

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1974 • ONE DOLLAR

★★★ PLAYBOY

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BOB WOODWARD WRAP UP
THE WATERGATE STORY

*The
Playmate
Of the
Year*

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NUDE WRESTLING
AND REAR VIEWING

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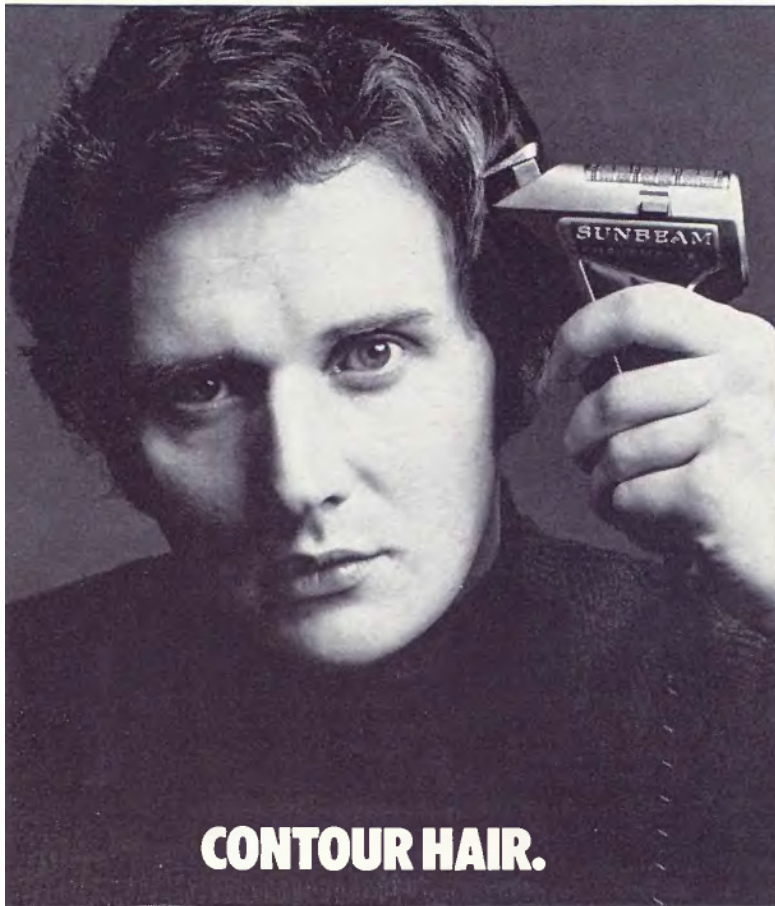
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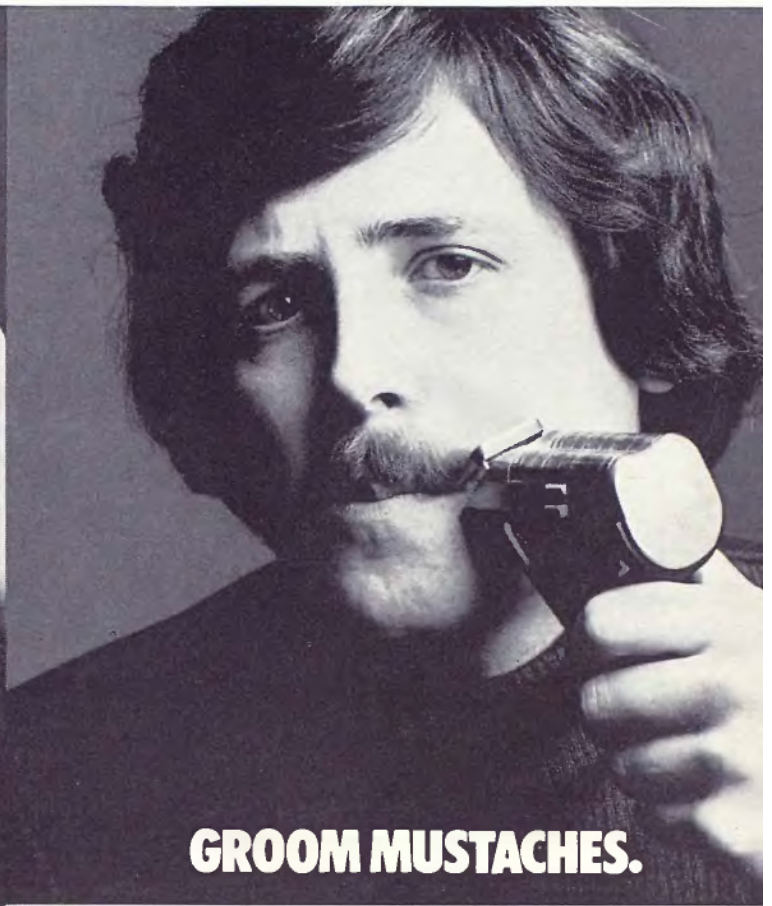
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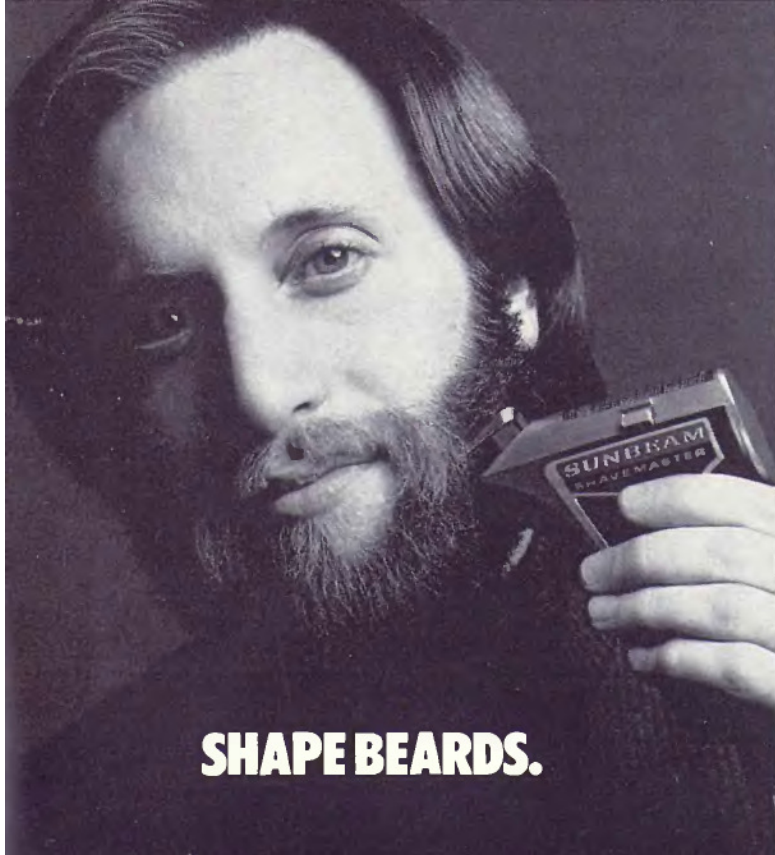
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PLAYBILL PERHAPS because Sam Ervin had packed his bag and checked out of the case, there seemed not long ago a growing tendency to turn the whole Watergate affair over to history. It was as if we were already trying to get distance on it, looking for that first tendentious volume that would assess what real devastation it had wrought. Some people probably also figured that Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward—now that they've received applause, apologies and a reported \$450,000 from Robert Redford's movie company for the rights to their book—are mostly having long lunches at the Sans Souci and getting their banquet-circuit schedule firmed up. The truth of the matter came home dramatically as we were getting ready to put some words on this page and went to our own Watergate team, Senior Editors Geoffrey Norman and G. Barry Golson, who've been distilling the fat book manuscript of *All the President's Men* into two magazine-sized pieces. (Part II, illustrated by political cartoonist Patrick Oliphant, appears herein.) We asked Golson if there was any unused gossip from Bernstein or Woodward that we could talk about and he thought a moment. "If you can wait a day or two, we're getting some fresh revisions from them that they say are really dynamite." We waited. Two days later, Golson rushed out of his office and yelled that the reporters had just broken a new story—claiming that several of the court-appointed tape experts suspected further tampering with the remaining White House tapes—and that we had to hold out a little longer. A week after that, it was Norman's turn to put us off, announcing that Woodward and Bernstein had just written a story about the contents of the grand jury's sealed letter to Judge Sirica—and that we should get the inside story on *that*. At which point we gave up and went to press.

We're especially proud of this issue's fiction. At a time when the short story has become an endangered species, we're continuing to publish the world's best and most successful masters of the craft. Alberto Moravia, Italy's justly celebrated novelist, has contributed *Insults*, illustrated by Marcia Marx, in which an angry young woman's acid tongue turns speechless when she's asked to perform some sleazy sex. From England, V. S. Pritchett's characters in *Did You Invite Me?* contrast vastly with Moravia's. They're stiffly proper—as the title suggests—but manage to get together anyway. The story is illustrated by Eraldo Carugati. In *The Taste of Gravy*, John D. MacDonald gets his man and woman together—in spirit, at least—through an eerie death fantasy that jars them to a sense of who they are.

Z-grams. Lots of hair. Lady sailors. That's the public's image of today's Navy as charted by Elmo Zumwalt, the youngest and most controversial Chief of Naval Operations in history. Zumwalt talks with Richard Meryman about his tenure and explains why he sees no contradiction between his desire for strong weaponry and loose rules, in a fascinating *Playboy Interview*.

Rennie Davis no longer sells revolution. He's switched accounts, now pushes religion as packaged by the Maharaj Ji, but the old marketing wizardry is alive and feverish. Read *Death of the Salesman*, by one of Davis' past counterculture friends, Robert Scheer. The title of a forthcoming book by Scheer—due from McGraw-Hill in September—is one he hopes will soon become a self-fulfilling prophecy: *America After Nixon*.

Davis isn't the only hustler we're featuring this month. Some of the people running sex clinics visited by Linda Wolfe for her article *Take Two Aspirins and Masturbate* are devious schemers of the lowest order. Others, of course, are legitimate and Miss Wolfe shows us both. William Barry Furlong expertly reveals both sides of a golfing con artist in *The High-Class Hustle*: first, the "Do you use this big club with the wood on the end to putt?" side; then the flip side, in which he proceeds to imperceptibly clean you out on the 18th green. Furlong, a highly versatile writer who's collaborated on books with some of the country's best athletes, was about to begin a syndicated sports column for *The Washington Post*. He's also writing a book on the brilliant Chicago Symphony conductor Georg Solti.

Staff Writer Craig Vetter—who used to have his office here in our Chicago building and maintained at least a shred of dignity as long as we could keep him away from the Chivas and catalpa root (straight up)—has returned to his native Southern California and without corporate supervision has started doing such things as he describes in *That's Me on Top, Helpless!*, a report on the sordid celebration of his 31st birthday, complete with pictures. Whatever craziness Vetter took with him to the Coast has been more than amply replaced in the home office by John Blumenthal, our newest staffer. In this issue, he's recalled everything he learned in college and written a bitch of a TV-trivia final exam, *Who Was That Masked Man and Who Cares?* There's also Emanuel Greenberg's exuberant toast to warm-weather drinks, *Some Like It Cool*, and plenty to please the eye, including Playmate of the Year Cyndi Wood, photographed by Pompeo Posar, and, to bring up the rear, a pictorial titled *Hindsight*—the perfect way to round out an issue.



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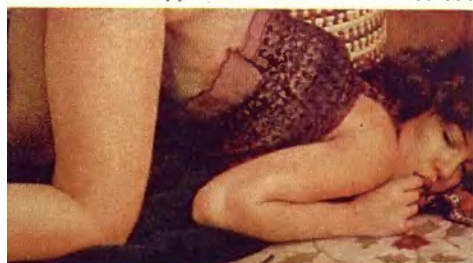
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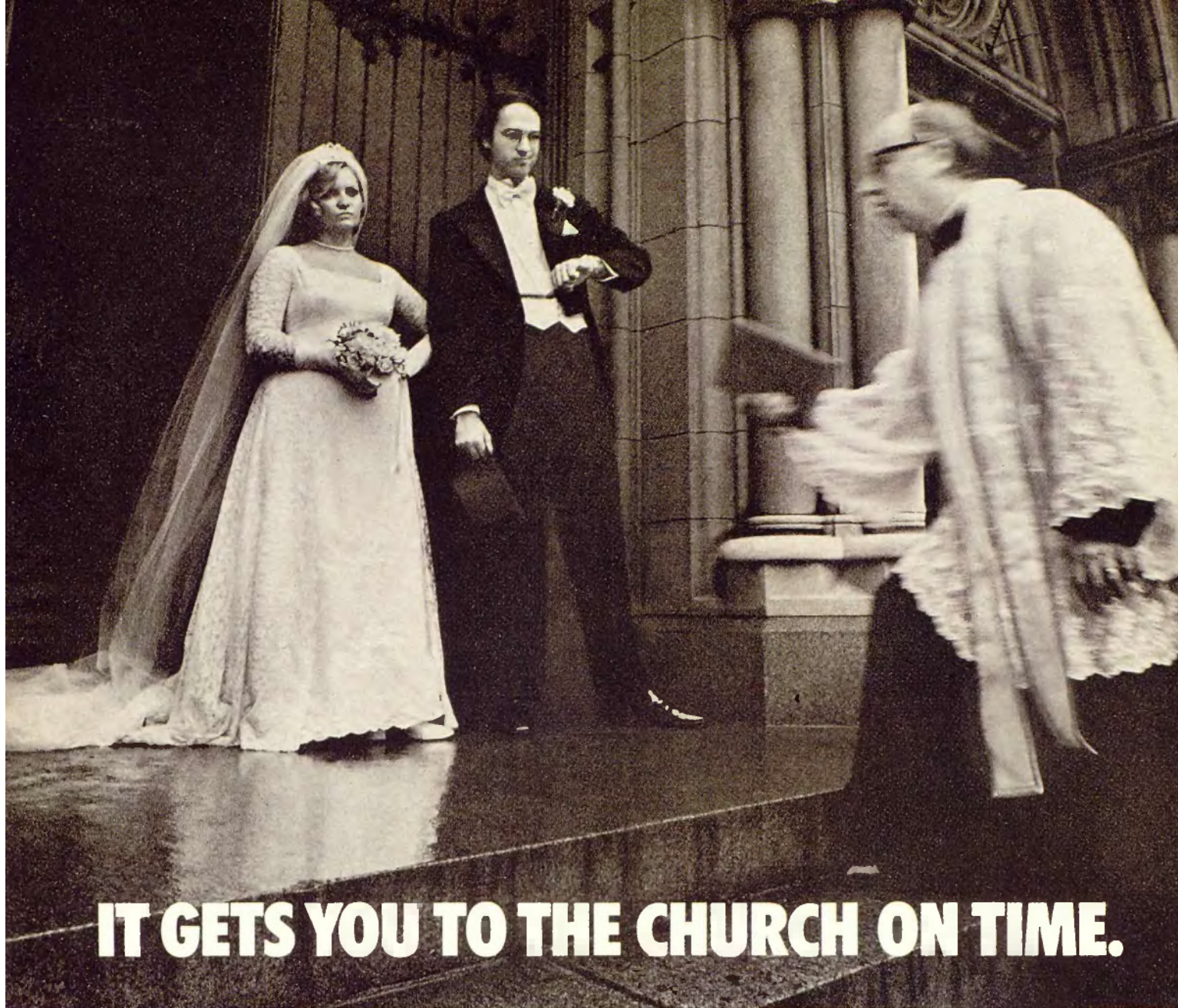
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NUCLEAR FAMILY

I am grateful to E. L. Doctorow for his March article on the economic and cultural aspects of our nuclear capability, *The Bomb Lives!* As I write this, in a room adjacent to my vintage fallout shelter, I am once again reminded of the nuclear threat, especially after reading Doctorow's insights. They leave me not only with the fear of impending doom—only a malfunction away—but with a vivid understanding of the American psyche.

Mark Fredriksen
Danville, Illinois

In his article, Doctorow writes, "We know that there are enough bombs in the earth to blow up the planet, but we choose to believe in the restraining wisdom of mankind and the beneficence of our institutions." On the contrary, the mere presence of such weapons leads me to conclude that we choose *not* to believe in the restraining wisdom of mankind and his institutions.

Steve Diehl
Morgantown, West Virginia

The arguments advanced by Doctorow are not new. Neville Chamberlain and other pre-World War Two British intellectuals justified selling out the peoples of Austria and Czechoslovakia in similar terms. I've spent more than 30 years serving my country. I am most certainly not one of those SAC officers who Doctorow claims joined the military for reasons of economic security or to be willing killers. No military man is, as Doctorow implies, a hired gun, nor is his personal life luxurious or free of instabilities and strained relationships. Doctorow, like so many other liberals and protesters, is not the kind who is capable of defending the country, much less himself. And that is why there is a military.

Capt. Lawrence D. Morrison,
U.S.A.F. (ret.)
Portland, Oregon

I cannot disagree with Doctorow about the nuclear threat and its past and potential effect upon mankind. But nuclear armaments have a side to them other than their lethal one. As Doctorow entered the gate at Minot Air Force Base, he noted the sign that simply states, PEACE IS OUR

PROFESSION. I take pride in that fact. Yes, missiles are the most awesome weapon ever developed, but they need not be employed. In the past, the soldier may have been attracted to the sting of battle. But those I know are a new breed, completely aware that, for the first time in history, war is no longer a gamble for successful conquest but an assurance of total destruction. I agree with Doctorow that the world might be a better place without the bomb, but I cannot see what is to be gained by languishing in the naïve and idealistic world of "what if." The existence of the bomb cannot be changed, but people can change. That is the reality, and we all must face it, just as I do every time I assume an alert as a missile-launch officer.

1/Lt. Wm. B. Corrow
Warren AFB, Wyoming

Doctorow raises the specter of accidental nuclear explosions' occurring during take-off of B-52 bombers. The types of thermonuclear devices carried by the B-52 take 15 to 25 independent manual, semiautomatic and automatic steps before a bomb is armed or a nuclear mass is brought to a critical stage. Furthermore, these procedures are never carried out until the all-important fail-safe has been tripped. Also, in the event of a crash during the time-interval take-off, the conventional high-explosive charges needed to activate the triggering mechanism *would* probably go off. But the explosive compression would *not* be enough to detonate a nuclear bomb. Finally, Doctorow writes that missile crews are "subject to no special psychological fitness test beyond that given to everyone in the Air Force." In fact, SAC missile crews are subject to what is called a Human Reliability Program, which must be passed before clearance to active duty is given.

Timothy L. Kalota
Northville, Michigan

Contrary to what Doctorow implies, B-52 crew members are no more anal retentive than any other group of people. The real reasons crew members are not disposed to use the honey bucket are simple. First, the seat is likely to have a quarter-inch ice crust on it at 40,000 feet, since the damn thing is situated against

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the bulkhead door to the alternator deck, which is unheated. Second, and more telling about crew members, is the fact that the first guy to use the toilet has to clean it out at the end of the mission, and after an eight- or eleven-hour flight, the last thing a crew member wants to do is wrestle a plastic bag of shit.

Jon Christian Suggs
Glenwood, New Jersey

¡GREENBURG SI!

Congratulations. Your March humor piece by Dan Greenburg, *I Am Nibbling the Lawn of the Hospital of Your Father*, is the funniest thing I have ever read. I haven't stopped laughing yet.

Ben Neal
New York, New York

I can only say, "*Hay muchas sonrisas en el cuento por Dan Greenburg.*" Which means: There are a lot of smiles in the story by Dan Greenburg. *I Am Nibbling the Lawn of the Hospital of Your Father* is a classic of linguistic contortion. *Muchas gracias.*

Ed Galaid
Worcester, Massachusetts

I like satire, but *I Am Nibbling the Lawn of the Hospital of Your Father* is an insult to the people of Mexico and the religion of its Indians. Its articles such as this that continue to keep us stereotyped as gringos.

Robert F. Tegan, Jr.
Cambridge, Massachusetts

And a bag of Fritos corn chips to you, Robert.

COVER STORY

Your March cover model, Debbie Shelton; wasn't she Miss U. S. A. in the 1970-1971 Miss Universe Pageant?

Ben Serafica
Norfolk, Virginia

One and the same.

ACUPUNCTURE POINTS

Those of us who have been literally saved as a result of acupuncture and who are fighting for the right of freedom of choice when it comes to medical treatment thank you for Charles Fox's *The 300 Needles of Dr. Lau* (PLAYBOY, March), an excellent report on the introduction of acupuncture into the state of Nevada. Fox's piece is an articulate defense of acupuncture and acupuncturists are especially grateful to him for his support.

Harriet Wasser, President
Acupuncture Now!
New York, New York

I read Fox's article with great interest. Unfortunately, Dr. Louis Lau was recently killed in an automobile accident, his untimely death coming just a few days after he had taken the examination for

licensure in Nevada. The Nevada State Board of Chinese Medicine and its advisory committee of five master acupuncturists are, however, continuing Dr. Lau's work. We've compiled a tough three-day test for acupuncture licensure and established an investigative division that will enforce rules for the protection of consumers. As of this writing, the board has licensed seven acupuncturists, including Dr. Lok Yee Kung, whom Fox mentions in his article. Two of them have been practicing for three months in Las Vegas and are doing turnaway business. Four are looking for office space and are ready to go. The board plans to license more master acupuncturists and assistants and has continued with its schedule of tests.

William M. Edwards, M.D.,
Secretary
State Board of Chinese Medicine
Carson City, Nevada

Although acupuncture is new on the American scene, it is not entirely new in the West. Recently, I attended the 30th-anniversary convention of the Société Internationale d'Acupuncture in Paris. As president of the Yin Yang College of Acupuncture, I oversee an institution that graduates acupuncturists only after a four-year course of study. I am suspicious of Dr. Lau's claim that he's able to teach M.D.s acupuncture in ten minutes. I would hope that the medical profession is not that gullible.

E. J. Mullins, D. Ac.
Cody, Wyoming

Because I believe that acupuncture can be an invaluable asset to Western medicine, I use it in my area of specialty, but not without some reservations. I've had excellent results with an impressive number of people unable to get relief from standard forms of treatment, but I think it is essential that, as a scientist, I view *all* unfamiliar developments in treatment modalities with some skepticism. I fear that to rely on acupuncture alone for treatment of disease is to risk higher mortality rates. In my recent trip to the World Acupuncture Conference, I had the opportunity to meet many practitioners of the art. Some were men and women devoted to helping the sick and were genuinely interested in healing. Others didn't know a triple warmer meridian from a Bunsen burner and weren't very interested in finding out. They would collar a master and learn that menopause can be treated by sticking a needle in the left great toenail. Then they would run home to torture toenails on cooperative females. Still others on this trip saw a way to gain access into broader areas of medicine and treat illnesses they hadn't the background to treat. Such practices don't contribute to understanding how acupuncture works or determining whether it has side effects or other

dangers unknown to us. And we in the medical profession simply *must* learn more about acupuncture before we can accept it as a legitimate form of treatment. Otherwise, a potential healing art could fall into tragic disrepute.

Graham S. Palmer, M.D.
Monahans, Texas

In his article, Fox states that "acupuncture was virtually outlawed in Kansas." Acupuncture is no more outlawed in Kansas than any other unknown therapeutic or diagnostic procedure. The Kansas Board of Healing Arts, which is composed of doctors of medicine, doctors of osteopathic medicine and surgery and doctors of chiropractic, has voted to limit the use of acupuncture to situations where it has authentic research control. The board neither condemns nor condones acupuncture, as it neither condemns nor condones unproven cancer cures, arthritis cures or any other unproven treatment.

F. J. Nash, M.D., Secretary
Kansas State Board of Healing Arts
Kansas City, Kansas

I'm piqued by Fox's remark that my colleagues and I "exhibited a curious lack of sensitivity, curiosity and flexibility over acupuncture." Let's not forget that the American Doctor of Medicine is the product of a life of dedicated and competitive study of accepted basic and biological scientific phenomena. Now, here comes acupuncture, which is a discipline based on none of the scientific tenets so assiduously defended by the 20th Century M.D. Frankly, it would be an apostasy for me to turn my back on a life's learning and embrace the ethereal hypotheses of acupuncture and/or traditional Chinese medicine. Meridians and the flow of energy between them induced by the introduction of needles under the skin! Come on, now.

Assemblyman Robert V.
Broadbent, M.D.
Nevada Legislature
Reno, Nevada

MORGANIZERS

With *Hair-Razing Story*, your March pictorial featuring model Morgan, PLAYBOY reaches a high-water mark in photography. Phillip Dixon's photos are classic, done with artistry and exceptional taste. Morgan is dynamite—the most exciting-looking lady I've seen in 15 years of reading your magazine.

Warren Garfield
Los Angeles, California

Dixon's photos of Morgan are the most erotically stimulating and aesthetically exciting I have ever seen in your magazine. Morgan's beauty and seemingly endless supply of facial and physical expressions combine—with Dixon's help—to radiate delicious vibes. The moisture

The tan people notice.

When you're at the beach this summer, take a look around. You'll see tans here and tans there. But you'll also see the tans people notice—the tans by Coppertone®. Coppertone is America's favorite way to get a deep, fast, beautiful tan. And Coppertone helps prevent sunburn, too... while its special moisturizers help your skin stay young looking. So remember. You can get a tan. Or you can get a Coppertone Tan—the tan people notice.



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on my forehead and the tingling below my belly attest to that.

Jim Lange
Chicago, Illinois

Who is this Morgan? Where is this Morgan? Please give us some specifics on this dazzling damsel.

W. Mark Burow
Des Moines, Iowa

All we can say is that Morgan is a 22-year-old model who is, as we go to press, on safari in Africa.

PLAN PRAISE

Gerald Green's inspired, outrageously funny political satire, *The Prettyman Plan* (PLAYBOY, March), demonstrates that Green is one of very few people writing today who can make the palpably preposterous seem logical. Congratulations on publishing such an entertaining story with such a savage undercurrent running through it.

Ken McCormick
Senior Consulting Editor
Doubleday & Co.
New York, New York

GO, LITTLE ENIS

Ed McClanahan's profile of the world's greatest left-handed guitar player, *Little Enis Pursues His Muse* (PLAYBOY, March), is the first piece of nostalgia I've read that has anything to do with my past. Like McClanahan, I spent a pivotal few months at the University of Kentucky scarfing down the Paddock's Oertel's '92 beer and fried-bologna sandwiches. The sandwiches, if my memory serves me, actually came from a six-stool diner next door called The Huddle. It was run by a wizened old man who turned them out in bunches from a cast-iron griddle and a half inch of grease. My single exposure to Enis, though, was at Joyland, a Lexington amusement park, where, during a one-night stand, he twanged and gyrated for a dance hall full of students whose foot stomping to Enis' country soul told more about their heritage than did the Bass Weejuns and Greek-letter pins they wore. We used to careen around Lexington in a 1946 Plymouth named "The ultimate rebuttal to the theory of conspicuous consumption" and would stare at greasers like McClanahan with a mixture of snobbishness and envy. I'd like to think the snobbery is long buried, but envy has been resurrected in the form of my admiration for McClanahan's fine piece of American nostalgia.

Jim Sullins
Tempe, Arizona

I find myself at an absolute loss to explain what you could possibly have had in mind by publishing *Little Enis Pursues His Muse*. If it's merely an example of the product of McClanahan's scholastic endeavors, the essence of which somehow

got lost in his autobiographical obfuscation, I would certainly hope that your future issues will spare your poor readers the grief.

Dennis J. Cote
São Paulo, Brazil

Little Enis had me laughing my ass off. Talk about evoking a mood: it was just perfect. Ed McClanahan is a very talented guy.

Tom Houlihan
Chicago, Illinois

FRONT LINES

This photo was taken in the Golan Heights and it shows me with the most popular piece of reading material on the



northern front. I can report that regardless of whether my fellow troops spoke English or not and no matter what the religious conviction, my issue was passed on carefully to each man. Also, when we went into combat, we made sure our PLAYBOY was left behind, lest it fall into unfriendly hands.

Walter L. Grasheim
New York, New York

HIGH MARX

Groucho Marx, the greatest comedian this country has ever produced, and interviewer Charlotte Chandler have, in your March issue, combined to create one of the most satisfying PLAYBOY interviews I've ever read. Chandler receives not only my congratulations but my envy. Just chatting with Groucho must have been a treat in itself. Thank you, PLAYBOY, for letting me share the fun.

Jim Dees
University, Mississippi

Your interviewer plays a great straight man.

Mike Witte
Westminster, California
Straight woman, please.

A competitor of yours recently ran an interview with Groucho and it has to be one of the worst interviews I've ever read. I remember telling my husband shortly thereafter, "I wish PLAYBOY had interviewed him." To my surprise, you have and you've done it beautifully. It just goes to show that if you want something done right, let PLAYBOY do it.

Vickie Burke
Petersburg, Virginia

I don't think I've laughed so much since I last saw the Marx Brothers films as a boy. As old as he is, I don't believe there's anybody who can touch Groucho. Your interview is truly a collector's item.

Glenn Newitt
Menard, Illinois

Groucho is just as funny now as he always was. We all get older, but his humor never seems to diminish.

Jack Benny
Beverly Hills, California

Over the years, I've come to expect the *Playboy Interview* to reveal a subject as something more than what readers have encountered in previously released material on him. Other than the fact that Groucho sleeps with his door locked, your interview doesn't elicit one new fact that hasn't already been printed about Groucho and his brothers.

Philip A. Scorza
Chicago, Illinois

I went to Hefner's house recently and I accidentally came across a copy of your March issue in the ladies' room. I want to congratulate you on the excellent interview of me you published in that issue. If I'd known it was going to be that good, I'd have charged you a veritable fortune for it—at the least, a dozen boxes of Havanas. Did you know that Bill Cosby gives me only one at a time, and I have to supply my own Cuban?

Charlotte Chandler did a magnificent job. She's quite a dame. If I were 20 years younger, I'd marry her and propose to you at the same time. She wrote everything I wanted to say without changing one word of the dialog. I tried to call her to thank her but found she had gone to Spain. So I got a Spanish fly instead. If you ever see her again, tell her I'm prepared to give her the most priceless gift any man can ever give a woman.

Hoping this finds you yours—i.e., to wit, in re the above; brevity is the sole of wit. Have you got one on you? My best to that peculiar gang at PLAYBOY.

Groucho
Beverly Hills, California





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Extra Milds, 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method; Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73

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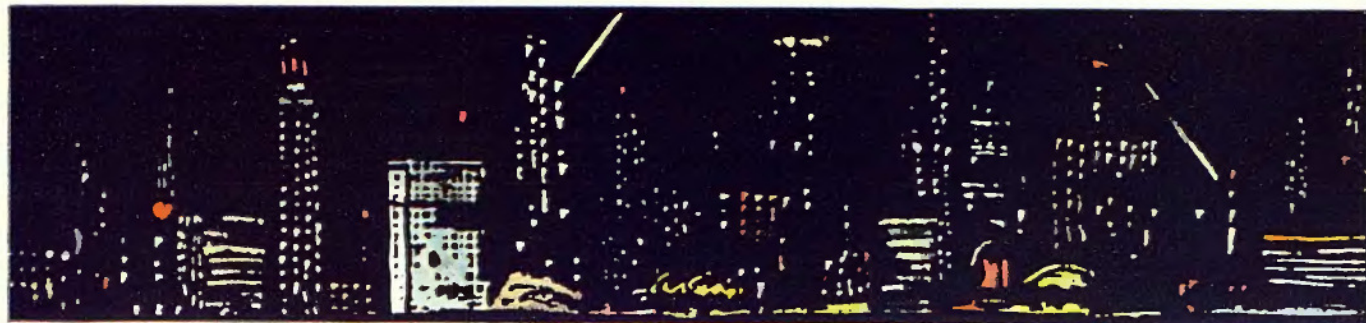
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



A reader reports that on a visit to The Citadel, a military college in South Carolina, he was met by a secretary in the public-information office. The placard on her desk read, MISS BLITCH. It seems that Miss Blitch couldn't help him and suggested he consult another secretary. Her placard read, MISS FLUCK.

News of an "uncommon boat for the uncommon man" comes to us by way of



Rudder magazine, which touts the new 35-foot Rum Runner as a cruiser with "berths for sex in cabins fore and aft."

The usual way these things happen is that someone who has his tonsils removed spends the next couple of days eating ice cream. A man from Hamilton, Scotland, however, won an ice-cream-eating contest by downing 50 scoops in 16 minutes. At which point he was treated for frozen tonsils.

Stroke my molar: The Alpha Omega Dental Auxiliary of West Hartford, Connecticut, always eager to learn of new developments in dentistry, scheduled a talk by two sex therapists.

How to steal first base: A girl in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, reported that a man walked off with \$60 that belonged to her. They were having a drink in the bar of a city hotel and the girl pulled a \$20 bill from her purse and put it on the table to pay for the drinks. After some time, they began, well, "kissing," as she put it to the police. The man excused himself and,

when he didn't return, she noticed the \$20 bill was gone. But what really hurt, she said, was that the man had stolen another \$40 without her noticing: She'd hidden the money inside her bra.

Chimps, as you may have heard, have been taught to read and write with special machines and some of the chimps have developed vocabularies of up to 1000 words. Now, if they could be taught to set type as well, there would probably be fewer stories like the following article from the *Baltimore Sun*: "A team of researchers from Atlanta has . . . taught a two-and-a-half year old chimpanzee named Lana how to read and write. Showing aremarakble mastery over elementary grammer, Lana can read simple sentences. Andn by pushing buttons with a sumbolic language onthem, she can write but what she whnats in complete sentences. 'Please-machine give piece of banana,' Lana writes. . . ." The short article, presumably set by a human linotype operator, had 32 typos.

Men and women at Peshawar University in Pakistan have been ordered to use separate footpaths on the campus. Vice-chancellor Abdul Ali Khan said the order was "to avoid unnecessary botheration to the girls caused by the boys, particularly at peak hours." He did not elaborate.

In a series of articles on massage parlors in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, the writer tactfully used the phrase hand relief to describe some of the services offered. The county district attorney then got a phone call from an irate taxpayer who said it wasn't the prostitution that upset her but the fact that these girls were getting "hand-delivered welfare checks."

Helpful sign on a vending machine that dispenses prophylactics in a public lavatory: DON'T BUY THIS GUM. IT TASTES LIKE RUBBER.

New fashion trends: A man wanted on a murder charge in Italy and on a counterfeiting charge in Chicago was the object of a world-wide manhunt. Interpol

searched for him in several European countries, but he was discovered, as it turns out, in his Chicago home—hiding under a rug. Police officials pointed out, for no apparent reason, that the man was casually dressed when he was discovered under the rug.

Basil Brown drank himself to death in London—not on booze but on a gallon of carrot juice a day. He was a health-food addict.

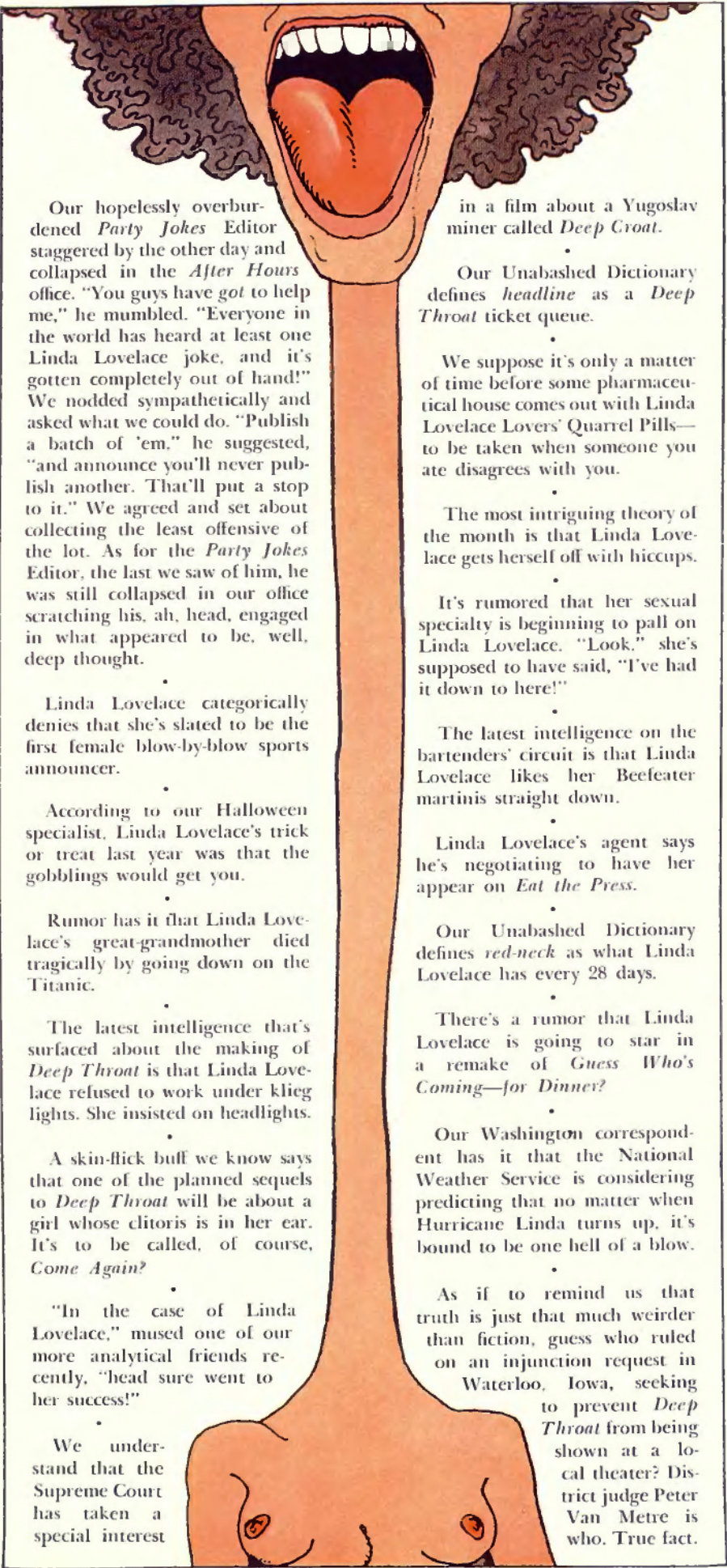
In the midst of their energy crisis and the three-day work week, Britons must have been comforted by this reminder of a past crisis in *The News of the Day*: "The coalition government's message of the day was 'Go to it—and keep your pecker up!' That could still be the rallying cry today." It was with some disappointment that we learned pecker is an old English term for chin.

Real troupers, all of them: When a leaky roof drenched the stage of a topless night club in San Francisco's North



Beach district, the girls—without missing a beat—continued dancing under transparent vinyl umbrellas.

State senators in Mississippi defeated recent amendments to make the black widow the state spider, the earthworm



Our hopelessly overburdened *Party Jokes* Editor staggered by the other day and collapsed in the *After Hours* office. "You guys have got to help me," he mumbled. "Everyone in the world has heard at least one Linda Lovelace joke, and it's gotten completely out of hand!" We nodded sympathetically and asked what we could do. "Publish a batch of 'em," he suggested, "and announce you'll never publish another. That'll put a stop to it." We agreed and set about collecting the least offensive of the lot. As for the *Party Jokes* Editor, the last we saw of him, he was still collapsed in our office scratching his, ah, head, engaged in what appeared to be, well, deep thought.

Linda Lovelace categorically denies that she's slated to be the first female blow-by-blow sports announcer.

According to our Halloween specialist, Linda Lovelace's trick or treat last year was that the goblins would get you.

Rumor has it that Linda Lovelace's great-grandmother died tragically by going down on the Titanic.

The latest intelligence that's surfaced about the making of *Deep Throat* is that Linda Lovelace refused to work under klieg lights. She insisted on headlights.

A skin-flick buff we know says that one of the planned sequels to *Deep Throat* will be about a girl whose clitoris is in her ear. It's to be called, of course, *Come Again?*

"In the case of Linda Lovelace," mused one of our more analytical friends recently, "head sure went to her success!"

We understand that the Supreme Court has taken a special interest

in a film about a Yugoslav miner called *Deep Croat*.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *headline* as a *Deep Throat* ticket queue.

We suppose it's only a matter of time before some pharmaceutical house comes out with Linda Lovelace Lovers' Quarrel Pills—to be taken when someone you ate disagrees with you.

The most intriguing theory of the month is that Linda Lovelace gets herself off with hiccups.

It's rumored that her sexual specialty is beginning to pall on Linda Lovelace. "Look," she's supposed to have said, "I've had it down to here!"

The latest intelligence on the bartenders' circuit is that Linda Lovelace likes her Beefeater martinis straight down.

Linda Lovelace's agent says he's negotiating to have her appear on *Eat the Press*.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *red-neck* as what Linda Lovelace has every 28 days.

There's a rumor that Linda Lovelace is going to star in a remake of *Guess Who's Coming—for Dinner?*

Our Washington correspondent has it that the National Weather Service is considering predicting that no matter when Hurricane Linda turns up, it's bound to be one hell of a blow.

As if to remind us that truth is just that much weirder than fiction, guess who ruled on an injunction request in Waterloo, Iowa, seeking to prevent *Deep Throat* from being shown at a local theater? District judge Peter Van Metre is who. True fact.

the state worm, the vampire the state bat and the wharf rat the state rodent. One amendment that passed, however, was a proposal to make the new state mineral iron pyrites, better known as fool's gold.

The gas shortage has been so severe, says *The South Bend Tribune*, that some filling-station dealers are charging for road maps and "even demanding a feel for cleaning windshields and checking the oil."

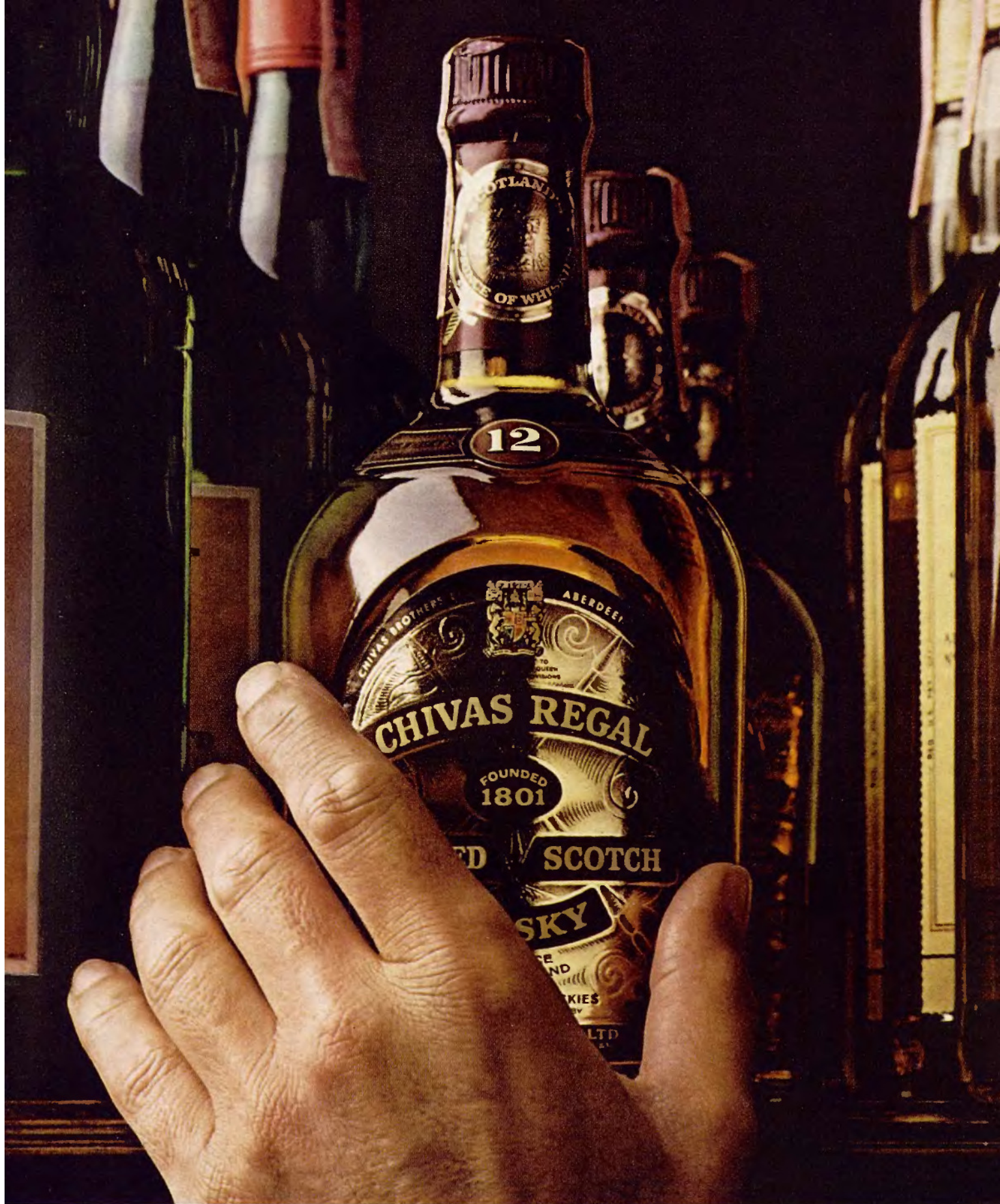
A *Detroit Free Press* editor may have had his mind on other things when he laid out a recent issue. Next to a sex-advice column titled "Circumcision Related to His Problem?" was a filler about the many uses of a common object. It was headed, "ZIPPER'S A VERSATILE THING."

Bill Kennedy, columnist for the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*, tells of a stereo-tape store in Whittier, California—home town of President You-Know-Who. The store was called The Blank Tape. It went out of business.

MOVIES

Those wonderful people who brought us *The Godfather*—a film that enriched their pockets and their reputations by grossing a record \$160,000,000—were at it again, well into six weeks of shooting *The Godfather, Part II*. Cables, cameras, arc lights, honchos and honey wagons were assembled by an asphalt road alongside the California Institution for Men at Chino, 50 freeway miles east of Los Angeles. For four hours, an off-camera audience of nearly 100 bona fide prisoners under armed guard had been squinting through barbed-wire fences, straining (mostly unsuccessfully) for glimpses of actors impersonating crooks and cops.

Across the road, on a director's chair beside a movie-company trailer, sat **Robert Duvall**, cast once again as quick-tongued *consigliere* Tom Hagen. Duvall had been prepared since eight in the morning to do a crucial stockade-visit scene opposite an actor who, unaccountably, had arrived on location drunk. To a more egotistical performer—a Brando, for example—four hours would have been an unconscionable wait. But Duvall had waited for years to earn the recognition he's getting in this film—star billing, \$135,000 in salary plus a percentage of the profits. Which is not bad for a bow-legged, android-browed character actor who has looked so different in each of his dozen screen performances that he is rarely noticed in public and receives no more than 50 fan letters a year. Duvall's disparate portrayals have run the gamut from a sexually repressed chaplain in *M*A*S*H* through a rural renegade in *True Grit* to the quirky Jesse James

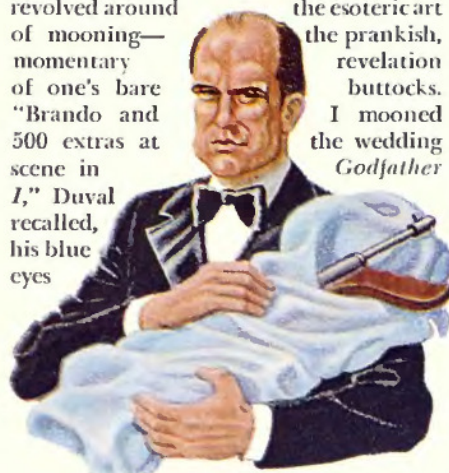


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**Your cost of living may go up a little
but your standard of living will go up a lot.**

in *The Great Northfield, Minnesota Raid*.

