and wet bars. . . . But it could never be. A Palm Springer would clash neither by night nor by day. Takes too much energy. There's a kind of Beau Brummellian disdain for lifting the finger in everyday chores, an urge to put the sorcerer's apprentice to work, wherever possible. In Robert McCulloch's golf-course home, guests awaken to servomechanized draperies being drawn and the plangent rush of the morning tub filling. At the mountain station of the aerial tramway, which leads down to Long Valley, you find not a rude path but a heated sidewalk to melt

the snow and keep your feet warm.

"Shangri-La in the Desert," they call this place. But in that mythical Tibetan land, people never grow old, whereas here the average age is 47 and going fast. A local brochure points out that "there is evidence that ancient man inhabited the oasis known today as Palm Springs," an observation that applies to today equally well. A visitor cruising the streets on a Tuesday evening has almost given up looking for a coffee shop when he finds a solitary place open for business: Sambo's. He checks his watch to make sure it's running. It reads 9:45.

Rose-colored glasses are sold in the shops and are figuratively worn by most residents. The address here is "Euphemism, California." Light colors carry out the theme. The banks, stores and markets are often pink or powder blue—depending, one supposes, on whether they are considered to be male or female. The fire engines are white, avoiding the sanguine associations of red. The policemen are white, avoiding the baadasssss associations of black. The service stations have small demure signs and dogwood and rhododendron borders, as though they wouldn't be caught dead with anything so messy as crankcase oil. The polite word shoulders aside the rude. If you seek a motel, you must look for a villa, inn, lodge, manor, bungalow, pueblo or cha-teau. Even the Old Goats' Tourney, an annual tennis romp for the barely ambulant, fell victim to these evasive tactics and was renamed the Senior Tennis Division. And how's *this* for gilding the pill? What other town would have the *chutspah* to give Frank Sinatra its annual Good Citizen's Award? And have the chief of police present it?

. . .

The fact that Palm Springs has a community-relations coordinator can mean one of two things: (a) They care here or (b) Community relations need improving. The term, of course, is a euphemism for placating citizens of the darker skin hues. Gene House is the youngish coordinator and he says they are making the best progress of any city its size, which doesn't tell you where they were when the progress began. House extols an ethnic census being taken of city employees, with a view to increasing minority help. (One look around city hall and you can see they have a long way to go.) You ask about the 200 or so blacks who sat down on Palm Canyon Drive a few years ago and he says, more in sorrow than in anger, that they weren't too well organized (most of the "demands" had already been met) and there was little follow-up.

House introduces Noris Paul, one of the two hometown blacks who have earned college degrees. There is only one black doctor in town and no black

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A WAVE OF NUMBNESS surged through my body with stunning force. At last I knew what it felt like to be sitting with that brass hat on your skull with those straps around your ankles as the warden pulls the big switch. Out of the corner of my eye I caught the glint of Mr. Pittinger's horn-rims and the ice-blue ray from his left eye. As the giant baroque equation loomed on the blackboard, my life unreeled before my eyes in the classic manner of the final moments of mortal existence. I was finished. Done. It had all come to this. Somehow I had always known it would.

It all started in first grade at the Warren G. Harding School, where I was one among

LOST AT C

*fate, in the form of an
awesome equation, finally
catches up with the
smartest little s.o.b.
on cleveland street*

humor

By JEAN SHEPHERD

a rabble of sweaty, wrestling, peanut-butter-and-jelly-sandwich eaters. But it was not until the end of the third month of school that I became dimly aware of a curse that would follow me throughout my life. Along with Martin Perlmutter, Schwartz, Chester Woczniewski, Helen Weathers and poor Francis Xavier Zambarbieri, I was a member of the alphabetical ghetto that sat in the back of the classroom. Medical science is now beginning to realize that those of us at the end of the alphabet live shorter lives, sweat more and are far jumpier than those in the Bs and Es and even the Ms and Ls. People at the tail end of the alphabet grow up

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accepting the fact that everybody else comes first. The Warren G. Harding School had an almost mystic belief in the alphabet; if you were a P, you sat behind every O, regardless of myopia.

Me and Schwartz and Woczniewski sat so far back in the classroom that the blackboard was only a vague rumor to us. Miss Shields was a shifting figure in the haze on the distant horizon, her voice a faint but ominous drone punctuated by squeaking chalk. Within a short time I became adept at reading the inflection, if not the content, of those far-off sounds, sensing instantly when danger was looming. Danger meant simply being called on. Kids in the front of the classroom didn't know the meaning of danger. Ace test takers, they loved nothing more than to display their immense knowledge by waving their hands frantically even before questions were asked. Today, when I think of the classrooms of my youth, I see a forest of waving hands between me and the teacher. They were the smartasses who went on to become corporation presidents, TV talk-show guests and owners of cabin cruisers.

We in the back of the classroom followed a different path. Since we could neither hear nor see, we had only one course open if we were going to pass with reasonable grades. First of all, it was imperative never to be caught out in the open; if possible, not to be seen at all. Each one of us evolved his own methods of survival. Helen Weathers was so fat, her expression so cowl-like, her profuse perspiration under stress so pathetic that the teacher never had the heart to call on her. Woczniewski hid behind books, which worked all right until he hid behind *Plastic Man Meets the Thing* one morning. Perlmutter had the kind of face you can't remember even when you're looking at it, so he didn't *have* to hide. He was a born cost accountant.

One day during an oral quiz, however—always a dangerous time for all of us—Perlmutter displayed the true stuff of champions. Miss Kleinfeldt unaccountably called on him during an incomprehensible discussion of isosceles triangles. We thought Perlmutter was finished, but we had underestimated him. Without missing a beat, his face turned bright purple, his eyes bulged like a pair of overripe grapes, his neck throbbed and a spectacular geyser of blood gushed from both nostrils.

"This is terrible!" Miss Kleinfeldt shouted, scooping him up in her muscular hairy arms and rushing him to the nurse's office, where he was excused from school for the rest of the day. She never called on him again.

Zambarbieri, a devout Catholic, relied almost exclusively on prayer. But in his case it was academic, since he sat so far back in the classroom, deep among the galoshes, that even *we* couldn't see him clearly. Schwartz employed the simple but effective technique of slowly lowering himself in his seat until only his crewcut showed above the top of his desk during risky periods of interrogation. I made it a point to wear bland-colored clothes, the better to blend into the background. I learned to weave my body from side to side, dropping a shoulder here, shifting my neck a few degrees to the right there, with the crucial object in mind of always keeping a line of kids between me and the teacher's eagle eye.

For those rare but inevitable occasions—say, during a chicken-pox epidemic—when the ranks in the rows ahead were too thin to provide adequate cover, I practiced the vacant-eyeball ploy, which has since become a popular device for junior executives the world over who cannot afford to be nailed by their seniors in sales conferences and other perilous situations. The vacant eyeball appears to be looking attentively but, in fact, sees nothing. It is a blank mirror of anonymity. I learned early in the game that if they don't catch your eye, they don't call on you. Combined with a fixed facial expression of deadpan alertness—neither too deadpan nor too alert—this technique has been known to render its practitioner virtually invisible.

The third, and possibly most important, tactic of classroom survival is *thought control*. When danger looms, it is necessary to repeat silently, with intense concentration, the hypnotic command "You will *not* call on me, you will *not* call on me," sending out invisible waves of powerful thought energy until the teacher's mind is mysteriously clouded. After endless hours of rehearsal before the mirror in the bathroom, I had developed a fourth and final gambit—my cute look, a shy, boyish smile of such disarming cuddliness as to be lethal in its effectiveness. I flashed it, of course, only with great caution, during comparatively safe periods in the classroom—upon entering and leaving—and elsewhere in the school where one could afford to be seen and recognized with impunity.

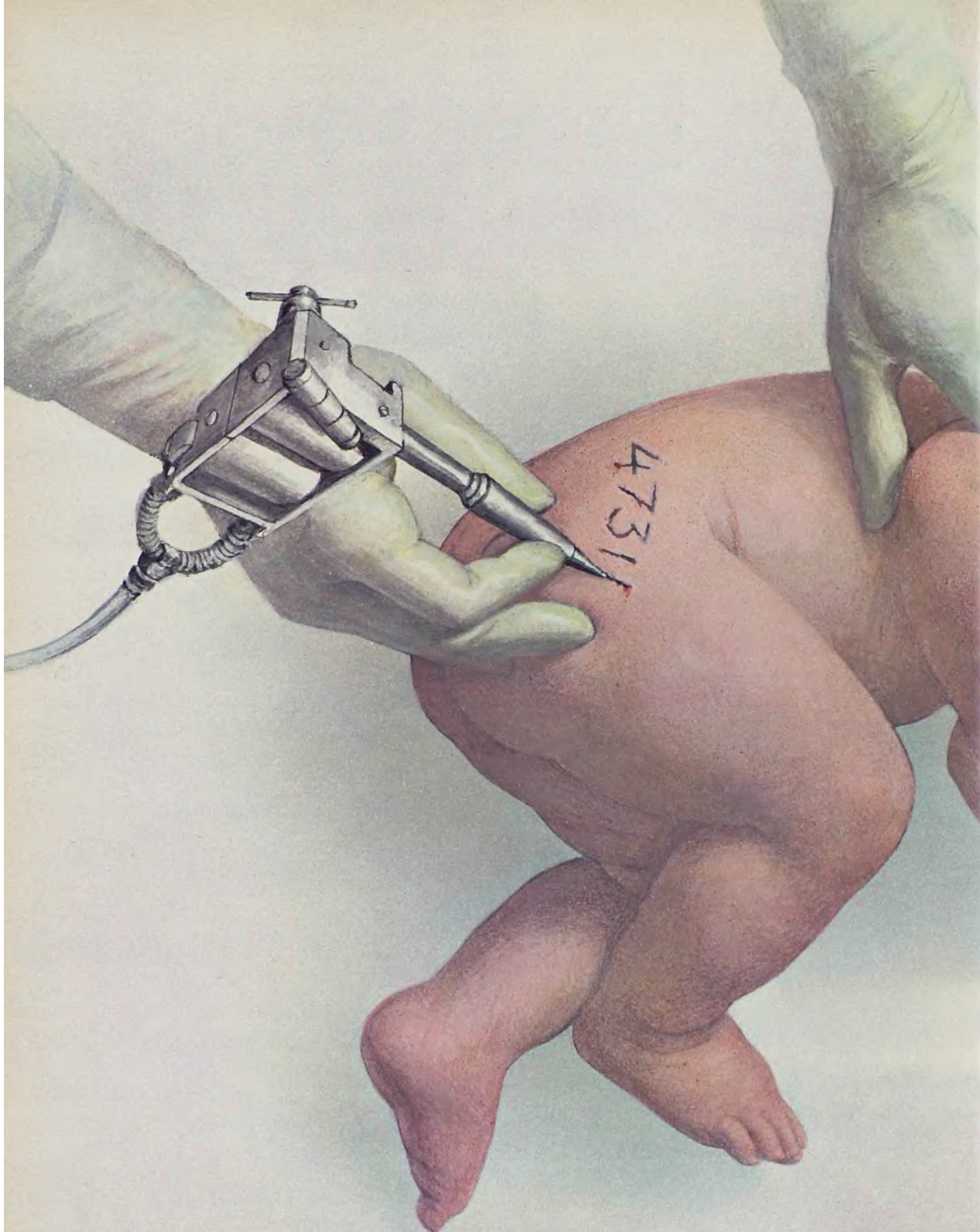
Those of us in the back rows learned quickly that grades are handed out not on the basis of actual accomplishment but by intuitive feel. At that crucial moment when Miss Shields sat down to fill out my report card, I knew that my cute look would pop into her mind when my name appeared before her. Since she had nothing else to go on—other than catch-as-catch-can test answers gleaned from my shirt cuff or the bluebook of the kid ahead of me—it was only natural for her to put down a B, which is all I ever wanted out of life.

So it was that I weaved and bobbed, truckled and beamed my way through grade after grade at Warren G. Harding School. Perlmutter, Schwartz, Woczniewski, Helen Weathers and I, as well as poor old Zambarbieri, sat on shore as the deepening river of education flowed by us unheard, unseen. Once in a great while, of course, a teacher would raise her voice above the usual bleat, or a transient air current would carry an isolated phrase or maybe even a full sentence all the way back to our little band, and this would often precipitate labored intellectual debates.

Like the day we clearly caught the word marsupial. We knew it had something to do with animals, since Miss Robinette had pulled down a chart on which we could barely make out drawings of what could not have been people, unless they were down on all fours. After school that afternoon, Schwartz and Chester and I were kicking a Carnation can down an alley when a large police dog with one ear missing roared out from between two garages after a tomcat that must have weighed 30 pounds. The dog's name was Rat and he was owned by the postman, Mr. L. D. Johnson, who, I guess, kept him at home so (continued on page 192)



"My God—they really are showing movies of their trip."



J. J. Radwicz

IF YOU LIKED "1984," YOU'LL LOVE 1973

article BY NAT HENTOFF

*welcome to postconstitutional
america, where big brother's
spies, bugs and data banks keep
tabs on you from birth to death*

IN NEW YORK, a 22-year-old woman has been fighting a Civil Service Commission order that she be fired from her job as a substitute postal clerk. The commission had learned from FBI files that this woman—exercising her First Amendment rights—had taken part in a campus demonstration at Northwestern University in 1969. She was also, according to the FBI, a member at that time of Students for a Democratic Society—a legally constituted organization.

In Philadelphia, former mayors James Tate and Richardson Dilworth have charged that the present mayor, ex-police chief Frank L. Rizzo, is tapping their telephones. And Kent Pollock, an investigative reporter for *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, claims that his private life has been investigated ever since he wrote a story on police corruption. Greg Walter, on the staff of the same paper, has also been critical of Rizzo and of the police department. As a result, Walter charges, "Persons who are close to me, persons who were contacts of mine in . . . Philadelphia have been questioned extensively about my sex life, my drinking habits and God knows what all. And this information is all filed away."

In Cleveland, a recent issue of *Point of View*, a local investigatory publication, quotes a police officer who was sympathetic to the administration of Carl Stokes when the latter was mayor of Cleveland. According to the officer, Stokes's staff knew that the mayor's private office was bugged and that its phones were tapped by the Cleveland police, many of whom were quite hostile to the city's first black mayor. But Stokes's staff felt, the maverick cop explained, "that if they brought the Cleveland police intelligence unit in to remove the bugs, they would have removed five and put in ten." The staff also decided that hiring a private firm to do the bug-clearing and wire-tap-removing job wasn't worth it, since the cost would persistently recur. I checked out the story with a source very high in Stokes's administration and he confirmed it. "I will authorize you to say," my source added, "but without revealing my name, that while Carl Stokes was mayor of Cleveland, he never held any really important meetings in his private office. He always used rooms in different hotels, and he

would call those hotels at a moment's notice, just prior to the time the room was needed for the meeting. That way, the Cleveland police didn't have time to bug that particular room or put taps on its phones."

In Milwaukee, a letter from an ordinary, apolitical citizen appeared in the letters column of the July 1, 1971, *Milwaukee Journal*:

I never used to look at our country from the political aspect, for I have always felt secure. But now I do, and I am confused. . . . I have been involved in a situation which tends to make me raise grave doubts. Recently, a friend and I were walking down Brady Street around midnight. While stopping for a DON'T WALK sign, we heard a series of clicks. Looking around, we saw an unmarked police car with one officer inside. He had his camera aimed at us and was taking pictures. I rather believed in the law, but this action caused me to wonder. Why was it done? Does someone have an answer?

In October 1972, *The New York Times*, in a lead editorial, tried to provide part of the answer by describing the chilling atmosphere that the Nixon Administration has created not only on the Federal level but also through the encouragement its practices give to state and local officials. "The President and his men," the *Times* pointed out, "have injected into national life a new and unwelcome element—fear of Government repression, a fear reminiscent of that bred by the McCarthyism of 20 years ago. The freedom of the press . . . the right to privacy, the right to petition and dissent, the right of law-abiding citizens to be free of surveillance, investigation and harassment—these and other liberties of the individual are visibly less secure in America today than they were four years ago." The *Times*, accordingly, supported McGovern. You know who won and by how much.

One explanation for the indifference of the majority of the electorate to the danger that we are approaching what former New Jersey Democratic Congressman Cornelius Gallagher has called "post-constitutional America" is that many Americans have come to accept such ominous phenomena as the precipitous rise in dossier collecting and spying by local, state and Federal secret police. The majority has surely not welcomed the prevalence of secret surveillance, but the practice is considered a normal fact of late-20th Century life in the U. S.

In view of the lack of public concern about the rise of secret surveillance, along with the increasing sophistication of surveillance technology, Justice Louis Brandeis' 1927 dissent in *Olmstead vs. United States*—the first time the Supreme

Court declared judicially authorized wire tapping to be constitutional—is all the more powerful today. "The makers of our Constitution," he wrote, "conferred, as against the Government, the right to be let alone—the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men."

The extent to which our right to be let alone has been eroded has been made appallingly clear by Michael Sorkin, an investigative reporter for *The Des Moines Register*, in a detailed account that appeared in the September 1972 issue of *Washington Monthly*. The FBI, he writes, is well into the process of compiling "the largest single depository of information ever gathered about U. S. citizens by their Government." The FBI's data bank is fed by a computerized network designed to receive and store information from all 50 states through 40,000 Federal, state and local agencies. The raw material is coming in with increasing speed and, by 1975, some 95 percent of the nation's law-enforcement agencies will be hooked into the mammoth privacy-shredding machine.

The National Crime Information Center in Washington is the central depository of such information, with the names of millions of Americans—many of them never charged with a crime—neatly filed away. It is likely to contain the names and records of all those ever arrested for any cause, since the master computer is not required to show if an arrest led to indictment or trial, let alone to conviction. Since an estimated 50,000,000 Americans now have arrest records of one sort or another, you have one chance in four of being in the data bank once it's fully hooked up across the country. And since the probability of a black urban male's being arrested at least once before he dies is estimated to be as high as 90 percent, the data bank is going to be exceptionally well integrated.

In this respect, it's essential to realize that in 20 to 30 percent of arrests, the police never bring charges; they drop cases for a diversity of reasons, such as lack of evidence and mistaken identification. Furthermore, according to the 1969 FBI Uniform Crime Reports, of 7,500,000 people arrested that year for all kinds of criminal acts, excluding traffic offenses, more than 1,300,000 were never prosecuted or charged and 2,200,000 were acquitted or had the charges against them dismissed. Yet in those millions of cases in which an arrest doesn't lead to conviction, only eight states have statutes providing for expungement of records of arrest without conviction. And of those eight, only one provides for the expungement of records for a person with a previous conviction.

The harm of having arrest records centrally available for checking by government and private employers is incal-

culable. As a 1971 study by the President's Commission on Federal Statistics has emphasized, "An applicant [for a job] who lists a previous arrest faces at best a 'second trial' in which, without procedural safeguards, he must prove his innocence; at worst the listing of the arrest disqualifies him per se." One recent study of employment agencies in the New York area, for example, revealed that 75 percent would refuse an applicant with an arrest record, even though the arrest hadn't led to a conviction.

But much more than arrest records are in the national data bank and in the burgeoning files of state and local police. First of all, thanks to a decision made by the late J. Edgar Hoover and by John Mitchell, when the latter was Attorney General, there is no requirement that any of the raw materials in the electronic surveillance network be evaluated for accuracy. This means that even if you haven't been arrested, derogatory information about you can be supplied to the data bank with no check as to its reliability.

A 1971 study by the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, which provides Federal funds for the FBI data bank, noted that half of the 108 computer projects already in existence at that time were collecting data on "potential troublemakers." (The Justice Department keeps copious records on persons who are "violence prone" and on other "persons of interest" for national security reasons.) The LEAA study recommended legislation to restrict and monitor the use of such information, but not a single copy of that study was given to Congress.

Since the FBI's computer network now operates without legislative restraint concerning privacy, each state decides what kind of information it will put into the network, and many states are alarmingly permissive as to what they allow cities to supply to state data banks—information that is then forwarded to the National Crime Information Center.

"Kansas City," *Washington Monthly* points out, "is feeding its computer the names of area dignitaries such as councilmen, judges and other municipal leaders; parolees; adults and juveniles with arrest records; people with a history of mental disturbance (would Thomas Eagleton have been listed?) or who have confronted or opposed law-enforcement personnel in the performance of their duties; college students known to have participated in disturbances; suspects in shoplifting cases; and people with outstanding parking-ticket warrants."

Welcome to Washington, all ye who would exercise your First Amendment right "to petition the Government for a redress of grievances." During the first week of May 1971, nearly 13,000 people,

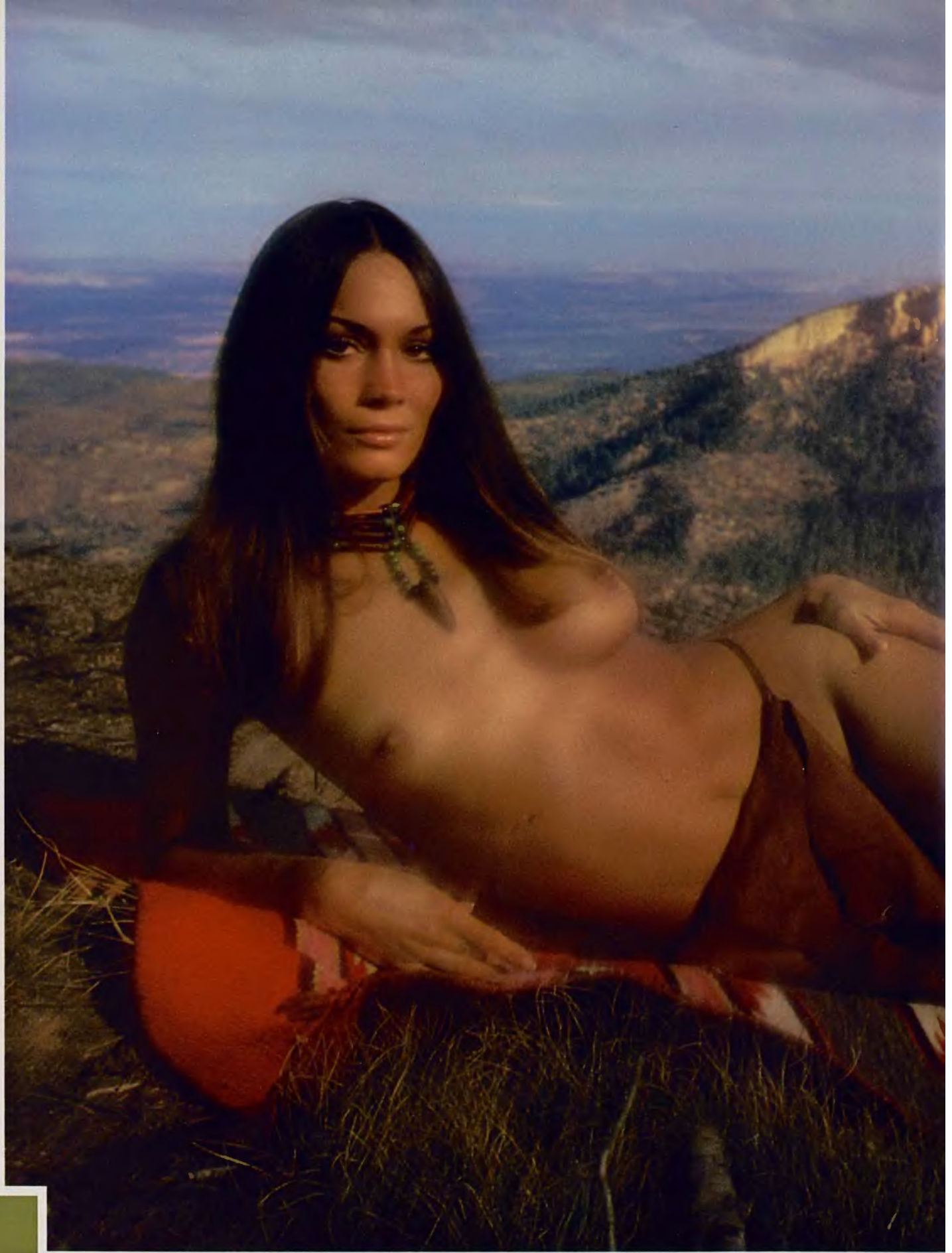
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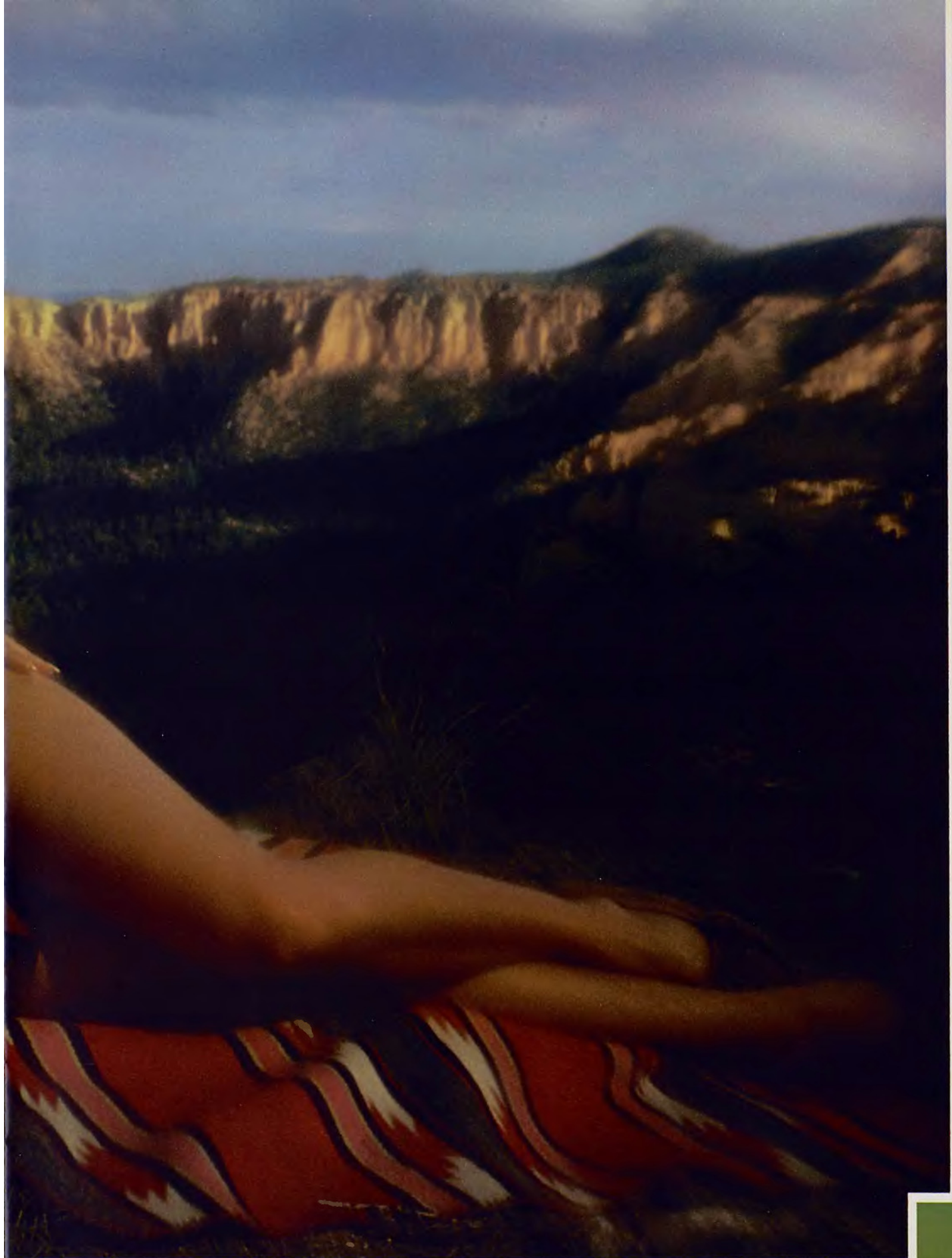
"INDIAN"

barbara leigh's cherokee ancestors lived off the land—a clue, no doubt, to her ability to survive in the hollywood jungle

HER closest friends call her "Indian." So it follows that beautiful Barbara Leigh would own an Appaloosa horse named Cherokee—and a Maltese puppy named Quannah, the latter her tribute to Quannah Parker, an Indian hero who knew Cochise and Teddy Roosevelt and was the last chief of the Comanche tribe. Barbara's own Indian origins go back to her grandmother, a full-blooded Cherokee. Born in Georgia, Barbara grew up in a broken home, married and divorced when just out of her teens, moved to Hollywood and began attracting attention—which she always has found easy to do. Seeing Barbara on a Swiss ski slope with director Roger Vadim, taking bike lessons from Steve McQueen, holidaying in Mexico with MGM prexy and longtime friend James Aubrey or tooling around Beverly Hills in the Mercedes said to be a gift from Elvis might well create grand illusions. But professionally, it's been uphill all the way. Her screen career started a few years ago with *The Student Nurses*, from which she graduated to playing Rock Hudson's wife in *Pretty Maids All in a Row*, thence to a phone-booth tryst with Steve McQueen in Sam Peckinpah's *Junior Bonner*. At home in Westwood, Barbara insists she's "a semirecluse" who does needlepoint, writes poetry and prepares for her next role, a deaf-mute murderess in *Terminal Island*. Instant stardom is only in the fan magazines.



"We hiked for hours, or climbed mountains to find privacy—and I nearly froze to death," says Barbara of her two-week Western junket in a Winnebago camper with photographer Charles Bush. The long, long trail led from Arizona's stark Monument Valley to Bryce Canyon, Utah.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHARLES W. BUSH



"Indian maiden. . . All alone, it seems, like a fantasy . . . a sweet, sweet dream." Excerpt from a work by secret poetess Barbara, who adds, "The subject is not me but the girl in the photographs."



Far from savage, Princess Barbara abhors violence and dreams of making a film with David Lean, yet found rowdy director Sam Peckinpah "a very sexy man."



"I don't play games," insists Barbara, a free spirit who would give her Navaho concho belt to end up being someone like Katharine Hepburn.



"Everything we did," says Barbara, "was based on my own fancies about Indianness. Traveling, we met Indians—but the old ones don't talk much nor refer to the past. They are very sad people."



To psych herself up for a trip deep into her own Indian heritage, Barbara packed a copy of "Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee," along with pieces of rare Navaho and Pawnee jewelry from her private collection.

YOU'LL LOVE 1973 (continued from page 148)

protesting the killings of students at Kent State by the National Guard, were swept up in dragnet arrests by Washington police with the enthusiastic support—and direction—of the Nixon Justice Department. It was the largest mass bust in American history, and only 128 of those arrested were found guilty after trial. Nonetheless, Administration officials have said that such mass arrests will take place again, under similar circumstances; and, in that event, the arrest records of all those caught in the net will be included in the national data bank.

On the state level, some states say they may limit access to their computer files to law-enforcement officers only. Other states may decide to make the information available to anyone willing to pay a fee, a course Iowa is now contemplating. It must be emphasized, moreover, that unless legislation is enacted to the contrary, each state can determine whether its raw files will include data going beyond criminal matters—into such areas as records of applicants for Civil Service jobs.

Let us suppose, however, that somehow you don't end up in the FBI's computerized central files, with its circuits to and from state data banks. You're not safe yet. There are many other data banks in the process of interfacing—that is, exchanging information with one another. As of this writing, Federal investigators already have access to 264,000,000 police records, 323,000,000 medical histories, 279,000,000 psychiatric reports and 100,000,000 credit files. Among their sources are the files of the Secret Service, the Civil Service Commission, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (hospitals are required to forward to HEW the confidential records of patients receiving Medicare and Medicaid benefits), the Department of Housing and Urban Development, the Census Bureau and the Internal Revenue Service.

If you've been under the illusion that your Federal tax returns are held in strict confidence, you may be disquieted to learn that they are available not only to state tax officials but to any select committee of the House or the Senate—and to anyone else authorized by Executive order. The University of Missouri's Freedom of Information Center reports that "between 1953 and 1970, 53 of those orders were issued, two of the chief beneficiaries being the old House Un-American Activities Committee and the Senate Committee on Internal Security."

A statement of dissent, even by a prominent American, can lead to his harassment through release of his income-tax returns to investigatory agencies. A distinguished professor of government, long a critic of the war in Vietnam, was puzzled and disturbed when, over a pe-

riod of years, his income-tax returns were intensively reviewed by Internal Revenue agents, while evidence accumulated that other agencies of the Government were privy to those returns. Finally, a former White House assistant, whose conscience had been bothering him about the dogging of the professor, admitted to the victim that it had all come about on direct order from Lyndon Johnson.

Nor, by any means, are dossiers and data banks a creation only of the Government. In a 1971 report for the American Civil Liberties Union, Ralph Nader focused on how very private information about you can be collected even if you're not a dissenter or a freak of one kind or another, and even if you escape the various Federal data banks. By way of illustration, Nader wrote, "When you try to buy life insurance, a file of . . . intimate information about you is compiled by the 'inspection agency.' The insurance company not only finds out about your health, it also learns about your drinking habits (how often, how much, with others or alone, and even what beverage), your net worth, salary, debts, domestic troubles, reputation, associates, manner of living and standing in the community. The investigator is also asked to inquire of your neighbors and associates whether there is 'any criticism of character or morals.' The 'inspection agency' that obtains this information puts it into a dossier and saves it. The agency may later make another investigation for an insurance company, or for an employer, a prospective creditor or a landlord. In fact, the agency will probably make this personal information available to anyone who has five dollars and calls himself a 'prospective employer.'"

Private credit bureaus have similar masses of data on individuals and they, as well as insurance companies, will open their files to agents of the Federal Government. In January 1972, Edward Brennan, Jr., vice-president of TRW Credit, a completely computerized national credit-reporting company, admitted on an ABC special, *Assault on Privacy*, that the Fair Credit Reporting Act "now makes it mandatory that we supply information to . . . police departments and any Governmental agency that has a legitimate reason for accessing." All told, the more than 2500 credit-reporting companies in the country have files on at least 110,000,000 Americans. Some files are limited only to credit information; others contain more about your personal habits, finances, medical history and life style than your closest friends may know.

With all these private and Government computers exchanging information about millions of Americans—probably including you—we may be approaching

a time when, as former Attorney General Ramsey Clark has warned, "a person can hardly speak his mind to any other person without being afraid that the police or someone else will hear what he thinks. Because of our numbers and the denseness of our urban society, it will be difficult enough in the future for us to secure some little sense of privacy and individual integrity. We can trap ourselves, we can become the captives of our technology, and we can change the meaning of man as an individual."

Why do we stand by as our privacy is raped? Why do we acquiesce as the rapidly growing quantity of information being fed to and distributed by the FBI data bank threatens to become what Senator Charles Mathias, a liberal Republican from Maryland, calls "the raw materials of tyranny"? Part of the answer is fear: a national fear, born in the late Sixties, of demonstrators, of blacks, of students, of muggers. The national desire, an almost desperate desire—as Richard Nixon accurately reads it—is for order. In this kind of climate, the majority of the people are much more concerned with their safety than with civil liberties—not only those of others but their own.

A seminal Congressional reaction to the fears of the populace was the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of May 1968. The bill, with only four Senators and 17 Representatives voting against it, sharply limited the rights of criminal defendants and greatly broadened the permissible use of bugging and wire tapping by the Government. During debate on the measure, then-Senator Ralph Yarborough, who later was not one of the four to vote against the bill, declared that "the Senate has opened a Pandora's box of inquisitorial power such as we have never seen in the history of this country." Senator Hiram Fong, who *did* vote against the bill (together with Philip Hart, Lee Metcalf and John Sherman Cooper), added: "I am fearful that if these wire-tapping and eavesdropping practices are allowed to continue on a widespread scale, we will soon become a nation in fear—a police state."

Two years later, in an amendment to the Organized Crime Act, Congress authorized the FBI to keep centralized criminal records, thereby leading to the establishment of the FBI's data bank. During the same year, Congress passed a drug bill permitting police to break into any place without warning if they had a court order and if they believed that a preliminary knock on the door might result in the destruction of evidence. Commenting on this "no-knock" bill in *The New York Times*, columnist Tom Wickler asked: "How long will it be before agents come bursting without warning into the houses of political dissidents, contending under this law that any other

(continued on page 178)



FLASHMAN AT THE CHARGE

*the russian girl in the sleigh
was naked, half-drugged,
desirable and—as the pursuing
cossack horsemen closed in—
expendable*

Part two of a
new adventure satire

By **GEORGE
MACDONALD FRASER**

SYNOPSIS: The fourth packet of the *Flashman Papers* (1854–1855) picks up the memoirs of the celebrated soldier as England is moving towards war with Russia. Captain Flashman—a public hero of the Afghanistan campaign but, as he reveals, a private coward—seeks to avoid the coming storm by joining the Board of Ordnance in London. His private life is a bit unsettled by the fact that he happens to catch the Earl of Cardigan—soon to command the Light Cavalry Brigade in the Crimea—about to climb into bed with the beautiful but foolish Mrs. Flashman.

In another development, Flashman finds himself promoted to the rank of colonel and ordered to active service as an aide and guardian to the young Prince William of Celle, a German relative of Queen Victoria.

This assignment comes to a tragic end when, at the Battle of the Alma, the young prince charges ahead and Flashman lags behind. Flashman then, as an aide and galloper on General Lord Raglan's staff, to his overwhelming horror, gets involved in the charge of the Light Brigade. He was, in fact, somewhat to blame for its starting off in the wrong direction; having drunk some Russian champagne, he is bloated. His booming flatulence annoys Cardigan to the point of giving the order to charge, with Flashman, terror-struck, in the van.

SUDDENLY it was, as Lord Tennyson tells us, like the very mouth of hell: I realized that, without noticing, I had started to canter, babbling gently to myself, and in front Cardigan



was cantering, too, but not as fast as I was (one celebrated account remarks that, "in his eagerness to be first at grips with the foe, Flashman was seen to forge ahead; ah, we can guess the fierce spirit that burned in that manly breast"—I don't know about that, but I'm here to inform you that it was nothing to the fierce spirit that burned in my manly bowels). There was a crash-crash-crash of flaming bursts across the front and the scream of shell splinters whistling by; Cardigan shouted, "Steady!" but his own charger was pacing away now, and behind me the clatter and jingle was being drowned by the rising drum of hooves, from a slow canter to a fast one, and then to a slow gallop, and I tried to rein in that little mare, smothering my own panic and snarling fiercely to myself: "Wheel, wheel, for God's sake! Why doesn't the stupid bastard wheel?" For we were level with the first Russian redoubt; their guns were levelled straight at us, not 400 yards away, the ground ahead was being torn up by shot, and then from behind me there was a frantic shout.

I turned in the saddle, and there was Nolan, his sabre out, charging across behind me, shouting hoarsely, "Wheel, my lord! Not that way! Wheel—to the redoubts!" His voice was all but drowned in the tumult of explosion, and then he was streaking past Cardigan, reining his beast back on its haunches, his face livid as he turned to face the brigade. He flourished his sabre and shouted again, and a shell seemed to explode dead in front of Cardigan's horse; for a moment I lost Nolan in the smoke, and then I saw him, face contorted in agony, his tunic torn open and gushing blood from shoulder to waist. He shrieked horribly and his horse came bounding back towards us, swerving past Cardigan with Lew toppling forward onto the neck of his mount. As I stared back, horrified, I saw him careering into the gap between the lancers and the 13th Light, and then they had swallowed him and the squadrons came surging down towards me.

I turned to look for Cardigan; he was 30 yards ahead, tugging like damnation to hold his charger in, with the shot crashing all about him. "Stop!" I screamed. "Stop! For Christ's sake, man, rein in!" For now I saw what Lew had seen—the fool was never going to wheel, he was taking the Light Brigade straight into the heart of the Russian army, towards those massive batteries at the valley foot which were already belching at us, while the cannon on either side were raking us from the flanks, trapping us in an enfilade that must smash the whole command to pieces.

Then the earth seemed to open beneath me in a sheet of orange flame; I reeled in the saddle, deafened; the horse staggered, went down and recovered,

with myself clinging for dear life, and then I was grasping nothing but loose reins. The bridle was half gone, my brute had a livid gash spouting blood along her neck; she screamed and hurtled madly forward and I seized the mane to prevent myself being thrown from the saddle.

Suddenly I was level with Cardigan; we bawled at each other, he waving his sabre, and now there were blue tunics level with me, either side, and the lance points of the 17th were thrusting forward, with the men crouched low in the saddles. It was an inferno of bursting shell and whistling fragments, of orange flame and choking smoke; a trooper alongside me was plucked from his saddle as though by an invisible hand and I found myself drenched in a shower of blood. My little mare went surging ahead, crazy with pain; we were outdistancing Cardigan now—and even in that hell of death and gunfire, I remember, my stomach was asserting itself again, and I rode yelling with panic and farting furiously at the same time. I couldn't hold my horse at all: It was all I could do to stay aboard as we raced onwards, and as I stared wildly ahead, I saw that we were a bare few hundred yards from the Russian batteries. The great black muzzles were staring me in the face, smoke wreathing up round them; but even as I saw the flame belching from them, I couldn't hear the crash of their discharge—it was all lost in the fearful continuous reverberating cannonade that surrounded us. There was no stopping my mad career and I found myself roaring pleas for mercy to the distant Russian gunners, crying, stop, stop, for God's sake, cease fire, damn you, and let me alone. I could see them plainly, crouching at their breeches, working furiously to reload and pour another torrent of death at us through the smoke; I raged and swore mindlessly at them and dragged out my sabre, thinking, by heaven, if you finish me, I'll do my damndest to take one of you with me, you filthy Russian scum. ("And then," wrote that fatuous ass of a correspondent, "was seen with what nobility and power the gallant Flashman rode. Charging ahead even of his valiant chief, the death cry of the illustrious Nolan in his ears, his eyes flashing terribly as he swung the sabre that had stemmed the horde at Jalalabad, he hurtled against the foe.") Well, yes, you might put it that way, but my nobility and power were concentrated, in a moment of inspiration, in trying to swerve that maddened beast out of the fixed lines of the guns; I had just sense enough left for that. The ground shook beneath us with another exploding shell, knocking us sideways; I clung on, sobbing, and as the smoke cleared, Cardigan came thundering by, sabre thrust out ahead of his charger's ears, and I heard him hoarsely shouting:

"Steady them! Hold them in! Cwose up and hold in!"

I turned in the saddle and, my God, what a sight it was! Half a dozen riderless horses at my very tail, crazy with fear, and behind them a score—God knows, there didn't seem to be any more—of the 17th Lancers, some with hats gone, some streaked with blood, strung out any old how, glaring like madmen and tearing along. Empty saddles, shattered squadrons, all order gone, men and beasts going down by the second, the ground furrowing and spouting earth even as you watched—and still they came on, the lances of the 17th, and behind them the sabres of the 11th—just a fleeting instant's thought I had, even in that inferno, remembering the brilliant Cherrypickers in splendid review, and there they were, tearing forward like a horde of hell-bound spectres.

I had only a moment to look back—my mare was galloping like a thing demented, and as I steadied, there was Cardigan, waving his sabre and sitting rigid and upright; the guns were only 100 yards away, almost hidden in a great billowing bank of smoke, a bank which kept glaring red as though some Lucifer were opening furnace doors deep inside it. I dug in my heels, yelling nonsense and brandishing my sabre, shot into the smoke with one final rip from my bowels and a prayer that my gallant little mare wouldn't career headlong into a gun muzzle, staggered at the fearful concussion of a gun exploding within a yard of me—and then we were through, into the open space behind the guns, leaping the limbers and ammunition boxes, with the Russians scattering, and Cardigan a bare two yards away, reining his beast back almost on its haunches.

And then for a moment everything seemed to happen very slowly. I can see it all so distinctly: Immediately to my left, and close enough to toss a biscuit, there was a squadron of Cossacks, with their lances couched, but all immobile, staring as though in amazement. Almost under my mare's hooves, there was a Russian gunner, clutching a rammer, sprawling to get out of the way—he was stripped to the waist, I remember, and had a medal round his neck on a string—ahead of me, perhaps 50 yards off, was a brilliant little group of mounted men who could only be staff officers, and right beside me, still stiff and upright as a lance at rest, was Cardigan—by God, I thought, you're through that without a scratch on you, damn you! And so, it crossed my mind, was I—for the moment. And then everything jerked into crazy speed again, as the Light Brigade came careering out of the smoke, and the whole battery was suddenly a melee of rearing beasts,

(continued on page 200)

THE CHIEF of Bonna Dearthiga, when he was lying on his deathbed, called for his son and heir to hear his last words. Illan bent close to listen but hardly to believe, for he was a headstrong young man who often fleeced at his father's bits of old wisdom. Never, the chief warned, refuse to sell a beast after you've had a fair bid for it; never marry a woman whose family is not familiar to you; never wear ragged clothes when asking a favor. Only the fact that the old man expired in the next moment kept Illan from laughing: What a stock of wisdom this was!

So, being the stubborn spalpeen that he was, Illan decided to test it all. He took a fine mare and rode off to Tait-tean fair, where he asked a price of 20 gold rings for her. There was a certain man who offered 19, but Illan scorned that and started for home in the evening. He came to a ford where the riverbank was steep and, by bad chance, the beast stumbled. Illan fell on the bank and was unhurt, but the mare tumbled into the rock-strewn water and was killed. "Oho," Illan thought, "my father knew one thing, at any rate."

He walked the rest of the way home and sent a servant to skin the mare and hang the hide in his great hall. A few weeks later, Illan met a rich chief of Oriel who had come to the neighborhood to buy cattle and the chief was taken with him. "I hope that you can visit us in Oriel," he said. "The boar hunting is good and, besides that, I have an unmarried daughter who is as lovely as anything in Ireland." And so Illan went home with him.

Indeed, the boars were lively in those parts and the girl was even more so—a pretty girl with hair like the raven's wing. After a few walks and talks in the moonlight, Illan lost his heart and proposed marriage, much to the old chief's pleasure.