And here Duvall—a Christian Scientist who neither drinks nor smokes—was waiting for the actor to sober up, trading stories with other members of the company. Most of the yarns, as it happened, revolved around the esoteric art of mooning—the prankish, momentary revelation of one's bare buttocks. "Brando and 500 extras at scene in *I*," Duval recalled, his blue eyes



suddenly alert. "Just dropped our drawers. It was totally impromptu. Later that day, an ugly old Italian woman, an extra, told me: 'Mr. Duvall, you were wonderful. But did you catch the balls on that Brando?'"

Duvall is a veteran mooner; once, during the Florida-location filming of *Lady Ice*, co-star Donald Sutherland opened a closet door to find Duvall contorted into one of the all-time inspired moons: hands clasping ankles, buttocks arched high in the air. Sutherland retaliated, several days later, by mooning three Key Biscayne beaches—on water skis. Never were moon shots so rampant, though, as on *The Godfather*. When Al Pacino was shown a Polaroid shot of himself modeling the Michael Corleone wardrobe, he was astonished to find Duvall mooning in the background. Following the filming of especially emotional sequences, Duvall and James Caan delighted in plotting surprise moonings of Brando. Spotting Brando walking along Manhattan's Second Avenue on a day off, Caan vaulted into the back seat of the car Duvall was driving and deftly mooned the Godfather—as well as dozens of startled pedestrians waiting at an intersection. By the conclusion of filming, Duvall and Brando were wearing custom-made, tooled leather belts—gifts from Caan—that read: MIGHTY MOON CO-CHAMPION.

Duvall's more serious work in *Godfather* won him an Oscar nomination, and his performances have generally earned favorable recognition. Yet, he places little faith in the opinions of critics. One exception is a review he received after his first stage appearance—off-Broadway in Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession*—which he can quote verbatim. "Shaw has invented some impossible young men in his plays, but never one so revolting as the romantic young man in this one," wrote the critic. "And the

character is made even less palatable by Robert Duvall, whose spine tends toward a figure S, whose diction is flannel-coated and whose simpering expressions are moronic."

Duvall agrees with this analysis, blaming his subpar performance on opening-night jitters. A similar surge of nervousness engulfed him at the 1972 Academy Award ceremonies, when he stood at a lectern wearing the first tuxedo he ever owned. Actress Cloris Leachman, his co-presenter, had just announced a supporting-actress nominee, Susan Tyrrell, from *Fat City*. The next name on Duvall's cue card was that of *Poseidon Adventure*'s Shelley Winters. His mind suddenly flashed on Miss Winters' obesity, and the bursts of laughter that punctuated his reading of her name stunned the audience. "It was just one of those things that came out," he explained, "like breaking a little wind in church."

As he finished retelling the Oscar story, Duvall savored the guffaws of stagehands and supporting players who had gathered around him. An assistant director taped a lavalier microphone inside his jacket: at long last, it was time to go before the camera, outside the prison gates. Huge quantities of coffee and commiseration had revived his colleague, Michael Gazzo, the Broadway playwright cast as New York capo Frankie Pentangeli. There would barely be time to complete shooting of the scene before daylight faded.

"Don't worry about anything, Frankie Five Angels," Duvall said.

"Thanks, Tom," Gazzo replied. "Thanks."

It wasn't Shaw. But, as Duvall's accountant would certainly attest, it wasn't chicken liver, either. As he nimbly leaped aboard the bus that would take him on the rush-hour-clotted freeway back to Los Angeles, Duvall predicted, "If this film makes half of what the first one made, I could become a millionaire."

The grim economic facts of being black, beautiful and a welfare recipient add an urgent undertone to the high spirits of *Claudine*, a tender but tough-minded human comedy co-starring Diahann Carroll and James Earl Jones—she as a welfare mother with six kids from various marriages and "almost marriages," he as a sanitation worker and sometime stud doggedly resisting the trap of domestic bliss. *Claudine*'s forthright sentimentality might well invite comparison to those warmhearted Doris Day epics of yore, but there is a big and important difference in the image projected by Diahann as a sexy slumdwelling divorcee whose teenage daughter becomes pregnant and whose teenage son, the black revolutionary, impulsively decides to submit to a vasectomy. While Jones's powerhouse talent became an established fact after *The Great White*

Hope, Diahann's vibrant performance is a revelation in stark contrast to her reputation as an ultrathin chanteuse. Together, they help a winning troupe cut through the gloss of an indigenous New York comedy written by Tina and Les Pine and directed in solid formula style by John Berry. Whatever the shortcomings of *Claudine*, there's ample compensation in a nonracist black comedy that vents its anger with wit—at the degrading inequities of welfare rules, or occasionally at the unwelcome presence of a slum rat whose nickname is Milhous. Curtis Mayfield (composer of the *Super Fly* score) set the film's impudent fun to music, performed on the sound track by Gladys Knight and the Pips.

The Super Cops recounts, in substandard *Serpico* style, the heroism and hard times of two New York policemen, Dave Greenberg and Bob Hantz, who became known as Batman and Robin on the rough-and-tumble Bedford-Stuyvesant beat, where they piled up an impressive score as crime busters. Ron Leibman and David Selby are cast, respectively, as Greenberg and Hantz (who also make token appearances as a couple of hostile city detectives), but an episodic script based on the book by L. H. Whittemore—and directed by Gordon Parks of *Shaft* and *Shaft's Big Score*—leaves them pretty much in limbo as just another team of "fuckin' hippie cops" whose reward for conscientious service is "to be called crooks and treated like we got leprosy." At one point, they are allegedly framed by agents for the Knapp Commission, which was brought into existence, if memory serves, by the long-suffering efforts of *Serpico*. About now, an average moviegoer might reasonably begin to question whether New York will survive, since the wrong side of



the law seems to have the heaviest concentration of troops. *Super Cops* creates at least a shadow of doubt about its own heroes, since director Parks treats their innocence as ambiguous: With 43 official citations each, the highhanded team of enforcers has also been investigated 26 times by the FBI, the Knapp Commission, the D.A.'s office and other agencies, though no charges against them have stuck. The only provable offense against

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this film biography is that it reveals very little about the men behind the daring deeds, except that they are agile.

Italian director Duccio Tessari (who wrote the screenplay for *A Fistful of Dollars*, a definitive "spaghetti Western") has no social criticism or facts of record to slow him down in *Three Tough Guys*. What he's got are some well-placed shots of Chicago, upstaged by a virile trio (French star Lino Ventura, singer-composer Isaac Hayes and Fred Williamson) whose crisscrossed paths all lead to Paula Kelly, as the kind of honky-tonk woman no tough guy should ever trust. Mostly a routine gangland caper, with a cool million in stolen cash at stake, Tessari's movie moves as if he had learned a thing or two from the original models made in Hollywood several decades ago. Ventura dominates the action as a convict turned priest who rides a bicycle from crisis to crisis and seldom uses rosary beads where a hard right to the jaw will settle things faster—and Hayes, as a police lieutenant who was dismissed from the force for dereliction of duty, makes his debut in a dramatic film with the unruffled authority of a performer accustomed to encores. Good enough, all in all—and refreshingly unpretentious.

Swooping bats, severed limbs, gobs of livid human entrails, a hideously efficient decapitating gadget, some well-turned breasts and buttocks, plus assorted spare parts are among the visceral treats that slither right off the screen in *Frankenstein*, directed in 3-D and living color by Paul Morrissey (who made Andy Warhol's *Trash* and the aegis and movie Ponti. The Italian generally



of the production are in marked contrast to the cheap-Jack look of earlier Warhol films, though Morrissey is still up to his underground-movie tricks—mixing horror, sex and camp humor in a ludicrously uninhibited take-off on those bloody British-made Hammer films, which, in turn, were imitations of classic shockers. Obviously tripping out on the notion of violence *ad nauseam* for its own sake, Morrissey has been heard to acknowledge his *Frankenstein* as a work "without a single moment of redeeming social

value." Projected in a new, improved three-dimensional process (special glasses must be worn, as usual, and it might be prudent if barf bags were also distributed to squeamish viewers), the movie is designed for aesthetic slumming and instantly achieves top rank as the most outrageously gruesome epic ever unleashed upon a public always hungry for fashionable new kicks. Morrissey's ideas make the sophisticated excesses of *The Grande Bouffe*, say, look as wholesome as a boy-scout jamboree. Decadent sex appeal, with a dash of incest, is contributed by veteran love goddess Monique Van Vooren, archly playing Dr. Frankenstein's sister, who also happens to be the mother of his two weird children. Frankenstein (Udo Kier), as we rejoin him, has stitched together a beautiful blonde zombie (Dalila Di Lazzaro, who appears to fill the bill precisely) and hopes to mate her with a fine male torso that's near completion, needing only a head full of four-letter urges. He finds the head, then blunders into a case of mistaken identity involving an abstinent would-be seminarian (Srdjan Zelenovic) and a lusty peasant swordsman (Warhol superstar Joe Dallesandro) already called up to the castle as milady's resident stud. More spoofery and fewer buckets of gore might have improved *Frankenstein*, yet the movie follows its wayward course to the outer limits with a mad, mad scene in which Frankenstein impulsively mounts his female creation before the work's quite done, assuring an assistant that "to know Death, Otto, you have to fuck Life . . . in the gall bladder." Which he does. Though such yoks are pretty *yicch*, incurable horror addicts can get a fix from Morrissey while zany Mel Brooks is at work on yet another *Frankenstein* comedy, probably soft-core. Then, of course, there'll be Warhol-Morrissey's *Blood for Dracula*.

Lucille Ball in a flashy \$300,000 wardrobe has so many costume changes that she can't wear out anything but her welcome as the star of *Mame*, based on the Broadway musical that was based, one way or another, on various stage and screen versions of Patrick Dennis' best seller. If this is why movies were invented (to repeat a Warner Bros. claim), then why did anyone bother to invent the bomb? Clearly aware that Auntie Mame is becoming a drag, director Gene Saks creates a lot of expensive hullabaloo around her misadventures during the Twenties, Thirties and Forties—each decade reproduced with an eye to conspicuous waste—as a madcap who raises her orphaned nephew amid a frenzied round of cocktail parties and high-camp comedy. By now the fun looks desperately gay, with Lucy photographed in soft focus and comporting herself much of the time like a dowager queen of clowns, far too distinguished a superstar to really let her

hair down. Robert Preston, Bea Arthur (TV's *Maude*, also director Saks's wife) and Jane Connell bring valuable experience to their roles—the ladies stealing the same scenes they stole on Broadway—but are unable to disguise the all-too-



obvious fact that *Mame*, though durable, is really a tired old dame showing signs of age she can no longer hide with a multimillion-dollar face lift or truckloads of sequins and furs.

Hampered by a slow Ball and the odds against her, the lady strikes out. Provisionally recommended for octogenarians who can still jump up to dance the Charleston.

Winner of the Chicago Film Critics Award and Golden Globe award, also a 1974 Oscar nominee as best foreign-language film, *The Pedestrian* tops every previous screen achievement by Maximilian Schell, here credited as scenarist, producer, director—and actor in a key supporting role. Rest assured that another passionate polemic on the subject of German guilt and responsibility during World War Two is scarcely intended to be a crowd pleaser, yet Schell's intentions are serious, even humorless, and carried out with impressive Teutonic cool—in spare (subtitled) dialog, beautifully subdued and controlled photography, plus soul-shattering emotion reduced to the scale of a sidelong glance. The film's chief adversaries are a German business tycoon (played with dogged, believable intensity by Gustav Rudolf Sellner, better known in Germany as a stage and opera director) and a muckraking young newspaper editor (nicely played by British stage director Peter Hall, often identified with the works of Pinter) who hopes to build circulation by exposing the tycoon's role in a shameful wartime episode—as one of the young officers ordered to annihilate every man, woman and child in a Greek village as a warning to partisan sympathizers. When the rich, powerful old man finally has to face the fearful coward he was while directing a massacre in 1943, he becomes a virtual stranger to himself, his wife, his young mistress, his hippie son and present-day business associates, though some among the latter are more than ready to contrive a cover-up. "That Lieutenant Calley," quoth the big man's lawyer, "should get a medal and a house at Santa Monica

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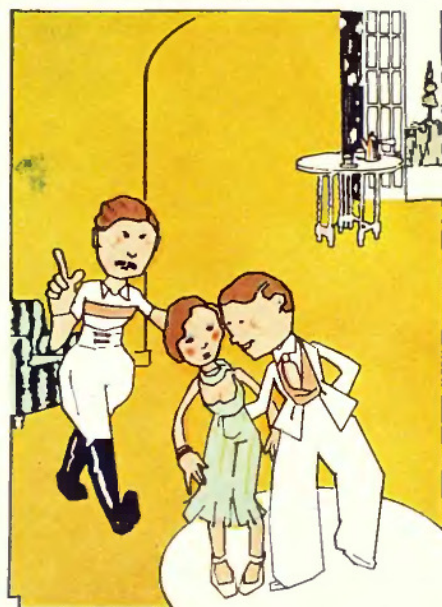
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beach." While the meat of the indictment is familiar, the manner of it is admirable in *The Pedestrian*, which takes its title from the troubled hero's habit of going for long pensive walks after an auto accident that has cost him his driver's license as well as the life of his elder son (Schell), who may or may not have been a suicide trying to avoid a family disgrace by killing both his father and himself. Writer-director Schell tends to preach a bit, yet his serendipity pays off in a compassionate, resonant drama that somehow catches the nervous rhythm of skeletons rattling in political closets from Weimar to Watergate.

Moviegoers soaked six dollars for reserved seats in some locales might as well swallow their disappointment and look on the bright side of *The Great Gatsby*. That side is brighter than bright, packaged by Paramount like a new miracle wax. It has Robert Redford, Mia Farrow and more than enough Jazz Age flappers nipping through the Charleston to fill the choruses of any three Broadway musicals produced by David Merrick, who has re-produced *Gatsby* on film as if he were mounting a sequel to *Hello, Dolly!* Though perhaps the responsibility for what has been done to F. Scott Fitzgerald's 1925 classic should be pinned on Paramount moguls Frank Yablans and Robert Evans, since the movie looms as a monument to a kind of ultimate hard-sell merchandising. Evans, with his cultural roots in the Seventh Avenue garment industry, may feel that what's good for a fashion layout in *Women's Wear Daily* is good for cinema, or at least damn good for the box office. *Gatsby* is a dandy love story concerning a mysterious bootlegger who buys a sumptuous mansion on Long Island, then rekindles a chapter of his flaming youth with a reckless young matron named Daisy Buchanan. We won't recap the plot, but we do light a candle in memory of the novel's finely wrought prose and resolute passion, seldom if ever discernible through the film's dreamy decor. Redford as *Gatsby* presents his usual dazzling façade as the inscrutable crook who turns out to be a wildly innocent romantic, though he labors under severe handicaps, one being that British director Jack Clayton—who directed *Room at the Top*—let a \$6,400,000 budget run away with him and treated every actor as a clotheshorse. In the role of Daisy, Miss Farrow just looks nervous, wan and miscast, hardly the definitive Twenties belle described by Fitzgerald—in no way the girl to ignite a worldly gent's obsession. Bruce Dern performs better as her husband, Tom. But the man of the moment in *Gatsby* is Sam Waterston, playing the narrator, Nick Carraway, with wry detachment, bringing some recognizable human warmth to a movie that is mostly ice-cold and overprivileged. Francis Ford

Coppola, who wrote the script, may be shrewder than poor F. Scott, who died in 1940 after spending the last four years



of his life trying to sober up and make it in Hollywood. *Gatsby* doesn't really change Fitzgerald's luck with movies, though it may make his heirs filthy rich.

MUSIC

Talkin' 'bout our g-g-g-generation: The Who has managed somehow to survive ten years on the road, intact, and was recently back at it again, leaving it up in more ways than one. Since it's one of the oldest bands around, we thought it might be right, if not entirely logical, to send 16-year-old Cameron Crowe to check it out, since he's the youngest writer to show up regularly in Rolling Stone. His report:

Pete Townshend methodically slammed his guitar into the stage with the ease of a veteran lumberjack and flung the jagged shreds into the frenzied Los Angeles crowd. Drummer Keith Moon felt it was a good excuse to destroy his Atlanta hotel room when room service was a half hour late with breakfast. The entire band was handcuffed and carted off to jail when a posh Montreal suite was playfully demolished. And in Philadelphia, after a 20-minute encore, they returned to totally destruct every piece of equipment within reach.

After a two-year hiatus, The Who is back on the road again, with the bills to prove it. Ironically, nothing could be more appropriate than a healthy demolition spree to commemorate the band's tenth year together. After all, it was The Who's expensive taste for destroying its own instruments onstage that brought its initial attention. A decade later, its attraction has shifted to such major conceptual works as *Tommy* and, the most recent, *Quadrophenia*, yet it remains the only intact band held over from the early Sixties British invasion that spawned The

Beatles, The Dave Clark Five, The Rolling Stones, Herman's Hermits and The Animals.

"We were notoriously violent when we started out," recalls Roger Daltrey, the group's golden-haired, microphone-swinging singer, while stabbing a salad. "All four of us were unbelievably aggressive. We would literally have bloody fist-fights onstage, as well as destroy all the instruments. In the end, it became a sort of monkey on our backs. After two years, people were just coming to see us smash up all our gear. The music meant nothing. 'Fuck the music, smash up all the gear!' All our pre-*Tommy* stuff had that stigma about it."

"We've always spent a lot of money and created a lot of damage," explains Townshend. "Don't kid yourself by thinking it didn't all have to be paid for. We weren't really making any money during that time. *Tommy* came just at the point when The Who would have had to split because of financial burdens. Like most performers, we didn't pay any tax in the first few years of our career. So, when the bill came in, *Tommy* gave us enough money to pay it. And it was a frightening sum, too. If we hadn't been able to pay it, it would have been a public scandal. We'd all, without a doubt, be in jail right now."

Perhaps most responsible for helping *Tommy's* enthusiastic reception along the way was the band's dynamic performance at Woodstock. The event was no enchanting excursion into social awareness for The Who. In mid-set, Abbie Hoffman hopped onstage to grab the microphone and shout about the revolution. Townshend knocked Hoffman senseless with a single punch. The Who resumed its performance.

For Pete, the incident ties in directly with his strong feelings on the sacred nature of the performing stage. "When I'm onstage, I feel this incredible . . . almost spiritual experience. You're just lost in a naturally induced high. Those great rock-'n'-roll moments are getting harder and harder to come by, because they have to transcend a lot of drug-induced stupor. But when they occur, they are sacred."

"So when somebody like Abbie Hoffman—and I didn't even know it was him at the time—strolls onstage while I'm fighting to achieve that mass nirvana and starts shouting about politics or somebody being busted for a joint or whatever . . . I suppose it's like somebody walking into the studio in the middle of me recording a solo and saying, 'Hey, buddy! Your taxi's come.' I mean, it was at that kind of level."

Townshend, the patchily bearded and beak-nosed writer-arranger of all the material, is the genius behind The Who. Offstage, with head bowed and hands invariably thrust deep into his pockets, he cuts a darkly brooding figure. Yet in the

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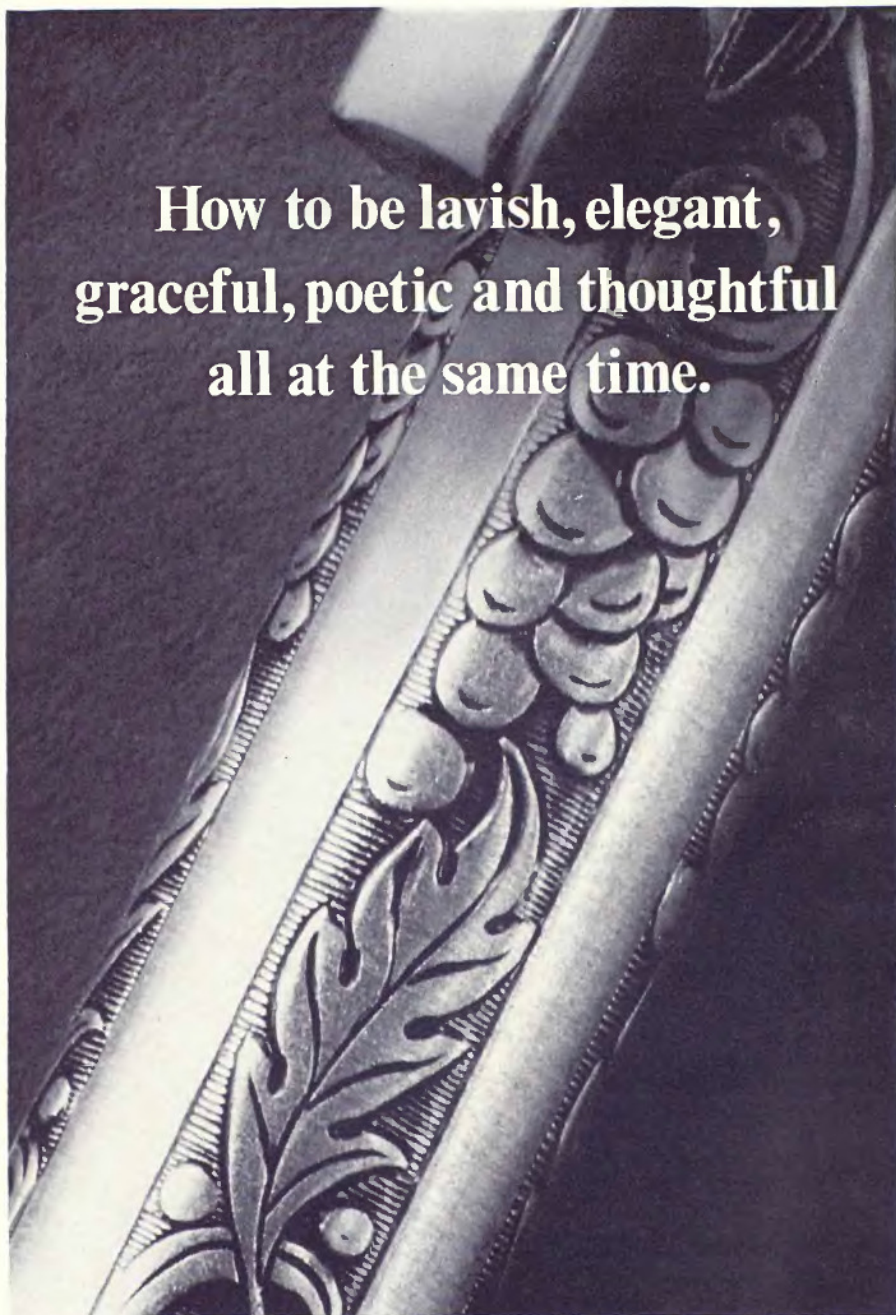


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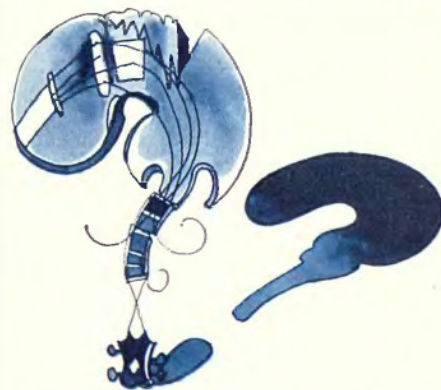
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classic sense of living for the spotlight, Townshend's onstage transformation is startling in juxtaposition. His lofty leaping and windmill guitar strumming are among the most powerful in rock.

Townshend's undying fascination with the themes of teenage frustration, from masturbation (*Pictures of Lily*) to the Quest for Fulfillment (*The Seeker*), has earmarked The Who throughout most of its ten years. In *Quadrophenia*, Pete's obsession with adolescent turmoil has manifested itself in the form of the very fucked-up Jimmy. A double schizophrenic (hence the title), Jimmy is a former Mod with ever-increasing suicidal tendencies.

"What I think will hurt me when I'm old is *Quadrophenia's* self-consciousness."



Townshend says. "But that was deliberate. I felt it was time for The Who to be self-conscious, to deal with our upbringing and our roots in the Mods and Rockers era of Britain. But it's incredible how well that self-consciousness works on record and how badly it works onstage. Trying to explain the story of *Quadrophenia* [they perform it in near entirety in concert] to the audience from the stage is so embarrassing. Roger insists we do it. I would much rather have total silence. It's so hard to stand up there and talk about 'When I was 19. . . .'

"But that won't happen again, because another aspect of *Quadrophenia* is that it's a firm rejection of that sort of work. It's very hypocritical for a band like The Who to stand onstage and pretend it's adolescent when all it's doing is reliving its adolescence. I'm gonna start talking about some *adult* frustrations."

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

There was no energy crisis onstage at the Hacienda Hotel in neon-dimmed Las Vegas, where **Barbi Benton** recently showcased her kinetic new night-club act. Dressed in a scooped-neck blouse and form-fitting jeans embroidered with stars, butterflies, bugs and sunrises, Barbi bounced through a varied repertoire of nine country-and-western tunes that belied both her age and her experience. Readers of *PLAYBOY* in the audience, of course, recognized Barbi from her three

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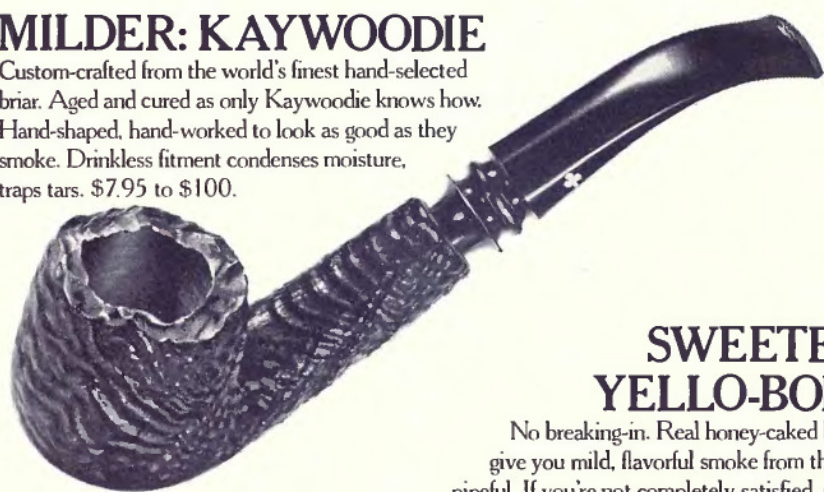
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cover appearances and two popular photo spreads (March 1970 and December 1973), and the marquee billing reminded patrons of her three years on *Hee Haw*, television's rusticated version of *Laugh-In*. But this was only her fourth nightclub engagement, following stints at the Playboy Clubs in San Francisco and Los Angeles and a break-in date at the Palomino, San Fernando Valley's answer to hillbilly heaven.

At the Hacienda, Barbi's up-tempo opener, *What About Me?*, set the vigorous pace for what was to come. Prancing about the stage like a seasoned veteran, arching her 110-pound body for lyrical emphasis, she socked home at least half of her musical message with a sensuous body language long missing among the



conservative *doyennes* of country music. Like nobody else in the field, she was singing from the hip as well as the heart. And the sounds had just as much gut feeling as you'd expect to hear piped out of Nashville.

This was made abundantly clear during a segment when Barbi moved through the audience with a hand mike, singing *Help Me Make It Through the Night*. "Tonight I need a friend . . ." she crooned, settling in a gray-haired ring-sider's lap, searching his eyes for understanding. He understood.

At another point in the set, she asked the many tourists present to identify their home states.

"North Carolina," drawled one customer.

"Michigan," shouted another.

"Illinois," added a third.

"I know somebody from Illinois, too," Barbi said, smiling winsomely.

Whereupon she picked up her guitar and launched into the upbeat *Booneville*, newly written by PLAYBOY author/cartoonist Shel (*A Boy Named Sue*) Silverstein. A week before, she had introduced Silverstein's *I Can't Touch the Sun* to an audience of 10,000,000 on Johnny Carson's *Tonight Show*.

"I found the song when my man and I were going through some heavies," she confessed, before repeating the effective tearjerker for the Hacienda crowd. They also heard the first public performance of her debut single record, *Take Some, Give Some*, (which she cut in Capitol's L.A. studio), and then *Everything's*

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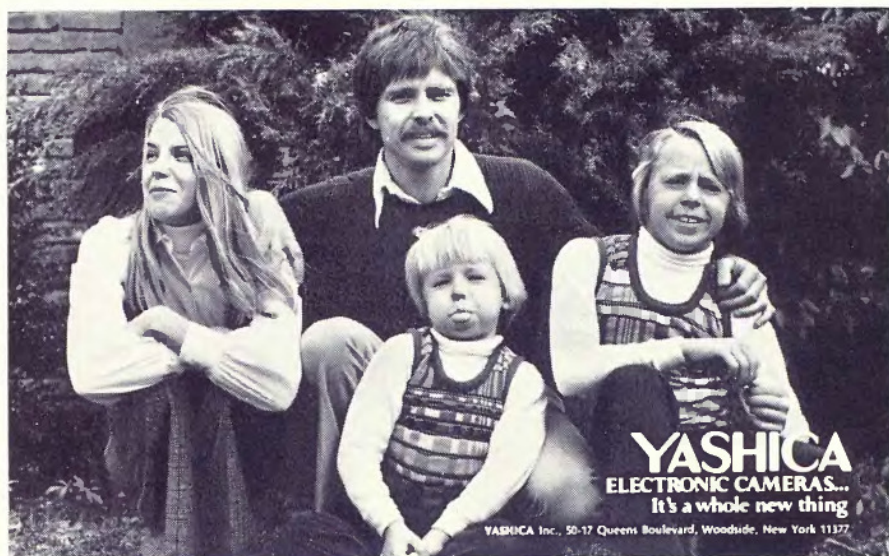
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Gonna Be All Right—the first solo she sang on *Hee Haw*. By the time she completed her act with a breath-defying, double-time version of the old Hank Williams favorite *Jambalaya*, she had the audience clapping along.

Barbi's special feel for lyrics was reminiscent of such country singers as Patsy Cline, Tammy Wynette and Donna Fargo. Yet she offered something extra that few of her contemporaries could equal: fresh, radiant good looks coupled with a good-time, down-home spirit.

BOOKS

At an early point in his versatile and astonishingly prolific career, Anthony Burgess, who is probably the youngest and most experimental 57-year-old in today's writing world, intended to be a composer. Indeed, in "An Epistle to the Reader," which, in verse, concludes his newest novel, the brilliant-comic-poignant *Napoleon Symphony* (Knopf), he notes: "I was brought up on music and compose / Bad music still, but ever since I chose / The novelist's métier, one mad idea / Has haunted me, and I fulfill it here / Or try to—it is this: somehow to give / Symphonic shape to verbal narrative, / Impose on life, though nerves scream and resist, / The abstract patterns of the symphonist." He ticks off several other literary works that have tried it—*Point Counter Point*, *Four Quartets*, *Ulysses*—about the last of which he says, "But this is / Really a piece of elephantine fun / Designed to show the thing cannot be done." Then, apparently with *Napoleon Symphony* on his mind, he adds, "Nor can it."

Even so—for Anthony Burgess believes in attempting the literary impossible if not immediately, then ultimately, and with grace and intelligence—this novel is just such an attempt: "Napoleon's career, unteased, rewoven / Into a pattern borrowed from Beethoven," who at first dedicated his *Third Symphony*, the *Eroica*, to the Corsican career soldier who crowned himself Emperor of the French. (Later, of course, when power had clarified Napoleon's true character, Ludwig shredded the dedication page, exclaiming, "Hero of the age? . . . another tyrant.")

But never mind the musicology, although Burgess' analysis in his epistle of the book's literary form and how it attempts to reflect Beethoven's Bonapartist musical synthesis will surely interest those who care about such things; and never mind even trying to read the novel



A vintage advertisement for Jockey Fashion Underwear featuring three male models. The man on the left wears a yellow mesh long-sleeved top and matching briefs. The man in the center is shirtless, wearing patterned briefs. The man on the right wears a blue tank top with red and white trim and patterned briefs. The background is dark.

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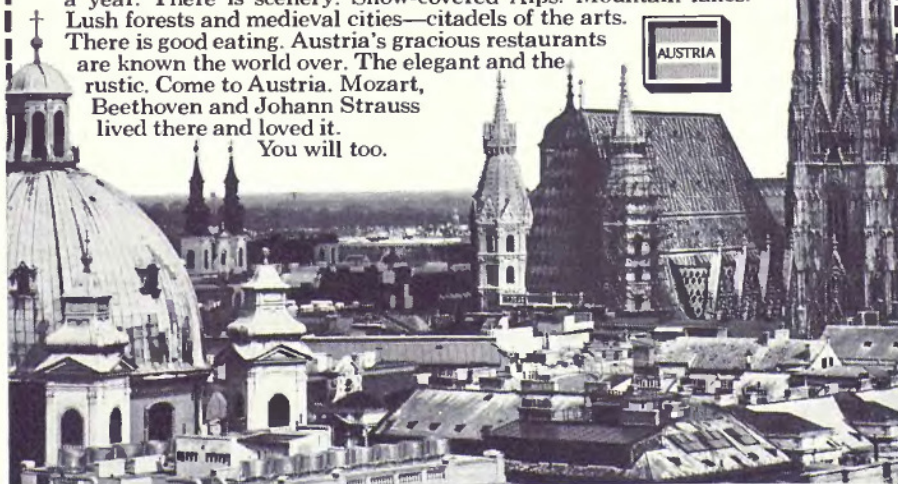


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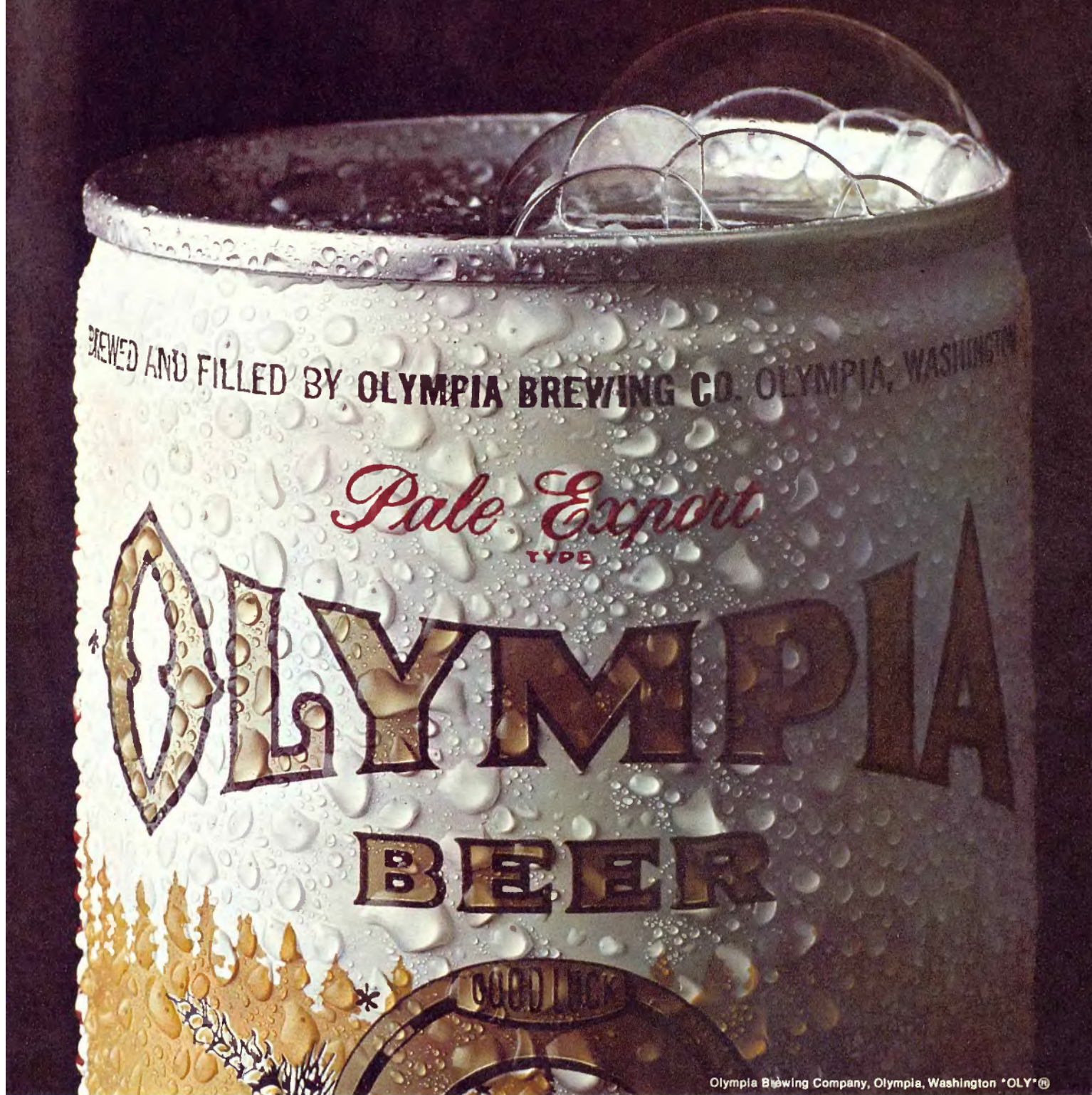
while the *Eroica* pulses out of the stereo (although it won't hurt; nothing will). The novel is there, words on a page, but what words, how self-sufficient!

Much of it is told in an impressionistic style that is both brooding and witty. Dominating it all is what Burgess calls "the Napoleonic presence," which, again, is highly accurate self-criticism. For Napoleon is not so much a character in this novel, nor merely the central character; the story is told *through* him. This is most obvious when Napoleon is onstage (or should one say the podium?) directing his troops to invade the Revolutionary Tribunal in order to "preserve" the Revolution by wresting power away from the makers of the Revolution and the Terror; or half-ruefully, half-cynically explaining to the Empress Josephine why he must divorce her (in order to have the son and heir she could not provide); or playing on the effeminacy of Alexander, the Russian czar or "tsar" (as Burgess repeatedly has Napoleon refer to him); or announcing to his general staff during the disastrous retreat from Russia why he will be returning to Paris (to preserve order and hold the Empire intact) while leaving them to drag their tattered, frozen remnants half-way across Europe by themselves; or explaining his Continental System to his dim-witted second empress, Marie Louise of Austria (who did bear a son), in terms of not allowing her to drink the real coffee imported from hated England and sent to her by her father, the king of Austria.

However, even when Napoleon is not front and center, and the actions, words and thoughts are those of other characters—ranging from Talleyrand to troopers in the ranks—even those scenes seem to come to us screened by his system of values or lack of certain of the more homely human values, filtered through his consciousness, which is a distant and simultaneous combination of the earthy and the lofty. What is done and said is seen and heard *as he would have seen and heard it*.

Perhaps above all, and quite naturally, writing about Napoleon tests a novelist's ability to sketch a sustained battle sequence. Until now, there have been two standards against which all Napoleonic fiction has been measured: Tolstoy's *War and Peace* and Stendhal's *The Charterhouse of Parma*. To these must be added this new Burgess novel, which contains a remarkable ironic account, as seen by generals as well as sergeants and stragglers, of the disastrous attempt of the retreating Grand Army to build two bridges across a Russian river, and the panic that ensues when the bridges collapse, turning the near-frozen river into a churning mass of thrashing corpses-in-the-making.

In spirit, Burgess is closer to Stendhal's cosmic irony than to Tolstoy's more

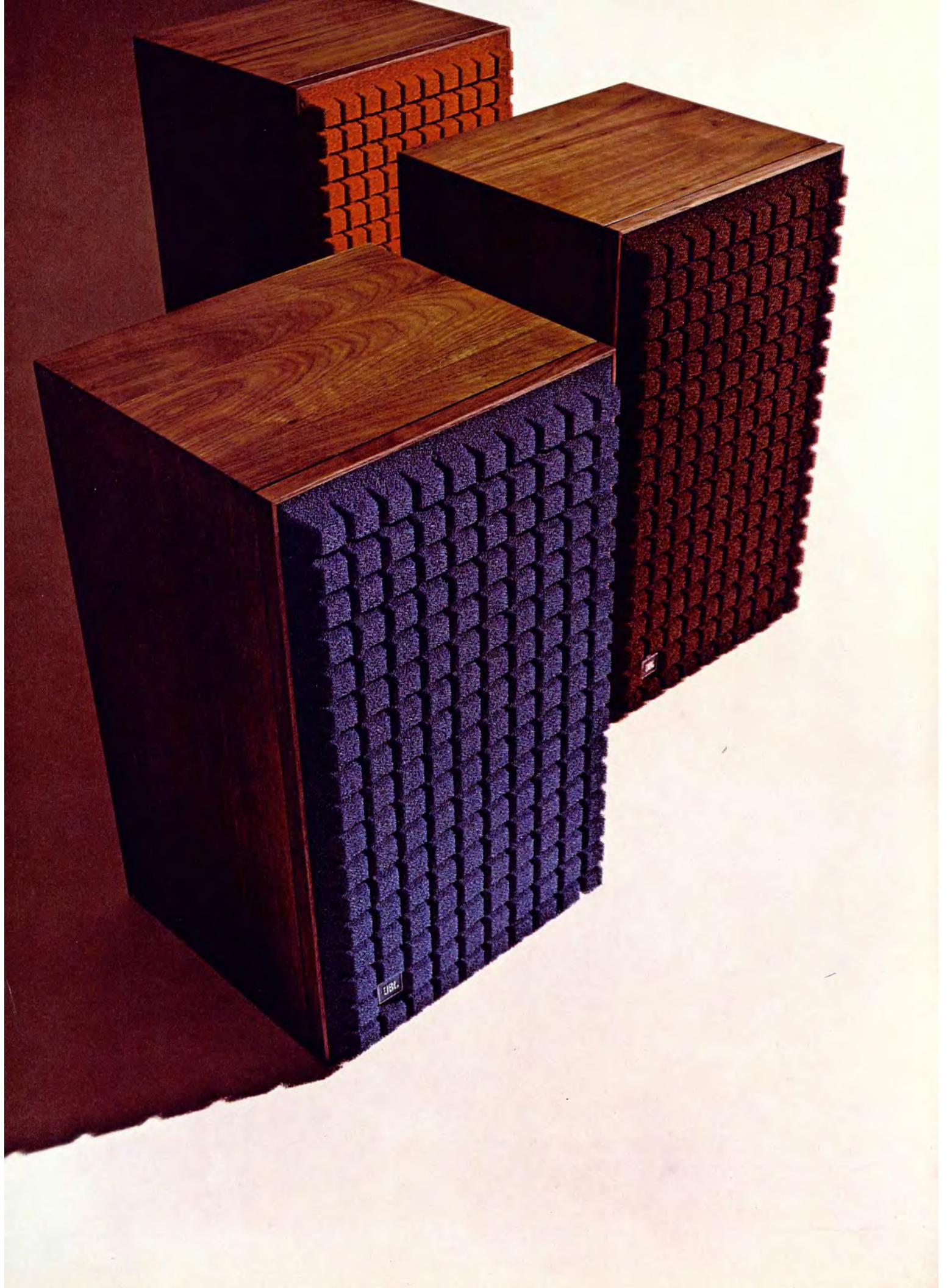


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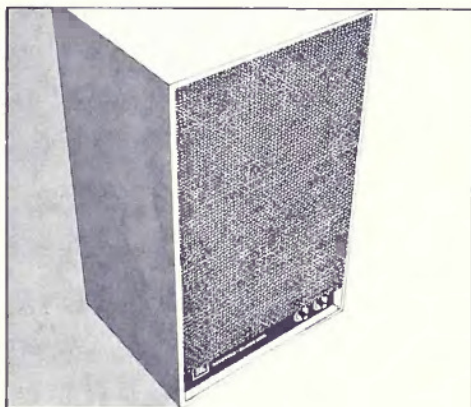




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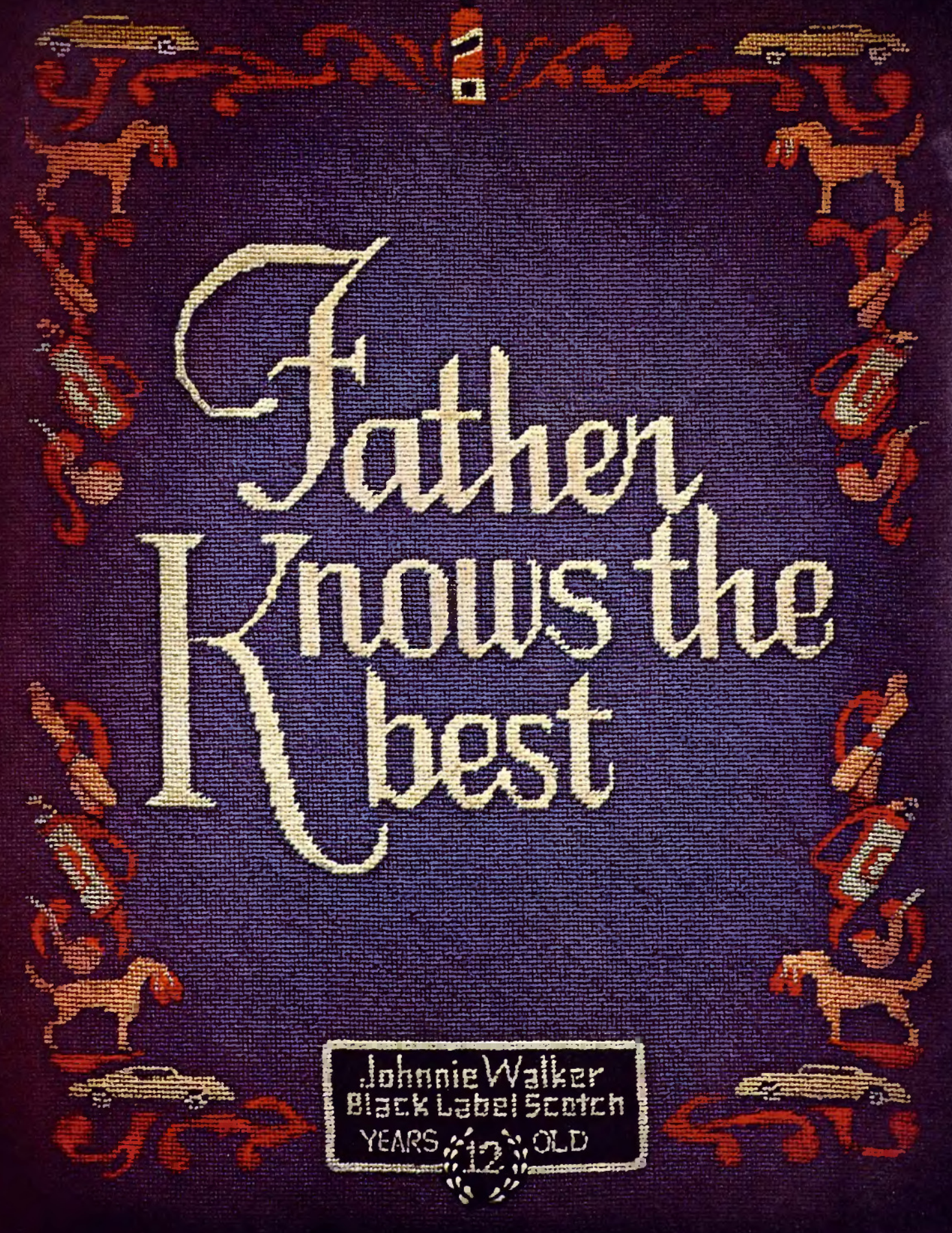
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narrowly national sense of tragedy. Again to quote that epistle to the reader: "Napoleon triumphant—so he is, / Since, unfulfilled in life, that plan of his / Now operates at last: proud England, cowed / Back into Europe, humbled, silenced, bowed. / Let hell's or heaven's belfries clang out loud." At another point, Burgess calls his book "The Napoleon Comic Symphony," adding, "What's comedy? Not tragedy. That's that." One thing Burgess does not say, but which others surely may and will for him, is that this is his best novel yet, and that is saying quite a lot.

Put together from fragments left behind at his death, *Rigadoon* (Delacorte) is the final frustrating installment in Celine's relentless epic of misanthropy—the World War Two triptych (earlier volumes: *Castle to Castle*, *North*). Though its repeated diatribes make the book seem static, it is a chronicle of agitated movement: The rigadoon is a grotesque, spastic dance, back and forth across the battered face of Europe, in the stiffening grip of the war. Celine and his wife, Lilli, traveling by train with an actor friend and their placid cat, Bebert, are part of a delirious exodus north—through France and Germany, toward the promised safety of a refugee community in Denmark.

The famous style (sentence fragments . . . separated . . . by three dots . . .) starkly captures discrete experiences. Celine furiously distorts chronology, ranging backward to recover scenes from the earlier books; forward, for a crisp self-portrait of the artist at death's widening door, railing against imbecilic publishers and jealous rivals—driven by the nihilist's enslavement to his own vision of the world's myopic self-obliteration, by the novelist's compulsion to record it all before the splintering images escape him.

His book is a disturbing failure: not for its incoherent repetitiousness (paradoxically, a source of Celine's monomaniacal narrative unity) but because it represents a compromising of his vision. A long sequence describes the travelers' attempts to bring to safety a train car full of retarded children ("all bandy-legged, big droopy heads . . . drooling little Quasimodo . . .") separated from their guardian. It's a powerful metaphor. But Celine is plainly using it to plead against charges long leveled at him: that he was a Nazi collaborator, an eloquent anti-Semite, an engine of pure malevolence. These are "crimes" he once trumpeted defiantly.

Rigadoon is memorable enough for the images that haunt it (submarines prowling about deserted harbors; flare bombs streaking over skeletal cities; a dead storekeeper sitting slumped, faceless, at his cash desk). As an apologia, it rings embarrassingly false. Celine's truest vision was of the unalloyed evil he discovered in the world, and in

Taking the mystery out of Cavendish.

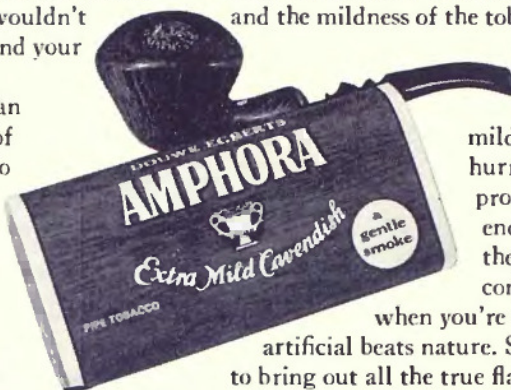
An explanation of the most misused term in pipe tobacco.

If you're any kind of pipe smoker, you've probably seen the word Cavendish on more pipe tobaccos than you can shake a stem at. You suspect it must be something good or else everybody and his brother wouldn't be putting the word on their pouches. And your suspicions are right.

But Cavendish is something other than what you may think it is. It's not a type of tobacco leaf. It isn't even the way tobacco is cut.

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Quite frankly, we tell you this for one very simple reason. The more you know about Cavendish pipe tobacco, the better it is for Amphora. Because Amphora is the world's largest selling Cavendish pipe tobacco.



They go through at least one summer "sweat". That way the tobaccos ferment under natural weather conditions. All of which combine to enhance the flavor and the mildness of the tobaccos.

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(What these temperatures are and how long the tobaccos are pressed, we can't tell you. It's the Amphora secret. It's not that we don't trust you, but you never know who else may be reading this ad.)



But what we can tell you is this. By pressing the tobacco leaves into cakes, each tobacco type contributes its own personality, its own flavor and character to the blend.

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Mildness is one thing. Extra mildness is something else. So we go a step further and age the pressed tobacco cakes a second time in special rooms we call dormitories.

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History does not record the crew's reaction to this bit of inventive casking, but the tobaccos, reacted most flavorfully.

After months at sea, compressed and basking in the heat of the casks, fermenting ever so slowly, the tobaccos arrived in England exceedingly rich in bouquet.

The good captain's accidental process of maturing tobacco has long since been immortalized by his name. *Cavendish is now defined as tobaccos that have been mellowed by time, temperature and pressure.*

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himself. God knows what he would have discovered in us, who cannot now excuse him for it, even knowing the things he has made us know.

If you liked *The Antelope Cage*, Bruce Jay Friedman's short story in last month's issue, then go out and buy *About Harry Towns* (Knopf). The book is not a novel—not exactly—but it is more than a collection of random short stories that have been peddled to one magazine or another. These stories are connected by character, chronology and tone—like Hemingway's Nick Adams collection *In Our Time*. All the stories are about our friend Harry, who is adrift ("rudderless," he says) after leaving a marriage that is somewhere between unsatisfactory and unpleasant—no real hate there. Harry is getting on into middle age and getting into things he knows he shouldn't be fooling with, like cocaine and aimless sex. And he's not taking care of real business. His parents die "back to back" and he's not good with that. He's not a terrific father to his son. He and his wife give it Another Try, but it doesn't work out. Through all of this you see Harry grow in a kind of likable way, not at peace with himself but not warring, either. This is a tough-minded, mature piece of work done with expert craft. So well, in fact, that you don't notice the skill. Which is the best measure there is of real talent.

If you haven't the stomach for freaks, don't bother with *The Gypsy's Curse* (Knopf), by Harry (Naked in Garden Hills, Car and The Hawk Is Dying) Crews. Freaks abound in this tale of one deaf-and-dumb Marvin Molar, who is cursed by parental abandonment as well as a certain Basque lady: "*¡Que encuentres un cono a tu medida!*" Which, primly speaking, means, "I hope you find something that suits your measure," but in the case of Marvin, translates more like, "Watch out for the cunt that fits." Marvin is also cursed with a heavy torso and tadpole legs, and a cono, Hester, who demands, catastrophically, to move in with Marvin at the Fireman's Gym. "Her titties made your mouth hurt to look at them," writes Crews, in a style that is Bacon County, Georgia, and New York all at once. Violent and grotesque—and very funny—Crews writes with the imagination of a madman and the control of an architect. Based in Gainesville, Florida, where he teaches English at the University of Florida, Crews says of *The Gypsy's Curse*: "It's only a curse if you can't handle it." How Molar handles the curse of Hester may just blow your mind, but it's some of the very best reading this year, terrific in the literal sense.

Divorced in America, an Anatomy of Loneliness (Dutton) is a book about divorce

written by Joseph Epstein, a 36-year-old journalist and editor, parent, husband and—more recently—single man. It is partly an analysis of marriage and the family as a way of life now threatened by the easier, freer attitude toward divorce, and partly an autobiography and the story of one man's dream of the good old American promise exploding and leaving him free, glad, guilty, perplexed. It is time to have such a story told by a man. One hears so much from women on the subject that the suspicion grows that divorced men tend to marry a young honey the next morning, and only the ex-wives have nervous breakdowns, guilt and despair, children and jobs to juggle, the return of the same old problems one often married in order to escape in the



first place—loneliness, dating and sleeping around. It is not a fascinating account, but never mind. It's a start. An intelligent and emotionally mature man has spoken honestly about the marriage he wanted to end and the two sons he chose to raise on his own. One thing does lead to another and other men may be encouraged to speak of their own more personal reactions. In that case, certain truths may emerge.

If Beale Street Could Talk (Dial) is James Baldwin's most complex novel—a harsh yet hopeful portrayal of the blasted surface of black people's lives and the subsurface toughness that keeps them resiliently, profanely, stubbornly going. It is set in a New York hell where the chains that will bind its victims are forged before they're born. Its heroine-narrator (Tish) tells two entwining stories. One is of her love for a gentle, inward boy (Fonny), who dreams radiantly in wood, sculpting vivid expressions of the limits that lurk around them. He gives Tish a sense of life generously expanding—and a baby.

The other story is of Fonny's imprisonment, on an unjust rape charge. The lovers' families clash violently and painfully, then scrape, bully, steal—anything, to pay the Man's fees and follow the smug path of righteousness mapped out by The System. Fonny dreams, and rots, in prison. The baby kicks against its

loving, confining womb. Tish, too, feels imprisoned—like a spirit sealed in the wood Fonny caresses and shapes, waiting for him to touch her and make her free.

The two stories keep colliding clumsily. The plot is impossible, and Baldwin sensibly subordinates it to Tish's yearning, puzzled questioning. A moving impression of real human complexity comes through.

There's a good book here struggling inside the bad one, twitching to get free of strident overplotting and halfhearted polemics. Dynamic images render a disorientation that is helplessly felt. When Baldwin breaks the book off jaggedly, it is a cool reader, indeed, who'll complain of the up-in-the-air ending. If this book ends up in the air, it does so the way a man's life does, when he's kicking at the end of a rope.

In an old house once owned by a strange but old San Francisco family—as opposed to an old house in Georgetown or one on the Upper West Side of New York City—two women are dabbling in the supernatural. One of the women is a medium brought over from England by the other, who has told her that she is writing a book about extrasensory perception. There is a studio on the grounds where an attractive young woman from the Philadelphia branch of the family is having what appears to be a nervous breakdown. Her lover has come from Paris to ask her to marry him. Neither he nor the young woman's homosexual brother can get the family physician to act. And so begins Philip Loraine's *Voices in an Empty Room* (Random House), which is quite a good addition to the possession, mediums and bell-book-and-candle experience. Loraine provides some nice twists and turns and, having set up the situation, he avoids the pitfalls of overwriting. The conclusion is a little pat, and somewhat telescoped, but what's left to do once the demon is exorcised but tie up some loose ends?

"I am trying to build our theater on the bedrock of municipal and civic responsibility—not on the quicksands of show-business economics. I am interested in a popular theater—not a theater of the few." Escalation or extinction: Joe Papp lives his crisis-filled days by that motto. And a day in the life of the indefatigable producer—let alone a year—can be as cataclysmic as another person's entire career. Take March 6, 1973, for example, as Stuart W. Little does in *Enter Joseph Papp: In Search of a New American Theater* (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). In the morning, triumph, as Papp assumes responsibility for theater operations at New York's Lincoln Center. In the afternoon, tragedy, as the CBS ax falls on the imminent telecast of his production of *Sticks and Bones*. Only a mystic could have foretold the drama

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that followed, the success of an Americanized *Much Ado About Nothing*, a marital rift, scores of artistic differences with directors and playwrights, Mitzi Newhouse's \$1,000,000 gift and daily highs and lows. But Stuart Little is familiar with Papp's portfolio—from the earliest productions in an East Village workshop more than two decades ago to today's acclaim. He dogged Papp's tracks for 12 months, and the result is a rare glimpse not only into noncommercial theater, communications and philanthropic bureaucracies but also into the psyche of this feisty, irreverent, impatient, frequently indiscreet man who—despite his often tarnished public image—is friend, mentor and staunch champion of a new generation of playwrights, directors and actors.

Recent and notable: Nelson Algren's *The Last Carousel* (Putnam) collects 25 years of odds and ends—stories, poems, autobiographical busy work. Algren bogs down in self-indulgent tough talk here and there, but he hasn't lost the gift. He's still one of the best with resourceful down-and-outers: the boys who hang around the track, pimps and prostitutes, carnny men. Several from this collection first appeared in *PLAYBOY*. . . . During the Yom Kippur war, the best place to go, if you wanted even the dimmest insight into just what in the hell was going on, was *The New York Times*. (In fact, the war helped the *Times* gain back some of the prestige it lost to *The Washington Post's* Watergate coverage.) And the best insights were those of military correspondent Drew Middleton. After a long career of covering war and war's alarms—London during the blitz, Moscow in 1946, Vietnam—Middleton has written *Where Has Last July Gone? Memoirs* (Quadrangle). Given this background, it's hard to dismiss Middleton's warnings of coming Russian domination. . . . *Ten Years After Ivan Denisovich* (Knopf) is the work of Zhores A. Medvedev. The author, a noted Soviet biochemist and dissenter, concentrates on Solzhenitsyn's expulsion

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from the Writers' Union and the strategies employed by the state to deny him the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1970. Medvedev, who predicts "another reign of violence and terror," completed this book a year before Solzhenitsyn's exile and may now be a prominent victim of his own grim prophecy. . . . *Alive: The Story of the Andes Survivors* (Lippincott) is novelist Piers Paul Read's account of the famous plane crash that left the survivors—including members of a Uruguayan rugby team—stranded without the resources for survival for 70 days. They managed, as almost everyone knows by now. But Read is a skillful writer who doesn't let the cannibalism take over his book. His account of this ordeal is inspirational—spiritual, if you will—not just gruesome. Quite a book. . . . Richard Adams' *Watership Down* (Macmillan) was widely praised in England, but they're the same guys who tried to fight an economic crisis over there by going to the three-day work week. Anyway, they were right about this book, even though its heroes are rabbits (right, rabbits). Their journey—odyssey, you might say—carries them from the terrors of foxes, farmers and the evildoers of their own species to the safety of high ground, where they are free to propagate and endure. (It's tough to do the book justice in just a few lines.) The style is lucid and never sentimental and it is annoying to realize that connoisseurs of whimsy will just love this book. It is a work of distinction and originality. . . . Erica Jong's *Fear of Flying* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) has been lavishly praised all over the place—John Updike nearly went into paroxysms in *The New Yorker*, admiring even her picture on the dust jacket. However, we let it slip past us, damn it all. The book does take you for a pretty good—if long—ride through joyous female sexuality. A real oasis after all the harping in other women's books. . . . *The Advent of Frederick Giles* (Little, Brown) is Josiah Bunting's second novel and a disappointment. His first book, *The Lionheads*, is one of the better Vietnam novels. There, Bunting was best with the officers—especially those who knew a little about books and indulged in some introspection. This time out, he goes off the deep end, sounding at times as though he is trying to ape William Buckley. Or one-up him. One gathers he is out to make a point about rich, educated and bored Easterners. There is some wit and some insight, but, for the most part, the book reads like a combination vocabulary/reading list put together by some supercilious Princeton undergrad.

Paperbacks: Martha Foley's *The Best American Short Stories of 1973* (Ballantine) offers the usual judicious mixture of established writers (Barthelme, Malamud, Oates, Tennessee Williams) and

talented young challengers (Henry Bro-mell, Julie Hayden, George V. Higgins). From PLAYBOY: James Alan McPherson's *The Silver Bullet* and John Cheever's *The Jewels of the Cabots*. . . . Edward Anderson's 1935 novel *Thieves Like Us* (Avon) has been made into the current Robert Altman hit movie. It is a deft work, masterly in its juxtapositions: interior monologs and newspaper accounts smoothly blended into the story of three pathetic Oklahoma bank robbers. . . . Finally, there is *Gravity's Rainbow* (Bantam), Thomas Pynchon's masterpiece. By the time you read this, *Gravity's Rainbow* should have won the National Book Award for fiction—and, if he is true to form, Pynchon will not have appeared to accept the award and give a speech. PLAYBOY missed on this one in our original review. We will recant by saying that no other work of fiction has come so devastatingly close to capturing the terrible drift of this century. Pynchon knows a great deal about everything and uses it all: films, comics, history, science, psychology and paranoia—especially paranoia. More than anybody else writing, he has seen the dark side of technology—*Gravity's Rainbow* is the arc described by a V-2 rocket as it descends to destroy London—and has made a metaphor of it. The book is funny, profound and simply a work of genius. It should be read and if you can't be bothered to read it, you can stop bitching about the death of the novel.

PEOPLE

Timothy Leary is in jail. He has been back in jail ever since U. S. agents seized his passport in Kabul, Afghanistan, a year ago, and is serving a sentence of six months to ten years for getting caught with two roaches in his car ashtray. Six months to five years were tacked on for his escape in 1970. Texas claims ten more, also for marijuana possession. Timothy Leary is unperturbed.

"I keep having to explain this to people," he says, flashing a radiant smile to a visitor. "I've been trying to get you out." Like the prisoner in Hesse's story who walked out through a landscape he painted on his cell wall, Leary has escaped from his jailers. Sitting now in faded prison overalls across the small table of the visiting cell in the California Medical Facility prison at Vacaville, the ex-Harvard professor talks about his latest scheme: to build a spaceship that would enable us all to escape from prison—the prison of our own solar system—and out toward our destiny as galactic beings.

"You see, we're not made to live on this planet," he says. "We've been seeded here as in a womb to develop, emerge and continue on toward contact with higher intelligence. Seeing ourselves as part of a



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family of earthly life forms is like viewing ourselves as part of the placenta. We estimate it will take 25 years and cost 250 billion dollars to get out of the solar system. That's ten billion dollars a year, which is exactly the CIA budget. So who's crazy?"

Long past psychedelics, a topic he now finds boring, Leary looks back on the Sixties as a time of "vanilla flow—sweet and mushy." The great error of the Sixties, he says, was that "we expanded consciousness but we didn't expand intelligence. We grabbed onto all those old-fashioned Om-glom guru numbers, and Jesus, and back to the land. But for every unit of consciousness expansion, you must *square* intelligence. The Sixties were anti-intellectual."

But that was yesterday. Today, Leary is into what he calls "sci-phi"; that is, science fiction coupled with the philosophy of science. Einstein is his god, Kurt Vonnegut his copilot. "What we need for the future are long-haired astronomers, turned-on physicists, freaked-out visionary mathematicians. We need to build systems, language, logic textbooks that will allow us to make sense of the order that comes into consciousness."

Leary spent his first four months back in jail writing a heavy book on the concrete floor of his dimly lit solitary cell. The outcome was *Neurologic*, a dense volume on the use of the nervous system as a computer with seven circuits that can be turned on and off, tuned and controlled. During the next five months, in maximum security, he put together *Terra II*, his planet-escape manual, and turned fellow prisoners away from revolution and psychedelics and onto genetics, neurology and astronomy. "Of course I'd gladly trade *Terra II* philosophy for any other philosophy that's as funny, gives you more perspective, makes you feel more optimistic or seems to work better."

Eighteen months into a potential 25-year sentence, Timothy Leary, ex-Harvard professor, ex-guru, ex-fugitive, is unperturbed.

RECORDINGS

Some nights are like that. You just *watch* the damn thing, until the last liberal minister turns into a test pattern. And after sitting through six hours of *Mod Squad* reruns and *Night Gallery* and *The Beast That Bothered Bangkok* (starring Greta Thyssen and Godzilla), a man's liable to do anything, right? He's not responsible for his actions. Like, he might even succumb and order one of those late-night-TV record-album specials. But you can just chalk it up to temporary insanity. Nothing a little shock treatment won't cure.

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MUSK



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it'll cure you of anything. In fact, it's enough to make you sick. Because most of the albums—despite the claims made for them by revved-up announcers who can't get work on daytime quiz shows, or aging recording stars like Mickey Dolenz or Louis Prima—are better for muffling screams in a dentist's office than for listening to in the sanctuary of your own home.

How, you might ask yourself, do we know? The embarrassing truth is that we went and got those mail-order LPs—damn near all of them. And if that doesn't make you lose your faith in us, we'll drop all this bullshit and tell you that a few of them are actually worth the postage stamp.

One is the Nat "King" Cole anthology that's offered—a bit pretentiously—by the Longines Symphonette Recording Society. Nat Cole, a super musician who was taken for granted by too many people, first made his rep as a fine pianist—a phase of his career not covered in the seven LPs of this collection—and then he made it as a singer. And he was brilliant on things like *Route 66*, *When I Grow Too Old to Dream* or *Straighten Up and Fly Right*. But he wound up with *Those Lazy-Hazy-Crazy Days of Summer*—and, in effect, the collection shows how the wrong studio treatment, applied with persistence, can turn a classy jazz artist into a bubble-gum vendor. Still and all, it's well worth having.

An even better buy, though, is the Billie Holiday anthology offered by Adam VIII, Ltd. It's called *Billie Holiday*, just so you don't get confused, and what you get is four LPs full of Lady Day at her greatest. *Miss Brown to You*, *Body and Soul*, *Strange Fruit*, *Lover Man*, *My Last Affair*—all there. The collection also shows that they tried to pull the same stunt with her that they pulled with Nat Cole; but where Cole's vocal style got more commercial with the passage of time, hers seemed to get ever more personal, no matter how many violin players they brought to the sessions. The other collections that deliver the goods also tend to be the ones that focus on a single artist. Pickwick's Jerry Lee Lewis anthology is bursting with good old country boogies, with just the right amount of reverb. And the Hank Williams package offered by Broadcasting Division will have you baying at the moon, if you're subject to such attacks.

As for the rest of it, if you want to pick up on early Johnny Mathis or Benny Goodman, the Mills Brothers, Eddy Arnold, Tennessee Ernie, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops or collections of recent rock hits programed by someone who probably doesn't know a B-flat diminished from a stick of bubble gum—it's your thing, do what you wanna do.

Of the Fifties rock collections, one that's not bad is *The Greatest Rock and*

Roll Hits, offered by Dynamic House (also by Adam VIII). You really *do* get the hits—record three, side two, for instance, opens with Fats Domino singin' about how he's in love again, then proceeds through *Little Darlin'*, *Duke of Earl*, *Rockin' Robin*, *Goodnight, Sweetheart*, *Goodnight* (the Spaniels, in case you forgot), *Maybelline* and *Sixteen Candles*. All of these are by the right artists, and you can hear them.

As for the other collections that purport to give you all the great, good-timey rock of the Fifties, beware: A lot of them are padded with nonhits, and in other cases, you may get the real McCoy, but the sound is so terrible you can't hear it.

But that's OK. Who needs them, anyway? Fifteen years ago, you turned on the radio and in the space of an hour you



heard so much advertising and so much rock 'n' roll. Usually you got two and a half minutes of music, followed by a minute or so of pitchmen. Now you turn on the TV and you get basically the same thing—only it's compressed into a minute and the proportions are reversed: For ten or fifteen seconds of advertising, you get three or four seconds of some golden oldie. Which, if you're a reasonably well-adjusted human being, may be enough.

Unlike so many "live" recordings on which the performers seem to get swallowed up in the huge noisy presence of their audience, *Del Reeves Live at the Palomino Club* (United Artists) preserves the immediacy and intimacy of a master entertainer's give and take with the paying customers. Del's band, the Goodtime Charlies, lives up to its name, playing solid, up-tempo country honky-tonk with the ease and clean precision characteristic of the best professionals. Side one features a fine country rendition of the Clyde McPhatter hit *A Lover's Question* and a medley of some of Del's own chart toppers, including *Girl on the Billboard* and *A Dime at a Time*. Side two contains more in the way of dialog, impersonations and comic routines, which become considerably less interesting after the third

or fourth listening. The quality of the recording is surprisingly good, and if your collection could use a sampler of some basic beer-drinking, truck-driving, down-home, good-time music, this album will provide it.

The Ruby Braff-George Barnes Quartet (Chiaroscuro) is a marriage that was made in heaven. Trumpeter Braff and guitarist Barnes come on like the Lunt-Fontanne of the jazz world. They both employ the lean approach, never adding notes for virtuosity's sake, almost always delivering just enough to make a definitive statement. Aided by John Giuffrida and Wayne Wright, Braff and Barnes create a bucketful of beautiful sounds. Particularly attractive is the way they handle *Old Folks*, *Liza*, *Our Love Is Here to Stay* and an absolutely smashing rendition of the Lennon-McCartney ode *Here, There and Everywhere*. No frills or fancy stuff; just a couple of exceptional musicians taking care of business. But business is very good.

Hoyt Axton has been knocking around for years on the small folk-club circuit. He has always had a tiny but devoted bunch of followers and has made most of his money writing songs for others—such as *Joy to the World*, which was a big hit for Three Dog Night. He even gets credit in interviews for being his mother's son. She co-wrote *Heartbreak Hotel* for Elvis back in the dark ages of rock 'n' roll. Axton has a new album, *Life Machine* (A&M), and now he's going to get some credit for himself. Admittedly, the three best cuts are borrowed: *Maybelline* from Chuck Berry, a fine version of *That's All Right*, by Arthur Crudup, and Michael Murphey's *Geronimo's Cadillac*. The rest of the tunes are Axton's and the weakness in them is nicely compensated for by his full, rich voice and some of the best sidemen around.

Catching up with contemporary Gabriels: Fine trumpet players seem to be flourishing these days. One of the most interesting is Woody Shaw, whose *Song of Songs* (Contemporary) is filled with goodies. The tunes are his own and he has some fine reed men aboard for the session. He's got a lot of Freddie Hubbard in his sound, but he's also got a lot of Woody Shaw, which is well worth listening to. Hubbard himself is on hand with *Keep Your Soul Together* (CTI) and we're convinced that Freddie—now—can blow every other horn man out the window, and that includes Miles. He has it all going for him—strength, inventiveness, daring and great gobs of soul. The four extended tracks by Hubbard let one in on every facet of the man's incredible talent. Unfortunately, the great talent of Maynard Ferguson seems to have been locked into a formula that, as far as we're

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concerned, has outstayed its welcome. *M. F. Horn 485 Live at Jimmy's* (Columbia) consists of two LPs loaded to the gunwales with driving big-band sounds whose purpose too often seems to be to provide build-ups and backdrops for Ferguson's omnipresent upper-register excursions. All right, already, we know Maynard can do *that* better than anybody; let's move on to other things.

If Tanya Tucker never makes the grade as a top-notch pop-country music star, it won't be because her promoters and producers don't hustle or that she isn't pretty enough or can't sing. There is no question concerning the strength and quality of this girl's voice, yet this latest album, *Would You Lay with Me (In a Field of Stone)* (Columbia), has a few rocks in its shoes. The selection of material is not always appropriate. There's a built-in credibility gap when a 15-year-old sings booze 'n' blues. And Tanya may need more time to mature and develop her own style, to avoid sounding like Buffy Sainte-Marie one moment, and like Dolly Parton or Tammy Wynette the next. One gets the impression of a few fat cats on telephones in Nashville and New York talking about the market potential of a 15-year-old girl in the country-and-western field. You know, dress her up right, plastic boots, maybe, throw in a little sex, I tell ya it'll sell. It's not pure hype, because Tanya's talent is for real and producer Billy Sherrill is one of Nashville's very best, but if or when Tanya Tucker comes into her own, it will be in spite of those guys on the telephones.

We almost took Ray Charles's *Come Live with Me* (Crossover) off the turntable after the first track. *Till There Was You* is god-awful—saccharine, silly, overblown—but we hung in there and were eventually rewarded with a handful of super tracks. As it turned out, most of side one is a waste. A valiant effort by Charles almost turns the McKuen-Brel ballad *If You Go Away* into a winner, but *It Takes So Little Time* is also a dud. Only on the title tune does Charles come into his own. Side two is another matter, however. From the opening *Somebody* to the closing *Everybody Sing*, the material is up to the performer; but the big surprise is what Charles does with that old war horse Leo Robin's *Louise*. Through Charles's soul sorcery, it becomes a barn burner (except for the bridge, which he handles straight, unfortunately). So start with side two and play side one when you're in a forgiving frame of mind.

The blues is a big old building with countless rooms. Back in the Thirties and Forties, Robert Johnson, Willie McTell, Sleepy John Estes and others had already made it a mansion. In the Fifties, Little Richard, Chuck Berry and B. B. King turned it into a skyscraper. In the

A vintage advertisement for J&B Scotch Whisky. A woman with long brown hair, wearing a blue turtleneck and a pink and white checkered jacket, sits on a stool. She holds a glass of whisky in her left hand and a pair of glasses in her right. She is looking directly at the camera. In the background, a professional studio setup is visible, including a large camera on a tripod, a spotlight, and a bottle of J&B whisky on a shelf. In the foreground, a bottle of J&B Scotch Whisky sits on a dark wooden table, surrounded by several Polaroid photographs of the bottle and a glass of whisky. The overall tone is sophisticated and artistic.

Scotch and the single girl.

Sixties, the NASA school of blues players first put it into orbit and it's now contemplating something akin to a Mariner mission into deep space and beyond.

Johnny Winter falls somewhere between theoretical astrophysicist and hod carrier, somewhere between *Saints & Sinners* (Columbia). Try to imagine NASA locking Chuck Berry in a '53 Chevy and putting *that* into orbit. The radio messages that came back to earth might sound something like *Saints & Sinners*: blues bleached stone white by dangerously high radiation levels. Johnny was so far out there for a while that he holed up incommunicado at a detox clinic in New Orleans. This album should demonstrate that he is back to stay. Anyone who can outdo the original of *Thirty Days and keep up with Jagger on *Stray Cat Blues* has to be reckoned with. *Hurtin' So Bad*—a Winter original—is one of those old-time, horn-wailing, 6/8, tears-and-knuckles blues monsters—like something Bobby Bland might have used to knock down a concrete gymnasium in 1958. And Winter burns as if relieved to return to earth. After coming that close to heaven, it must be comforting to be back with the sinners.*

The word's been out on Tom Scott for some time now: He's another incredible L.A. saxophonist. Twenty-five years old, he studied with Ravi Shankar, was the youngest soloist ever invited to the Caracas Music Festival, worked with Don Ellis, Roger Kellaway, Carole King, Joni Mitchell, John Lennon. He can play anything. And maybe that's what's wrong with *Tom Scott and the L.A. Express* (Ode). The spirits of King Curtis and Don Wilkerson pervade *Sneakin' in the Back* and *Strut Your Stuff*; and the gods of Mahavishnu Orchestra could have spawned *L.A. Expression*. At times Scott seems possessed by Wayne Shorter, while Joe Sample (keyboards) maybe O.D.'ed on Herbie Hancock. Though the album suffers from extensive haunting, those unassimilated ghosts are among the best jazz players in the world. And Scott is still a virtuoso. Both facts make the record a damn good hear.

THEATER

Victory gardens, Victory bonds, V for victory: World War Two was a last gasp of American patriotism. Over there, Yanks were getting killed by Nazis, but *Over Here!*, America was cheerfully eating Spam, electing F.D.R. and listening to the Andrews Sisters triple-barreling their way through boogiewoogie and the beat of the big bands. "Where did the good times go?" asks a song in this rollicking new show, providing its own answer—right there, center stage. *Over Here!* is no landmark of a musical, but even its lightheadedness is infectious. The two

surviving Andrews—Patty and Maxene—come as they are, with no pretense about glamor, singing a peppy pastiche of a score (by Richard M. and Robert B. Sherman). The sisters do more than their bit—and they can still sing. The devisers of the show (producers Kenneth Weissman and Maxine Fox, director Tom



Moore and author Will Holt—the first three fresh from foraging through the Fifties in *Grease*) are smart enough not to limit it to a star turn. The show also has Janie Sell as a sexy Axis Sally (she also fills in as a third "sister"), Patricia Birch choreography that turns the lindy hop into aerial gymnastics, a big band blaring onstage and an exuberant production concept that respects the trivia and the tackiness of the period—and doesn't waste much time on plot. At the Shubert, 225 West 44th Street.

Noel Coward in Two Keys is Sir Noel's farewell in a pair of plays—the first a lampoon of social-climbing American tourists, the second a touching (although tentative) coming to terms with his own life. In *A Song at Twilight*, the main piece, an aged celebrated author is forced to face his concealed homosexuality. A former mistress threatens him with the exposure of letters he wrote, long ago, to a male lover. The character is based on Somerset Maugham but also draws from Coward. He is accused, in the play, of moral cowardice, and perhaps the double meaning is intentional. Hume Cronyn plays the author more Maughamish than Coward, which is probably wise, since Sir Noel played the role himself in his last stage appearance in London. Cronyn avoids comparison and makes the character his own. The wit is mocking, subsiding at the end into wistfulness. The dialog, sparkling with Coward spice, is dryly delivered by Cronyn, Jessica Tandy (as his faithful wife) and Anne Baxter (as the returning mistress). In the curtain raiser, they play contrasting roles—Cronyn a rustic American millionaire. *Two Keys* breathes elegance and suavity—an evening for theatrical epicures. At the Ethel Barrymore, 47th Street West of Broadway.

Fashion, one of the first American plays to be written by a woman, Anna Cora Mowatt, is posing off-Broadway as "a new style musical comedy." We say bring back oldness. Anthony Stimac's trick, as both adapter and director, is to make this a play within a play. A modern ladies' drama society cavorts in a trumped-up

musical caricature of *Fashion* (first performed in 1845). The ladies play ladies and, archly, they also play gentlemen. Presumably, this is meant to be a fem-lib comment on male sexism. What this over-spoof really does is cheat the original of its 19th Century flavor. Camp is rampant. The music by Don Pippin and the lyrics by Steve Brown are amiable, and the performances (for the most part) are stylish enough to make one wish that this were *Fashion* straight. But, of course, that would have been unfashionable. At the McAlpin Rooftop, Broadway and 34th Street.

"Born out of bedlock," with "a trace of elephantiasis" in his body and soul, that monumental common man, Leopold Bloom, in that monumental, uncommon novel, James Joyce's *Ulysses*, comes robustly to life in *Ulysses in Nighttown*—in the person of Zero Mostel. This is a role made to measure for the sizable Mostel. He first played the pitiable, comic cuckold off-Broadway in 1958. The Broadway *Ulysses* is much larger and lustier. The language is a fully restored, unexpurgated Joycean torrent of words, and there is graphic use of nudity. An intimate, almost Story Theater evening has become a Broadway epic (with atmospheric music by Peter Link), but the essence of Bloom remains—anchored by the team of Mostel and Joyce. The core of the play is the Nighttown section of the novel, diagramming the twin pilgrimages of the father figure Bloom and the questing son, Stephen Dedalus, through red-light Dublin (the city of brothel-ly love). The focus is on Bloom and his hallucinatory visions and nightmares, but adapter Marjorie Barkentin has also injected other compatible material from the novel, such as a slice of Molly Bloom's sensual soliloquy (delivered, naked—and why not?—by Fionnuala Flanagan). No single evening can completely convey the richness of this masterpiece, but the play



is both faithful and daring (matinee audiences expecting "*O'Fiddler on the Roof*" are going to be severely jolted). In the interest of Joyce, Mostel restrains his natural clownish impulses and gracefully illuminates Bloom. At the Winter Garden, 1634 Broadway.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I appreciate women, and that's my problem. Appreciate is not an active verb. For example, a few weeks ago, a girl got on the bus I take from work; she was graceful, attractive, vital and remarkably self-contained. Watching her reflection in the window (so that I would not be caught staring), I silently pledged my undying love and otherwise enjoyed her presence. I did not speak to her. I decided that if I saw her a second time, I would have grounds for an introduction—that much coincidence must be meaningful. The following weekend, I was playing Frisbee in the park near the lake. I saw a girl enter the park about half a mile away and I made it a point to work my way over to the sidewalk in order to appreciate her as she came by. It was the same girl. I was about to speak when my friend threw the Frisbee over my head into the lake. By the time I retrieved it, she was gone. What would you have done in my situation?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

We might have sacrificed the Frisbee or the friend who threw it, but basically our approach would have been the same as yours. (In fact—it was. She gave us her first name but not her last. It was a nice try and at least we paid our respects.) A famous New Yorker named Igor once devised a social strategy for mass-transit encounters that might interest you: If Igor saw someone he liked, he would approach, embrace passionately, step back, apologize and disappear into the crowd. If he saw her a second time, he would walk up to her, introduce himself and ask, "Don't I know you from somewhere?" In most cases, the girl would remember the face but not the incident and, assuming that they had been introduced at a party, she would spend 15 minutes playing who-do-you-know. Igor assured us that the strategy met with great success until he tried it on a policeman in drag. He is now serving a five-year sentence in a men's correctional institute.

Last summer I bought new stereo components. After a few days, I noticed an annoying and spontaneous crackling noise when I played records. I checked all connections; they were secure, but the noise continues. Like a demon, it seems to choose the times I want to transfer an LP to a cassette. One day my girlfriend brought her cat over and I found that when I stroked his coat, it created a similar noise in the speakers, to say nothing of freaking out the cat. What exactly is happening and what can I do about it?—W. D., Albany, New York.

It's a familiar story. The crackling noise probably stems from a build-up of static electricity at or near your turntable,

possibly on the records themselves. A dry environment may be the demon. Try humidifying your listening room, with a humidifier or water containers attached to radiators. A soft-nap record brush or a Dust Bug may also help neutralize the static. Keep the brush slightly moistened with the fluid supplied and trail it gently over the record's surface before playing. Also, try running a single ground wire from any part of the amplifier chassis (there's usually a ground screw on the back) to the holding screw on the nearest wall outlet. If that doesn't work, call a professional exorcist.

My girlfriend and I would like to take a train to California this summer. Does Amtrak care if two unmarried persons share the same sleeping compartment?—M. B., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Make reservations for two in your name and no one is going to know or care who the other person is. They will probably assume that you are married—a misconception you need not correct. Enjoy yourself. One of our editors who made the trip told us that it reminded him of a story about the couple who went to San Francisco on their honeymoon and waited for an earthquake. Apparently the gentle rhythm of the rails adds a romantic touch or two to cross-country travel.

Conned by the copy writer who said "There are two things that are good on a water bed and one of them is sleeping," I purchased a king-size model of the liquid love pad. I am disappointed. Whenever I attempt intercourse, the lack of support causes problems. I go down, the girl goes down, the bed goes down—it's like chasing your shadow. Then I get thrown out of bed by the resulting tidal wave. I've been thinking of re-enacting the scene in *Point Blank* in which Lee Marvin empties a gun into a bed abandoned by Angie Dickinson; it's gotten that bad. Do you have any suggestions?—L. W., Brunswick, Maine.

Don't believe everything you read, unless you read it here, and then only if it can't be verified anywhere else. For all the copy writers claim, a water bed could be equally good for pole vaulting, tap dancing or playing marbles. To correct the situation, add some water. A properly filled mattress should be firm, so that a stray elbow or knee can't touch the floor or the bottom of the bed. A frame will help contain the wave action, and also will increase the life of the mattress. A pillow placed beneath your partner's hips will add some support. We suggest that you alter your approach: The irresistible-force-meets-immovable-object style of



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lovemaking is fine if one is into or onto the missionary position. On a water bed, the woman is not impaled; rather, you share each other's genitals. They become a focal point for a free-fall frolic that resembles aerial ballet. If all this tossing and turning, slipping and sliding is still a bother, grasp the frame for leverage. A pull-up motion can duplicate the powerful thrusting of the old-fashioned push-up/collapse tactic. Adjust your rhythm to the ripples and you'll have a swell time.

What is the proper way for diners to deal with the strolling musicians who stop at each table to play? Does one stop eating and gaze with interest at the minstrels, or does one continue with dinner and conversation?—K. P., Miami, Florida.

You may do as you wish. If you view the minstrels as a temporary atmospheric disturbance, treat them accordingly. (Indifference works well, although more drastic measures may be necessary to make them move on. Be tactful—if you are too rude, one of them may garrote you with a guitar string.) If you request a song, you should listen and offer a tip. A dollar will do.

During our school years, my girlfriend and I enjoyed sex frequently, but most of our encounters were hurried or on the sneak—in a motel or a friend's vacant apartment. This was not annoying to me, but it did make my companion somewhat nervous. The only way I could make her reach orgasm was by placing a vibrator directly on her clitoris. Despite limited time and unfamiliar surroundings, she usually reached a fantastic climax. We used to joke about doing a commercial for a battery company—emerging from the motel room holding the vibrator, saying it saved us by working all night. Now that we share an apartment and have all the time in the world, we find that she cannot reach orgasm without the damned vibrator. I'm afraid that I spoiled her clitoris through harsh treatment. How can we start to enjoy sex in the traditional way?—C. M., Portland, Oregon.

You did not spoil your partner's clitoris, but you may have conditioned her sexual response. Psychologists believe that behavior is affected by its consequences: If a bit of food falls into a cage after a pigeon pushes a button, then the pigeon is likely to peck again. A woman is more complex than a pigeon, but the principle is the same. Your lover associates the vibrator with her climax, which is certainly a more persuasive reward than a pellet of food. She will have to work at recognizing and cultivating other forms of stimulation. We suggest that you start by not making orgasm the goal of your lovemaking. Instead, relax and enjoy each sensation for its own intrinsic value. Explore

as many techniques as you can (i.e., push different buttons). Soon your friend should come to her senses—all of them.

Cocaine has become the counterculture's drug of choice and, although I haven't tried it yet, I've been collecting stories about the White Lady. I've heard that Freud was the first coke freak, that Sherlock Holmes indulged in the drug, that New York narcs cut coke with ragweed pollen and sell it on the streets to turn people off, that the Ronald McDonald coffee stirrer is really a coke spoon and that the person who wrote "Coke is the real thing—what you want it to be" was not describing the beverage. Some of the routines are quite funny—I listened to one guy say that he had divided a purchase into two parts: "my gram and God's gram. I did my gram and then God did His" or: "Where do you buy a coke fork? In an empty head shop." In addition, I've been told that a dab of coke placed on the tip of the penis will retard ejaculation, while a dab placed on the clitoris before cunnilingus will drive a woman crazy. Can you confirm some of these stories, especially the one about the sexual characteristics of the drug?—S. K., Hartford, Connecticut.

The best source of information on cocaine is "The Gourmet Cokebook" from White Mountain Press. According to the authors, the drug "has historically been used as a climax inhibitor for both males and females as well as a sensory stimulant. This seemingly contradictory statement can be explained by the threshold theory of cocaine. If the drug is abused or overused during the course of a specific period of time, the strong sexually stimulative nature of the drug changes to one of sexual frustration, where erections and orgasms become almost impossible. Each person's tolerance must be determined by that person in order to prevent the unpleasant experience of sexual impotency, or frigidity." The authors point out that a fatal dose may range from 20 milligrams to 1.2 grams of pure cocaine. They also list the penalties for possession and intent to sell: Coke is a heavy trip.

After years of doubt, I have finally started to enjoy myself sexually. My boyfriend and I really get it off together. The first orgasm I ever experienced occurred after we had ridden his motorcycle out to a deserted farm. The feel of a 650-c.c. engine churning between my legs, the sudden awareness that my nipples were erect and pressed against the smooth leather of his jacket, the subtle pressures of leaning into a sinuously twisting road—all combined to make me sexually aware and thoroughly aroused. I find that I can turn myself on by invoking in imagination erotic details such as these. I don't respond to my lover's

touch—I am already in a state of response waiting for his touch. The more sex I get, the more sex I want. I have become the aggressor and, lately, I've been turning on as fast as you can throw a light switch. At times I am almost embarrassed by my reactions, and I wonder, am I making too much of a good thing?—Miss J. H., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Unless your lover complains of an energy crisis, there's no need for worry or embarrassment. Sexual desire is a renewable resource that can't be exhausted, although you may get tired every now and then. As you've discovered, you can even get a lot of mileage from an imaginary motorcycle; so twist the throttle and enjoy the ride.

Four months ago, I married a beautiful 18-year-old girl. My wife is a sexy animal. For a wedding band, she gave me a gold ring to wear on my penis. I have to wear it everywhere, even to the nudist colony that we visit twice a week. When we were married, she made me promise not to read PLAYBOY, but of course, I still do. Last week she caught me and said that she would leave if I did not do what she wanted. We love each other, so I agreed. As punishment for reading PLAYBOY, she put a combination lock on my penis and took away all my clothes. I have not been able to leave the house since. In addition, she shaved off all my body hair. I don't mind these stunts, although the lock does hurt. Every time I turn the corner, she is standing there naked, snapping pictures (which she threatens to send to a women's magazine) or setting up video equipment to record our lovemaking. She is trying to be sexy, and I don't want to hurt her feelings by telling her to stop or change her ways. I'm beginning to wonder if she's sane. Do you think she is weird?—B. G., Providence, Rhode Island.

Yes, but don't let that influence you. We have always held that any sex act between consenting adults is permissible, provided it is not injurious. The question of sanity is irrelevant; to paraphrase songwriter Dave Mason, when it gets down to just two, she ain't no crazier than you. (This is called the consensus theory of mental health.) The only thing about your letter that puzzles us is how you mailed it.

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



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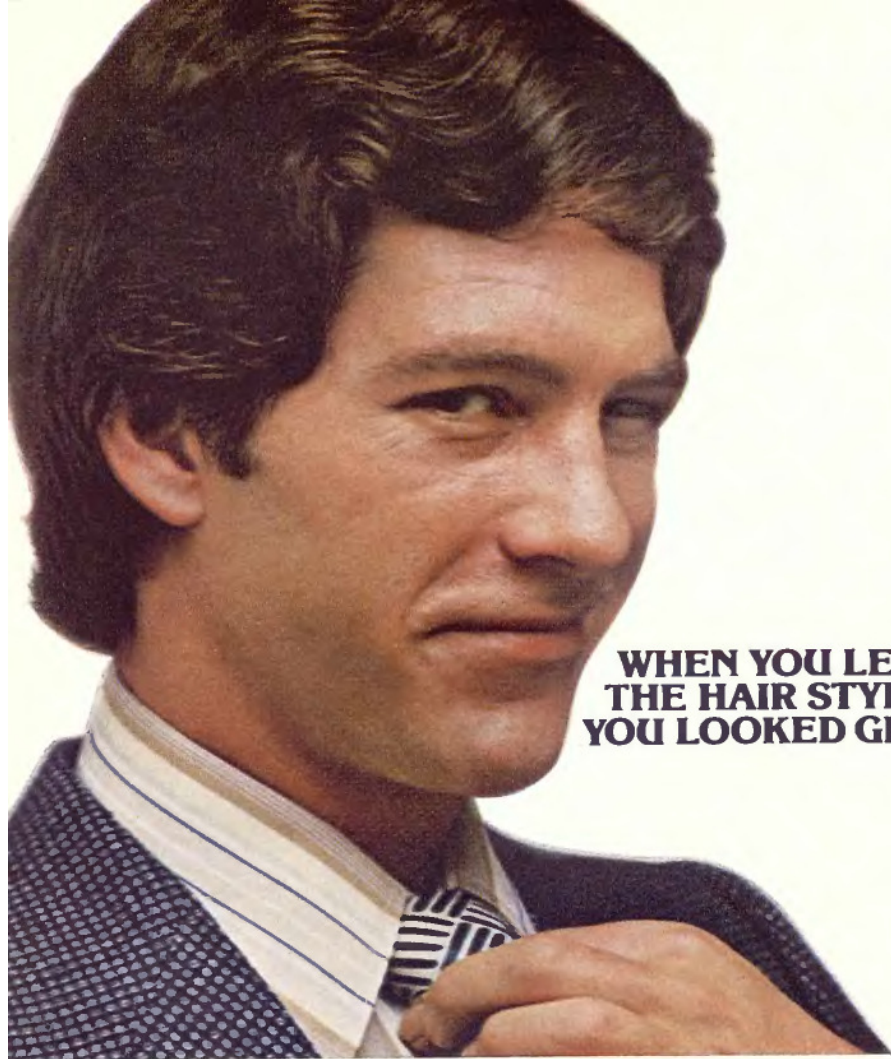
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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

THE CRASS AND THE SAD

Jack Green thinks men who spend time, energy and money entertaining women in the hope of having sex with them are either "very crass" or "very sad" (*The Playboy Forum*, February). He damns a considerable segment of the population. Prostitution is not big business because it caters only to the crass and the sad. A lot of men like occasional sure-fire investments without manipulation and strategy. The best-planned lays can fall through; e.g., "Forty-one bucks and she shakes my hand!"