Now, it happened that there was a servant in the stronghold named Rory who was a distant relative of Illan's, one of his own, and he came to Illan's chamber in the night, slipping like a shadow into the room. "You are my kinsman," he said, "so it would be a shame and a sin not to tell you that your intended bride is no more finical than a bitch in heat."

"Be careful," said Illan, "I'll have your nose off with my dagger if you can't prove that."

"I can," said Rory, "and I will. Have you marked Fergus Rua, that storyteller and harpist? The one with red hair and a cast in his left eye? Himself comes to her room late at night to tell her old tales and, more than that, to play fine tunes on her bare body. Come, there's a niche in the passage near her room



where we can hide and you can see the truth of it."

Before daybreak, Illan set out to ride away, convinced and despondent. But before he left, he bade Rory carry an invitation for the chief and his daughter to return the visit in a fortnight. The horse's nose was pointed down the road to the great house where Illan's sister lived; behind, on the crupper, was tied a bulky thing wrapped in cloth.

After a while, Illan met a beggar on the road and changed clothes with him, much to the fellow's puzzlement and profit. Then Illan tied his horse in a wood and walked the last mile to his sister's home.

He arrived in rags and said to the guard at her door, "Run and tell my sister I must speak with her."

"And who might your sister be?" asked the guard insolently.

"Who else but Bhen a Teagh," said Illan.

The guard laughed and gave him a kick. Illan gave the man a fist between the eyes. Hearing the scuffle, Illan's sister left her fine guests and came out into the courtyard. "Oh, Brother!" she cried. "Why do you come on foot and in rags?"

"Alas, Macushla, outlaws have sacked my house and carried off my cattle, leaving us nothing," said Illan.

"And that's woeful news, indeed," said his sister. "I wish I had the power to help you. In any case, if you're hungry, go to the kitchen and get some food for yourself. I must go back to my

guests." Shaking his head, Illan went along to the kitchen, where the cook gave him a griddlecake and a porringer of Danish beer. After he'd drunk the beer, he hung the porringer on his belt and walked back to where he had tied his horse.

A fortnight later, they were all gathered in Illan's great hall by invitation—the pompous chief of Oriel, his beautiful raven-haired daughter, Illan's sister and her husband.

"We have come for a toast to my father," Illan said, "the most truthful man who ever walked on green grass. I laughed at his advice, but I was wrong. For refusing to sell my mare for a fair price, I have nothing left but that hide hanging on the wall. For wooing a maid among strangers, I have nothing to show but that harp of her lover's hanging next to the horsehide. For going in rags to ask a favor of my own sister, I have nothing except that porringer on the peg."

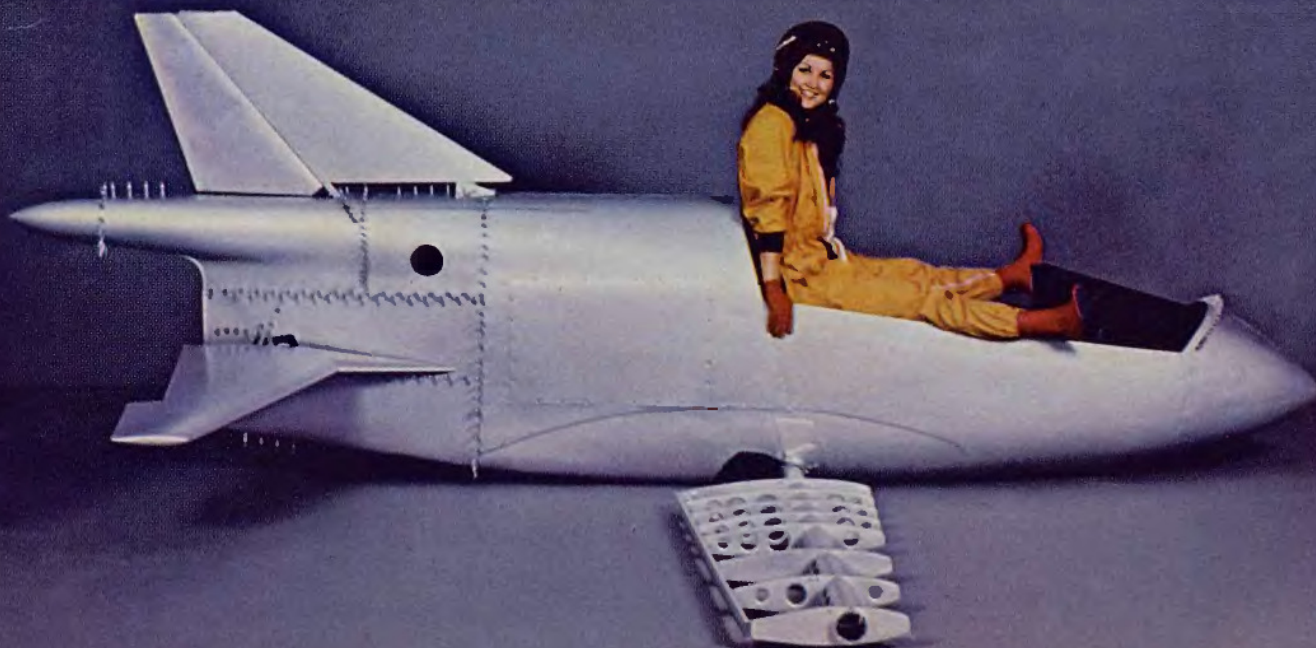
They all started up in shame or anger and departed quickly. When they got to their homes, Illan's sister got a thump or two from her husband and the girl got a whipping from her father—for the new chief of Bonna Dearthiga was not the kind of enemy to seek.

As for Illan, he always set a fair price for his cattle thereafter. He dressed in his best clothes and went to court the daughter of a neighboring landowner, a girl he had known since childhood. And he prospered the rest of his life.

—Retold by John Dickson

BEDE- AS IN SPEEDY

*if god had meant man to fly,
he might have put
him in one of these little buggers*



THE LITTLE AIRPLANE shown here taking shape and cruising at close to 200 miles an hour is powered by a German snowmobile engine. And its radical shape owes much to sailplane design, in which Europe has been the leader. But the concept behind the BD-5 is as American as Kitty Hawk. It's almost as American as its builder.

Jim Bede, who just turned 40 and has the aerodynamics of a small dirigible, has been tinkering with airplanes since he was 14. Like Edison and Ford and Bill Lear before him, he's an inventor first but also a consummate promoter of himself and his products and a passionate student of the desires of the American people. In his office alongside a handsome, long-runwayed municipal airport 30 miles north of Wichita, Bede's introduction to the BD-5—an introduction punctuated by frequent calculations on a computer terminal—turns quickly to marketing theories and the holes he sees in the strategies of the established small-plane manufacturers. After World War Two, the manufacturers expected prosperity, advancing technology and the core of pilot-envying GIs returning from Europe and the Pacific to make Pipers and Cessnas the Fords of the future. They miscalculated. The GI (continued on page 176)



PORNO FILMS

humor By ALDEN ERIKSON

*lights! camera! copulate!
the cry of the blue-moviemaker
is heard through the land*





"Whew! Like, I'm really not looking forward to that crowded subway tonight."



"Hey—watch that thing!"



"Now, for this scene, I want Marcie, the script girl, to. . . Where's Marcie, the script girl? All right, Marcie, come on out. We know you're in there!"



"This will have to be a quickie, J. J. . . . At one-thirty you're scheduled to be in Oakland to shoot a detergent commercial."



"Miss Zimmerman, I can't see you."



"You will take good care of my little Wendy, won't you, Mr. Farnum?"



"The girls are horny . . . the cameraman is horny . . . the assistant director is horny . . . the electrician is horny . . . I'm horny—so how come . . .?"



"Then, in the final scene—and get a load of this crazy, offbeat ending—you get married and live happily ever after."



*"Synchronize your watches.
He's a fanatic about simultaneous orgasm."*



*"To die, to sleep. To sleep!
Perchance to dream!"*



*"Look, you won't be balling a real gorilla.
You'll just be balling Marvin, the special-effects man."*

TWILIGHT FOR A BARON

(continued from page 120)

the first coal rolled down the track to Mullens. It was a proud moment for Tams, but he had other things on his mind. He was building a town here, a real town, with proportion and permanence, a town whose every aspect would soothe him, would flatter his sense of order. "Within a year we'd built a hundred and twenty-five houses, all weatherboarded, plastered and painted white," Tams said. "We had what was acknowledged to be the best mining town in West Virginia. The American town was just below the tippie, beyond that was foreign town and colored town was above the tippie. We gave prizes each year to the eight best gardens, the eight best yards. We had running water in each house. And any of them who wanted it, who got civilized enough, if I may say so, and wanted indoor toilets could have them. All they had to do was come to me. They could buy the tank and I'd furnish the labor to install them.

"In 1910 I installed what was the first miners' bathhouse in the West Virginia coal fields and the next year the first moviehouse. I ran electricity from the powerhouse into the miners' houses so they all had bare bulbs hanging from their ceilings. We had to build churches, too, of course, and the company store. Then in 'Thirteen I built an amusement house with a bowling alley, pool tables, a café, a gymnasium and in the basement a swimming pool.

"The thing I'm proudest of, though, is that at this mine I made the first move to cut the working day from ten to nine hours with the same pay. No one who hasn't experienced it or watched it can form any idea of the effect on a human being to spend that much of his time outside of the daylight. When I came to West Virginia, the miners had to be at the mine at seven A.M. when the whistle blew. They came out at six o'clock in the evening, having had an hour at mid-day to eat. They left home in the dark. They worked in the dark. They came home in the dark. And on Sunday in the winter they got damn little sunlight, for it was usually cloudy or snowing. When during that winter of 1911 I cut the hours, I was excoriated by the other operators. But a couple months later they saw the daylight and followed suit. I again made the move before World War One to cut them to eight hours a day."

Tams's universe was complete then, and he did not allow, he refused to allow, anything to change his life and the life of his town. One day there would be those who would consider the coal mines nature's retribution for the Industrial Revolution. If the very earth were to be ruptured and torn apart in search of fuels and if men who had once tilled the fields were to be shackled to

machines, then those who provided that coal, the essence of this revolution, would be terribly cursed. Gray mountains of slate would rise above their homes. Coal dust would taint their lungs and sheets and kitchens. The miners themselves would work in dank, black pits where only death lived comfortably. And the mine operators would be a crude and vicious lot, as thoughtless and amoral a group as any placed on this earth.

Tams did not see it that way. He believed in progress, slow progress. He saw the mines as no different from any other enterprise. He did not let the coal taint the lives of those who lived in his town. He had the bluish-gray slag from the mine carried over the ridge by a bucket-and-pulley system and dumped in an isolated hollow. The coal dust itself he gave no quarter. He had everything painted white. He had school children who each year whitewashed the picket fences, carpenters repairing buildings and two men working full time cleaning rubbish from the streets. He picked the teachers, stern schoolmarm who dared the children not to learn their arithmetic or how to spell Mississippi.

To the casual observer, the mine itself might have looked no different from any other. Those who knew how to see such things, however, could read in every foot something of Tams's skills as an engineer and his close control as a supervisor. He insisted that the rooms and tunnels be cut straight and that the mine be kept perfectly neat and uncluttered. If all was not perfect on his inspection tour, he issued immediate orders to set things right. He might well be back at four the next morning and woe be it if his commands had not been carried out to the letter.

Below, the miners were as alone as men could be. Two by two, they walked into the mine, wearing denim work clothes, long underwear and rubber boots, carrying their lunch pails and picks, their way lit by lard-oil lamps hooked onto their soft canvas-and-leather hats. These men at the face of the seam were essentially pieceworkers. They provided their own picks, shovels, augers, tamper bars, fuses and cans of black powder. The company docked their pay for blasting powder, for sharpening picks, for the company doctor and for a fund to provide some small compensation when they were sick or injured.

Lying on their side or kneeling, the two men in each room picked away a three-or-four-inch-thick swath across the bottom of the seam, chipping away until the narrow cut reached back into the coal as far as the pick could get. This took a good two and a half or three hours. Then one miner took his hand auger, an instrument looking much like a gigantic

corkscrew, and, holding it hard against his chest, pressing with all his might, drilled several holes into the top of the seam. The miners charged these holes with powder and tamped the explosives with paper cylinders. After lighting the fuses, they ran around the corner of the room. The explosion broke loose all the coal between the holes and the undercut, and the miners spent the rest of the day, except for their lunch break, shoveling the coal into cars to be pulled away by mules. The men had to lay their own tracks and support pillars as well, and on a good day a good man might load three dollars' worth of coal.

Above, the miners' lives were structured by Tams. "To use the expression of the Middle Ages, I was the high justice, the middle and the low. As we did in the Army, we would say to a man, 'Do you take company discipline or do you want a court-martial?' A sensible man would always say, 'I'll take company discipline.' It was the same thing here. If it was the first time, I'd say, 'I'm going to fine you or you can go to Beckley.' Or I'd say, 'Well, this is the second time I've had trouble with you. I'm going to have to ask you to go and collect your things and get off the job. I'll pay you everything you've got coming and you can go.' If a foreigner was selling his home-brewed wine, or a woman was cheating on her husband, I'd learn of it, give 'em a warning and, if it continued, send them out of town. We didn't allow white people to go up to colored town at night, either. If a white man started to do that, I would call him into the office and apologize for putting him in the white town. 'I thought you was a white man,' I'd say, 'but now that I've discovered you belong in colored town, I'll move you up right away.' You didn't have to tell them that but once!"

• • •

I left the major that afternoon to wander through what remains of his town and to think about this man who for more than half a century ruled as a god. Even now, Tams gives life no quarter. He apologizes for nothing. He sustains himself not on family or religion but on discipline, on an austere philosophy that in his last years seems to serve him well enough. He sustains himself on memories as well. With him the past does not recede into haziness, into a mist of half-remembered names and faded vignettes. He brings forth each year of his life rich with detail and commentary, as if his brain kept stored each moment, each incident, indelible, impervious to age.

From what he had said, I could imagine what the town was like 60 years ago. Germans and Magyars and Slovaks and Slavs and Poles and Silesians, all the peoples of the Austro-Hungarian empire, arriving by train in their woolen suits,

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their belongings wrapped in bundles. Blacks up from plantations in the South, driven northward by the scent of money, of work. Mountaineers tempted down from their thin scratchings on the mountainsides and up the hollows. All of them miners. And Tams, making his evening walk through town, nodding at his men, his miners.

Colored town has been torn down to make way for a new shaft and the area above the town is filling up with slag. But I could still see what remains of American town and foreign town. I walked the rutted, dusty lanes and talked to those few who still call Tams their home, those with foreign names still in their part of town, the "Americans" in theirs. They are miners and retired miners, the sons of miners and their families, a people as withdrawn and isolated as their town. The coal camps marked a generation of families. Life in the camps left people stunted, with some small sense of freedom, with the illusion that flight was possible, but without ever having learned to manage their own lives.

Those who remain have nothing but praise for Tams. "He was one of a kind," they say, "a prince." They tell story after story of how he helped them and others, but their memories are bare and paltry stuff. They know nothing of Tams's life. They did not know him when he ran the mine and the town, and still do not know him. They scarcely see him.

They wonder what joy he got from life. A bachelor, married to his mine and his books, Major Tams is as much a mystery to them as ever.

When I drove back over the mountain to Beckley, I asked some of my miner friends about Tams and they all agreed that the man and his town had been something special—that as far as mine operators went, there was none better—but they knew little of him, either. So I went back the next week to talk to Major Tams again. He seemed the same: the same conservative suit and tie; the same ironic expression on his long, oval face, a face much like those of the five family portraits on the parlor wall; the same formal politeness—accommodating yet so distant, removed. I asked Tams what had changed his world, half expecting him to launch into a harangue against the union. Instead, he gazed up at the blankness of the wall above my head and talked about his first trip abroad. "I had been in Egypt, up where that big dam is now," the major said. "I came back down to Port Said and got the boat carrying first class, all British army officers and civil-service people. That was September 1913. I'll never forget a Major Titler of the Gordon Highlanders. In the lounge after dinner. He'd had several drinks, and I guess he spoke a little more freely than he would have otherwise. He was in mufti.

"I say, Tams, what are you people

going to do when we get in a war with the Germans?"

"Why, you people don't think of anything but war," I said.

"You're wrong. This is serious. We'll be at war with them before the year is out."

"Nonsense," I said.

"It's not nonsense. On my home leave I have only one major instruction from the War Office. I must make a careful study of our plans to land troops in France and I must brush up on my French."

"I promptly forgot about it. I thought about it next August, though. World War One, you young people have no idea what that did. Those of my generation were convinced that the human race was slowly perfecting itself. We were convinced that men would settle their differences with their brains, with arbitration, the Hague Tribunal, and so forth. And World War One demolished all that. You just have no idea."

With the European War the price of and demand for coal rose to unprecedented heights, but to Tams it was a bargain with the Devil. Nevertheless, Tams went to officer's training camp soon after Wilson declared war. The war ended just as he was shipping out to Europe, and he returned to West Virginia to be known from then on as Major Tams.

The war may have weakened the pillars that supported Tams's beliefs, but he returned convinced that his town would be the same. His older brother, a railroadman, had managed the mine during the war. He had truly been his brother's surrogate, watching over every detail of the operation. In Tams's absence the town had grown to 400 miners, 1200 residents in all, but in other respects the town appeared much the same.

By the spring of 1920, the great coal boom had begun. In that year about half the nation's coal mines reported increases in profits of from 50 to 100 percent or more. Coal operators who before had lived at their mines now had the profits and pretensions to move elsewhere, to New York or Cincinnati, to live in a style they chose to become accustomed to. New operators moved in, "snowbirds" they were called, lusting after quick profits, tacking together shacks for miners' homes, skimping on safety and equipment, mixing slag with their coal and shipping it North.

Tams and his town did not give in to this and he continued to prune the slothful, to exorcise the shoddy. He ruled his town as before. Soon after the war, the United Mine Workers sent organizers to the Southern coal fields. "A bunch of toughs, agitators, big strong rascals," Tams calls them, "going around stirring up the men with bootleg liquor." They were fiercely individualistic men, these



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coal operators, men who could not get along that well even among themselves, men whose lives had taught them that what a man holds is finally and irrevocably his. They fought the union with cunning and arms and police. If the miners went outside the law, it was only because the law itself was the property of the coal operators, and before the operators finally broke the union, several of the Southern counties teetered on the brink of civil war.

No organizer ever entered Tams's town, and any of his men who seemed likely to be agitators were abruptly sent packing. Tams had little trouble, however, for he paid ten percent above the union scale, as did most of the local mines. Moreover, he had instituted what amounted to a profit-sharing plan, an unheard-of innovation.

For much of the Twenties, Tams and his town continued as before. He let nothing change him and his town: "I came here determined to get enough money so that I could tell any man to go to hell. Several million would do. I didn't want a hundred million. I wouldn't have known what the hell to do with it. Back in 1920, when I was in New York, a young fellow came to my hotel, the Waldorf Astoria, and said that his uncle, J. G. White, was very anxious to have a talk with me. Of course, I had heard of J. G. White, the famous engineer and banker, and the next day I went down to his office.

"J. G. White said to me, 'Tams, fifteen years ago you could buy all the coal around Pittsburgh, the Pittsburgh seam, seven or eight feet thick, for fifty dollars an acre. Today it's worth fifteen hundred in some places, five hundred in others. What I have in mind is buying up all the coal companies in West Virginia south of the New River and the Kanawha River, a yearly production of thirty-nine million tons. We have been investigating what you have done in your field and I have in mind having you head the company. We will furnish the money. You can buy up all those mines and operate them.'

"Very flattering, Mr. White," I said, "this is a very flattering offer. I am still a young man in my thirties, but too old to be anybody's water boy."

"Water boy! Water boy! Why, you would be head of one of the largest operations in this country."

"Yes, but I would be a water boy to my board of directors and to my owners. I am just getting ready to leave on a trip around the world. I'll be gone for six months. I couldn't do that as president of your gigantic thing."

No offer of industrial power, no foreign conflict, no union organizer loosened Tams's grip on his world. But in 1926 a raw road was cut through the scrawny timber, over the mountain to

person could get into Beckley in an hour by car or four hours on a horse or mule. Beckley: 10,000 people, banks, movie theaters, restaurants, five-and-ten-cent stores, clothing and appliance shops, automobile dealers, on a good Saturday afternoon sidewalks bursting with miners and wives and children, all primed and primed within half an inch of their lives, heady with the sight of different faces and clothes. Overnight that canvas-topped Model T became their magic carpet, their symbol of freedom, and purses that had not opened for pop or liquor or extra shoes emptied to become down payments on one of Henry Ford's creations.

Tams hated the cars. He did not drive and he would not own one and when a car struck a child in Tams he spread a chain across his road and did not let them enter. Troublemakers now got taken to Beckley. The movie theater wasn't good enough for his people anymore; now they could attend sound movies in Beckley, and Tams closed his theater in 1930. The Chesapeake and Ohio and the Virginian couldn't keep their passenger trains coming in every day for a smattering of customers, and the passenger and mail service began to dribble away.

It was not technology, that proud offspring of modern American progress, that most changed the coal counties but that mutant offspring of progress, the Great Depression. In the Twenties, the hunger and despair gathered force and momentum where life and the economy were at their most basic, on the farms, and then moved into the mines, months before Wall Street crashed. In the spring of 1927, the coal market started to sag, beginning a steady decline into the abyss of the Depression. Few took special note at first. Boom and bust, bust and boom, that was the elemental rhythm of the coal industry and always would be. The newer operators, many of them, had been riding the boom, staying with it higher and higher, until as the economy leveled off and began falling they had no protection, no liquid capital, no reserves, to protect their fall.

The absentee owners in New York and Cincinnati had overextended themselves, too, and looking at their balance sheets, they sent down word that expenses would have to be cut. There was so much fat on the bone. Why paint the houses? No need of so many mine props and engineers and safety inspectors. Get rid of the older fellows, the lame ones. Lower the wages, week by week. If a motorman got \$4.68 a day, well, bring him down to \$2.60. And pay him for hauling out *all* the coal. If he gets done in eight hours, fine. If it takes him 10 or 12, that's fine, too.

The very land began to exact its due.

At the older mines the slag piles of slate, low-grade coal and other mine refuse had grown shift after shift, year after year, until now they had become bluish-gray mountains dominating the houses and the company store and the tippie itself. Deep within themselves these immense slag heaps brewed even greater trouble, chemicals breaking down, generating heat, setting the coal afire, so that they began burning, burning continuously, the smoke casting a dark penumbra across the valleys, the smoldering mountains fed daily with carload after carload of new slag, as if the mines were making offerings to a malevolent and perverse god. The coal dust from the tipples rose up from the mine, too, on a still summer day pointing a long gray finger to the sky.

The camp towns did not one day strike a terrible bargain, agreeing to give in to the coal in return for the coal itself. It was a subtle disintegration—a woman not washing her curtains one week, a miner not planting his garden, a fence left unpainted—until finally their kitchens and clothes and curtains, sometimes it seemed even their souls, were colored coal-camp gray.

Tams did his best to maintain the old ways and in the end the Depression served as a respite for him and his values. In that barren period, when leanness was health, the town lived through what were perhaps its best years. Men lusted after work, seeing a job as entry into a fellowship of the whole and the worthy. Good workmen rode the rails through West Virginia, traveling from emptiness to emptiness, from one job just taken to another, passing by those sheltered in that coal-camp town. A man did not want adventure and uncertainty then when adventure and uncertainty were the common currency, and those endless voyagers envied the people of Tams.

Every man in Tams had work, if only for three days a week. The old men kept the lamp checks or watched over the bathhouse. Men lamed or broken in the mine Tams set to working at the tippie or the power station. Boys at 16 passed into maturity and into the service of the mine. A youth of sound body and good spirit went to work at the face with his father or uncle or brother; a young man of more delicate manner, one who had taken to arithmetic and reading in the school, went to the company store.

Tams simply did not tolerate sloth and in those years his town appeared as permanent and immutable as the mountains. The union did come in, of course, and that was the major change. After Roosevelt's proclamations and the actions of most of the coal operators, it was inevitable. Most of Tams's men did not join at once, the most loyal only after union miners had spat at them on the streets of Beckley. Some joined willingly



"This is a wedding rehearsal, Horace, not a honeymoon rehearsal."

enough, however; Tams might be the best of the mine operators, but that was not enough, not anymore. There were miners now who no longer would passively accept what the operators chose to give them, miners who trusted John L. Lewis and his United Mine Workers as they could never trust an operator, even a Major Tams.

The Second World War set the tipplers to operating six days a week again, but the war demanded a different set of loyalties. Now the young men went not to the mine but to boot camp, to Guam and Normandy, and the same fortitude and understated courage that made good miners of the men made them fine, brave soldiers. In those war years West Virginia coal production increased as never before. Tams had to open a new mine in the Pocahontas number-four seam, since the Beckley seam had just about played out. These were feverish times and in 1942 the major's brother, the last of his close blood, got caught in the tippie dragline, pulled into the machinery and crushed to death.

The young men returned one day, swaggering bucks full of the world, their heads too big for mines and coal camps. They stayed, many of them, only long enough to unload tales and treasure, Jap bayonets, silk stockings, a stuffed pillow or two, before heading up to Detroit or Cleveland to work on the auto assembly lines or in the mills. Those who did stay and went back into the mines were not about to live in coal camps, either. A man could earn a decent wage in the mines now. He could have a used car and with a GI loan he could even buy himself a house.

The coal companies, almost all owned and managed by large outside interests, had little use for these camps anymore. Not only was there no money in them but by 1947 it was clear that the large companies and John L. Lewis and his union were pushing the coal industry toward complete mechanization. Soon they wouldn't be needing a third of their men. So while the good times lasted, the companies sold the houses to the miners at what seemed reasonable prices. For a year or two, anyway, a miner could come home at night and stand at the front gate for a moment, filled with awe that this company house, this temporary abode for him and his family and who knows how many families before, was *his*, eternally *his*.

By 1950 the coal market had once again begun to decline. With all the talk of atomic power and most new homes going up equipped with oil or gas heat, it seemed that the industry might never again pick up. Miners got laid off by the tens of thousands, more than would ever be rehired. The men with houses could not sell out and move away and their homes, their prized posses-

sions, became prisons. There were empty houses in the towns, too, boarded and crumbling, mocking them and their lives.

Tams did not sell his houses. He and his town remained as before, most every house full, the roadways still as neat as hospital corridors, but each year he and his town seemed more a relic, a moment of history frozen. For the most part the residents were old employees, a good many dating back to the Tens and Twenties, miners who felt secure with Tams, the man and the town. Tams had never failed them. He was reaching 70, however, and he knew that in order to compete with the big corporations, the big boys, he would have to invest several million dollars in modern equipment. The coal would have to be clawed out of the seams by monstrous \$100,000 continuous miners, machines operated by skilled drivers, a new breed of miner. The town was not for these men nor could it be. In 1955, Tams sold out.

• • •

The years since then have not been easy for Tams. He is a sentimental man, but his is a sentimentality that denies its very name, that calls melancholy and remorse indulgence, that lets its feelings out only in twists of irony, an unsaid thought, an action. He has stayed in Tams. There could not be a more sentimental act. He stayed while the new company mechanized the mine and cut the work force to a third. The company didn't ask people to leave. It just didn't bother to maintain the town. It demolished the amusement building almost immediately; the fine maple floor brought good money. When a house became vacant the company sold it to whoever would tear it down and cart it away, and as empty lots began to interrupt the even rows of houses, and ruts and dust eroded the roadways, the town began to die. Those who thought their lives still lay before them left. Old pensioners and the sentimental stayed on.

The new company closed out Tams's mine two years ago with coal still down there, because the profit margin had decreased. That galls Tams no end. His company store has been turned into an office and every day 30 or 40 executives, secretaries, clerks and typists drive into Tams in the morning and drive out again in the afternoon. It is beyond him why a coal company should need so much personnel, and he has watched what has been happening in the coal industry these past two decades with dismay:

"They used to think, 'Tams is a crazy young fellow. He'll tame down as he gets older.' I let them think so. It didn't hurt me any. But I have always been able to see ahead just a bit farther than my competitors. They kid themselves. They still don't realize the direction we are heading. Not just coal—we are just a fringe of the general industrial

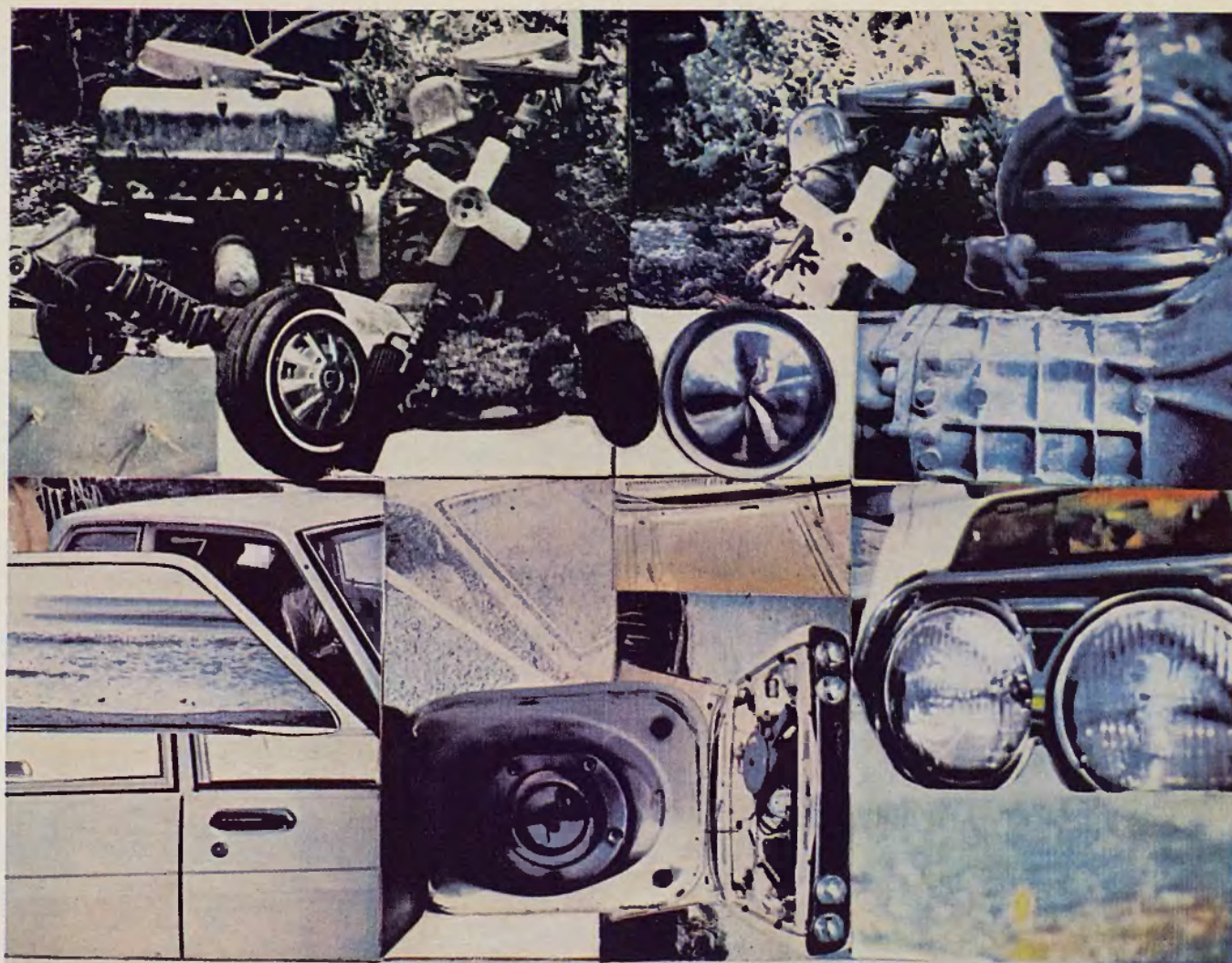
complex—but coal is an example. The companies have been bought by oil companies, who are containing their main competition. When you've got coal in the hands of people like that, you are headed for trouble. You are headed for the same thing the Pennsylvania Railroad has reached.

"You've gotten so big. You have so damn many high-salaried hounds on your back, with pensions arranged for, with thousands of dollars for yourself, your wife, your children, and high salaries for everybody. My God, at most I paid myself twenty thousand dollars a year. The minute the Depression hit I cut my salary in half and never raised it again. I was the principal stockholder. If I couldn't make money myself, then why did I deserve a big salary to lose the stockholders' money?"

Tams talks of the past as if he were trying to will it back into existence, into life. "I never saw anything wrong with what I was doing," he says. "We tried to make life a little safer. We tried to make life a little more comfortable. We figured that could be done, not in a minute, not in a year, but over time. Each generation would act a little better. I still think it could have been but for World War One and the Depression and. . ."

Tams will talk of the present but with reluctance and disdain and of the future only with bewilderment. He believes that life must be lived with discipline and restraint, with austerity, and to him affluence and leisure are little more than the harbingers of doom. "In my young days the human race had enough to worry about that they didn't have time to be raising hell," he says. "When I started, coal miners were getting two to four dollars a day. And they always had money in their pockets. Now they're getting up to fifty dollars a day and if the mine is down from five to four days a week, they're broke. Now they have thousand-dollar color-television sets each night telling them to buy all sorts of fancy things. I don't blame them, but where is this all heading? *And for God's sake, don't ask me the solution!* I can diagnose it, but I can't give you the remedy."

His province is his cottage, now, and that has not changed. He sleeps in the same brass bed that he has slept in for more than half a century, in a room as sparsely furnished as a monk's cell. His Negro housekeeper, the third he has had since 1909, often cooks his food on his coal-burning stove. He travels still, to Florida in the winter, to California or Canada in the summer, but everywhere his regimen is the same. He reads. In Tams after each meal he goes to the parlor and, sitting there in his coat and tie, he reads. Hour after hour, 12, 14, 16 hours a day, he reads. He reads Germaine



"Engineer's landscape"

RAUSCHENBERG 72
©Robert Rauschenberg

New Datsun 510 2-Door. An original portrait by Robert Rauschenberg.

Engineering, reliability and quality elevated to a fine art. From the sum of its parts, a statement about the entire automobile. This, an original portrait of the new Datsun 510 by Robert Rauschenberg.

Rauschenberg is one of America's trend-setting artists. What he discovered in the new Datsun 510 was a car of extraordinary engineering integrity. His model was a 510 he actually dismantled; his portrait is an artistic summary about what he discovered.

The Datsun 510 is one of the most enduring

stars of our line. For two years running, it has captured the Trans-Am 2.5 Championship. Its credentials include overhead cam engine, safety front disc brakes and fully independent suspension. Plus, luxury features like reclining bucket seats, tinted glass and whitewalls included in the price.



The new Datsun 510 is a work of the engineers' art, a Datsun Original. That's the impression you get from Rauschenberg's picture. And the impression you feel when you drive it. Drive a Datsun...then decide.

Own a Datsun Original.

From Nissan with Pride

Greer's *The Female Eunuch*. He reads Arthur Krock's *The Consent of the Governed*. He reads John Kobler's *Capone*. He reads and he tries to understand this contemporary world.

The very fixtures of his diminished world are threatened. For years he has subscribed to *The New York Times*, but the paper is coming three or four days late. He writes the circulation manager, but he knows nothing will come of it. He can't get a train to Washington anymore, and his Washington hotel of five decades' standing grows less well ordered and more expensive with every visit.

Tans says what he thinks about this world he lives in, but, of course, he always did. The difference is that whereas 20 years ago he had his workday parceled out and scheduled to the last five minutes, these days he will talk a good part of the afternoon away:

"The biggest animal that ever walked this earth was the dinosaur. He grew so big that he couldn't cover enough ground to get food, and he was so clumsy and

stupid that other animals ate his eggs up. Now, I can take you down into any coal mine and show you the fossil remains of the cockroach, exactly the same size, shape and build as the cockroach today. What we're getting is a race of dinosaurs.

"The damn thing is that nobody has any private incentive to think. There is no real competition. That's what I'm trying to say. In this industrial civilization the choice of company is the only choice you are going to have. Of course, you could start a shoeshine parlor or deliver newspapers, but that's about it. When you've decided the company, you are fixed for life. You'll work for them five days a week. You will be able to join a country club. When you retire you'll receive a livable wage. But you won't be able to sink below a certain level or rise above a certain level.

"Several weeks ago somebody asked me what I'd do if I were twenty-five years old today. I told him. I'd cut my throat."



BEDE-AS IN SPEEDY

(continued from page 163)

Bill dried up. Ex-Servicemen—or their wives—decided that they needed refrigerators and washers and TV sets more than they did airplanes. And even when a glut of small planes developed that brought the price of a Cessna T-50 (a twin-engine World War Two trainer) down to what Bede paid for one in 1952—\$100 and a camera—maintenance costs became infuriatingly high. Today there are close to 800,000 pilots in the U.S.—and only about 120,000 airplanes, about a third of which are more than 15 years old.

Some of the responsibility for this state of affairs rests with the established light-plane manufacturers. Piper, Cessna, Beech and the few other major plane makers still produce trainers—on the sensible theory that they'll ultimately profit if student pilots learn in their products—but even a cursory look at the ads in *Flying*, the leading general-aviation magazine, proves the point that the big manufacturers are geared to the wealthy pilot, and especially to corporate aviation. "At the end of a talk he'd given, someone asked Bill Piper why his company wasn't making the Cub anymore," Bede says. "And his answer was, 'Why should we make the Cub, which we used to sell for \$1000, when we can't fill the orders we've got for \$40,000 twin-engine planes?'" In an industry that last year produced fewer than 10,000 units, labor is expensive and the cost of retooling for model changes exorbitant—partly because the Federal Aviation Administration tests every refinement of an approved production design with painstaking, bureaucratic slowness.

The light-plane manufacturers simply went where the profit motive—and the strictures of the FAA—led them. A relatively small percentage of the people who learn to fly do so because they want faster, more efficient transportation. The general-aviation industry serves that segment of the air-minded public well—if at great cost. But the man who'd like nothing more than to jump into a plane and lose himself in the pleasures it can give—the way we used to lose ourselves in Jaguars and Morgans on back-country roads—has been left to fork over hundreds of dollars a year to pay for 25 or 30 hours of flying in a rented Cessna 172. Or he's simply abandoned the dream and gotten himself a Honda or a snowmobile.

With the BD-5, Jim Bede intends to change all that. He's counting on the fact that people want a strong, fast, easy-to-maintain personal sport plane badly enough to put in several hundred hours assembling the thing. And he seems to be right. As this issue goes to press, only one



"That's very nice of you, nurse, but I'd rather have the forceps!"

prototype of the plane is flying and Bede isn't even in a position to ship entire kits. (He is shipping everything but the power train for each plane and will send that off when his engines start arriving from Germany this summer.) Yet he has a 4000-plane backlog of orders for the kits, and new orders are arriving at the rate of 15 to 20 a day. Piper produces 12 planes a day, of all types.

An order placed this spring, with a deposit and a final payment totaling \$2600, will result in the delivery—next fall, Bede told *PLAYBOY*—of five packing crates containing the plans and the 320 structural parts of the BD-5, a basic instrument package and a two-cycle, two-cylinder 40-horsepower engine. [Bede's address is P. O. Box 706, Newton, Kansas.] The engine comes assembled, and 55- and 70-hp models are available as options. Also optional are an electrical starter—an extraordinarily good idea for the man who values his friends' fingers—and a pair of long wings that convert the craft from a stubby aerobat to what amounts to a powered glider with a range of 1000 miles.

Bede says that the construction of the plane should amount to about 300 hours of simple work for an aircraft mechanic, 600 to 800 hours for a reasonably skilled home craftsman. A representative of the FAA has to check construction at a couple of points, but in fact the certification requirements for home-builts are much less rigorous than for production-line aircraft. As Bede gets more of his prototypes certified and displayed in the aviation press, there's no reason to expect that a well-constructed owner-built model should run afoul of the Federal regulators.

Of course Bede won't admit that the fact that he's designed a flying Heathkit is a drawback. When we asked him about the legality of the owner's hiring a mechanic to do his work for him, he allowed that the procedure was legal but guessed that his customers were eager to do the work themselves. He has even designed a couple of elements in the plane—including the tips of the wings—of balsawood, on the assumption that the kind of man who'll buy the BD-5 was up to his knuckles in airplane glue as a kid.

Barring the kind of hitches that seem less and less likely with each flight of the prototype, the finished plane will be remarkable. The human figure was the limiting factor in the BD-5's design and when you've hunkered yourself down into it, it fits the way, one supposes, wings fit angels. You close the Swiss-built canopy by reaching up and pulling it forward over your head, just as an F-4 jockey does his. The control stick is a subtle little wrist-controlled handle canted out from the right side of the cockpit—a configuration toward which fighter planes (again)



"Do you have anything bigger? We entertain a lot!"

are moving. (Bede says that he and the Air Force, working independently, came within a degree of each other on the angle the thing should be tilted.) Reporting the plane's handling and performance characteristics presents a problem, both because Bede and his test pilot are the only two men to have flown one and because what the BD-5 can do will vary widely, depending on which engine the buyer chooses and which set of wings he slips on. But *PLAYBOY* has seen films of the plane in flight and it looks as steady and manageable in the air as Bede claims it is. And after the editors of *Air Progress* magazine flew alongside and photographed a test flight a few months ago, they reported: "The little plane was far more impressive than we'd expected. It looked to be very responsive to control input and power applications, and according to [the test pilot], there was almost no pitch change with throttle changes. He was putting the airplane anywhere we wanted with seeming ease, and after he put it there, it sat steady as a rock."

As recounted in that same report, the pilot's first comment when he hauled himself out of the cockpit was, "With short wings and 70 horsepower, she'll out-run a P-51! Maybe we should enter some unlimited races." Military comparisons and connections are common at the Newton plant. Bede says that one of the early

orders for the plane was placed by a two-star general from nearby McConnell Air Force Base. "I said, 'Hell, man, you've got the choice of any plane over there you wanna fly—why are you getting one of these?' And he said, 'Because it'll be mine.'"

The BD-5 will be bought by a certain type of man. He won't have lots of money (your occasional major general aside), he'll be awfully good with his hands and most likely he'll be one of those 800,000 who love to fly—no matter how many obstacles the manufacturers and the mechanics and the Feds put in their way. But Bede's dreams extend beyond those weekend enthusiasts, much as he loves them and is counting on them now. He told *PLAYBOY* that flying will finally fulfill its promise when there's a fast, low-cost, easy-to-maintain plane that we can use for transportation.

The BD-5 satisfies all of those requirements but the last. Somewhere down the line there's a BD-7 or a BD-8 that will, in fact, be a personal plane for the millions. Once Bede has it—once he really has it right—there won't be any reason for him not to go into production with it, so we won't have to spend two years of weekends cutting aluminum with heavy shears to put it together. In the meantime, Jim Bede's about to give the enthusiast a most beautiful toy.



YOU'LL LOVE 1973 *(continued from page 156)*

procedure would have resulted in the destruction of pamphlets, documents and the like, needed by society to convict?"

As Congress yielded to the fear of its constituents, the Supreme Court—ultimate protector of our privacy, along with our other constitutional rights and liberties—became markedly less sensitive to the need for safeguarding the Bill of Rights. As Nixon began to appoint new Justices—there are now four Nixon selections on the Court—the egalitarian spirit of the Warren Court began to be reversed.

A significant, though little noted, decision by what can now be called the Burger Court was handed down in December 1970. By a 5-4 majority, the Court ruled that state courts could use, in criminal proceedings, hearsay evidence that would not be admissible in Federal courts. If fear in this country—including fear of dissenters—intensifies, state criminal charges of conspiracy can, under this ruling, be brought against political defendants on the basis of secondhand testimony from secret police agents who don't want their identities publicly revealed.

As *The New Yorker* made clear, "The Sixth Amendment to the Constitution gives defendants in criminal cases the right to confront witnesses against them, and, by extension, this (with a few exceptions) rules out hearsay evidence, since the person who makes the accusation, not the person who heard it secondhand, is the one to be confronted." This Burger Court ruling narrows every citizen's liberties, particularly since, as *New Yorker* emphasized, "93 percent of all criminal cases are tried in state courts. . . . The decision places 93 percent of all defendants, guilty and innocent alike, at a severe disadvantage."

During its 1971-1972 term, the Supreme Court handed down an equally dangerous decision, maintaining that it was no longer necessary in state criminal trials to have a unanimous jury verdict. As Melvin Wulf, legal director of the American Civil Liberties Union, has pointed out: "The decision . . . effectively abolishes the need for a jury to agree that the prosecution has proven guilt beyond a reasonable doubt."

Another Burger Court decision that is disheartening to civil libertarians allows police to stop and frisk people on the street under circumstances that, as Wulf points out, "come nowhere near satisfying the Fourth Amendment's 'probable cause' standard for arrest." It is now, therefore, much easier for the police to intimidate dissenters—and "possible" dissenters—by literally putting them against the nearest wall.

Yet another ominous ruling by the Burger Court has made further inroads

on the right to refuse to testify before a grand jury or a trial jury on the Fifth Amendment ground of possible self-incrimination. This right has been steadily eroded in recent years as witnesses have been compelled to accept immunity from prosecution and thereby testify or be held in contempt of court. Under the Burger Court decision, that kind of pressure from the Government has been considerably strengthened. The forced witness used to be given *transactional* immunity, which meant that the Government couldn't prosecute him for anything connected with his compelled testimony. Now a witness can be forced to testify in return for only *use* immunity, which means that though the Government can't use his own testimony or any leads from it to build its case against him, he can still be prosecuted. But how will it be possible to prove that a subsequent lead that the Government does use against a witness wasn't developed, however obliquely, from something he said under forced testimony?

It used to be that dissenters, whether under grand-jury pressure or not, had recourse to the press to reveal information they believed to be in the public interest or to give their side of a case in which the Government was prosecuting them or associates of theirs. In such cases, the dissenting source often didn't want to be identified, for fear of Government retaliation, and he would talk only to a reporter whom he trusted not to reveal his identity. This way for dissenters and others to get information to the public has been seriously limited by another Burger Court decision. In the case of *New York Times* reporter Earl Caldwell, the Court declared—with all four of the Nixon appointees in the majority—that a reporter does not have a constitutional right to protect his sources.

The effect of the *Caldwell* decision is already evident. In Caldwell's own case, he has burned the tapes and notes he had collected for a book he was preparing on the Black Panther Party. This material, which had not appeared in the *Times*, had been obtained by a pledge of confidentiality, and Caldwell didn't want to take the chance that, under repeated threats of being jailed, he might finally break that pledge. The burning of his tapes and notes is both a loss to history and a denial of the public's First Amendment right to get information about public issues.

Another illustration of the increasing willingness of Government to subvert the Bill of Rights has been the pressure against Beacon Press and its parent church organization, the Unitarian Universalist Association. On October 22, 1971, Beacon published the so-called Senator Gravel edition of the Pentagon

papers. These were public documents that Senator Gravel had inserted into the records of a Senate subcommittee he heads. Seven days after publication, FBI agents, acting for the Justice Department's Internal Security Division, appeared at the bank in which the Unitarian Universalist Association has its accounts. The agents had a Federal grand-jury subpoena calling for delivery of all of the church's records—not just those of Beacon Press—including copies of each check written and each check deposited by the church group between June first and October 15, 1971.

Every church member throughout the country who sent a check to the Unitarian Universalist Association during that time is now in the FBI files, and I have information that donations to the church have declined following the news of the FBI's collection of its bank records. The experience of this church group indicates that we may be coming closer to a state in which, as Justice William O. Douglas has warned, "our citizens will be afraid to utter any but the safest and most orthodox thoughts; afraid to associate with any but the most acceptable people. Freedom as the Constitution envisages [it] will have vanished."

Meanwhile, as Government pressure against the press and against dissenters intensifies, with Justice Douglas increasingly among the minority in Supreme Court decisions concerning basic civil liberties, the technology to make this a pervasively watched society continues to advance. There are the inviting possibilities, for instance, of closed-circuit TV. Last year, the Committee on Telecommunications of the National Academy of Engineering prepared a study about which you might not have been informed on television or in your local paper. The study, paid for by the Justice Department, recommended 24-hour television surveillance of city streets.

It's already happening. Among the cities that now have or soon will have 24-hour uninterrupted surveillance of a downtown area are Hoboken, New Jersey; Mount Vernon, New York; Saginaw, Michigan; and San Jose, California. Any city, if it has the money, can do it, because so far there are no laws against electronic surveillance of large public areas. The immediate purpose of keeping watch in this way on the citizenry is to cut down street crime. But among other consequences of having the police department's unblinking eye on certain parts of a city is that demonstrators converging in those areas can be photographed and their identities filed for future use—all from police headquarters.

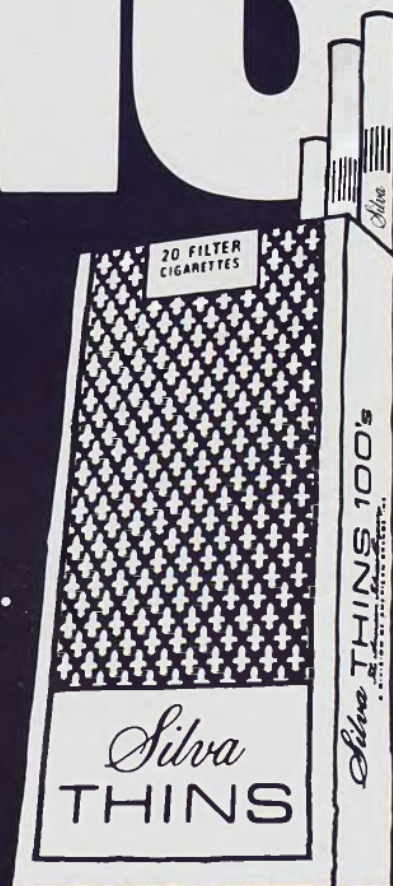
The psychological effects—and the dangers to the Bill of Rights—of increasing police surveillance of public areas *(continued on page 182)*

THINK THINS

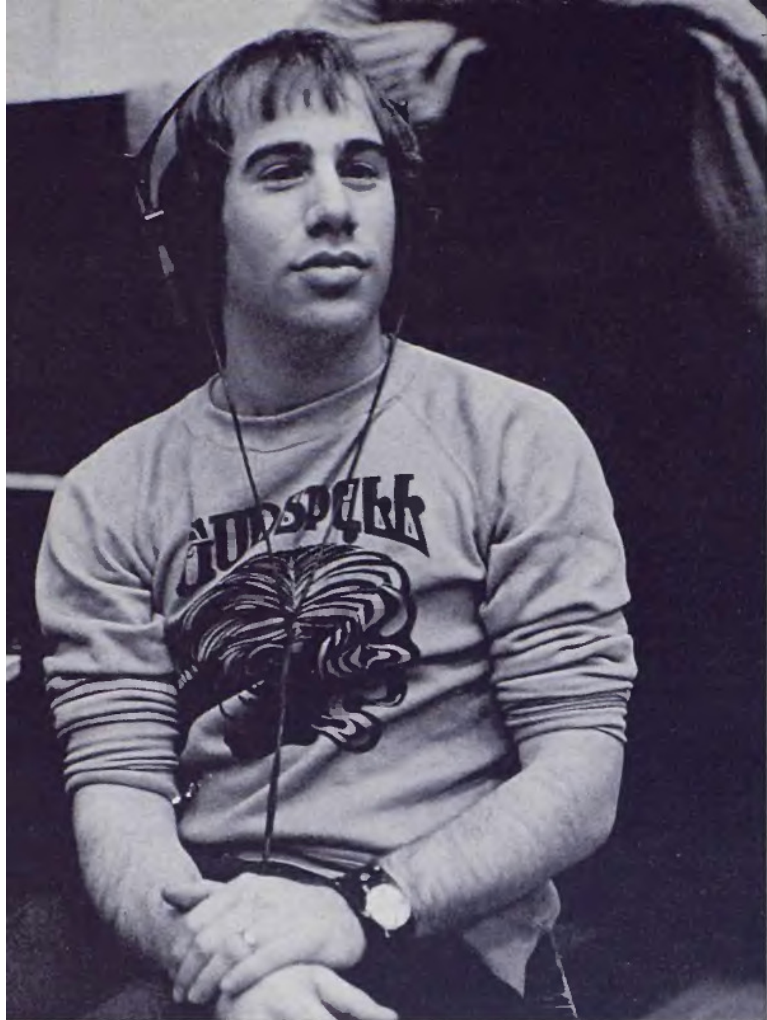
Think Silva Thins 100's. They have less "tar" than most Kings, 100's, menthols, non-filters.*

Menthol too.

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



*According to the latest U.S. Government figures. Filter and Menthol: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report August, '72.



CHUCK PULIN

STEPHEN SCHWARTZ *broadway his way*

"BROADWAY THEATER is a theater for old men. And it will die because the people who produce most of it won't accept young ideas." Those may sound like the words of an outcast, but the speaker is one of Broadway's newest and best-connected insiders, *Godspell* and *Pippin*'s composer-lyricist, Stephen Schwartz. Though only 25, Schwartz began his involvement with music and theater when he took his first piano lesson 19 years ago, while living next door to a musical-comedy composer. "I had barely learned the scales," Schwartz recalls, "when my parents took me to see a show my neighbor had written. I was overwhelmed and knew immediately that musical theater was going to be my life." On his way to the big time, Schwartz interspersed his grade school, high school, college classes and study at New York's Juilliard with songwriting and play production. Though he didn't know it then, a musical based on the life of the son of Charlemagne, which he wrote while attending Pittsburgh's Carnegie-Mellon University, was all he needed to get there. His score for that musical helped him get a job as a record producer, through which he met Leonard Bernstein's sister Shirley, who, in turn, heard and liked the score enough to become Schwartz's agent. His subsequent assignment to write the title song for the hit show *Butterflies Are Free* led to the chance to turn college friend John-Michael Tebelak's adaptation of the *Gospel According to Saint Matthew* into a commercial musical. *Godspell*, which premiered as a movie last month, earned no fewer than four awards for Schwartz (among them, a pair of Grammys), not to mention the interest of producer Stuart Ostrow, who—along with director Bob Fosse and writer Roger O. Hirson—transformed Schwartz's Charlemagne score into *Pippin*. All this, Schwartz says, hasn't made him less critical of musical comedy. But whether he's on Broadway to change it or because, like *Pippin*, he's just "got to be where my spirit can run free," we're sure that for Stephen Schwartz, it's home.

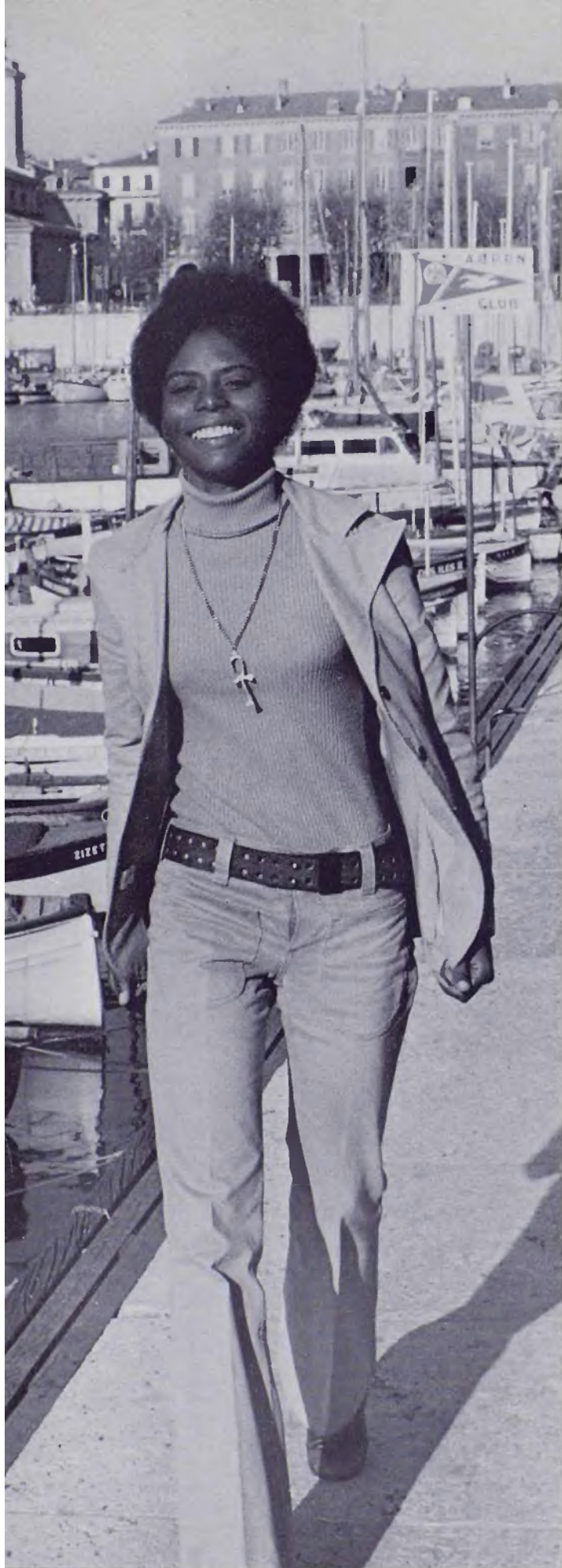
ON THE SCENE

ELEANOR HICKS

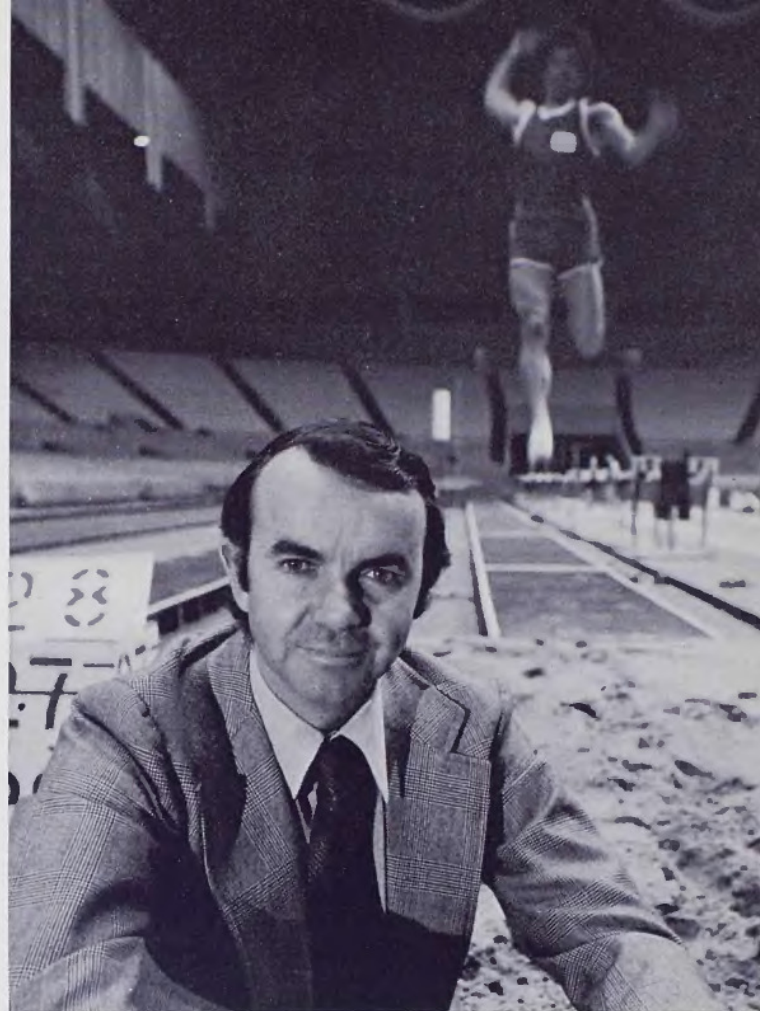
all the world's her stage

HEADS HAVE BEEN TURNING more than usual on the French Riviera since Eleanor Hicks became U. S. consul in Nice last July. A slim, attractive black woman just past her 30th birthday, Miss Hicks is anything but the stereotype of the staid Foreign Service officer. She has sung with a rock group, composes songs herself, has written two plays in English and is working on one in French (she patterns her work after Ionesco). "I lead a very intense life," she says. "I have so many interests, I just can't keep up. One lifetime isn't enough." Miss Hicks is one of about 15 black women in the U. S. Foreign Service, and eventually may be the first ever to become an ambassador. While both the black and the feminist movements could claim her as a symbol, she prefers to be regarded as an individual. "I've never been a group person or a movement person. I'm not attached to causes with a big C. My goal is simply to be myself—to pursue the things that interest me." As a teenager, Miss Hicks became fascinated with languages and resolved that "whatever I would do in life would entail being around the world." After graduation—Phi Beta Kappa—from the University of Cincinnati, she interned for two summers with the Foreign Service and earned a master's in international relations at Johns Hopkins University. In her first full-time assignment, she served two years as a political-military officer in Bangkok, then was brought back to Washington for another two years on the State Department's Thailand desk. Miss Hicks expects that the bulk of her remaining career will be spent in Asia; she sees her current assignment in Nice as an opportunity to broaden her experience: "I have a variety of tasks. One moment I'm working on a cultural project, then on a high school project or helping find a lost passport. All the while I'm refining my managerial skills." But the job has its glamorous side as well: Miss Hicks attends a multitude of social functions in Nice and Monaco. "Fortunately, however, I need only a few hours' sleep. When most people go home to sleep, I go to work on my new play." Even if it were all work and no play, Miss Hicks would be anything but a dull girl.





LOOMIS DEAN



RICHARD R. HEWETT

MIKE O'HARA *a run for your money*

"PROFESSIONAL TRACK is an idea whose time has come," says Mike O'Hara, president and organizer of the new International Track Association. But O'Hara must find fans to fill the seats of dozens of stadiums across the country and Europe—most of them indoors—where stars such as Jim Ryun, Kip Keino and Bob Seagren, all under contract, are competing in their respective specialties this spring; and track-star-turned-broadcaster Marty Liquori will emcee each meet. The purses will be small at first (\$500 to the winner of each of 12 events), but O'Hara plans season-end prizes for top performers and next year he hopes for a \$1000 purse to the winner of each event. A former Olympic volleyball star, 40-year-old O'Hara was a founder of profitable franchises in both the American Basketball Association (the Kentucky Colonels) and the World Hockey Association (Quebec's Nordiques) after he picked up a business-administration degree from USC. The financial success of the new pro tennis tour convinced him that the timing was right for pro track. "There are already hard-core track-and-field enthusiasts who support amateur track beautifully, and we hope to do as well; but we're not counting on it, because we have other sources of revenue." Those sources include sports-equipment manufacturers such as Uniroyal, whose products I. T. A. will use and advertise. And O'Hara is negotiating for large TV contracts. "We want to make track and field the primary sport in the world," he says. "We're going to produce our meets like we would a stage show, with music and lighting and all kinds of special effects." Among O'Hara's gimmicks: a Munich-type electronic scoreboard, a trackside ring of world-record pacer lights for runners and a 60-yard-dash "celebrity challenge"; he's trying to match Elke Sommer against Raquel Welch. Track purists may blanch at that sort of thing, but it sounds like more fun than watching the East Peoria Twirling Leathernecks at half time on Sunday afternoon.

YOU'LL LOVE 1973

(continued from page 178)

have been analyzed in a probing and disturbing article in the winter 1972 issue of *Columbia Human Rights Law Review*, published by students at the Columbia University School of Law: "To begin with," says the *Review*, "police can use a . . . surveillance system to read a pedestrian's lips or to read documents in his possession. More generally, police can direct the cameras to observe . . . people in their apartments, in cars or on the streets. . . . One might reasonably fear that police abuse of the system would lead to increased dossier building. In a way not presently practicable, the police could use wide-scale surveillance systems to track associational ties and mark the day-to-day habits of revolutionaries, activists, homosexuals and other people of police interest. . . . To the extent that America adopts the ethic of a watched society, we inevitably lose the sense of participatory democracy and trust that privacy nourishes."

Among other coming surveillance attractions in the watched society is spying by helicopter. New York City recently completed a two-year test of this avant-garde way of bypassing the Bill of Rights. The cost was \$490,000. But the wonders of surveillance by helicopter aren't limited to the police departments of such big cities as New York. Kettering, Ohio, a suburb of Dayton, has a population of 70,000 who can occasionally see two police helicopters equipped with siren, public-address system, searchlights, radio—and a portable video-tape camera.

With the market for police visual-surveillance equipment booming—or, rather, zooming—manufacturers are zestfully promoting their spying wares. In a characteristic sales pitch, Eugene G. Fubini, former vice-president for research at IBM and now a private consultant, told those attending a National Law Enforcement Symposium: "Wouldn't you like to be able to frisk every citizen without him knowing he is being frisked? . . . You can put multidimensional magnetometers in turnstiles and movie theaters and lots of other places. Let me try another one: You could put on all bridges and parkways a device which reads license plates and automatically matches them against a list."

We are well into what the Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under Law calls a "police-industrial complex" that will serve "to increase an already extensive, easily abused police capability for surveillance, harassment and interference with noncriminal activities." And what the police see and record will be filed and then hooked into local, state and Federal data banks. In September 1972, conservative columnist James J. Kilpatrick wrote: "For many years, politically active Americans have been won-

dering: Were they suffering a kind of paranoia, or was Big Brother really watching them? Answer: He was watching."

Now, every year, Big Brother watches and puts into dossiers more and more of what we're doing and saying. A grimly reasonable case can be made that University of Michigan Law School Professor Arthur R. Miller was being prescient rather than fanciful in 1971 when he speculated in his book *The Assault on Privacy*: "The identification number given to us at birth might become a leash around our necks and make us the object of constant monitoring through a womb-to-tomb computer dossier."

Most of us already have such an identification number. It's on our Social Security card. As Senator Sam Ervin has noted, although the Social Security card states on its face that it's not to be used for identification purposes (except for Social Security and income-tax needs), citizens have to submit their Social Security numbers on job applications, voter-registration affidavits, credit applications, telephone records, arrest records, military records, driver's licenses and many other forms. In fact, there is a move in Congress that would make Professor Miller's prophecy come true. On March 2, 1972, the Senate Finance Committee voted to require that every child be issued a Social Security card upon entering the first grade. Not to be outdone, Representative Martha Griffiths, Democrat from Michigan, proposed that it be assigned at birth.

Widespread use of a single number of identification, Senator Ervin adds, can hasten Government maintenance of extensive computerized data banks of information on all of us. The Social Security number alone, he points out, could be the single, common key required "to link computers, enabling them to talk among themselves, promiscuously combining accurate, inaccurate and incomplete information about nearly all Americans. . . . Decisions affecting a person's job, retirement benefits, security clearance, credit rating or many other rights may be made without benefit of a hearing or confrontation of the evidence."

Despite such omens of 1984, it would be foolish and foolhardy to simply allow postconstitutional America to come into being without fighting to keep and to regenerate *this* Constitution. There are ways to do more than privately keen over the drifting away of the Bill of Rights. One way is through the courts. With regard to political surveillance by secret police, for example, at least 30 suits have been brought by the A.C.L.U., as of January 1973, that challenge spying on political activities by the FBI, the National Guard, state anti-subversive agencies and both state and local police departments. More will surely be filed by the A.C.L.U.

and other civil-liberties organizations in the months ahead.

The main thrust in most of these court actions is to force disclosure of how dossiers on individuals and organizations are opened and nurtured, on whom they are kept and to whom their contents are distributed. A corollary request for relief is that the secret police be forbidden from then on to gather information for political dossiers and be required to destroy those they already have.

A characteristic suit of this nature has been brought by the Civil Liberties Union of Southern California against the Los Angeles Police Department. The C.L.U. charges in its complaint that the police keep files on a variety of organizations—church, political, educational—and on individuals associated with these groups, even though neither the police department nor any police officer "has any information that such group or person has committed, will commit or intends to commit any criminal offense."

That case and others like it are still in the courts. There has been one significant triumph in this area, along with one seeming victory that turned into a defeat because of what Nixon has done to the Supreme Court. The defeat, which is not terminal (other cases can still be brought, despite this particular Supreme Court decision), concerns a case brought against then-Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird by Arlo Tatum, a Quaker, and other plaintiffs who charged that the United States Army had been secretly keeping track of their lawful civilian political activities. Tatum and his associates in the suit had long and publicly opposed the war in Vietnam, and that made them fodder for Army spies, who, according to Senator Ervin, had kept tabs until at least 1969 on more than 100,000 civilians and organizations.

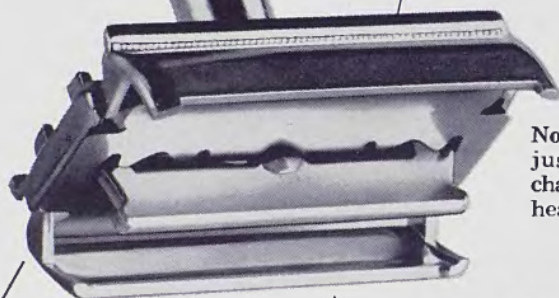
In April 1971, a U.S. Court of Appeals sent the case (*Laird vs. Tatum*) back to the lower Federal district court that had denied relief to Tatum and his associates. The Court of Appeals disagreed with the lower court's findings, declaring that the plaintiffs did have a case and that it ought to be heard. The Court of Appeals, moreover, stressed the danger to the country of Army political surveillance of civilians and went on to order that the following facts be determined: "The nature of the Army domestic intelligence system . . . specifically the extent of the system, the methods of gathering the information, its content and substance, the methods of retention and distribution, and the recipients of the information. . . . Whether the existence of any overbroad aspects of the intelligence-gathering system . . . has or might have an intimidating effect on appellants or others similarly situated."

In sum, just what the hell was the Army up to by spying on civilian political



Close shaves, but...

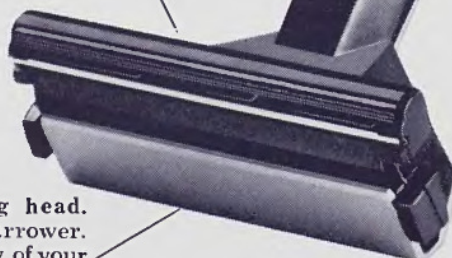
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Complex clamping mechanism. It can get out of line with wear, and lead to nicks and cuts.

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activity? Did all those dossiers really have any relationship to the Army's responsibility for handling such massive civilian disorders as might arise? Or was the Army just collecting whatever it could find about potential troublemakers, even though they had done nothing unlawful? After all, said the Court of Appeals, "To permit the military to exercise a totally unrestricted investigative function in regard to civilians, divorced from the normal restrictions of legal process and the courts, and necessarily coupling sensitive information with military power, could create a dangerous situation in the Republic."

But, we have been told, the Army no longer spies on civilians, so why stir up a dead issue? Yet, as Senator Ervin noted in May 1972, "It's going to be impossible to destroy all the information the Army has gathered. Our investigations show that while the Army was engaged in spying on civilians, it interchanged information that it collected with the FBI and with local law-enforcement agencies throughout the United States, and there is no way we can run that down and get it out of their files."

Therefore, the issues raised in *Laird vs. Tatum* are hardly dead. Accordingly, the Court of Appeals decision could have been a stunning breakthrough toward letting the citizenry see some of the inner workings of the total national political surveillance system, of which the Army secret police is one branch. Most unfortunately, the Supreme Court thought otherwise. The Government having appealed the Court of Appeals decision, the High Court dismissed *Laird vs. Tatum* in

June 1972. The vote was 5-4 and in the majority were all four of Nixon's appointees, including the redoubtable William Rehnquist, who participated in the decision even though he had been directly involved in the issues at the core of this suit while he was in the Justice Department. Rehnquist, moreover, had made perfectly clear, when he was in the Justice Department and testified before Senator Ervin's Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, that he opposed any limitation on Government surveillance of any citizen.

The majority of the Court, in *Laird vs. Tatum*, declared that it isn't enough to claim that being spied on has a "chilling effect" on the exercising of your First Amendment rights. You have to be more specific and show palpable injury directly resulting from political surveillance—loss of a job or loss of income, for example. In his vehement dissent, Justice Douglas wrote: "This case is a cancer in our body politic. It is a measure of the disease which afflicts us. Army surveillance, like Army regimentation, is at war with the principles of the First Amendment. Those who already walk submissively will say there is no cause for alarm. But submissiveness is not our heritage. The First Amendment was designed to allow rebellion to remain as our heritage. The Constitution was designed to keep Government off the backs of the people. The Bill of Rights was added to keep the precincts of belief and expression, of the press, of political and social activities free from surveillance. The Bill of Rights was designed to keep agents of Government and official eavesdroppers

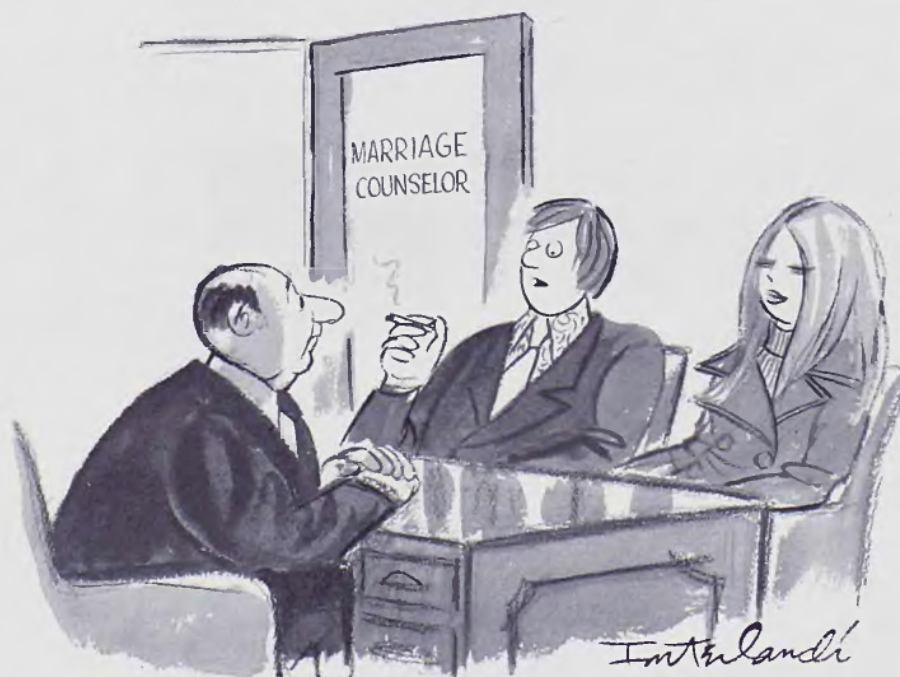
away from assemblies of people. The aim was to allow men to be free and independent and to assert their rights against Government. There can be no influence more paralyzing of that objective than Army surveillance. When an Intelligence officer looks over every nonconformist's shoulder in the library or walks invisibly by his side in a picket line or infiltrates his club, the America once extolled as the voice of liberty heard around the world no longer is cast in the image which Jefferson and Madison designed, but more in the Russian image."

Several lower Federal court decisions since *Laird vs. Tatum*, fortunately, indicate that the door is far from closed to attempts, through the courts, to expose Government ferrets gnawing at the Bill of Rights. In Philadelphia, a Federal judge refused to dismiss a suit against the local police department for keeping files on all known demonstrators in that city. And on October 25, 1972, a Federal judge in the state of Washington settled a suit by ten antiwar demonstrators against the police of the city of Longview who had taken pictures of antiwar marches in the fall of 1969. That court order requires destruction of all police photographs of the plaintiffs, who in turn have agreed to drop their claim for damages.

So the court route to protect our Constitution—and ourselves—from the secret police is being used. Future suits will focus on specific harm—direct or indirect—resulting from police surveillance, such as the disruption of lawful organizations by police infiltrators. Some of these cases will be lost; but there is reason to believe that others can be won. Even a losing case may produce a dissenting opinion that later guides both lawyers and judges in other jurisdictions.

In addition to continuing the battle in the courts, the campaign against the secret police can also be waged by legislation. Among a number of bills now pending in Congress to stem the assault on privacy is New York Congressman Edward Koch's Federal privacy act, which requires that each Government agency maintaining records on any individual must: notify the person that such a record exists; disclose such records only with the consent of the individual; maintain an accurate record of all persons to whom any information is divulged and the purposes for which it was given to them; permit the individual on whom there is a record to inspect it, make copies of it and supplement it; remove erroneous information of any kind and notify all agencies and persons to whom the erroneous material has been transferred that it has been removed.

Although it's a useful start, there are weaknesses in the Koch bill—a basic flaw being its exclusion from the privacy safeguards of records "specifically



"We agree on one thing—you're full of bullshit."

required by Executive order to be kept secret in the interest of national security." The Government cannot safely be allowed to simply pronounce the words "national security" and thereby seal off whatever it wills. At the very least, in any court case under a privacy act, the burden of proof has to be on the Government to justify any attempt to keep secret the records maintained on an individual or a group.

Another fundamental weakness in the Koch bill is its exclusion from privacy protection of "investigatory files compiled for law-enforcement purposes, except to the extent that such records have been maintained for a longer period than reasonably necessary to commence prosecution." As I have indicated, that clause would leave unprotected the swiftly growing mass of data being collected by Federal agencies and states and cities for the FBI data bank at the National Crime Information Center. And Koch's attempt to mitigate that clause in his bill by the term "reasonably necessary" is so broad and vague as to be useless.

The intent behind the bill, nevertheless, is commendable—as is Congressman Koch's recognition that "most types of surveillance and data collection should be forbidden absolutely." Again, at the very least, no Government agency should have the right, for one example, to engage in political surveillance of

lawful activities. But other kinds of legislation—state as well as Federal—will be necessary, along with persistent court actions, to safeguard privacy against the myriad secret police. Even so limited a Federal privacy act as the Koch bill, however, could become a catalytic force in creating public pressure for stronger legislation.

If the Koch bill, or one similar to it, can be passed, the provision that everyone on whom records are kept must be so informed might well startle at least some of the populace from sleep as their liberties are being computerized away. Under such a law, huge numbers of Americans would have to be informed that dossiers with their names on them are in some agency's files (and thereby, through computer interfacing, are likely to be in many agencies' files). Accordingly, a tougher Federal privacy act might conceivably follow the passage of a relatively mild bill if enough citizens were stirred to anger on finding out that they, too—not just extremists and other freaks—are in the secret police files.

It is also important to provide, by law, for the erasure of a considerable amount of material now in state and Federal files that has no business being there—ranging from the names of dissenters who have lawfully used their First Amendment rights to information gathered by credit bureaus about the

private lives of citizens applying for charge accounts. Absolute erasure is impossible, because some Federal agencies and police departments are likely to squirrel away some files for vague future use. But at least the doctrine in law that certain information harmful to an individual *should* be erased will place the secret police on notice that their retention of illegal raw files can subject them to a court suit if a citizen finds out about it.

A strong rationale for erasure is provided by privacy expert Alan Westin: "Look at the way the property system has established rights in our capitalist system," he writes. "You wipe out records of bankruptcy, for example, and it is part of the commercial system that after a certain period of time we simply do not continue to record certain kinds of commercial failures because we want to encourage people to come back into business. The same thing should be true of our personal records and our personal privacy."

I believe that no state or local agency, whether supported by Federal funds or not, has the constitutional right to invade any individual's privacy—at the very least without his knowing about it and then being able to take action against it. Furthermore, since private agencies—such as credit bureaus—exchange information with Government agencies, they, too, should be included in laws regulating

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their collection and distribution of information.

An even stronger supplementary safeguard has been proposed by attorney Richard Miller, as reported in the University of Missouri's *Freedom of Information Bulletin*: "He would like to see state laws providing that public agencies, private firms and agents in the business of gathering and distributing personal data be liable to injured parties for passing out false information or knowingly disseminating true information for a defamatory purpose."

This liability, I would emphasize, should also extend to Federal agencies and personnel in the data-collecting and data-distributing business. The liability, moreover, should consist of money damages for the injured party and sanctions against those, whether public or private agents, who are found to have caused the injury. When private citizens start collecting damages because they've been abused by secret police and other information gatherers, and when some of

these secret agents are demoted or otherwise punished for mugging the Bill of Rights, the zeal to snoop may well be markedly diminished.

Finally, on Federal, state and local levels, there should also be independent commissions to make sure that new laws safeguarding privacy are being enforced. The Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under Law restricts its recommendation to a national independent commission that would conduct audits and spot checks and would report to Congress. But independent state and local commissions also ought to be functioning in a similar way, and they should report to state and local legislative bodies. These commissions, as the Lawyers' Committee recommends, "should include constitutional lawyers, representatives of citizens' groups and other civilians."

In the meantime, even children are no longer immune to the omnipresent eye of surveillance. An unintentionally chilling press release was issued by Eastman

Kodak Company last year. It concerns the Polk County, Florida, school system, which has an enrollment of 60,000 students and, according to Kodak, "operates more schools in more towns than any other system in the United States. It controls 58 elementary schools, 14 junior highs, ten senior highs and one vocational-technical school." If we don't do something to stop the national drift, here is an augury of what may be ahead for more Americans than just these Polk County students:

SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS HELP
ADMINISTRATORS MAINTAIN ORDER
IN FLORIDA SCHOOLS

BARTOW, FLORIDA—Smiles and friendly greetings now far outnumber scowls and random left hooks among junior and senior high school students throughout Polk County, Florida. That's because their actions are being recorded on film, and if anyone does anything to seriously disrupt school routine, the odds against establishing an alibi are far from even.

W. W. Read, superintendent of the Polk County School Board, emphasizes that this is by no means a snooping operation. Although the cameras operate . . . during school hours, the film is processed and viewed only when disruptions have occurred. Although the super-8 surveillance cameras have been in use only a short time, Read reports that their psychological impact already has reduced disruptive incidents, and they already have had a definite effect on the total tenor at the schools.

You bet.

Liberation News Service asked some of the kids how *they* felt about the era of smiles, friendly greetings and surveillance cameras that had come upon the Polk County school system. Said a subversive senior high school student, who probably reads Jefferson and Thoreau on the sly: "In any type of trouble, everybody the camera photographs is sent to the office. After all, they can't tell who caused the trouble, because they don't have sound cameras. They don't know who said what to whom, and anyway, the instigation of trouble might just happen to fall during the 30 seconds [per minute] that the camera isn't photographing." Said another student: "Nothing has changed but the amount of subterfuge and fear. It's like being in jail for six hours a day."

But school, after all, is supposed to be preparation for adult life. And the Polk County school system may already be shaping the subdued citizens of postconstitutional America.



"I pledge myself to work for closer ties and better understanding between my country and that sunny little place I've been appointed ambassador to."

Service Without a Smile

that he always liked an English kipper for his breakfast. The request was at once reported to the manager, who telephoned his London suppliers and had the kippers flown in on the night plane. Next morning, O'Toole had not the slightest idea that he had caused any trouble.

Service without a smile demands many unusual qualities on the part of the staff. One of the chief among them is tact. Without it, there is always the danger of disaster. Lasserre's, a famous three-star restaurant in Paris, had a regular customer who often brought his dark-haired wife for lunch but was more often seen dining with a somewhat younger woman, a stunning blonde. One day, after lunch with his wife, when the check was brought by the captain, the customer complained about the price of the wine. René Lasserre, busy at a nearby table, wished he could sink through the floor as he heard the captain say: "It is not as expensive, monsieur, as the Château Margaux you enjoyed so much last night."

Few hotel men are more tactful, more solidly reliable and resourceful than Alberto Scialanga, the manager of the Grand Hotel in Rome. One day, a chambermaid brought him a lady's black-silk nightgown that had been found in the room just vacated by a fairly obscure Belgian count and his wife, who had never stayed at the Grand before. Scialanga had the nightgown carefully wrapped and sent to *madame la comtesse* at her home in Brussels. Three days later, she called him in a furious tone of voice. What about that nightgown? Hadn't the count been alone at the hotel? Scialanga made a lightning decision. He said how happy he was that she had called. He had just been trying to reach her. The nightgown had been sent to the wrong address. Would *madame la comtesse* kindly return it and the hotel would pay the postage. The wife asked what did he mean, the wrong address? He said that the nightgown had been found in room 737. Monsieur had been in room 773. He hoped *madame* would forgive the most unfortunate mistake.

As to supreme service in restaurants, it is ridiculous to discuss only the luxury establishments. Even the smallest bistro can provide the finest service when one is a regular customer, when one's regular waiter knows exactly which is one's favorite table and which dish on the *carte du jour* one will choose before one has chosen it.

At the end of World War Two, quite soon after Paris had been liberated from the German Occupation, I returned after an absence of more than ten years. That day, Paris was poor, cold, gray and strangely deserted. Full of my own memories, I walked along the Left Bank and, suddenly, I saw one of my favorite cafés,

(continued from page 134)

just off the Place St. Michel, which I had known since my days as a student at the Sorbonne. I went in. The electricity was off. The tables were dimly lighted by small, flickering oil lamps. The place was almost empty.

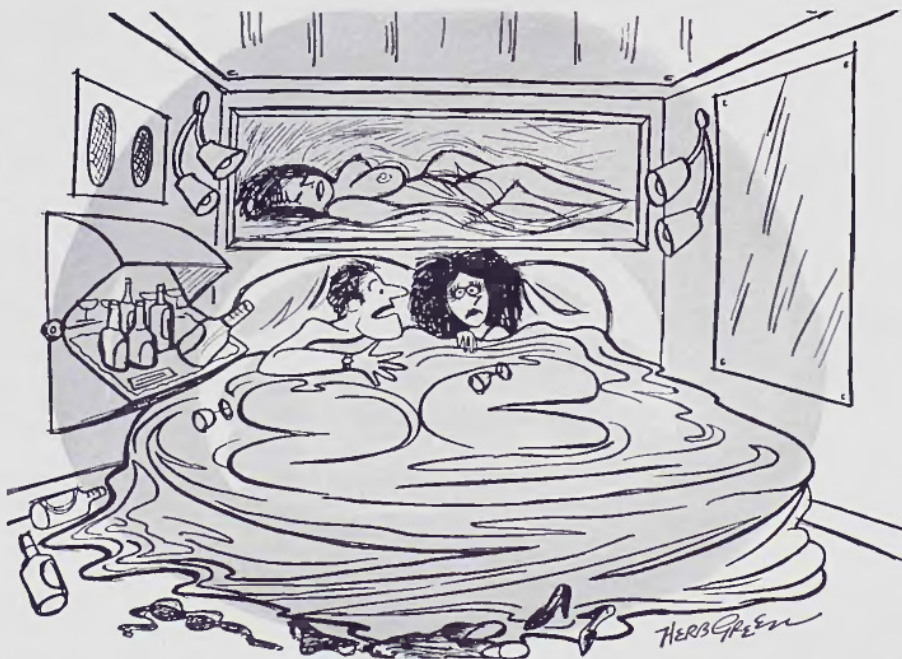
I walked to my favorite table, in the corner near the front window. A man came toward me in a threadbare tuxedo. It was my old waiter. He was so thin that he looked a foot taller than I remembered him. But there was the same expression on his face—the same unsmiling formality. He nodded deferentially: "Your usual *café au lait* and glass of Perrier, monsieur?" Without waiting for my answer, he limped toward the kitchen. He brought my coffee and mineral water, remembering that I always liked the glass on the left side of the cup. He bowed slightly and walked away. He asked no questions as to where I had been. He offered no comments as to what he had been doing. I closed my eyes. It was as if I had never left Paris.

In the Paris of today, such service is hard to find. Most of the great three-star restaurants have simplified their menus to cut costs. On every horizon, there is the bleak rise of automation—not only the automation of computers but also human automation. More and more service people are being trained and rehearsed with pat, stock phrases, to make each contact with a customer as instantaneous and as impersonal as possible. The stewardess on the transatlantic plane no longer talks to you as she races to serve 100 dinners. She asks, "How did

you enjoy your meal?" but does not listen to your reply. She has already moved on to the seat behind you to ask the same question in exactly the same tone.

What of the future? Fewer and fewer men and women are being trained for service jobs. The number of chefs beginning their apprenticeship in French culinary institutes is falling every year. Here, the American boy does not want to become a cook. I discussed the problems with Joseph Baum, the brilliant restaurant consultant, who is now planning the multitude of eating facilities in the new World Trade Center in New York and who, when he was president of Restaurant Associates Industry, the giant operating corporation, directed more than 300 restaurants (including such luxury establishments as The Four Seasons and Forum of the Twelve Caesars in New York), neighborhood bistros, hotels, motels, snack bars, office lunchrooms, factory cafeterias, kiosks in parks and sports stadiums and college cafés. He admitted that most restaurants today are caught between a veritable explosion of demand for more restaurants where more people in every income group can dine and an increasing shortage of skilled and willing help. He believes that there is absolutely no hope of finding the personnel to cover the very great expansion that he foresees over the next 20 years. The only answer, he is convinced, lies in automation.

Baum believes that within ten years, U. S. restaurants will be divided into two groups. About five percent will be luxury restaurants where fresh foods will be individually prepared for each customer by talented chefs at astronomical prices. The



"Don't blame me, Miss Dempster—it just happened. Why, you don't think I'd plan a thing like sex, do you?"

other 95 percent will serve preprepared, preserved foods (canned, frozen, dehydrated, irradiated, etc.), prepared on production lines in mass factories.

This type of cafeteria of the future was installed, on a trial basis, in a suburb of Minneapolis, several years ago, by the computer engineers of the American Machine and Foundry Company. In this restaurant, there was no captain to take your order. Each item on the menu had a code number. Through a "dine-a-phone" on your table, you signaled your order to the Orbis (order and billing system) computer, which instantly signaled your order to the robot kitchen, wrote out your check, added local taxes and kept a record for accounting and for inventory control. Activated and controlled by the computer, one of the food-preparation machines seized a chunk of ground beef for your hamburger, weighed it precisely and shaped it, added a slice of cheese, grilled the patty in the oven, put a dollop of the correct sauce on top and stuck it into a bun. Another machine whipped up your milk shake, poured your coffee, added the exact amount of cream and sugar you have ordered and scooped out your desired flavor of ice cream. When all the items were on your tray, bells rang, lights flashed and the waitress sped your tray to your table. The entire process, from the moment you lifted your phone to the moment the food was set down before you, took exactly four minutes.

However, the A.M.F. technicians made one significant confession. They said that when there was a big jam of people and the machines fell behind, the delivery time wasn't met—for then the computer automatically memorized up to 1000 back orders and laboriously processed them in strict rotation.

The cafeteria closed in six months.

How does one go about cultivating the best possible service today? It is not enough to travel with pockets full of money and spread it around at every step. Admittedly, supreme service is almost always supremely expensive. But money alone is no guarantee. I remain convinced that the secret is in my mother's advice on my 16th birthday. One must, first of all, know what service to expect, and then insist on getting it. The expectation varies from country to country, so it is not enough simply to take a few lessons in the language and to study the best hotel-and-restaurant guidebooks. I always feel that I must also know something about the character and temperament of the people. For example, in a London restaurant, it is vital to know how intractable the staff becomes if one shows off, raises one's voice or makes a scene.

Once one knows what to expect, it is all-important to be a sensitive judge of psychology and timing. Obviously, while the stewardess is racing back and forth

to get out her dinner trays, it is ridiculous to ask her for a special personal favor. I always keep in mind that to today's young men and women in service jobs, coping with mass transportation, mass feeding, mass everything else, I am, at first, one of an almost faceless crowd. In some way (and at the right moment), I have to step forward and show that I am more interested, better informed, more concerned about quality, more willing to take the initiative in making a human contact than the next person in the crowd. I try to act in such a way that I will be remembered as an unusual customer. This is my philosophy for earning good service and I find that it works equally well in the grandest establishment of a great city and the simplest village bistro.