Mack Dryden
Rota, Spain

PORN CORN

I agree with Louis Levine's negative appraisal of current porno flicks (*The Playboy Forum*, February). As a projectionist for a skinhouse here in Honolulu, I've seen most of the current crop. So far, the performance I like best is Linda Lovelace's in *Deep Throat*, but many of the others have put me to sleep. When you've seen one, you've seen them all.

(Name withheld by request)
Honolulu, Hawaii

One what?

MANIPULATING BODIES

I didn't accuse Pepper Schwartz of endorsing degradation ceremonies (*The Playboy Forum*, March). That would be dirty pool. No one likes degradation ceremonies. The last degradation ceremony I went to made my hair stand on end. Such degradation! They even made me wear a tie. And I didn't know the words, so all I could do was hum along.

I'm not defending monogamy, either. I'm not into that scene. I'm just against sexual dogma, and I think Schwartz's July 1973 *Forum* comment that "women are not biologically monogamous, nor is monogamy congruent with woman's physical capacity for sexual response" is dogma. The answer to the dogma of the double standard is not more sexual dogma. The great thing about double standards and social mores and things like that is that, if you ignore them, they can't get to you.

William Peck, also in the March issue, holds that I am a mealy-mouthed, guilt-tripping, so-called liberal. This is not true. Actually, I'm a conservative.

As for Peck's basic theorem that sexual liberation means guilt-free sex with as many partners as one wants, my answer is

a disapproving quote from Masters and Johnson: "Thus in the name of sexual liberation, men and women are taught not how to touch another human being, but how to manipulate another body." But, then, this may fall on deaf ears for anyone of the "if it moves, fuck it; if it doesn't, eat it" school of thought.

George Gentes
New York, New York

EXQUISITE TIMING

The 68-year-old writer of a letter published in the March *Playboy Forum* wonders if other people her age are still enjoying sex, as she is. I am writing to say that, in our mid-60s, my wife and I, for two, certainly are!

We celebrated last New Year's Eve by starting to screw shortly before midnight. My wife came first about four minutes before the hour and at precisely the stroke of 12, we had simultaneous orgasms. It was a very happy New Year indeed!

And the joy has continued. We have come together as the band struck up the national anthem at the beginning of a football broadcast, during dramatic moments in musical-concert broadcasts and as our kitchen cuckoo clock announced the hour. At these times, we have enjoyed a hearty laugh at the ironic appropriateness of the sound effects, and we have noticed that spontaneous merriment at a sexually climactic moment seems to afford a person the added pleasure of enjoying it to the last drop.

(Name withheld by request)
Sussex, New Jersey

EXPANDING HORIZONS

As a 22-year-old woman who enjoys autoeroticism, I was particularly interested in the February installment of *Sexual Behavior in the 1970s*, which dealt with masturbation. I'm one of those people for whom masturbation is a supplementary, rather than a substitute, sexual activity. I masturbate even when I'm regularly having intercourse with a man. I do it for release and relaxation, and while I much prefer intercourse, I usually obtain a better orgasm from masturbation.

I'd also like to comment on the letters in the March *Playboy Forum* on sex with strangers and promiscuity. My college roommate and I, in senior-year discussions, agreed on one point: Initially we balled only those males with whom we were in love; later only those about whom we had strong feelings; then those whom

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we genuinely liked; and eventually just about any guy to whom we were sexually attracted. Our feelings changed as our sexual experience increased. This is counter to the more commonly noted pattern of a woman sleeping with, and eventually marrying, the man she loves. I suspect more women are going in for completely free sex these days, as I've done. At age 22, I do not feel, nor have I ever felt, any guilt about my sexual activities. If I didn't like what I was doing, I wouldn't be doing it.

(Name withheld by request)
Camden, New Jersey

LANGUAGE AND LIBERATION

Language plays an enormous role in shaping our consciousness and forming our value judgments. Because so many people use sexual terms in a negative sense, it is easy to think sexuality per se is evil: She is a cunt. He is a prick or a cocksucker. A sexy joke is a dirty joke. To fuck someone means to cheat him. Fuck you means I hope something bad happens to you.

Sexual liberation must begin with language; if you want to be part of this revolution, use your language carefully and lovingly.

Jim Haynes
Paris, France

Jim Haynes cofounded *Suck*, the European sex paper, and directed the *Wet Dream Film Festivals* in Amsterdam in 1970 and 1971, the first festivals ever devoted to erotic movies.

WOWSER OF THE YEAR

I enjoyed the letter from E. Griffin suggesting a Wowser of the Year contest (*The Playboy Forum*, March), because here in the great state of Texas we have some of the world's greatest wowzers. My nominee is Tim Curry, district attorney of Fort Worth, whose men raided a theater showing allegedly obscene movies and carried off not just the films and the projectors but the seats themselves, doing \$5000 to \$10,000 worth of damage.

David B. Ephland
Irving, Texas

Billie Lasker (*The Playboy Forum*, March) gets my vote for Wowser of the Year. Her worries about references to menstruation and the sounds of flushing toilets are signs of the mental instability that makes a great wowser.

L. C. Taylor
North Bend, Oregon

PORNOGRAPHY AND INTELLECTUALS

The political reaction against sexuality in the media, climaxed by the U. S. Supreme Court's obscenity decisions, is partly a result of the reticent and defensive attitudes of many educated Americans, especially the teachers, critics, commentators, scholars and other voices of modern culture and art. Fearing to be called

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

RUN THROUGH THAT AGAIN

BATON ROUGE—A district judge has ruled that Louisiana's prostitution law is illegal because it discriminates against women. Judge John Covington noted that state law does not prohibit sexual relations except when money is involved, and then punishes only the women. He thereupon reasoned: "Since sex is not criminal, and money is not criminal, and female-male moneyed sex is not criminal, but male-female moneyed sex is criminal, the law is irrational."

OCCUPATIONAL DISABILITY

DETROIT—A topless go-go dancer has been awarded \$1850.20 because injuries she received in a car wreck caused her to



lose weight. "Since the accident [she] has lost 20 pounds," her lawyer said, "but she lost it in the wrong places."

KILL OR CURE

An exciting sex life is excellent therapy for many senior citizens, says one expert, but another warns cardiac patients to beware of femmes fatales. Dr. Joseph Poticha, a sex counselor for St. Joseph's Hospital, in Chicago, has advised that "a new romance can produce miraculous cures in depression and many physical ailments that have been aggravated by the emotional state of the patient." Dr. Nathaniel Wagner, a Washington University researcher, would probably agree: He warns that a man recovering from a heart attack should avoid the excitement of having sex with a mistress. In the *British Journal of Sexual Medicine*, he writes that for the average, middle-aged cardiac

patient, making love to his wife is no more demanding than climbing a couple of flights of stairs—but making love to a mistress could raise blood pressure enough to put a strain on the heart.

POT AND REPRODUCTION

ST. LOUIS—The male reproductive system may be affected by frequent marijuana smoking, according to experiments carried out by the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation (Masters and Johnson). A research team headed by Dr. Robert C. Kolodny found that heterosexual men, ages 18 to 28, who had used marijuana but no other mind-altering drugs at least four days a week for six months or longer tended to have lower testosterone levels and produced fewer sperm cells than the age-matched control group. The study, prepared for the *New England Journal of Medicine*, stated that the subjects returned to normal when they abstained from pot and speculated that the lowered levels of testosterone (which has been linked to aggression in men and animals) might account for the passivity reported by many pot smokers.

BULL IN A HEAD SHOP

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI—Clay County authorities have raided three head shops and charged three persons with possession of drug paraphernalia—namely, cigarette papers, hash pipes and roach clips. According to county prosecutor William S. Brandom, Missouri law prohibits the possession of drug apparatus but not its sale, and the purpose of the raids is to create a test case. "The whole idea is and has been that a lot of paraphernalia or apparatus doesn't become drug apparatus until it has residue on it," he said. "But a lot of these things that are sold in these stores, like the ones that were hit today, have one purpose and one purpose only. . . . We are going to test the claim that these stores are only selling novelties and that they are not responsible for what they are used for."

COP-OUTS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—So far, at least, Dr. Franklin E. Kameny of the Washington, D. C., Mattachine Society has had no law-enforcement officials accept his formal invitation to join him in an act of sodomy. In an effort to test the constitutionality of District sex laws, Dr. Kameny put the invitations in letters requesting the recipients to R.S.V.P. and to charge him on the basis of a written solicitation to violate the law. The Washington chief of police responded but begged off on the

grounds that his wife would not permit it, and the head of the Washington vice squad, solicited on a TV talk show, said if the police chief wouldn't accept, he felt he shouldn't either.

Since then, the D.C. court of appeals has ruled that a homosexual health club is a "bawdy or disorderly house" and, therefore, is illegal in the District of Columbia. The court said such clubs constitute a "nuisance per se" and possess the "potential for public disturbance by bringing together groups of people who engage in acts violative of laws dealing with sexual conduct," such as sodomy and prostitution.

COMSTOCK INDICTMENT

LOS ANGELES—A Federal grand jury has indicted the cast and crew of a California movie company for interstate shipment of an allegedly obscene film they had shot in Arizona. The indictment also charged the director and another crew member with violating the Mann Act by inducing three Ohio women to travel interstate for immoral purposes—acting in the film. The movie, "I Love Shoes," is based on the life of former New York madam Xaviera Hollander. The U.S. Attorney in Los Angeles said the grand-jury action marks the first time the Justice Department has obtained indictments against motion-picture performers and crew members under the 1873 Comstock Act, which prohibits interstate transportation of obscene materials.

NO SENSE OF HUMOR

ATHENS, GREECE—Two 19-year-old college women and a male friend were convicted of attempting to seduce a newly



initiated Cypriot priest and were sentenced to four months in jail. The girls, who lived in a rented room next door to the young priest, were accused of hanging panties and bras on his door and of slipping sexy letters and pictures under it.

CHILE OUTLAWS PORN

SANTIAGO, CHILE—Without specifying penalties or defining terminology, the

Chilean military government has outlawed pornography. A brief decree published in the official government newspaper banned newspapers, magazines, posters, bumper stickers and advertisements that contain "photographs, phrases or articles considered obscene or against morals and good customs."

SEX IN SANTA MONICA

LOS ANGELES—The publisher of a California sex tabloid has accused the city fathers of Santa Monica of trying to



promote child molesting by means of a new obscenity ordinance. The law prohibits the sale by public vending machine of any photograph or publication that depicts nude female breasts or genitalia or buttocks of males or females—except when the subject is a child under the age of puberty. Declared California Ball publisher Ron Garst at a news conference, "The implication here is obvious: The city council is attempting to legislate an interest in pedophilia. . . . In view of this, I have instructed the production staff . . . to begin work on a special Santa Monica edition . . . one illustrated with nothing but photos of nude children below the age of puberty."

MADNESS OF THE MONTH

WASHINGTON, D.C.—During a Senate subcommittee hearing on proposed constitutional amendments that would outlaw abortion, Representative John M. Zwach of Minnesota, a staunch abortion foe, was asked if he thought life begins when the female egg is fertilized or when it becomes implanted in the uterus five to eight days later and starts to grow. He was perplexed by the question and, instead of answering, he proclaimed that "virtue is self-discipline" and that the "sickness of Americans" is that "they have to have intercourse."

libertines and materialists, they have rejected pornography as the whore of literature—an ugly, sex-obsessed creature not fit to associate with the ladies and gentlemen of art. It is time for artists, literary people, scientists and politicians to assert *not* that there may be some value in erotica in addition to the sexuality but rather that sexuality itself can have serious value.

I introduced a course in the literature department on my campus last year titled Love and Sex in Literature, and through it I have discovered that much serious and useful knowledge can be gained from such books as *Fanny Hill*, *Sexus*, *The Story of O* and *My Secret Life*; that men and women are eager to have social permission to discuss and discover the complexities of human sexuality in an atmosphere of understanding and acceptance; and that women are more likely to discover and accept their primal sexual identity in erotic literature rather than to be repuked by the image they find there.

Charles E. May
Associate Professor of English
California State University
Long Beach, California

INDIVIDUALIZED ETHICS

A column titled "PLAYBOY Gets in Trouble," by that eloquent spokesman for the Archie Bunker mentality William F. Buckley, is a good example of the kind of arguments expounded by those who disagree with PLAYBOY's point of view. The column wanders from abortion to a *National Review* article attacking PLAYBOY to pornography and then back to abortion; the general topic seems to be Buckley's dislike for what he calls "the individualization of ethics." He quotes with disapproval PLAYBOY's October 1973 editorial statement that "there are ultimately 200,000,000 qualified judges of obscenity in the U. S. and . . . each has a right to his opinion."

Buckley acknowledges that if the individual may decide for himself about pornography, "then indeed it is presumptuous to pronounce something as being obscene." He adds that "deeply sensitive people [argue] that abortion on demand is all right by them" and calls this "a responsible position," but he goes on:

But it becomes irresponsible to extend that argument to saying: A position that argues against abortion on demand is presumptuous insofar as it seeks to exert authority other than over the person making it.

The meaning I extract from this tangle of verbiage is that people should not follow their own consciences but should instead submit to the authority of Buckley's personal preferences and prejudices.

Kevin Kornfeld
Tucson, Arizona

BOZELL'S UTOPIA

L. Brent Bozell, who wants to make America Christian and to eradicate what he considers immorality from every form of communication, has found a place on earth free from lewd modernism. His Christian Commonwealth Institute is now holding summer seminars in Franco's Spain. According to a publicity leaflet, Christian Commonwealth will introduce students to, among other things, "the last Christian civilization: Spain 1450-1750" (when the Inquisition was in full flower and those who disagreed with people like Bozell could be roasted at the stake). The course also offers "a critique of the American political experience" and an ideological inoculation against "secularist society" and "our pagan times."

Recently, in Spain, a man named Ramon Gomez Lopez was sentenced to four months in prison and fined \$170 for having a copy of *PLAYBOY* in his home. The Spanish supreme court later overturned the decision, but only because Lopez had not created a "public scandal" by showing the magazine to friends or talking about its contents!

Sounds like Bozell has found his ideological utopia.

James Malloy
Brooklyn, New York

SEX ON TV

Peter Jensen criticizes the people who stated in a *TV Guide* survey that television should be less open and frank about sex and should devote less time to it (*The Playboy Forum*, February). Jensen seems to feel that there isn't enough sex on TV. I disagree with him. I think what the respondents to the survey meant was that television is not being truthful in its portrayal of sexual relations. Television has overreacted to the trend toward more liberal thinking and now makes frequent allusions to sexual intimacy and draws jokes from it at every opportunity.

Christine Mauch
Miamisburg, Ohio

You must watch more late-night shows than Jensen does.

FILM MAKERS CRIPPLED

An article by Paine Knickerbocker in the *San Francisco Chronicle* suggests that the purpose of the U. S. Supreme Court obscenity decisions may be "more sinister than foolish," pointing out that low-budget hard-core pornographic films can make a profit in just a few big cities, while serious film makers will be much more affected by Court-inspired local censorship.

Knickerbocker observes that "several projects, anything but 'hard-core films,' have been either canceled or approached with caution." For instance, the filming of Hubert Selby's much-praised novel *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, which was about to begin, has been canceled; a love scene in

the Donald Sutherland thriller *Don't Look Now*, which was called a classic by English critics, has been removed from the American prints; moviemakers such as Robert Altman, director of *M*A*S*H*, and Philip d'Antoni, producer of *The French Connection*, admit hesitation and indecision about attempting scripts that they like but probably can't get financed in this new repressive atmosphere.

Samuel Arkoff, a lawyer and president of American International Pictures, sums up the situation: "Fundamentally, the enemies of free expression are more interested in stifling the important controversial pictures than they are in small unimportant films. . . . Serious, controversial, costly films will simply not be produced, or if produced, will be so compromised that they will be pap."

E. Murphy
Berkeley, California

DOING WHAT COMES NATURALLY

Some Vermont legislators' concern for public morality recently focused on public nudity. Testifying on behalf of a bill to increase penalties for this form of outrage, one lawmaker declared that "We've got to draw the line against this permissiveness somewhere or we'll all be running around without any clothes." He quickly added that of course he wasn't talking about himself or other good, upstanding citizens.

Representative Robert Emond, who sponsored the bill, lamented the breakdown of morality of which public nudity is but one example. Indignantly, he noted that even "performing the sex act is becoming natural." Funny, I thought sex has been natural since God decided Adam needed a companion in Eden.

Lawrence Jamieson
Waterbury, Vermont

THE MEN WHO RULE US

Much attention has been given to the micro-Mafia that Nixon brought to the White House, and we have heard endlessly about their odd habits of burglary, forgery, perjury and so forth. Let it not be thought that, on the state level, we cannot display a similarly surrealistic image of democracy in action. A story in the *Columbia, South Carolina, State* newspaper described the manner in which the South Carolina general assembly comported itself during a filibuster:

The recent filibuster raised the eyebrows of a number of veteran lawmakers and legislative aides. One who has seen more than a dozen filibusters during his tenure said, "I've seen a lot, but this has got to take the cake. I just can't believe that some of those old fools carried on like they did. . . ."

In most cases, legislators quietly scurried back and forth from discreet bars set up in the back corner of some committee hearing room, but

. . . one longtime house member, who had more than enough, couldn't even make it back to his desk after his last round. Luckily for him, none of his constituents were on hand to witness the moment when he fell flat on his face in the Statehouse lobby.

Another more agile house member perched himself in the gallery . . . and dared his fellow legislators to take bets on whether he would land on all "four feet" just "like a cat" when he jumped to the floor. . . .

Then there was the case where an upcountry lawmaker, miffed by an order to take his seat, threatened a house aide by shouting, "I'm going to blow his brains out. I'll shoot him in the heart. . . ."

I once heard that the difference between the Statehouse and the state mental hospital is that poor people can get into the latter institution. I begin to wonder if there are any other differences.

Leon Hughes
Atlanta, Georgia

ILLNESS BY EDICT

"Pronouncements to the contrary by psychiatric or other organizations notwithstanding, the abnormal condition of homosexuality in humans shall be considered a disease or illness in the state of Missouri." So begins a bill introduced in the Missouri legislature by representatives James L. Lemon and Donald Gann. The bill requires any homosexual whose job involves contact with people under 21 years of age to register with the state department of health. His name can also be added to the list by "any supervisory person or medical personnel who have knowledge of such individual's condition."

If all this seems a bit medieval, section two of the bill is an outrage; it states, "No person whose name has been placed upon this list shall have any legal recourse against a reporting person, group or agency." It doesn't take much imagination to envision careers being ruined by someone's sick sense of humor or by a person with a grudge. Once listed as a homosexual, a person could have his name stricken from the list only by presenting certification of normalcy from two physicians. That's rather ironic, in view of the fact that the benighted morons who wrote the bill refused to accept the recent conclusion of the American Psychiatric Association that homosexuality is not a disease at all.

Also ironic is the bill's number: 1776; 1984 would be much more appropriate.

(Name withheld by request)
Jefferson City, Missouri

WHAT'S IN A HANDICAP?

Morton Hunt mentions that the psychiatric profession no longer classifies homosexuality as a psychological disorder

Seven & Seven.



"Funny, but I didn't know you could cut hair."

"Neither did I," she replied.

"Well then, what do you call this?"

"Practice," she said. "I've gotta start somewhere."

So she snipped a little more off the top. And he sipped a little more of his Seven & Seven.

That's Seagram's 7 and 7 Up, and no matter how you cut it, it always turns out right.

Just get it nice and tall, over plenty of ice, and find someone to share it.

The Seven & Seven.

Even without practice,



Seagram's 7 Crown.
It's America's whiskey.



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND, 86 PROOF.
"SEVEN-UP" AND "7 UP" ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS IDENTIFYING THE PRODUCT OF THE SEVEN-UP COMPANY.

(*Sexual Behavior in the 1970s*, PLAYBOY, March). In my opinion, that is sheer political pusillanimity on the part of psychiatrists, backing down under pressure from gay liberation. Obviously, not being able to make it with women is a handicap; since there's nothing physically wrong with most gay guys and girls, it must be a mental handicap. The argument that heterosexuals are equally handicapped because most of them can't make it with members of their own sex is simply untrue. Most heterosexuals can make it with members of the same sex and many do. The best blow job I ever got was from a fraternity brother. And I repaid it by giving as good as I got. I would agree that heterosexuals who are uptight and react with fear and violence to homosexual situations also have mental problems, but that puts us back where we started.

I know it will appear that I am putting down homosexuals; that is not my intention, but there is no way I can prove it. All I am asking for is a little common sense. Homosexuality may be a workable way of life, but it is also a problem. What will we have next? Will amputees form organizations insisting that one leg is just as good as two? Will nearsighted people demonstrate against discriminatory laws requiring them to wear glasses while driving? Where will it end?

(Name withheld by request)
Evanston, Illinois

IMMORAL DEVIATIONS

Morton Hunt, in Part VI of *Sexual Behavior in the 1970s*, observes that the more extreme forms of deviant sexual behavior that are "overtly in conflict with custom, law and social institutions" are also considered "psychologically or biologically abnormal." He also observes that homosexuality, which was once considered mental illness, has been reclassified in some cases as a "sexual orientation disturbance." Unfortunately, Hunt fails to draw the obvious conclusion about the relationship between social opinion and professional opinion. It is a melancholy fact that what passes for medical evaluation of deviant behavior is merely covert value judgment. The change in the professionals' diagnosis of homosexuality is a result of changing social attitudes. The three other forms of deviant behavior handled in the article—sodomasochism, incest and bestiality—are still considered pathological because they are still considered immoral.

Frances Jackson
New York, New York

SURVIVAL THREAT

In the March *Playboy Forum*, Joseph Breeden writes, "PLAYBOY's extreme emphasis on sex as a pleasurable pastime combined with permissiveness toward homosexuality and other forms of perversion threaten the very survival of this

A "Playboy Forum" Editorial

THE LAW AGAINST LOVE

the strongest nation on earth still fears its fornicators

The sex laws of most states were enacted so long ago that their statutory language often invites ridicule. Probably most people think that lascivious carriage refers to a pimp's Cadillac, and few couples who practice oral intercourse worry much that they may be committing "the abominable and detestable crime against nature." Unfortunately, these statutes aren't quite the amusing relics they might seem. Sodomy laws are widely enforced against homosexuals and lewdness laws are so vague they can be used to nail anyone from a topless go-go dancer to a country skinny-dipper. Cohabitation laws are used to harass communes. Other sex laws—prohibiting fornication, adultery and various sex acts termed unnatural—are inconsistently, even arbitrarily enforced, and invite abuse by moralistic prosecutors, unscrupulous cops, inhumane welfare officials and even vengeful sex partners. None of these anti-sex statutes serves the proper purpose of the criminal law—the protection of life and property.

For more than a decade, PLAYBOY has attacked antiquated sex laws. It's widely agreed that they shouldn't exist, but it's often been argued that they're never enforced, so it isn't worth the trouble to get them off the books. Even when we had no evidence of wide enforcement we fought these laws, because it's an outrage if even one person goes to jail under an unjust law. The Playboy Foundation has helped several individuals who received prison sentences under these laws and is currently supporting the American Civil Liberties Union's Sexual Privacy Project, which is challenging sex laws in court and lobbying for their repeal. And now we have data showing that these laws are not being invoked in just a few isolated cases.

To find out how often and for what reasons a typical sex law is enforced, PLAYBOY sponsored a survey during 1973 of over 1000 district attorneys and county prosecutors covering the five-year period from 1968 through 1972. The law we chose was that against fornication—defined as any noncommercial heterosexual act between

two unmarried consenting adults. This is the purest example of legislation intended solely to regulate private sexual morality, since fornication substantially affects nobody

but the participants. The prosecutors, promised anonymity, were asked what state laws apply to

such acts and what are their enforcement policies and personal attitudes on such laws. Of the prosecutors contacted, representing all 50 states, 426 answered, a high response to this kind of mailed questionnaire.

While unmarried sexual intercourse is not a crime in most countries, here it is still prohibited by law in 31 states. Punishments include fines ranging from \$20 to \$2000 and imprisonment for up to five years, yet nearly 70 percent of the officials

Some D.A.s like fornication laws . . .

WISCONSIN—"The family is still the basic building block of our society. Free love is not conducive to good family development."

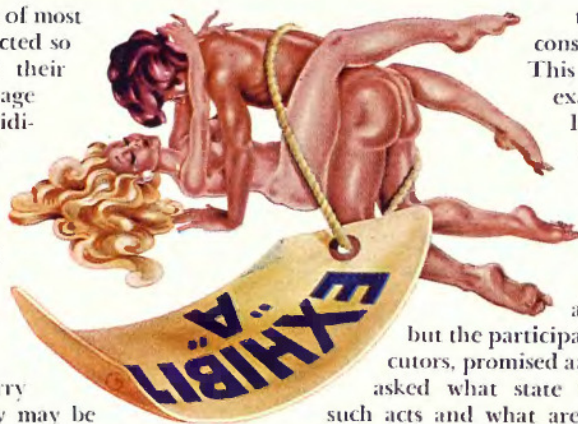
MINNESOTA—"We are paying the bill. The fornicators play and the rest of the people pay."

TEXAS—"Silence of the statutes on the issue of fornication would be assumed by some to mean endorsement by our society."

MICHIGAN—"The biggest problem in this area is that the maximum sentence is only 90 days and we can't add on for habitual offenders. Personally, I think public flogging like they have in Canada would be much more effective. Also we should have authority to sterilize these people. There is just too much of this going on."

who replied said that neither fornication nor cohabitation should be punished. More than 55 percent said these laws have no valid function; some of the others would like to see them kept on the books, but unenforced, to prop up conventional morality. Nevertheless, 2200 people were prosecuted for fornication in 1972.

If fornication laws were enforced thoroughly, they could lead, judging from PLAYBOY's survey *Sexual Behavior in the 1970s*, to fines or jail for 75 percent of single women under 25 and 90 percent



of single men under 35. In fact, the number of prosecutions for fornication does seem to be gradually declining; nationally, the number of cases was about 3000 in 1968. This is small consolation, however, to those who make up the statistics.

The likelihood of being prosecuted varies wildly from one jurisdiction to another, and enforcement blatantly discriminates against particular groups. One Midwestern district attorney brought 266 fornication cases to trial in the five years from 1968 through 1972, almost all of which resulted in fines, jail sentences or both. In all but six cases, the defendants were black, Indian or racially mixed couples. Such extreme racial selectivity may be unique, but bias in choosing whom to prosecute is the rule; of the prosecutions reported in the *PLAYBOY* survey, 63 percent involved nonwhite couples. Welfare recipients also seem to be favorite targets for fornication prosecutions. Social-service agencies initiated 289 complaints during the five-year period, and one prosecutor stated candidly that "the only possible chance to use such a statute now would be to force an unwilling father to provide for his child rather than have the taxpayer do so."

Fornication charges sometimes are used merely to harass an individual who has managed to annoy the police. A law that almost everyone breaks can be a handy

... And some don't

ALABAMA—"If you can stop rain from falling, you can stop fornication."

MISSISSIPPI—"I would resign before enforcing laws against fornication."

MONTANA—"Bastardy in my jurisdiction is a civil wrong, not a crime. I do not accept complaints on fornication counts."

KANSAS—"Acts between consenting adults in private are not the proper subject of any law!"

tool; one district attorney said that his approach "as to fornication and adultery statutes is not to use them unless nothing else fits." While nailing a clever malefactor on some peripheral charge is an old and sometimes legitimate police tactic, this is a poor reason to retain laws that serve no other purpose.

Laws designed to promote moral beliefs or religious doctrines are impossible to defend constitutionally, but they are also hard to abolish. Many people, including some legislators, still believe that the mere existence of sex laws somehow ratifies and strengthens a moral code that binds the country together. Actually, such laws only subvert the principle of personal freedom on which this country was founded. And they negate morality itself by coercing private moral decisions. Even

those officeholders who harbor no moralistic illusions fear—and not without reason—that their constituents would interpret opposition to such laws as an endorsement of sin. One Southwestern district attorney, who indicated he couldn't care less who screwed whom in his jurisdiction, said that if he spoke out against fornication laws he'd be branded an advocate of free sex and promiscuity.

Ironically, state sex laws against fornication, oral intercourse or most other sex acts do not even reflect contemporary community standards. The attitude that premarital sex is always immoral has for years been a minority view; among today's young people, it's a view that is practically extinct.

Fornication is an act that, like having apple pie for breakfast, is harmless and may even be good for you. Most district attorneys shrug off laws against it. Yet it or cohabitation is illegal in 31 states. At a time when prevention of "real" crime is in deep trouble, laws against drunkenness, drug abuse, loitering, vagrancy, prostitution, pornography, gambling and many sexual acts account for half of all arrests.

The review and reform of our criminal law should be a continual process. Laws that can't prove their worth have no place on the books. The repeal of obsolete morality laws would make state criminal codes more efficient, enforceable and worthy of citizens' respect. It would also make the law less subject to official abuse. And it would demonstrate that our society is finally acquiring some of the good sense of that eminent Victorian John Stuart Mill, who wrote:

The only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant.

STATES WITH PENALTIES FOR FORNICATION OR COHABITATION

Fornication:

District of Columbia, Georgia, Kentucky, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Rhode Island.

Cohabitation:

Alabama, Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, Indiana, Iowa, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, North Carolina, Washington, Wyoming.

Both:

Florida, Idaho, Illinois, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, North Dakota, Virginia, West Virginia, Wisconsin. Mississippi, South Carolina and Texas have penalties for cohabitation and *habitual* fornication.

country." Unfortunately, a great number of people still think that homosexuality is a disease, a sickness or a crime against nature, whatever that is. But, in December 1973, the American Psychiatric Association voted to remove homosexuality from its list of mental disorders. And the American Bar Association, in August 1973, made the following resolution: "Resolved, that the legislatures of the several states are urged to repeal all laws which classify as criminal conduct any form of noncommercial sexual conduct between consenting adults in private, saving only those portions which protect minors or public decorum."

Breeden's bigoted, ignorant outlook is as false as the racial theories of Adolf Hitler, and, as a taxpaying gay citizen, I find it insulting to be accused of endangering my country simply because I don't fit the mold Breeden would impose on everyone.

Michael T. Manning
Director, Military Affairs
Gay Community Services Center
Los Angeles, California

WHALE MASSACRE

According to the Animal Protection Institute of America, whales will become extinct if the present rate of slaughter continues for 15 years. Japan is the leading whaling nation, and it disregards the quotas set by the International Whaling Commission. World public opinion should put all legitimate forms of pressure on the Japanese to persuade them to end further killing of whales.

Leo Ruiz
San Francisco, California

WILDLIFE PRIZE

J. Paul Getty, president of the Getty Oil Company and a Contributing Editor to *PLAYBOY*, has established a \$50,000 prize, through a gift to the World Wildlife Fund, to be awarded to an individual or institution for the most outstanding contribution to world wildlife conservation during the year. Creation of the prize was announced last February fourth in London by Getty and a body of conservation leaders, and the first award is scheduled for October 1, 1974. Any contribution to the advancement of wildlife conservation qualifies a person for the prize, including such endeavors as the saving of a species of plant or animal from certain extinction, detailed research into wildlife resources or conservation problems, dedicated work over a long period and educational projects.

Charles W. Muller
New York, New York

MALE CONTRACEPTIVE PILL

I'd like you to answer one little question: If there's no bias among medical researchers, why have scientists, who can read the language of the bees and even

IT TAKES TWO TO DRINK "PERNOD"



Pernod est Paris, Paris est Pernod.



Surfrider

Pour 1½ ozs. Pernod over rocks.
Fill with Pineapple Juice.



Tomate

Pour 1½ ozs. Pernod over ice.
Add a dash of Grenadine.
Fill with water and stir.



Pernod on the Rocks

Pour 1½ ozs. Pernod over rocks.
Serve straight, or with a splash of water.



Pernod is a drink of a different taste. The intriguing taste of licorice.
Anyway you drink it, America, it's a refreshing change from your same old drink.

put WASPs on the moon, never developed a contraceptive pill for men? Is it sheer incompetence or the usual male attitude of letting women bear the burden?

Miss G. Carter
Chicago, Illinois

It simply has been easier to find contraceptive chemicals that work on women. There are more points in the complex internal factories of women at which conception can be stopped than there are in the simpler tools of men. Also, sperm production is a continuous process, whereas ovulation occurs but once a month. A sperm suppressor has to stop production of hundreds of millions of individual cells—totally. A low sperm count can be fertile and a damaged sperm cell can produce an abnormal embryo. So far, many of the chemicals tried for this purpose either cause bizarre forms of sperm, indicating genetic damage, or suppress sex drive and potency, thereby throwing out the bath water with the baby, so to speak.

Another reason research on birth control for men has not proceeded more rapidly is that from the days of Margaret Sanger until recently, the impetus to develop contraceptives came chiefly from women who, reasonably enough, wanted the means to control their own reproductive processes.

Researchers are now working on a variety of chemical approaches to rendering males temporarily infertile, including hormones that stop sperm production, prevent sperm cells from maturing or deprive them of the power to move. University of Edinburgh scientists are working on a way to generate antibodies in the male system that will enable a man to become his own sperm's worst enemy. Volunteers are undergoing trials of a combination of hormones that stops sperm production without reducing sex drive; this was developed by Dr. Julian Frick, a urologist who also happens to be a Tyrolean downhill racer. Also in the testing stage are nonchemical approaches such as valves, which can be turned on and off as desired, inserted into the vas deferens, the duct leading from testicles to penis. Dr. John Rock, codeveloper of the pill for women, found that sperm production was decreased in males who wore an insulated scrotal supporter, excessive heat being lethal to sperm. Results were unreliable, so it's unlikely that men will start wearing Rock straps. But practical male contraceptives should be available in a few years, and a recent survey indicates most men will be willing to use them. Eventually, it will be the woman's turn to whisper, "Did you remember your pill?"

ABORTION, ROUND TWO

The Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Amendments has held two days of hearings on Senator James Buckley's

"Dear American Tourister: All I want to do when I get off a plane is go home."

Bud Stark, Conn.



Car bag, \$38.00.

Club tote, \$37.50.



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And now you can buy these sensuous condoms without embarrassment... by ordering them through the privacy of the mail from Population Planning Associates.

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Discover our remarkable condoms for yourself... by ordering one of our sampler packs today. We'll also include our brochure free with your order. Or send 25¢ for the brochure alone. All orders are shipped the same day received, and sent in a plain package to insure your privacy. Satisfaction is guaranteed, or simply return the unused portion of your order for a full refund.

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Population Planning Associates, 105 North Columbia, Dept. PB12, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

Please rush the following in plain package:

- ☐ Sampler containing 12 assorted condoms (four different brands) plus illustrated brochure, just \$3.
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Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____

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I enclose payment in full under your money-back guarantee.

**Who's got the shapes
that make you look
so great?**

**White Owl.
That's Whooo!**



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anti-abortion constitutional amendment. This amendment would outlaw all abortions except when necessary to save a woman's life. The fact that the amendment is being considered at all indicates how powerful are the reactionary forces that oppose legal abortion. Only if all who support legal abortion let their legislators know the depth of their feelings can we be sure that abortion will remain available to women in this country.

Ward Rinehart
Allentown, Pennsylvania

ABORTION ON THE AIR

A letter in the January *Playboy Forum* criticizes the Catholic opposition to the airing of a two-part *Maude* segment on abortion. The writer argues that the right to express the pro-abortion view is protected by the First Amendment. Obviously, just about any opinion, as long as it can't be classified obscene, is protected. But it seems to me that the United States Catholic Conference and various pro-life organizations around the country still had the right to threaten TV stations and sponsors to try to keep the program off the air. The First Amendment prohibits Government censorship; it doesn't forbid private groups from using legal means to protest the broadcasting of material that offends them.

Harold Jacobson
Minneapolis, Minnesota

You're confusing the medium and the message. The boycott is a legitimate medium of democratic protest. But the message in this case was a demand for censorship. It would be difficult to say who compromised free speech more—the anti-abortion groups or the advertisers and TV stations that knuckled under.

THE FETUS SPEAKS

The Tidewater chapter of the Virginia Society for Human Life shamelessly displayed its mental level in a series of newspaper attacks on abortion scheduled to coincide with the January 22 anniversary of the Supreme Court decision legalizing abortion. The most fascinating of those attacks was an ad headlined "DIARY OF AN UNBORN CHILD," in which a fetus speaks to us from the womb. The emotion-charged diary is keyed to fetal development, so that, for instance, when tiny fingers are forming, our precocious little friend longs for the day they'll stroke Mommy's hair. There are 12 such entries, the final dramatic one being, "Today my mother killed me." To heighten the effect, we are shown an illustration of a sad-eyed infant, with tear prominently displayed on cheek, gazing at us from a circle presumably representing the womb. It must have taken as much effort to contrive this bit of tasteless nonsense as it did for me to summon up the stomach to read through it.

G. Dunn Chadwicke
Virginia Beach, Virginia



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PROJ. 100	10" 2-way	35 watts	23"x13"x10½"	129.95
PROJ. 80	10" 2-way	30 watts	20¾"x11¼"x11"	99.95
PROJ. 60	8" 2-way	20 watts	18½"x10¾"x8½"	79.95
CS-63DX	15" 4-way	80 watts	28"x19"x13"	269.95
CS-99A	15" 5-way	100 watts	25"x16"x11"	229.95
CS-A700	12" 3-way	60 watts	26"x15"x12"	189.95
CS-A500	10" 3-way	50 watts	22"x13"x12"	149.95
CS-66	10" 3-way	40 watts	22"x12"x12"	119.95
CS-44	8" 2-way	25 watts	19"x11"x9"	74.95

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Shown above are the Pioneer CS-99A's, Project 100's, Project 80's and R-700's. The Allman Brothers Band is available exclusively on Capricorn records and tapes.

UNBABIES

The sexual revolution and the puritan counterrevolution are still fighting it out in Iowa. I quote from a news story in the *Tulsa Daily World*:

Three Iowa newspapers Tuesday named illegitimate babies as winners of their "first born of 1974" contests.

A fourth newspaper refused to award \$2000 in prizes to the New Year's Day offspring of an 18-year-old single girl, but several merchants said they disagreed and planned to offer duplicate prizes.

The story goes on to report that one of the three newspapers that gave prizes to illegitimate children has announced that it will change its contest rules next year "to require the mother to be married." The persistence of the old moralistic-sadistic conservatism is regrettable; it brings back memories of Griffith's silent movies in which this same type was always throwing Lillian Gish out into the snow. Or are we advancing to 1984 with illegitimate children as the unpersons?

Daniel Mahoney
Chicago, Illinois

STATE-SANCTIONED CHILD ABUSE

Since 1971, the Juvenile Litigation Office of the Chicago Legal Assistance Foundation has represented hundreds of children inappropriately placed in foster homes, boarding schools, correctional facilities and mental institutions by the juvenile court and the Illinois Department of Children and Family Services. As a result of our effort on behalf of two girls, Cook County Judge Joseph Schneider appointed our office to act as attorneys and advocates for all children in similar situations. Thanks to a Playboy Foundation grant, we were able to hire additional staff to help us with our interviews and investigations. In December 1972, we produced a report setting forth the enormous problems facing the Illinois child-welfare system, including incredible stories of rejection and serious emotional and physical abuse of wards of the state of Illinois.

We noted that the majority of the wards in mental hospitals do not belong there. The D.C.F.S. placement system discriminated against children with emotional problems and members of minority groups. Hundreds of children had been placed outside the state in costly programs whose standards of care were not monitored by D.C.F.S. More than 400 of the approximately 800 children placed out of state in 1972 were kept in profit-making Texas child-care facilities. One 13-year-old girl suffered a hysterectomy in a Texas hospital without her or her father's knowledge or consent or even the prior review and consent of D.C.F.S. Other allegedly mentally retarded girls were entrusted to an out-of-state institution where they were forced to take in-

jections of an unlicensed, experimental birth-control drug, which has produced cancer in laboratory animals.

After the report raised these problems, the continued inaction of the responsible state agencies necessitated the filing of lawsuits. These led to the D.C.F.S.'s decision to remove almost all of the children from Texas facilities, to evaluate and monitor the type and quality of care provided its wards and to develop non-institutional placement programs for children processed by the juvenile court.

The generous support of the Playboy Foundation has significantly contributed to these reforms.

John D. Shullenberger
Attorney at Law
Chicago, Illinois

BEATING SCHOOL CHILDREN

Corporal punishment in schools is often opposed by people who are content to regurgitate the opinions of psychologists while ignoring the experiences of practicing teachers. As a teacher, I can persuade 99 percent of my students to moderate their behavior, but there are always some who can't be reached verbally and sometimes I have no practical alternative to the cane.

The whole problem boils down to one thing: School is compulsory. Despite educational jargon about interest and motivation, teachers are essentially prison guards when dealing with children who do not want to be in school no matter what it has to offer them. The public expects us to keep order in the classroom and corporal punishment is sometimes the only means of doing this.

Robert Bannister
Busselton, West Australia

UGLY AMERICANS

Early this year, six American teenagers from a school in Singapore were arrested in the city of Sukhothai, Thailand, for climbing on a statue of Buddha. The *Pacific Stars and Stripes* headlined this story: "THAIS ARREST 4 U.S. TEENS FOR 'SACRILEGE' TO BUDDHA," and stated, "It is considered a sacrilege in Thailand to climb on an image of the Buddha." A teacher in charge of the young people was quoted as saying, "None of us was aware of the sacred nature of the ancient monuments and images of Sukhothai."

Note the quotation marks around the word sacrilege in the headline and the statement that it is *considered* a sacrilege to climb on the Buddha. The implication is that there's some question as to whether or not this act is really a sacrilege. The Thais regard an image of Buddha as sacred and climbing on a Buddha is indeed a sacrilege. As for the teacher's excuse that his group was unaware of the sacredness of the statue, in my opinion many Americans in foreign countries are unaware (behave like asses, to put it in plain English) because they are so sure of their superiority that they don't bother to

think before they act. Anyone going abroad should know a little bit about the country he is going to visit, and if he feels superior to the people of that country, he should not go there at all.

M. D. Miller
APO San Francisco, California

PERMANENT UNDERWEAR

Sometimes I suspect that a large part of the American population is not exactly sane. For instance, in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, I read about a new doll that has permanent underwear so that children can't undress it. Says the news report:

The dolls with permanent underwear were linked to consumer interviews showing that mothers oppose nudity in dolls—except for baby dolls—that is, dolls that look like newborns.

Evidently, the thinking of these women is that the human body is not born obscene, but becomes obscene very shortly after birth. It seems that the purpose of this line of dolls is to help these mothers transfer their guilty attitude toward the body to their children, so the children may also be ashamed of their flesh and, in turn, pass the same queasiness on to their own children when they grow up. Could any war toy possibly be sicker?

H. Peters
San Francisco, California


PAYING THE PRICE

Richard Nixon's defenders may be honest men, but with so much political corruption being revealed it is hard not to suspect that those who publicly support the disgraceful Nixon Administration are being paid off. They are certainly injuring their own credibility. Despite all entreaties that we forget Watergate and get on with more important business, the Nixon Administration stinks, and the whole story has yet to be told. This is the 560th letter I have written on this subject; I have 440 to go. It's my self-imposed penance for having twice voted for Nixon.

J. C. Briggs
Anchorage, Alaska

A MATTER OF RECORD

I became interested in politics and public service in 1968, when I won a township office on a write-in vote. While opposing corruption and incompetence in government at the local level, I stated publicly during 1971 that I had a 1964 felony conviction on public record in Canada. In 1972, when I ran for county supervisor, I released FBI and Iowa records of the charges against me in Canada, and a newspaper subsequently published a rather colored account of my adventure north of the border. In spite of this, I miraculously won the election by about 100 votes. My opponent filed a challenge

A black and white photograph of a man and a woman on a sailboat. The man is at the helm, looking forward, and the woman is seated next to him, smiling at the camera. The sailboat is on the water, and its large sail is partially visible on the left side of the frame.

This guy makes \$20,000 a year, has money in the bank and a top credit rating. But he doesn't own the car he drives.

He leases it instead.

Why does he lease? So he can put that down payment on his new sailboat rather than on his new car. So he can project his total car expenses for the next two years, and keep accurate tax records at the same time. And because leasing gives him all the advantages of ownership, without all the responsibilities.

Is this your year to lease? Why not? Leasing is neither difficult nor sophisticated. It is simply another way to get the car of your choice. For many people, it is the more convenient way.

Talk it over with a member of Chrysler Leasing System. You'll find him in the Yellow Pages under "Auto Renting and Leasing". Or see most any Chrysler-Plymouth or Dodge dealer.

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But if leasing is not for you he'll tell you that, too. Because he'll be just as happy to sell you a car.

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The logo for the Chrysler Leasing System, featuring a five-pointed star above the words "CHRYSLER LEASING SYSTEM" in a bold, sans-serif font.

**CHRYSLER
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A grid of four logos, each featuring a five-pointed star above a brand name. The brands are Chrysler, Dodge, Plymouth, and Dodge Trucks.

**CHRYSLER
Plymouth** **Dodge
Dodge Trucks**

claiming I was ineligible to hold office because of the prior conviction. Iowa law states, "No idiot, or insane person, or person convicted of any infamous crime, shall be entitled to the privilege of an elector." One has to be an elector in Iowa to hold public office. Section two of the Iowa Bill of Rights states, "All political power is inherent in the people. Government is instituted for the protection, security, and benefit of the people, and they shall have the right at all times, to alter or reform the same, whenever the public good may require it." It is my position that the people, armed with the knowledge of my background, had the right to elect me. The legal battle over my eligibility has raged since I began serving as county supervisor in January 1973. After more than a year of court battles, I retain my office with two court decisions in my favor. The matter is still not finally resolved.

In any case, foreign conviction or not, I feel very strongly that penal reform should include the acceptance of a convicted felon back into society when his debt is paid. To forever reject him and deny him employment and political opportunity is cruel and unusual punishment, and is harmful to the public interest.

Richard Bartel, Supervisor
Johnson County
Iowa City, Iowa

LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR SALE

The six months I'm spending in the Fort Lauderdale City Jail will become at least 14 months if I can't pay a \$1414 fine. I'm not alone; I have discovered that most of the prisoners in this jail are here because they can't pay fines or afford a decent lawyer. Prosecutors are always ready to make a deal in order to get a defendant to plead guilty and the impoverished defendant who is ignorant of the law usually falls for that trick. He's not helped by a public defender who almost automatically advises exchanging a guilty plea for a reduced charge without bothering to find out if his client might be innocent.

A person should not be considered guilty just because he lacks funds. One begins to wonder if freedom and justice are available only to those who can afford to pay for them.

Francis Anglim
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

PEOPLE POWER

On a cross-country auto trip with me, my brother was arrested in a small Kansas town for having a broken headlight on his car and for driving without a valid driver's license. (His license had expired the week before, but a new one was waiting for him at home, in Oregon.) This happened on a Saturday, and the arresting officer said that he could not check with Oregon to verify that my brother

had a current license until Monday; he took him to jail, slapped a \$370 bail on him and said he could have no visitors until after the trial on Monday.