It is a cliché to say that a good hotel or restaurant can quickly be ruined by bad customers. Yet, as more of us find greater opportunities to travel farther, it seems as if we know less about what to expect. Many of today's travelers and diners, who accept bad service without complaint (and thus, in fact, get the service they deserve), make matters worse for those of us who follow.

Irreparable damage has been done by tourists in the great Paris restaurants who sit around for an hour before dinner guzzling double martinis and saying "Later, later" whenever the maître de approaches with the menu in a vain effort to give the chef enough time to prepare something special. Almost invariably, such people then suddenly decide that they want to eat quickly—and begin snapping their fingers, demanding service within five minutes.

Conversely, whenever I go to a restaurant in France and demonstrate immediately that I know the *spécialité de la maison*, that I know the name of the chef and respect his skill, that I have come to try to construct the finest possible meal and that I am prepared to give them all the time necessary for its perfect preparation, then at once the owner and his entire staff are at my feet, and the more complete is my conquest of that restaurant.

To earn good service, as I said, you must make an effort to bring it out. But sometimes the effort is hardly worth while. Many years ago, I dined in Vienna with the late Ludwig Bemelmans, one of the finest writers on great dining and great drinking. I had no idea at the time that it was to be a special occasion that he would make famous, later, in one of his short stories.

When I met Bemelmans that evening, he was in a state of furious irritation. He had discovered a restaurant with a name so obviously dishonest that even the thought of it had put him in a temper. The restaurant was called Chops from

Every Animal in the World. He said: "Let's go there and cut them down!"

Bemelmans called the restaurant and reserved a table for two, using his name and mine. I discovered later that this call instantly threw the restaurant into a panic. The terrified chef called the owner, who was at home but who immediately threw on his dinner jacket and arrived just a minute before we did to meet us in the lobby with a deep bow. He was, obviously, a man with money; equally obviously, he had no artistic taste whatsoever. The latter was apparent from the fact that the name of the restaurant was printed across the front of the building in five-foot-high floodlit red letters.

We were seated at the best table and the owner approached with the menu. Bemelmans imperiously waived it away and, in a very quiet voice, said: "We will each have an elephant chop. . . ."

The owner's body jerked slightly and his face turned ghostly white. But he instantly steeled himself and asked: "And how would monsieur wish the elephant chops to be prepared?"

Without a second's hesitation, Bemelmans replied: "Oh, lightly sautéed, rare, in butter, à la milanaise, served with a covering of risotto, crossed anchovy fillets and a black olive at the center of the cross."

"That will be very good, monsieur." The owner bowed again and almost ran to the kitchen. For five minutes we calmly sipped our Campari-and-sodas. Bemelmans whispered: "I'll bet any money you like that the name of this restaurant was the idea of the chef and now the owner is out there screaming, 'You fool! What are we going to do?'"

We did not have long to wait. The chef appeared from the kitchen, in sparkling white from the tip of his *haut chapeau* to the hem of his long apron. With calm, deliberate steps, he approached our table, bowed and leaned over us: "Monsieur has ordered two elephant chops?"

"Yes," Bemelmans hissed.

"Sautéed à la milanaise, with rice, anchovies and an olive?"

"Yes."

"And *les messieurs* have no beautiful ladies with them tonight?"

"No."

"And *les messieurs* expect no other guests tonight?"

"No."

"And *les messieurs* wish only one elephant chop each?"

"Yes. Yes." Bemelmans' baby-round face and his bald head were red with rage. "Why all these impudent questions?"

The chef drew himself up to his full height: "Because, I am very sorry, monsieur, but for only two chops, we cannot cut up our elephant."



PALM SPRINGS ETERNAL

(continued from page 142)

attorney. The only black business I saw was a small hairdresser's favored by the sisters in the ghetto. The blacks came here as domestics and restaurant help and have pretty much remained in those jobs. A few of these raisins in the sun have token clerical jobs—such as at the desk of the Spa hotel or at the Bank of America. There are more Mexicans than blacks (eight percent *vs.* five percent), but everyone assured me there is no Mexican discrimination. Like a fool, I forgot to ask the one person who might know—a Mexican.

Furry folk are not much in evidence here, except maybe hitchhiking with a backpack on the main stem. They are said to be mostly up in Tahquitz Canyon (that is, whatever bunch of laid-back freaks would mistake *this* place for Mendocino). House says the city has declared Tahquitz a fire hazard and "this keeps the straights out, who would dirty the place up."

Mayor Howard Wiefels, attired in a powder-blue golf sweater and striped shirt and tie, said they are losing young people here because there aren't enough job openings. This was in response to a question about who will replace the old folks when they—excuse the expression—die. Sitting there in Wiefels' office, my usually alert mind bedimmed by Shangri-La, I overlooked the obvious: They'll replace them with other old folks.

Wiefels has some doubts about building new condominiums—something to do with the kind of people they bring in. He thought the black sit-down was two or three years ago, but he knew it was around this time of the year, because it was during the Bob Hope Desert Classic. "They [the blacks] wanted a lot of things we already had. . . . I have never felt that we have had a real serious minority problem." He said the city was putting \$2,000,000 into the north-side ghetto—such stuff as a recreation center, sewers, curbs, sidewalks—and some blacks are leery of even that much city-hall help. (You get the impression from Wiefels that the more conservative blacks here would consider Abe Lincoln a damn-fool meddler.)

Frank Bogert, who was mayor before Wiefels and is now a broker at George Beebe Realty, remembers the sit-down with more precision, since it occurred outside his offices. Sixtyish, robust, outgoing, stentorian, he sports a string tie and gold-rimmed glasses and feels he knows something about the problems of minorities. "They were kind of led by some guys who were very militant," he recalls. "They had Angela Davis and Rap Brown signs. . . . But we have probably the nicest group of black people any town ever had. I know a lot of real good black kids who are well educated, but there are no jobs for them. . . . As to Mexicans, I've

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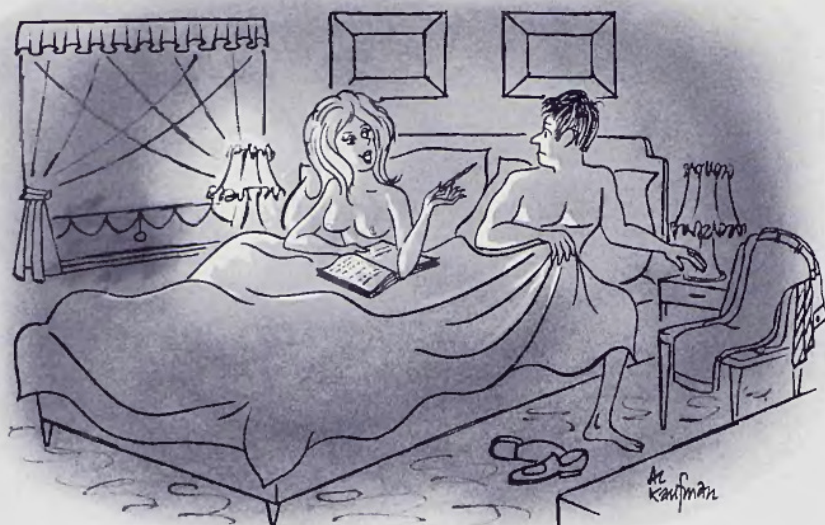
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"Before you leave, would you mind signing my guestbook?"

never seen any discrimination against them here. I always work with Mexicans, build their morale up, make them proud to be Mexicans. I tell them, 'I want to be Mexican, and here you are, running around telling everybody you are Spanish.'"

Bogert, who first let the genie out of the bottle by building an 18-hole golf course back in the Forties, has equal respect for the Indians on the tribal council. "They're all bright kids," he says, "but if the Indians start selling their land despite our zoning laws, we'll have a Picasso area." (At least I think that was the word. I hope so, because I like the phrase.) "There's a couple of loggerheads on one side and a couple of loggerheads on the other, and there you go—you're on the warpath."

It may have nothing to do with the fact that Bogert sells real estate, but he belongs to a group called Balance, which believes in "reasonable" growth for Palm Springs and which is at . . . well, loggerheads with an ecology group known as Desert People United. He opposes the recent moratorium by which the city council froze all building of apartments, hotels and condominiums.

Meanwhile, the Indians have real-estate problems of their own. The 150 or so Cahuilla Indians (popularly called Agua Calientes) have had to bear up under the persistent myth—supported by journalistic hyperbole—that they are a rich tribe. *Holiday* magazine once called them the "kept Indians" and the *Los Angeles Times* characterized them as living on an "ermine-lined reservation." To scotch these rumors, the Indians published a booklet, "All That Glitters Is Not

Gold," that tells the history of their land grant. In the latter half of the 19th Century, spurred on by Helen Hunt Jackson's book *Ramona*, the U. S. Congress gave the Indians some land in the Coachella Valley "in trust." The appearance of the land grant was that of a checkerboard with alternating one-mile squares, one square for the Indians, one square for the Southern Pacific Railroad. (You can see this pattern from an airplane: The less developed Indian squares contrast with the lush private land.) It wasn't until 1917 that an act to secure allotments for each tribesman was passed by Congress; and it was not until 1949, after years of litigation by the Indians, that a plan to divide the land was approved—and which turned out to be inequitable. Finally, on September 21, 1959, President Eisenhower signed the Equalization Act, which parceled out land to all the Indians then alive and allowed them to lease the land for 99 years instead of five. But even this act had a spider in the valentine: a provision appointing whites "guardians" and "conservators" over Indian landowners. What with timber and mineral rake-offs, these white appointees lined their pockets nicely for performing often nonexistent services. It took a Pulitzer Prize-winning essay, a national scandal and an Indian delegation to Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall to end this plunder.

In their booklet, the Indians tried to correct some of the popular misconceptions about their opulence: Is it true, for instance, that each Indian owns \$335,000 worth of land? More than one third—all Indians born after the Equalization Act of 1959—do not. Is it true that land values have increased 122 percent in the past

seven years? Some land has increased in value, but 95 percent of it produces no income for the Indians. Does each Indian, as widely claimed, have broad power over what he does with his land? Well, an Indian cannot sell, lease or encumber his land without the approval of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. The Indians themselves, however, are not at all eager to terminate their Government-protected trust, because this would subject them to taxation, which would exceed their present income and make it necessary for them to sell the land—the very thing the trust was set up to avoid.

Lawrence Pierce, vice-chairman of the tribal council, lives in what appears to be a medium-priced tract house not far from the airport. No Cadillac with buffaloeskin upholstery was parked in the driveway. Pierce had sounded wary when phoned about an interview, but in person he was up-front and articulate. Somewhere in his 30s, he is a strong man with long hair tied back and a tattoo on his forearm.

According to Pierce, zoning is the big bone of contention at the moment. He feels that whites reserve lucrative zoning for their own land and that the city has no right to zone Indian land at all. "We are a government," Pierce says. "We have an elected tribal council and are a semi-sovereign body with the right of eminent domain, the right to tax, and so forth. We even have our own planner. The city says we can't have two agencies in Palm Springs. We would be willing to give them planning and administrative powers, but we reserve the right to zone and to have a veto—the same rights the Russians have in the UN. The city won't agree to this and we won't agree to anything less, because anything less won't work."

We adjourn to another room to watch Frank Bogert, who, in addition to selling real estate, hosts a local TV show. He is interviewing Ray Leonard Patencio, chairman of the tribal council. The Indians in the room with us break up when they hear Bogert describe the Cahuilla clan as "good basket weavers." Bogert then rhapsodizes about how fine it is to have ancestral ties going so far back; but from the expression on Patencio's face, it's apparent he'd just as soon settle for a better zoning deal.

Then there's the oasis in the sky that will soon become the resort city of Palm Springs Atajo. The first man to cut an 18-mile road across the highlands of the Santa Rosas (at altitudes of 5000 feet) must have seen the gold in them hills, because it wasn't long before the Environmental Research and Development Corporation was set up to mine it. Palm Springs annexed 24,000 mountainous acres, giving it the largest altitude variation of any city (from 487 feet mean altitude on the desert floor to about 6000 feet at the top of Mount Santa Rosa),

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as well as five climatic and geographical zones, from Sonoran to Arctic-Alpine. In the works for Atajo are a skating rink, a commercial center, an Alpine village, two country clubs, a few golf courses, a tennis club, an arts-and-crafts center, English and Western villages, equestrian paths, an amphitheater, large luxury hotels, a trade and convention center and a mobile-home park.

A group of us board the aerial tramway, from which we should be able to see not only Atajo but even Arizona. Alas, it's raining and visibility is nil and it's even snowing up at the summit. Not only can we not see Arizona, we can't see California below us. The tramway, placards tell us, is the largest single-span lift in the world. It's quite a thrill ride. I tell our tram operator, Dale, I just talked to Mayor Wiefels. He says the mayor, whom he refers to as "Waffles," is just right for this town. "He's used to working with dead people." The mayor, it turns out, makes his living as an undertaker.

If your consciousness has been raised to

any level above sea, you're prone to write off this town's future. It's laser straight and very untogether and there's almost nothing young people really dig about it and—face it—young people are the future by a simple process of elimination. Atajo, however, in happy tandem with Palm Springs, might turn the area into a pretty strong double bill at the box office. (Not *my* sort of double bill, mind you, but then I'm not everybody, as I keep finding out in elections.)

So it's hard to figure. Those furry folk in their sleeping bags up in Tahquitz Canyon may have more to say than is dreamt of in the philosophy of all the planning commissions and multimillion-buck "development" designers in heaven and earth. . . .

Anyway, I'm already thinking of something else as I make tracks on 66: I clean forgot to check out what kind of a women's lib movement they've got going there in the Springs.



"See, girls, there's nothing to worry about. He'll never raise the ten dollars."

LOST AT C

(continued from page 144)

that he could bite *their* postman when he delivered mail to their house.

"Boy, I'd like to see old Rat go after one a them marsupials," said Chester.

"They lay eggs," Schwartz stated with satisfaction. He had a way of saying things like that as though he had been the first to discover them, or at least had confirmed them through independent research.

"You mean like ducks?" I asked. My hungry mind was questing for more knowledge.

"Do they quack, too?" Chester asked.

"How should I know?" said Schwartz, looking disgusted. "I ain't no mind reader."

Thus the subject of marsupials was closed forever. They were never mentioned again in class, at least as far as I know, and to this day my entire knowledge of marsupials consists of what Schwartz told us about them.

Warren G. Harding was widely known, during the dark ages when I was attending it, for being an "advanced" school, and actual tests were very rare. This worked in beautifully with our survival techniques and made it possible for me and my band of fellow ignoramuses to slide by year after year undetected. Especially at home. Grade by grade, my reputation there slowly grew until I was considered a truly superior intellect. This is one of the great human myths. It has persisted for ages—the un-failing belief that every generation is brighter, taller, more beautiful than the one before it—in spite of obvious evidence to the contrary. Naturally, I did everything I could to encourage my old man in this belief.

"Boy, kids today sure are a lot smarter than we was when we was kids. Why, at his age I hardly knew nothin'." The old man, sitting at the kitchen table with a can of Blatz in his mitt, was talking to my uncle Carl, who kept shoving his upper plate back into his mouth. He had gotten his false teeth on relief money and they didn't fit too well.

"Tell your uncle Carl about Bolivia," he ordered.

"Why, certainly," I said confidently. It was a command performance I had given many times before. "Bolivia exports tin." That was all I knew about Bolivia—but it was enough.

My father, his jaw slack with amazement, turned to Uncle Carl and said in a low, emotional voice, "See what I mean? Kids nowadays know everything. Didja hear that, Carl? Bolivia exports tin!"

They both nodded in silent humility and went back to guzzling beer. Coolly, I made my exit through the back door,

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lugging a Swiss-cheese sandwich. I had pulled it off again.

The years passed, punctuated by occasional tight squeaks, but my true identity as a faker was never really in danger of exposure. And finally the big day came. On a glorious sun-drenched morning when even the red clouds of rusty blast-furnace dust glowed in spring beauty, graduation day arrived. I had made it. Dressed in our scratchy Sunday clothes, we were herded, along with parents, uncles, aunts and a few scattered cousins, into the gym.

The despised glee club sang the Warren G. Harding fight song, accompanied by Miss Bundy, the kindergarten teacher, on the piano, her crinkly straw-colored hair bobbing up and down with every beat, her huge bottom enveloping the piano stool. Then a famous local undertaker and Chevrolet dealer delivered a mind-numbing oration on how his generation was passing the torch of civilization from its faltering hands into our youthful, energetic and idealistic hands. Naturally, we were seated alphabetically, and we in the rear caught only a few disjointed phrases.

Schwartz, sweating profusely in his new sports coat, whispered, "What's all that stuff about torches? I didn't get no torch."

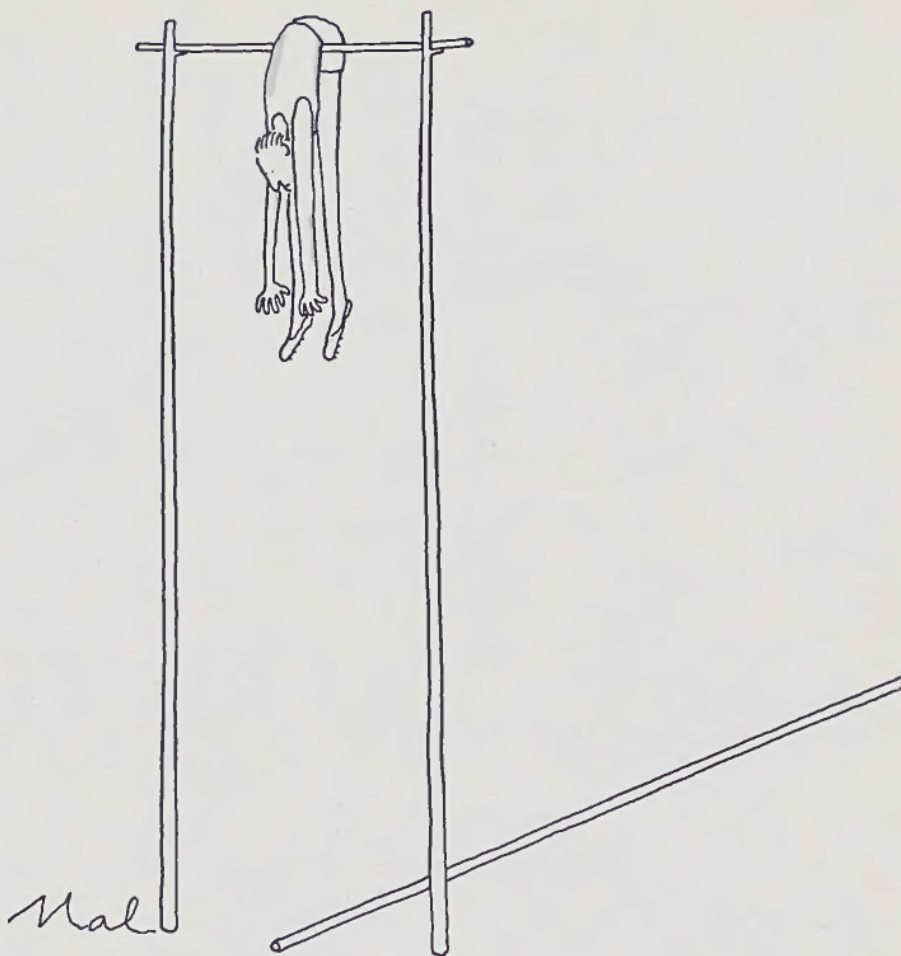
"They must have given them to the front of the class," I answered. Little did I realize how right I was.

But I got my diploma. It was official. I was a *graduate*. Clasp my sacred scroll there on the stage—while those even farther below me in the alphabet filed up to receive theirs—I found myself growing wise and dignified, a person of substance, well equipped to carry torches, to best foes, to identify the parts of speech, including gerunds, to draw from memory the sinister confluence of the Tigris and the Euphrates.

At last we were free. Warren G. Harding and its warm embrace, its easy ways, stood forever behind us. On our way home the old man, his clean white shirt crackling with starch, said, "Whaddaya say we celebrate by pickin' up some ice cream at the Igloo?"

Ecstatic, I sat in the back seat of the Olds with my kid brother, clutching the precious document on which—though I didn't discover it till later—my name had been misspelled, in Old English lettering.

That summer sped by in a blur of sun and gentle showers that made the outfields fragrant with clover and sweet William. In September I would be a full-fledged high school kid. Guys in high school had always seemed to be remote godlike creatures who drove cars, wore thick sweaters with letters on them and hung around Big Bill's Drive-In. What actually happened in high school was never mentioned, at least among



those of us down among the Rs and the Ys. A few rumors, of course, had filtered down to us, and they only added to our sense of rising excitement about the new life that was about to begin.

The first omen of evil struck early in September, just a few days before school was to open. I came home covered with scratches and mosquito bites from a great day out in the weeds and walked right into it.

"There's some mail for you," my mother grunted to me as she struggled out the screen door with a huge bag of garbage that was dripping coffee grounds onto the linoleum.

"Mail? For me?" I was surprised, since I received very little mail except for an occasional announcement from the International Crime Detection Institute of East St. Louis, Illinois, informing me that I was frittering away my life when I could be "Earning Big Money Spotting Crooks."

I ripped open the envelope and found a printed form stating that high school registration and classes for freshmen would begin next Monday, and that I was assigned to Miss Snyder, to whom I would report at 8:30 A.M. Period.

"Hey, Schwartz," I barked into the phone. "Didja get yer card?"

"Yeah!"

"What's this registration stuff?"

"I don't know!" Schwartz shouted to be heard over the uproar of his mother screaming at his kid brother, Douglas. "I guess that's where you pick the teachers and the classes and stuff you want to take!"

"Yeah!" I hollered back. Ah, the dreams of youth.

Registration day dawned windy, with a flat silver sun gleaming through the haze from the coke plant. Schwartz, Flick, Chester and a whole crowd of us rode the bus to high school. No one had ever taken a bus to Harding. We all got there our own way, the girls strolling down the sidewalk, the boys scurrying up alleys, through vacant lots, over fences, past dogs, chickens, sprinklers and one maniacal goose that from time to time rushed out of its yard and ripped a chunk from somebody's corduroys. Catching a bus on the corner was a whole new thing. I sat in the back, amid the din, my guts in an uproar of excitement. High school!

We carried rulers, fountain pens, erasers—a full arsenal of equipment for use on the battlefields of higher learning. Schwartz had a T square made of red plastic and a matching compass. God knows what for. I clutched the brown-and-white fake-marble Parker automatic pencil that my aunt Glen had given me

upon graduation from eighth grade. And inside the front of my three-ring notebook, which had green imitation-leather covers, I had pasted a picture of an Indianapolis Offenhauser. I was ready for anything. In keeping with the gravity of the occasion, I was wearing my electric-blue sports coat and my silver tie with its red painted snail, both stars in my wardrobe. And the bus was heavily scented with Lucky Tiger hair oil, since every male aboard had gotten a haircut for the big day.

I had lain in bed making plans the night before. I would grab the front seat in every class and listen to every word. No longer would I duck and dodge behind a screen of kids. That was all behind me. Mentally I crouched at the mark, waiting for the starter's gun to send me flying down the track ahead of the pack.

The bus rolled up before nirvana and we piled out, some on the run yelling hysterically, others ashen-faced and stiff-legged with terror. A few pretended that it was like any other bus ride. The school loomed over us like the walls of the Grand Canyon. Made of dull red brick, it stretched out to either horizon. Thousands of kids milled around the outside, waiting for the doors to open. It reminded me of the days when my old man took us to Comiskey Park to see the White Sox play the hated Yankees. Girls bigger than my aunt Clara towered over me, and they had bumps in their sweaters like the ladies that Gene Autry sang to at Saturday matinees. A blind torrent of fear washed over me. For a while, I had been one of the truly big men at Warren G. Harding, and now I was nothing. Clinging to my lunch bag with a sweaty hand, I hunted frantically for a familiar face, but Schwartz and Flick and the others had been swallowed up.

BRRRR-INNNGGG! I was carried forward on the crest of the horde as it surged in through the huge front doors. Great staircases with rivers of kids streamed in all directions. My card read REPORT TO ROOM 220. Kids all around me hollered and laughed back and forth. They all seemed to know one another. I had never felt so alone. Figuring astutely that room 220 had to be on the second floor, I joined the torrent raging upward. The second floor looked even vaster than the first. The halls stretched so far in both directions that I couldn't see the ends. Lockers banged and I smelled, for the first time, that indescribable high school building aroma, a rich fragrance made up of thousands of bodies, floor wax, chalk, leftover tuna-fish sandwiches, chlorine from the swimming pool, disinfectant from the johns and fermenting jockstraps from the gym.

I tried to read the numbers on doors

as I was swept onward like a salmon in the spawning season: 205, 207, 214, 218—220! My home room. A plump lady with gray clothes, hair and face sat like an enigmatic Buddha at a green-metal desk at the head of the room. Somehow I sensed that she wasn't going to be a pushover for my cute look, but I turned it on anyway, at full candle power. She glanced up and peered at me coldly through her rimless glasses.

"Your card, please," she snapped in a flat voice. I handed it over. She glanced at it, glanced up at me, registering my face in the rogues' gallery of her mind. I could almost hear the shutters clicking.

"Take that seat there back of Rukowski. He's the one in the purple sweater."

I walked down between the aisles of alien faces to my seat. It was, of course, in the next-to-the-last row. It would be mine for the next four years. Ahead of me loomed Rukowski, a giant mountain of flesh over which had been stretched a purple jersey covered with chevrons, the number 3 and a row of stripes. Later I learned that Rukowski had been an all-state tackle for the past six years and was the bulwark of one of the toughest defensive lines in seven states. He was a good man to sit behind. I peered around the room. I was the only delegate to room 220 from Warren G. Harding.

Miss Snyder stood at the blackboard and hurled the first harpoon of the season: "You freshmen who are with us today are already enrolled for the courses you will be required to take. Here are your program cards." She dealt out 3"x5" blue cards, which were handed back to the freshmen. Each card was neatly lined into eight periods, and after each period was the name of a teacher, a subject and a classroom. One period was labeled LUNCH, another STUDY. Every minute of my day was laid out for me. So much for my dreams of freedom.

"Freshmen, this is your first day in high school. You are no longer in grade school. If you work hard, you will do well. If you don't, you will regret it. You are here to learn. You are not here to play. Remember this and remember it well: What you do here will follow you all through life." She paused dramatically. In the hushed silence, I could hear Rukowski wheezing ahead of me. None of this, of course, affected him. Anyone who could block the way he could block would have no trouble getting through life.

"Your first class will begin in five minutes. Any questions?" No one raised a hand.

I sat there in silence, staring at my blue card, lost in dark thoughts, when the bell rang out again. The starting gate had opened. I had thundered a couple of hundred feet through the hall

with the mob before it hit me that I had no idea where the hell I was supposed to go. As the crowd surged around me, I struggled to read my program card. All I could make out was room 127. I had only a minute to make it, so I battled my way down a flight of stairs. Then: 101, 105, 109, 112, 117—127, just in time. Already the classroom was three quarters filled. Ahead of me, running interference, was Rukowski, trying his luck at this course, I later learned, for the third time in as many semesters. Getting his shoulder into it, he bulled his way through the door, buffeting aside a herd of spindly little freshmen. It was Schwartz, good old Schwartz, and Flick and Chester and Helen Weathers. My old gang! Even poor old Zambarbieri. Whatever it was, I wouldn't have to go through it alone.

"Hi, Schwartz!"

Schwartz smiled wanly. And Helen Weathers giggled—until she saw, at the same moment I did, a tall, square man standing motionless at the blackboard. He had a grim blue jaw and short, kinky, black crewcut hair. His eyes were tiny ball bearings behind glasses with thick black rims. He wore a dark, boxy suit that looked like it was made of black sandpaper. The bell rang and the door closed behind us. I joined the crowd around his desk who were putting registration cards into a box. I did likewise.

"All right. Settle down. Let's get organized." The man's voice had a cutting rasp to it, like a steel file working on concrete. "We sit alphabetically in this class. A's up here in front to my right. Get going."

I trudged behind Schwartz and Helen Weathers toward the dim recesses in the back of the classroom. Well, at least I'd be among friends. It was about a quarter of a mile to the front of the room, but I sat bolt upright in my seat, determined to catch every word the teacher said.

"Class, my name is Mr. Pittinger." He was the first male teacher we had ever had. Warren G. Harding was peopled entirely by motherly ladies like Mrs. Bailey and Miss Shields. Mr. Pittinger was a whole new ball game. And I still had no idea what he taught. I would soon find out.

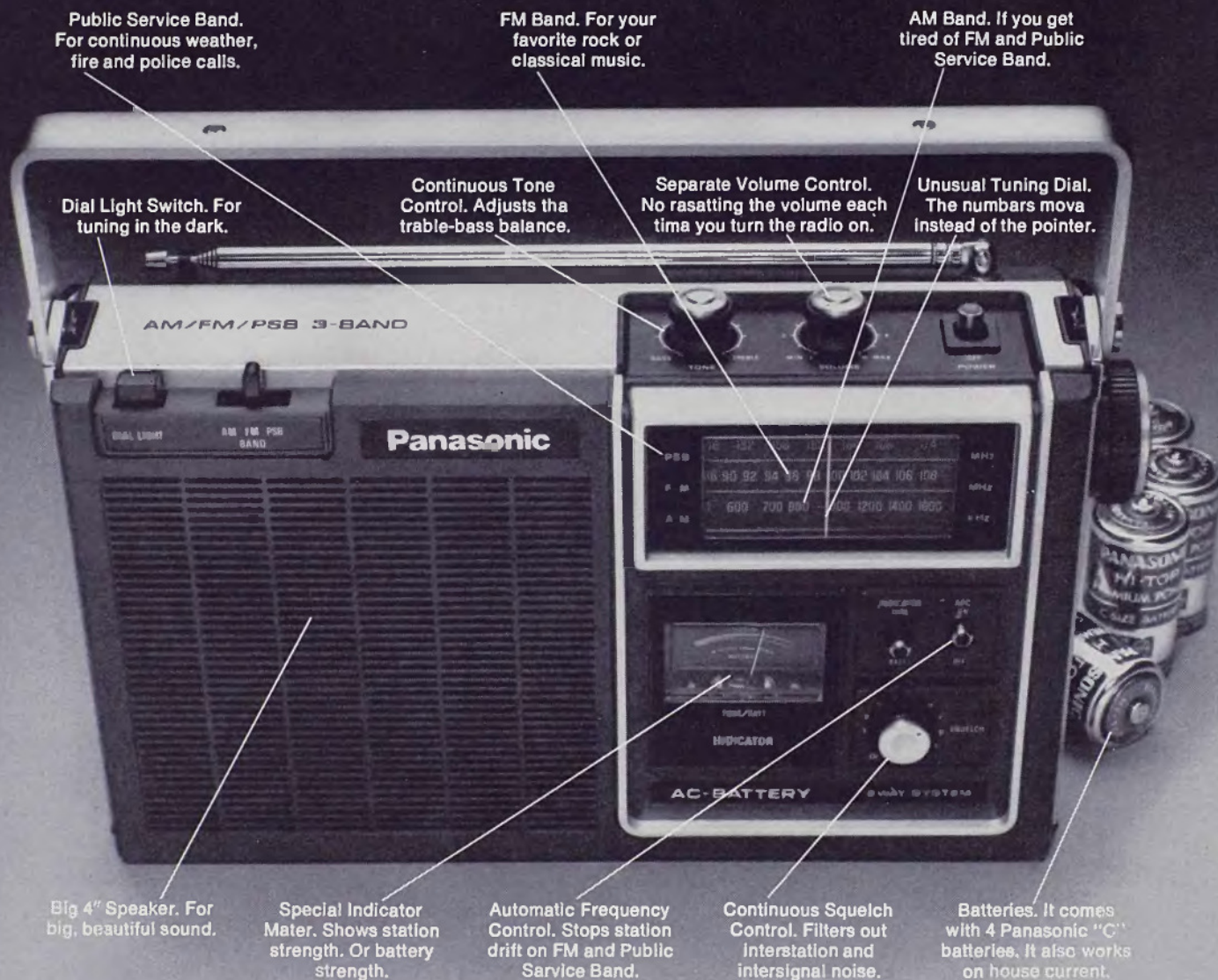
"If you work in this class, you'll have no trouble. If you don't, I promise you nothing."

I leaned forward at my desk, scribbling madly in my notebook: *class my name is mr. pittinger if you work hard you will have no trouble if you don't i promise you nothing.*

He turned, picked up a piece of chalk and began to scrawl huge block letters on the blackboard.

A-L—the chalk squeaked decisively—

If we added any more, we'd have to give lessons on how to use it.



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G-E-B-R-A. I copied each letter exactly as he'd written it.

"That is the subject of this course," he barked.

Algebra? What the hell is that?

"Algebra is the mathematics of abstract numbers."

I gulped as I wrote this down.

"I will now illustrate."

Pittinger printed a huge Y on the blackboard and below it an enormous X. I doggedly followed suit in my notebook. He then put equal signs next to the X and the Y. "If Y equals five and X equals two, what does the following mean?" He wrote out: $X + Y = ?$

Black fear seized my vitals. How could you add Xs and Ys? I had enough trouble with twos and threes.

Already the crowd in front of the room were waving their hands to answer Pittinger's question. The class wasn't 30 seconds old and I was already six weeks behind. I sank lower in my seat, a faint buzzing in my ears. Instinctively I began to weave. I knew it was all over. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw that Schwartz, next to me, had hunched lower and begun to emit a high, thin whimpering sound. Helen Weathers had flung up a thin spray of sweat. Chester's skin had changed to the color of the cupboards in the back of the room. And from behind me I could hear the faint, steady click of Zambarbieri's rosary.

Second by second, minute by minute, eon by eon, that first algebra class droned on. I couldn't catch another word that was said, and by the time Mr. Pittinger wrote the second equation on the board, I was bobbing and weaving like a cobra and sending out high-voltage thought rays. A tiny molten knot of stark terror hissed and simmered in the pit of my stomach. I realized that for the first time in my school life, I had run into something that was completely opaque and unlearnable, and there was no way to fake it.

That night I ate my meat loaf and red cabbage in sober silence as the family yapped on, still living back in the days when I was known to all of them as the smartest little son of a bitch to ever set foot on Cleveland Street.

"Boy, look at the stuff kids study these days," the old man said with wonder as he hefted my algebra textbook in his bowling hand and riffled through the pages.

"What's all this X and Y stuff?" he asked.

"Yeah, well, it ain't much," I muttered as coolly as I could, trying to recapture some of the old *élan*.

"Whaddaya mean, ain't much?" His eyes glowed with pride at the idea that his kid had mastered algebra in only one day.

"Abstract mathematics, that's all it is."

The old man knew he'd been totally

outclassed. Even my mother stopped stirring the gravy for a few seconds. My kid brother continued to pound away at the little BBs of Ovaltine that floated around on the top of his milk.

That night, sleep did not come easily. In fact, it was only the first of many storm-tossed nights to come as, algebra class by algebra class, my terror grew. All my other subjects—history, English, social studies—were a total breeze. My years of experience in fakery came into full flower. In social studies, for example, the more you hoked it up, the better the grades. On those rare occasions when asked a question, I would stand slowly, with an open yet troubled look playing over my thoughtful countenance.

"Mr. Harris, sir," I would drawl hesitantly, as though attempting to unravel the perplexity of the ages, "I guess it depends on how you view it—objectively, which, naturally, is too simple, or subjectively, in which case many factors such as changing environment must be taken into consideration. . . ." I would trail off.

Mr. Harris, with a snort of pleasure, would bellow: "RIGHT! There are many diverse elements, which. . . ." After which he was good for at least a 40-minute solo.

History was more of the same, and English was almost embarrassingly easy as, day after day, Miss McCullough preened and congratulated herself before our class. All she needed was a little ass kissing and there was no limit to her applause. I often felt she regretted that an A was the highest grade she could hand out to one who loved her as sincerely and selflessly as I did.

Every morning at 8:35, however, was another story. I marched with leaden feet and quaking bowels into Mr. Pittinger's torture chamber. By the sixth week I knew, without the shadow of a doubt, after all these years of dodging and grinning, that I was going to fail. *Fail!* There was no question whatsoever. True, Pittinger had not yet been able to catch me out in the open, since I was using every trick of the trade. But I knew that one day, inevitably, the icy hand of truth would rip off my shoddy façade and expose me for all the world to see.

Pittinger was of the new school, meaning he believed that kids, theoretically motivated by an insatiable thirst for knowledge, would devour algebra in large chunks, making the final examination only a formality. He graded on performance in class and total grasp of the subject, capped off at the end of the term with an exam of brain-crushing difficulty from which he had the option of excusing those who rated A-plus on classroom performance. Since I *had* no classroom performance, my doom was sealed. Schwartz, too, had noticeably shrunk. Even fat Helen had developed deep hollows under her eyes, while

Chester had almost completely disappeared. And Zambarbieri had taken to nibbling Communion wafers in class.

Christmas came and went in tortured gaiety. My kid brother played happily with his Terry and the Pirates Dragon Lady Detector as I looked on with the sad indulgence of a withered old man whose youth had passed. As for my own presents, what good did it do to have a new first baseman's mitt when my life was over? How innocent they are, I thought as I watched my family trim the tree and scurry about wrapping packages. Before long, they will know. They will loathe me. I will be driven from this warm circle. It was about this time that I began to fear—or perhaps hope—that I would never live to be 21, that I would die of some exotic debilitating disease. Then they'd be sorry. This fantasy alternated with an even better fantasy that if I did reach 21, I would be blind and hobbled about with a white cane. Then they'd *really* be sorry.

Not that I'd given up without a struggle. For weeks, in the privacy of my cell at home, safe from prying eyes, I continued trying to actually *learn* something about algebra. After a brief mental pep rally—*This is simple. If Esther Jane Alberry can understand it, any fool can do it. All you gotta do is think. THINK! Reason it out!*—I would sit down and open my textbook. Within minutes, I would break out in a clammy sweat and sink into a funk of nonunderstanding, a state so naked in its despair and self-contempt that it was soon replaced by a mood of defiant truculence. Schwartz and I took to laughing contemptuously at those boobs and brown-noses up front who took it all so seriously.

The first hints of spring began to appear. Birds twittered, buds unfurled. But men on death row are impervious to such intimations of life quickening and reborn. The only sign of the new season that I noticed was Mr. Pittinger changing from a heavy black suit into a lighter-weight black suit.

"Well, it won't be long. You gonna get a job this summer?" my old man asked me one day as he bent over the hood of the Olds, giving the fourth-hand paint job its ritual spring coat of Simoniz.

"Maybe. I dunno," I muttered. It wouldn't be long, indeed. Then he'd know. Everybody would know that I knew less about algebra than Ralph, Mrs. Gammie's big Airedale, who liked to pee on my mother's irises.

Pittinger had informed us that the final exam, covering a year's work in algebra, would be given on Friday of the following week. One more week of stardom on Cleveland Street. Ever since my devastating rejoinder at the dinner table about abstract mathematics, my stock had been the hottest in the neighborhood. My opinions were solicited on

ffolkes



*"Save your film, Fergus, 'National Geographic'
would never print it."*

financial matters, world affairs, even the infield problems of the Chicago White Sox. The bigger they are, the harder they fall. Even Ralph would have more respect than I deserved. At least he didn't pretend to be anything but what he was.

Wednesday, two days before the end, arrived like any other spring day. A faint breeze drifted from the south, bringing with it hints of long summer afternoons to come, of swung bats, of nights in the lilac bushes. But not for such as me. I stumped into algebra class feeling distinctly like the last soul aboard the Titanic as she was about to plunge to the bottom. The smartasses were already in their seats, laughing merrily. I took my seat in the back, among the rest of the condemned. Schwartz sat down sullenly and began his usual moan. Helen Weathers squatted toadlike, drenched in sweat. The class began, Pittinger's chalk squeaked, hands waved. The sun filtered in through the Venetian blinds. A tennis ball pocked back and forth somewhere over a net.

My knot of fear, by now an old friend, sputtered in my gut. In the past week, it had grown to roughly the size of a two-dollar watermelon. True, I had avoided being called on even once the entire year, but it was a hollow victory and I knew it. Minute after minute inched slowly by as I ducked and dodged, Pittinger firing question after question at the class. Glancing at my Pluto watch, which I had been given for Christmas, I noted with deep relief that less than two minutes remained before the bell.

It was then that I made my fatal mistake, the mistake that all guerrilla fighters eventually make: I broke cover. For years, every fiber of my being, every instant in every class, had been directed at survival. On this fateful Wednesday, lulled by the sun, by the gentle sound of the tennis ball, by the steady drone of Pittinger's voice, by the fact that there was just two minutes to go, my mind slowly drifted off into a haze of daydream. I spotted a tiny mote of dust drifting down through a slanting ray of sunshine. I watched it in its slow, undulating flight, like some microscopic silver bird.

For a stunned split second, I thought I'd been jabbed with an electric cattle prod. Pittinger's voice, loud and commanding, was pronouncing my name. He was calling on me! Oh, my God! With a goddamn minute to go, he had nailed me. I heard Schwartz bleat a high, quavering cry. I knew what it meant: If they got him, the greatest master of them all, there's no hope for any of us.

As I stood slowly at my seat, frantically bidding for time, I saw a great puddle forming around Helen Weathers' desk.

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the floor beneath his desk, and behind me Zambarbieri's beads were clattering so loud I could hardly hear his Hail Marys.

"Come to the board, please. If X equals two and Y equals minus one, what is the value of C in this equation?" snapped Pittinger.

In a stupor of primal fear, I felt my legs clumping up the aisle. On all sides the blank faces stared. At the board—totally unfamiliar territory to me—I stared at what seemed like the first equation I had ever seen. It was well over a yard and a half long and was lacerated by mysterious crooked lines and fractions in parentheses, with miniature twos and threes hovering above the whole thing like tiny barnacles, and X s and Y s were jumbled in crazy abandon. At the end of this nightmare was a tiny equal sign. And on the other side of the equal sign was a zero. *Zero!* All this crap adds up to nothing? Jesus Christ! My mind reeled at the very sight of this barbed-wire entanglement of mysterious signs.

Pittinger stood to one side, arms folded, wearing an expression that said, At last I've nailed the little bastard! He had been *playing* with me all the time. He *knew!*

I glanced back at the class. It was one of the truly educational moments of my life. The entire mob, including Schwartz, Chester and even Zambarbieri, were grinning happily, licking their chops with joyous expectation of my imminent crucifixion. When true disaster strikes, we have no friends. And there's nothing a phony loves more in this world than to see another phony get what's coming to him.

"The value of C , please," said Pittinger.

The equation blurred before my eyes. The value of C . Where the hell was it? What did a C look like, anyway? Or an A or a B , for that matter. I had forgotten the alphabet.

" C , please."

Desperately, I tried to come up with a number—any number. I couldn't remember my name.

"The answer, please."

My watering eyes scanned the room in vain for a sympathetic face, focusing finally on Rukowski's looming purple jersey. There was a big block number on it.

"Three," I muttered.

"What's that?" barked Pittinger.

"Three!" I blurted.

Pittinger staggered backward, his glasses jolted down to the tip of his nose.

"How the hell did you know that?" he bellowed hoarsely, his snap-on bow tie popping loose in the excitement.

The class was in an uproar. I caught a glimpse of Schwartz, his face pale with shock. I had caught one on the fat part of the bat. It was a true miracle. I had walked on water.

Instantly, the old instincts took over.

In a cool, level voice, I answered Pittinger's rhetorical question.

"Sir, I used empirical means to arrive at the answer."

He paled visibly and clung to the chalk trough for support. On cue, the bell rang out. The class was over. With a swiftness born of long experience, I was out of the room even before the echo of the bell had ceased. The guerrilla's code is always hit and run. A legend had been born.

That afternoon, as I sauntered home from school, feeling at least 12 and a half feet tall, Schwartz skulked next to me, silent, moody, kicking at passing frogs. I rubbed salt deep into his wound and sprinkled a little pepper on for good measure. Across the street, admiring clusters of girls pointed out the algebra king as he strolled by.

With the benign air of a baron bestowing largess upon a wretched serf, I offered to buy Schwartz a Fudgsicle at the Igloo. He refused with a snarl.

"Why, Schwartz, what seems to be troubling you?" I asked with irony, vigorously working the salt shaker.

"You phony son of a bitch. You know what you can do with your goddamn Fudgsicle."

"Me, a phony? Why would you say an unkind thing like that?"

He spat viciously into a tulip bed. "You phony bastard. You *studied!*"

Inevitably, those of us who are gifted must leave those less fortunate behind in the race of life. I knew that, and Schwartz knew it. Once again I had lapped him and was moving away from the field.

The next morning, Thursday, I swaggered into algebra class with head high. Even Jack Morton, the biggest smartass in the class, said hello as I walked in. Mr. Pittinger, his eyes glowing with admiration, smiled warmly at me. "Hi, Pit," I said with a casual flip of the hand. We abstract mathematicians have an unspoken bond. Naturally, I was not called on during that period. After all, I had proved myself beyond any doubt.


After class, beaming at me with the intimacy of a fellow zealot, Mr. Pittinger asked me to stay on for a few moments.

"Look, it'd be pointless for my only A-plus student to waste time on our little test tomorrow. Would you mind helping me grade the papers?"

"Gosh, Pit, I was looking forward to taking it, but if you really need me, I'll be glad to help." It was a master stroke.

"I'd appreciate it. I need somebody who really knows his stuff, and most of these kids are faking it."

Two days later, together, we graded the papers of my peers. I showed no mercy, since algebra is an absolute science and there can be no margin for kindness in matters of the mind.



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FLASHMAN AT THE CHARGE

(continued from page 160)

yelling maniacs, cracking pieces and flashing steel.

It was as though they had gone mad—which, in a sense, they had: They slashed those Russian gun crews apart, sabring, lancing, pounding them down underhoof—I saw a corporal of the 17th drive his lance point four feet through a gunner's body and then leap from the saddle to tear at the fellow with his hands, Cardigan exchanging cuts with a mounted officer, troopers wrestling with Cossacks in the saddle, one of our hussars on foot, whirling his sabre round his head and driving into a crowd of half a dozen, a Russian with his arm off at the elbow and a trooper still sabring him about the head—and then a Cossack came lumbering at me, roaring, with his lance couched to drive me through, but he was a handless clown and missed me by a yard. I howled and slashed him backhanded as he blundered by, and then I was buffeted clean out of the saddle and went rolling away, weaponless, beneath a gun limber.

If I hadn't been scared witless, I dare say I'd have stayed where I was, meditating, getting rid of some more wind and generally taking a detached view; but in my panic, I came scurrying out again, and there was George Paget, of all people, leaning from his saddle to grab

my arm and swing me towards a riderless horse. I scrambled up and George shouted:

"Come on, Flash, you old savage—we can't lose you! I'll want another of your cheroots presently! Close here, Fourth Lights!"

There was a swirl of troopers round us, glaring smoke-blackened, bloody faces, a volley of commands, someone thrust a sabre into my hand and George was crying:

"What a bloody pickle! We must cut our way home! Follow me!" and off we pounded, gasping and blinded, at his heels. I must have been near stupid with panic, for all I could think was: One more rush, just one more, and we'll be out of this hellhole and back into the valley.

"Halt!" bawls George, and I thought, I don't care, this is one gallant cavalryman who isn't halting for anything. I've had enough, and if I'm the only man who goes streaking back up that valley, leaving his comrades in the lurch, to hell with it. I put my head down and my heels in, thrust out my sabre to discourage any fool who got in the way and charged ahead for all I was worth.

I heard George bawling behind me: "Halt! No, Flash, no!" and thought, carry on, George, and be damned to you. I fairly flew over the turf, the

shouting died behind me and I raised my head and looked—straight at what appeared to be the entire Russian army, drawn up in review order. There were great hideous ranks of the brutes, with Cossacks dead ahead, not 20 yards off—I had only a fleeting glimpse of amazed, bearded faces, there wasn't a hope of stopping, and then with a blasphemous yell of despair, I plunged into them, horse, sabre and all.

"Picture, if you can bear it, reader"—as that idiot journalist put it—"the agony of Lord George Paget and his gallant remnant, in that moment. They had fought like heroes in the battery, Lord George himself had plucked the noble Flashman from bloody hand-to-hand conflict, they had rallied and ridden on through the battery, Lord George had given the halt, preparatory to wheeling about and charging back into the battery and the valley beyond, where ultimate safety lay—picture, then, their anguish, when that great heart, too full to think of safety or of aught but the cruel destruction of so many of his comrades, chose instead to launch himself *alone* against the embattled ranks of Muscovy!"

Well, I've always said, if you get the press on your side, you're halfway there. I've never bothered to correct that glowing tribute, until now; it seems almost a shame to do it at last. I don't remember which journal it appeared in—*Bell's Sporting Chronicle*, for all I know—but I don't doubt it caused many a manly tear to start and many a fair bosom to heave when they read it. In the meantime, I was doing a bit in the manly-tear-and-bosom-heaving line myself, with my horse foundering under me, my sabre flying from my hand and my sorely tried carcass sprawling on the turf while all those peasant horsemen shied back, growling and gaping, and then closed in again, staring down at me in that dull, astonished way that Russians have. I just lay there, gasping like a salmon on the bank, waiting for the lance points to come skewering down on me and babbling weakly:

"Kamerad! Ami! Sathi! Amigo! Oh, God, what's the Russian for friend?"

Being a prisoner of war has its advantages, or used to. If you were a British officer, taken by a civilized foe, you could expect to be rather better treated than your adversary would treat his own people; he would use you as a guest, entertain you, be friendly and not bother overmuch about confining you. He might ask your parole not to try to escape, but not usually: Since you would be exchanged for one of his own people at the first opportunity, there wasn't much point in running off.

At all events, no one has ever treated



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me better, by and large, than the Russians did, although I don't think it was kindness but ignorance. From the moment I measured my length among those Cossacks, I found myself being regarded with something like awe. It wasn't just the Light Brigade fiasco, which had impressed them tremendously, but a genuine uncertainty where the English were concerned—they seemed to look on us as though we were men from the moon or made of dynamite and so liable to go off if scratched. The truth is, they're such a dull, wary lot of peasants—the ordinary folk and soldiers, that is—that they fear anything strange until someone tells 'em what to do about it.

They stuck me in a tent, with two massive Cossacks at the entrance—Black Sea Cossacks, as I learned later, with those stringy long-haired caps and scarlet lances—and there I sat, listening to the growing chatter outside, and every now and then an officer would stick his face in and regard me and then withdraw. I was still feeling fearfully sick and giddy and my right ear seemed to have gone deaf with the cannonading, but as I leaned against the pole, shuddering, one thought kept crowding gloriously into my mind: I was alive and in one piece. I'd survived, God knew how, the shattering of the Light Brigade. That being the case, head up, look alive and keep your eyes open.

Presently, in came a little dapper chap in a fine white uniform, black boots and a helmet with a crowned eagle. "Lanskey," says he, in good French—which most educated Russians spoke, by the way—"major, Cuirassiers of the Guard. Whom have I the pleasure of addressing?"

"Flashman," says I, "colonel, Seventeenth Lancers."

"Enchanted," says he, bowing. "May I request that you accompany me to General Liprandi, who is most anxious to make the acquaintance of such a distinguished and gallant officer?"

Well, he couldn't have said fairer; I bucked up at once and he led me out, through a curious throng of officers and staff hangers-on, into a great tent where about a dozen senior officers were waiting, with a genial-looking, dark-moustachioed fellow in a splendid sable coat, whom I took to be Liprandi, seated behind a table. They stopped talking at once; a dozen pairs of eager eyes fixed on me as Lanskey presented me, and I stood up tall, ragged and muck-smeared and just stared over Liprandi's head, clicking my heels.

He came round the table, right up to me, and said, in excellent English: "Your pardon, Colonel. Permit me." And to my astonishment, he stuck his nose up close to my lips, sniffing.

"What the devil?" cries I, stepping back.

"A thousand pardons, sir," says he. "It is true, gentlemen," turning to his staff. "Not a suspicion of liquor." And they all began to buzz again, staring at me.

"You are perfectly sober," says Liprandi. "And so, as I have ascertained, are your troopers who have been taken prisoner. I confess, I am astonished. Will you perhaps enlighten us, Colonel, what was the explanation of that . . . that extraordinary action by your light cavalry an hour ago? Believe me," he went on, "I seek no military intelligence from you—no advantage of information. But it is beyond precedent—beyond understanding. Why, in God's name, did you do it?"

Now, I didn't know, at that time, precisely what we *had* done. I guessed we must have lost three quarters of the Light Brigade, by a hideous mistake, but I couldn't know that I'd just taken part in the most famous cavalry action ever fought, one that was to sound round the world and that even eyewitnesses could scarcely believe. The Russians were amazed; it seemed to them we must have been drunk or drugged or mad—they weren't to guess that it had been a ghastly accident. And I wasn't going to enlighten them. So I said: "Ah, well, you know, it was just to teach you fellows to keep your distance."

At this they exclaimed and shook their heads and swore, and Liprandi looked bewildered and kept muttering: "Five hundred sabres! To what end?" And they crowded round, plying me with questions—all very friendly, mind, so that I began to get my bounce back and played it off as though it were just another day's work. What they couldn't fathom was how we'd held together all the way to the guns and hadn't broken or turned back, even with four saddles empty out of five, so I just told 'em, "We're British cavalry," simple as that, and looked them in the eye. It was true, too, even if no one had less right to say it than I.

At that they stamped and swore again, incredulously, and one huge chap with a beard began to weep and insisted on embracing me, stinking of garlic as he was, and Liprandi called for vodka and demanded of me what we, in English, called our light cavalry, and when I told him, they all raised their glasses and shouted together: "Thee Light Brigedde!" and dashed down their glasses and ground them underfoot and embraced me again, laughing and shouting and patting me on the head, while I, the unworthy recipient, looked pretty bluff and offhand and said, no, dammit all, it was nothing, just our usual form, don't you know. (I should have felt shame, doubtless, at the thought that I, old windy Harry, was getting the plaudits and the glory, but you know me. Anyway, I'd been there, hadn't I, all the way; should I be disqualified, just be-

cause I was babbling scared?)

After that it was all booze and good fellowship, and when I'd been washed and given a change of clothes, Liprandi gave me a slap-up dinner with his staff and the champagne flowed—French, you may be certain; these Russian officers know how to go to war—and they were all full of attention and admiration and a thousand questions, but every now and then they would fall silent and look at me in that strange way that every survivor of the charge has come to recognize: respectfully, and almost with reverence, but with a hint of suspicion, as though you weren't quite canny.

They didn't exchange me. They kept me for a couple of weeks, confined in a cottage at Yalta, with two musketeers on the door and a Russian colonel of Horse Pioneers to walk the little garden with me for exercise, and then I was visited by Radzivil, a very decent chap on Liprandi's staff who spoke English and knew London well. He was terribly apologetic, explaining that there wasn't a suitable exchange, since I was a staff man and a pretty rare catch. I didn't believe this; we'd taken senior Russian officers every bit as important as I, at the Alma, and I wondered exactly why they wanted to keep me prisoner, but there was no way of finding out, of course. Not that it concerned me much—I didn't mind a holiday in Russia, being treated as an honoured guest rather than a prisoner, for Radzivil hastened to reassure me that what they intended to do was send me across the Crimea to Kertch, and then by boat to mainland Russia, where I'd be safely tucked away on a country estate. The advantage of this was that I would be so far out of harm's way that escape would be impossible—I tried to look serious and knowing when he said this, as though I'd been contemplating running off to rejoin the bloody battle again—and I could lead a nice easy life without over-many restrictions, until the war was over, which couldn't be long.

I've learned to make the best of things, so I accepted without demur, packed up my few traps, which consisted of my cleaned and mended lancer blues and a few shirts and things which Radzivil gave me, and prepared to go where I was taken. I was quite looking forward to it—fool that I was.

. . .

The journey from Yalta through the woody hills to Kertch was not noteworthy; once you've seen a corner of the Crimea you've seen it all, and it's not really Russia. From Kertch, where a singularly surly and uncommunicative French-speaking civilian took me in charge (with a couple of dragoons to remind me what I was), we went by sloop across the Sea of Azov to Taganrog, a dirty little port, and joined the party of an imperial courier whose journey lay



"To get back to the main road, you turn left at the fork just before the bridge and go around yonder hill to Dark Hollow. . . ."

the same way as ours. Ah-ha, thinks I, we'll travel in style, which shows how mistaken one can be.

We travelled in two telegas, which are just boxes on wheels, with a plank at the front for the driver and straw or cushions for the passengers. The courier was evidently in no hurry, for we crawled along at an abominably slow pace, although telegas can travel at a tremendous clip when they want to, with a bell clanging in front and everyone scattering out of their way. It always puzzled me, when I later saw the shocking condition of Russian roads, with their ruts and potholes, how the highways over which the telegas travelled were always smooth and level. The secret was this: When telegas were used by couriers and officials of importance, every peasant in the area was turned out to sand and level the road ahead.

So as we lumbered along, the courier in the first telega and Flashy with his escort in the second, there were always peasants standing by the roadside, men and women, in their belted smocks and ragged puttees, silent, unmoving, staring as we rolled by. This dull brooding watchfulness got on my nerves, especially at the post stations, where they used to assemble in silent groups to stare at us—they were so different from the Crim Tartars I had seen, who are lively, tall, well-made men, even if their women are seedy. The steppe Russians were much smaller and apelike by comparison.

Of course, what I didn't realize then was that these people were slaves—real bound, European white slaves, which

isn't easy to understand until you see it. This wasn't always so; it seems that Boris Godunov imposed serfdom on the Russian peasants, which meant that they became the property of the nobles and landowners, who could buy and sell them, hire them out, starve them, lash them, imprison them, take their goods, beasts and womenfolk whenever they chose—in fact, do anything short of maiming them permanently or killing them. They did those things, too, of course, for I saw them, but it was officially unlawful.

It has all changed now; they freed the serfs in '61, just a few years after I was there, and now, I'm told, they are worse off than ever. Russia depended on slavery, you see, and when they freed them they upset the balance and there was tremendous starvation and the economy went to blazes—well, in the old days the landlords had at least kept the serfs alive, for their own benefit, but after emancipation, why should they? And it was all nonsense, anyway; the Russians will always be slaves—so will most of the rest of mankind, of course, but it tends to be more obvious among the Ruskis.

Oh, it was a cheery place, all right, this great empire of Russia as I first saw it in the autumn of '54—a great ill-worked wilderness ruled by a small landed aristocracy with their feet on the necks of a huge human-animal population, with Cossack devils keeping order when required. It was a brutal, backwards place, for the rulers were ever fearful of the serfs and held back everything educational or progressive—even the railway was discouraged, in case it should prove to be revolutionary—and

with discontent everywhere, especially among those serfs who had managed to better themselves a little, and murmurings of revolt, the iron hand of government was pressing ever harder. The "white terror," as they called the secret police, were everywhere; the whole population was on their books, and everyone had to have his "billet," his "ticket to live"—without it you were nobody, you did not exist. Even the nobility feared the police, and it was from a landlord that I heard the saying about being in jail—"Only there shall we sleep sound, for only there are we safe."¹

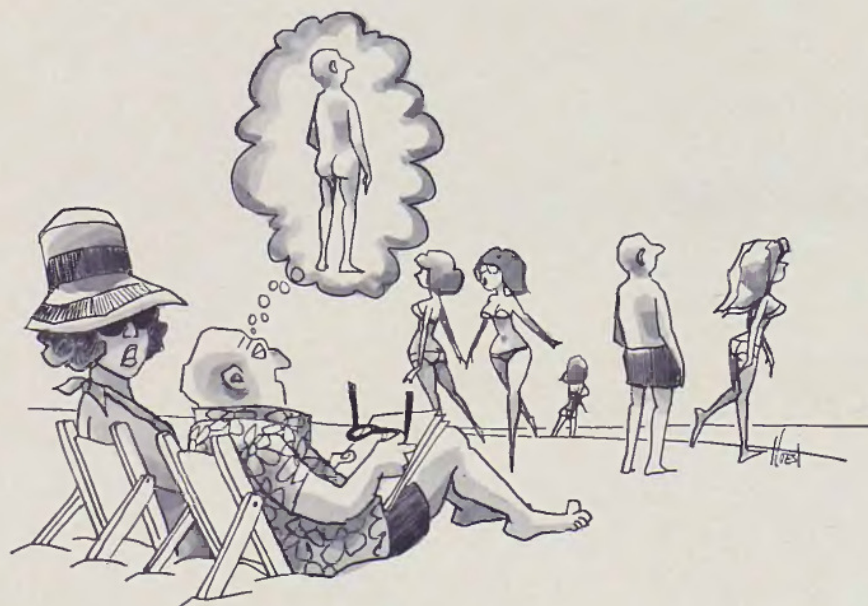
The land we travelled through was a fit place for such people—indeed, you have to see it to understand why they are what they are. There is no sky, only empty space overhead, and no horizon, only a distant haze, and endless miles of sun-scorched rank grass and emptiness. The few miserable hamlets, each with its rickety church, only seemed to emphasize the loneliness of that huge plain, imprisoning by its very emptiness.

It appalled me, as we rolled along with nothing to do but strain your eyes for the next village, soaked by the rain or sweating in the sun or sometimes huddling against the first wintry gusts that swept the steppes—they seemed to have all weathers together, and all bad. For amusement, of course, you could try to determine which stink was more offensive—the garlic chewed by the driver or the grease of the axles—or watch the shuttlecocks of the wind-witch plant being blown to and fro. I've known depressing journeys, but that was the limit; I'd sooner walk through Wales.

So my spirits continued to droop, but what shook them worst was an incident on the last morning of our journey, when we had halted at a large village only 30 versts (20 miles) from Starotorsk, the estate to which I was being sent.

The village lay on what seemed to be an important crossroads; there was a river, I remember, and a military camp, and uniforms coming and going from the municipal building where my civilian took me to report my arrival—everything has to be reported to someone or other in Russia, in this case the local registrar, a surly, bull-necked brute in a grey tunic, who pawed over the papers,

¹ Whatever may be said of his opinions, Flashman's information about the plight of the Russian serfs in the 1850s is entirely accurate and is borne out by several other contemporary authorities. The best of these are perhaps Baron August von Haxthausen, whose "The Russian Empire" appeared in 1856, and Shirley Brooks, in "The Russians of the South" (1854). They also corroborate his descriptions of Russian life in general, as does "The Englishwoman in Russia," by "a Lady ten years resident in that country," published in 1855.



"Women and sex, women and sex! Is that all you ever think about?"

eyeing me nastily the while.

These Russian civil servants are a bad lot—pompous, stupid and rude at the best. They come in various grades, each with a military title—so that General or Colonel So-and-So turns out to be someone who neglects the parish sanitation or keeps inaccurate records of livestock. The brutes even wear medals and are immensely puffed up, and unless you bribe them lavishly, they will cause you all the trouble they can.

I was waiting patiently, being eyed curiously by the officials and officers with whom the municipal hall was packed, and the registrar picked his teeth, scowling, and then launched into a great tirade in Russian—I gather it was addressed against all Englishmen in general and me in particular. He made it clear to my escort, and everyone else, that he considered it a gross waste of board and lodging that I should be housed at all—he'd have had me in the salt mines for a stinking foreigner who had defiled the holy soil of Mother Russia—and so forth, until he got quite worked up, banging his desk and shouting and glaring, so that the noise and talk in the room died away as everyone stopped to listen.

It was just Jack-in-office unpleasantness and I had no choice but to ignore it. But someone else didn't. One of the officers who had been standing to one

side, chatting, suddenly strolled forward in front of the registrar's table, paused to drop his cigarette and set a foot on it, and then without warning lashed the registrar across the face with his riding crop. The fellow shrieked and fell back in his chair, flinging up his hands to ward off another blow; the officer said something in a soft, icy voice and the hands came down, revealing the livid whip mark on the coarse bearded face.

There wasn't a sound in the room, except for the registrar's whimpering, as the officer leisurely raised his crop again and with the utmost deliberation slashed him across the face a second time, laying the bearded cheek open, while the creature screamed but didn't dare move or protect himself. A third slash sent man and chair over; the officer looked at his whip as though it had been in the gutter, dropped it and then turned to me.

"This offal," says he, and to my amazement, he spoke in English, "requires correction. With your permission, I shall reinforce the lesson." He looked at the blubbery, bleeding registrar crawling out of the wreck of his chair and rapped out a string of words in that level, chilly whisper; the stricken man changed course and came wriggling across to my feet, babbling and snuffling at my ankles in a most disgusting fashion, while the officer lit another cigarette and looked on.

"He will lick your boots," says he, "and I have told him that if he bleeds on them, I shall have him knouted. You wish to kick him in the face?"

As you know, I'm something in the bullying line myself, and given a moment, I dare say I'd have accepted; it isn't every day you have the opportunity. But I was too amazed—aye, and alarmed, too, at the cold, deliberate brutality I'd seen, and the registrar seized the opportunity to scramble away, followed by a shattering kick from my protector.

"Scum—but rather wiser scum," says he. "He will not insult a gentleman again. A cigarette, Colonel?" And he held out a gold case of those paper abominations I'd tried at Sebastopol. I let him light one for me; it tasted like dung soaked in treacle.

"Captain Count Nicholas Pavlovitch Ignatieff,"² says he in that cold, soft

² Captain Count Nicholas Pavlovitch Ignatieff was later to become one of Russia's most brilliant agents in the Far East. He served in China, undertook daring missions into central Asia and was also for a time military attaché in London. There is evidence that early in the Crimean War he was serving on the Baltic, and this must have been shortly before his encounter with Flashman. He was 22 at this time.

(continued on page 208)

Before every game try a couple of belts.



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PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

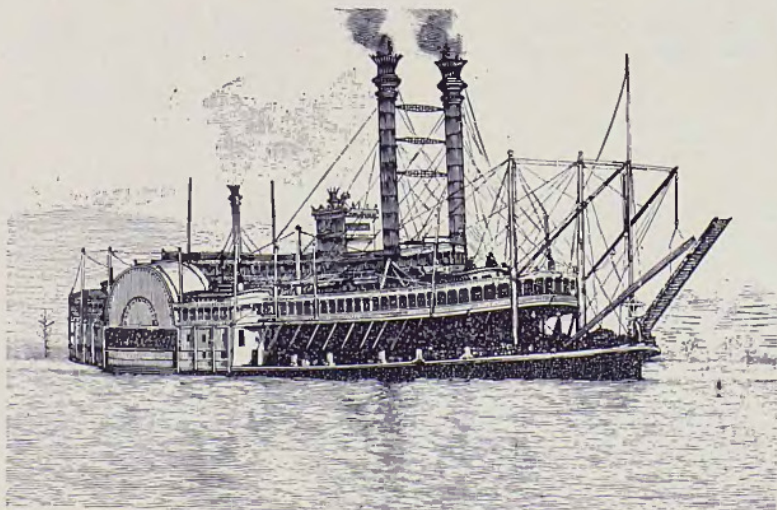
THE FILM'S THE THING

The closest thing yet to a national repertory company commences this fall with the premiere of The American Film Theater. Each month, 500 selected moviehouses around the country will show—for two days only—one of eight cinematic treatments of great plays, filmed by name directors and starring top-rank actors and actresses. Series tickets to the eight evening shows will cost about \$30 (matinees slightly less) and can be obtained from American Express offices, department stores or the theaters themselves, among other outlets. *Rhinoceros* with Zero Mostel, *The Iceman Cometh*, *Lost in the Stars* and *Luther* are among the coming attractions. Maybe movies really *are* better than ever.



DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI TO OBLIVION

Unless Big Government intervenes before November first, the river boat Delta Queen, last of our nation's overnight-passenger steam-driven paddle-wheelers, seems destined to be deep-sixed at the end of her current season. (Although the Queen is never out of sight of shore, a safety-at-sea law makes demands that her wooden superstructure can't meet.) Junkets available range from overnights, at \$41 up, to a 19-day, \$1292 round trip from Cincinnati to New Orleans. Reservations can be made through travel agents or Greene Line Steamers, 322 East Fourth Street, Cincinnati. And why not also write to your Congressman, asking him to help save the grandest grandame afloat?



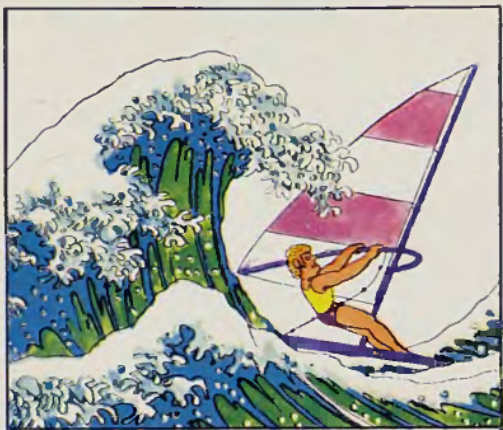
PUB REFLECTIONS

If you don't mind giving some advertising space in your home to India Pale Ale or Guinness Stout, you can now get veddy handsome facsimiles of the ornate pub mirrors once used by English breweries and distilleries to plug their wares. Prices range from a 21½" x 24½" Whitbread's (\$120) to a 42" x 56" Martin's (\$480). They're available from that California bastion of Victorian bric-a-brac, the Golden Movement Emporium in Santa Monica at 2919 Main Street. What'll it be, luv?



WHERE'S MY BEEPING BALL?

For all you duffers who can't keep out of the rough, Huntington Leisure Products in Huntington, New York, is marketing golf balls that sound as though they might have been custom-made for James Bond—or Spiro Agnew. Each sphere comes with a tiny transmitter imbedded in it and when you're within nine feet of one, a small pocket receiver sounds off. Two balls and the receiver cost \$31 post-paid. That's the way the ball bounces.



UP FROM SURFDOM

It's like sailing . . . well, not exactly. You see, it's really like surfing. (But then again, you might say it's a kind of water-skiing.) Actually, it's windsurfing, the latest way to stay out of the water. You stand on the board, then haul up the sail; any kind of breeze will set the polyethylene craft in motion. Where to buy? Windsurfing International (1808 Stanford Avenue, Santa Monica), for \$365. Now anyone who knows which way the wind blows can hang ten on a mild zephyr.

VINTAGE STOCK

Quite often, not even your stockbroker will know for sure whether or not there's any value in that musty stock certificate you inherited. Stock Market Information Service at 235 Dorchester Boulevard East in Montreal, Quebec, probably will, however, and for a fee of ten dollars per company, it will attempt to determine the worth of stocks or securities issued anywhere after 1850. They've already earned their customers over a quarter of a million—so it seems well worth your sawbuck.



DRAGON FIRE

When President Nixon visited Peking, he toasted his hosts with Mou-Tai Chiew, a super-rare 106-proof liquor distilled from millet and wheat and judged "second best among all the wines and spirits in the world" at the Panama International Exhibition back in 1915. Now booze buffs will be happy to learn that the International Corporation of America in Arlington, Virginia, is bringing in a limited supply of Mou-Tai to be sold nationwide for \$10 to \$15 per pint-size bottle. The Chinese modestly claim Mou-Tai is terrific before, during and after a meal and, best of all, they say it doesn't cause a hangover. Darned clever, those Chinese.



CUSTARD'S LAST STAND

Shades of Mack Sennett's classic comedies: The British village of Coxheath, in Kent, will be the scene, June second, of the World Custard Pie Championship with teams from England, Canada and the Continent competing. If you'd like to enter the annual flingding, the deadline is May first, with requests sent to M. Fitzgerald, 18 Springett Way, Coxheath, Maidstone, Kent. Points are given for, among other things, direct hits, originality and dress—which can be either Victorian 1897 or avant-garde 1974. Don't fire until you see the whites of their pies! Splat!

RE CYCLE ART

We won't even begin to speculate why the sidesaddling nymph at right is looking so ecstatic. Let's just assume it's because she and her two-wheeler are a part of the forthcoming edition of *100 Years of Bicycle Posters*, a commemoration of bicycle advertising art soon to be published by Darien House for \$7.95. Among the 50 full-color and 46 black-and-white plates from 14 countries is the work of a number of artists—such as Toulouse-Lautrec and Vuillard—whom most wouldn't associate with cycles. And for the serious student, there'll be historical footnotes detailing the changes in design. So get pedaling.



FLASHMAN AT THE CHARGE

(continued from page 205)

voice, "at your service." And as our eyes met through the cigarette smoke, I thought, hollo, this is another of those momentous encounters. You didn't have to look at this chap twice to remember him forever. It was the eyes. One was blue, but the other had a divided iris, half blue, half brown, and the oddly fascinating effect of this was that you didn't know where to look but kept shifting from one to the other.

For the rest, he had gingerish, curling hair and a square, masterful face that was in no way impaired by a badly broken nose. He looked tough and immensely self-assured; it was in his glance, in the abrupt way he moved, in the slant of the long cigarette between his fingers, in the rakish tilt of his peaked cap, in the immaculate white tunic of the Imperial Guards. He was the kind who knew exactly what was what, where everything was and precisely who was who—especially himself. He was probably a devil with women, admired by his superiors, hated by his rivals and abjectly feared by his subordinates. One word summed him up: bastard.

"I caught your name, in that beast's outburst," says he. He was studying me calmly, as a doctor regards a specimen. "You are the officer of Balaclava, I think. Going to Starotorsk, to be lodged with Colonel Count Pencherjevsky. He already has another English officer—under his care." For some reason, I found my cigarette trembling between my fingers; it was foolish, with this outwardly elegant, precise, not unfriendly young gentleman doing no more than making civil conversation. But I'd just seen him at work and knew the kind of soulless, animal cruelty behind the suave mask.

"We may meet at Starotorsk," says Ignatieff, and with the slightest bow to me he turned away, and my escort was hustling me respectfully out to the telega, as though he couldn't get away fast enough. I was all for it; the less time you spend near folk like that the better.

After a few miles, the bare steppe was giving way to large, well-cultivated fields, with beasts and peasants labouring away, the road improved, and presently, on an eminence ahead of us there was a great, rambling timbered mansion with double wings, and extensive outbuildings, all walled and gated, and the thin smoke of a village just visible beyond. We bowled up a fine gravel drive between well-kept lawns with willow trees on their borders, past the arched entrance of a large courtyard and onto a carriage sweep before the house, where a pretty white fountain played.

Well, thinks I, cheering up a bit, this will do. Civilisation in the midst of barbarism, and very fine, too. Pleasant

grounds, genteel accommodation, salubrious outlook, company's own water, no doubt, to suit overworked military men in need of rest and recreation. Flashy, my son, this will answer admirably until they sign the peace. The only note out of harmony was the Cossack guard lounging near the front steps, to remind me that I was a prisoner, after all.

A steward emerged, bowing, and my civilian explained that he would conduct me to my apartment and thereafter I would doubtless meet Count Pencherjevsky. I was led into a cool, light-panelled hall, and if anything was needed to restore my flagging spirits, it was the fine furs on the well-polished floor, the comfortable leather furniture, the flowers on the table, the cosy air of civilian peace and the delightful little blonde who had just descended the stairs. She was so unexpected, I must have goggled like poor Willy in the presence of his St. John's Wood whore.

And she was worth a long stare. About middle height, perhaps 18 or 19, plump-bosomed, tiny in the waist, with a saucy little upturned nose, pink, dimpled cheeks and a cloud of silvery-blonde hair, she was fit to make your mouth water—especially if you hadn't had a woman in two months and had just finished a long, dusty journey through southern Russia, gaping at misshapen peasants. I stripped, seized and mounted her in a twinkling of my mind's eye, as she tripped past, I bowing my most military bow and she disregarding me beyond a quick, startled glance from slanting grey eyes. May it be a long war, thinks I, watching her bouncing out of sight, and then my attention was taken by the major-domo, muttering the eternal "*Pajalusta, Excellence*," and leading me up the broad, creaky staircase, along a turning passage, and finally halting at a broad door. He knocked and an English voice called:

"Come in—no, hang it all—*khadeetich!*"

I grinned at the friendly familiar sound and strode in, saying: "Hollo, yourself, whoever you are," and putting out my hand. A man of about my own age, who had been reading on the bed, looked up in surprise, swung his legs to the ground, stood up and then sank back on the bed again, gaping as though I were a ghost. He shook his head, stuttering, and then got out:

"Flashman! Good heavens!"

I stopped short. The face was familiar, somehow, but I didn't know from where. And then the years rolled away and I saw a boy's face under a tile hat and heard a boy's voice saying: "I'm sorry, Flashman." Yes, it was him, all right—Scud East of Rugby.

For a long moment we just stared at each other, until we both found our

voices in the same phrase: "What on earth are you doing here?" And then we stopped, uncertainly, until I said:

"I was captured at Balaclava, three weeks back."

"They took me at Silistria, four months ago. I've been here five weeks and two days."

And then we stared at each other some more, and finally I said:

"Well, you certainly know how to make a fellow at home. Ain't you going to offer me a chair, even?"

He jumped up at that, colouring and apologizing—still the same Scud, I could see. He was taller and thinner than I remembered; his brown hair was receding, too, but he still had that quick, awkward nervousness I remembered.

"I'm so taken aback," he stuttered, pulling up a chair for me. "Why—why, I am *glad* to see you, Flashman! Here, give me your hand, old fellow! There! Well—well—my, what a mountainous size you've grown, to be sure! You always were big . . . er, a tall chap, of course, but . . . I say, isn't this a queer fix, us meeting again like this . . . after so long! Let's see, it must be fourteen, no, fifteen years since . . . since . . . ah . . ."

"Since Arnold kicked me out for being pissy drunk?"

He coloured again. "I was going to say, since we said goodbye."

"Aye. Well, ne'er mind. What's your rank, Scud? Major, eh? I'm a colonel."

"Yes," says he. "I see that." He gave me an odd, almost shy grin. "You've done well—everyone knows about you—all the fellows from Rugby talk about you, when one meets 'em, you know. . . ."

"Do they, though? Not with any great love, I'll be bound, eh, young Scud?"

"Oh, come!" cries he. "What d'you mean? Oh, stuff! We were all boys then, and boys never get on too well, 'specially when some are bigger and older and . . . why, that's all done with years ago! Why—everyone's proud of you, Flashman! Brooke and Green—and young Brooke—he's in the navy, you know." He paused. "The Doctor would have been proudest of all, I'm sure."

Aye, he probably would, thinks I, the damned old hypocrite.

I couldn't be sure if he meant it or not. God knows, Scud East had no cause to love me, and the sight of him had so taken me back to that last black day at Rugby that I'd momentarily forgotten we were men now and things had changed—perhaps even his memories of me. For he *did* seem pleased to see me, now that he'd got over his surprise—of course, that could just be acting on his part, or making the best of a bad job, or just Christian decency. I found myself weighing him up; I'd knocked him about a good deal, in happier days, and it came as a satisfaction to realize that I could probably still do it now, if it came



"This is the children's governess—the D'Arcy-Fosketts have always been taught to gallop before they could canter."

to the pinch; he was still smaller and thinner than I. At that, I'd never de-tested him as much as his manly-mealy little pal, Brown: He'd had more game in him than the others, had East, and now—well, if he was disposed to be civil and let bygones be bygones. . . . We were bound to be stuck together for some months, at least.

I said: "What about this place, then—and this fellow Pencherjevsky?"

He hesitated a moment, glanced towards the wall and, as he walked over to it, said loudly: "Oh, it is as you see it—a splendid place. They've treated me well—very well, indeed." And then he beckoned me to go over beside him, at the same time laying a finger on his lips. I went, wondering, and followed his pointing finger to a curious protuberance in the ornate carving of the panelling beside the stove. It looked as though a small funnel had been sunk into the carving and covered with a fine metal grille, painted to match the surrounding wood.

"I say, old fellow," says East, "what d'you say to a walk? The count has splendid gardens and we're free to stroll, you know."

I took the hint, and we descended the stairs to the hall and out onto the lawns. The lounging Cossack looked at us but made no move to follow. As soon as we were at a safe distance, I asked: "What on earth was it?"

"Speaking tube, carefully concealed," says he. "I looked out for it as soon as I arrived—there's one in the next room, too, where you'll be. I fancy our Russian hosts like to be certain we're not up to mischief."

"Well, I'm damned! The deceitful brutes! Is that any way to treat gentlemen? And how the deuce did you ever find it?"

"Oh, just caution," says he, offhand, but then he thought for a moment and went on: "I know a little about such things, you see. When I was taken at Silistria, although I was officially with the bashi-bazouk people, I was more on the political side, really. I think the Russians know it, too. When they brought me up this way, I was most carefully examined at first by some very shrewd gentlemen from their staff—I speak some Russian, you see. Oh, yes, my mother's family married in this direction, a few generations ago, and we had a sort of great-aunt who taught me enough to whet my interest. Anyway, on top of their suspicions of me, that accomplishment is enough to make 'em pay very close heed to H. East, Esq."

"It's an accomplishment you can pass on to me as fast as you like," says I. "But d'you mean they think you're a spy?"

"Oh, no, just worth watching—and listening to. They're the most suspicious folk in the world, you know; trust no one, not even each other. And for all

they're supposed to be thickheaded barbarians, they have some clever jokers among 'em."

Something made me ask: "D'you know a chap called Ignatieff—Count Ignatieff?"

"Do I not!" says he. "He was one of the fellows who ran the rule over me when I came up here. That's Captain Swing with blue blood, that one—why, d'you know him?"

I told him what had happened earlier in the day and he whistled. "He was there to have a look and a word with you, you may depend on it. We must watch what we say, Flashman." It struck me he was a cool, assured hand, this East—of course, he had been all that as a boy, too.

"Count Pencherjevsky—an ogre, loud-mouthed, brutal and a tyrant. He's a Cossack, who rose to command a hussar regiment in the army, won the tsar's special favour and retired here, away from his own tribal land. He rules his estate like a despot, treats his serfs abominably and will surely have his throat cut one day. I can't abide him, and keep out of his way, although I sometimes dine with the family, for appearance' sake. But he's been decent enough, I'll admit; gives me the run of the place, a horse to ride, that sort of thing."

"Ain't they worried you might ride for it?" says I.

"Where to? We're two hundred miles north of the Crimea here, with nothing but naked country in between. Besides, the count has a dozen or so of his old Cossacks in his service—they're all the guard anyone needs. Kubans, who could ride down anything on four legs. I saw them bring back four serfs who ran away, soon after I got here—they'd succeeded in travelling twenty miles before the Cossacks caught them. Those devils brought them back tied by the ankles and dragged behind their ponies—the whole way!" He shuddered. "They were flayed to death in the first few miles!"

I felt my stomach give one of its little heaves. "But, anyway, those were serfs," says I. "They wouldn't do that sort of thing to—"

"Wouldn't they, though?" says he. "Well, perhaps not. But this ain't England, you know, or France, or even India. This is Russia—and these land-owners are no more accountable than . . . than a baron in the Middle Ages. Oh, I dare say he'd think twice about mishandling *us*—still, I'd think twice about getting on his wrong side. But, I say, I think we'd best go back and treat 'em to some harmless conversation—if anyone's bothering to listen."

As we strolled back, I asked him a question which had been exercising me somewhat. "Who's the fair beauty I saw when I arrived?"

He went red as a poppy and I thought, Oho, what have we here, eh?



"What d'ya mean, it's all we have to go on . . .?"

Young Scud with lecherous notions—or pure Christian passion, I wonder which?

"That would be Valentina," says he, "the count's daughter. She and her aunt Sara—and an old deaf woman who is a cousin of sorts—are his only family. He is a widower." He cleared his throat nervously. "One sees very little of them; as I said, I seldom dine with the family. Valentina . . . ah . . . is married."

I found this vastly amusing—it was my guess that young Scud had gone wild about the little bundle—small blame to him—and, like the holy little humbug he was, preferred to avoid her rather than court temptation. One of Arnold's shining young knights, he was. Well, lusty old Sir Lancelot Flashy had galloped into the lists now—too bad she had a husband, of course, but at least she'd be saddlebroken. At that, I'd have to see what her father was like and how the land lay. One must be careful about these things.

I met the family at dinner that afternoon, and a most fascinating occasion it turned out to be. Pencherjevsky was worth travelling a long way to see in himself—the first sight of him, standing at his table head, justified East's description of ogre and made me think of Jack and the Beanstalk, and smelling the blood of Englishmen, which was an unhappy notion, when you considered it.

He must have been well over six and a half feet tall, and even so, he was broad enough to appear squat. His head and face were just a mass of brown hair, trained to his shoulders and in a splendid beard that rippled down his chest. His eyes were fine, under huge shaggy brows, and the voice that came out of his beard was one of your thunderous Russian basses. He spoke French well, by the way, and you would never have guessed from the glossy colour of his hair, and the ease with which he moved his huge bulk, that he was over 60. An enormous man, in every sense.

"The Colonel Flashman," he boomed. "Be happy in this house. As an enemy, I say, forget the quarrel for a season; as a soldier, I say, welcome, brother." He shook my hand in what were probably only the top joints of his enormous fingers, and crushed it till it cracked. "Aye—you look like a soldier, sir. I am told you fought in the disgraceful affair at Balaclava, where our cavalry were chased like the rabble they are. I salute you, and every good sabre who rode with you. Chased like rabbits, those *tuts* [renegades] and *moujiks* on horseback. Aye, you would not have chased my Kubans so—or Wittgenstein's hussars³ when I had command of them—no, by the great God!" He glowered down at me, rumbling, as though he would break into

"Fee, fi, fo, fun" at any moment, and then released my hand and waved towards the two women seated at the table.

"My daughter, Valla, my sister-in-law, Madam Sara." I bowed, and they inclined their heads and looked at me with that bold, appraising stare which Russian women use—they're not bashful or missish, those ladies. Valentina, or Valla, as her father called her, smiled and tossed her silver-blonde head—she was a plumply pert little piece, sure enough.

For all that Pencherjevsky looked like Goliath, he had good taste—or whoever ordered his table and domestic arrangements had. The big dining room, like all the apartments in the house, had a beautiful wood-tiled floor; there was a chandelier and any amount of brocade and flowered silk about the furnishings. (Pencherjevsky himself, by the way, was dressed in silk: Most Russian gentlemen wear formal clothes as we do, more or less, but he affected a magnificent shim-

mering green tunic, clasped at the waist by a silver-buckled belt, and silk trousers of the same colour tucked into soft leather boots—a most striking costume and comfortable, too, I should imagine.)

The food was good, to my relief—a fine soup being followed by fried fish, a ragout of beef and side dishes of poultry and game of every variety, with little sweet cakes and excellent coffee. The wine was indifferent but drinkable. Between the vittles, the four fine bosoms displayed across the table and Pencherjevsky's conversation, it was a most enjoyable meal.

He questioned me about Balaclava, most minutely, and when I had satisfied his curiosity, astonished me by rapidly sketching how the Russian cavalry should have been handled, with the aid of cutlery, which he clashed about on the table to demonstrate. He knew his business, no doubt of it, but he was full



BOOTH

"I'm an American taxpayer!
I've already been ripped off!"

³ The commander of Prince Wittgenstein's hussars in 1837 was, in fact, Colonel Pencherjevsky.



"Just because I don't feel like going doesn't mean you can't go."

of admiration for our behaviour.

He offered me another glass of wine. "All good horse soldiers can drink, can't they, Colonel? Not your Sasha, though," says he to Valla, with a great wink at me. "Can you imagine, Colonel, I have a son-in-law who cannot drink? He fell down at his wedding, on this very floor—yes, over there, by God!—after what? A glass or two of vodka! Saint Nicholas! Aye, me—how I must have offended the Father God, to have a son-in-law who cannot drink and does not get me grandchildren."

At this Valla gave a most unladylike snort and tossed her head, and Aunt Sara, who said very little as a rule, I discovered, set down her glass and observed tartly that Sasha could hardly get children while he was away fighting in the Crimea.

"Fighting?" cries Pencherjevsky boisterously. "Fighting—in the horse artillery? Whoever saw one of them coming home on a stretcher? I would have had him in the Bug Lancers, or even the Moscow Dragoons, but—body of Saint Sophia!—he doesn't *ride* well! A fine son-in-law for a Zaporozhiyan hetman [leader], that!"

"Well, dear Father!" snaps Valla. "If he had ridden well and been in the lancers or the dragoons, it is odds the English cavalry would have cut him into little pieces—since you were not there to direct operations!"

"Small loss that would have been," grumbles he, and then leaned over, laughing, and rumbled her blonde hair.

"There, little one, he is your man—such as he is. God send him safe home."

I tell you all this to give you some notion of a Russian country gentleman at home, with his family—but I found myself liking Pencherjevsky. He was gross, loud, boisterous—boorish, if you like—but he was worth ten of your proper gentlemen, to me, at any rate. I got roaring drunk with him that evening, after the ladies had retired, and he sang Russian hunting songs in that glorious organ voice and laughed himself sick trying to learn the words of *The British Grenadiers*. I flatter myself he took to me enormously—folk often do, of course, particularly the coarser spirits—for he swore I was a credit to my regiment and my country, and God should send the tsar a few like me.

. . . .

For the first few weeks of my sojourn at Starotorsk, I thoroughly enjoyed myself and felt absolutely at home. It was so much better than I had expected, the count was so amiable in his bearlike, thundering way, his ladies were civil (for I'd decided to go warily before attempting a more intimate acquaintance with Valla) and easy with me, and East and I were allowed such freedom that it was like a month of weekends at an English country house, without any of the stuffiness. You could come and go as you pleased, treat the place as your own, attend at mealtimes or feed in your chamber, whichever suited—it was liberty hall, no error. I divided my days be-

tween working really hard at my Russian, going for walks or rides with Valla and Sara or East, prosing with the count in the evenings, playing cards with the family.

All mighty pleasant—until you discovered that the civility and good nature were no deeper than a May frost, the thin covering on totally alien beings. For all their apparent civilisation, and even good taste, the barbarian was just under the surface and liable to come raging out. It was easy to forget this until some word or incident reminded you—that this pleasant house and estate were like a mediaeval castle, under feudal law; that this jovial, hospitable giant, who talked so knowledgeably of cavalry tactics and the hunting field, and played chess like a master, was also as dangerous and cruel as a cannibal chief; that his ladies, chattering cheerfully about French dressmaking or flower arrangement, were in some respects rather less feminine than Dahoman Amazons.

I've told you something of the serfs already, and most of that I learned firsthand on the Pencherjevsky estate, where they were treated as something worse than cattle. The more fortunate of them lived in the outbuildings and were employed about the house, but most of them were down in the village, a filthy, straggling place of log huts, called isbas, with entrances so low you had to stoop to go in. They were foul, verminous hovels of just one room, with a huge bench bearing many pillows, a big stove and a "holy corner" in which there were poor, garish pictures of their saints.

Their food was truly fearful—rye bread, for the most part, and cabbage soup with a lump of fat in it, salt cabbage, garlic stew, coarse porridge and, for delicacies, sometimes a little cucumber or beetroot. And those were the well-fed ones. Their drink was bad—bread fermented in alcohol, which they call kvass ("It's black, it's thick and it makes you drunk," as they said), and on special occasions vodka, which is just poison. They'll sell their souls for brandy but seldom get it.

Such conditions of squalor, half the year in stifling heat, half in unimaginable cold, and all spent in backbreaking labour, are enough to explain why they were such an oppressed, dirty, brutish, useless people—just like the Irish, really, but without the gayety. Even the Mississippi niggers were happier—there was never a smile on the face of your serf, just patient, morose misery.