I called the Oregon State Police, who said that a driver's license could be verified at any time. Then I called the Kansas State Police, who told me that the normal bail for this charge is \$20. Finally, I telephoned the FBI in Kansas City, Missouri. An agent told me the FBI couldn't interfere in the workings of state or local law-enforcement agencies without a complaint, so I made one, charging false arrest, exorbitant bail, harassment and refusing visitors.

The local police department was astonished by the calls it received from the state police and the FBI. The next day, the police allowed me to visit my brother, verified that he had a valid driver's license and then let him go with a nine-dollar fine for the broken headlight.

Obviously, this incident is minor compared with some of the serious violations of civil liberties that occur. But people should be aware that they can do something if they are railroaded by power-hungry small-town (or big-town) policemen.

Sally Reams
San Francisco, California

MORAL IMPOSITION

By remaining true to his convictions and opposing all efforts to restore capital punishment, state assemblyman Alan Sieroty is opposing the will of the majority of voters in California (*The Playboy Forum*, March). The people expressed their desire to have capital punishment reinstated by passing Proposition 17. I personally agree wholeheartedly with Sieroty and his views on capital punishment, but I feel he is wrong in attempting to impose his moral views on the people of his state. If he cannot overcome his "deep philosophical opposition to state-sanctioned killings," then he ought to get his ass out of the state assembly and let another person who will represent the people do so.

Roy R. Coveau
Cape Girardeau, Missouri

REALLY QUITE SIMPLE

In the March *Playboy Forum*, Anthony Amsterdam, attacking the death penalty, states, "Crime is a serious problem, a complex problem with complicated causes." Amsterdam and those who think like him argue that capital punishment isn't a deterrent, and that they are mainly interested in creating a society in which there would be no reason to commit a crime. It's these attitudes that make the problem of crime complex. Capital punishment is a simple solution to the problem of a particular criminal who has committed a serious crime. As such, it is 100 percent effective.

Dale Dahlke
Port Orchard, Washington

WHEN MEN KILL WOMEN

As a psychiatrist who examines criminal defendants who have entered pleas of insanity, I've made three discoveries I'd like to share with *PLAYBOY* readers. First, to women: If you should be tempted to ridicule a man experiencing temporary impotence due to booze or drugs, don't. It is understandable that some women might like to take this opportunity to gain revenge for real or imagined oppression by males, but I have examined a number of men who brutally killed women in just such situations and, in my opinion, most of these men would not have killed a woman under any other circumstances.

Second, regarding capital punishment: I don't believe that the majority of the murderers I've examined would have been deterred from their crimes of passion by the prospect of capital punishment. This has nothing to do with whether I found them legally sane or insane.

Third, regarding rehabilitation of criminals: I have seen a number of bright young men who face prolonged incarceration for acts that would appear to be once-in-a-lifetime occurrences. They are almost always members of minority groups and often they have tremendous potential to become good citizens if given real education and opportunities. I shudder to think of the harm being done at present in the name of law and order.

Jim Lauer, M.D.
Denver, Colorado

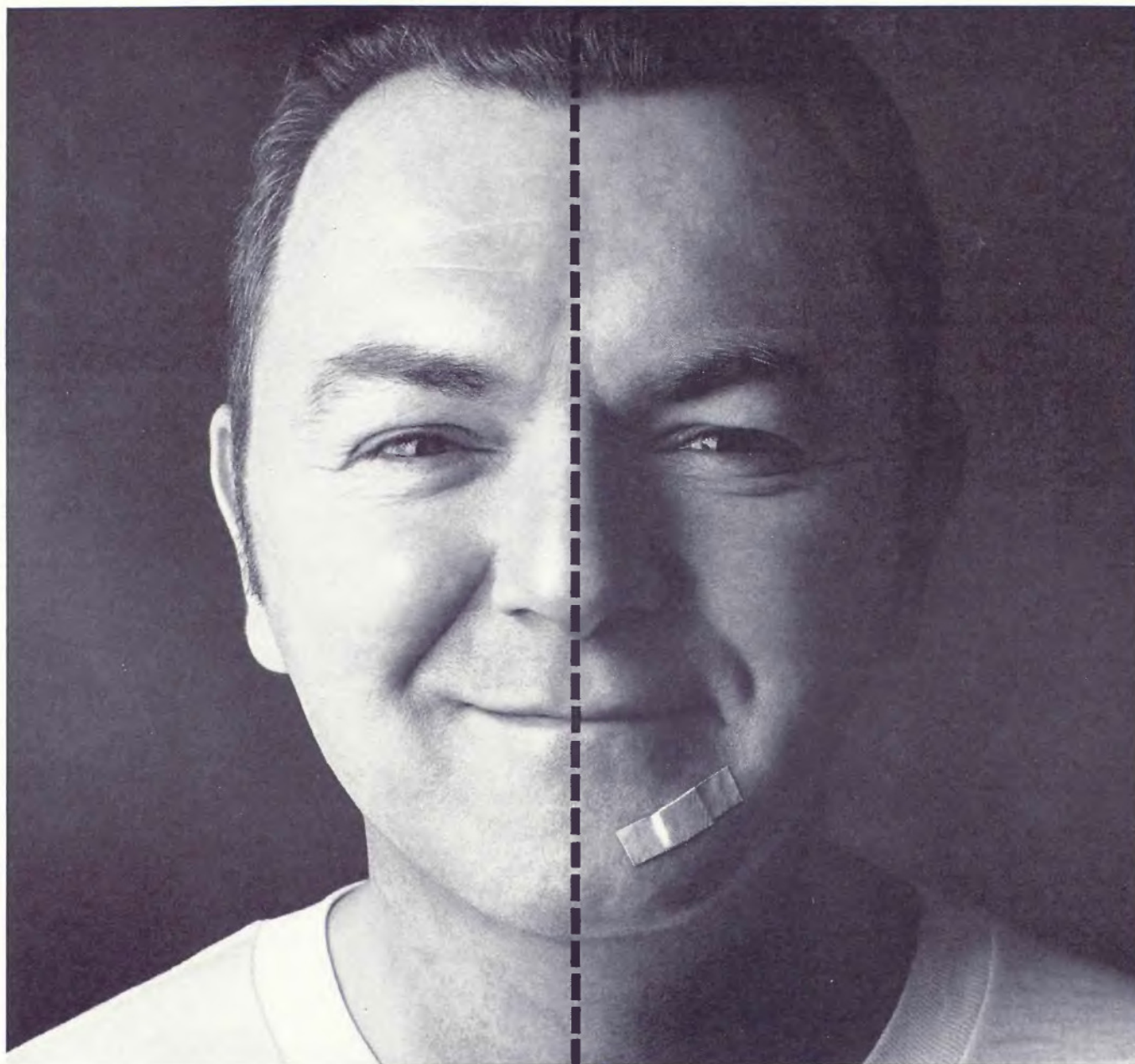
THE BRIDGE

I sympathize with the letter writer in the March *Playboy Forum* whose brother committed suicide by jumping from the Golden Gate Bridge, and I understand his belief that a suicide-prevention fence on that bridge might have saved his brother's life. But his statement that no one has ever committed suicide jumping from the Bay Bridge is false. A great many people have jumped from the Bay Bridge (one person did the day before I wrote this letter). I don't know why the Golden Gate is more popular, but a suicide rail that might cost \$1,000,000 on the Golden Gate Bridge will just divert people to the Bay Bridge. People in San Francisco did not vote for the right to commit suicide when they rejected the Golden Gate fence in a newspaper's poll; they just voted against another dip into their pockets by politicians.

Dorothy Myers
San Francisco, California

LEARY VS. CALIFORNIA PRISONS

Dr. Timothy Leary, together with other inmates of California's prison system, has brought a suit to force the state of California to confront the overwhelming accumulation of proof that prisons do not rehabilitate inmates. The suit names Governor Ronald Reagan and other

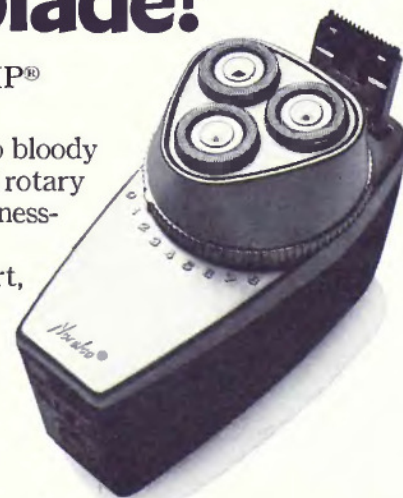


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state officials as defendants and charges them with knowingly maintaining prisons that enslave and degrade the prisoners, endanger the lives of inmates, guards and administrators, and create more and more crime by producing professional criminals with more statistical consistency than the U. S. Air Force Academy produces professional Air Force officers. Leary and associates call for the immediate freeing of those convicted of crimes without victims and the release, with an obligation to make restitution, of those convicted of crimes against property. Those guilty of violent crimes would be relocated in colonies run on more humane lines than today's prisons.

Those who believe that science and reason can never affect politics will call this project quixotic, but we believe that, as a result of Watergate, the public has total contempt for a system whereby government decisions are determined by prejudice, folly and corruption. Change for the better is now possible.

Joanna Leary
Political Reform Organization
for Better Education
San Francisco, California

LOST AMERICANS

Justice for Americans Imprisoned and Lost (JAIL) exists to assist Americans and others incarcerated in foreign countries and to reduce future arrests through a widespread educational program. The August 1973 *Playboy Forum* included our letter thanking the Playboy Foundation for helping us become a reality.

Before the letter appeared, many prisoners abroad didn't know of our existence, nor did we know of theirs, since the State Department refused to identify them. But PLAYBOY is seen in some foreign prisons, notably in Canada and Germany, and we have received hundreds of requests for help from prisoners there since you published the letter. In addition, prisoners here in the U. S. have written to offer help and are organizing a communications network with fellow prisoners abroad.

All these requests for help and information produced a new problem for JAIL: lack of funds. The Playboy Foundation again came to the rescue, and so once more we offer sincere thanks.

Neil R. Richardson, President
JAIL
P. O. Box 46491
Los Angeles, California 90046

VICTIMLESS CRIME

I generally have believed that, in the interest of personal freedom, the Government should repeal laws against "crimes without victims." I've had a change of heart, however, since a victimless crime deeply affected my family.

Recently my daughter took an overdose of drugs and the victims of this act were numerous: an overcrowded hospital

that had to make space in its emergency room for four hours of intensive treatment; a doctor, one of only three on call, who had to devote a sleepless night to her care; her terrified roommate who stayed with her until help arrived, missed work because of nerves and nearly lost her job; my wife and I who also experienced terror and missed work, and who now must pay substantial doctor and hospital bills; and, of course, my daughter, who narrowly escaped death. I think you'll agree that this supposedly victimless crime took a heavy toll.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

The somewhat misleading term "crimes without victims" was coined by criminologists to describe certain offenses in which there is no complainant (or victim in the police sense) as opposed to criminal acts by one person against the life or property of another. This doesn't mean that the so-called victimless crimes—prostitution, drunkenness, illegal drug use, gambling and so forth—are considered harmless and should be exempted from Government regulation. It means only that any social or individual problems they create are not solved effectively through simplistic use of the criminal law. The very fact that these activities are illegal makes their regulation impossible and usually entangles them with other criminal enterprises. Your daughter's experience certainly shows the dangers of drug abuse and the need to regulate drugs, but treating her and others who misuse drugs as criminals would only add to their problems, not solve them.

THE RIGHT TO USE DRUGS

Last fall, one of the toughest drug laws in the country went into effect in New York State. As the Libertarian Party's candidate for Congress in New York's 25th District, I am frequently asked to state my opinion on this law.

I tell people that the sale of hard drugs is here to stay, because it is an immensely profitable business under our present restrictive laws. The stricter the penalties against pushers, the more expensive drugs become. As the price of drugs goes up, there will be an increase in the number of crimes junkies commit to feed their habits. Also, the average junkie is a pusher who tries to get nonusers hooked so he can sell drugs to them to help support his own habit. Thus the cost of drugs contributes to the spread of drugs. The only solution to diminishing the number of drug-related crimes and perhaps cutting down on the number of new addicts is to legalize the sale and possession of hard drugs.

Sanford P. Cohen
Poughkeepsie, New York

EX-DRUG CHIEF ON POT POLICY

Data gathered by the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse indicate that the number of Americans

who had smoked pot at least once in their lives totaled some 26,000,000 as of the end of 1972, up eight percent from a year earlier; regular smokers increased from 8,034,000 to 13,000,000; and more than half of all college students experimented with marijuana. In view of these facts, while I still think we should try to discourage marijuana use, I have to agree with the President's marijuana commission that we should not use criminal sanctions to do so.

It's a poor use of law-enforcement resources. Surveys indicate that of nearly 500,000 marijuana arrests in 1972, over 90 percent were for possession, and a very small percentage for sale. The millions of dollars and man-hours expended could have been put to much better use.

Enforcement of marijuana laws has led to an increasing disrespect for our entire legal system. Relations between citizens and police are too often characterized by fear, hostility and contempt, and marijuana laws are largely to blame.

I am neither permissive on drugs nor pro-pot, but I am seriously concerned about the growing drug-abuse problem in this country, particularly about young people's refusal to heed our warnings about the truly dangerous drugs such as the amphetamines, the barbiturates and heroin. This refusal is largely due to our earlier attempts to scare people away from experimenting with marijuana by greatly exaggerating its harmfulness and by imposing absurdly harsh penalties. We should continue to discourage marijuana use and warn users—honestly—of possible ill effects. But we should not make it a criminal offense merely to ignore our advice.

John Finlator
Arlington, Virginia

Finlator is the retired deputy director of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, a member of the advisory board of the National Organization to Reform Marijuana Laws and the author of "The Drugged Nation."

LAW AND LIBERATION

The *Playboy Forum's* comment in the February issue, "All of us need liberation from people who insist they know 'the purposes for which we have been placed on this planet,'" was great. It reminded me of Jonathan Livingston Seagull's line, "The only true law is that which leads to freedom."

Larry J. Souza
Clarksburg, California

"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: ADMIRAL ELMO ZUMWALT

a candid conversation with the controversial chief of naval operations

In its 198-year history, the United States Navy has had its share of colorful heroes. Never, however, has it had a head man as controversial as its present Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Elmo Russell Zumwalt, Jr., an officer whose retirement this month at the end of his four-year term as C.N.O. will be greeted with decidedly mixed reactions in and out of the Service. "There's a good deal of indecision," admits Zumwalt, "as to whether I'm a drooling-fang militarist or a bleeding-heart liberal." For good reason. Admiral Zumwalt—who at 49 was the youngest man ever to be made Chief of Naval Operations—has been one of the nation's foremost salesmen for massive American military might. He is pushing for a fourth, billion-dollar nuclear-powered aircraft carrier at a time when some believe carriers are sitting ducks for modern weaponry; he supports immediate development of the new Trident submarine and missile system, when, says his opposition, a slower schedule would spread out the cost and produce a better craft. At the same time, Zumwalt has drastically overhauled barnacle-encrusted Navy regulations to humanize life for naval personnel and their families, thus winning the enmity of hard-line traditionalists.

Any attempt to understand this paradoxical man must start with the fact that Zumwalt's job requires him, along with

his fellow Service chiefs, to rehearse war day after day, asking—and answering—such questions as: In a conventional war, could the U.S. Navy defeat the Soviet navy? Are America's atomic weapons systems powerful enough—and invulnerable enough—to deter the Soviet Union from attacking America? Years of studying such problems have convinced Zumwalt that the public is being taken in by myths, that we are presently in a state of military emergency. Our atomic arsenal, he says, does not have the capability of obliterating Russia. Our sea power is not vastly superior to Russia's. We are not spending a large enough fraction of our resources on defense. Over the long run, Russia is not interested in détente and coexistence. In fact, says Zumwalt, while our sea power diminishes rapidly—80 ships per year going out of service—the Soviet Union has been outbuilding the U.S. at the rate of three and a half to one for more than ten years. If these trends continue, he believes, Russia will soon—and decisively—be the number-one naval power on earth. Our resulting inability to control and use the seas will allow Russia to have a devastating impact on the U.S. economy, and that, thinks Zumwalt, will finish America as we know it.

Even more serious than its relative paucity of ships and planes, Zumwalt found on taking over as C.N.O., was the

Navy's manpower problem. Fewer than ten percent of first-tour enlisted men were signing on for another tour of duty; furthermore, he felt the Navy was in danger of being "lily-white, racist." So he set about his famous program of "Z-grams," directives liberalizing Navy rules, and right away he raised hackles on the necks of all those retired admirals who have clotted around the palm-fringed beaches of Coronado, near San Diego. To their horror, Zumwalt's Navy permitted longer hair, beards and sideburns; allowed sailors to wear civilian clothes on base during off-duty hours; even installed beer dispensers in enlisted men's barracks. Service clubs now throb to acid rock; minorities, through their own Ombudsmen, have a direct line to commanding officers; and, in what may be the most revolutionary development of all, female sailors are going to sea alongside their male counterparts. To date, Zumwalt has originated 119 Z-grams in a determined effort to air out the tradition-bound Service that lived by the motto: "If it moves, salute it. If it doesn't move, pick it up. If you can't pick it up, paint it."

Today, four years since Zumwalt took office, re-enlistments are up to 23 percent for first-tour sailors and have risen from the 80s to 91 percent for career personnel. And 7.24 percent of the Navy is now black. But that development did not take place without incident; as the



"I have no qualms at all about my role in Vietnam, a war I abhorred. War is hell—whether it's Sherman marching through Georgia to bring down the South or the kind of war we fought in Vietnam."



"The Soviets have applied the strategy of Attila the Hun to their nuclear weapons, gone in for huge-megaton weapons that will make thousands of square miles of land absolutely uninhabitable."



STANLEY TRETICK

"When the change in naval hair standards came, there were those who had to be reminded that our great-grandfathers—with their beards, mustaches, sideburns and long hair—were a pretty sturdy lot."

percentage of blacks increased, discrimination became more apparent and the blacks became more vocal. The carrier *Kitty Hawk* was wracked by a well-publicized battle between black and white sailors. Another fight took place on an oiler in Subic Bay, and 100 blacks and some 20 whites staged a sit-down strike on the carrier *Constellation*. Zumwalt's reaction was to tell the Navy, in effect, to try harder. "Equal," said he, "means exactly that. Equal."

The racial incidents, however, were just what the fleet of retired admirals had been waiting for. Arguing that his reforms had created an atmosphere of "permissiveness" that was leading to lax discipline, they set out to get Zumwalt removed. And they very nearly did. The admirals had the ear of men in Congress—even that of the President. Some telephoned reporters who covered the Pentagon. Others put so much pressure on Secretary of the Navy John Warner that he hinted publicly that he was not entirely sold on Zumwalt's revisions. But an investigation by a House Armed Services subcommittee into "disciplinary problems in the U.S. Navy" misfired, and the subcommittee couldn't come up with a single reason to keelhaul Zumwalt.

Today, his Navy has nothing more to offer Admiral Zumwalt. There's just no higher post available than the one he is leaving, so he'll return to the civilian life he left as a young man, 35 years ago. Nothing in his early youth had hinted at his eventual choice of career. He grew up in the little central California town of Tulare, where both of his parents were physicians; he always thought he'd be one, too. An A student in high school, he played tackle on the football team and was valedictorian of his class. Fortunately not too good to be true, he was arrested one Halloween for throwing eggs and pumpkins at passing automobiles. His sentence: to wash the dinner dishes for a month.

One night at the Zumwalts', an Irish friend of his father's spent an evening hypnotizing Elmo—mercifully called Bud—with yarns about the sea and life on whaling ships. So when Senator Hiram Johnson offered the young man a berth at Annapolis, he took it. A winner in debate at the Naval Academy, Zumwalt finished 34th in a class of 615—except in conduct, in which he ranked 275th. "There were an awful lot of well-disciplined members of my class," says the admiral. To this day, he's more impressed by simple courtesy than "chicken protocol." "He's the only senior officer I know," says a colleague, "who always apologizes when he interrupts anyone, no matter how low his rank."

Zumwalt's first sea duty was aboard the destroyer *Phelps*, where a superior's report said, according to Zumwalt's recollection, something like: "He may be a

good officer, but it is difficult to tell, because he was seasick for the first three months." Once he got his sea legs, Zumwalt rose in the Service, winning a Bronze Star during the battle of Leyte Gulf and finessing a postwar "occupation" of Shanghai by sailing up the Yangtze and Hwang Pu rivers and bluffing thousands of Japanese troops—who, as he put it, "hadn't quit yet"—into disarming. While in Shanghai, he met a beautiful French-White Russian girl, Mouza Coutelais-du-Roché, feigned an avid desire to learn Russian and, after five weeks of lessons, married the lady. They live today with their youngest daughter, aged 16, in the C.N.O.'s official residence, an enormous Southern mansion on the grounds of the Naval Observatory off Embassy Row in Washington. Another daughter is in college, a son is a Marine first lieutenant and another son is an attorney.

At work, Zumwalt is regarded as a computer. Nothing interrupts its steady whir, the constant blinking of its tiny lights. One time, walking down a corridor while making a point to a companion, Zumwalt turned off too soon, opened the door to a mop closet, walked into it, walked out—and never missed a beat in his discourse. So constantly engaged is his mind that his wife has to lay out his clothes for him in the morning or he would don whatever first came to hand—as he did once when he appeared wearing a civilian tie with his naval uniform. At a meal, he automatically eats whatever is put in front of him, no matter what or how much or how little.

Zumwalt's aides like to have his schedule timed to the minute, because a quarter hour of Zumwalt left to himself can mean two weeks' worth of deciphering and carrying out instructions written out in a nearly illegible scrawl on a yellow pad. The admiral takes home two to four bulging briefcases every night, works until one A.M., is back at his office by seven in the morning. The only time the computer shuts off is during Zumwalt's two-mile morning run, rain or shine, around the observatory grounds. At 175 pounds, he is under his playing weight as tackle at Tulare High School.

A sizable fraction of the C.N.O.'s time is spent traveling around the nation, speaking to civilian gatherings and spreading his word about the state of the U.S.-Russian face-off. It was on one such expedition—a morning round trip to Miami to address a National Maritime Union convention—that free-lance writer Richard Meryman interviewed Zumwalt for *PLAYBOY*. "We flew out of Andrews Air Force Base," recalls Meryman, "where I met the admiral beside the plane, a converted Navy bomber. It had rained that night and slicks of water on the runway gleamed in that first, barely blushing light of dawn. It brought back memories of my own short career as an

ensign in World War Two—the sense of adventure, of male camaraderie in the tail end of the night.

"As the plane took off, I sat in one of two cramped seats across a small folding table from the admiral. In his bulky olive-green flight jacket, he seemed to fill the tiny cabin. There was an eagle quality about him: the beetling eyebrows, the graying hair, the face with that slight gauntness of a disciplined man in superb physical condition. One had a sense, in this cramped capsule rocketing through the air, of invisible lines going out from him to all those engines of destruction, to all those men and ships whose capabilities are so appalling—and so comforting.

"As we talked, it became clear that Zumwalt would turn out to be a unique interview subject. His answers were precise, complete, categorical—and it seemed unlikely that I could come up with a question for which he did not already have a response fully formulated. No matter how challenging, even offensive my questions, there was always a feeling in the air that the two of us were waging a game: Could I trip him up, or had he plugged all the holes? Each time I did succeed in leading him out onto thin political ice, he would transparently evade the question—and smile. He also had a way of grinning at the anomalies his positions seemed to create. At one point, after proclaiming that 'the Hanoi regime stays in power by merely shooting dissidents and brainwashing the survivors,' he asked off the record, 'How does that fit in with my liberal, permissive image?' I began to feel a little sympathy for any Congressman who had to take him on.

"After a while, it became clear to me that Zumwalt himself sees no inconsistency between his hard line and his liberal stances. At the center of this man are both idealism and an inexorable, kiln-dried logic. Given the facts as he sees them, both Z-grams and massive naval power seem eminently sensible. And as the interview proceeded, I also saw that the rather steady drizzle of criticism that falls on the C.N.O. had left him both bemused and impatient. 'Sometimes,' he said at one point, 'I get pretty frustrated by the seemingly endless constraints through which one has to wend his way.' Significantly, the one time he got angry was not when I challenged his morality for serving in Vietnam (where he commanded U.S. naval forces before being summoned to his present job) but when I alleged that, when figuring the price of an aircraft carrier, one must include the cost of all its necessary support ships. 'That's just so irrational and illogical,' he replied, 'that it's infuriating to even have to deal with it.' Nevertheless, the cost of those support ships—and other items in a defense budget that many observers have attacked as grossly overblown—



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is something that must be discussed. So I started the interview by talking about money."

PLAYBOY: Admiral, the Pentagon has been under persistent attack over its allegedly inflated budgets for superfluous weaponry—particularly for nuclear arms when we already have the power to destroy Russia several times over. How can such extravagant expenditures on overkill be justified?

ZUMWALT: Overkill is a very misused word—one of those simplifications that get wide circulation. The fact is that it's absolutely wrong to say we have the capacity to destroy Russia several times over. Even if we fired our entire nuclear arsenal *first*—which we would never do—a viable society would survive in Russia.

PLAYBOY: We wouldn't reduce Russia to rubble?

ZUMWALT: No. We would destroy many Russian cities and we would kill millions of Russians in a kind of Armageddon that's almost frightening to discuss, and we believe they consider that unacceptable destruction. But a much larger fraction of the Soviet population is outside the cities than is the case in the United States. And not every one of our warheads would reach its target, in any event. Many would be shot down in the aircraft attempting to deliver them and some missiles would malfunction. And, as I said, we would be firing only in retaliation—*after* the Russians had had a chance to destroy our weapons on the ground. Our entire missile strategy has been based on second-strike capability; it was the conventional wisdom of the Sixties that we should settle for a capability to wound the Soviets so grievously in a second strike that they would never attack us first.

PLAYBOY: But there have been recent reports that our missiles are being redirected—at enemy military targets rather than population centers. Is this strictly a humanitarian move, or does it imply a change in emphasis, away from a second strike at cities in the direction of a first strike at missile silos?

ZUMWALT: That is a question of policy being worked on at the highest levels of Government, and it would not be proper for me to attempt an interpretation of it.

PLAYBOY: Could we strike first, in the unlikely event we wanted to?

ZUMWALT: At this moment, I consider that the Soviets have a possible first-strike capability, whereas we do not.

PLAYBOY: Exactly how do we stack up with the Russians?

ZUMWALT: The Soviets have applied the strategy of Attila the Hun—destroy and scorch the earth—to their nuclear weapons. They have gone in for huge-megaton weapons that will sow thousands of square miles of land with radioactivity, leaving it absolutely uninhabitable. If they maintain their present building

program, the Soviets will have by 1980 roughly 7000 one-megaton or larger warheads on their land-based systems. One megaton equals 1,000,000 tons of TNT. The Soviets are also improving their accuracy. So, in a first strike, they will have the capability to destroy our land-based missile systems almost totally.

We, on the other hand—believing that both sides should be rational—have developed warheads that deny ourselves such widespread effects of radioactivity. We have only 3000 land-based missiles, and these have much smaller warheads—averaging about 170 kilotons, one kiloton being 1000 tons of TNT, only 1/1000 of a megaton. Since these warheads are so small, they would have to be extremely accurate, score virtually direct hits—in order to destroy Russian missile silos. All this means, among other things, that the U. S. must concentrate vigorously on the *survivability* of its systems, and we simply cannot afford to take any risk with our sea-based missiles.

PLAYBOY: But wouldn't our missiles and bombers be in flight before their missiles arrived?

ZUMWALT: Russian Yankee- and Delta-class nuclear submarines, with their 1300- and 4000-mile-range missiles, are constantly in position off our East and West coasts. They are within range of even the farthest U. S. targets. A missile can travel approximately 11,500 miles per hour, so there would be very little time to get anything of ours aloft.

PLAYBOY: But wouldn't there be enough time? Surely the President has the capacity to trigger within seconds the launching of our missiles and bombers.

ZUMWALT: That's true, but there is only a very critical interval of a few minutes. Those bombers that are on alert could get off, and as we get the new B-1 bombers, they will be able to take off even faster. But the amount of time available is diminishing by a significant factor as more and more Soviet missile submarines are deployed off our coasts.

PLAYBOY: But what about our ICBMs? Wouldn't they all be launched almost instantaneously?

ZUMWALT: Put yourself in the position of a President of the United States who receives a report that missiles are en route. First he asks himself, "Is this an accurate report?" Second he asks for a recheck to make absolutely *sure* it's an accurate report. About that time, the missiles arrive.

PLAYBOY: But even so, the destruction wrought by our own bombs, the ones that get through, would be so great—every one being more powerful than what fell on Hiroshima—that seemingly very few would need to get aloft to inflict what the Russians would consider unacceptable damage. And we have tremendous numbers of them. A publication called *The Defense Monitor*, widely circulated on Capitol Hill, states that the U. S. now has 7100 atomic weapons, as

against 2300 for the Soviet Union. And it says our goal for 1976 is 10,000 weapons. **ZUMWALT:** I don't recognize those figures. That publication is put out by a retired rear admiral named La Rocque, and its data is not consistent with any analysis done by any respectable organization. Some of it can most charitably be described as distortion, apparently designed entirely to achieve major reductions in the defense budget, regardless of the facts.

I suspect that the figures you quote fail to distinguish between numbers of missiles and numbers of warheads. It's true that we have a larger number of multiple warheads in our MIRV program—Multiple Independently Retargetable Vehicles. Our missile posture relative to the Soviets is controlled by the first Strategic Arms Limitation Agreement, called SALT I. That gives the Soviets a 41 percent superiority in land-based missiles, a 34 percent superiority in sea-based missiles and a 50 percent superiority in strategic submarines. We, in turn, have a MIRV advantage that gives us a 104 percent superiority in total number of warheads. That, however, is only temporary, because MIRV wasn't included in SALT I. So we will be overtaken rather rapidly now that the Soviets have tested their MIRV capability on their four new ICBMs, which they will begin to deploy by 1975.

PLAYBOY: You make it sound as though we came out on the short end in SALT I.

ZUMWALT: We were able to get a treaty on the defensive, anti-ballistic-missile side, since we were ahead of the Soviets in that area. On the offensive side, they were willing to go into a five-year freeze on strategic missiles while they did the research and development necessary to eliminate our technical superiority, both offensive and defensive. And I supported giving them superior numbers of missiles. They were building at an impressive rate and we were doing almost nothing. It was simply the best deal that could be gotten under the circumstances.

But the President, the Secretary of Defense and the Joint Chiefs of Staff all agreed that the deal made sense only if we built sufficient *offensive* nuclear weaponry to make it clear that we were going to stay equal with them, whether or not there was any SALT II agreement. So what is now going on is a very complex military-political game in preparation for SALT II. If we're willing to demonstrate an intention to match the Soviet Union one way or another, they will probably be rational about taking the least expensive route to parity; i.e., an agreement. That's why it's so crucial to return the Trident submarine program to its original schedule and to move ahead with the development of the Air Force B-1 bomber.

PLAYBOY: Despite everything you say, one cannot escape the feeling that all these new programs—offensive and defensive—



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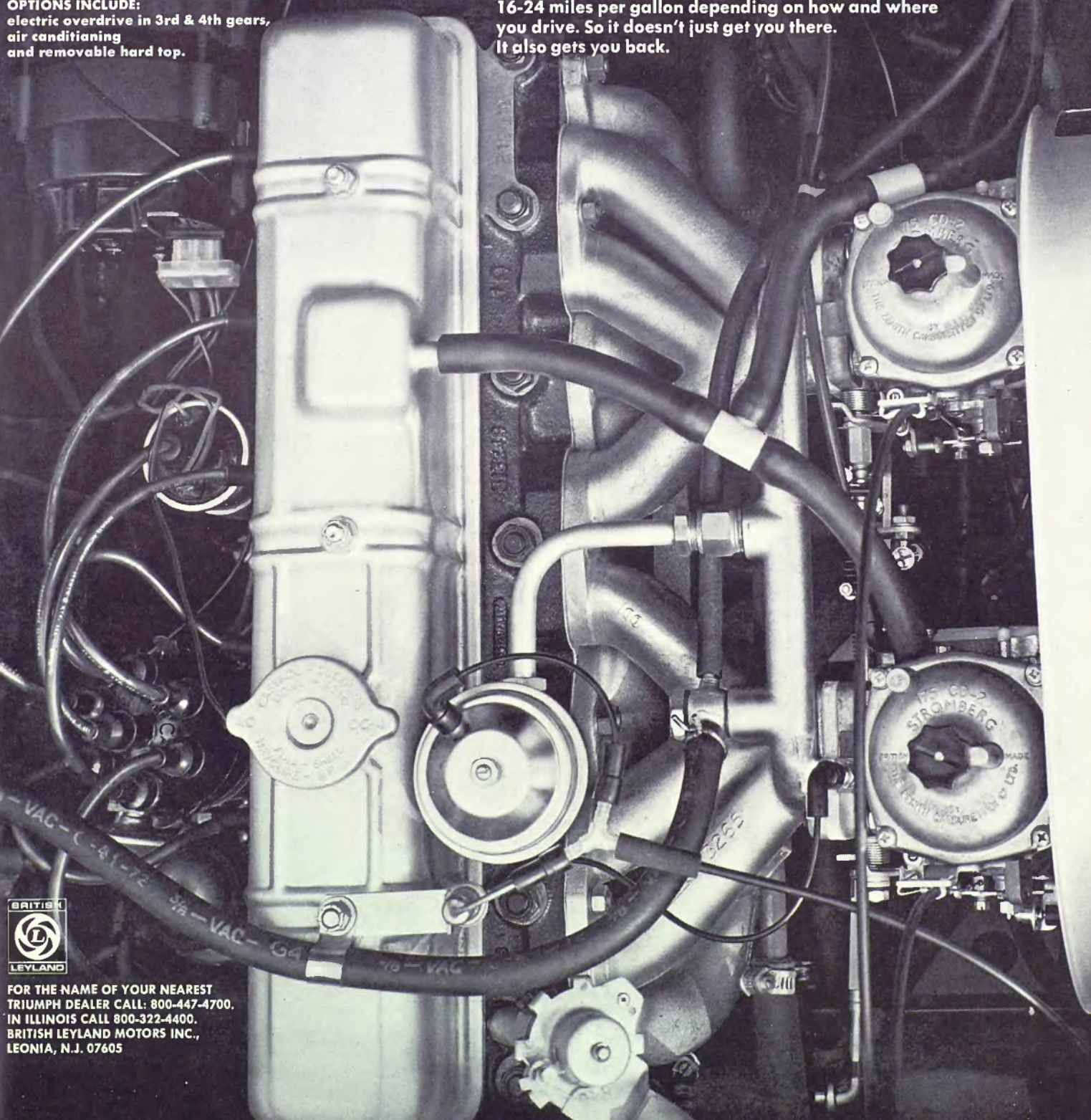
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and all these additional missiles are dangerously redundant as well as wasteful. How much deterrent is enough; where do we draw the line?

ZUMWALT: I can only repeat that, because we will never strike first, the question isn't so much one of numbers of missiles as of survivability. How much can the Russians destroy in their first strike? How much can we destroy as their defenses get more and more sophisticated?

PLAYBOY: Are our current Polaris submarines, with their Poseidon missiles, capable of inflicting enough damage on the Soviets to deter them from a first strike against us?

ZUMWALT: If nothing but the Polaris subs survive, it would really depend on the numbers of our Poseidon missiles that penetrate the Soviet defenses. That, in turn, would depend on whether or not the Soviet Union had been successful in cheating with regard to the anti-ballistic-missile treaty. It would also depend on whether or not the Soviets had developed the technology to track our Polaris submarines—a capability they do not now have.

PLAYBOY: But the Polaris can circle the globe without surfacing and hide in 3000 square miles of ocean while in range of Russia. How invulnerable can you get? Why do we even need the new Trident submarine?

ZUMWALT: Today the Polaris isn't vulnerable at all: But its noise level is based on the technology of the Fifties. In view of the increasing vulnerability of land-based missiles and the increase of Soviet-warhead size and accuracy, we can't risk letting the Polaris system become vulnerable through as-yet-unforeseen Russian technological developments. A new system that is quieter and has a longer-range missile will be much more secure in the Seventies and Eighties.

PLAYBOY: Do you expect the Soviets to try to cheat on the ABM treaty?

ZUMWALT: Yes, I do. Though at the present time our intelligence apparatus has no information that they *have* cheated, the Soviets have never failed to cheat when they believed they could get away with it.

PLAYBOY: Do the Russians consider us honest—and, if so, do they consider that a sign of weakness?

ZUMWALT: I have no way of knowing what the Soviets really think. But I do believe that under their ideology, they consider the free and democratic way of life to be somewhat naïve and foolish. And I'm confident of one thing: that the Soviets believe, as I do, that it's impossible for the United States to cheat. In our free and open society, any American policy decision to cheat, however unlikely, would be detected very quickly not only by the Soviets but by our own media. The Soviets have complete access to our free press, to published reports of Con-

gressional hearings, to chamber-of-commerce literature—and they can simply get into a panel truck and drive out and look. At the same time, neither we nor the Russian people have a good way to find out what's going on in the Soviet Union.

PLAYBOY: Can't our highly touted CIA find out?

ZUMWALT: I think the capability of the CIA and all the rest of the intelligence community who would check on Soviet cheating is far from perfect, whereas the Soviet capability to know what we are doing is almost perfect.

PLAYBOY: In light of that, and of what you consider the Soviet willingness to cheat, could any supervisory system ever be devised that could give us complete security in a disarmament treaty?

ZUMWALT: Yes. The simplest test of all: on-site inspection.

PLAYBOY: But suppose the Soviets concealed some sites from us—say in remote areas of Siberia or the Urals.

ZUMWALT: Our agreement for on-site inspection would have to authorize a certain number of visits per year at the option of the inspector, the limitation being to prevent the inspection from just being open harassment or an effort to gain industrial intelligence. Let's assume that we're talking about anti-ballistic-missile systems that had been fabricated and laid away for sudden deploying. If all other intelligence means couldn't reassure us that the warehouses were innocent, we might want to inspect those areas. The same would be true for missile silos, and so forth. But this is all a very theoretical thing, because there is no discussion of any inspection at the present time.

PLAYBOY: Many people in America—even on Capitol Hill—believe that rigid inspection may not be necessary, that Russia is no longer out to bury the U. S., that the Soviets want a peaceful, stable world as much as we do. They believe that continued military build-up simply feeds our mutual paranoia, that if we stopped building arms, the Russians would stop, too.

ZUMWALT: Back in 1962, at the 18-nation disarmament conference at Geneva, the head of the Soviet delegation, Ambassador Zorin, gave an impassioned speech using the classic pseudoidealistic line of Moscow: "Let's disarm overnight. Let's both destroy our nuclear weapons immediately and we'll enter a bright new peaceful world"—without any regard, of course, to how one side would check on the other. So, during the coffee break, I said to Ambassador Zorin, "Let's assume that both sides in good faith proceeded to destroy every missile and nuclear warhead they had. And let's assume that quite by accident the Soviet Union discovered later that it had overlooked 100 missiles with nuclear warheads. What do

you suppose would happen?" The ambassador came back with what I consider a very honest answer from one professional to another. He said, "First we would tell you that we had found them. Then we would deliver our ultimatum."

PLAYBOY: But at this time of *détente*, is there any proof that Russia is still as expansionist as it once was?

ZUMWALT: Russia's Communist ideology is expansionist. Brezhnev, in his private discussions with the Communist leadership in the Warsaw Pact, has said—and this has been confirmed by our own intelligence sources—that "we Communists have got to string along with the capitalists for a while. We need their agriculture and their technology. But we're going to continue massive military programs, and by the middle Eighties we will be in a position to return to a much more aggressive foreign policy designed to gain the upper hand in our relationship with the West."

PLAYBOY: In view of the President's interest in *détente* with Russia, is there a new, olive-branching Nixon, risen phoenixlike from the fire-breathing anti-Communist Nixon?

ZUMWALT: No military man should try to evaluate his Commander in Chief. But I happen to think his policy of *détente*, coupled with his policy that *détente* can be achieved satisfactorily only if we maintain military superiority, is a good policy.

PLAYBOY: If the Soviet Union is so aggressive, why is Nixon so eager to establish most-favored-nation trade arrangements? And weren't we being patsies to supply Saudi Arabia with Phantom jets when they've blackmailed us by refusing us oil? Aren't we being suckers all around?

ZUMWALT: Regarding Saudi Arabia, these programs were initiated before the oil embargo. So the policy question was whether to drive them further into cement and tempt them to offer their long-term friendship elsewhere, or to continue to work with them on their naval-expansion program while negotiating with them to solve our oil difficulties. I think the President's trade policy toward Russia is based on the judgment, which I share, that it's a safer world if the United States and the Soviet Union are striving, however imperfectly, to dampen down the competition between them and to have as many points of agreement and cooperation as possible. I also believe that the trade arrangements are a carrot during times of good Soviet behavior, and the threat that such arrangements could be broken is the stick to discourage bad behavior.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that the Soviets' grand plan is really along the ominous lines described by Brezhnev in his recent discussions with other Communist leaders?

ZUMWALT: I think the Soviet Union regards the ideal world as one in which states move gradually from a free-world

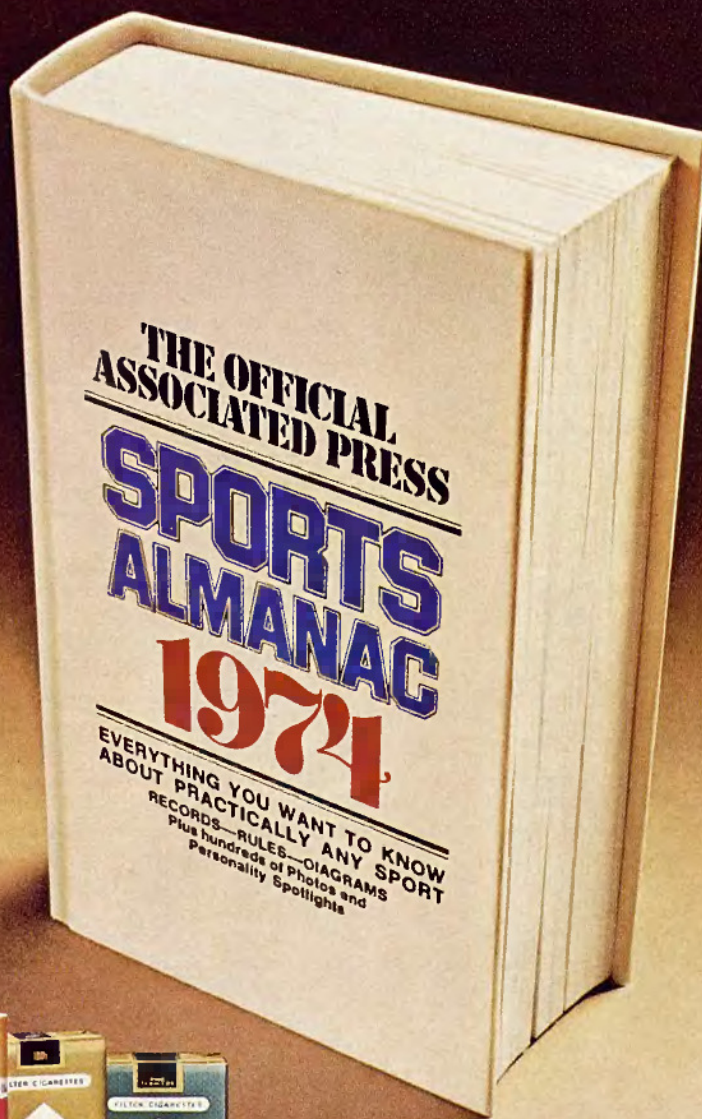
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orbit into status as client states. And toward that end, I think the Soviets want a clear superiority in strategic and conventional military power. When we had clear superiority, there were times like the Cuban Missile Crisis when we marshaled our power to protect our vital interests and required the Soviet Union to back down. With their much more aggressive foreign-policy design, it seems naïve to assume that, when the Soviets achieve conventional military superiority, they won't use their power in similar fashion.

PLAYBOY: Does America still have conventional military superiority?

ZUMWALT: Admiral Moorer, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, has stated in unclassified testimony that the Soviets have a significant capability today to interdict our sea lanes. I agree with that. And I think that that statement is an *upper* estimate of our capabilities. Since the Cuban Missile Crisis, the Soviets have embarked on the most massive nuclear strategic building program in history. At the same time, they've built three and a half times as many ships as we have—including an aircraft carrier, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, amphibious ships and auxiliary ships. During the past five years, the U. S. Navy has given up more than 400 ships, a net reduction of 80 ships per year, and will drop to 511 ships by the end of the fiscal year 1974. Of that, 30 percent need replacement as soon as possible. If this pattern continues, it's absolutely unarguable that the trend lines of U. S. and Soviet naval capability are going to cross.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible that they've intersected already?

ZUMWALT: I think it's better for me not to answer that question for the public record. I've given my views to the committees of Congress.

PLAYBOY: When Admiral Moorer says that the Russians have a "significant" capability to interdict our sea lanes, what does that mean to you?

ZUMWALT: It means that the question is now uncertain as to whether or not we could control and use the sea lanes in a crisis—uncertain whether or not we could reinforce our allies in Europe or in Japan, uncertain whether we could keep our overseas imports moving across the seas. And I believe that, despite the massive energy-development program now being launched, our appetite for energy is growing so rapidly that we will be requiring about 50 percent of our oil from overseas in 1980. And at this moment, 69 of our 72 critical raw materials come to us by sea.

PLAYBOY: But if the Soviets cut our sea lanes, isn't that war?

ZUMWALT: As long as one side is clearly superior and both sides know it, one side will back off. It's during that period of uncertainty, as the trend lines cross, that

we have to be very uncomfortable. One side might *believe* that the other side recognizes its superiority, but the other side might not agree and refuse to back down.

PLAYBOY: Could you give a hypothetical scenario of how Russia plans to bring about domination?

ZUMWALT: I think it will be by a series of salami slices in which they take a stand, or change the political orientation of a nation, and we feel unable to do anything about it. Let's assume that it's 1980 and present Soviet strategic building programs—and our own limited programs—have continued at their current levels. That means the Soviets will probably have strategic superiority—greatly superior numbers of missiles, greater megatonnage, superior throw weight and more warheads—because they will have had time to deploy all their MIRVs. And if Soviet naval building programs continue, they will have maritime superiority as well. With half our oil still coming from the Middle East, it's clear that the Soviets would have a great temptation to tighten their hold on that jugular.

Now, let's assume that in a Middle East nation, a socialist rebel faction, beholden to the Soviets, is threatening to take over the government. The legitimate, friendly regime has asked our help. Our decision would be whether or not to support our friends and try to break through, knowing that if the Soviets take us on with conventional power, we would lose or be forced to escalate to nuclear weapons. And, of course, the Soviets would give us a graceful, face-saving way to back down.

PLAYBOY: What would that be?

ZUMWALT: If I were the Soviets, I would assure the U. S. that if it would accommodate to this change in regime, I would ensure the uninterrupted flow of oil. Then, as soon as I had the situation fully shaken down and stabilized, I would begin to raise the price of oil a little bit at a time. I would continue at just the rate necessary to ensure that the economy of the U. S. was kept very unstable. I would always get the U. S. to accommodate to each new act of economic aggression before going on to the next—until I was in a position to dictate whether or not America had access to world markets.