And yet that wasn't half of their trouble. I remember the court that Pencherjevsky used to hold in a barn at the back of the house, and those cringing creatures crawling on their bellies along the floor to kiss the edge of his coat, while he pronounced sentence on them for their offences. You may not believe

them, but they're true and I noted them at the time.

There was an iron collar for a woman whose son had run off, and floggings, with either the cudgel or the whip, for several who had neglected their labouring in Pencherjevsky's fields. There was Siberia for a youth employed to clean windows at the house, who had started work too early and disturbed Valla, and for one of the maids, who had dropped a dish. You will say, "Ah, here's Flashy pulling the longbow," but I'm not, and if you don't believe me, ask any professor of Russian history.⁴

But here's the point—if you'd suggested to Pencherjevsky or his ladies, or even to the serfs, that such punishments were cruel, they'd have thought you were mad. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to them—why, I've seen a man cudgelled by the Cossacks in Pencherjevsky's courtyard—tied to a post half-naked in the freezing weather and smashed with heavy rods until he was a moaning lump of bruised and broken flesh, with half his ribs cracked

⁴ If anything, *Flashman's* description of the punishments meted out to Russian serfs by their owners appears to be on the mild side. The works cited earlier in these notes contain examples of fearful cruelty and the carelessness with which extraordinary penalties were sometimes imposed.

—and through it all, Valla was standing not ten yards away, never even glancing in his direction but discussing a new sledge harness with one of the grooms.

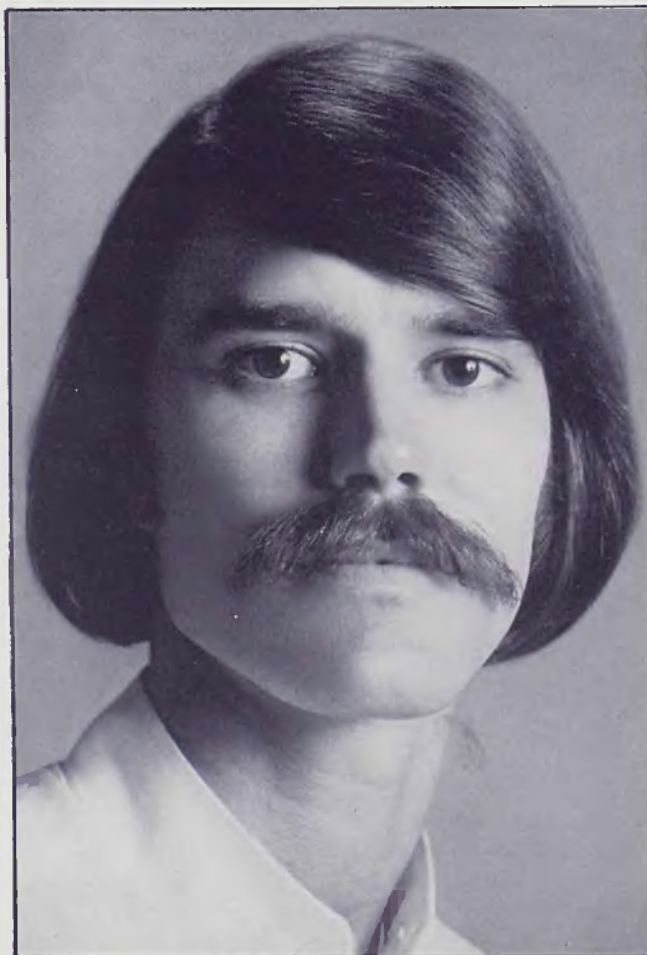
Pencherjevsky absolutely believed that his moujiks were well off. "Have I not given them a stone church, with a blue dome and gilt stars? How many villages can show the like, eh?" And when those he had condemned to years of exile in Siberia were driven off in a little coffle under the nagaikas (whips) of the Cossacks—they would be taken to the nearest town, to join other unfortunates, and they would all *walk* the whole way—he was there to give them his blessing and they would embrace his knees, crying: "*Izvenete, batushka, vinovat* [Pardon, Father, I am guilty]," and he would nod and say, "*Khorosho* [Very well]," while the housekeeper gave them bundles of dainties from the "*Sudarynia* [Lady] Valla." God knows what they were—cucumber rinds, probably.

Now, I don't recite all these barbarities to shock or excite your pity nor to pose as one of those holy hypocrites who pretend to be in a great sweat about man's inhumanity to man. I've seen too much of it and know it happens wherever strong folk have absolute power over spiritless creatures. I merely tell you truly what I saw—as for my own view, well, I'm all for keeping the peasants in order, and if hammering 'em does good

and makes life better for the rest of us, you won't find me leaping between the tyrant and his victim, crying, "Stay, cruel despot!" But I would observe that much of the cruelty I saw in Russia was pure brutishness—I doubt if they even enjoyed it much. They just knew no better.

I wondered sometimes why the serfs, dull, ignorant, superstitious clods though they were, endured it. The truth, as I learned it from Pencherjevsky, was that they didn't always. In the 30 years just ending when I was in Russia, there had been peasant revolts once every fortnight, in one part of the country or another, and as often as not it had taken the military to put them down. Or, rather, it had taken the Cossacks, for the Russian army was a useless thing, as we'd seen in the Crimea. You can't make soldiers out of slaves. But the Cossacks were free, independent tribesmen: they had land and paid little tax, had their own tribal laws, drank themselves stupid and served the tsar from boyhood till they were 50 because they loved to ride and fight and loot—and they liked nothing better than to use their nagaikas on the serfs, which was just nuts to them.

Pencherjevsky wasn't worried about revolution among his own moujiks because, as I say, he regarded himself as a good master. Also, he had Cossacks of his own to strike terror into any



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malcontents. "And I never commit the great folly," says he. "I never touch a serfwoman—or allow one to be used or sold as a concubine." (Whether he said it for my benefit or not, it was bad news, for I hadn't had a female in ages, and some of the peasants—like Valla's maid—were not half bad-looking once they were washed.) "These uprisings on other estates—look into them and I'll wager every time the master has ravished some serf wench, or stolen a moujik's wife, or sent a young fellow into the army so that he can enjoy his sweet-heart. They don't like it, I tell you—and I don't blame them!"

Because I paid attention, toadylike, to his proles, and was eager in studying his language, he assumed I was interested in his appalling country and its ways and was at pains to educate me, as he saw it. From him I learned of the peculiar laws governing the serfs—how they might be free if they could run away for ten years; how some of them were allowed to leave the estates and work in the towns, provided they sent a proportion of earnings to their master; how some of these serfs became vastly rich—richer than their masters, sometimes, and worth millions—but still could not buy their freedom unless he wished. Some serfs even owned serfs. It was an idiotic system, of course, but the landowners were all for it, and even the humanitarian ones believed that if it were changed and political reforms allowed, the country would dissolve in anarchy. I dare say they were right, but myself, I believe it will happen, anyway; it was starting even then, as Pencherjevsky admitted.

"The agitators are never idle," says he. "You have heard of the pernicious German-Jew Marx?"⁵ (I didn't like to tell him Marx had been at my wedding, as an uninvited guest [see *Royal Flash*].) "He vomits his venom over Europe—aye, he and other vile rascals like him would spread their poison even to our country if they could. Praise God the moujiks are unlettered folk—but they can hear, and our cities crawl with revolutionary criminals of the lowest stamp. What do they understand of Russia? What do they seek to do but ruin her? And yet countries like your own give harbour to such creatures, to brew their potions of hate against us! Aye, and against you, too, if you could only see it! You think to encourage them, for the downfall of your enemies, but you will reap the wild wind also, Colonel Flashman!"

⁵It is interesting that Pencherjevsky had heard of Marx at this time, for although the great revolutionary had already gained an international notoriety, his influence was not to be felt in Russia for many years. Non-Communist agitators were, however, highly active in the country, and no doubt to the count they all looked alike.

The thing that bored me most, needless to say, was being without a woman. I tried my hand with Valla, when we got to know each other and I had decided she wasn't liable to run squealing to her father. By George, she didn't need to. I gave her bottom a squeeze and she laughed at me and told me she was a respectable married woman: Taking this as an invitation, I embraced her, at which she wriggled and giggled, puss-like, and then hit me an atrocious clout in the groin with her clenched fist and ran off, laughing. I walked with a crouch for days and decided that these Russian ladies must be treated with respect.

East felt the boredom of captivity in that white wilderness more than I and spent long hours in his room, writing. One day when he was out, I had a turn through his papers and discovered he was writing his impressions, in the form of an endless letter to his odious friend Brown, who was apparently farming in New Zealand. There was stuff about me in it, which I read with interest: "I don't know what to think of Flashman. He is very well liked by all in the house, the count especially, and I fear that little Valla admires him, too—it would be hard not to, I suppose, for he is such a big, handsome fellow. [Good for you, Scud; carry on.] I say I fear—because sometimes I see him looking at her, with such an ardent expression, and I remember the kind of brute he was at Rugby, and my heart sinks for her fair innocence. Oh, I trust I am wrong! I tell myself that he has changed—how else did the mean, cowardly, spiteful, bullying toady [Steady, now, young East] become the truly brave and valiant soldier that he now undoubtedly is? But I do fear, just the same: I know he does not pray, and that he swears and has evil thoughts, and that the cruel side of his nature is still there. Oh, my poor little Valla—but there, old fellow, I mustn't let my dark suspicions run away with me. I must think well of him and trust that my prayers will help to keep him true, and that he will prove, despite my doubts, to be an upright, Christian gentleman at last."

You know, the advantage to being a wicked bastard is that everyone pesters the Lord on your behalf: If volume of prayers from my saintly enemies means anything, I'll be saved when the Archbishop of Canterbury is damned. It's a comforting thought.

So time passed, and Christmas came and went, and I was slipping into a long, bored, tranquil snooze as the months went by. And I was getting soft, and thoroughly off guard, and all the time hell was preparing to break loose.

It was shortly before "the old wives' winter," as the Russians call February, that Valla's husband came home for a week's furlough. He was an amiable, stu-

dious little chap, who got on well with East, but the count plainly didn't like him, and once he had given us the news from Sebastopol—which was that the siege was still going on and getting nowhere, which didn't surprise me—old Pencherjevsky just ignored him and retired moodily to his study and took to drink. He had me in to help him, too, and I caught him giving me odd, thoughtful looks, which was disconcerting, and growling to himself before topping up another bumper of brandy and drinking sneering toasts to "the blessed happy couple," as he called them.

It was a little more than a week after Valla's husband had left that something happened, something quite bizarre and unbelievable.

One day after the noon meal, Pencherjevsky invited me to go riding with him. This wasn't unusual, but his manner was curt and silent—if it had been anyone but this hulking tyrant, I'd have said he was nervous. We rode some distance from the house and were pacing our beasts through the silent snow fields when he suddenly began to talk—about the Cossacks, of all things. He rambled most oddly at first, about how they rode with bent knees, like jockeys (which I'd noticed, anyway), and how you could tell a Ural Cossack from the Black Sea variety because one wore a sheepskin cap and the other the long string-haired bonnet. And how the flower of the flock were his own people, the Zaporozhiyan Cossacks, or Kubans, who had been moved east to new lands near Azov by the empress generations ago, but *he*, Pencherjevsky, had come back to the old stamping ground.

"The old days are gone," says he, and I see him so clearly still, that huge bulk in his sheepskin *tulup*, hunched in his saddle, glowering with moody, unseeing eyes across the white wilderness, with the blood-red disk of the winter sun behind him. "The day of the great Cossack, when we thumbed our noses at tsar and sultan alike and carried our lives and liberty on our lance points. We owed loyalty to none but our comrades and the hetman we elected to lead us—I was such a one. Now it is a new Russia and instead of the hetman, we have rulers from Moscow to govern the tribe. So be it. I make my place here, in my forefathers' land, I have my good estate, my moujiks, my land—the inheritance for the son I never sired." He looked at me. "I would have had one like you, a tall lancer fit to ride at the head of his own sotnia [company, band]. You have a son, eh? A sturdy fellow? Good. I could wish it were not so—that you had no wife in England, no son, nothing to bind you or call you home. I would say to you then: 'Stay with us here. Be as a son to me. Be a husband to my daughter and get yourself a son, and me a grandson, who will follow after us and hold



*"After twenty years of sleeping by myself, how
do you expect me to feel?"*

our land here, in this new Russia, this empire born of storm, where only a man who is a man can plant himself and his seed and endure.' That is what I would say.

"As it is," he growled on, "I have a son-in-law—you saw what kind of a thing he is. God knows how any daughter of mine could. . . . I have no grandsons—he gets me none!" And he growled and spat and then swung round to face me. For a moment he wrestled with his tongue and couldn't speak, and then it came out in a torrent.

"There must be a *man* to follow me here! I am too old now, there are no children left in me or I would marry again. Valla, my lovely child, is my one hope—but she is tied to this . . . this empty thing, and I see her going childless to her grave. Unless. . . ." He was gnawing at his lip and his face was terrific. "Unless . . . she can bear me a grandson. It is all I have to live for! At least a Pencherjevsky shall rule here—what I have built will not be squandered piecemeal among the rabble of that fellow's knock-kneed relatives! A man shall get my Valla a son!"

I'm not slow on the uptake, even with a bearded baboon nearly seven feet tall roaring at my face from a few inches away, and what I understood from this extraordinary outburst simply took my breath away. I'm all for family, you un-

derstand, but I doubt if I have the dynastic instinct as strong as all that.

"You are such a man," says he, and suddenly he edged his horse even closer and crushed my arm in his enormous paw. "You can get sons—you have done so," he croaked, his livid face beside mine. "You have a child in England. When the war is over, you will leave here and go to England, far away. Only you and I will know!"

An impetuous fellow, this count—it never occurred to him that it might be his little Valla who was barren and not her husband. However, that was not for me to say, so I kept mum and left all the arrangements to papa.

He did it perfectly. I sallied forth at midnight and, feeling not unlike a prize bull at the agricultural show—"Ere 'e is, ladies 'n' gennelmen, Flashman Buttercup the Twenty-first of Horny Bottom Farm"—tiptoed out of the corridor where my room and East's lay and set off on the long promenade to the other wing. It was ghostly in that creaky old house, with not a soul about, but true love spurred me on and, sure enough, Valla's door was ajar, with a little sliver of light lancing across the passage floor.

I popped in—and she was kneeling beside the bed, praying! I didn't know whether it was for forgiveness for the sin of adultery or for the sin to be commit-

ted successfully, and I didn't stop to ask. There's no point in talking or hanging back shuffling on these occasions and saying: "Ah . . . well, shall we . . . ?" On the other hand, one doesn't go roaring and ramping at respectable married women, so I stooped and kissed her very gently, drew off her nightdress and eased her onto the bed. I felt her plump little body trembling under my hands, so I kissed her long and carefully, fondling her and murmuring nonsense in her ear, and then her arms went round my neck.

Frankly, I think the count had underestimated her horse-artillery husband, for she had learned a great deal from somewhere. I'd been prepared for her to be reluctant or to need some jolly along, but she entered into the spirit of the thing like a tipsy widow, and it was from no sense of duty or giving the house of Pencherjevsky its money's worth that I stayed until past four o'clock. I do love a bouncy blonde with a hearty appetite, and when I finally crawled back to my own chilly bed, it was with the sense of an honest night's work well done.

But if a job is worth doing, it's worth doing well, and since there seemed to be an unspoken understanding that the treatment should be continued, I made frequent forays to Valla's room in the ensuing nights. And so far as I'm a

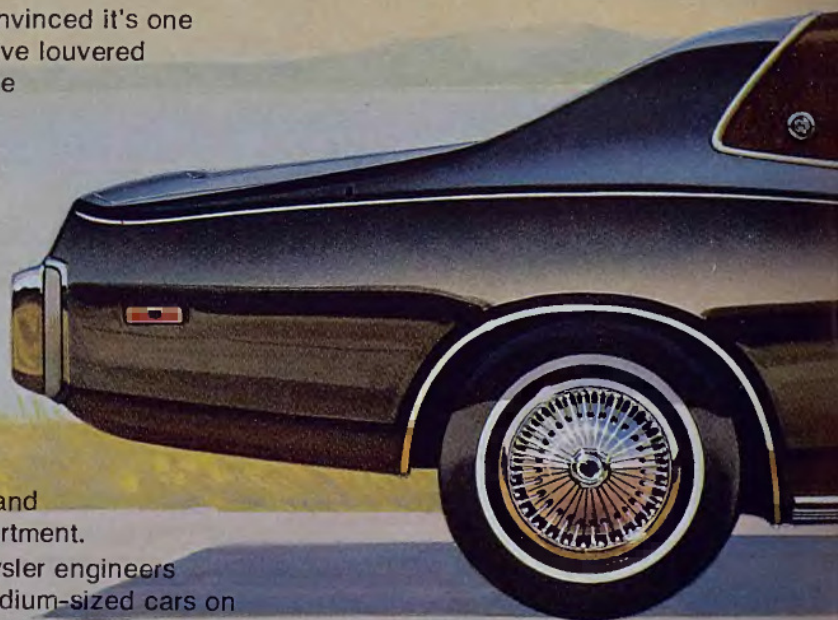
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judge, the little baggage revelled in being a dutiful daughter—they're a damned randy lot, these Russians. Something to do with the cold weather, I dare say. A curious thing was, I soon began to feel as though we were truly married, and no doubt this had something to do with the purpose behind our night games; yet during the day we remained on the same easy terms as before, and if Sara grudged her niece the pleasuring she was getting, she never let on. Pencherjevsky said nothing, but from time to time I would catch him eyeing us with sly satisfaction, fingering his beard at the table.

The only fly in the ointment that I could see was the possibility that during the months ahead it might become apparent that I was labouring in vain. And then something happened which made the whole speculation pointless.

From time to time in the first winter months, there had been other guests at the big house of Starotorsk: military ones. The nearest township—where I'd encountered Ignatieff—was an important army headquarters, a sort of staging post for the Crimea; but as there was no decent accommodation in the place, the more important wayfarers were in the habit of putting up with Pencherjevsky. On these occasions, East and I were politely kept in our rooms, with a Cossack posted in the corridor and our meals

sent up on trays, but we saw some of the comings and goings from our windows—Liprandi, for example, and a grandee with a large military staff who East said was Prince Worontzoff. After one such visit, it was obvious to both of us that some sort of military conference had been held in the count's library—you could *smell* it the next morning and there was a big map easel leaned up in a corner that hadn't been there before.

"We should keep our eyes and ears open," says East to me later. "Do you know—if we could have got out of our rooms when that confabulation was going on, we might have crept into the old gallery and heard all kinds of useful intelligence."

This was a sort of screened minstrels' gallery that overlooked the library; you got into it by a little door off the main landing. But it was no welcome suggestion to me, as you can guess, who am all for lying low.

"Rot!" says I. "We ain't spies—and if we were, and the whole Russian general staff were to blab their plans within earshot, what could we do with the knowledge?"

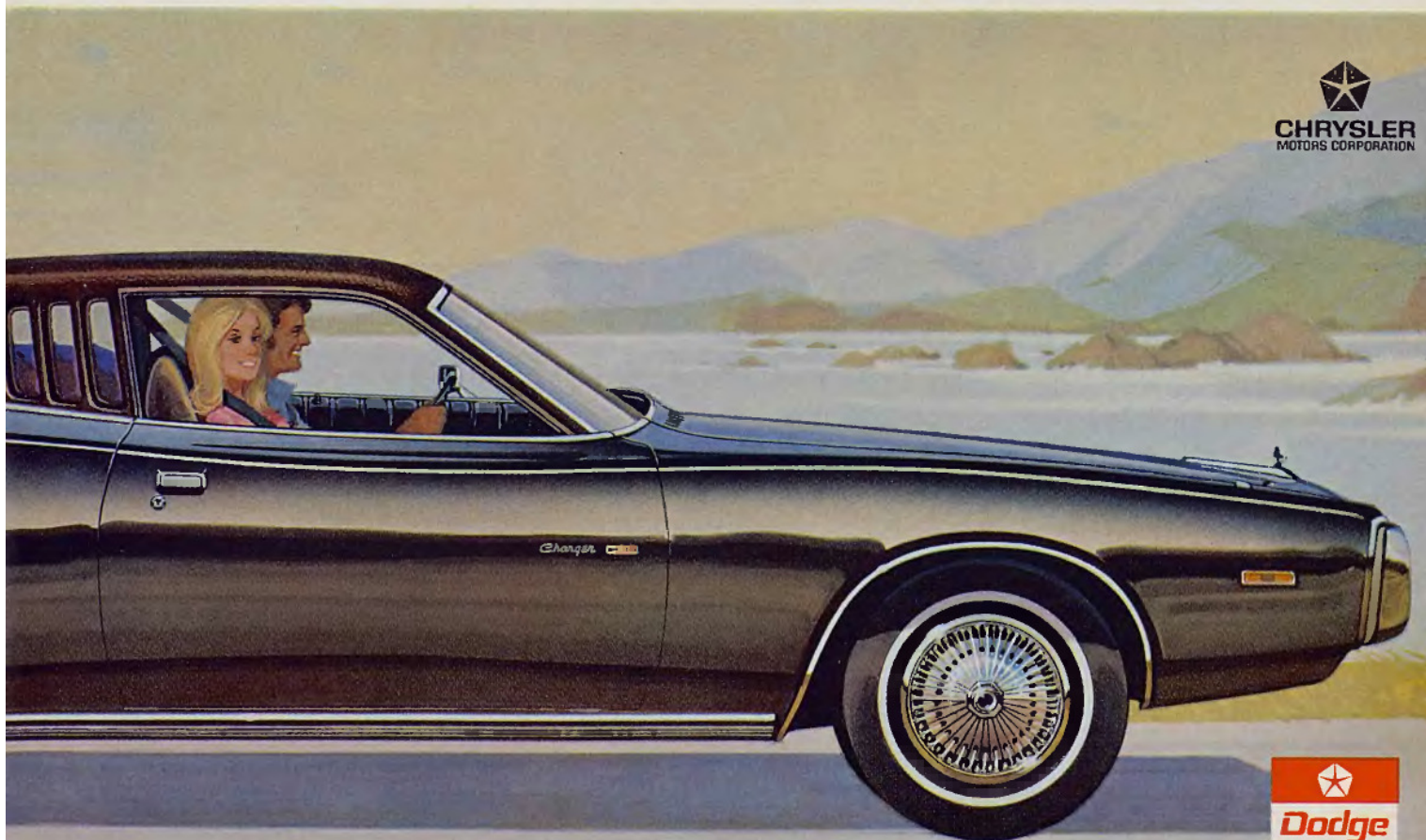
"Who knows?" says he, looking keen. "That Cossack they put to watch our doors sleeps half the night—did you know? Reeking of brandy. We could get out, I dare say—I tell you what, Flashman, if another high-ranker comes

this way, I think we're bound to try and overhear him, if we can. It's our duty."

"Duty?" says I, alarmed. "Duty to eavesdrop? What kind of company have you been keeping lately? I can't see Raglan, or any other honourable man, thinking much of that sort of conduct." The high moral line, you see; deuced handy sometimes. "Why, we're as good as guests in this place."

"We're prisoners," says he, "and we haven't given any parole. Any information we can come by is a legitimate prize of war—and if we heard anything big enough, it might even be worth trying a run for it. We're not that far from the Crimea." This was appalling. Wherever you go, however snug you may have made yourself, there is always one of these dutybound, energetic bastards trying to make trouble.

However, after that small discussion, the weeks had slipped by without any other important Russians visiting the place, and then came my diversion with Valla, and East's ridiculous daydream went clean out of my mind. And then, about ten days after I had started galloping her, a couple of Ruski staff captains jingled into the courtyard one morning, to be followed by a large horse sled, and shortly afterwards comes the count's major-domo to East and me, presenting his apologies and



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chivvying us off to our rooms.

We took the precaution of muffling the hidden speaking tube and kept a good watch from East's window that day. We saw more sleds arrive, and from the distant hum of voices in the house and the sound of tramping on the stairs, we realized there must be a fair-sized party in the place. East was all excited, but what really stirred him was when a sled arrived late in the afternoon and Pencherjevsky himself was in the yard to meet it—attired as we'd never seen him before, in full dress uniform.

"This is important," says East, his eyes alight. "Depend upon it, that's some really big wig. Gad! I'd give a year's pay to hear what passes below tonight." He was white with excitement. "Flashman, I'm going to have a shot at it!"

"Well, don't count on me," I told him. "It ain't worth it—they won't be saying anything worth a damn—it ain't safe and, by thunder, it's downright ungentlemanly. So now!"

To my surprise, he patted my arm. "I respect what you say, old fellow," says he. "But—I can't help it. I may be

wrong, but I see my duty differently, don't you understand? I know it's St. Paul's to a pub it'll be a fool's errand, but—well, you never know. And I'm not like you—I haven't done much for queen and country. I'd like to try."

Well, there was nothing for it but to get my head under the bedclothes that night and snore like hell, to let the world know that Flashy wasn't up to mischief. Neither, it transpired, was the bold East: He reported next day that the Cossack had stayed awake all night, so his expedition had to be called off. But the sleds stayed there all day, and the next, and they kept us cooped up all the time, and the Cossack remained vigilant, to East's mounting frenzy.

I was almost out of patience with him by dinnertime, when who should come up with the servants bearing dinner but Valla. She had just dropped in to see us, she said, and was very bright and played a three-handed card game with us, which was a trying one for East, I could see. He was jumpy as a cat with her at the best of times, blushing and falling over his feet, and now in addition he

was fighting to keep from asking her what was afoot downstairs and who the visitors were. She prattled on, till about nine, and then took her leave, and as I held the door for her, she gave me a glance and a turn of her pretty blonde head that said, as plain as words: "It's been three nights now. Well?" I went back to my room next door, full of wicked notions and leaving East yawning and brooding.

If I hadn't been such a lustful brute, no doubt prudence would have kept me abed that night. But at midnight I was peeping out and there was the Cossack, slumped on his stool, head back and mouth open, reeking like Davis' cellar. Valla's work, thinks I, the charming little wretch.

All was still up here, but there was a dim light down in the hall, and through the banisters I could see two white-tunicked and helmeted sentries on the big double doors of the library, with their sabres drawn, and an orderly officer pacing idly about, smoking a cigarette. I flitted on and two minutes later was stallioning away like billy-o with my modest flower of the steppes—by jingo, she was in a fine state of passion, I remember. We had one violent bout, and then some warm wine from her little spirit lamp, and talked softly and dozed and played, and then went to it again, very slowly, and I can see that lovely white shape in the flickering light even now and smell the perfume of that silver hair and—dear me, how we old soldiers do run on.

"You must not linger too long, sweetheart," says she, at last. "Even drunk Cossacks don't sleep forever," and giggled, nibbling at my chin. So I kissed her a long good night, with endearments, resumed my nightshirt, squeezed her bouncers again for luck and toddled out into the cold, along her corridor, down the little stairs to the landing—and froze in icy shock against the wall on the second step, my heart going like a hammer.

There was someone on the landing. I could hear him and then see him by the dim light from the far corridor where my room lay. He was crouched by the archway, listening, a man in a night-shirt, like myself. With a wrenching inward sigh, I realized that it could only be East.

The fool had stayed awake, seen the Cossack asleep and was now bent on his crackbrained patriotic mischief. I hissed very gently, had the satisfaction of seeing him try to leap through the wall, and then was at his side, shushing him for all I was worth. He seized me, gurgling.

"You! Flashman!" He let out a shuddering breath. "What—? You've been . . . why didn't you tell me?" I wondered what the blazes this meant,



"Did the earth move for you, too?"

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"Gee, and I always thought I was a one-man woman!"

until he whispered fiercely: "Good man! Have you heard anything? Are they still there?"

The madman seemed to think I'd been on his eavesdropping lay. Well, at least I'd be spared recriminations for fornicating with his adored object. I shook my head, he bit his lip, and then the maniac breathed in my ear: "Come, then, quickly! Into the gallery—they're still down there!" And while I was peeping, terrified, into the dimness through the banisters, where the white sentries were still on guard, he suddenly flitted from my side across the landing. I dared not even try a loud whisper to call him back: He was fumbling with the catch of the little door in the far shadows, and I was just hesitating before bolting for bed and safety when from our corridor sounded a cavernous yawn. Panicking, I shot across like a whippet, clutching vainly at East as he slipped through the low aperture into the gallery. Come back, come back, you mad bastard, my lips were saying, but no sound emerged, which was just as well, for with the opening of the little gallery door, the clear tones of someone in the library echoed up to us. And light was filtering up through the fine screen which concealed the gallery from the floor below. If our Cossack guard was waking and took a turn to the landing, he'd see the dim glow from the open gallery door. Gibbering silently to myself, halfway inside the little opening, I crept forward, edging the door delicately shut behind me.

East was flat on the dusty gallery floor. I lay panting and terrified, hearing the voice down in the library saying in Russian: "So there would be no need to vary the orders at present. The establishment is large enough and would not be affected." I remember those words because they were the first I heard. I had

just determined to slide out and leave East alone to his dangerous and useless foolery when I became conscious of a rather tired, hoarse but well-bred voice speaking in the library, and one word that he used froze me where I lay.

"So that is the conclusion of our agenda? Good. We are grateful to you, gentlemen. You have laboured well and we are well pleased with the reports you have laid before us. There is item seven, of course," and the voice paused. "Late as it is, perhaps Count Ignatieff would favour us with a résumé of the essential points again."

Ignatieff. My icy bully of the registrar's office. For no reason, I felt my pulse begin to run even harder. Cautiously, I turned my head and put an eye to the nearest aperture.

Down beneath us, Pencherjevsky's fine long table was agleam with candles and littered with papers. There were five men round it. At the far end, facing us, Ignatieff was standing, very spruce and masterful in his white uniform; behind him there was the huge easel, covered with maps. On the side to his left was a slim, black-haired fellow in a blue uniform coat frosted with decorations—a marshal, if ever I saw one. Opposite him, on Ignatieff's right, was a tall, bald, beak-nosed civilian, with his chin resting on his folded hands. At the end nearest us was a high-backed chair whose wings concealed the occupant, but I guessed he was the last speaker, for an aide seated at his side was saying: "Is it necessary, Majesty? It is approved, after all, and I fear Your Majesty is overtired already. Perhaps tomorrow. . . ."

"Let it be tonight," says the hidden chap, and his voice was dog-weary. "I am not as certain of my tomorrows as I once was. And the matter is of the first urgency. Pray proceed, Count."

As the aide bowed, I was aware of East craning to squint back at me. His face was a study and his lips silently framed the words: "Tsar? The tsar?"

Well, who else would they call Majesty?⁶ I didn't know, but I was all ears and eyes now as Ignatieff bowed and half-turned to the map behind him. That soft, metallic voice rang upwards from the library panelling.

"Item seven, the plan known as the expedition of the Indus. By Your Majesty's leave."

I thought I must have mis-heard. Indus—that was in northern India! What the devil did they have to do with that?

"Clause the first," says Ignatieff. "That with the attention of the allied powers, notably Great Britain, occupied in their invasion of Your Majesty's Crimean province, the opportunity arises to further the policy of eastward pacification and civilisation in those unsettled countries beyond our eastern and southern borders. Clause the second, that the surest way of fulfilling this policy, and at the same time striking a vital blow at the enemy, is to destroy, by native rebellion aided by armed force, the British position on the Indian continent. Clause the third, that the time for invasion by Your Majesty's imperial forces is now ripe and will be undertaken forthwith. Hence, the Indus expedition."

I think I had stopped breathing; I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

"Clause the fourth," says Ignatieff. "The invasion is to be made by an imperial force of thirty thousand men, of whom ten thousand will be Cossack cavalry. General Diugamel," and he bowed towards the bald chap, "Your Majesty's agent in Teheran, believes that it would be assisted if Persia could be provoked into war against Britain's ally Turkey. Clause the fifth—"

"Never mind the clauses," says Diugamel. "That advice has been withdrawn. Persia will remain neutral but hostile to British interest—as she always has been."

Ignatieff bowed again. "With Your

⁶Flashman seems to suggest that this incident took place in February 1855. If it did, then Tsar Nicholas I had only weeks, and possibly days, to live: He died on March second in St. Petersburg, after influenza which had lasted about a fortnight. There is no evidence that he visited the south in the closing weeks of his life; on the other hand, Flashman's account seems highly circumstantial. Possibly he has confused the dates and Nicholas went to Starotorsk earlier than February. However, anyone scenting a mystery here may note that while the tsar died on March second, he was last seen in public on February 22 at an infantry review (see E. H. Nolan's "Illustrated History of the War Against Russia").

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Majesty's leave. It is so agreed and likewise approved that the Afghan and Sikh powers should be enlisted against the British, in our imperial invasion. They will understand—as will the natives of India—that our expedition is not one of conquest but to overthrow the English and liberate India." He paused. "We shall thus be liberating the people who are the source of Britain's wealth."

He picked up a pointer and tapped the map, which was of central Asia and northern India. "We have considered five possible routes which the invasion might take. First, the three desert routes—Ust-Urt—Khiva—Herat, or Raim—Bokhara, or Fort Raim—Syr Daria—Tashkent. These, although preferred by General Khruleff"—at this the slim, black-haired fellow stirred in his seat—"have been abandoned because they run through the unsettled areas where we are still engaged in pacifying the Tajik, Uzbeks and Khokandians, under the brigand leaders Yakub Beg and Izzat Kutebar. Although stinging reverses have been administered to these lawless bandits and their stronghold of Ak Mechet occupied, they may still be strong enough to hinder the expedition's advance. The less fighting there is to do before we cross the Indian frontier the better."

Ignatieff lowered his pointer on the map. "So the southern routes, beneath the Caspian, are preferred—either through Tabriz and Teheran or by Herat. An immediate choice is not necessary. The point is that infantry and artillery may be moved with ease across the south Caspian to Herat, while the cavalry move through Persia. Once we are in Persia, the British will have warning of our attempt, but by then it will be too late—far too late. We shall proceed through Kandahar and Kabul, assisted by the hatred which the Afghans owe the British, and so—to India."

"There are, by reliable report, twenty-five thousand British troops in India and three hundred thousand native soldiers. These latter present no problem—once a successful invasion is launched, the majority of them will desert or join in the rebellion which our presence will inspire. It is doubtful if, six months after we cross the Khyber, a single British soldier, civilian or settlement will remain on the continent. It will have been liberated and restored to its people. They will require our armed presence, for an indefinite period, to guard against counterinvasion."

At this I heard East mutter, "I'll bet they will." I could feel him quivering with excitement; myself, I was trying to digest the immensity of the thing. Of course, it had been a fear in India since I could remember—the Great Bear coming over the passes, but no one truly believed they'd ever have the nerve or the ability to try it. But now, here it was—simple, direct and certain. Not the least

of the coincidences of our remarkable eavesdrop was that I, who knew as much about Afghan affairs from first hand, and our weakness on the northern Indian frontier, as any man living, should be one of the listeners. As I took it in, I could see it happening; yes, they could do it, all right.

"That, Your Majesty," Ignatieff was saying, "is an essential sketch of our purpose."

"Thank you, Count." It was the weak voice again. "We have it clear. Gentlemen?" There was a pause. "No such attempt has ever been made before. But we are confident—are we not?"

Khruleff nodded slowly. "It has always been possible. Now it is a certainty. In a stroke, we clear the British from India and extend Your Majesty's imperial . . . influence from the North Cape to the isle of Ceylon. No tsar in history has achieved such an advance for our country. The troops are ample, the planning exact, the conditions ideal. The pick of Britain's army, and of her navy, are diverted in the Crimea, and it is certain that no assistance could be rendered in India within a year. By then—we shall have supplanted England in southern Asia."

"And it can begin without delay?" says the tsar's voice.

"Immediately, Majesty. By the southern route, we can be at the Khyber, with every man, gun and item of equipment, seven months from this night." Ignatieff was almost striking an attitude, his tawny head thrown back, one hand on the table. They waited, silently, and I heard the tsar sigh.

The Khruleff and Diugamel plans were only two in a long list of proposed Russian invasions of British India. As far back as 1801, Tsar Paul, hoping to replace British rule with his own, agreed to a joint Franco-Russian invasion through Afghanistan (Napoleon was at that time in Egypt, and the French government were to pave the invaders' way by sending "rare objects" to be "distributed with tact" among native chiefs on the line of march). The Russian part of the expedition actually got under way, but with the death of the tsar and the British victory at Copenhagen, the scheme was abandoned.

General Diugamel's plan for an invasion through Persia was first put to the tsar in 1854 and was followed in early 1855 by General Khruleff's proposed Afghan-Khyber expedition. The details of the two plans, as given by Flashman, correspond almost exactly with the versions subsequently published as a result of British intelligence work (see "Russia's March Towards India," published anonymously by an Indian army officer in 1894). Indeed, at various points in Flashman's account, Ignatieff repeats passages from Diugamel and Khruleff almost verbatim.

"So be it, then. Forgive us, gentlemen, for desiring to hear it in summary again, but it is a matter for second and third thoughts, even after the resolve has been given." He coughed, wearily. "All is approved, then—and the other items, with the exception of—yes, item ten. It can be referred to Omsk for further study. You have our leave, gentlemen."

At this there was a scrape of chairs and East was kicking at me and jabbing a finger at the door behind us. I'd been so spellbound by our enormous discovery, I'd almost forgotten where we were—but, by gad, it was time we were no longer here. I edged back to the door, East crowding behind me, and then we heard Ignatieff's voice again.

"Majesty, with permission. In connection with item seven—the Indian expedition—mention was made of possible diversionary schemes, to prevent by all means any premature discovery of our intentions. I mentioned, but did not elaborate, a plan for possibly deluding the enemy with a false scent."

At this we stopped, crouched by the door. He went on:

"Plans have been prepared, but in no considerable detail, for a spurious expedition through your Alaskan province, aimed at the British North American possessions. It was thought that if these could be brought to the attention of the British government, in a suitably accidental manner, they would divert the enemy's attention from the Eastern theatre entirely."

"I don't like it," says Khruleff's voice. "I have seen the plan, Majesty; it is overelaborate and unnecessary."

"There are," says Ignatieff, quite unabashed, "two British officers at present confined in this house—prisoners from the Crimea whom I had brought here expressly for the purpose. It should not be beyond our wits to ensure that they discovered the false North American plan; thereafter, they would obviously attempt to escape, to warn their government of it."

"And then?" says Diugamel.

"They would succeed, of course. It is no distance to the Crimea—it could be arranged without their suspecting they were mere tools of our purpose. And their government would at least be distracted."

"Too clever," says Khruleff. "Playing at spics."

"With submission, Majesty," says Ignatieff, "there would be no difficulty. I have selected these two men with care—they are ideal for our purpose. One is an agent of intelligence, taken at Silistria—a clever, dangerous fellow. Show him the hint of a design against his country and he would fasten on it like a hawk. The other is a very different sort—a great, coarse bully of a man, all brawn and little brain; he has spent his



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time here lechering after every female he could find." I felt East stiffen beside me as we listened to this infernal impudence. "But he would be necessary—for even if we permitted, and assisted, their escape here and saw that they reached the Crimea in safety, they would still have to rejoin their army, and we could hardly issue orders to our forces in the Crimea to let them pass through. This second fellow is the kind of resourceful villain who would find a way."

There was a silence, and then Diugamel says: "I must agree with Khruleff, Majesty. It is not necessary and might even be dangerous. The British are not fools; they smell a rat as soon as anyone. These false plans, these clever stratagems—they can excite suspicion and recoil on the plotter. Our Indus scheme is soundly based; it needs no pretty folly of this kind."

"So." The tsar's voice was a hoarse murmur. "The opinion is against you, Count. Let your British officers sleep undisturbed. But we thank you for your zeal in the matter, even so. And now, gentlemen, we have worked long enough—"

East was bundling me onto the dark landing before the voice had finished speaking. We closed the door gently and tiptoed across towards our passage even as we heard the library doors opening down in the hall. I peeped round the corner; the Cossack was snoring away again and we scuttled silently past him and into East's room. I sank down, shaking, onto his bed, while he fumbled at the candle, muttering furiously till he got it lit. His face was as white as a sheet—but he remembered to muffle the mouth of the hidden speaking tube with his pillow.

"My God, Flashman," says he, when he had got his wind back. We were staring helplessly at each other. "What are we to do?"

"What can we do?" says I.

"We've got to get away—somehow! They must have news of this at Sebastopol. Raglan's there; he's the commander—if we could get this to him and London, there'd be time. Send troops out—increase the northwest garrisons—perhaps even an expedition into Persia or Afghanistan—"

"There isn't time," says I. "You heard them—seven months from tonight they'll be on the edge of the Punjab with thirty thousand men and God knows how many Afghans ready to join in for a slap at us and the loot of India. It would take a month to get word to England, twice as long again to assemble an army—if that's possible, which I doubt—and then it's four months to India—"

"We've got just enough time!" says he, feverishly. "Look—look at this, will you?" And he snatched a book from his bureau: It was some kind of geography

or guide, in Russian script—that hideous lettering that always made me think of black-magic recipes for conjuring the Devil. "See here; this map. Now, I've pieced this together over the past few months, just by listening and using my wits, and I've a fair notion where we are, although Starotorsk ain't shown on this map: too small. But I reckon we're about here, in this empty space—perhaps fifty miles from Ekaterinoslav and thirty from Alexandrovsk, see? It startled me, I tell you; I'd thought we were miles farther inland."

"So did I," says I. "You're sure you're right—they must have brought me a hell of a long way round, then."

"Of course—that's their way! They'll never do anything straight, I tell you. Confuse, disturb, upset—that's their Book of Common Prayer! But don't you see—we're not much above a hundred miles from the north end of the Crimea—maybe only a couple of hundred from Raglan at Sebastopol!"

"With a couple of Russian armies in between," I pointed out. "Anyway, how could we get away from here?"

"Steal a sled at night—horses. If we went fast enough, we could get changes at the post stations on the way, as long as we kept ahead of pursuit. Don't you see, man—it must be possible!" His eyes were shining fiercely. "*Ignatieff was planning for us to do this very thing!* My God, why did they turn him down? Think of it—if he had had his way, they'd be *helping* us to escape with their bogus information, never dreaming we had the *real* plans! Of all the cursed luck!"

"Well, they did turn him down," says I. "And it's no go. You talk of stealing a sled—how far d'you think we'd get, with Pencherjevsky's Cossacks on our tail? You can't hide sleigh tracks, you know—not on land as flat as your hat. Even if you could, they know exactly where we'd go—there's only one route"—and I pointed at his map—"through the neck of the Crimean peninsula at—what's it called? Armyansk. They'd overhaul us long before we got there."

"No, they wouldn't," says he, grinning—the same sly, fag grin of 15 years ago. "Because we won't go that way. There's another road to the Crimea—I got it from this book, but they'd never dream we knew of it. Look, now, old Flashy friend, and learn the advantages of studying geography. See how the Crimean peninsula is joined to mainland Russia—just a narrow isthmus, eh? Now look east a little ways along the coast—what d'ye see?"

"A town called Genitchi," says I. "But if you're thinking of pinching a boat, you're mad—"

"Boat nothing," says he. "What d'ye see south of Genitchi?"

"A streak of fly dung," says I impatiently. "Now, Scud—"

"That's what it looks like," says he triumphantly. "But it ain't. That, my boy, is the Arrow of Arabat—a causeway, not more than half a mile across, without even a road on it, that runs from Genitchi a clear seventy miles *through* the Sea of Azov to Arabat in the Crimea—and from there it's a bare hundred miles across to Sebastopol! Don't you see, man? No one ever uses it, according to this book, except a few dromedary caravans in summer. Why, the Russians hardly know it exists, even! All we need is one night of snow here to cover our traces, and while they're chasing us towards the isthmus, we're tearing down to Genitchi, along the causeway to Arabat, and then westward ho to Sebastopol—"

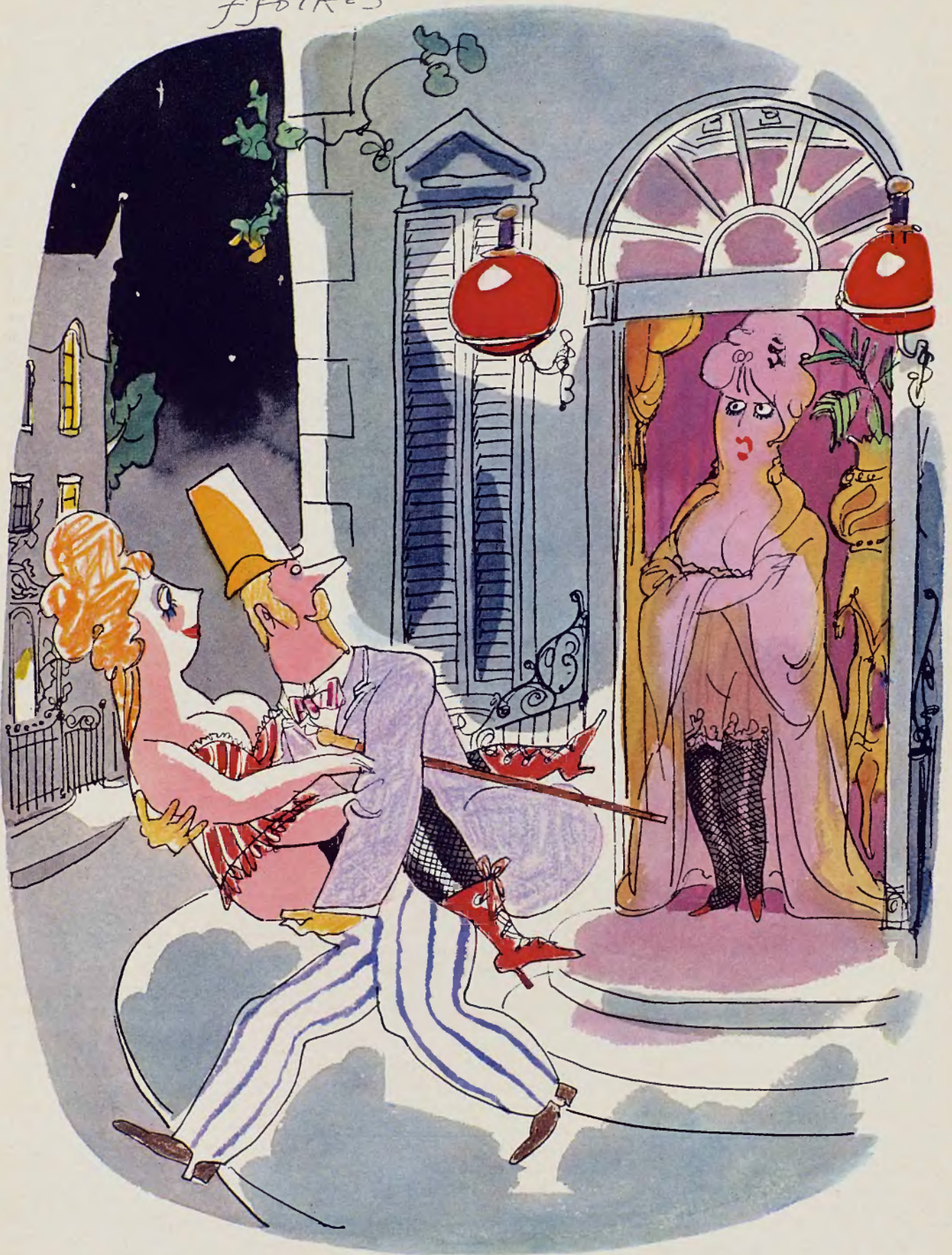
"Through the bloody Russian army!" cries I.