PLAYBOY: In a situation like that, wouldn't there be a public outcry for military intervention if necessary?

ZUMWALT: Yes, in the scenario I've described, there would be a very strong chauvinistic demand on the part of our public to go in at any price. This would happen after several confrontations in which we had backed down—and the nation was beginning to get very, very cold and the economy very, very bad. It would then be the responsibility of the top leadership to make it clear to the nation that we lacked the military capability to win.

PLAYBOY: In the alert against Russia during last year's Middle East crisis, were we

really prepared to go to war with Russia, on the assumption that we could win?

ZUMWALT: I can't answer that. I don't participate in that process. That's a decision for the President himself.

PLAYBOY: If that alert wasn't just a Nixon political ploy, how close were we to war?

ZUMWALT: It was unquestionably an authentic alert—a DEFCON 3 alert, third in the hierarchy of alerts.

PLAYBOY: Was this confrontation on a level with the Cuban crisis?

ZUMWALT: The Cuban crisis was of longer duration and was one in which the relative power balance was so clearly in favor of us, and so clearly recognized by both sides, that I don't think there was as much inherent danger as there was in this one. This time the power balance wasn't as clear to everybody on both sides.

PLAYBOY: In a sense, the Israeli-Arab war was a laboratory test of what our arms would do against Russian-made weaponry if we decided to go up against the Soviets. In that conflict, some people feel the Russians came up with technology we couldn't match, most notably their Sagger antitank missile, which is visually guided by a wire that unreels from the launcher.

ZUMWALT: There was much to be sober about in that conflict. But the most important sobering feature, I think, was the prolific quantity of equipment that the Soviets were able to provide. That was something we couldn't do, given the state of readiness of our forces and inadequate funding. The second most important feature of that conflict was the obvious confidence that the Soviets must feel about their own military position to be able to give so prolifically and take the resulting hazards. Remember that for several years, we were spending 20 to 30 billion dollars in Southeast Asia, while the Soviets were able to devote that much money, plus everything else they were investing, to their hardware.

PLAYBOY: But in terms of specific weaponry, how did we stack up?

ZUMWALT: There were some areas in which the Russian technology was surprisingly good—such as the antitank missile you mention. We were also impressed by their SAM ground-to-air missiles, though no comparison was possible, since we had none of *our* missiles over there and their aircraft didn't get close to any Israeli missiles. But there were other areas in which U. S. technology was clearly superior. For instance, the Israelis were flying our F-4s and A-4s, which dramatically outperformed the Soviet-provided aircraft-weapons systems.

PLAYBOY: Did the Arabs have the most sophisticated planes that the Soviets have developed?

ZUMWALT: No. Nor did Israel have the most sophisticated U. S. aircraft.

PLAYBOY: You mean the F-14. But isn't it true that the F-14, when it becomes

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*Test results available on request.

operational, won't even equal the best fighter Russia has right now?

ZUMWALT: No. The missile system of the F-14 is undoubtedly the best tactical missile system in the world today. And its fire-control system is the best in the world today. The airplane is the world's best fighter, and will be for many years. Which is very fortunate, since it's the first new fighter aircraft this country has produced in nearly 19 years.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't there been considerable criticism about the amount of money the plane has cost, the delays, the bugs during development?

ZUMWALT: I disagree with those allegations. First, we're spending less money on the F-14 than we would have to spend for an equally effective alternative. Within the altitude range of the existing F-4, the F-14 is three times as effective. So we are forgoing the procurement of three times as many F-4s and reducing the number of carriers and the military personnel in the Navy by virtue of having the F-14. And above 80,000 feet, there is no equally effective alternative to the F-14 and its Phoenix missile system. It's the only aircraft that can reach up and get the Russian Foxbat flying above 80,000 feet. There have been development problems in the F-14, as there are in any project—but relative to most systems, they're minimal. The only problem has been Grumman's fiscal survivability.

PLAYBOY: Why should the American public have to pay—in taxes—for Grumman's inefficiency, its inability to build the F-14 within its low bid, below McDonnell Douglas Corporation's?

ZUMWALT: Because of inflation and loss of business base, Grumman lost money on each of its five annual deliveries. That meant a corporate loss of some \$85,000,000 before the contract was revised to keep them from going bankrupt. Douglas couldn't possibly have taken over at that point and produced the F-14 without a loss of a number of years, and we were already behind the Soviets in fighter capability by a significant factor. This decision made it possible for the U.S. to regain its capability to control and use the seas through naval air power.

PLAYBOY: You've been quoted as saying that the U.S. fleet is the key obstacle to Russian ambitions for world domination. Why is that?

ZUMWALT: Because man has still not learned to walk on water, and the one man who did wasn't able to carry enough logistical matériel to support a military effort overseas. Russia can fly only a limited quantity of men and matériel. Some six percent of all our millions of tons to Southeast Asia, for example, went by air. The other 94 percent had to go on the surface of the sea.

PLAYBOY: We've been discussing only Russia. What about China? When will it

become a factor in the world military equation?

ZUMWALT: I think the long-term national goal of the Chinese is to be a primary superpower and to begin the process of changing uncommitted nations to client states. It's going to be a good 20 to 25 years before they can begin to use the same salami-slice confrontation technique against us. But China will be a naval threat to Japan considerably sooner.

PLAYBOY: What is China's short-term goal?

ZUMWALT: I see no evidence that the Soviet-Chinese antagonism is going to ease. I think China's immediate goal is to survive against what it perceives to be a very serious threat from the Soviet Union—from the much better equipped armies and tactical air force arrayed along the Chinese border. And I think it fears Russia's overwhelming strategic nuclear power. So at the present moment, the interests of the People's Republic of China vis-à-vis the Soviet Union converge sufficiently with our own that they have tended to be more helpful than harmful since the President's visit to Peking.

PLAYBOY: That vision of America, Russia and China elbowing one another to gain primacy is rather terrifying.

ZUMWALT: That's why it's so terribly important that we maintain military superiority along with *détente*.

PLAYBOY: But at the same time, isn't there a terrible dilemma over allocation of what is a finite quantity of resources? A very large number of Americans feel that if we don't stop spending so much money on defense, there will be no America the beautiful left to defend.

ZUMWALT: I think it's a question of how much life insurance a nation should buy in order to preserve its way of life. We're talking about spending less than six percent of our gross national product on defense—less than six percent of the total value of all goods and services the country produces in a year.

PLAYBOY: But whatever happened to that peace dividend we were told would come when the Vietnam war was over?

ZUMWALT: I think the idea that there has been no peace dividend—and that defense budgets continue to grow—has been one of the greatest misconceptions in this country. In the last several years, the fraction of our Federal budget spent for defense has dropped from around 55 percent to less than 30 percent—nearly a 50 percent reduction. We are spending 33 percent less on defense than we were at the height of the war. Meanwhile, expenditures for human resources have gone from around 30 percent to nearly 45 percent—a 50 percent increase. I might add that I think we've gone too far. We've gone beyond a peace dividend to a point of absolute imprudence.

PLAYBOY: In one of your speeches, you said that many social programs haven't paid off in terms of results. Did you mean to suggest that we should spend

more money on weapons because the social programs aren't getting us anywhere?

ZUMWALT: No. My point is that defense expenditures—which are lower, in terms of percentage of the Federal budget, than at any time since 1950—get an overwhelming degree of scrutiny, first by those responsible for producing cost-effective systems, and second by all the critics of defense expenditures. And I firmly believe that we've wasted billions in domestic programs that haven't made a contribution nearly equivalent to the money spent—and in some cases have been counterproductive. There seems to be a point of view that if you just increase the amount of money, the program is going to get better.

PLAYBOY: But didn't Eisenhower warn of defense expenditures' being inflated by a military-industrial complex?

ZUMWALT: I think that was an artful speech, written by a good speechwriter, which came across his desk at just the right time and has achieved much more acclaim than was really due.

PLAYBOY: Once we've bought a vast military capability, doesn't that tempt us to use it—to get drawn into foreign confrontations that could become new Vietnams?

ZUMWALT: It's quite clear that if you don't have the military power, you can't get involved. It's also quite clear that you can't defend yourself. We can't afford that.

PLAYBOY: But isn't there already too much American presence abroad?

ZUMWALT: It's a simplistic slogan that we've become the world's policeman. Our leadership is simply trying to assure preservation of our way of life and economy. And the fact is that the American presence abroad has gone down dramatically. We ended World War Two with something like 1100 major overseas bases; we're down to about 50. Our ability to apply power overseas is shrinking at an impressive rate. And the Soviets' is going in just the reverse direction as they acquire access to bases in Egypt, Iraq, Somalia, Yemen, India. So if your theory is right, you should be very reassured. And if my theory is right, then there is great cause for concern.

PLAYBOY: One of the prime instruments used to proclaim an American presence is the aircraft carrier. In a speech, you went so far as to say that if the carrier can't survive, America can't survive. Surely that's an enormous overstatement.

ZUMWALT: It's an absolutely correct statement. It's really all so simple, you just want to cry. A carrier is a floating, sovereign airfield whose purpose, besides reinforcing our allies' and our own forces overseas, is to protect the sea lanes from air attack and to help protect them from submarine attack. If the aircraft carrier can't survive to do that, then America can't continue to bring in by ship almost all of its critical resources or reinforce

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PLAYBOY: Why can't the sea lanes be protected by land-based aircraft?

ZUMWALT: Because land-based air power simply doesn't have the range to protect the middle of the oceans. Nor can land-based planes in Europe be counted on to apply power overseas. NATO nations will not necessarily allow us use of their airfields—or even overflight rights—to support a non-NATO confrontation. Incidentally, a number of the Senators who had spoken strongly against carriers were in touch with the Pentagon urging their deployment in support of Israel during the 1973 Middle East crisis.

PLAYBOY: There is a school of thought, which includes many members of Congress, that aircraft carriers are dinosaurs out of the past, "floating coffins" completely vulnerable to modern weaponry.

ZUMWALT: The vulnerability of aircraft carriers is, I consider, one of the most dramatically misstated assertions in the body politic today. I think you have to ask yourself: Relative to *what* are they vulnerable? In a nuclear war, every important fixed target—New York, all Strategic Air Command bases, virtually all fixed missile-launching facilities—would be destroyed. Some ships, however, would survive. It's just that much harder to hit a moving target. I'd rather be on a carrier bridge than on any land target when the missiles start to fly. But let's consider a conventional war. In the Southeast Asia war, our aircraft carriers went into the Gulf of Tonkin, surrounded on three sides by hostile or potentially hostile territory. They stayed there for seven or eight years of the war; no aircraft was ever destroyed by enemy action on one of those carriers. Yet, during the same period, over 400 aircraft were destroyed on airfields ashore and over 4000 were damaged. In the Korean War, all the airfields in South Korea were overrun in the first few weeks. The aircraft carriers weren't touched. They stayed off the Pusan perimeter and saved it and covered the amphibious landing at Inchon that turned the war around.

You have to go all the way back to World War Two to find carriers that were attacked. In World War Two, Essex-class carriers were struck by as many as four of the most intelligent missiles ever devised: the kamikaze aircraft. Yet none of these carriers was sunk and most could have been back in action in a matter of hours. Since then, we've built much more survivability into our carriers. The most recent involuntary laboratory test was aboard the nuclear carrier Enterprise a few years ago, when a tragic fire exploded U.S. bombs—the equivalent of eight or nine missiles—but the carrier could have been back in action very quickly.

PLAYBOY: Were the carriers that were deployed in the Gulf of Tonkin left alone because the North Vietnamese didn't have missiles of sufficient

sophistication to damage them severely?

ZUMWALT: They had MIG aircraft. And the Soviets could have given them missiles if they thought it was the intelligent thing to do.

PLAYBOY: Exactly. Does the fact that our carriers weren't attacked in Korea and Vietnam prove that they *couldn't* be attacked?

ZUMWALT: Well, the Communists had the advantage of observing what happened in World War Two when carriers were attacked. So they made an intelligent decision not to attack them. In other words, the Communists are militarily more knowledgeable than some of those in this country who are claiming the vulnerability of carriers. And they knew they would lose far more politically than they would win militarily if they initiated such attacks.

PLAYBOY: But surely a guided missile with an atomic warhead could obliterate a carrier with ease.

ZUMWALT: A missile has to be fired with good target information originating from an aircraft, ship or submarine. That information-relay station can be dealt with by a carrier. At sea there is open territory through which the enemy cannot sneak—no hills to hide behind, no valleys to hide in. And you have a target that's constantly moving.

PLAYBOY: A nuclear warhead exploded in the air wouldn't have to be particularly close to the target.

ZUMWALT: True, if the fire-control information was accurate and the bomb was delivered in a matter of minutes before the carrier—which can do about 35 knots—could steam out of the blast area.

PLAYBOY: How about radioactivity?

ZUMWALT: You simply run in such a direction that the wind takes the radioactivity away from you. I might add that under water, an atomic warhead has to be exploded surprisingly close to a submarine to destroy it.

PLAYBOY: Do the Russians share your conviction that carriers aren't sitting ducks?

ZUMWALT: Their first carrier is launched already and is completing its fitting out. Their second is under construction. They are about the size of our Essex-class carriers and can handle only vertical-take-off aircraft and helicopters. Once they've gained experience with these ships, I believe they will immediately start the design of second-generation carriers able to handle sophisticated tactical aircraft. And I believe their objective is to have a larger number of carriers than we do.

PLAYBOY: Would a conventional sea battle today be significantly different from those of World War Two?

ZUMWALT: No. It would be similar in strategy and the weapons systems, while different, aren't dramatically so. But the naval ship of the future, the surface-effect ship that travels on an air cushion, could revolutionize war at sea. A ship the size of

a small cruiser might do 80 to 100 knots.

PLAYBOY: Last October, there was a motion in the Senate to trim the military budget by \$500,000,000, and it passed 51 to 47, although the cuts were eventually restored. Congressional authorization for a new nuclear carrier and a new schedule for the Trident submarine took a tremendous lobbying effort by the Pentagon. There seem to be many legislators who either don't hear you or don't believe you.

ZUMWALT: You will recall that during the rise of Hitler and Mussolini, the voices speaking out about the need to arm—Winston Churchill's being foremost among them—were in a distinct minority. In America, the vote to restore the draft in the last critical months prior to the breakout of World War Two carried by only a single vote. The fact that a democracy allows such major divergencies in public opinion is both its strength and its weakness. But it's very hard to persuade the people of a free society to be overly concerned when they themselves don't feel directly threatened.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that the men and women in Congress who believe in lower military budgets are fools?

ZUMWALT: There are some members of Congress who simply don't believe what the people in the Pentagon are telling them. There are others who feel that we're wrong about how much force is required, that we already have enough force. But I don't believe that any of these men have gone through it in the detail that those of us responsible for military-contingency planning have. And then there are other Congressmen who just feel that you can trust the Soviet Union to behave. And there is another small group who attack the military and its programs because they feel that it will advance their political careers—and I'd better not say what I think of them. It's important to note, however, that in Congress the support for our defense is such—and the respect for the Armed Services Committee is such—that almost all amendments to cut the committee's authorization bill have been defeated by a solid majority.

PLAYBOY: When you were criticized for lobbying so intensively on Capitol Hill, you said you should have at least the same lobbying privileges as the Russians.

ZUMWALT: Regrettably, that was a rather flip remark I made, but it's true that the Soviet Embassy has some personnel who keep in touch with members of the staffs of various Congressmen and Senators. Senator Jackson stated on the floor of the Senate that we should have seen the lobbying pressure he received from the Soviets when he was trying to get his ABM-treaty amendment through.

PLAYBOY: How are your own relations on Capitol Hill?

ZUMWALT: I've been a very hard target on the Hill. By and large, my opponents

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have had only half a bull's-eye to shoot at. Some of those who have tended to disagree with my views on strong defense have felt that we were right in trying to modernize lifestyles in the Navy, allowing things like longer hair and sideburns and trying to produce racial integration. And some of the Congressmen who were opposed to those personnel changes have tended to back me in my defense views.

PLAYBOY: You sent out 119 directives, nicknamed Z-grams, that have made the Navy far and away the most liberalized of the three Services.

ZUMWALT: I wouldn't use the word liberalized but rather modernized. We brought in groups of naval personnel from all over the world for two weeks at a time to come up with suggestions. Then they met with me, my principal deputies and the Secretary of the Navy, when he could be there, to discuss their grievances and their suggestions. Between 50 and 75 percent of their ideas were acted upon. I was personally amazed, on listening to the minority groups, to find out in how many ways, subtle and unbeknownst, there was discrimination—such as lack of qualified barbers and beauticians, black-oriented foods, magazines, books, music.

PLAYBOY: Why hadn't these needs been communicated long before to their immediate superiors?

ZUMWALT: The truth is that hearing about it as a single request from a single person on a single piece of paper, we don't grasp the intensity of feeling that one gets when one listens to a group.

PLAYBOY: What sorts of things did the Z-grams do for minorities?

ZUMWALT: Well, for example, Z-gram number 66 directs that each base station, aircraft squadron and ship have, on a concurrent-duty basis, a minority group officer or senior petty officer as an assistant for minority affairs; and that this man have direct access to the commanding officer. We also set up a Navy Wives' Ombudsman program, and there must be a minority wife in that.

PLAYBOY: Why are there so few black officers in the Navy?

ZUMWALT: When I became detailing officer in the Bureau of Naval Personnel—that's the office that writes officers' orders—someone passed on to me what he thought was bona fide policy for dealing with black officers: Send them immediately into recruiting duty, which at that time was very poor professional duty. Then, this man went on to say, you extend their tour as long as you can. Next, send them to the worst kind of sea duty you can find—a broken-down auxiliary ship, for example. When they've completed that tour, they generally get passed over, because they haven't had adequate professional background. That's all been changed for some time, but we still haven't done a good enough job of bringing in adequate numbers of minority personnel. At the Naval Academy this

year, however, we took in over 100 blacks in a class of about 1200, so we're getting close to the national fraction.

PLAYBOY: What is the highest rank held by a black?

ZUMWALT: We have one black rear admiral—Sam Gravely—formerly director of Naval Communications, now in command of a destroyer flotilla. It's indicative of the problem that he is the first black who has ever been eligible for flag rank, and there hasn't been another eligible since he was selected three years ago.

PLAYBOY: Did the opposition to the Z-gram program have to do mostly with race?

ZUMWALT: There is no doubt in my mind that a significant and perhaps primary source of the concern expressed was, in fact, concern about racial integration rather than the issues raised: "permissiveness," "lack of good order and discipline." When the change in naval hair standards came, there were also those who felt there was a correlation between close-cut hair, smooth-shaven faces and good character. They had to be reminded that our great-grandfathers—with their beards, mustaches, sideburns and long hair—were a pretty sturdy lot.

PLAYBOY: How about women in the Navy—how many are on sea duty now?

ZUMWALT: Sixty-five, on a hospital ship.

PLAYBOY: In what capacities do they serve?

ZUMWALT: Any way a man does. If the equal-opportunity amendment is ratified, you realize, it will be *illegal* not to send women to sea. In principle, there is no reason why a woman shouldn't be a commanding officer of a ship, an executive officer, a chief engineer. The Russians and Israelis use their women in interchangeable roles with their men. In an era of an all-volunteer Navy, that increases by exactly twice the pool from which we can draw.

PLAYBOY: What about the problem of what some call friggin' in the riggin'?

ZUMWALT: I think that the average military individual will seek nonmilitary activity off the ship.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that a considerable risk, boys being boys and girls being girls?

ZUMWALT: The overwhelming majority will follow the rules, so that problem won't debilitate a ship any more than any other kind of misbehavior. There's just a lot more emotion associated with it than common sense would dictate.

PLAYBOY: There is also concern about the possibility that successive younger generations, increasingly more antimilitary, might be capable of devastating sabotage if ever forced into the Service. The carrier *Ranger* was crippled by a paint scraper and two bolts thrown into its main reduction gear, and in Vietnam there was fragging—the "accidental" killing of unpopular officers during combat.

ZUMWALT: There are extremely small percentages in all the Services who engage in that kind of activity, and there always

have been. But it's my judgment that it won't ever assume major proportions. I think every young generation's approach to the world is to generalize idealistically—dissatisfied with what they see—hoping for a better world. The process of maturing improves the society as they work to achieve their ideals. They also learn that the only way in which they can arrive at positions of influence sufficient to improve society is to make certain compromises. It seems to me that the essence of growth is to learn how to do that without giving up one's fundamental beliefs and aspirations. When people achieve positions of importance, the real test, for naval officers or petty officers or anybody, is whether they recall those youthful aspirations and measure themselves against those early ideals, modified by maturity, but hopefully not too much.

PLAYBOY: A naval officer, as the enforcer of discipline on a ship, would seem to wield very considerable power and to be surrounded to a very considerable degree with the obvious trappings of power—the uniforms, the salutes, the "Sirs," the feeling that his word is law to those beneath him, especially to the enlisted men. The captain of a ship has, in effect, a small town completely in his control. Can't this power become corrupting?

ZUMWALT: An officer really doesn't have the kind of dictatorial power that corrupts—or much chance to get carried away by the authority he does have. I well recall when I reported aboard my first ship as an ensign and was made division officer of the electrical division. The division's senior petty officer was a wonderful old chief electrician's mate named Harrison. He walked up to me and said, "Ensign Zumwalt, there's only two times of the day that I want to see you. One of them is at morning quarters and the other is when I bring someone around that I want you to put on report." I had to earn his respect, and only then did he delegate responsibility upward. That kind of experience doesn't exactly make you feel all-powerful. If you throw your weight around too much, unreasonably or unfairly, it isn't long before your chief petty officer, through another chief petty officer, manages to get word to your department head—or, if that doesn't work, to your executive officer. If you managed in some way to defeat that, one of your seamen would write a letter to his Congressman—and you would find you didn't have the control you thought you did. And, frankly, there are the old traditions of honor and integrity and pride in service and love of country that most officers still live by.

PLAYBOY: But from time to time, some very ugly things have surfaced that make a deep impression on the public and help feed a strong antimilitary feeling in America. So you get the distrustful faction in Congress and Americans who

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believe the military is quite willing to deceive the public. An obvious example is the secret bombing in Cambodia and Laos.

ZUMWALT: I have to reject that as an appropriate accusation to level against the military. I don't know of any other organization in the U. S. in which there is such an overwhelming dedication to meticulous obedience to civilian authority in foreign or military affairs. I think that our Secretary of Defense, Dr. Schlesinger, was right in making the point some time ago that the military was not responsible for the decisions in Laos and Cambodia—that we were carrying out orders.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't that statement, "We were carrying out orders," become anathema? It was said in Germany after the war. It was said by Nixon aides during Watergate. There is a tremendous feeling in America that too many people have just been following orders.

ZUMWALT: Let me come right back at you on that one. I don't feel the slightest qualms about my position as a military man. I believe in carrying out every order I get to the letter, as long as I think it's consistent with my Christian ethics and my moral values. If I were asked to do something inconsistent with my conscience, I wouldn't hesitate to resign my job and return to civilian life. On the other hand, I think the public wouldn't want a military organization in which each man said to himself, "Do I like that order or not? Do I think it's a good idea or not?" That's the kind of thing that leads to the coups we see going on in other countries.

PLAYBOY: If you were told to lie to the American public—and to Congress—about bombing in Cambodia, would you go right ahead and do it?

ZUMWALT: To the best of my knowledge and belief, no military man was told to lie about bombing.

PLAYBOY: Reports were falsified.

ZUMWALT: I wouldn't describe the acts that were perpetrated as falsification of reports. Those who had a need to know in the Executive and Legislative branches knew where the bombs were falling and knew that the reports were being submitted in two ways. Those that had to go into the computer for purposes of determining logistics and other data were entered to indicate that the targets had been in South Vietnam. It seems to me it was a reasonable decision for a Commander in Chief to make for foreign-policy reasons at the time. I further think that the bombing of Cambodia made a significant contribution toward the reduction of loss of American lives and was considered to be very important in accelerating the day we could withdraw our forces. It's very easy, in the light of Monday-morning quarterbacking, to go back and criticize those decisions.

PLAYBOY: By bombing territory in neutral countries and not telling most of Congress, didn't the military and the Executive branch usurp Congress' warmaking powers?

ZUMWALT: It's obviously a very gray area upon which honorable men can disagree. But given the overriding need to keep that information quiet at the time to save U. S. lives, I think notifying just the key Congressional leadership was as far as one could go without its becoming public information.

PLAYBOY: Do you think, then, that the American people are unreasonable to feel they've been lied to by their institutions?

ZUMWALT: I don't feel that way with regard to *everything* that's happened. I think the American people do have the right to feel in some ways that they were misled in the way in which this country became involved at the outset of the Vietnam war. I don't think there was an open and free dialog between the Executive and the Congress and the public at that time.

PLAYBOY: If there had been, would we have gone in?

ZUMWALT: I think the odds are that we wouldn't—but that's very iffy.

PLAYBOY: At that time, you wrote a position paper that said we shouldn't get involved.

ZUMWALT: That was in 1962, when I was on the staff of the Assistant Secretary of Defense. My reasoning was that, first, the issues there weren't at that time ones of vital interest to the U. S. and, second, that it would be a very long and costly war if we were going to try to do it as a land war. I did say that if we went in, we should do it with a decisive use of force. But I recommended that we should *not* go in.

PLAYBOY: You told us that if you were asked to do anything that violated your moral code, you would resign. But you served as Commander of Naval Forces in Vietnam—a war you didn't feel was called for. And this was a war in which the Navy dropped a third of all the bombs, a war in which 22,000 square kilometers of cropland and hardwood forests were defoliated, in which nearly half of the 22,500,000 population became refugees, often several times over. There were 1,390,000 casualties, half of them caused by U. S. and South Vietnamese firepower. Many Americans felt that we were destroying a nation in order to save it. Wasn't there any moral dilemma in all that for you?

ZUMWALT: No, I have no qualms at all about my role in Vietnam. And it's always interesting to me that those kinds of statistics are accumulated about the Vietnam war, a war I abhorred, but they're not accumulated about World War Two, a much more brutal war in which we went in and cut out the most lucrative

and civilized parts of the enemies' cities—not jungle or forest. War is hell—whether it's Sherman marching through Georgia to bring down the South or whether it's the kind of war we fought in South Vietnam. But it seems to me that the question of destruction in South Vietnam has been applied differently from the question of destruction in our other wars.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there a very big difference between getting the Germans and the Japanese before they got us and getting the North Vietnamese and the Viet Cong before they got South Vietnam?

ZUMWALT: Well, I think it's right to ask ourselves whether or not we should be more careful about putting our national honor behind commitments to nations. But when I took over my command in 1968, I agreed with the Administration that it could be very bad for this country's future if we abandoned an ally to whom we had committed our national honor—and turned over the majority of a non-Communist society to a Communist regime it detested. Our failure to meet the commitment, however unwise the initial decision, could have destroyed our whole network of alliances around the world. The long-term ramifications could not have been overstated.

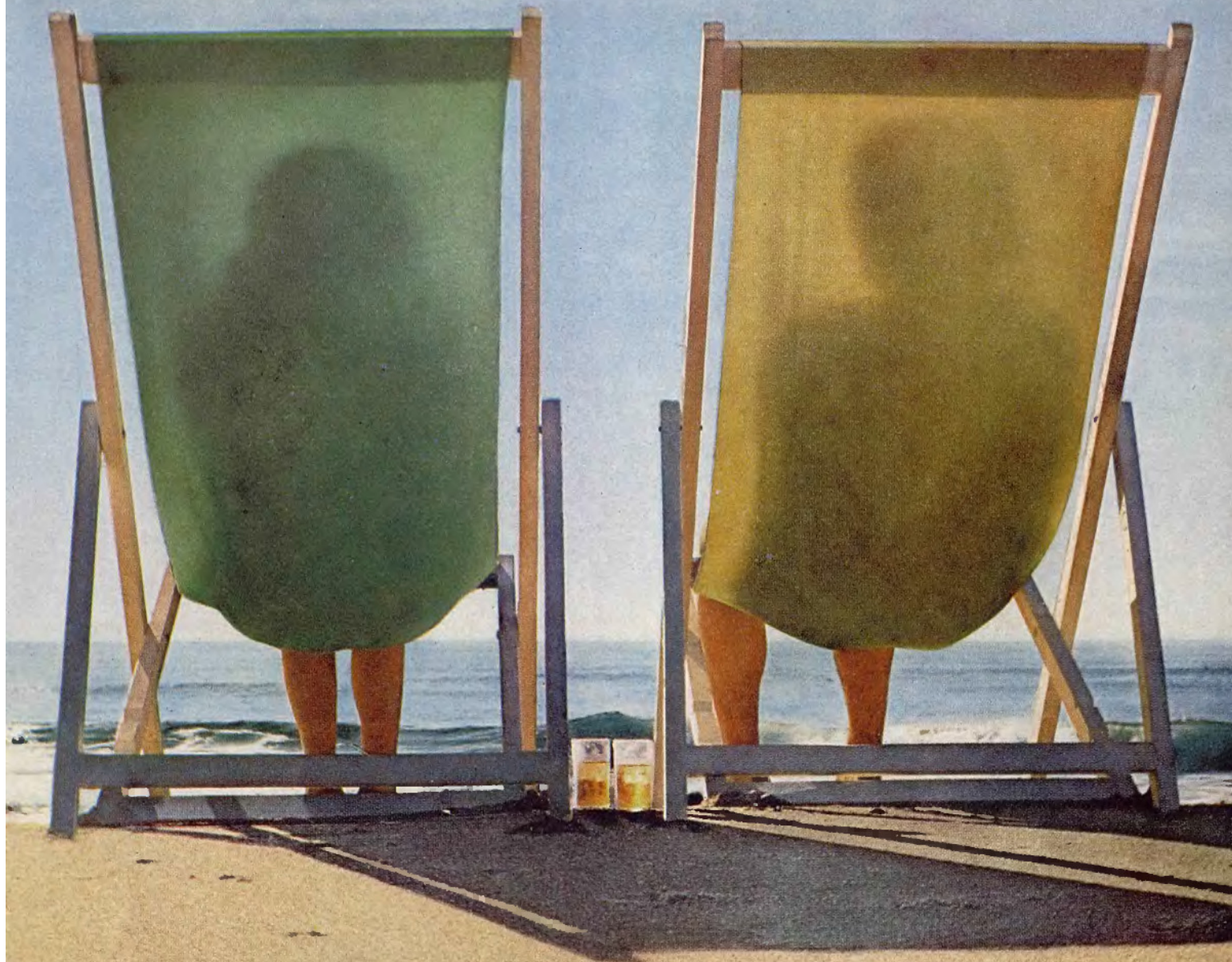
PLAYBOY: What stuck in the craw of so many Americans was that the peasants, remote from their leadership, seemed to be the chief casualties of our international politics. Trying to win an unwinnable war for our national honor, we poured in more and more men with sophisticated weaponry that rained down destruction on very ill-defined targets, devastating vast areas of "suspected Viet Cong concentration"—inflicting 200,000 or more civilian casualties from U. S. and South Vietnamese bombardment. In a 1946 U. S. military court, a Japanese general was convicted and hanged because his troops killed 25,000 noncombatants in the Philippines. Why shouldn't our own military be tried for similar crimes?

ZUMWALT: Let me say first that I don't have any basis for assuming that your figures are accurate.

PLAYBOY: They come from the Congressional subcommittee charged with investigating war-related civilian problems in Indochina.

ZUMWALT: I don't have any basis for assuming that *their* figures are accurate. Now, there's no doubt that innocent civilians were killed as a result of U. S. military action—but it wasn't military policy to kill citizens, as it was in the case of that Japanese general. And, therefore, I don't think that the cases are similar at all. And finally, I don't think that an officer in command should be tried where civilians were killed as the result of a mistake—unless the mistake could have been prevented by prudence.

Furthermore, I spent 20 months in



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South Vietnam, and I was in the field almost every day. I never saw an example of indiscriminate pattern bombing. I saw several occasions when, through error, a populated area was hit when gunfire went astray or a bomb missed its target. But in every case, I saw the most vigorous efforts to investigate what had happened, what had gone wrong, whether it could have been prevented, and efforts to ensure that a repetition of that kind of mistake didn't happen.

PLAYBOY: Be that as it may, it was frequently reported in the press that the peasants regarded us as just as dangerous as the Communists.

ZUMWALT: That's a perception with which I don't agree, as I saw the Vietnamese. As we expanded their navy from 17,500 to 40,000, Vietnamese young men came in from the villages and hamlets throughout the entire country. There is absolutely no question that those young men had been raised by their families to detest the idea of being subjugated by a Communist insurgency. They were ready to fight like tigers against Communist tyranny. However imperfect the Saigon regime, it maintained a better two-way communication with its populace than does Hanoi. I believe that 80 to 90 percent of the North Vietnamese are uncommitted and, in order to survive, have learned what to say and what not to say—or they actually disbelieve and are afraid to speak up. The Hanoi regime stays in power by merely shooting dissidents and brainwashing the survivors.

PLAYBOY: How can you feel such outrage about that when the Saigon regime, which we fought to preserve, imprisons its political opponents—under horrifying conditions?

ZUMWALT: Their regime is not one that operates in the image we believe in in this country. But it's improving and it's far from the absolute tyranny of the North. But I'd like to say something else about our conduct of the war. In my opinion, the devastation in Vietnam was because of the way the Communists fought the war, not the way we did. It was a Communist insurgency that entwined itself within the social fabric—that threw hand grenades into market places just to destroy and maim, or into a community meeting where innocent women and children were watching a TV set—an insurgency that assassinated, fired into backs, burned crops and houses, destroyed village chiefs one after another. On our part, I recall numbers of cases where our men didn't even return fire because it was coming from a place surrounded by lots of settlements. Our tactics to deal with that type of enemy were designed to minimize the loss of American lives. I saw many wonderful men die because they wouldn't fire back

in the face of enemy fire when it came from villages in which there were women and children. I've seen many cases of American sailors' adopting children and looking out for their mothers and fathers—slipping handouts to them in the way of food and other things. The average American was a good man and he was a much maligned man in that war, as a result of some very biased reporting.

PLAYBOY: But, Admiral, isn't that vision of the high-minded American soldier versus the savage Viet Cong somewhat simplistic in the light of all the testimony by veterans about U. S. atrocities? A colonel has testified that every large combat unit had its own, perhaps smaller version of My Lai. Soldiers have testified that pilots mounted sirens on their helicopters to terrify peasants working in the fields and, when the peasants ran, gunned them down. A rifleman described men bringing back ears of dead Viet Cong for body counts; some wore the ears on cords around their necks; and at headquarters, there was an "ear board." To get prisoners to talk, it was reputedly common practice to attach field-telephone wires to testicles or pound dowels into ears. Others were pushed out of helicopters to get surviving prisoners to talk. Village houses were burned down with the occupants inside during "Zippo" raids. And at the Calley trial, it came out that we drove civilians ahead of our troops to detonate any mines or booby traps.

ZUMWALT: Unquestionably, there were cases of individual transgression, but I reject absolutely the conclusion that the average American fighting man was a sadistic beast. He was not. There were undoubtedly individual officers who condoned such practices, but they were in a very small minority. The policy was against it and almost every officer with whom I came in contact not only recognized that but spent a lot of time talking to his men about the proper attitude toward the war.

PLAYBOY: However we fought it, could the war have been won?

ZUMWALT: As I said, I don't think we should have gone in in the first place, but having made that decision, I think we should have applied air power much more directly at the vital targets—as was done finally in 1972 by President Nixon with the bombing of Hanoi and the mining of the seaports. That stopped the flow of supplies for the first 30 to 60 days and they never got back up to their original level of flow. So I think we could have achieved much earlier the result that finally was achieved.

PLAYBOY: Many Americans fear that they must be prepared to die in little wars in obscure foreign countries to protect America's "vital interests." Do you think that's a legitimate fear?

ZUMWALT: I think rather that there is a

prospect, if the United States maintains necessary military programs, that the leavening process within the Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China can, over a time, begin to produce a series of treaties, understandings, arrangements that will reduce the prospect of armed conflict. It's going to be a very long, very difficult, very painstaking process taking decades, not years. I think one of the toughest things to get across in a democracy is the idea of having to gird our loins for a 30-year struggle for peace. The Communists have no problem whatsoever in getting Hanoi to think in terms of a 30-year struggle to take over South Vietnam.

PLAYBOY: You talked earlier about how, if present trends continue, it's inevitable that we will lose control of the seas and even our ability to negotiate with the Communists. One gets the feeling that perhaps you think the totalitarian system is proving more effective than the democratic system.

ZUMWALT: Over the last several hundred years, nations have used a combination of power and politics. I think the new element in the modern era is a theology that has converted itself into a bureaucratic system for retention of power against the wishes of its people. It has maintained a vicious control over public opinion and the press and has linked all of its assets in ways that democratic nations will never be able to do. But I believe that over the long haul, the dreadful practices of the Soviet regime toward its own people and its client states will become a significant liability to the Soviet Union. So the key factor is for the West to retain sufficient military superiority to deter the Soviet Union from militant foreign-policy adventures until this weakness of theirs can eat away at their vitals.

PLAYBOY: There are those who believe that many of our own values and faiths have gone down the drain—endangering the nation's ability to respond to its leadership, and perhaps even to survive.

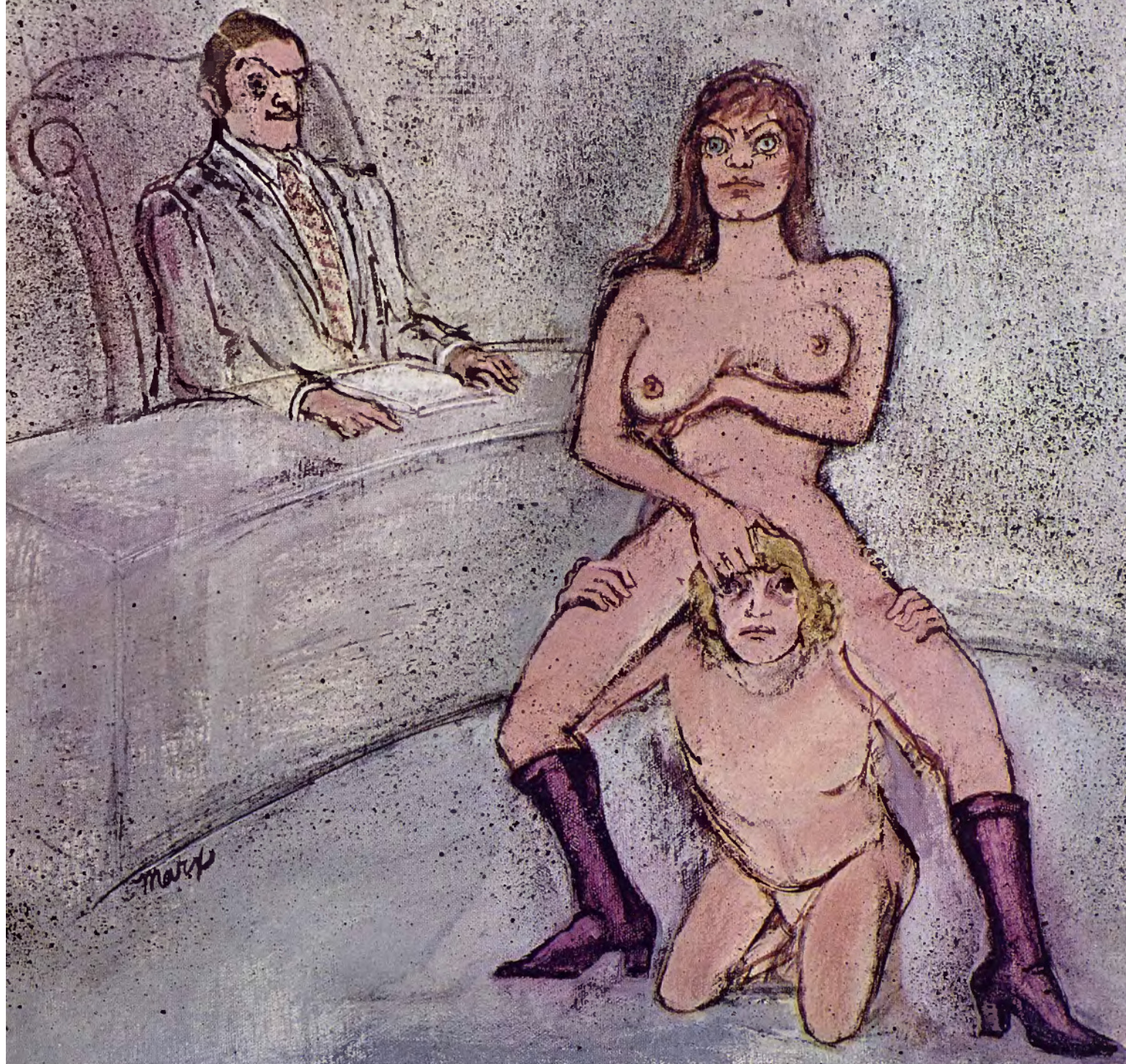
ZUMWALT: One of the hopes of this country is that out of each frustration comes renewed dedication to getting on with those things to which the country is truly committed. The popularity of any given leadership may rise or fall, but underneath I think a very large majority has an unchanging dedication to what I call our national idealism. The greatest strength we have going for us is the motivation, spirit and drive that can truly be marshaled in a democratic way of life. The problem is that our people must be adequately forewarned of danger so that this motivation can be marshaled before it's too late. If we can do that, we have a chance to survive.



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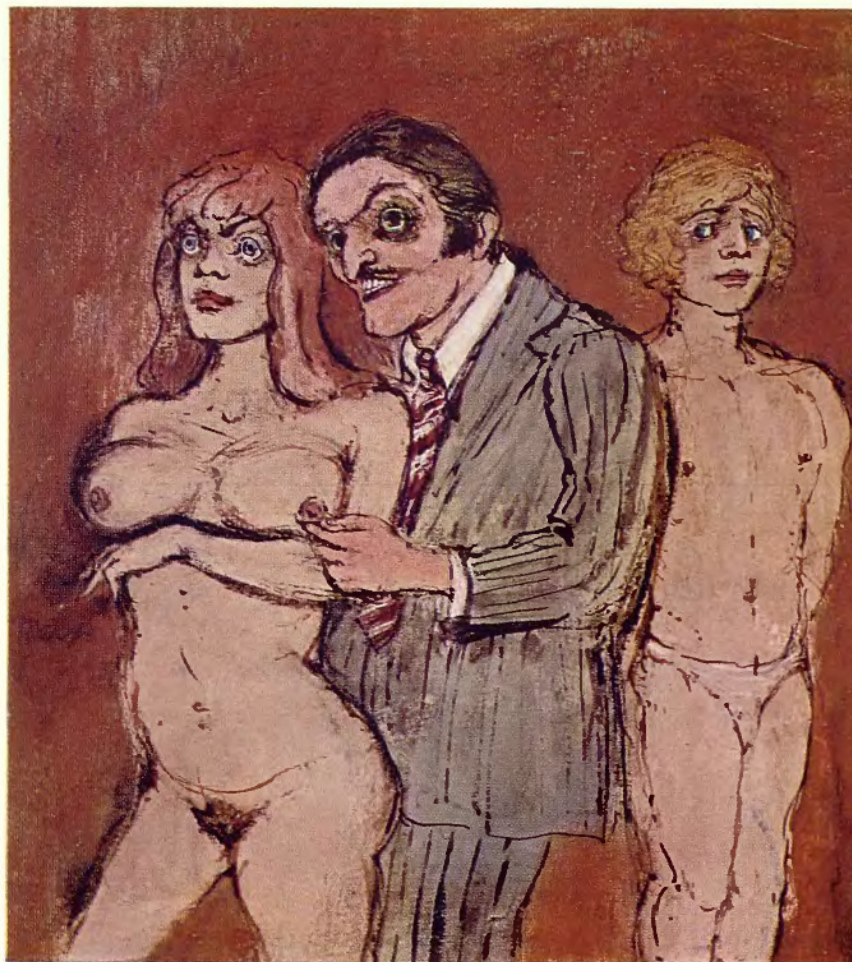
insults

My friends tell me my nasty nature can be seen from my profile. Straight on, I look like a Pekingese: round, protuberant eyes; a fixed, malicious stare; a snub nose; a wide, curving mouth. But from the side, they say, my face reminds them of a fist ready to hit somebody in the nose. It's really more than a nasty nature you're born with and can't do anything about. It's a deep-down anger that got hold of me when I was about 15 and never left me. This anger, like a watch that's self-winding, goes on its own, without motive or provocation. And then, because of this anger, I always feel like arguing. At this point, I can hear what the usual busybody will ask: "Why so angry? Why always ready to pick a fight?" And my answer to the people who want to know too much but don't know there's nothing to know is always precise: "Who knows?"

Especially mornings when I just wake up, I'm so mad that if the world were a dish or a glass, I'd smash it to bits on the floor. No doubt about it, I have to pick an argument like a smoker needs

to smoke, a drinker needs to drink and a drug addict needs to trip. But, unluckily for me, I can't work off this urge to quarrel at home. My parents are not very successful shopkeepers (they have a perfumery in the Prati district, where there are dozens of shops like theirs, and better ones at that). They're two vague old angels who are as in love as they were the day they were married. My younger sister, who's at teachers college, is an angel, too, the studious type, fussy, hard-working. My brother is a loafer, maybe even a delinquent, but since I'm very fond of him, to me he's an angel, too.

Well, I can't take out my fighting urge on this family of angels, so I've found another way. I go out mornings and choose a street corner to stand on, it doesn't matter which as long as there's a traffic light. I take my stance against a light pole, like the whores I'm imitating, pulling my chest back and shoving my belly out, so my crotch will show, thick and oblong like a bar of soap. And then my legs, the best thing I have going for me, are so perfect you'd think I got them from the stocking models they have in show windows. As soon as I spot



"it won't be a party," he told her, "i'll be the only one there"—but things didn't turn out quite that way

fiction By Alberto Moravia

a car with just the driver in it, I start thumbing a ride. The driver looks me over, my thumb, my face, my "bar of soap" and my great mannequin legs. The car keeps going for a few feet as if by inertia, then slows down and stops. I run up to it, hop in, slam the door. Without beating around the bush, I ask, "Where are you headed?"

My direct approach gives him courage; he doesn't know I have treated everybody like pigs ever since the student riots. These drivers are usually very polite, very accommodating. "Where would you like to go?" So then I make a quick guess at how long it will take to have a good, drawn-out fight. If, say, I'm at Piazza Cavour, I think of a square on the other side of town, Piazza Bologna. Well, believe it or not, not very many turn me down. Most of them shift into gear, their hopes rising, and begin the usual string of questions as they drive. "What's your name? Where are you from? What do you do? Student? Do you have a job? Do you have a boyfriend? Do you make it with him?" Etc. I give them quick answers and get right down to the fight.

For instance, if we're talking about how we make our living, and one of them says he's a building contractor, I attack: "What? You say you're a building contractor? Really? You're in the construction business? That's good, because I've been waiting a long time to meet somebody like you to tell you just what I think about your business. You know what? I think you contractors are disgusting. Yes, disgusting. You speculate on land: Buy for ten and sell for a hundred. You can't even count your payoffs around town, from city hall to the Vatican. You work for the rich. So the price of houses goes up and the poor can't even hope to buy one. At least if they were decent, your houses! But they're disgusting like you. Well dressed and proper on the outside and ugly and rotten on the inside. Oh, I know all about it. I went looking for a house with a friend of mine who's getting married. We saw a lot of them. You call them houses? The floors are warped, the fixtures are cheap, the plaster is cracked. You open a window and there's a wall to look at. Or a dingy courtyard. No trees or grass, no yard. You're like food hoarders, but instead of getting people in the stomach, you get them where they have to live, and maybe that's even more important than food." Etc., etc.