"Through whoever you please! Can't you see—no one will be looking for us there! They've no telegraph, anyway, in this benighted country—we both speak enough Russian to pass! Heavens, we speak it better than most moujiks. I'll swear. It's the way, Flashman—the only way!"

I didn't like this one bit. Don't misunderstand me—I'm as true-blue a Briton as the next man and I'm not unwilling to serve the old place in return for my pay, provided it don't entail too much discomfort or expense. But I draw the line where my hide is concerned—among the many things I'm not prepared to do for my country is die, especially at the end of a rope trailing from a Cossack's saddle or with his lance up my innards. The thought of abandoning this snug retreat, where I was feeding full, drinking well and rogering my captivity happily away, and going careering off through the snow-fast Russian wilderness, with those devils howling after me—and all so that we could report this crazy scheme to Raglan! It was mad. Anyway, what did I care for India? I'd sooner we had it than the Russians, of course, and if the intelligence could have been conveyed *safely* to Raglan (who'd have promptly forgotten it or sent an army to Greenland by mistake, like as not), I'd have done it like a shot. But I draw the line at risks that aren't necessary to my own well-being. *That's* why I'm 80 years old today, while Scud East has been mouldering underground at Cawnpore this 40-odd years.

But I couldn't say this to him, of course. So I looked profound and anxious and shook my head. "Can't be done, Scud. Look, now; you don't know much about this Arrow causeway, except what's in that book. Who's to say it's open in winter—or that it's still there? Might have been washed away. Who knows what guards they may have at

ffolkes



"I'm sorry, Mr. Billings—only for consumption on the premises."

either end? How do we get through the Crimea to Sebastopol?"

At this he cried out that we must risk it and we daren't wait. I replied that we daren't go until we saw a reasonable chance (if I knew anything, we'd wait a long time for one), and so we banded it to and fro and got no forrarder, and finally went to bed, played out.

When I thought the thing over, alone (and got into a fine sweat at the recollection of the fearful risk we'd run, crouching in that musty gallery), I could see East's point. Here we were, by an amazing fluke, in possession of information which any decent soldier would have gone through hell to get to his chiefs. And Scud East was a decent soldier, by anyone's lights but mine. My task, plainly, was to prevent his doing anything rash—in other words, anything at all—and yet appear to be in as big a sweat as he was himself. Not too difficult for one of my talents.

In the next few days we mulled over a dozen notions for escaping, each more lunatic than the last. It was quite interesting, really, to see at what point in some particular idiocy poor Scud would start to boggle; I remember the look of respectful horror which crept into his eyes when I regretted absently that we hadn't dropped from the gallery that night and cut all their throats, the tsar's included—"too late now, of course, since they've all gone," says I. "Pity, though; if we'd finished 'em off, that would have scotched their little scheme. And I haven't had a decent set-to since Bal-clava. Aye, well."

So I tried to look anxious and frustrated, while he chewed his nails and fretted horribly, and a week passed, in which he must have lost a stone. Worrying about India, stab me. And then the worst happened: We got our opportunity, and in circumstances which even I couldn't refuse.

It came after a day in which Pencherjevsky lost his temper, a rare thing and most memorable. I was in the *salon* when I heard him bawling at the front door and came out to find him standing in the hallway, fulminating at two fellows outside on the steps. One looked like a clergyman; the other was a lean, ugly little fellow dressed like a clerk.

"Effrontery, to seek to thrust yourself between me and my people!" Pencherjevsky was roaring. "Merciful God, how do I keep my hands from you? Have you no souls to cure, you priest fellow, and you, Blank, no pen pushing or pimping to occupy you? Ah, but no—you have your agitating, have you not, you seditious scum! Well, agitate elsewhere, before I have my Cossacks take whips to you! Get out of my sight and off my land."

"We are no serfs of yours!" cries the fellow Blank. "You do not order us,"

and Pencherjevsky gave a strangled roar and started forward, but the priest came between.

"Lord Count! A moment!" He was game, that one. "Hear me, I implore. You are a just man and surely it is little enough to ask. The woman is old, and if she cannot pay the soul tax on her grandsons, you know what will happen. The officials will block her stove and she will be driven out—to what? To die in the cold or to starve, and the little ones with her. It is a matter of only one hundred and seventy silver kopecks—I do not ask you to pay for her, but let me find the money, and my friend here. We will be glad to pay! Surely you will let us—be merciful!"

"Look, you," says Pencherjevsky, holding himself in. "Do I care for a handful of kopecks? No! Not if it was a hundred and seventy thousand roubles, either! But you come to me with a pitiful tale of this old crone, who cannot pay the tax on her brats: Do I not know her son—worthless bastard!—is a kulak [a peasant with money, a usurer] in Odessa and could pay it for her, fifty times over! Well, let him! But if he will not, then it is for the government to enforce the law—no man hindering! No, not even me! Suppose I pay or permit you to pay on her behalf, what would happen then? I shall tell you. Next year, and every year thereafter, you would have all the moujiks from here to Rostov bawling at my door: 'We cannot pay the soul tax,⁸ *batushka*; pay for us, as you paid for So-and-So.' And where does that end?"

"But—" the priest was beginning, but Pencherjevsky cut him short.

"You would tell me that you will pay for them all? Aye, Master Blank there would pay—with the filthy money sent by his Communist friends in Germany! So that he could creep among my moujiks, preaching revolution! I know him! So get him hence, priest, out of my sight, before I forget myself!"

He advanced, hands clenched, and the two of them went scuttling down the steps. But the fellow Blank⁹ had to have a last word:

"You filthy tyrant! You dig your own grave! You and your kind think you can live forever, by oppression and torture and theft—you sow dragon's teeth with your cruelty, and they will

⁸ *The soul tax was simply a tax on each male, of 86 silver kopecks annually (see J. Blum's "Lord and Peasant in Russia"). If a serf died, his family had to continue to pay the tax until he was officially declared dead at the next census. Blocking the family stove was a common inducement to pay.*

⁹ *It is probably mere coincidence, but one of V. I. Lenin's immediate ancestors bore the surname Blank.*

grow to tear you! You will see, you fiend!"

Pencherjevsky went mad. He flung his cap on the ground and then ran bawling for his whip, his Cossacks, his sabre, while the two malcontents scampered off for their lives, Blank screaming threats and abuse over his shoulder. I listened with interest as the count raved and stormed: "After them! I'll have that filthy creature knouted, God help me! Run him down and don't leave an inch of hide on his carcass!"

Within a few moments a group of his Cossacks were in the saddle and thundering out the gate, while he stormed about the hall, raging still: "The dog! The insolent garbage!"

He stalked away, finally, still cursing, and about an hour later the Cossacks came back and their leader stumped up the steps to report. Pencherjevsky had simmered down a good deal by this time; he had ordered a brew of punch and invited East and myself to join him, and we were sipping at the scalding stuff by the hall fire when the Cossack came in, an old, stout, white-whiskered scoundrel with his belt at the last hole. He was grinning and had his *nagaika* in his hand.

"Well?" growled Pencherjevsky. "Did you catch that brute and teach him manners?"

"Aye, *batushka*," says the Cossack, well pleased. "He's dead. Thirty cuts—and, *pouf!* He was a weakling, though."

"Dead, you say?" Pencherjevsky set down his cup abruptly, frowning. Then he shrugged: "Well, good riddance! No one'll mourn his loss. One anarchist less will not trouble the prefect."

"The fellow Blank escaped," continued the Cossack. "I'm sorry, *batushka*—"

"Blank escaped!" Pencherjevsky's voice came out in a hoarse scream, his eyes dilating. "You mean—it was the priest you killed! The holy man!" He stared in disbelief, crossing himself. "*Slava Bogu!* [Glory to God!] The priest!"

"Priest? Do I know?" says the Cossack. "Was it wrong, *batushka*?"

"Wrong, animal? A priest! And you . . . you flogged him to death!" The count looked as though he would have a seizure. He gulped and clawed at his beard; then he blundered past the Cossack, up the stairs, and we heard his door crash behind him.

"My God!" says East. "What will this mean?"

"Search me," I said. "They butcher each other so easily in this place—I don't know. I'd think flogging a priest to death is a trifle over the score, though—even for Russia. Old man Pencherjevsky'll have some explaining to do, I'd say—shouldn't wonder if they kick him out of the Moscow Carlton Club."

We didn't see the count at dinner,

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GTE SYLVANIA



*"Cindy, I have a confession to make.
I flunked sex education."*

but you could see in the servants' faces and feel in the very air of the house that Starotorsk was a place appalled. For once, East forgot to talk about escaping and we went to bed early, saying good night in whispers.

I didn't rest too easy, though. My stove was leaking and making the room stuffy, and the general depression must have infected me, for when I dozed I dreamed badly. Suddenly I was awake, lathered with sweat, and from beneath me in the house there was an appalling crash and the roar of Pencherjevsky's voice, and a pattering of feet, and by that time I was out of bed and into my breeches, struggling with my boots as I threw open the door.

East was in the passage, half-dressed like myself, running for the landing. I reached it on his very heels, crying: "What's happening? What the devil is it?" when there was a terrible shriek from Valla's passage and Pencherjevsky was bounding up the stairs, bawling over his shoulder to the Cossacks whom I could see in the hall below.

Valla came hurrying in her nightgown, hair all disordered, eyes starting with terror. "Father, they are everywhere—in the garden! I saw them—oh!"

There was a crash of musket fire from beyond the front door, splinters flew into the hall and one of the Cossacks sang out and staggered, clutching his leg. The others were at the hall windows, there was a smashing of glass and the sound of baying, screaming voices from outside.

Pencherjevsky swore, clasped Valla to him with one enormous arm, saw us and bawled above the shooting: "That damned priest! They have risen—the serfs have risen! They're attacking the house!"

I've seen quite a few bungled attacks in my time—from Lucknow to Pekin—but nothing half so disorderly as the one on Starotorsk. I gathered afterwards that several thousand of them, whipped on by Blank's fiery oratory, had just up and marched on the house to avenge their priest's death, seizing what weapons were handiest. The Cossacks in their little barrack saw them, knocked a few over with rifle fire and then retired to the main house just as the mob surged into the drive and rushed at the front door. And there it was, touch and go, with the moujiks beating on the panels, smashing in the downstairs windows to clamber in, waving their trowels and torches and yelling for Pencherjevsky's blood.¹⁰

At this moment, he seized me by the arm. "The back way—to the stables! Quickly! Get her away, both of you! We shall hold them here." He practically flung her into my arms. "Take a sled

¹⁰ *The serf rising at Starotorsk may have astonished Flashman, but such rebellions were exceedingly common (as he himself remarks elsewhere in his narrative). More than 700 such revolts took place in Russia during the 30 years of Nicholas I's reign.*

and horses and drive like the wind to the Arianski house—on the Alexandrovsk road! There she will be safe. But hasten, in God's name!"

There was a tearing crash from the front door, several pistol shots amid the clamour of the mob and the shouting of the Cossacks, and over the banisters I saw the door cave in and a torrent of ragged figures pouring in, driving the Cossacks back towards the foot of the stairs. The smoky glare of their torches turned the place suddenly into a struggling hell, as the Cossacks swung their sabres and nagaikas to force them back.

And Pencherjevsky bundled us into the corridor and then rushed to the head of the stairs. I had a glimpse of his towering bulk, with the smoky glare beneath him, and then the yells and screams from the hall redoubled, there was a rushing of feet, a splintering of timber—and East and I were doubling down the back stairs at speed, Valla sobbing against my chest as I swept her along.

We tore through the kitchen, East pausing to grab some loaves and bottles, while I hurried out into the yard. It was dead still in the moonlight; nothing but the soft stamp of the beasts in their stalls and the distant tumult muffled on the other side of the house. I was into the coach building in a flash, bundled Valla into the biggest sled and was leading round the first of the horses when East joined me, his arms full.

I don't know the record for harnessing a three-horse sled, but I'll swear we broke it; I wrenched home the last buckle while East scuttled across the snow to unbar the gate. I jumped into the driver's seat and tugged the reins, the horses whinnied and reared and then danced forward, any old how—it's deuced difficult, tooling a sled—and with me swearing at the beasts and East swinging up as we slid past, we scraped through the gateway onto the open road beyond.

There was a bang to our left and a shot whistled overhead, causing me to duck and the horses to swerve alarmingly. They were rounding the house wall, a bare 30 yards away, a confused, roaring rabble, torches waving, running to head us off. East seized the whip from its mount and lashed at the beasts and with a bound that nearly overturned us, they tore away, down the road, with the mob cursing at our tail, waving their fists, and one last shot singing wide as we distanced them.

We didn't let up for a mile, though, by which time I had the beasts under control and we were able to pull up on a gentle rise and look back. It was like a Christmas scene, a great white blanket

glittering in the full moon and the dark house rising up from it, with the red dots of torchlight dancing among the outbuildings and the thin sound of voices echoing through the frosty air and the stars twinkling in the purple sky. Very bonny, I suppose—and then East clutched my arm. "My God! Look yonder!"

There was a dull glow at one corner of the house; it grew into an orange flame, licking upwards with a shower of sparks; the torches seemed to dance more madly, and from the sled behind there was a sudden shrieking sob and Valla was trying to struggle out—my God, she still had nothing on but her nightdress, and as she half fell out, it ripped and sent her tumbling into the snow.

I threw the reins to East, jumped down and bundled her quickly back into the sled. There were furs there, any amount of them, and I swaddled her in them before the cold could get at her. "Father! Father!" she was moaning, and then she fainted dead away and I laid her down on the back seat and went forward to East, handing him up one of the furs—for we had nothing but our shirts and breeches and boots and the cold was crippling.

"Flashman!" he cried. "This is our chance! Heaven-sent! The sled—the

horses—and a clear start! We're away, old fellow!"

It shows you what a hectic scramble it had been, with not a moment's pause to collect one's wits from the shock of waking until now, but for a second I didn't see what he was driving at. And then it struck me—escape. One couldn't be sure, of course, but I doubted whether any civilized being would survive what was happening at Starotorsk; it might be days before the police or the army came on the scene and realized that there were three persons not accounted for.

"We must take Valla with us," cries he, and even in that ghostly light I'll swear he was blushing. "We cannot abandon her—God knows what kind of villages these will be we shall pass through—we could not leave her, not knowing what . . . I mean, if we can reach the camp at Sebastopol, she will be truly safe."

And he would be able to press his suit, no doubt, the poor skirt-smitten ninny, if he ever plucked up courage enough. I wonder what he'd have thought if he'd known I had been pupping his little Ukrainian angel for weeks. And there she was, in the sled with not a stitch to her name.

"You're right!" I cried. "We must take her. You are a noble fellow, Scud! Off we go, then, and I'll take the rib-

bons as soon as you're tired." I jumped into the back and off we swept, over the snowy plain, and far behind us the red glow mounted to the night sky.

They are splendid things, these three-horse sleighs, less like a coach than a little room on runners. They are completely enclosed with a great hood, lashed down all round, with flaps which can be secured on all the window spaces, so that when they are down the whole thing is quite snug, and if you have furs enough and a bottle or two, you can be as warm as toast. I made sure everything was secure, set out the bread and a leg of ham, which East had thoughtfully picked up, on the front seat and counted the bottles—three of brandy, one of white wine. Valla seemed to be still unconscious; she was wrapped in a mountain of furs between the seats, and when I opened the rear window flap for light to examine her, sure enough, she was in that uneasy shocked sleep that folk sometimes go into when they've been terribly scared. The shaft of moonlight shone on her silvery hair and on one white tit peeping out saucily from the furs—I had to make sure her heart was beating, of course, but beyond that I didn't disturb her—for the moment. Fine sledges these: The driver is quite walled off.

So there we were; I huddled in my fur, took a pull at the brandy and then

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crawled out under the side flap onto the mounting of the runner; the wind hit me like a knife, with the snow furrowing up round my legs from the runner blades. We were fairly scudding along as I pulled myself up onto the driver's seat beside East and gave him a swig at the brandy.

He was chattering with cold, even in his fur wrap, so I tied it more securely round him and asked how we were going. He reckoned, if we could strike a village and get a good direction, we might make Genitchi in five or six hours—always allowing for changes of horses on the way. But he was sure we wouldn't be able to stand the cold of driving for more than half an hour at a time. So I took the ribbons and he crept back perilously into the sled—one thing I was sure of: Valla would be safe with him.

If it hadn't been for the biting cold, I'd have enjoyed that moonlight drive. The snow was firm and flat, so that it didn't ball in the horses' hooves, and the

runners hissed across the snow—it was strange to be moving at that speed with so little noise. Ahead were the three tossing manes, with the vapour streaming back in the icy air, and beyond that—nothing. A white sheet to the black horizon, a magnificent silver moon and that reassuring polestar dead astern when I looked back.

I was about frozen, though, when I spotted lights to starboard after about 20 minutes and swerved away to find a tumble-down little village, populated by the usual half-human peasants. After consultation with East, I decided to ask the distance and direction to Berdyansk; East was carrying a rough table of places and directions in his head, out of the book he had studied, and from the peasants' scared answers—for they were in awe of any strangers—we were able to calculate our proper course.

East had taken over the reins. Valla had come to while he was in the sled and had had mild hysterics. "The poor little lamb," says East as he took the

reins. "It tore my heart to see her grief, Flashman—so I have given her a little laudanum from a phial which . . . which I carry always with me. She should sleep for several hours; it will be best so."

I could have kicked him, for if there's one thing I'd fancy myself good at, it's comforting a bereaved and naked blonde under a fur rug. But he had put her to sleep, no error, and she was snoring like a walrus. So I had to amuse myself with bread and ham and try to snatch a nap myself.

We made good progress and after a couple of hours found a way station, by great good luck, on what must have been the Mariupol road. We got three new nags and bowled away famously, but what with lack of sleep, it was getting to be hard work now, and a couple of hours after sunrise we pulled up in the first wood we'd seen—a straggly little affair of stunted bushes, really—and decided to rest ourselves and the horses. Valla was still drugged and East and I slept like the dead.

I woke first, and when I put my head out, the sky was already dimming in the late afternoon. It was bleak and grey and freezing starvation, and looking through the twisted branches at the pale, endless waste, I felt a shiver running through me that had nothing to do with cold. Not far away, there were two or three of those funny little mounds called kurgans, which I believe are the barrows of long-forgotten barbarian peoples: They looked uncanny in the failing light, like monstrous snowmen. The stillness was awful: You could feel not even a breath of wind but just the cold and the weight of emptiness hanging over the steppe.

I roused East, and then we made all fast and I took the reins and off we slid silently southwest, past those lonely kurgans, into the icy wilderness. And then from somewhere far off to my right I heard it—that thin, dismal sound that is the terror of the empty steppe, unmistakable and terrifying, drifting through the vast distance: the eldritch cry of the wolf.

The horses heard it, too, and whinnied; bounding forward in fear with a stumble of hooves, until we were flying at our uttermost speed. My imagination was flying even faster: I remembered Pencherjevsky's story of the woman who had thrown her children out when those fearful monsters got on the track of her sled and had been executed for it, and countless other tales of sleds run down by famished packs and their occupants literally eaten alive. I dared not look back for fear of what I might see loping over the snow behind me.

The cry was not repeated, however, and after a few more miles I breathed



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easier. For rather more than an hour, nothing happened; we drove on through the silence, I took another turn, and then I halted not far from another clump of kurgans to let East climb onto the driver's seat again. I had my foot on the runner and he was just chuckling to the horses when it came again—that blood-chilling wail, far closer this time and off to the left. The horses shrieked and the sled shot forward so fast that for a moment I was dragged along, clinging to the side by main strength, until I managed to drag myself inboard, tumbling onto the back seat. Valla was stirring, muttering sleepily, but I'd no time for her; I thrust out my head, staring fearfully across the snow, trying to pierce the dusk, but there was nothing to be seen. East was letting the horses go and the sled was swaying with the speed—and then it came again, closer still, like the sound of a lost soul falling to hell.

Still nothing, as we fairly flew along; there was another cluster of kurgans just visible in the murk a quarter of a mile or so to our left. As I watched, I saw something flitting between the last two kurgans, a low, long dark shape rushing over the snow, and another behind it, and another, speeding out now into the open and swerving towards us. "Jesus!" I shrieked. "Wolves!"

East yelled something I couldn't hear and the sled rocked horribly as he bore on his offside rein; then we righted, and as I gazed over the side, the hellish baying broke out almost directly behind us. There they were—five of them. I could see the leader toss up his hideous snout as he let go his evil wail, and then they put their heads down and came after us in dead silence.

I've seen horror in my time, human, animal and natural, but I don't know much worse than that memory—those dim grey shapes bounding behind us, creeping inexorably closer, until I could make out the flat, wicked heads and the snow spurting up under their loping paws. I must have been petrified, for God knows how long I just stared at them—and then my wits came back and I seized the nearest rug and flung it out to the side.

As one beast they swerved and were on it in a twinkling, tearing it among them. Only for a second, and then they were after us again—probably all the fiercer for being fooled. I grabbed another rug and hurled it, and this time they never even broke stride but shot past it, closing in on the sled. I could see the eyes behind us now, glaring in those viciously pointed heads, with their open jaws and gleaming teeth and the vapour panting out between them. The leader was a bare five yards behind, bounding

along like some hound of hell; I grabbed another rug, balled it, prayed and flung it at him, and for one joyous moment it enveloped him; he stumbled, recovered and came on again, and East sang out from the box to hold tight. The sled rocked and we were shooting along between high snowbanks on either side, with those five devils barely a leap from us—and suddenly they were falling back, slackening their lope, and I couldn't believe my eyes, and then a cabin flashed by on the right, and then another, with beautiful, wonderful light in its windows, and the five awful shapes were fading into the gloom and we were gliding up a street, between rows of cottages on either side, and as East brought the sled slowly to a halt I collapsed, half-done, on the seat. Valla, I remember, muttered something and turned over in her rugs.

You would not think much of Genitchi, I dare say, or its single mean street, but to me Piccadilly itself couldn't have looked better. It was five minutes before I crawled out and East and I faced the curious stares of the folk coming out of the cabins; the horses were hanging in their traces and we had no difficulty in convincing them that we needed a change. There was a post station at the end of the street, beside a bridge, and a drunk postmaster who, after much swearing and cajoling, was persuaded to produce three fairly flea-bitten brutes; East wondered if we should rest for a few hours and go on with our own nags refreshed, but I said no—let's be off while the going's good. So when we had got some few items of bread and sausage and cheese from the postmaster's wife, and a couple of female garments for Valla to wear when she woke up, we put the new beasts to and prepared to take the road again after a short rest.

It was a dismal prospect. Beyond the bridge, which spanned a frozen canal, we could see the Arrow of Arabat, a long, bleak tongue of snow-covered land running south like a huge railway embankment into the Sea of Azov. The sea proper, which was frozen—at least as far out as we could see—lay to the left; on the right of the causeway lies a stinking inland lagoon, called the Sivache, which is many miles wide in places but narrows down as you proceed along the Arrow, until it peters away altogether where the causeway reaches Arabat, on the eastern end of the Crimea. The lagoon seems to be too foul to freeze entirely, even in a Russian winter, and the stench from it would poison an elephant.

We were just preparing to set off when Valla woke up. She took a few nips of brandy, refused the clothes we

had got for her and curled up in the furs again.

The rest did me little good. The scare we'd had from the wolves and the perils ahead had my nerves jangling like fiddlestrings. The moon was up by now, so we should have light enough to ensure we didn't stray from the causeway; I took the driver's seat and we slid away over the bridge and out onto the Arrow of Arabat.

For the first few miles it was quite wide, and as I kept to the eastern side, there was a great expanse of hummocky snow to my right. But then the causeway gradually narrowed to perhaps half a mile, so that it was like driving along a very broad raised road, with the ground falling away sharply on either side to the snow-covered frozen waters of the Azov and the Sivache lagoon; the salty charnel reek was awful and even the horses didn't like it, tossing their heads and pulling awkwardly. We passed two empty post stations, and after about four hours East took the reins for what we hoped would be the last spell into Arabat.

I climbed into the back of the sled and made all the fastenings secure as we started off again and was preparing to curl up on the back seat when Valla stirred sleepily in the darkness, murmuring, "Harr-ee?" as she stretched restlessly in her pile of furs on the floor. I knelt down beside her and took her hand, but when I spoke to her she just mumbled and turned over; the laudanum and brandy still had her pretty well foxed and there was no sense to be got out of her. It struck me she might be conscious enough to enjoy some company, though, so I slipped a hand beneath the furs and encountered warm, plump flesh; the touch of it sent the blood pumping in my head.

"Valla, my love," I whispered, just to be respectable; I could smell the sweet musky perfume of her skin, even over the brandy. I stroked her belly and she moaned softly, and when I felt upwards and cupped her breast she turned towards me, her lips wet against my cheek. I was shaking as I put my mouth on hers, and then in a trice I was under the rugs, wallowing away like a sailor on shore leave; and half-drunk as she was, she clung to me passionately. It was an astonishing business, for the furs were crackling with electricity, shocking me into unprecedented efforts—I thought I knew everything in the galloping line, but I'll swear there's no more alarming way of doing it than under a pile of skins in a sled skimming through the freezing Russian night; it's like performing on a bed of firecrackers.

Engrossing as the novelty was, it was also exhausting, and I must have dozed off afterwards with Valla purring in her



*"This isn't your typical weekend sexual-freedom club—
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unconsciousness beside me. And then I became dimly conscious that the sled was slowing down and gliding to a halt; I sat up, wondering what the blazes was wrong, buttoning myself hastily, and then I heard East jump down. I stuck my head out; he was standing by the sled, his head cocked, listening.

"Hush!" says he, sharply. "Do you hear anything behind us?"

I scrambled out onto the snow and we stood there, in the silent moonlight, straining our ears. Was there the tiniest murmur from somewhere back on the causeway, an indistinct but regular sound, softly up and down, up and down? I felt the hairs rise on my neck—it couldn't be wolves, not here, but what was it, then? We stared back along the causeway; it was very narrow now, only a couple of hundred yards across, but we had just come onto a stretch where it began to swerve gently towards the east and it was difficult to make out anything in the gloom beyond the bend about a quarter of a mile behind us. Snow was falling gently, brushing our faces.

"Whatever it is, or isn't, there's no sense waiting here for it!" says I. "How far d'you reckon we are from Arabat?"

"Six miles, perhaps—surely not much more. Once there, we should be all right. According to that book, there are

little hills and gullies beyond the town where we can lose ourselves."

I listened again and there *was* a sound, a sound that I knew all too well. Very faintly, somewhere behind us, there was a gentle but now distinct drumming, and a tiny tinkling with it. There were horsemen on the causeway!

"Quick!" I shouted. "They're after us! Move those horses!"

He tumbled up onto the box, and as I swung myself onto the runner mounting, he cracked his whip and we slid forward across the snow. I clung to the side of the sled, peering back fearfully. We were gathering speed now, cracking along at a good clip, and I was just about to swing myself under the cover—but I paused for another look back along the causeway and what I saw nearly made me lose my hold. Very dimly through the falling flakes I could just make out the causeway bend, and there, moving out onto the straight on this side of it, was a dark, indistinct mass—too big and irregular to be anything like a sled. And then the moonlight caught a score of twinkling slivers in the gloom and I yelled at East in panic: "It's cavalry—horsemen! They're after us, man!"

At the same time they must have seen us, for a muffled cry reached my ears, and now I could see the mass was indeed made up of separate pieces—a

whole troop of them, coming on at a steady gallop, and even as I watched, they lengthened their stride, closing the distance. I couldn't see whether they were hussars or dragoons or what, but I had a feeling they were heavies. Pray God they might be! I swung under the cover and threw myself onto the back seat, peering out through the window flap. No, they weren't closing the distance—not yet. They were fanned out on the causeway as far as they could—good riding, that, for in column the rear files would have been ploughing into the churned snow of the men in front. Trust Russian cavalry to know about that.

But if they weren't gaining, they weren't dropping back, either. There was nothing in it—it's a queer thing, but where a horseman can easily overhaul a coach, or even a racing phaeton, a good sled on firm snow is another matter entirely. A horse with a load on his back makes heavy weather in snow, but unladen he can spank a sled along at nearly full gallop. But how long could our beasts keep up their present pace?

I couldn't stand it. I plunged to the side of the sled, stuck my head out and bawled at East: "They're closing, you fool! Faster! Can't you stir those bloody cattle?"

He shot a glance over his shoulder, cracked on the reins and cried: "It's no go . . . horses are almost played out! Can't . . . We're too heavy! Throw out some weight . . . the food . . . anything!"

I looked back: They were certainly gaining now, for the pale blobs of their faces were dimly visible even through the driving snow. They couldn't be much more than 200 yards away and one of 'em was shouting; I could just catch the voice but not the words.

"Damn you!" I roared. "Russian bastards!" And fell back into the sled, scrabbling for our supplies, to hurl them out and lighten the sled. It was ridiculous—a few loaves and a couple of bottles—but out they went, anyway, and not a scrap of difference did it make. The cover? If I let it go, it would cut down the wind resistance, at least. I struggled with the buckles, stiff with the cold as they were, bruising my fingers and swearing feebly. There were eight of them, two to each side, and I just had the wit to undo the rear ones first and the front ones last, whereupon the whole thing flew off, billowing away before it flopped onto the snow. Perhaps it helped a trifle, but nothing like enough—they were still closing, almost imperceptibly.

I groaned and cursed, while the freezing wind whipped at me, casting about for anything else to jettison. The furs? We'd freeze without them, and Valla



"Madam, I should have thought one of those would have been more than enough."

didn't have a stitch—— Valla! For an instant, even I was appalled—but only for an instant. There was eight stone of her if there was an ounce—her loss would lighten us splendidly! And that wasn't all—they'd be bound to check, at least, if she came bouncing over the back. Gallant Russian gentlemen, after all, don't abandon naked girls in the snow.

I stooped over her, fighting to balance myself in the rocking sled. She was still unconscious, wrapped in her furs, looking truly lovely with her silver hair shining in the moonlight, murmuring a little in her half-drunken sleep. I heaved her upright, keeping the fur round her as best I could, and dragged her to the back seat. She nestled against me, and even in that moment of panic I found myself kissing her goodbye—well, it seemed the least I could do. Her lips were chill, with the snow driving past us in the wind; there'll be more than your lips cold in a moment, thinks I.

"Goodbye, little one," says I. "Sleep tight," and I slipped my arm beneath her legs and bundled her over the back in one clean movement; there was a flash of white limbs as the furs fell away from her, and then she was sprawling on the snow behind us. The sled leaped forward as though a brake had been released, East yelled with alarm and I could

guess he was clinging to the reins for dear life; I gazed back at the receding dark blur where the fur lay beside Valla in the snow. She was invisible in the white confusion, but I saw the riders suddenly swerve out from the centre, a thin shout reached me, and then the leader and his immediate flankers were reining up, the riders on the wings were checking, too, but then they came on, rot them, while a little knot of the centre men halted and gathered and I saw a couple of them swinging down from their saddles before they were lost in the snowy night.

"On, Scud, on!" I shouted, heaving myself up beside East on the box. "We're leaving 'em! We'll beat them yet!"

"What was it?" he cried. "What did you throw out?"

"Useless baggage!" shouts I. "Never mind, man! Drive for your life!"

"What baggage? We had none!" He glanced over his shoulder, at where the horsemen were dim shapes now in the distance, and his eyes fell on the sled. "Is Valla all——" and then he positively screamed. "Valla! Valla! My God!" He reeled in his seat and I had to grab the reins as they slipped from his fingers. "You—you—no, you couldn't! Flashman, you——"

"Hold on, you infernal fool!" I yelled. "It's too late now!" He made a

grab at the reins and I had to sweep him back by main force as I clutched the ribbons in one hand. "Stop it, damn you, or you'll have us sunk as well!"

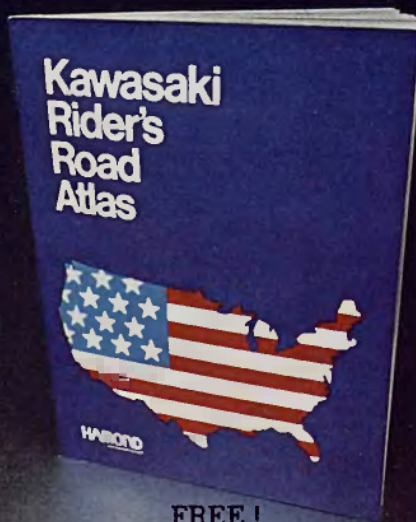
"Rein up!" he bawled, struggling with me. "Rein up—must go back! My God, Valla! You filthy, inhuman brute—oh, God!"

"You idiot!" I shouted, lunging with all my weight to keep him off. "It was her or all of us!" Divine inspiration seized me. "Have you forgotten what we're doing, curse you? We've got to get to Raglan with our news! If we don't—what about Ignatieff and his cursed plans? By heaven, East, I don't forget my duty, even if you do, and I tell you I'd heave a thousand Russian sluts into the snow for my country's sake!" And 10,000 for my own, but that's no matter. I snapped the reins, blinking against the driving snow as we sped along, and then stole a glance behind—nothing but whirling snow over the empty causeway; our pursuers were lost in the distance, but they'd still be there.

East was clinging to the box as we rocked along, a man stricken. He kept repeating Valla's name over and over again and groaning. "Oh, it's too much! Too high a price—God, have you no pity, Flashman? Are you made of stone?"

I decided a little manly rave would do no harm—not that I gave a damn

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what East thought, but it would keep him quiet and stop him doing anything rash even now. "My God, East! Have you any notion what this night's work has cost me? D'you think it won't haunt me forever? D'you think I . . . I have no heart?" I dashed my knuckles across my eyes in a fine gesture. "Anyway, it's odds she'll be all right—they're her people, after all, and they'll wrap her up nice as ninepence."

He heaved a great shuddering breath. "Oh, I pray to God it may be so! But the horror of that moment—it's no good. I'm not like you! I have not the iron will—I am not of your metal!"

You're right there, boy, thinks I, turning again to look back. Still nothing, and then through the dimness ahead there was a faint glimmer of light, growing to a cluster, and the causeway was narrowing to nothing more than a dyke, so that I had to slow the sled for fear we should pitch down the banks to the frozen sea. There was a big square fort looming up on our right and a straggle of buildings on the left, whence the lights came; between, the road ran clear onto broad snow fields. I snapped the whip, calling to the horses, and we drove through never heeding a voice that called to us from the fort wall overhead.

"Bravo!" cries I, "we're almost there!" Behind us, Arabat and its fort were fading into the dark; the glimmer of the lights was diminishing as we breasted the first gentle slope and made for a broad gully in the rising ground. I reined in gently as we went down the reverse slope—and then the lead horse stumbled, whinnying, and came slithering down; the nearside beast swerved sharply, wrenching the reins from my hands, the sled slued horribly, struck something with a fearful jar, East went flying over the side and I was hurled

headlong forward. I went somersaulting through the air, roaring, felt my back strike the rump of the nearside horse, and then I was plunging into the snow. I landed on my back and there above me was the sled, hanging poised; I screamed and flung up my hands to save my head. The sled came lumbering over, slowly, almost, on top of me, a fiery pain shot through my left side, a crushing weight was across my chest; I shrieked again, and then it settled, pinning me in the snow like a beetle on a card.

One of the horses was floundering about in the snow, neighing madly, and then I heard East's voice: "Flashman! Flashman, are you all right?"

"I'm pinned!" I cried. "The sled—get the damned thing off me! Ah, God, my back's broken!"

He came blundering through the snow and knelt beside me. He put his shoulder to the sled, heaving for all he was worth, but he might as well have tried to shift St. Paul's. It didn't give so much as an inch.

"Rot you, it's crushing my guts out!" I cried. "Oh, God—I know my spine's gone—I can feel it! I'm—"

"Silence!" he hissed, and I could see he was listening, staring back towards Arabat. "Oh, no! Flashman—they're coming! I can hear the horsemen on the snow!" He flung himself at the sled, pushing futilely. "Oh, give me strength, God, please! Please!" He strove, thrusting at the sled and groaning.

I cried, "What are you doing, man? What is it?" For he was standing up now, staring back over the mouth of the gully towards Arabat; for half a minute he stood motionless, while I babbled and pawed at the wreck, and then he looked down at me and his voice was steady.

"It's no go, old fellow. I know I can't move it. And they're coming. I can just

see them, dimly." He dropped on one knee. "Flashman—I'm sorry. I'll have to leave you. Oh, my dear comrade—if I could give my life, I would, but—"

"Rot you!" cries I. "My God, you can't leave me! Push the bloody thing—help me, man! I'm dying!"

"Oh, God!" he said. "This is agony! First Valla—now you! But I must get the news through—you know I must. You have shown me the way of duty, old chap—depend upon it, I shan't fail! And I'll tell them—when I get home! Tell them how you gave. . . . But I must go!"

"Scud," says I, babbling, "for the love of—"

But I don't think he so much as heard me. He bent forward and kissed me on the forehead and I felt one of his manly bloody tears on my brow.

And then he was ploughing away over the snow, to where the nearside horse was standing; he pulled the traces free of its head and hurried off, pulling it along into the underbrush, with me bleating after him. "Scud! For pity's sake, don't desert me! You can't—not your old schoolfellow, you callous son of a bitch! Please, stop, come back! I'm dying, damn you!"

But he was gone and I was pinned, weeping, beneath that appalling weight. Then I heard the soft thumping of hooves on the snow, and a shout, and those cursed Russian voices, muffled, from the mouth of the gully.

"*Poslushatyeh! Ah, tam—skoro!* [Listen! Ah, there—quickly!]"

The jingle of harness was close now and the pad of hooves—a horse neighed on the other side of the sled and I squeezed my eyes shut, moaning. Then there was the snorting of a horse almost directly over my face and I shrieked and opened my eyes. Two horsemen were sitting looking down, fur-wrapped figures with those stringy Cossack caps pulled down over their brows.

"Help!" I croaked. "*Pomogatyeh, pajalusta!* [Help, please!]"

One of them leaned forward. "*On syeryoznoh ranyen* [He is badly hurt]," says he, and they both laughed, as at a good joke. Then, to my horror, the speaker drew his nagaika from his saddlebow, doubled it back and leaned down over me.

"*Nye za chto* [Not at all]," says he, leering. His hand went up, I tried in vain to jerk my head aside, a searing pain seemed to cleave my skull, and then the dark sky rushed in on me.

This is the second of three installments of a condensed version of "Flashman at the Charge." The third installment will appear in the June issue.



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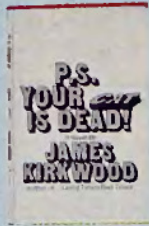
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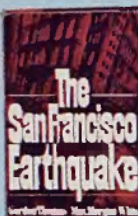
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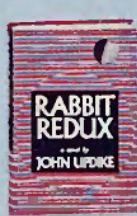
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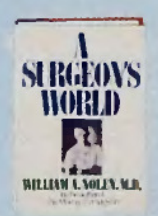
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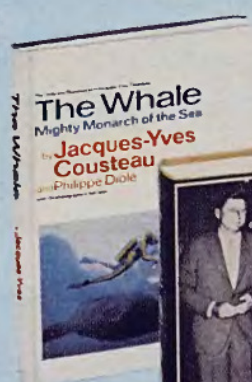
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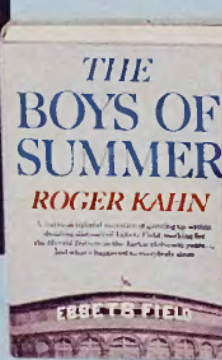
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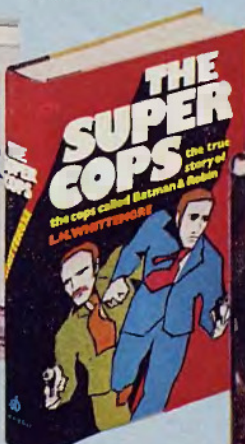
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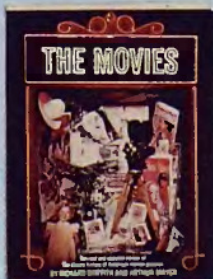
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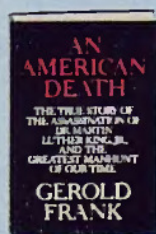
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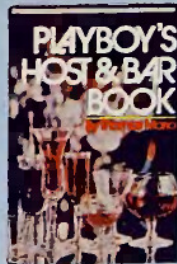
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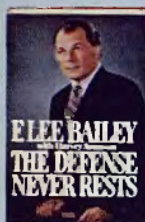
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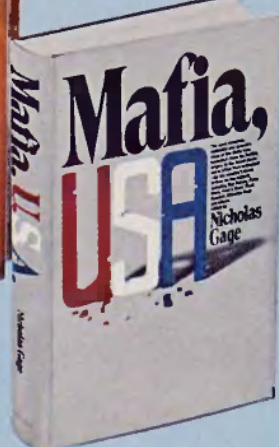
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DIETICIANS ARE JUST FOLKS

some good carbohydrates in the beer," I reply weakly between bites. Nobody is listening to me. A line is forming behind the dietician who is dishing out the carrot-and-raisin salad—a dozen determined-looking ladies holding plates of green vegetables and gray meat. I spot the dietician from Southwest High School in Kansas City, Missouri, standing patiently with some Brussels sprouts I left on my plate in 1952.

My fears, as it turned out, were without foundation. I should have realized that on the first day of the meeting, when I was having breakfast at the Four Seasons, a pastry shop on Royal Street that has made me happy to be awake on a number of mornings in the past. I had figured that a week during which not only the dieticians but also the franchise operators of Roy Rogers Family Restaurants were meeting would be a good time for someone who is interested in both eating habits and conventions to be in New Orleans, but I had no intention of permitting an inquiry into other people's eating habits to interfere with my own. When I'm in New Orleans, my habit has always been to eat as much as I possibly can—partly, of course, as a precaution against developing some serious nutritional problem like remoulade-sauce deficiency in the event I don't make it

(continued from page 121)

back to town for a while. On that first day of the dieticians' meeting, I was demonstrating my usual lack of restraint with Four Seasons *croissants*. After the first few bites, I was in no mood to worry about being observed by some special agent in the pay of the American Dietetic Association. The dieticians, after all, did not have the only game in town for a convention buff. The Independent Oil Compounders were having their annual meeting at the Royal Orleans, right across the street. The National Screw Machine Products Association was meeting at the Royal Sonesta and the Louisiana Nursing Home Association was meeting at the Fontainebleau. The Roosevelt was harboring a slew of narcotics-control agents. I looked around at the other breakfasters defiantly. I was astonished to find myself surrounded by women carrying the program of the annual meeting of the American Dietetic Association. Some of them were even wearing their identification badges. None of them were spying on me, because they were all too busy eating. The woman at the table next to me was attacking not merely a *croissant* but a *croissant* filled with cream and covered with chocolate. Tortes and sweet rolls were disappearing all around me. A lady across the room was wolfing down a huge piece

of cheesecake. At nine o'clock in the morning! I should have known then that I had nothing to fear from the dieticians. They are obviously just folks.

• • •

If I had any suspicion that the Roy Rogers people might not be just folks, it should have evaporated the moment the first executive I called in their national headquarters picked up the telephone and said, "Howdy, pardner." Unfortunately, my first reaction was that I must have reached the wrong number. According to the information I had been given, Roy Rogers Family Restaurants was owned by the Marriott Corporation, with headquarters in Bethesda, Maryland, and "Howdy, pardner" is not my idea of how a corporation executive in Bethesda, Maryland, is likely to answer his telephone. I have to admit that I was harboring one suspicion that concerned the Marriott people—the suspicion that some of the cardboard and balsawood food I have been served on airplanes had been delivered by the Marriott catering-service truck I always see pulling away from the plane just before take-off. Every single day, it turns out, Marriott provides the airlines with 150,000 meals, none of which contains anything a steady patron of Buster's would recognize as food. (I have never blamed Marriott for my own absent-mindedness that day between St. Louis and New York when, confusing two of those little plastic cups that are always on the meal trays, I poured cream on my salad and French dressing in my coffee, but I do think it's fair to blame them for the fact that I did not become aware of my mistake until it was called to my attention *after I had eaten the entire meal*.) The 150,000 airline meals are all prepared in one huge kitchen, the location of which Marriott would do well to keep secret, just in case a traveling salesman who also happens to be a discriminating eater is someday driven to terrorism by the breast of chicken he is served between Miami and Chicago. Discovering that all Marriott airline meals are prepared in one kitchen intensified a fear I have had for years—that someday all meals eaten by everyone in the United States will be prepared in one single gigantic kitchen. The Government will ruthlessly enforce the system, using something like the problems created by farm surpluses or the necessities of civil-defense preparations as an excuse, and those of us who refuse to go along will have to go underground—living in caves in the Arkansas hills with an ace barbecue man who somehow managed to escape the roundup of decent cooks, and maybe sneaking out at night to forage for fresh vegetables and to buy contraband chopped liver made with real schmaltz.