When they had the student riots, I was still pretty young; then afterward I lost interest. But I remember what the group leaders said. So whatever work the driver of the moment does, I always have something to say about it. I'm never short a comeback.

Now here's the best part: The driver is insulted, degraded, but he usually doesn't do what you'd expect—open the door

and ask me to get out. Maybe it's because he still hopes to get me into bed, or maybe, more likely, he's one of those masochists, never arguing back, bending over the steering wheel sopping up a shower of insults, driving from one light to the next until we reach the place I told him I wanted to go. Then, when he comes to a stop, he doesn't let me off as if he's glad to get rid of me. No, not him. Most of the time, he asks me humbly for a date. Very hangdog about it. Now, will you tell me what men are about? Why do they like to be treated bad? Who knows?

One day I leave the house and think, "The first one I take on today I'll eat alive." I go to the traffic light at the Tiber, my favorite spot because the drivers can pull over and pick me up without any trouble. As usual, I'm wearing a miniskirt. I lean up against a light pole and cross my legs. That bar of soap between my legs shows up just right. My breasts are big and sagging, but I haul them up as much as I can, until they almost touch my chin. I start thumbing right away, but very casually. I'm so sure of myself and my looks. Nothing happens. So I start thumbing harder. Still nothing. I'm getting a little anxious. I try something I don't have to do very often, only in cases like this. I start scratching my crotch, pulling up my miniskirt while I'm at it, as if I had an itch. Suddenly a big white car, a little yellow with age, screeches to a stop a few feet away. I run after it, dive in and announce, "I'm going to Corso Trieste; what about you?"

A low, educated voice answers, "Corso Trieste? Sure."

The traffic light changes, he cuts across the bridge, gets onto Via Tomacelli. I make myself comfortable and take a look at him. His head is strange, flat in the back and bulging in front. Reminds me of an owl. His black hair is plastered to his temples as if it were wet with sweat. His round eyes are set deep into dark sockets, under his jet-black brows. His nose is a beak, curving almost enough so that the point touches his mouth. Black, trim mustache. Prominent chin with a dimple. A tough-skinned, red face, like a farmer's or a hunter's, somebody used to being outdoors, in other words. I study him carefully, because there's something not normal in the line of his face I can't quite make out. Finally I ask, "Do you mind looking at me?"

He turns abruptly and defiantly says, "Here I am. What's the problem?"

Now I understand. Under his clipped mustache, his mouth seems to be pulled as if by a cut that hasn't healed, a red gash that goes from his upper lip to his left nostril. I tell him, "Thanks, you can look ahead now. I see what it's all about."

"What do you see?"

"That you have a disgusting mouth, with that harelip of yours."

He doesn't say anything for a while. Then he gently murmurs, "Some people like it."

"I don't."

"That's life."

"That's life, hell."

I'm getting my dander up, I can tell. I'm so wound up I'm about to snap. But I give myself one last twist, thinking, "He doesn't pronounce his Rs and listen to that nasal voice: a society type, a snob, the cocktail set and all that." And, as I look him over, my suspicions are confirmed. He's wearing a gray pinstripe suit, a white shirt, a classical rep tie, gold cuff links. My eyes shift to his hands gripping the steering wheel: stubby, square, with a few straight hairs on the back; his nails are shiny, flat, well manicured. He must be one of those men who spend their time at the barber's with hot towels, massage and shampoo, having their nose and ear hairs clipped while they casually give their hand to the talkative manicurist squatting on a small stool as best she can, with her fat thighs bulging over both sides. In other words, a real pill. My glance flicks over his hands like a fly and comes to rest on a ring he's wearing on the middle finger of his right hand. It's a signet ring or a monogram, I can't tell which. I come right out and ask him, "What do you do?"

"What do you mean, 'What do you do?'"

"Your work, your profession."

He doesn't answer immediately. He seems to be thinking it over. Then he says, "Export-import."

"What's that?"

He explains in that overly courteous tone of his that's really insulting. "It means bringing things into the country and shipping things out. Business transactions."

A businessman! Like my parents! Like the people my parents know! So I lower my head and charge: "A businessman? You're a businessman? I know all about businessmen, because my family's full of them. The worst bunch in the world, the laziest, the most useless, the most destructive. That's right, it's their fault that prices are going up and everything costs more and more, while the money we have to spend is worth less and less. Do you know what businessmen are? Parasites, real ones, like lice and crabs, that live by sucking people's blood, but doing it on the sly, hiding away, camouflaged. Your great trick, the one you've been getting away with for centuries, is to rent a place, put a counter and some shelves in it and buy stuff for a few cents wholesale and sell it for twenty times more retail. All the while with your asses parked behind the register, your arms crossed and your minds empty. Oh, I know all about you, you don't fool me. I know all your tricks: the specials, the deals, the bargains, discounts, installment plans, reductions,



*"Have you ever had the feeling you were about
to be raped by a walrus?"*

bankruptcy sales, and so on and so on. . . ."

I have to stop a minute to catch my breath. He takes the opportunity to tell me, and not at all offended, "Fine, but I'm not a storekeeper, as I think you mistook me to say. I don't have a store, I have an office. I handle business deals."

The answer puts me off. After all, businessman is a general term that could mean any number of things, and that's the trouble with it. Somewhat flustered, I try again: "A businessman? What sort of business?"

"Business."

I'll have to try another approach, and right now. We're already near Piazza Ungheria. Corso Trieste isn't too far away. All at once, probably out of necessity, my eyes get sharper and I can finally make out what's on his ring: It's a crest. Yes, a crest, no doubt about it, with a coronet and the usual bits: balls, stripes, lions, lilies, and so on. I feel aggressive again, so I demand an explanation, pointing to the ring. "What's that? A crest?"

"That's right."

"So you're a nobleman?"

"They say."

"Well, what are you? A count? A baron? Duke? Prince? Marquis?"

He thinks about it for a minute and then answers evasively but with a gallant touch: "To you, I'm Paolo, just plain Paolo."

Bursting with the anger I can't express, I shout, "I should have known you were noble, because only somebody with a title could be such a pill. I know you nobles, I had a boyfriend who was one, and for a whole summer we tore around in his sports car, from one resort to another, from one night club to the other. A real cretin he was. His name was Uguccioni. I know you all, and I can tell you the more they kill you off, the more you're around: lazy, ignorant, arrogant, spineless, degenerate. What the hell are you doing in the world? Carrying your pride around? Giving yourselves airs just because your crest is embroidered on your shirts, huh? Looking down your nose at those who don't have titles? And why, may I ask? Because you have a family tree with the names of your forebears printed in little boxes all the way up to the so-called founder, huh? Just because you know their names? Just because you know, or think you know, who they were? But, in fact, you don't know a thing about them. No, not a thing. I'll tell you who those forebears you're so proud of really were. They were crooks and criminals, outlaws, thieves. That's right, downright highway robbers. With one raid after another, one outrage after the other, they accumulated the wealth that allows you descendants to get away without doing a damned thing in life.

Lounging around bars at night and picking up girls in the day. Your forebears were bandits and you're a good-for-nothing, export-import or no export-import. The fingernail of any kid from the slums is worth more than all the parts of you put together, with your big car, your gray suit, your gold cuff links and your fancy upbringing."

What a relief! What a pleasure! I'm getting rid of my rage and I'm feeling better and better as I keep going at it. I continue sniping at the nobility for a while, and then I come out with something so unexpected that even I'm stunned:

"Look, you'd better stop and let me off. We're not to Corso Trieste yet, but it doesn't matter, I'll walk the rest of the way. I really can't stand you, you and your class. Let me off!"

But he doesn't stop; maybe he understands I really don't want to get out. His only reaction is to lick his harelip with the red, obscene point of his tongue. He says, "Good for you."

"Good for me, hell!"

He doesn't get insulted; just the opposite. He goes on unperturbed: "Yes, good for you, because even if you went a little overboard, you said what I think, too. Our forebears were bandits, robbers, highwaymen, just as you said. But they were whole men, complete with all their natural appetites, and still close to nature. Men of prey, in short. And their natural prey were the peace-loving, the civilized and stable sort. They were daring, strong, fierce. The only thing they knew how to do was to devour the weak and the cowardly. So I and all the others like me have to try to be like those pitiless forebears of ours, those bandits, as you call them. If we don't want to become extinct, we have to model ourselves on them."

I scream this time: "Great models! Highway robbers! God, you should be ashamed!"

He seems not to be listening. He's silent for a moment, then goes on in that educational, uppity tone of his: "You wouldn't talk the way you just did if somehow, maybe without even knowing it, you didn't have the same kind of family history. What's your name?"

Is he serious or joking? No, he's being serious. Very unwillingly I answer, "My name's Sebastiana."

"Sebastiana what?"

It seems incredible, but he's got me there. My name is, in fact, noble. The kids at school would make fun of it. ("What's your name? Colonna? You don't say? Princess Colonna in person?" "No, just Colonna with a store over in Prati.")

I reluctantly admit my name's Colonna.

He's really happy now, as if he had finally found the solution to a mind-racking puzzle. He cries out: "Colonnal

I knew it. Good blood doesn't lie."

I'm furious. "What do you mean, 'Blood doesn't lie'? Sure, my name's Colonna, but it could just as easily be Rossi or Proietti. Nobody in my family is noble, thank God. Poor, yes, but not noble. And don't go buttering me up. You're a pill, just like everybody else in your class. Don't try flattering me. You've got a fool's face, with that harelip. And, besides, you're a turd and stink of snobbery a mile away."

You can never tell what a madman will do. He isn't the least upset and just shakes his head, like a teacher with a stubborn pupil. "No, Sebastiana, there aren't classes, just races. Two races, the masters and the slaves. You can recognize a master because his morality consists of dominating. And you can recognize a slave because his morality consists of obeying. And don't forget: Masters are born, not made. The same for slaves. It's a matter of race and not class. You can go from one class to another, but no matter what you do, you can't go from one race to the other. There's a certain something about you, Sebastiana, that makes me think you're a member of the master race, even if you don't realize it."

"What, for instance?"

"The way you become indignant."

I'm beside myself. "You're wrong. You don't get anything right. *You* are what makes me indignant, with that shitty idea of yours of being a master. Master, my foot! You a master? With that face, that outfit? You make me laugh!"

He patiently explains, "You're using the word *signore* the way it's used in Rome, meaning a rich, elegant man who's free with his money. But, Sebastiana, that's only the usual meaning. I've already told you, *signore* for me means lord or master, a beast of prey who attacks weaker animals and devours them, and has the right to because he's the strongest."

I start laughing hysterically. "You said it: 'beast.' Only a beast talks like that. Who the hell do you think you're taking in with nonsense like that?"

He doesn't answer, calm, very calm and intent on his driving. Then his hand reaches into the pocket of his vest and takes out something. "Does this help?" he asks.

Now, I have to admit I never have any money. And I mean never. As I said, my father doesn't do too well and my parents, even if they don't come right out and say it, let me understand I have to manage on my own. I do, too. How?

Now we're coming to the biggest contradiction in my life. Sure, I need to quarrel, but I need money, too. I could go to bed with the men who pick me up and earn the money I need that way. But I just can't do it. It's one of the many impossibilities in my life. I could even give

(continued on page 230)

hino sight



IT'S
NOT
ALWAYS
WHAT'S
UP
FRONT
THAT
COUNTS

We've been accused, at times, of being overly partial to breasts and overlooking the other portions of the female anatomy. Which, you see, is a columny. Sure, we dig breasts. But woman is all of a piece; there's a divine balance to the vectors implied in her shape. And that splendid superstructure would be a lot less intriguing if its forward thrust hadn't been so neatly complemented by an equal tug to the rear. Imagine, for instance, if God had created woman with her backside kind of angled to the side or stuck high up on her back. Of course, the Old Boy was too smart for that; and proof that He knew what He was doing is offered, herewith, by a variety of willing photographers.



Gentlemen who prefer backsides all agree on one thing: that the structure of a lady's bottom is irrelevant unless she knows how to handle it. That is, it don't mean a thing without the right kind of swing—the kind that makes you think she's dancing when she's just trying to get across the room. Not that there's any dagma involved; one gal's wiggle is another one's bounce, and there's an exquisite variety to be found in their locomotive styles.

Of course, one limitation the butt watcher must endure is the fact that the thing he digs may never be seen advancing—only in retreat. Which means that to be a real connoisseur of bottoms, you have to be a philosopher, tao.





PAUL GREMMER



Bottoms-up time at the bar means that your pleasure cup needs a refill. In the sack, however, it may mean that the fun is about to begin. In any case, if you're up on the female derrière, you know it's the finest natural cushion in the world.







One nice thing about ladies is that you can embrace them from in front or behind—and reach the same goal either way. If the lady's not hung up on eye contact, she may dig the less-traveled road. She has to know, of course, that you're really behind her. And if she's a little hesitant at first, just let her try it a couple of times; as the old bluesman sang, "You be the hen, I'll be the rooster; anything you do, you gotta get used to."

THE
END







Interlandi

"This car pool is getting out of hand!"

personality
By ROBERT SCHEER

DEATH OF THE SALESMAN



*for rennie davis (model
high school student,
antiwar spokesman
and chief proselytizer
for guru maharaj ji)
the media always
meant the message*

*So we'll have an organization like
SDS, only God will be the Commander
in Chief.*

—RENNIE DAVIS

*History repeats itself . . . the first time
as tragedy and the second time as farce.*

—KARL MARX

IN RETROSPECT, the scene could have been staged by the Committee for the Re-election of the President: There was Rennie Davis and an apparently drunk Jesus freak getting it on about whether the Messiah had as yet returned. It ended with the freak waving his Bible while Rennie knelt to light incense under his guru's larger-than-life color portrait, which was resting on a red-velvet throne. Rennie then rose to proclaim that his guru was "God, alive and walking around on the planet, the source of all creation, here now, with a plan to end all poverty, racism, sexism and other suffering."

Most of the 30-odd spectators had come to Stanford as part of Rennie's coterie and were chanting something supportive in Hindi. The few Stanford students who had turned out didn't seem very interested in the Messiah issue and were arguing among themselves about whether this could actually be the same Rennie Davis as the antiwar radical made famous by the Chicago conspiracy trial of 1969. I assured those near me that it was. The Jesus freak assured *me*, on his way out, that there was only one true God and that it wasn't Rennie's boy.

Much relieved on this last point, I turned my thoughts to how Rennie,

whom one had thought to be an eminently sensible and serious type, could have arrived at this bizarre place, and what it said about the history we shared. As I left, it didn't help matters to hear Rennie's all-too-familiar voice urging us to "join me in crawling on my belly, if necessary, across the surface of this earth to kiss the lotus feet of the Guru Maharaj Ji."

Rennie's God has, for more than a year, been peering out at you from numerous wall posters under the headline "WHO IS GURU MAHARAJ JI?" Without spoiling the ending, we know that, among other things, he is purportedly a 16-year-old kid from India who's a Perfect Master in all matters, as well as being addicted to Mercedes-Benzes, color TV, Disneyland and Abbott and Costello movies. He is also fond of pushing his top aides into swimming pools (Rennie got dunked seven times one day) and occasionally trying to run them over with his motorcycle. The Indian government is investigating the organization on jewel-smuggling charges, requiring that the guru post bond before exiting, and the city fathers of Detroit have given him the key to their city.

A very modern funky kind of God. Except that he claims a fanatical following of 7,000,000 (with 50,000 in the U.S., the new center of his world-wide operation). Their explicit aim is to bring us all peace through the complete control of our emotions, thoughts and life force. The game plan is a familiar Brave New World, one in which we find contentment by becoming a race of celibate, hyp-

notized, austere inhabitants of a divine kingdom, taking all our orders from the kidgurugod. In this religion, the escape from freedom is total. God is here on earth with all of the answers, and an independent mind is defined as the "main obstacle to peace." The converts, or "premies," as they are called, are led into a tightly structured existence. They live in disciplined "ashrams," cut off from competing external stimuli, be it beer, family, television, novels or sex. Nothing is allowed to interfere. Once zapped into this hypnotic trance, the fix is maintained by incessant group meditation and guru babble on the brilliance of the "holy family"—the kid, his mother and three brothers.

It all has a veneer of modernity and technology. God wears business suits, charters jumbo jets and insists that his various offices be equipped with telex machines and WATS lines. The premies are inevitably short-haired, clean-shaven and decked out in Fifties suits.

In 1971, having failed in India, where gurus are plentiful (the kid was getting older and losing his novelty), Maharaj Ji turned his sights on the West. He is, in fact, planning to become a U.S. citizen. In the past two years, he has transformed the Divine Light Mission from a small, traditional, mom-and-pop guru business centered in rural India into a thriving multinational corporation.

• • •

When Rennie first talked to me of his conversion, after a hostile, tomato-strewn

opening in Berkeley, he was nonplused. "This thing is so big everywhere else you wouldn't believe it. Our magazine, *And It Is Divine*, is doubling circulation every month, ashrams are springing up all over. He has to be God or this wouldn't be happening. We're going to grow so fast that even *you'll* have to admit it's true." (By early 1974, the magazine had folded in the wake of the Houston flop.)

Following the Berkeley event, I tracked Rennie down to the ashram in Mountain View, California, a typical stucco affair, where he and a handful of devotees were meditating out by the swimming pool. The only one awake was a very smily young man (all the guruites have a particular smile, something like that on HAVE A NICE DAY buttons. "It comes with knowledge," I was told.) in a front office that reeked intolerably of incense. He quickly informed me that he was "blissed out" and also doing his "service," which meant watching the telex machine. Being new to all this, I asked him what he was on and he said, "Guru Maharaj Ji." The guruites hardly ever utter a sentence that does not include his name. "This soup is fantastic by the grace of Guru Maharaj Ji"; "Guru Maharaj Ji is in the ceiling, in my heart" would be typical repartee.

After sun-bathing for about 20 minutes, and not seeing any rainbows or other promised visions, I poked Rennie awake. He flashed the bliss smile, looked deep into my eyes and said, "Far out, you've come—it's a divine coincidence happening everywhere—there's a lot you can do here. We really need someone with your skills." It quickly became clear that Rennie had taken my request for an interview to mean that I wanted to join up. When I demurred he said, "Listen, Bob, even if you don't believe in this, it's still a great opportunity for you as a journalist. This is the biggest story in the history of the planet and you can break it." Then, warming to the subject, he said, "You can go around recording all of the stories of how devotees came to convert and publish it as a book of divine coincidences. It will be the biggest seller of all time, it'll replace the Bible in every hotel room."

Same old Rennie, selectively leaking to the press about the next biggest-ever Happening. He was an old friend and I had a go at it, though later, when he and the guruites realized that I was being a journalist ("Your mind is very much in the way"), it was about as blissful as trying to photograph the Onassis family at play, private guards and all. Only with the guruites, these guards were called The World Peace Corps, just as money is "green energy" and junk shops that they run Divine Sales. But doublethink language is not the only modern American hype they have adopted. It is a religion that at best co-opts and at worst worships all that is tinselly and transparent; a pop religion a bit late for pop America.

Not surprisingly, the most recent basilica of this idolatry was the Houston Astrodome. In his Berkeley speech, Rennie had told me, "The Astrodome was built for Guru Maharaj Ji"; so, some months before the event, I went down to watch Bobby Riggs practice lobs for his forthcoming pagan rite and check out the sacred territory of this year's God.

God was having one of those weeks. First he had gotten hit in the face with a shaving-cream pie and shortly thereafter he had to be admitted to a Denver hospital with an ulcer in his small intestine. Arriving in Houston in the wake of these events, I found some dismay among the 300-odd devotees assembled there under Rennie's command to put together the Astrodome jamboree. To some, at least, it was no minor matter that the pie thrower lay in critical condition in a Detroit hospital after two of the guru's followers had attempted to bust his skull open with a blackjack. The blackjack wielder himself, described simply as an Indian in the first press accounts, had turned out to be Mahatma Fakiranand, one of the guru's high priests: in Rennie's words, "a man of extreme devotion and internal peace who had given knowledge to many of the American premies."

Rennie was less disturbed. "The mahatma had great love for Guru Maharaj Ji and his emotions got the best of him. These things happen in any movement." In any event, there was much work to do right there in Houston, with Soul Rush only two months away, and Rennie was totally caught up, as is his custom, in the myriad details of the event.

Back in the spring, soon after his conversion, Rennie had said: "If between now and mid-September this country is debating—and by that I mean it's in the press and it's in every household and it's in every bar and it's in every shop in America—if this country is debating 'Is God on this planet and is He walking around in the United States?', if that debate has broken out, and I believe that is going to be the situation, then the name of [the Astrodome even] is going to be 'The Messiah Is Here.'"

The biggest event in the history of the planet has come and gone: a depressing show unnoticed by most. And I will leave it to religious scholars to determine if a one-fifth-filled Houston Astrodome is more divine than a Billy Graham sell-out. While there were certainly plenty of guru posters wheat-pasted around major cities, the attention of the country was elsewhere—on meat prices, Watergate and Spiro Agnew. Even among the proselytizing sects, the guruites hadn't made much of a dent in the market of traditional contenders such as Jehovah's Witnesses.

Original plans for the Astrodome event had called for a revelation of "the major secrets of life" in the adjoining

Astrohall, which gets thrown in with the rental price of the dome. There were plans for seven spectacular exhibits revealing the "great unknowns of human history," with particular emphasis on psychic phenomena. These plans soon collapsed, dwindling to a photo exhibit about the guru.

Which was just as well, given the weirdness of some of the original plans. One, suggested by the guru's brother Bal Bhagwan Ji, whom Rennie claims was Christ in his last life, was recounted last May by Rennie: "You would walk into this room and all of a sudden all of the lights would go out and you would be thrown into complete blackness. At the same time, all of the doors would be shut. People would be trying to get out, but they couldn't, and they would be stumbling all over each other. All of a sudden you would hear a muffled loud-speaker that was clearly out in the Astrodome, not in the room itself, and the loud-speaker voice would warn everybody to immediately clear the premises, that tremors were being detected in the area and that the Astrodome was not safe as a structure. Then the floor of the building would begin to shake [at this point, the premies listening to Rennie's story broke into hysterical laughter]. As the floor shook, you'd get the distinct sensation that you were in a room that was on top of the earth, that was experiencing an earthquake. Then suddenly the lights would go on and a very soft voice would come on and say, 'When you face death you face it alone,' and then give a rap about the knowledge of Guru Maharaj Ji."

Now, that's a hard-sell. If Astrodome officials had permitted it to go on, some visitors would no doubt have cracked up. The premies lapped it up. It's what the kids in *Lord of the Flies* do when they grow up.

The children in the guru crusade seem, in fact, to have found a profound release from the personal quest for freedom and meaning in life, which was driving them nuts. These are the children born to the largess and illusions of post-war America, the scions of people who for the first time had made it and possessed an exaggerated view of their gain. While their parents thought of themselves as "damaged" by earlier struggles against poverty and ethnic identification, they were determined that their children would transcend all that and be "free"—which is what they then proceeded to order, cajole, beg and bribe them to be. So off the kids went to special high schools and out-of-town colleges, to acid and orgies and wild music. If freedom had meant buying an unusual car, they could have had it. But it was their special misfortune to wander out of the cave of American consumerism, to grasp visions of love, morality and meaning,

(continued on page 112)

PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS & GRADS

Man's
heavy-link
sterling-silver
bracelet
designed by
Aldo Cipullo,
from Cartier,
\$250.



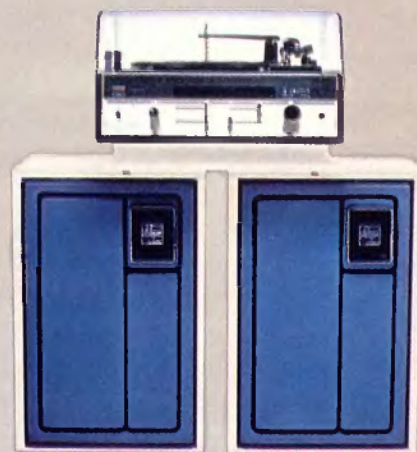
Oak attaché case
with leather straps,
by Windwood Originals,
\$150 for small or
large, is available
in walnut, mahogany
and blond finishes.



Exceptionally comfortable
European-designed Stuns chair
of weather-resistant polyester-
finished steel tubing has cotton
cushions stuffed with shredded
foam, by Straightline, \$60.



Geza Rolly-designed neon
sculpture titled One Way
stands 21" high, needs
only 15 watts to operate,
by Neo-Art, \$89.



The Bon Vivant,
Allegro's sound system,
includes AM/FM/FM-
stereo tuner with
Digi-lite dial scale
selector, record
changer equipped with
Micro Touch tonearm
and a pair of Allegro
2000 speakers,
all by Zenith, \$270.

Right: Eight-day alarm clock with mirror-finished frame, by Bulova, \$40. Below: Man's elegant evening watch with date and diamond-studded dial, also by Bulova, \$75.



The Baron cologne, \$6.50; after-shave lotion, \$5.50 (not shown), in 4.5-oz. bottles, by Evyan.



Competition water-ski vest made of Uni-Royal Ensulight (a vinyl sponge material), \$27, and a pair of mesh-backed vinyl water-ski gloves, \$6.95, both available with color-coordinated slalom ski, all by Hexcel Sports.

Solid-state Memory Vision black-and-white TV with a 13-diagonal-inch screen can instantly immobilize any scene from a program onto an adjacent small screen; frozen image is recorded onto an erasable 3600-rpm magnetic disc for immediate viewing, by Hitachi, \$649.





Terry-lined nylon Racket Jacket with cowl collar, by Head Tennis Wear, \$55, and an aluminum-framed John Newcombe Tie Breaker racket, by Rawlings, \$50 unstrung.



Natural-rawhide carry-on satchel, \$90, and a soft-side suitcase with zipper closing, solid-brass top lock and dual integrated closure straps, \$165, both by Estancia.



Divisumma 18 portable electric print-out calculator that operates on a permanent rechargeable battery offers four fixed decimal places and constant multiplier and divisor, by Olivetti, \$279.



Sturdy Munari Ranger hiking boots come with double-closure laces and twin ski-boot-type buckles, by Norstar, \$125.

DEATH OF THE SALESMAN

(continued from page 108)

and to return stumbling, blind and unfit for anything but shock therapy, false poverty or jail. The guru's prime pickings are among the children of the dead American dream.

He has been less successful elsewhere. "Milky," an Englishman, told me, "In England, there's more of a cross section of ordinary types and the Divine Light hasn't taken off. But here in America, it's more sophisticated people. Most of them, maybe 70 percent, are upper-middle-class Jewish, from places like New York and Los Angeles—the kind of people who pick up on fads." The average parent is a professional, nonreligious and urban. Very few, if any, come from structured religious backgrounds, and ex-Catholics on the campuses seem the least turned on by the guru. One graduate of a Catholic parochial school told me, "If I wanted that figured-out authority trip, I'd go back to the nuns. They've got it more together."

The human wreckage that is both attracted to and perpetuated by the guru's crusade should figure in any future accounting, divine or otherwise, of the crimes of our culture: There is the 32-year-old devotee who tried unsuccessfully for ten years to lose his virginity, was deathly ashamed of his few homosexual encounters, tried to kill himself in his college chem lab and came to in a small private mental hospital where his parents had approved electric-shock therapy for his salvation. Then back to gay bars, back to hopeless cruising for women, back to therapy. Finally, release in meditation. He was even able to cease being a virgin, that dread curse of American sexism: He made it with a fellow devotee after "consulting with Guru Maharaj Ji in my mind and deciding I would be celibate the rest of my life. But I wanted once to know what it's like."

Or Joan Apter, the second American convert (the one accused of smuggling the jewels into India), who had tasted the "freedom" of so many hundreds of acid trips and sexual encounters and was so exhausted from the San Francisco-Mexico City-Amsterdam air triangle ("I was on acid continuously. I'd go up as fast as I got down.") that she ended up destitute and half-crazed in India—a "white saint" cared for by the peasants, wandering in search of truth until she stumbled upon the Guru Maharaj Ji.

Joan's father was a Washington liberal lobbyist. Another devotee escaped from the mendacity of life at the American Embassy in New Delhi, where her father was the acting American Ambassador. "He was forced to lie for the Government. It destroyed him and I wanted to find the truth." Virtually all were white and privileged; they were also in a good deal of pain.

These "mad people who are into *Lucy*

in the Sky with Diamonds," as the guru defines his constituency, are undoubtedly happier, or at least suffering less, and it is for this therapy that Maharaj Ji now receives the key to cities such as Detroit and Oakland. In some sense it is progress, the guru "knowledge" being to frontal lobotomy what acupuncture is to anesthesia—it's more organic. But it is also quietism, which does not ultimately work if the source of the illness is outside the patient.

And what has Rennie Davis to do with all of this? How can it be that Rennie, whom columnist Nicholas von Hoffman called "the most stable, the calmest, the most enduring of that group of young people who set out to change America at the beginning of the Sixties," is once again earnestly and brightly standing up in front of college students, urging them to kiss the lotus feet of the Guru Maharaj Ji?

To hear Rennie tell it, there was simply a sudden and mysterious conversion: "I was just going along like usual, on my way to see Madame Binh and the N.L.F. delegation in Paris, and boom. I was given this ticket to go to India. I received knowledge, but I still didn't know what it meant, and this mahatma came up to me and threw his arms around me. And if there was one thing I needed at that moment, it was for someone like that to put his arms around me. I just poured out to him! Yeah, I received knowledge and I was just run over with these doubts and I didn't know what was going on, what was happening to me. I was losing my mind and he said simply, 'All your life you have been thinking, all your life your mind has been in control, and the secret to life is this: that your mind must not be master. As long as the mind is master, there is suffering on the planet. Be kind to your mind and let your mind go.' I said, 'But I received knowledge and I still don't know who Guru Maharaj Ji is.' And he said, 'It's like when a child is born he doesn't know who his mother and father are, but if you keep looking and meditating, you will discover that Guru Maharaj Ji is your father and your mother and everything.'"

The others were already, by their own accounts, "mad," but Rennie claims to have been suddenly smitten—"I was never saner or happier in my life." The facts, however, show otherwise. Since I wouldn't be interested in this movement were it not for Rennie's conversion and since I liked and respected him, I began what the guruites call an investigation. Not of "Who is Guru Maharaj Ji?" (that one's easy, gods always pop up in times of social disarray) but of "Who is Rennie Davis?" who was, after all, one of us.

I asked Rennie for some biographical detail. Determined—under the orders of the guru's PR advisors—to "come off as

the epitome of the American trip," he wove a story of innocent rural youth sailing out to do battle with a corrupt urban world. His tale begins with "the farm," a modest 500 choice acres in the Virginia countryside. While his father commuted to Washington to serve on Truman's Council of Economic Advisors, Rennie helped the hired hands tend to the needs of the 6000 chickens and the prize steers. He particularly loved accompanying Tick, the old family retainer, on his fence-mending chores. In later life, it was his habit to return to the farm in times of mental anguish to mend some fences with Tick.

This farm period accounts for only three of his high school years. Prior to that, he'd been raised in a sophisticated suburb of Washington, where his playmates were also the children of top bureaucrats. He has always been caught somehow between the roles of bureaucrat, farm boy and rebel.

Jason Epstein, a Random House editor who wrote a book about the Chicago trial, caught this tension:

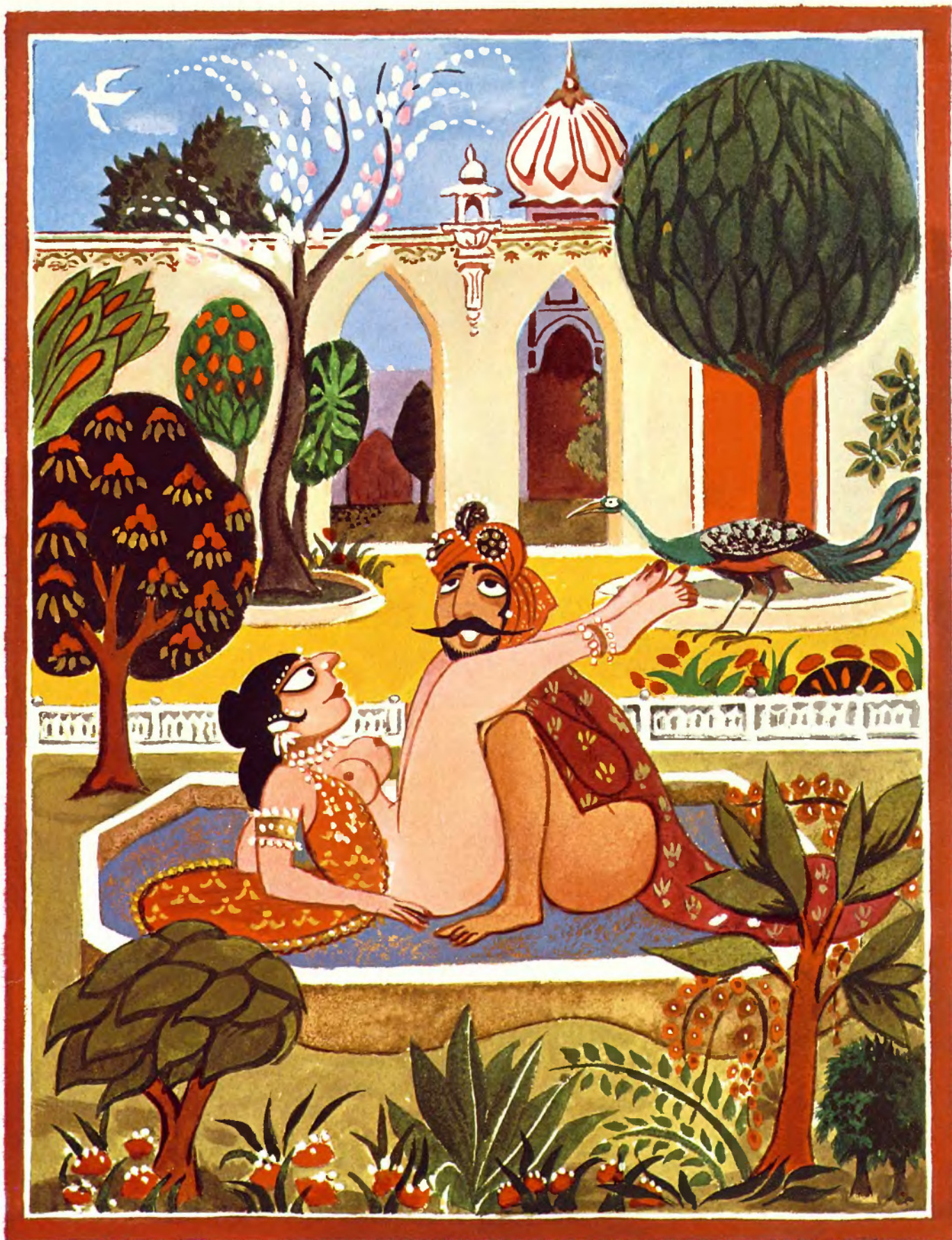
On the witness stand Davis revealed the manner and skills, and perhaps also the character, of a bureaucrat. Though he, too, had begun to wear his hair long, the style seemed hardly appropriate to someone whom Hayden had called the "organization man" of the movement. His polite and earnest testimony, his innocent and cautious manner, and his effort to convey an air of simple candor recalled the style of the Government witnesses. . . . For this reason, presumably, Foran [the Government prosecutor] called him "two-faced" and scorned him for trying to seem like "the boy next door."

But Rennie was way ahead of the boy next door, even beating the bumpkins in the 4-H chicken-judging contest (he was Eastern United States champion), "because I read up on it and figured it all out scientifically."

Sitting, feet up, at his desk in the guru's Denver headquarters, decked out in his Sta-Prest summer suit, busily taking phone calls, his high school days didn't seem so far behind, as he recalled: "I didn't have to sweat grades, athletics, social life. I was athletic, played varsity basketball, was president of the student body, editor of the school paper, in every organization. It just sort of happened. I found early on an ability to organize—people looked to me in kind of a leadership way. I guess I was considered a catch. I was the best-known person in the school, awarded best all-around in the yearbook personality thing."

Rennie does not appear to have joined the New Left out of any deep-seated alienation. On the contrary, he was merely continuing his father's role as the

(continued on page 236)



Devin

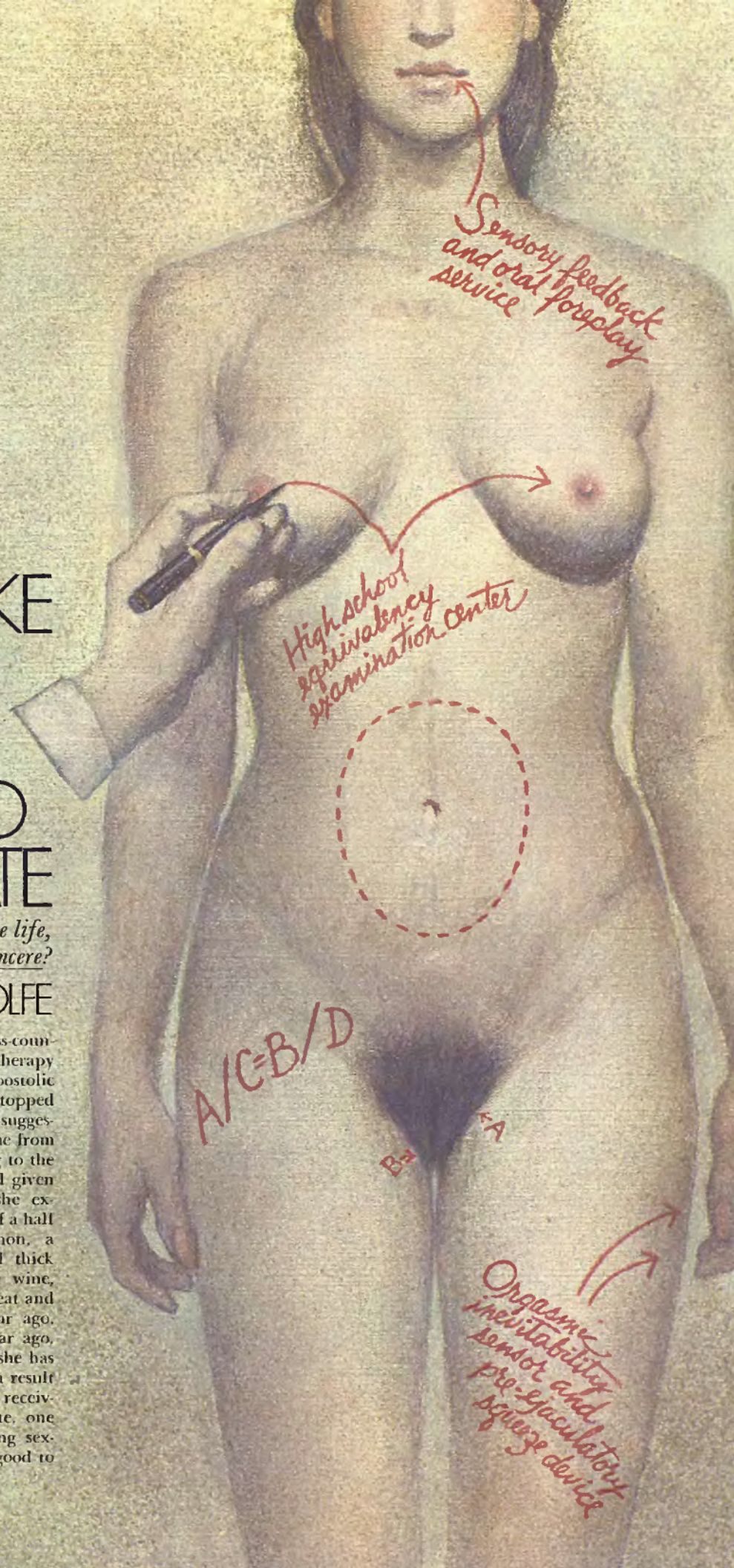
"In the final analysis, what can we really do but tend our garden?"

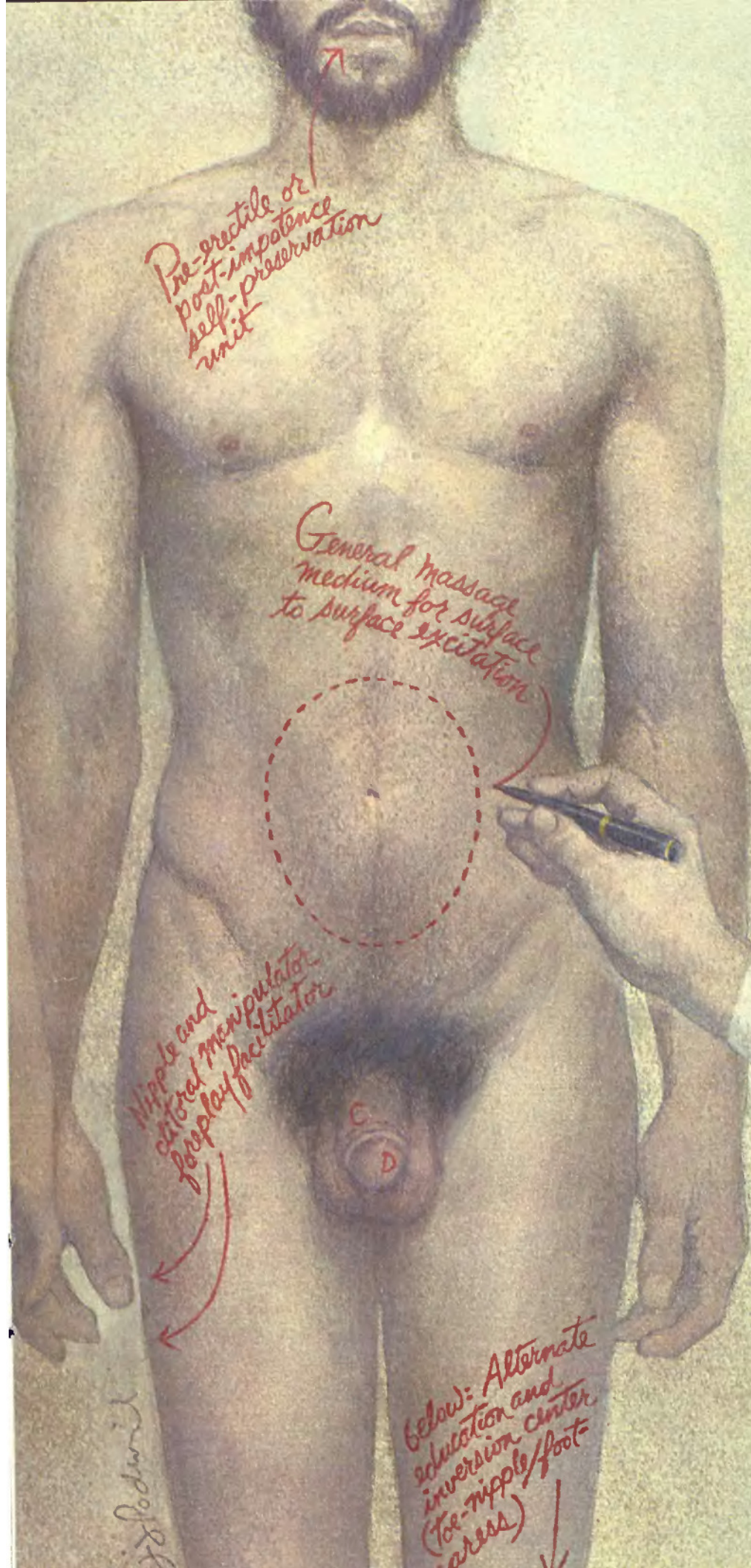
TAKE TWO ASPIRINS AND MASTURBATE

*sex-therapy clinics may help your love life,
but the question is, are they sincere?*

article By LINDA WOLFE

IN LOS ANGELES, during a cross-country investigation of new sex-therapy techniques, I met an apostolic woman named Nancy who stopped off to see me at her therapist's suggestion. She was on her way home from work to masturbate according to the instructions her therapist had given her. After talking to me, she explained, she would buy herself a half bottle of Cabernet Sauvignon, a bunch of roses and a small thick steak. She would drink the wine, smell the flowers, broil the meat and masturbate to orgasm. A year ago, she never had orgasms; a year ago, she never masturbated; now she has and does both frequently as a result of the treatment she has been receiving at the Discovery Institute, one of a number of mushrooming sex-therapy establishments. "Be good to





yourself" is director Sylvia Kars's message. "Be as good to yourself as you would be to a date you had for the evening. Don't just masturbate. Play your favorite music while you do it. Shower and perfume yourself first. Maybe even light a little incense."

The treatment is a far cry from the classical couple sex therapy devised at our national sex Lourdes in St. Louis, the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation, directed by Dr. William H. Masters and Virginia E. Johnson. And yet, for curing orgasmic dysfunction—the problem of the woman who can't come—it may work. So, too, may "just talking dirty," particularly for some of the male dysfunctions, according to Dr.

Herbert E. Vandervoort, who heads the human-sexuality program at the University of California's School of Medicine in San Francisco. "I cured a guy of primary impotence in two visits," says Dr. Vandervoort. "He was a virgin and he'd been married six months. He came in and sat down and I asked, 'What's your problem?' He said, 'My problem is I can't get a penile erection and engage in the marital act.' I said, 'Your problem is you can't get a hard-on and fuck.'" Vandervoort says he talked dirty for two sessions—"I became the adolescent buddy the guy had never had"—and didn't see the patient until two years later, when the man appeared towing two baby sons.

Four years ago, we had no sex-therapy clinics. That was just before Masters and Johnson published their second book, *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, detailing their spectacular

two-week cures for such previously inaccessible sexual hang-ups as premature ejaculation, impotence and lack of orgasm. Today, sex-therapy clinics are erupting all across the nation: The Center for Intimacy and Sexuality, The Institute for Sensory Awareness, The Institute for the Advancement of Sensuality, Discovery Institute, Human Sexuality Foundation, The Center for Sex Therapy and Education, The Center for Marital and Sexual Studies, Midwest Association for the Study of Human Sexuality, Sexual Therapy Medical Clinic.

The names themselves are tongue twisters, names to enchant a tax examiner and deliver up nonprofit status. In California, institute seems to be the more favored title, although often a California sex-therapy institute is nothing more than a male or female therapist with towels, a jar of coconut oil or petroleum jelly and a telephone answering machine. In the Midwest, they fancy center or foundation and all the clinics have secretaries as well as phone numbers. On the East Coast, sex clinics are, like the very landscape, more structured, more peopled and tend to be located in densely staffed universities and medical centers.

Only a year ago, most sex therapists were M.D.s or psychologists. Today, some are former teachers, ministers and priests, nurses, even former office managers. Masters and Johnson, bent on research, are not presently training anyone to follow in their footsteps, so others have leaped in to fill the gap, often with little experience of their own. Typical of the new sex therapist is Dr. Sylvan Socolick, an internist in New York who opened the city's first private sex clinic, the Park Avenue Professional Group's Sexual Therapy Associates. Dr. Socolick disarmingly admits to having no particular training for the job. "But where should I train?" he asks. "Masters and Johnson aren't doing any more training. There's Hartman and Fithian out on the West Coast, who give you a big fancy diploma for a one-day, eight-hour attendance at a movie-and-lecture thing of theirs. But where did they train?" Socolick has read *The Book, Human Sexual Inadequacy*, has hired a staff of people with master's degrees in a variety of subjects, has trained them and opened his doors: He will be treating four couples at a time for \$750 each for two weeks.