I later learned that some Marriott



"Relax—he thinks I'm in the parlor, drinking milk and honey."

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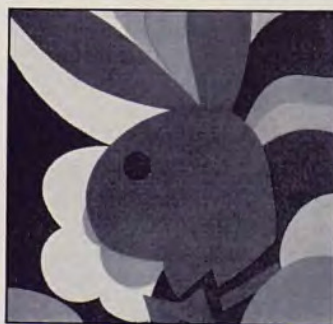


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executives assigned to the Roy Rogers Family Restaurants division actually moosey around Bethesda in cowboy boots. The Roy Rogers people like to emphasize that their restaurants have a Western atmosphere that can be enjoyed by the entire family. In the fast-food industry, of course, family means people who spend quite a bit of money but don't wreck the furniture. The merchandising method of the industry, as far as I can gather, is based on luring the entire family by appealing to the children—a shrewd device, since even the best-brought-up children seem to like bland food, particularly if it is served by a cowgirl or wrapped in a package that is shaped like a clown. When I discovered that Marriott owns both the Roy Rogers Family Restaurants company and the airline-catering operation, I became more convinced than ever that the sudden proliferation of fast-food franchises a few years ago was no accident. Children can now be lured into the fast-food restaurants and exposed to Styrofoam

hamburgers and confetti cole slaw at an impressionable age. Then they enter school and the dieticians take over with a gray-meat and carrot-and-raisin-salad diet that goes on through college, interrupted only by Marriott airline meals flying to and from home at Christmas vacation. By the time these kids are voting age, they will obviously be easy marks for the forces intent on putting over the One Gigantic Kitchen conspiracy.

To test this theory, I asked a friend of mine in New Orleans where her grandchildren like to eat when she takes them out to lunch. I conducted this bit of market research during a dinner a few of us were having at Pascal Manale's, a restaurant that specializes in a dish it calls Manale's Original Barbecue Shrimp—a school of huge shrimps, still in the shell, floating in a sauce that is made of butter and pepper and a number of other ingredients that, put together in some other proportions, could probably power a small speedboat. I considered the children in question less vulnerable

than most to the machinations of the One Gigantic Kitchen conspiracy, since they not only have a grandmother who appreciates Manale's shrimps but also a mother who makes crawfish *étouffée* in her own kitchen and a father who, at the very moment of our conversation, was devouring one of Manale's crab-meat casseroles while wearing an expression of otherworldly bliss. "We always have to go to two places for lunch when I take the kids," my friend replied. "Nancy insists on going to Roy Rogers' for a roast-beef sandwich and then we have to go to McDonald's so Steven can have one of their hamburgers."

"Very interesting," I said, instantly deciding to change the subject so that my friends would be spared knowing what I knew about what the future held for us. "Do you think the Nobel committee would look kindly on a suggestion that Mr. Manale be given the Peace Prize this year for these shrimps?"

• • •

On the first day of the dieticians' meeting, I was walking from the New Orleans convention center, a flashy new building in a cluster of flashy new buildings near the river front, when I passed a place called Joe's Jungle Bar. Joe's Jungle, as it is also known, has the look of one of those bars that the patron saint of construction workers always makes sure are left standing in otherwise bulldozed urban-renewal areas so that the people doing the renewing have some place to drink a beer after work or to watch the baseball game during the lunch break. It had a sign on the window that said, WELCOME, AMERICAN DIETETIC ASSOCIATION. Although I was in a great hurry at the time—I was on my way to a place that is renowned for a ham-and-roast-beef po' boy sandwich—I immediately went into Joe's Jungle. Could it be, I wondered, that I would find eight or ten dieticians at the bar drinking Regal beer from the can and loudly cussing the New Orleans Saints' backfield? No. There were no dieticians in Joe's Jungle. Just-folksism only goes so far, even during a convention.

I don't mean that the dieticians behaved very differently from the other people who had some tax-deductible reason for being in New Orleans for a few days with a lot of old acquaintances. After all, the days when conventioners seemed to spend most of their time throwing things out hotel windows are over—partly, perhaps, because a lot of hotels, trying to hoard their expensively produced cold air, are sealed so tight that even a determined Shriner holding a balloon full of cold water would have difficulty finding a suitable bomb chute. Like any other conventioners, the people attending the American Dietetic Association meeting spent a lot of time in



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New Orleans restaurants, although I don't know how those who spent much time in the exhibition section of the meeting managed to keep up their enthusiasm for eating. Before dinner at Galatoire's one evening, I made the mistake of reading a list of what various corporations were demonstrating to the dieticians in the exhibition booths, and I was put off my feed to the extent of being able to order only a dozen oysters en brochette and some soup—passing up the eggplant stuffed with seafood, a dish I have always believed New Orleans city authorities ought to erect a statue of in Jackson Square.

The salesmen manning the booths at the dieticians' meeting used the same kind of patter one might expect to hear from salesmen at, say, an oil compounders' convention, but most of what they were selling sounded considerably less appetizing than petroleum. "This is your total diet, not a supplement," a salesman at one booth would say, holding up a tiny cardboard box. "This has your amino acids, your carbohydrates." A few booths away, a young woman would offer passers-by a cracker covered with a gray substance and would say, as cheerfully as she could manage, "Have you tried our meatless chickenlike product?" Recipes were being distributed to show all of the imaginative dishes that could be made from products like "modified chicken breasts" and "dinnerballs" and something that comes in what look like gallon milk cartons and is called VersaTaters. ("What it is is a multipurpose potato," the man at the VersaTaters booth said. "You just put it in a pan, fill the pan with tap water, let it sit for thirty minutes, and you have cooked potatoes.") Whenever I found a booth that was displaying something that actually sounded edible—Sara Lee pastries, for instance—the salesman would hand me a chart that gave a complete analysis of what, say, Sara Lee's Double Chocolate Layer Cake consisted of, *including the calories*. I cannot think of any information I want to know less than how many calories are in a piece of Sara Lee Double Chocolate Layer Cake.

Somehow, the dieticians managed to clean their plates every morning at the Four Seasons anyway. And, like any other conventioners, they had drinks in hospitality suites (the hospitality, in their case, being provided by companies like the Coldwater Seafood Corporation) and bought gifts to take home (I myself left New Orleans carrying a suitcase bulging with Zatarain's Crab and Shrimp Boil, despite my fear that an air marshal might find it in my luggage and rule it an explosive) and went to Pat O'Brien's to sing along the college songs and wandered up and down Bourbon Street trying to remain aloof from the

barkers inviting them into the strip joints. Except for the fact that almost all of them were women, the dieticians were hardly distinguishable from the oil compounders or the members of the National Screw Machine Products Association. Although there are people along Bourbon Street with no shirts on—including, of course, some of the waitresses—conventioners tend to be dressed quite formally, having just come from an annual banquet or an important cocktail party. Watching the crowds on Bourbon Street, in fact, it is tempting to interpret the American convention system as a Government-subsidized program to provide middle-class people with an opportunity to wear their best clothes.

• • •

One way the dieticians differed from a lot of conventioners I've seen is that they seemed conscientious about attending the lectures and panels that had been scheduled for the annual meeting. Sensing that something important must be going on, I resolved one day to attend an entire afternoon of such events myself, even if it meant hearing some balanced-diet talk that I would ordinarily go blocks out of my way to avoid. I have always had trouble following speeches at conventions and sales meetings and annual meetings and conferences—mainly, I think, because so many of the speakers use what my high school speech teacher called "audio-visual aids." Whether the speaker is a Marriott executive telling Roy Rogers franchisers how they can put over Roy's new Double-R-Bar-Burger or a committee chairman of the American Dietetic Association explaining how dieticians can work for the passage of important Federal legislation, the speaker always seems to be pointing to a chart or a slide that lists Key Words. I am always left with such a strong impression of the Key Words that I can't remember what they were meant to be the key to—and the words themselves provide no clue, since they always seem to be the same words no matter what the subject of the speech is. One of the Key Words is always ACTION. I can never remember if that refers to action in developing an effective advertising campaign or political action or, as might be possible at a dieticians' conference, peristaltic action.

I decided to attend the afternoon meetings, anyway, right after I had lunch at Buster's. Although Buster's looks like a corner bar with a lunch counter added, it may be the finest restaurant in the world outside of Kansas City. A serious meal had been arranged there by a friend of mine who helps run Preservation Hall—a place in which New Orleans jazz is played by some of the black musicians who are talented enough to have helped develop

the form and intelligent enough to eat many of their meals at Buster's. We started with a huge plate of fried oysters. By the time we were halfway through, Buster's waiter had brought a bowl of spaghetti with a sauce that would probably have brought tears to the eyes of Pascal Manale (as well as to the eyes of anyone who reacts normally to pepper). We ordered a couple of more quarts of beer to help us with the sauce. I could see that I might miss the first speech of the afternoon at the dieticians' conference. I knew we would have to spend at least 40 minutes eating fried chicken alone. Buster's fried chicken tastes as if it is made from chickens that have spent their entire pampered lives strolling around the barnyard pecking contentedly at huge cloves of garlic. As we were finishing the chicken, the waiter brought out some beans and rice, along with some of Buster's hot sausage. Empty quart beer bottles were all over the table. An hour later, we were still eating. Finally, knowing I had to get to the conference, I pushed back my chair and resolutely placed my third apple turnover on the table unfinished.

"My compliments to the chef," I gasped, and staggered out into the sunlight.

By the time I reached the convention center, I was puffing ominously, although I had taken a cab the entire way. I walked into the first lecture room I saw—my breath coming in noisy gasps, my pockets rattling with Gelusil tablets. In an attempt to fight off Buster's sausage, I was eating a Gelusil, chewing some gum and sucking on a Life Saver at the same time. The lecture turned out to be on obesity. The lecturer had a slide flashed on the screen and pointed at a word. I assumed the word was ACTION, but I really couldn't see very well. My eyes were watering. The lecturer started talking about the diseases that obesity could be a factor in—gall-bladder trouble, gout. A wave of heartburn passed over me. She began to discuss diabetes and hypertension. I felt slightly feverish. I broke out in a cold sweat. Finally, I managed to make my way out of the room and into the fresh air. I knew from previous experience what had happened to me: I had come close to going into garlic shock.

I made my way back to my hotel and resolved to become more sensible about eating right away. I decided that I would even forgo a trip I had planned that evening to Mosca's, a roadhouse whose baked oysters I revere. I knew it was important to begin taking care of myself. I had heard that Buster was serving spareribs as his special the following day and I had no intention of missing them.





"Suntan lotion? At five-thirty in the afternoon?"

what a waste (continued from page 140)

to consult with counsel before being questioned by police. The Boston police ritual calls for an officer to read the suspect the following: "We are going to place you in a line-up with other persons to see if certain witnesses can identify you as the person who committed the crime which we are investigating. You have a right to have a lawyer present during the line-up to see to it that the line-up is conducted fairly. If you cannot afford a lawyer, we will see that a lawyer is present on your behalf before the line-up takes place." To make sure the suspect understands the situation, the statement is then put into the form of three questions, with the answers recorded. "That's provided he can understand it, and if not, we have to send out for an interpreter. I don't like to use a policeman who speaks the foreign language, because they may charge that he distorted the answers," says Sherry. Naturally, a voucher for payment to the interpreter must be included in the case file. "Otherwise, the city of Boston won't pay; we've got some instances where the interpreter is still waiting for his money three months later."

With the accused papered into a line-up, the cops must still scramble for people to appear alongside him. In the old days, they just brought in folks who happened to be passing by. "Now we have to pay candidates for the line-up," continues Sherry. "Nobody wants to appear; I'm sure there are a lot of people walking the street who are wanted."

"We may not be fighting crime,"

Sherry concludes, "but we sure are recording it."

The room adjacent to Sherry's is a bull pen with seven desks. From two to a dozen detectives are on the phones, talking shop or making out reports on a pair of aging typewriters. The dialog centers on the work.

A defense lawyer telephones because he wants to talk to a prosecution witness about his account of the crime. "He wants to know if the witness is legitimate. A witness doesn't have to talk to the defense," explains Sherry. "We tell witnesses that if they want to talk to defense counsel they may, but they can tell them that they've talked to the police and given them their story. You hate to help the other side in this business, but. . ."

On another telephone a detective checks to determine whether any fingerprints were found on a knife used by a mother to carve up her daughter some months back.

"Joe, what happened to your car?" asks a lieutenant of a sergeant.

"I'm standing still, see, and this guy hits me. Is that covered by no-fault insurance?"

At another desk, Spencer growls into a phone, "No, you got it wrong. Sadie is the victim."

The chief topic for the morning is the shooting of a man as he left a bar during the night. "Check this out," instructs a lieutenant. "This broad he was with may have a record. It's a through-and-through wound of the chest. He's still

alive and doing pretty good." Homicide often begins its investigation before the injured dies, since the trail and the witnesses may evaporate if it waits until death.

"See if it's one of those rifles that eject a shell," advises a third cop. "Do you know where the place is?"

"Yeah, there's a grass lot, right where all those buildings have been torn down. a little short street out by the bridge."

"It could be a revenge job. He owned a café; there could be hundreds of reasons."

Spencer studies a crime report drawn up by Jim McDonald and bursts out, "What's a male-factor mean? Is he the victim or the victor?"

"I see where they got Robichaud down in Rhode Island," announces one detective, referring to the arrest of a badly wanted suspect.

"Yeah, and he had six bullets in him."

"Somebody took four of them out, but he still had two in him."

"Did you know Jim Dugan's going on days?"

"Is that right?"

"Yeah, he's got high blood pressure."

"Hey, does anybody know anything about the Bromley Street Neighborhood Association?"

Another phone call. "It's for Mark," grins a detective. "You're a little nice to some people and they keep calling you. They fall in love with you."

At one of the two typewriters, McDonald, who will shortly spend 12 weeks at the FBI Academy in Quantico, Virginia, pecks out a fugitive warrant for a girl doing time in a North Carolina prison for stealing 72 credit cards. She faces a Boston rap as an accessory to murder. Sherry remarks, "I talked to her mother and to her sister, real fine people, but this girl became a prostitute. She lured this kid into an alley. She says she only wanted to turn a trick, but I guess she and her boyfriend tried to rob the kid, went through his pockets and he resisted. A real nice kid, he was watching the Bruins on TV in a bar with some friends. When the game ended, they all went home except him. He called his girlfriend, but she was out, and then I guess he picked up this prostitute. His father knows what happened, but his mother doesn't know that he was with a prostitute."

McDonald stops typing for a moment. "I love the way they talk down there in Carolina. 'I 'preciate this, y'all.' And did you ever notice how they all have no first names, just initials, like A. C. or J. W.?"

Sherry answers a call from one of the medical examiners. He wants to know which judge sits in a particular district, since application to the magistrate must be made in order to hold an inquest. Either the district attorney or the medical examiner may ask for an inquest.



"Isn't that the musician you fired yesterday?"

"Some of these take more time than a trial," Sherry points out. "Like, we had an officer guarding a wounded prisoner at the hospital. Some other patient there goes berserk and tries to attack the policeman with this." Sherry holds up a metal clipboard whose swinging edge would perform like a dull guillotine. "He not only shoots and kills the guy but one bullet also kills another patient. That inquest involved sixty-three witnesses, all the patients in the ward, the nurses. It took nine days."

Conversation turns to judges and one detective says, "Bruce, tell 'em what you said to that judge." Before Spencer can answer, the detective tells what happened. "This judge is Harvard, society, and he asks Bruce, 'Well, what about these guys up for sentencing?' Bruce says, 'They're all shit bums, Your Honor.' The judge calls Bruce a breath of fresh air in the court."

Sherry walks into the room with a copy of a crime report in hand. "What the hell is this about a malefactor?"

"That's just McDonald getting ready for the FBI."

"I still prefer perpetrator; and what's this stuff about being 'notified telephonically'?"

Another member of the unit enters. "Hey," he calls to one of those present, "I just saw your friend Sal on the corner of Washington. Dark glasses, hair slicked

down with witch hazel, looks like he's really making out with Patriarca" (a New England Mafia don).

Sherry says to McCallum, "Next week it'll be ten years since you took that call about a suspected suicide." He means the first victim of the Boston Strangler, whose works bound the Boston homicide squad together like the survivors of a combat Infantry platoon. The Strangler destroyed not only the sleep of the public but also that of the police as newspaper stories and the panic of the citizenry put the cops into a pressure cooker. Sherry fears—perhaps more than anything else—another rampage by a psychopath with the flair to invade the imagination. In his office, he keeps a tape recording of a call to the police some two years ago. "Dear," begins the male voice addressing a woman operator, "at the corner of Washington and Kneeland Street, in the excavation, you'll find a man dead, dead in the water. The Giggler," and he trails off in laughter. At the site, the cops found a body; but that was the only call from the one who named himself The Giggler. Sherry suppressed the recording to prevent newspaper scares and pranks about The Giggler. He also wanted the tape recording kept secret in order to test its contents on a suspect or on anyone who might confess to dumping the corpse into the excavation.

On Sherry's desk sits a greeting card. The well-wisher is a lifer convicted recently of the murder of a nine-year-old boy and a suspect in other murders. Sherry thinks he may be The Giggler. When the prisoner read The Giggler's words, there were noticeable similarities in delivery. But identification remains difficult, since Sherry believes The Giggler was drunk and his diction would be hard to reproduce.

Sherry has considered the possibility that the technique of voice prints might aid in identification of The Giggler. He says, to no one in particular in the bull pen, "I see where they admitted voice prints in a couple of cases down in Washington."

McDonald answers, "For what it's worth."

"I'd like to see them develop a real test to show whether anybody's fired a gun. Those so-called paraffin tests aren't worth a shit."

Still on the subject of crime-lab work, a detective mentions, "You know, we got this guy with blood all over his shoes where that woman was run over and then stomped. He says the blood on his shoes was from picking up the body of his brother, who was killed. We'll see what the lab says about the blood type on his shoes."

"There's going to be a good question of law there," warns Sherry. "Whether

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there was probable cause to take blood samples off that man's shoes."

At the hospital, one detective patiently waits for the woman who was involved to recover consciousness. During a brawl at a housing project, the white woman's white escort gunned down two Puerto Ricans, then everybody started to run. "They caught up with her in a car, ran her down, then carried her back into the apartment, where everyone took turns kicking her. When they brought her to the hospital, we couldn't tell whether she was white, black or green; her face was just a mess of blood and the tire tracks were still on her chest. Here, look at the photographs we took of her body." Across her breasts and stomach the treads are clearly visible.

Sherry asks why the photographs don't have a ruler or a tape measure alongside the tire tracks to help identify the car that was used. No one has an answer, but one man reports that human-tissue samples from the tire of an automobile have been sent to an FBI lab for identification and analysis.

The bull pen empties as men go to assignments. Two detectives have gone to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to interview witnesses for a forthcoming trial. One man is in court, ready to testify about the murder of an 18-year-old heroin addict, shot four times in the back by another junkie. Two more have gone to talk to the family of a recent murder victim. A couple of spares get drafted to help with security for a Boston visit by Representative Wilbur Mills and Senator Edward Kennedy. Another detective serves as a guide to an assistant D.A. who wants to become familiar with the scene of a crime.

Spencer remains behind to talk about one of his searches for a witness. "I was looking for this guy for two fucking years. Everybody thought he'd been dropped in an acid vat at a leather factory. I get word the guy is working as a ranch hand on an island off the coast of Texas. The only way you can get out there is by plane. I ask around at Port Lavaca and they tell me there's this fellow has his own plane. I call him up and he says sure. He shuts his fucking store, we go out in the fucking pasture, take off and land on a road on this island, right where the guy I'm looking for is working. I say to him, 'I gotcha.' He almost shit in his pants.

"He tells me everything I want to know and it's fine. The guy who was murdered, they dropped a 200-pound rock on his head. But some good comes out of it. His eyes weren't even closed when they had his kidneys in a bucket of brine going upstairs to a guy waiting for them. Made a transplant. All this fucking bad, there's fucking good comes out of it."

Homicide, in fact, seems to turn cops on to life the way no other crime does. Robbery, burglary, assault and noncapital mayhem leave the policemen responsible with room only to investigate the superficialities—of the crimes and of the people involved. But murder calls for detailed study of the victim. Sherry must discuss circumstances of the death with parents, spouse, children, friends. "You get to know the people. Some of them you still see long after the case is over." While an arresting officer in a burglary rap may know little more about his captives than that they are shit bums, Sherry philosophizes, "Eighty percent of these cases are tragedies. When you get the murderer and he talks, he's glad to get it off his chest. They show a pattern of failure. You feel sorry for them. A lot just aren't too bright. After you look into their background, you see it's pathetic."

McCallum backs up his boss. "I feel happy about the work, even though it is a tough job and sometimes you go home sad. Like a call about an unknown male found lying in an alley, fallen from the roof. I walked into the alley; it was raining and there was a fourteen-year-old boy sprawled flat in the rain after a six-story fall. There were blobs of rain on his watch crystal. It was still running—a Timex. I suppose it lived up to its ads. The kid had been up on the roof with a friend, sniffing hair spray, and he fell over the edge. That's all, and he was dead.

"Once in a while, you get some character from the underworld sitting on the lawyer's lap when you pick him up. You hate to see those guys get away. Sometimes in a burglary a guy invades a home with a lot of violence. But most of the time it's just a wife, husband, boyfriend, friends—crimes of passion, you might say.

"I used to work on vice and gambling. You didn't have any personal feelings there, just matching wits. At least in homicide you don't get any political pressure in a case. In vice and gambling, someone would say to you, 'Not a bad fellow; see what you can do for him.'"

All of this does not qualify Sherry or his mates for instant membership among what they would call "do-gooders." In a rare moment of temper, McCallum fires off a diatribe. "I'll go along with improvements in housing, help for the unemployed, programs for alcoholics and drug addicts, but I'm still in favor of tough punishment. It's a deterrent—even to murder. The popularity of kidnaping fell off after it became subject to the death penalty," he growls, forgetting his own notion that most murders are crimes of passion, while kidnaping falls under the heading of a well-planned caper. "There are murderers we could let out of prison and there'd be no problem. But twenty

percent are incorrigibles. These bastards you can never rehabilitate. Most of the time it's the defendant who doesn't want a speedy trial. If he can delay it long enough, witnesses disappear, they forget, nobody cares. Too many do-gooders around talk about how it takes twelve thousand dollars a year to keep a man in prison. They don't think about what it costs to have him out on the street."

The men of Boston's largely white police force grew up in less violent times, when there was a stability even in the slums, and they find it difficult to reconcile themselves to the explosive, cancerous change that eats away their familiar city. "Look at this neighborhood," complains a detective. "I saw the first piece of asbestos shingle ripped off that house five years ago by some kid. Now look at the area. It's the black plague." The cop belongs to a robbery detail that serves (during the evening hours) as a preliminary investigatory unit for homicide until one of Sherry's men shows up. He often refers to the "black plague" and "our ebony-skinned brothers." Homicide cops, while more sensitive to the race issue, also find it hard to comprehend the climate of the ghetto. Although blacks number 16.3 percent of Boston's population, they figure in well over half the murders.

"There's a body on the living-room floor and nine kids in the apartment," recalls a homicide investigator. "I finally get a neighbor to take the kids out of there, step over the body and ask the man of the house for a formal statement. I begin with the routine, 'Did anything unusual happen tonight?' He answers, 'No.' I say wait a minute. And he starts, 'Oh, you mean the shooting.'"

Sherry and his men refer to crimes of passion as murder from pride or panic. The pride of a man whose place is taken in a taxi line or whose shoeshine has been spoiled by an errant foot. A hitter whose turn in the line-up has been usurped. The pride of a lover deposed. Panic follows discovery during a burglary or resistance in a holdup. The sum total of the homicide experience.

But banal or not, Sherry has his job, the arrest and conviction of murderers. "We have a high clearance rate," he says, "not because of any brilliance on our part but because eighty percent are crimes of passion or family disputes. There's a connection between the people involved. Lots of guys don't want any part of homicide. They think it's too gory, too gruesome. But you get used to that. It's fantastic when you're looking for something or somebody and you don't even know what or who you're looking for. The thing is to get evidence against a suspect, rather than from a suspect. For years we relied on the confession, but in time I believe we'll look



MARTY MURPHY

"... Owned by a teenage nymphomaniac ... it's practically like new, except for that back seat. ..."

back on our so-called voluntary confession with a sense of shame, like we do the witch trials of Salem. Ten years ago we didn't have to advise anyone of his rights. We used to sit here, shoot the shit with a guy, let him talk, con him, tell him, 'Hell, it wasn't murder, you just lost your head.' What is called the new law of the Supreme Court is simply application of individual rights handed down in the U. S. Constitution. Actually, I would much rather go to court with physical evidence than a so-called confession, which might be repudiated or challenged by a smart lawyer."

Some of the hoarier conceits about murder investigations play little or no part in the actual gathering of evidence. "Ordinarily," says Sherry, "we do very little surveillance, except maybe in a gang shooting. There is nothing more monotonous or tiresome than waiting for something that may not even happen. We did forty-five surveillances on one gangland case and it didn't help us." From one of those reports: "Observation at Coachman's Bar. About 12:30, while making observations at Coachman's Bar in Flood Square, I observed Thomas _____ get into a car listed as owned by Vincent _____ and was let out at Cronin's Pub in Andrew Square. He went in, stayed five minutes, from where he went to the Tunnel Café. I waited there for an hour, then returned to the Coachman's Bar."

The lieutenant dismisses a favorite fiction gambit, the graveyard visit. "The only reason to go to the funerals is to satisfy the press, who thinks we should go. What the hell does a killer want to go to a funeral for?" He also reports

that the butler never does it. In the only instance of a death where a butler admitted the police to the house, the medical examiner found suicide the cause of death. And no one gets poisoned with arsenic, either; every preschooler knows it's too easy for the medical examiner to detect.

Sherry depends heavily upon the medical examiner, referred to as the M.E. "They picked up a guy with a driver's license and some credit cards belonging to a Boston man who'd been dead three months, supposedly of natural causes. The suspect confessed that he got the stuff off a homosexual contact who said he swiped it from a man he had killed. We had the body exhumed. Dr. Luongo, one of the M.E.s, discovered around the decomposed neck a ligature, a wire somehow missed by the physician who declared the man dead of natural causes." When the ligature was brought to the inquest, it was in a plastic bag. During the testimony, the bag had to be opened for inspection of the murder weapon.

"We had to open all the windows in the courtroom because of the stink," recalls one detective.

In another instance, a patrolman found the decapitated body of a derelict in an alley. "It looked like a vicious homicide," remembers Sherry. "But the medical examiner found that the guy died of natural causes and rats chewed away his neck. The M.E. tells us what killed the victim, where the bullet entered, exited, whether that skull fracture came from a blow or a fall. We have to be there at the autopsy so we can answer any questions and the M.E. can check out what witnesses claim happened."

"At an autopsy," says McCallum, "the

toughest are the kids. You see that small body that takes up so little room on the table. They cut the scalp, pull it back to open up the head and look at the brain. They make a V-shaped incision to see all the vital organs in the abdomen."

Sherry brings some basic knowledge of the ways of death to the scene of a murder. The beard does not grow after death; the skin darkens and the beard only appears to grow. Eyes don't necessarily close. We are all loaded with bacteria in the digestive system and it destroys blood as well as other tissue. Putrefaction causes blood to ooze from the mouth and nose, swells the body and discolors and enlarges bruises. Dismember a body and throw it into the salt water of the Boston harbor and putrefaction slows, since the bacteria of the intestines cannot spread to tissue in other parts of the body.

Post-mortem lividity—a dark-blue stain on the portion of the body nearest the ground—starts to occur within one to two hours of death, a final pooling of blood obedient to the law of gravity when the mechanism that circulated blood has been stilled. If a victim is found lying face down and the lividity discoloration shows on the back, the body must have been moved.

Rigor mortis starts in the face and jaws

within three to five hours of death. Varying with age and individuals, *rigor mortis* is usually complete inside of 12 hours.

With handguns the growing choice of murderers, the case load on Boston's ballistics Frank Bailey grows heavier. Pistols and revolvers cover the walls of the ballistics unit, while a World War One machine gun, confiscated from a store display before someone added it to his private arsenal, stands on a pedestal. Bailey will tell Sherry what pistol fired which shot, after the M.E. retrieves the bullet from the body. But Sherry knows how gunfire destroys human tissue, that a gun builds up enormous pressure in the barrel and if the weapon has been held against the head, it will do more damage. Small-caliber bullets with pointed heads often do more damage than larger projectiles. The .22-caliber bullets tumble, break up when they hit bone and become difficult to identify. One victim was shot in the thigh, but the .22 slug struck a bone and veered upward to do fatal damage in the abdomen.

Several floors above Sherry's domain, a handful of experts practice dactylography, the study of fingerprints. "They put themselves in the shoes of the criminal, figure out his position or the most likely areas for him to have touched—cash-

register drawer, beer bottles, glasses, Coke cans, lamps, point of entry, point of exit." There is no mathematical possibility of a random duplication of fingerprints. Still, Sherry thinks that the technology of fingerprinting could be improved. "I'd like to see them develop a system to get prints off flesh."

Another valuable tool for Sherry is the crime lab. It examines physical traces—human hair, powder burns, blood on a weapon or clothing, fibers left from garments. Crime-lab technicians can distinguish among the hair of Caucasians, Asians, Negroes and North American Indians by microscopic study. At a murder-rape trial, a representative of the crime lab testified that Negroid hairs were found on the white victim's body, Caucasian ones on the accused black man's underwear. He was convicted, although hair studies prove only that the specimens could or could not have come from an individual of a race. They do not identify the way fingerprints do.

The crime lab examines a suspect's possessions, "permissible if an individual has been arrested upon reasonable suspicion," points out Sherry. A young man took his girlfriend on a date. Later, her body was found in her room, her clothing ripped off; blood was spattered about the room. The murderer administered the final blows with his shoe. The boyfriend said he left her to get a pack of cigarettes. In his shoe, the crime lab located a hair consistent with the murdered girl's. Bloodstains on the shoe matched her blood and the print of the sole coincided with the marks on her face.

"Very few murderers are caught in the act," advises Sherry. "You either get them in the first few hours or you don't get them until somebody comes forward." Nor does Sherry reach a solution by putting himself in the place of the killer. "The idea of myself in the place of the culprit is fantastic. It's wrong; they're so different from me."

Or, as another detective snarls, "How can you put yourself in their place? They're garbage."

Sometimes the denouement astonishes even veterans like Sherry. One killer left the murder scene and wandered the streets of Boston, threaded his way along the banks of the Charles River, rode a bus to the suburbs and slept in parks for two nights. Then he telephoned his wife in Georgia to tell her that he had killed two men in Boston. She asked where he was calling from and he said he could see a sign, COURTHOUSE SQUARE. The wife informed Georgia police, who relayed a message to Boston. He was arrested almost on the doorstep of the police station. "Looked like an all-American boy," comments Sherry.

While Sherry inspected the bloody



"Your three minutes are up, sir. Please signal when through."

rooms where a double murder occurred, the telephone rang. It was Sears Roebuck in Philadelphia. A man claiming to be from that address had run up a string of credit-card purchases. By evening Sherry was in Philadelphia interrogating the murderer, "another all-American boy."

Sherry has learned that although the dead—in the words of a sign that hangs over one medical examiner's door—may speak with miraculous organ, the dying can squeak false notes. A legal form for a deathbed declaration enjoys some standing in court, but Sherry has never used one. "Who's going to tell a guy he's about to die? Just by telling him, you might cause him to die." Years ago, Sherry went to the Boston City Hospital to interview a naval officer stabbed four times in the stomach. He accused a man of wounding him on a street corner. Within minutes the officer died and Sherry went in search of the accused man. He surrendered, in the company of a lawyer. But to the detective's dismay, he produced an unshakable alibi. "One thing more puzzled," says Sherry. "Here's a guy stabbed on the corner of Boylston and Berkeley at six A.M., and yet his clothes have no cuts in them."

The Navy man had lived with his parents in a suburb. Checking through his possessions, Sherry found a receipt from a gas bill for an apartment in Boston. He hurried to the site, in time to find a porter mopping up a puddle of dried blood in the hallway. "I went into the apartment; Jeez, there's an awful lot of blood." Now he knew where the assault actually occurred but had few clues. "We found a thumbprint on a cigarette lighter and I located the knife in a heat register in the floor. It was a switchblade with a torador and a charging bull on the handle."

With a photograph of the naval officer in hand, Sherry checked the downtown cafés. He traced the man to a hotel where he had cashed a check, but he was alone. He found that he had visited a bar but left, alone. Sherry filed the information and waited.

A year later, a Providence cop called and asked, "Did you have a naval officer stabbed to death in your town a year ago? We've got a girl down here who says she did it."

"I figured it was someone who wanted a free ride back to Boston, but I asked her name. Barbara Buck. Turns out we have an arrest sheet on Barbara Buck and her prints match the one on the cigarette lighter. Now I am interested. When I see her, I ask her about the knife. She describes the torador and bull on the handle perfectly. That meant a lot, because we never told anybody what the knife looked like. I always keep some information out of the press, like the caliber of the revolver, to

test a confession or a witness. The press may print something that has no news value but it can croak us." Several confessions to the Boston stranglings manufactured their memories from press clippings.

"Barbara Buck told us she picked the Navy man up in a café across the street from where we lost his trail. They had a dispute in his room and she killed him. The only reason we found her was that she and her current boyfriend got into an argument. She called the police, said he was trying to kill her and that he was wanted for child support. When the cops grabbed him, he was sore and told them that she had come back from Boston one night and confessed to him that she killed a man there."

The victim in this case evidently believed he would not die and did not want to admit he had picked up a hooker. Why he picked on the man he did, Sherry professes not to know, but so much for the deathbed, or at least the badly wounded man's statement.

Boston homicide bears little animus toward either the criminal lawyer or his clients. "My hat's off to F. Lee Bailey," says McCallum. "He beats you fair and square. But if it's fifty-fifty whether a man is guilty, I suppose the jury leans to innocence, and that's the way it should be."

And for the losers in court, Sherry says, "I don't gloat over putting a guy away for life. It's like a ball game; you like to win, but you can't every time. Most of these people who commit murder would never do it again if let free. Sometimes I feel sorry for them, but then I think about the dead, cut down before their time came. I think of what it's like to tell a family that their son or daughter has been murdered."

A case: On July 9, about 9:30 in the morning, a slender young black man wearing sneakers entered the Mt. Vernon Cooperative Bank on Boylston Street. He flashed a revolver, vaulted into the tellers' area and shouted, "Where is the money?" Then, "Everybody keep their hands up." He scooped money from cash drawers and, with the cash stowed in a blue-paper sack, headed for the exit.

Just before he reached the door, the assistant manager, Edward Grenier, father of five children, grabbed him. They struggled, a single shot ripped into the chest of the bank official. The holdup man sprinted across Boylston.

At 9:55, the police teletype clacked a bulletin for an unknown black male, six feet tall, with gray pants, dark suit coat, wearing one white sneaker. The other had slipped from his foot in the bank. The police message concluded that the victim of the shooting was en route to the hospital. At 10:17, the teletype

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advised that the victim had expired at Boston City Hospital. He was actually D.O.A. It was now a homicide assignment.

At the crime scene, Sherry and several others began to question witnesses. Men from the precinct took down the license numbers of parked cars. The owners, once located, might offer information on the killer or his escape route.

Meanwhile, the medical examiner had the body. He extracted a .38-caliber bullet. Fingerprint crews dusted "the area touched by the culprit," according to one of the homicide forms. Impressions of the heel of a hand were found atop counters, partial prints appeared behind the counters and on one of the tellers' windows. All of these prints had to be checked against those of employees and people in the bank to isolate those that belonged to the murderer.

The crime lab photographed a bloodstain on the carpet near the bank entrance, searched for physical traces and took custody of the white sneaker. Using what Sherry learned from questioning witnesses, an artist friend of his drew up a likeness of the robber. But all of these routine efforts brought the police no closer.

About two weeks later, Sherry heard from a lawyer. He told the detective that James Allen (not his real name), a draft evader living in Ontario, Canada, had told him over the phone that Robert Bumpus, married to the sister of Allen's wife, Susan, had just completed a visit in search of his estranged wife, Katherine. Bumpus had reportedly told the Allens that he robbed a Boston bank and, to back up his boast, pointed to a red Mustang that he drove to Canada. He also told the Allens that he had made a down payment on a house and wanted to start life anew with Katherine.

While the Allens were fond of their brother-in-law, they also feared him. As soon as he left their home, the draft dodger checked with Canadian police to see if, as he suspected, a Boston bank had been robbed on the date Bumpus claimed. With that fact confirmed, Allen telephoned his lawyer in Boston with the information.

Sherry and another detective decided to call on Bumpus at an address furnished by Allen. Nobody was home, but rummaging through the apartment, the police discovered some weapons and a photograph of Bumpus that bore a considerable similarity to the sketch by Sherry's friend.

There was a second break. In a Boston precinct, a detective met an individual who claimed to have found a revolver. When the weapon was examined by a ballisticsian, it proved to be the murder weapon, stolen months before from a transit-authority cop. "We talked to the man who said he found the

gun," says Sherry. "That story wasn't accurate. It seemed that a friend had handed over the revolver with the suggestion of a lost-and-found line." The friend was a cabdriver.

When coaxed, the hackman admitted that on the morning of the robbery, a black had hailed his cab, jumped in and given an address, one near where Bumpus lived. When he got out, he handed the driver a fistful of money that amounted to \$160 and left both a gun and a sneaker in the taxi. "Mind you, this is ten to twenty minutes after the shooting," recalls Sherry. "We could have solved it right then, if the driver had come forward." But the cabby had tossed the sneaker into a garbage can and it had long ago gone to the incinerator.

Sherry wanted more evidence before he approached Bumpus with a warrant. He had the photograph found at the apartment, but it was tainted evidence, since he had lacked a warrant to search there. "The law says you may not profit from the fruit of the poisoned tree. We decided to sacrifice one of our five witnesses and showed her the photograph. She said it looked just like him. Then we obtained a court order, forcing Bumpus to take part in a police line-up and give his fingerprints. The operation was a dud. Four of the five witnesses could not identify Bumpus; the one who did happened to be the woman shown the photograph. The cabdriver was not available to view the line-up and the fingerprints proved nothing."

The line-up results left Sherry feeling he lacked sufficient evidence for a prosecutor. Now another cabby provided a new break. This time, too, it was through a police officer working in the street who connected with an individual who had some information but wanted to know if the cops would do something for him. Homicide doesn't employ paid informants the way narcotics or the FBI does. "You develop sources," says a homicide cop, "and because they trust you, because you did right by them sometime in the past, they'll give you information."

Through the informant, Sherry met a cabdriver who, on the day of the shooting, picked up a rider he knew as Bobby Bumpus. He was carrying a blue-paper bag filled with money. Sherry had never informed the press of the color of the sack. Furthermore, the cabdriver observed that the bills were held together with metal clips, a trademark of the Mt. Vernon Cooperative, since most banks use paper wrappers. It was again a fact not publicly known. Finally, the driver said he'd been paid off with a \$100 bill.

Armed with this deposition, an indictment against Bumpus was secured. Sherry went to interview him. Actually, Bumpus was already in the custody of the state. His squabbles with his wife

had taken him into court, where he became so enraged that the judge ordered him confined for psychiatric study. Under interrogation, Bumpus spoke freely about his life, how he had shuffled from one job to another without much success, how he intermittently studied English at local colleges. But he denied any connection with the bank job.

Sherry had no doubts about Bumpus' guilt, particularly because he discovered that a few days after the crime, Bumpus had confessed his role to a clergyman. Only ethical considerations barred that form of revelation. From a real-estate broker and a used-car salesman, Sherry secured affidavits of Bumpus' purchases with wealth whose source couldn't be explained. Sherry also went to Canada to seek help from the Allens. The husband flatly refused to go to Boston for the trial. As a draft evader, he would risk his own arrest and imprisonment. Sue Allen said she would testify only if she became convinced it was necessary. Sherry tried to persuade her, but all she would agree to was to follow the progress of the trial.

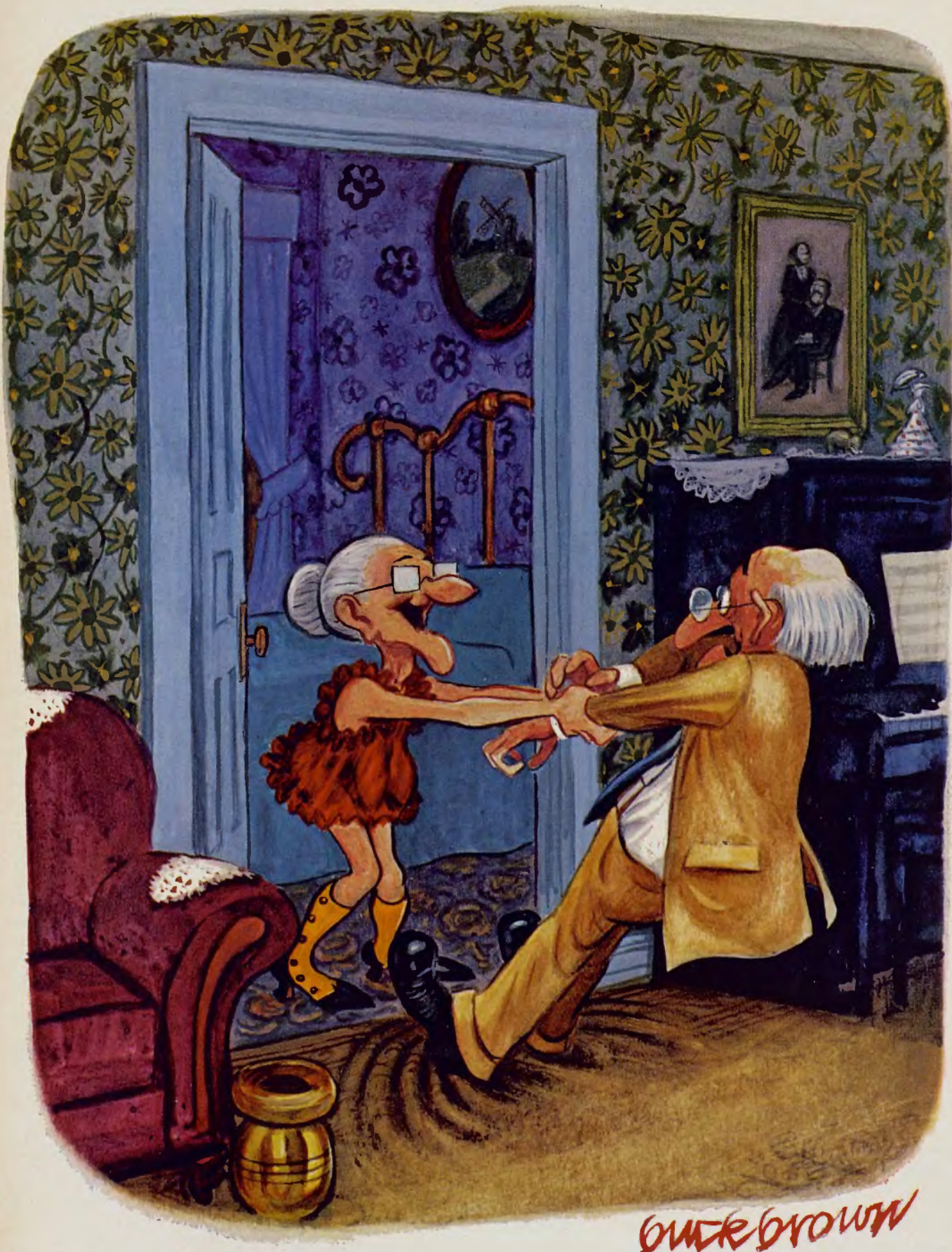
At the trial, the second cabdriver definitely identified Bumpus as his passenger after the robbery. The judge permitted the teller who saw the tainted photo to "identify anyone she saw in court, whom she saw in the bank." She named Bumpus. In a session that was closed to the public and the jury, attorneys argued before the judge whether or not the transcript of the Sherry interview with the Allens could be admitted into the record. The magistrate ruled in favor of the district attorney. But it was decided to hold off introduction of the document until rebuttal time.

No hint of this strategic move was made when the trial resumed, nor was it indicated whether or not Sherry's interrogation would be admitted. That night Sue Allen called Sherry. "You didn't get the statement in," she said to me. Somebody was obviously keeping her posted, but the informant didn't know the real reason the statement hadn't been introduced. I didn't give her any information. The next day she showed up and testified. It was a helluva break."

The jury found Bumpus guilty of murder in the first degree, plus four counts of armed robbery (for each teller), with a recommendation that the death sentence not be imposed. He's now serving 20 years to life.

Who was Bobby Bumpus to homicide? "He was a kid," says Sherry, "trying to prove to his wife that he could support her, get a house and a car, and he killed a man with five children. And why did the man get killed? To stop a guy with a lousy five thousand dollars. A guy gets killed, a guy gets sentenced to life in prison. What a waste."





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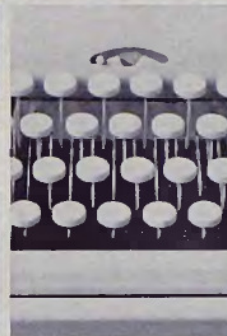
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