You could also be fairly certain a year ago that if you went to a sex therapist for any sexual dysfunction, you would be given sexual exercises as homework, along with a large dose of marital psychotherapy administered in the office. Masters and Johnson had constantly stressed that sex was a communication and that it took four to tango: a male and a female cotherapist for every male and female in distress. They did not treat individuals alone, and they insisted that

for their treatment to be effective, couples had to take time off from work and family duties for two weeks of intense sexual exploration.

Today, nearly all sex clinics superstitiously cross their brochures somewhere with the magic names Masters and Johnson, as if warding off who knows what devils. But while some practitioners actually practice à la Masters and Johnson, many others are marching to altogether different drums.

Many of the new sex clinics do not sit well in St. Louis, where Masters and Johnson have begun warning the public against "sex quacks" and "patient traps." Newcomers in the field have been just as vociferous in attacking the founding father and mother. Says the Reverend Ted McIlvenna at National Sex Forum in San Francisco, "Mostly a bunch of medical fascist pigs are running the sex programs. . . . What Masters and Johnson did was give permission to go ahead and work in the field of sex, and that's what makes them valuable, but then they wanted to own it."

McIlvenna's outfit has been grossing \$40,000 a month for its treatment program, Sexual Attitude Restructuring. As much education as therapy, S.A.R. is prescribed not just for the sexually dysfunctional but also for those who want to enrich their presumably stressless sexual lives; 35,000 people have tried it.

It usually begins with a Fuckarama, a heavy porn collection projected onto several screens at one time. These are called desensitizing films and consist of old familiars: lots of good-looking people screwing or going down on each other in groups of two, three or four; girls with eye shadow fondling rubber dildos; semen on the belly or the breasts; a Linda Lovelace look-alike making it with a dog.

The porn films are followed by what the National Sex Forum people call resensitizing films. These are movies in which the same acts take place (no dogs) but in which some small effort is made to suggest that a relationship—other than sexual—exists between the participants. In *Vir Amat*, two handsome young men cook dinner together before making love; in *Holding*, two hearty California princesses amble through a forest of leaves before bedding down.

At one screening of a film about masturbation, a woman said she thought the star, Shirley, for whom the film was named, was probably lonely, since she fussed so over her masturbation. The group leader admonished the viewer: "Not Shirley. Shirley's not lonely. I can tell you. I've met her. Wait till you see the other film she's made. It's *Joy in Her Pleasure*, with her husband, Wilbur. With a guy like Wilbur, she couldn't possibly be lonely." (Shirley and Wilbur,

incidentally, after making their film for the National Sex Forum, decided to become sex therapists themselves and now run The Center for Intimacy and Sexuality near San Francisco.)

Last summer I decided to attend a Sexual Attitude Restructuring to see what it was like. The one held at the Marriage Council of Philadelphia was just for patients; at the University of Minnesota, the session was restricted mainly to paraplegics; I chose one in Chicago that was called "New Perspectives on Human Sexuality," for "professionals engaged in medicine, the law, the ministry, education, psychology, social work," but also for "other persons interested in exploring a wide spectrum of human sexual attitudes." That sounded like me. An inquiry to the office of the Midwest Association for the Study of Human Sexuality explained the program: a weekend of National Sex Forum films, including a Fuckarama, group discussions and a set of "trust" exercises. The weekend was a bargain at \$75 for two, including a pizza-and-wine supper and a cold-chicken box lunch.

What strikes me first as I enter the screening room in which the workshop will be held are the furnishings: heaps of garish, massive pillows strewn about the floor. Sex therapy is not for people with bad backs, since three out of every four clinics provide the same sort of colorful cushions—and no chairs.

Group leaders Dr. Lonny Myers, formerly an anesthesiologist, and the Reverend Don Shaw, an Episcopalian priest, have been having a hectic morning. They are dedicated movers and shakers in the sexual revolution, and besides running the Attitude Restructuring Workshop, they have a busy vasectomy clinic and an abortion service, inexpensive and very popular. That afternoon, while 20 of us are restructuring, 80 women get aborted in the next room. Myers and Shaw have decided to make a change in the usual programming this weekend. They are going to start out with *Shirley* instead of the Fuckarama. "We think we can get to people's real sexual feelings faster with a film on masturbation," Shaw will explain to me later. "Sometimes they just say 'So?' to the Fuckarama."

Watching *Shirley* takes 15 minutes. The National Sex Forum program notes on the film explain that Shirley's orgasm is "strong and joyous." It sure is. Later, in the discussion groups, a number of men will express surprise at how intense her reactions are. Shirley, like the woman I met in Los Angeles, prepares elaborately for her masturbation: She showers first, brushes her hair, examines herself in the mirror and eventually comes with a big square green vibrator in hand. Some of the men say they are turned off by the vibrator; others admit

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the high-class hustle

article

by william barry furlong

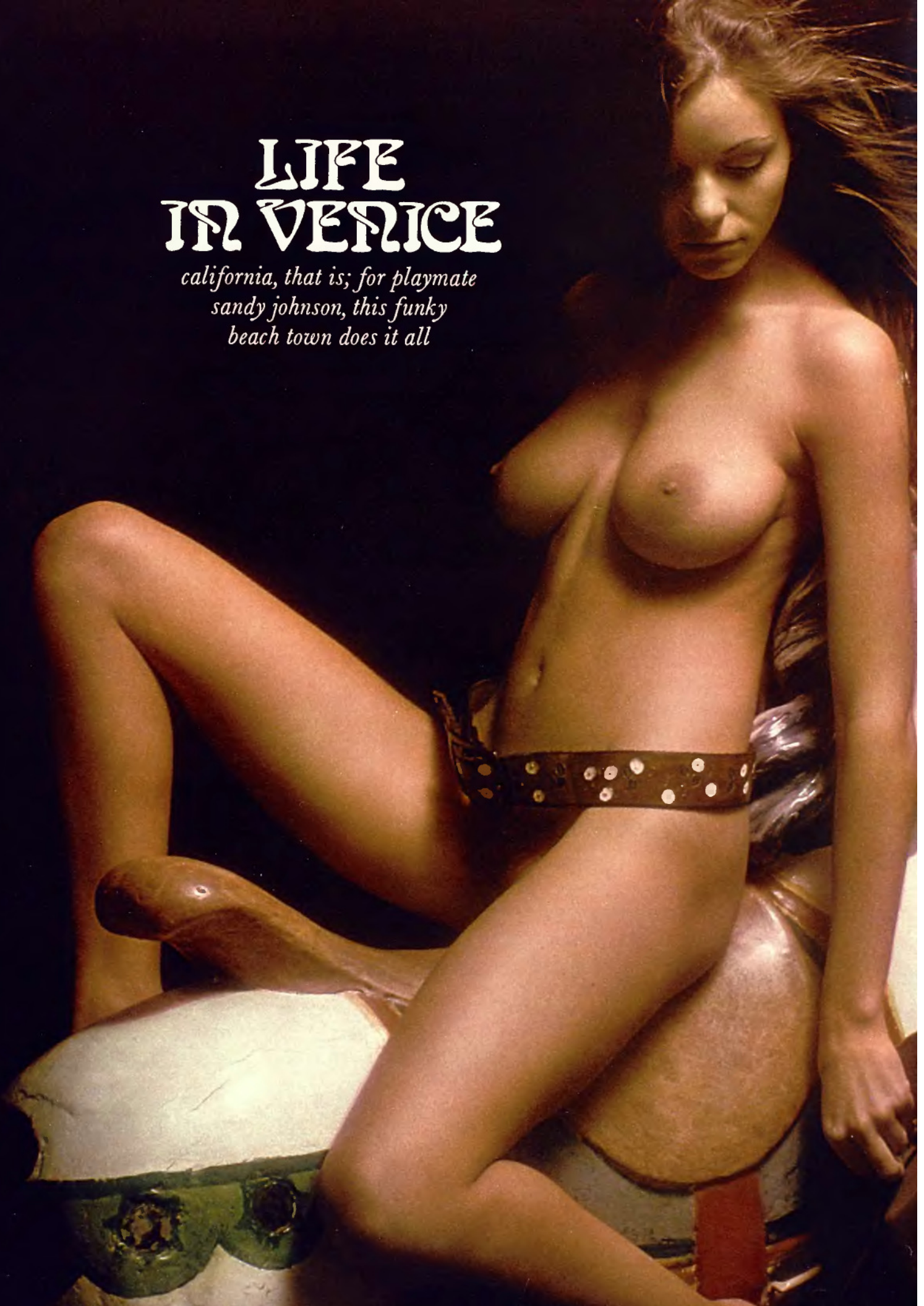
an expert's guide to the changing face of golf-course larceny

THE AIR had a fabricated chill, the slight odor of chemistry and compressors. In a couple of hours, the bar's night lights would come on, enhancing every wrinkle, mole, pimple with the merciless cruelty of motel-bathroom lighting. "You can't make money sitting in a place like this," said the Archivist irritably. He was talking of the way *he* makes money—by hustling golf—not the way the barkeep does it. He was a short man, in his mid-to-late 30s, beginning to lean to fat. There was about him the very faint but perceptible flavor of kinetic violence, an attribute for a man who—having to "collect"—always seems on the edge of losing his temper. Even when motionless, he exudes a quality of beefy energy or dramatic command. His skull is large under the wavy, dark hair, his face is theatrical—with heavy bones and eyes that slant downward at the outside corners. A small mouth, expressive brows, a general look of gamy handsomeness that you might cast as the hard-drinking private eye of a low-budget television serial. He is single, a man oriented to good whiskey, good cigars, good women and cutthroat poker for high stakes. He is modest, falsely, about one thing—his golf swing ("a good enough swing for a short, fat little guy")—and embarrassed about another: He makes a legitimate living. Sometimes.

"The old days are gone. You've got to have something legitimate now. People know you're a hustler and they avoid you. Unless you're a big-time pro, a celebrity. Then they think it's a privilege to lose to you." So he sells insurance. To his astonishment, he sells a lot of it. It is easy to see why. He has, when he chooses, the ability (continued on page 132)

LIFE IN VENICE

*california, that is; for playmate
sandy johnson, this funky
beach town does it all*





N

OT THAT SHE'S LAZY, you understand, far from it; but Sandy Johnson loves her life on the beach because the mood is easy and relaxed. "I don't feel like I must have a regular nine-to-five job. People around here figure if I'm lying on the sand at 11 A.M., that's my business, and half my neighbors are liable to be there, too, either getting some sun or organizing a softball game." Late-morning sun baths are still very much a luxury for Sandy, however, because the 19-year-old native of San Antonio (she's been in California six years) has so much going on she had to install one of those "Hi, I'm Sandy Johnson and I'm not here. When the tone sounds, tell me what you want and I'll call you back" gadgets on her phone. "I need it primarily



At a local playground, Sandy and friends divide up for a men-versus-women softball game. The sporting life is often unrewarding. Above, Sandy displays dubious form behind the plate and, below, is caught in a rundown before being tagged out.







because I sell cosmetics and people call me to place orders." The great thing about the job, she says, is that "you can make a lot of money selling cosmetics without working a lot of hours." Hmmmm, tell us more. "The secret is organization. I sell to large groups of women in their homes." When she's not making women beautiful, Sandy attends classes at Santa Monica Community College, where she keeps busy studying food and nutrition ("Beauty care has a lot to do with what you eat") and singing. "I've already taken a lot of dancing lessons, so I know I can dance. If I can sing, too, then I want to try to break into musicals. My fantasy is to star on the stage. That turns me on much more than TV or movies. I might also study acting so I can combine all three—singing, dancing, acting." It shouldn't take more than a glance at these pictures to see that the versatile Sandy already has her act very much together.



Above: Sandy does a hat-and-cane soft shoe in dancing class. At left, still with hat and cane, she claws it up while practicing in the privacy of her own apartment. Below: Staying in a silly mood, she joins a friend for a romp along the beach.





MISS JUNE PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



"Even if I didn't make it in show business, I wouldn't move from here for anything. My life is busy, but there's no hassle and I don't feel any pressure to do things just for the sake of pleasing someone." But Sandy seems to please everyone.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After the funeral, the bereaved widower made his modest apartment ring with lamentations. As a compassionate gesture, his rich brother invited him to spend a few days in his luxurious town house. The very next day, the brother, returning home unexpectedly early to keep the widower company, surprised him making love to one of the younger maids. "Sheldon!" exclaimed the brother. "You're doing this—and with your poor wife not yet cold in her grave?"

Sheldon stopped just long enough to shrug. "In my grief," he managed to say, "how should I know what I'm doing?"



One reason that dances at nudist colonies have proved so popular, we've been told, is that the girls can see what they're up against.

The father of a lovely 19-year-old became quite upset when he learned that his daughter had hitchhiked alone from Seattle to San Diego. "Why, you could have been molested, assaulted—raped!" he stormed.

"I was perfectly safe, Dad," the girl replied sweetly. "Every time a man picked me up, I explained that I was going to San Diego because it has the best V. D. clinic on the Coast."

Let's put the problem of our relationship in these terms," said the stereo salesman to his petite girlfriend. "I've got an eight-inch woofer and you have only a four-inch tweeter."

It was somewhat disconcerting to the minister's wife to hear him exclaim, "O Jesus, sweet Jesus!" every time he reached orgasm, and she finally asked him about it. "It's perfectly proper, my dear, and in accordance with the Bible," he assured her. "Don't you remember where it says: 'Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord!'"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Stockholm dildo* as an artificial Swedener.

An uncle was giving his swinging nephew some Dutch-style advice. "Harry," he said, "you'll have to learn to lick your smoking problem . . . and you've got to learn to lick your drinking problem . . . and as for sex, you're going to have to learn to fight that, too!"

We wonder whether you've heard about the new unisex deodorant called The Pit and the Pendulum.

Two night porters were cleaning up a business office. "Just look at this," grumbled one as he uncrumpled a sheet of paper from a wastebasket. "Misspellings, erasures, smudges, skip-spacing. . . . Boy, she must really be built!"

*There is now in our lab," said the dean,
"A most clever and wondrous machine,
Wherewith Oedipus Rex
Could have learned about sex
By himself—without help from the queen."*

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *ladies'-room graffiti* as squatters' writes.

And then, Miss Peebles," inquired her attorney, "did the defendant, on the night of July sixteenth last, at approximately eleven forty-five, in the locale known popularly as Lovers' Lane, penetrate you sexually?"

"Yes," whispered the girl.

"And did the defendant in this paternity suit," continued her lawyer, "on that occasion, to the best of your knowledge and belief, have a climax?"

"Oh, no, sir," replied Miss Peebles. "He had one of them Japanese Mazdas."

There's only one thing that bugs me about this revolution bit," confided the radical to a fellow activist, "and that's what will happen to our unemployment checks when we overthrow the Government."



A lumberjack who was in town for the first time in weeks went to the local brothel and asked for the roughest, toughest girl in the house. "That'll be Rosie," said the madam. "You go on up to room B and I'll send her along."

"And tell her to bring a couple of beers," the man shouted from the stairway.

In due course, Rosie appeared, put two bottles of beer on the dresser, slung off her negligee and then positioned herself on the floor on her knees and elbows. "No, no!" exclaimed the lumberjack. "In the bed, and in the old-fashioned way."

"Sure," grunted Rosie, "but I thought ya might wanna open them beers first."


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.



"Feareth not, my dear. In God we tryst."

THE VARGAS GIRL





"Streaking. Flashing. Why is everyone in such a hurry?"

Vargas

high-class hustle (continued from page 117)

to relate totally to someone, to listen to what he has to say with an intensity that makes him feel unique, to give that someone the feeling that he or she is the most perceptive person he's ever encountered. His is an exercise in the pragmatics of instant intimacy. ("I sell a lot of insurance to divorcees and widows," he says dryly. And even that is the least of the premium.) It is, of course, all counterfeit; he is also sly, devious and single-minded. "That's why I hustle golf," he says. "I'm a natural."

Golf, in fact, has always been a game that appealed to the single-minded, the simple-minded and the devious—the hustled as well as the hustler. Take single-mindedness: Ask a golfer about Dick Nixon and he'll say, "Used too much right hand." Or simple-mindedness: Ask a golfer what the essence of the game is and he'll say skill, because he hasn't realized the truth—self-deception. Or deviousness: Ask a golfer what the rules are and he'll say, "Something to break." Perhaps this is the reason that golf is so popular: Men can get a lot of sun and fun while succumbing triumphantly to their lower instincts. For no other obsession this side of the White House offers so superb an opportunity for chicanery, duplicity and all-round villainy as does golf. The reason is not only the existence of rules but their abundance; they range in style, tone and amplitude from the polished-mahogany politenesses of the Royal and Ancient in Scotland to the spontaneous perfidies of Goat Hill in East Wagering. They are, in their opportunity, what appeals to most men: Any individual lacking in power, youth, speed, brawn, clearness of eye, suppleness of muscle, virtue of purpose can become a pretty good golfer. And hustler.

"As long as he has style," says the Archivist. He earned the cognomen because (A) no hustler wants to be known—if he's known at all—by his real name and (B) because it fits: He not only hustles but he memorializes hustling by becoming something of a storehouse for the rich, arcane legends and traditions of the felony. He has studied the techniques of hustling, amateur and otherwise, from his own high-style hustle back to the raffish days of the talented tramp—the days of the Stork, the Fat Man, the Dog Man, the Fire Man, Mysterious Montague, Titanic Thompson, and so on and on. He considers himself and his style an aberration—or an accommodation—of the times. He has never made the "hustlers' rounds"—Edgewater and Tam O'Shanter and Riverwoods in and around Chicago, Tenison Park in Dallas, Memorial Park in Houston, Bayshore in Miami. "Most of those places are reformed or sold for developments," he says. This is not to say he doesn't make the Miami/Miami Beach rounds. "I spend six-eight weeks down

there every winter." Not always consecutively: He'll work the rounds according to his pigeon's vacation cycle, then fly back to Chicago for some midweek insurance selling ("I got to keep the business going—just at that rate, so it doesn't come to possess me") before flying back for a new cycle of vacationers—and victims. He spends the summer the same way, playing very little midweek golf in the Chicago area—"You heard of never dirtying your own nest?"—before flying off for long weekends of golf in the Catskills or in Texas or anyplace where men care not whether they win or lose but how much they play the game for. He likes to consider himself a golfer, not a gambler. ("The hustlers in the past were all gamblers; they got famous as gamblers because they couldn't hack it as golfers.") And he insists that it is not the hustle he's interested in but the psychology of the hustle. "People need to be hustled. They've got to take the grand chance—the big bet that they're going to lose. They put themselves in the way of it: You lose at golf, you feel you've made the big bid, but what have you lost? Your life? Nothing! You lost some money—which you substitute for your life!" He translates this into a readiness to be psyched out—"Even the biggest of the big-time golfers get psyched out and they do it because they need to."

One of his earliest memories of golf was the 1947 U. S. Open—"I was ten, eleven years old"—in St. Louis, when Sam Snead met Lew Worsham in a play-off. They were on the 18th green of the play-off, still tied and with the balls almost identical distances from the hole. Snead was about to putt, because he believed he was "away," when Worsham stepped in front of him and asked, "What are you doing?"

"I'm putting out," said Snead.

"Oh, no," said Worsham. "I think I'm away and should have the first putt." He called for a tape measure. In the meantime, Snead had to step back and, in utter fury, wait for the putting distances to be measured. It turned out that Worsham's ball was 30 inches from the cup and Snead's ball was 30 and a half inches away. So Snead *did* have the right to putt first. But he'd been psyched out. When he got up to the ball, his concentration was broken and he blew the putt by two inches. Worsham, barely controlling the grin, stepped up, hit his putt smack into the cup and won the play-off and the U. S. Open.

"It was the closest Snead ever came to winning an Open and he was beaten on a psych-out trick," says the Archivist. "The thing about Snead is that *not* winning the Open is his thing. He's more famous for not winning than he is for winning. He was psyched out on that hole, but maybe he *had* to be psyched

out. The way I look at it, there are times when even a Snead has to be a loser."

So he began studying not only the hustling of golf but the psychology of the hustle. He got to caddying at Tam O'Shanter, "a great place for studying. A legitimate golf club—everything on the up-and-up, but a place where people went to find action." He found the psych-out as cordial as a bloodletting among friends. He tends to classify the "friendly" psych-outs in this way:

The admiring cut: You admire your opponent in just the right way for an extravagantly bad shot. "Not bad, not bad at all. There's the ball over there, under the rock next to the tree. Another two or three shots like that and you'll be off the tee."

The helpful cut: You wait until the opponent is in his backswing and then say helpfully, "Don't worry too much about the water on the right." Or you comment, "Say, do you always hold your right hand over like that?" A more elegant example of the form was—says the Archivist—displayed by comedian Buddy Hackett, a golfer more enthusiastic than skilled. Hackett, he says, goes onto the course with a package of Band-Aids and, when somebody is doing something disgustingly well, he offers one to him.

"Here, you'll need this for your finger," he says.

"What finger? What are you talking about?" says the opponent.

"Just to take care of those blisters in that one spot . . . from the funny way you hold the club."

"Wha'd'ya mean, the funny way I hold the club?"

"Oh, nothin'. Don't give it a second thought. Just keep the Band-Aids handy. When the blisters pop, you'll be glad you have them."

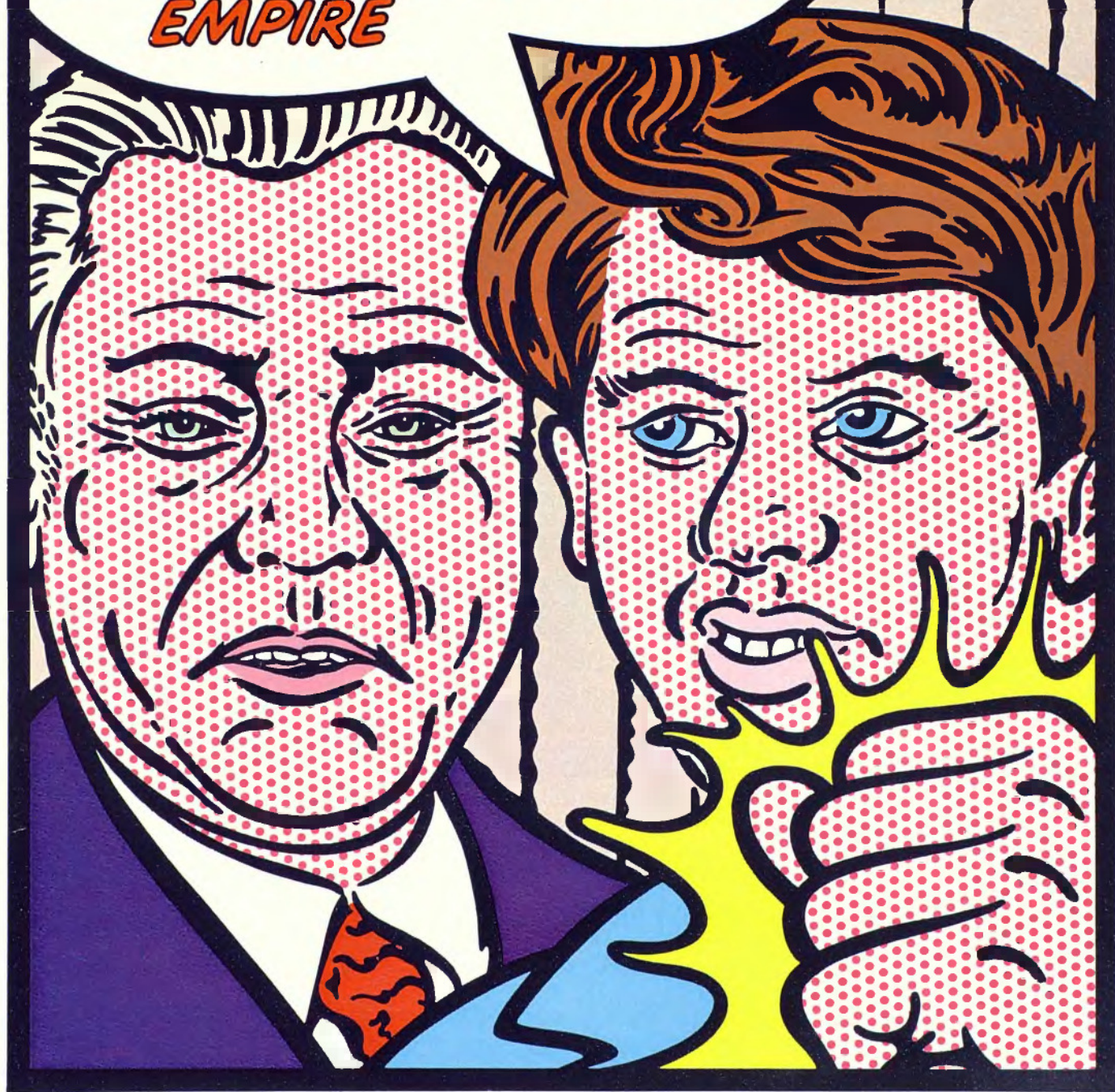
That, says the Archivist, "should be good for three strokes a round."

The distractive cut: You wait until your opponent is standing over a key shot and then you say, "Oh, I forgot to tell you. Met your doctor in the clubhouse and he wants to talk to you as soon as our round is over about the X rays you had last week. Nothing to worry about—just something about that dark spot on your lungs."

Or, if your opponent happened to be out of town for a few days and elects to go right from the airport to the first tee—as any thoughtful man would—it's helpful to pick up his wife and drive her over to the golf course for the joyful reunion. The uniform is an unshaven face and clothes that look like you've slept in them. Then, as you leave her and approach the first tee, you turn and wave to her and say warmly, "I'll never forget." When her husband/your opponent hears someone looking like *you're* looking say "I'll never forget" to his wife, you can be

(continued on page 158)

WE'RE GOING AFTER YOU, HOFFA, IN **PART XI**
OF **PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ORGANIZED CRIME**
ATTACK ON A HOODLUM
EMPIRE



article

By **RICHARD HAMMER**

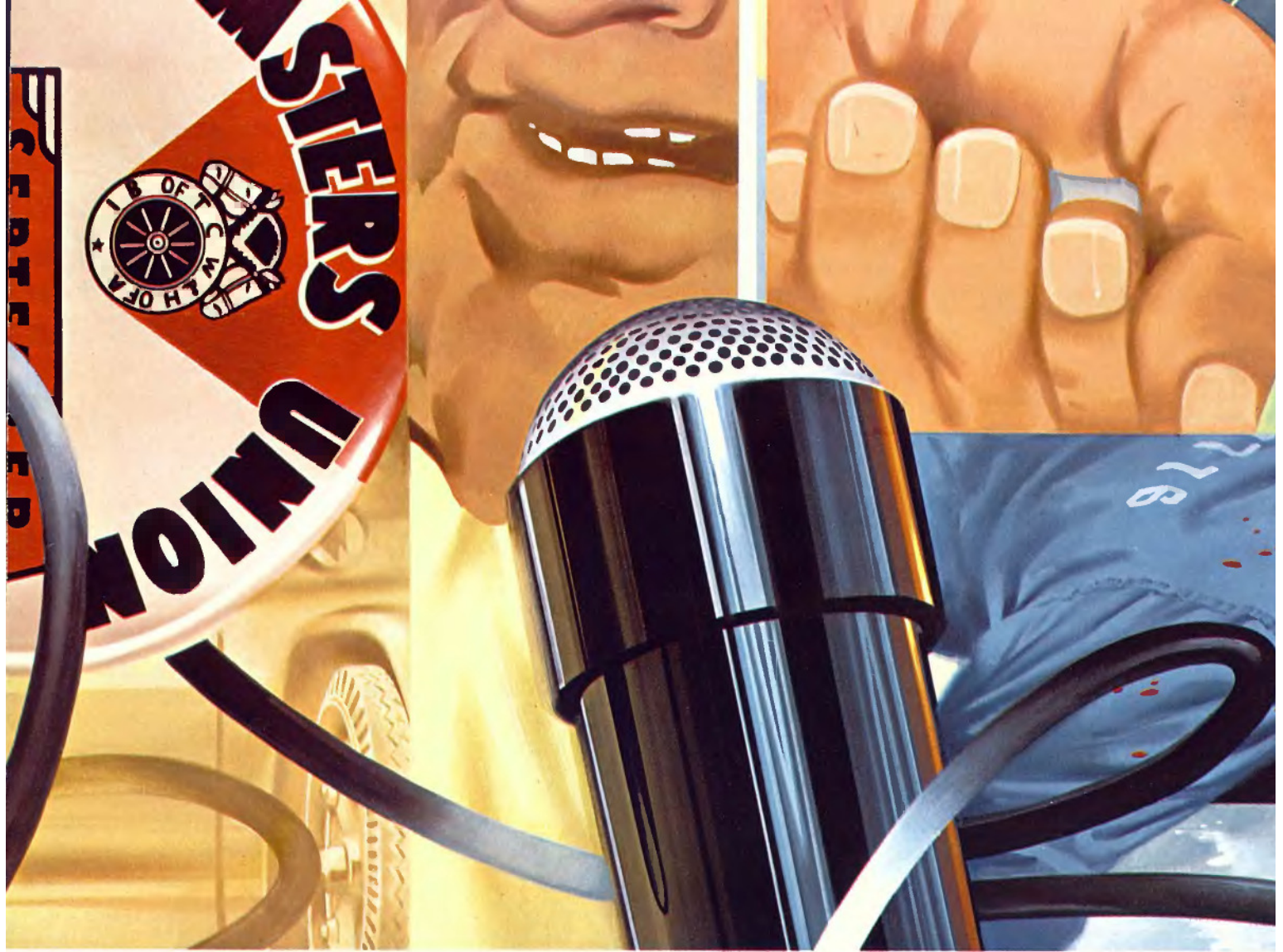
POWER, and the compulsion to acquire it, Robert Kennedy understood very well. Few families in American history had been more obsessed with power, had sought it with greater passion than his. But what counted with the Kennedys

was how power once won was used. For them, it was a means of ordering events and changing them, to have some say over their own destiny and the nation's. Thus, Robert Kennedy could never quite understand, had no sympathy for those who sought power only as a means of enriching and aggrandizing themselves.

Perhaps as much as anything else, it was his moral outrage at the misuse and corruption of power that made him instrumental in the war against organized crime during the last decade of his life. He was in unique positions to fight the Mob, first as chief counsel to the Senate Select Committee on Improper

Activities in the Labor or Management Field, chaired by Senator John McClellan of Arkansas, and then as U. S. Attorney General, under his brother President John F. Kennedy.

It was as counsel to the McClellan committee in the late Fifties that Robert Kennedy got his first close look at



The McClellan hearings and the sensational revelations of Joe Valachi drew a grim picture of organized crime in the Sixties.

the entangled relationships between supposedly reputable labor leaders and the underworld. The committee's charter gave it wide latitude to investigate labor racketeering and the uses and abuses of unions' pension and welfare

funds. In that endeavor, the committee called to testify a motley crew of labor leaders who had arrogantly abused the power and money entrusted to them by their followers, who had entrenched themselves in office by packing union hierarchies and local offices with men whose criminal activities and associations filled pages in police records. There were outcries from

some that the committee, especially its chief counsel, was antilabor, that the purpose of the investigation was to destroy the labor movement, but it soon became evident that if anyone had been antilabor, it had been the leaders who had so loudly proclaimed their devotion to unionism.

There was, for instance, Max Block, president of the Butchers District Council of

New York and New Jersey of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen. He had used that position to milk the union treasury of more than \$500,000 between 1954 and 1957; he had used it to convince executives of food chains such as Bohack, A&P and Grand Union to give him stock as gifts, to give his relatives lucrative contracts for supplies. The only one who benefited from Block's leadership of the butchers' union was Block; gains for the workers were minimal at best.

Block's looting of the butchers was matched, if not exceeded, by James Cross in the Bakery and Confectionery Workers International Union, by Maurice Hutcheson and his friends in the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, by a string of officials in the International Union of Operating Engineers, the Sheet Metal Workers International



Working with Senator John McClellan and his committee, Robert Kennedy first met the Mob.



Teamster leaders Dave Beck and Jimmy Hoffa came to symbolize corruption in labor unions.



ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL ALEXANDER AFTER JAMES ROSENQUIST CIRCA 1969

Association, the United Textile Workers of America and others.

There was the Chicago Restaurant Association, whose corruption and underworld ties nobody seemed even to bother hiding. One of its prime locals was controlled by Joseph Aiuppa, a member of the Chicago mob's ruling council with a criminal record going back to the days of Al Capone. The union's counsel had been Abraham Teitelbaum; he told a committee

investigator that as far as he was concerned, Capone was "a fine gentleman." And the ruler of the entire association was Louis Romano. His record: close and continuing association with Chicago mob leaders Tony "Big Tuna" Accardo and Sam Giancana, frequent arrests for everything up to and including homicide. When questioned about a number of murders, he snarled, "Why don't you go and dig up all the dead ones out in the

graveyard and ask me if I shot them, you Chinaman?"

But the main thrust of the McClellan committee was directed at the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen and Helpers, the nation's largest trade union, with more than 1,600,000 members at that time. What concerned the

committee most was hoodlum control of locals and the activities of the Teamsters' two most powerful officers, president Dave Beck and James Riddle Hoffa. As chairman of the Central States Conference, Hoffa was the man who really ruled the union and who would soon become its president.

Dave Beck was an almost



Under Robert Kennedy, the Justice Department began systematically using electronic surveillance devices against the crime Syndicate.



Joe Valachi, wrongly suspected as an informer, became one.



While "Italian" gangsters made news, Meyer Lansky made money.

pathetic figure. Once he had been a respected and aggressive labor leader; he had founded the Western Conference of Teamsters and had been a tough and effective bargainer, negotiating contracts that set the standards for the other conferences around the country. But the acquisition of great power corrupted Beck almost beyond reason. With his ascension to the presidency of the international union in 1952, he turned into little more than a cheap crook; the union treasury became a source of easy loans he never had to repay; the union itself bought his house at a vastly inflated price and then gave it back to him for his lifetime personal use; his union office permitted him to hold up companies such as Fruehauf Trailer for huge loans. He went before the committee declaring, "I have nothing to fear. My record is an open book." Then he took refuge in the Fifth Amendment more than 200 times. When he walked out the door, he was a broken man and soon an imprisoned one.

"The fall of Dave Beck," the committee said, "from a position of eminence in the labor-union movement is not without sadness. When named to head this rich and powerful union, he was given an opportunity to do much good for a great segment of American working men and women. But when temptation faced Dave Beck, he could not turn his back. His thievery in the final analysis became so petty that the committee must wonder at the penuriousness of the man. What would cause a man in such circumstances to succumb to the temptation of using union funds to pay for six pairs of knee drawers for \$27.54, or a bow tie for \$3.50? In Beck's case, the committee must conclude that he was motivated by an uncontrollable greed."

It was not so easy to dismiss or sum up Jimmy Hoffa. He was, and is, a strange and complex man whose compulsion to power probably matched the Kennedys', though he used it in a profoundly different manner. Born poor, he left school at 16 to take a laboring job—unloading boxcars in Detroit for 17 cents an hour. Within two years, he had led a successful strike and been granted a charter to form a Teamster-affiliated local in Detroit. The world in which he lived and flourished was a violent one and he luxuriated in it. "I was in a lot of fights," he boasted, "got my head broke, got banged around. My brother got shot. We had a business agent killed by a strikebreaker. . . . Our cars were bombed out. . . . There was only one way to survive—fight back." And fight he did, clawing and gouging his way to so much power in the Teamsters that when Beck was president, Hoffa could snort, "Dave Beck? Hell, I was running it while he was playing big shot. He never knew the score."

In some ways, Hoffa was the equal of the United Auto Workers' Walter Reu-

ther, proving himself one of the ablest leaders to arise out of the labor movement. Smart, tough, clear-eyed and totally dedicated to his own ultimate ends (he didn't smoke, drink or chase women; his only passion other than the union and his own position was physical fitness), he was a master of collective bargaining. Under his leadership, Teamster members scored huge economic advances, won fringe benefits that became a model for labor in general. He was a supreme organizer whose skills brought thousands in totally disparate fields into the Teamster empire; and he consolidated and concentrated union power in his own hands.

But what Hoffa lacked, and what brought him the deep and abiding scorn of Kennedy and of labor leaders such as Reuther, was principles. If Reuther or the Kennedys set certain moral limits, however ill defined, on the means to achieve power and on the uses of that power, Hoffa set none. He plowed Teamster money, in the form of rarely repaid loans, into grandiose but ill-conceived land-development projects in Florida, into gambling casinos and other enterprises sponsored by his racketeer friends in Nevada. He invested Teamster funds in companies employing Teamsters and he invested his own and his family's money to take control of companies whose workers were members of his union. "I find nothing wrong with a labor leader having a business or his family having a business that may be in the same industry that that particular union has organized," he blandly replied to a question from Kennedy. And he apparently saw nothing wrong, either, with borrowing money from other Teamster officials whose tenure depended on his good will, or from companies whose prosperity and continuing labor peace depended on his whim.

To consolidate his control over the union and to expand his power, Hoffa turned to the hoodlums who had infested the union, who had been granted charters to organize and run Teamster locals. The committee came up with a list of 47 "gangsters and racketeers about whom there is testimony regarding association with Teamster officials." Hoffa, it charged, "runs a hoodlum empire, the members of which are steeped in iniquity and dedicated to the proposition that no thug need starve if there is a Teamster payroll handy. . . . Hoffa does not now have nor has he ever had any intention of moving against his racketeer friends. . . . he has never moved to exercise his powers even after convicted union officials have gone to jail and even though they continue to hold office and draw salaries and even Christmas bonuses while they languish in jail."

Scoffed Hoffa in reply: "I would take each man on his own. The mere fact that he happened to know somebody would not necessarily stop me from hiring him

even though the people he knew were so-called alleged gangsters. . . . I've saw too many alleged gangsters who, when you checked on the actual persons alleged to be gangsters, had no more to do with being a gangster than you are a gangster. . . . I don't even know a Syndicate exists, and I don't believe you do, either."

Who, then, were some of these "alleged gangsters" hired by Hoffa? The roster reads almost like a rogues' gallery. The business manager of Teamster Local 102 in New York, for instance, was John "Johnny Dio" Dioguardi. His ties to the Syndicate went back as far as his strong-arm days for Louis Lepke; he had been arrested for and convicted of labor shakedowns, extortion, tax evasion and bankruptcy fraud; he was accused of having ordered the acid blinding of crusading labor columnist Victor Riesel in 1956. "It cannot be said, using the widest possible latitude," the committee noted, "that John Dioguardi was ever interested in bettering the lot of the workingman."

The president of Teamster Local 560 in Hoboken, New Jersey, was a man named Anthony "Tony Pro" Provenzano. Among his closest friends were Carmine "Mr. Gribbs" Tramunti, Tony Bender and Antonio "Tony Ducks" Corallo. Corallo himself was a Teamster official in good standing, vice-president of one local in New York and the absolute if unofficial ruler of at least four others. Did Corallo's long arrest record, his earlier narcotics conviction or the fact that his puppets held union office concern Hoffa? The New York police taped a conversation between Corallo and another union official, who said of Hoffa, "The guy told me straight out, and I ain't making, like, my own words, I'm saying his words. . . . 'You want to steal, you want to rob, go ahead,' he says, 'don't get caught.' . . . The guy is, you know, fine. I mean, he don't care one way."

It was not just that Hoffa didn't care. In Los Angeles, the secretary-treasurer of Teamster Local 396, with jurisdiction over private garbage collections, was a hoodlum named Frank Matula. When Matula was convicted of perjury before a California state-assembly committee, Hoffa responded by appointing him to the Teamster board of trustees, traditionally known as the "conscience of the union," and later even persuaded prison authorities to grant Matula a furlough so that he could help audit the books of the international union.

"Malodorous as the Los Angeles garbage situation has been," the McClellan committee noted, "it seemed sweet-scented by comparison with conditions in the New York sector of the industry." In that city, the boss was Vincent Squillante, reputed narcotics peddler and executioner for hire to others in the

(continued on page 173)

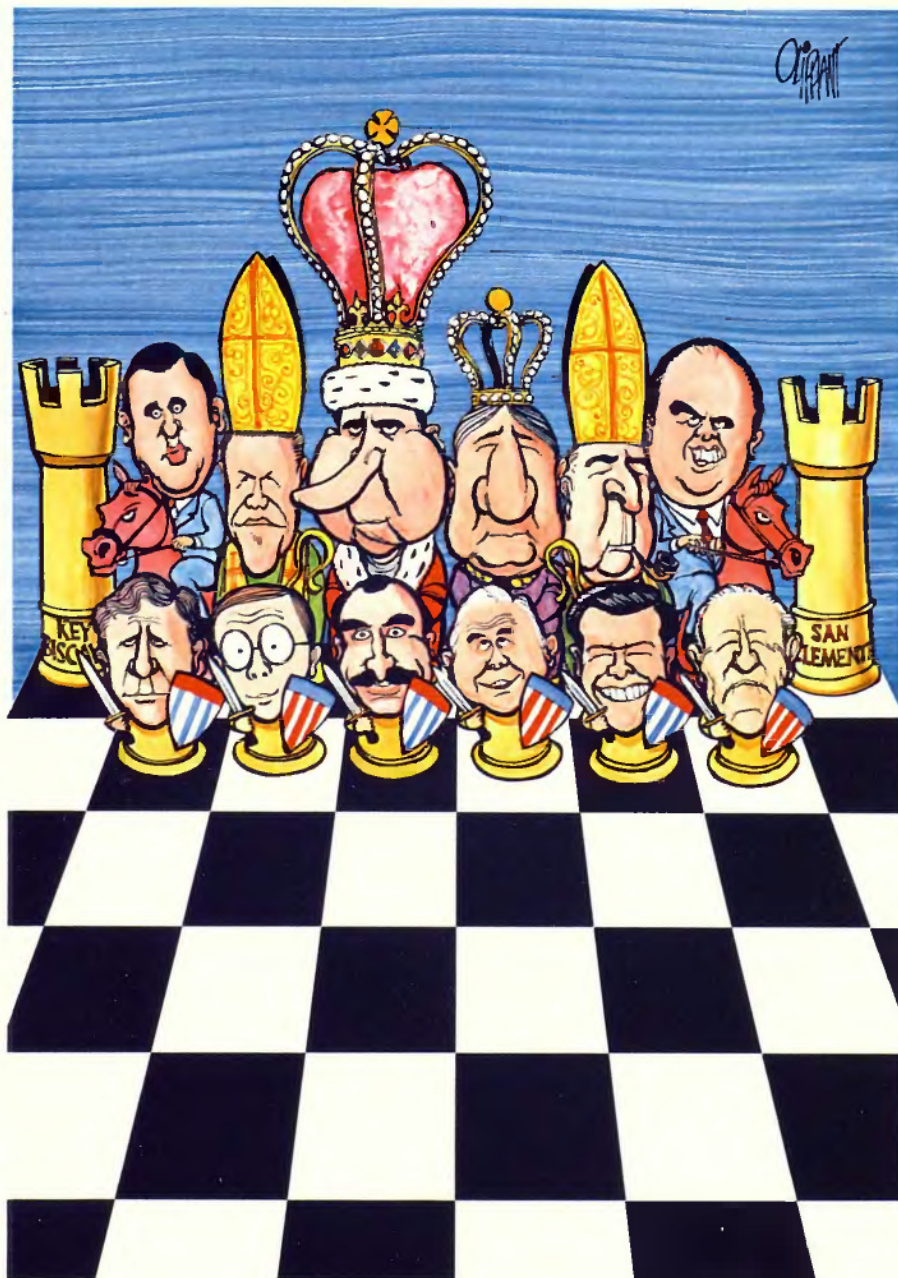


some like it cool

drink **By EMANUEL GREENBERG**
liquid stimuli for the long hot summer

SUMMER IS the tall, cool season. When the sun becomes a red ball, even confirmed martini drinkers forsake the olive and lemon twist in favor of a long, well-iced libation. For most, that means something 'n' tonic or bitter lemon. While both are thirst-slaking drinks, why limit yourself to the prosaic, when there's a world of tempting tropical coolers waiting to be enjoyed? The tall, frosty drink reaches its apogee at the hands of native bartenders from the Caribbean to the South Sea Islands. Drinks are composed for the eye as *(continued on page 228)*

ALL THE PRE



SYNOPSIS: Before June 17, 1972, the two young Washington Post reporters had never worked on a story together. In the months that followed, Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward scooped the Washington press corps with a series of articles linking the Committee for the Re-election of the President and the White House itself to the Watergate break-in—and to other illegal campaign practices as well. By exhaustive detective work, the reporters established that a secret fund of cash in the office of Maurice Stans, former Secretary of Commerce and chief fund raiser for CRP, was the source for payments to the Watergate burglars. Payments from this fund could be authorized by Stans himself; John Mitchell, Nixon's former Attorney General and the head of CRP; Jeb Magruder, Mitchell's deputy; Herbert Kalmbach, Nixon's personal lawyer; and a fifth man, who, the reporters were led to believe, worked in the White House. Bernstein and Woodward also revealed a systematic campaign of sabotage against the Democrats, carried out by dirty-trickster Donald Segretti, who reported to Presidential appointments secretary Dwight Chapin.

Most of Bernstein's and Woodward's breaks were a result of persevering on leads that the FBI and other reporters had overlooked; but a few crucial leads were provided by former CRP treasurer Hugh Sloan and several still-unidentified sources in the Justice Department, the White House and CRP. Perhaps the most interesting, and enigmatic, of these was a highly placed Administration official known to the reporters as Deep Throat. His position was so sensitive that Woodward could contact him only by such pre-arranged signals as moving a flowerpot on his balcony and later meeting with him in an underground garage. Deep Throat was talkative but never gave directly incriminating details—he only

Concluding a two-part article
By **CARL BERNSTEIN**
and
BOB WOODWARD

ONE LATE-NOVEMBER Saturday night, a *Post* editor asked for a word with Woodward in a deserted section of the newsroom. One of his neighbors had told him that his aunt was on a grand jury. His neighbor thought it was the jury on Watergate; she'd made some remark about knowing all about it. "She's a Republican, but she says she really hates Nixon now. My neighbor thinks she wants to talk."

A few days later, the editor handed Woodward a slip of paper with the woman's name and address. Bernstein and Woodward went to Rosenfeld, who seemed to like the idea of a visit but suspended final judgment until he had checked with Bradlee for a policy decision. Bradlee asked the *Post's* lawyers.

Bernstein and Woodward consulted the *Post's* library copy of the *Federal Rules of Civil Procedure*. Grand jurors took an oath to keep secret both their deliberations and the testimony before them; but the burden of secrecy, it

SIDENOT'S MEN

confirmed stories. And he had never given Woodward false information.

From the beginning, the White House, through press secretary Ronald Ziegler, flatly denied everything and attempted to discredit the Post. But the reporters were supported at every step by the Post's executive editor, Benjamin Bradlee, managing editor Howard Simons, metropolitan editor Harry Rosenfeld and city editor Barry Sussman.

It was shortly before the November election that Bernstein and Woodward wrote their most significant—and troublesome—story. The account stated that in addition to Stans, Mitchell, Magruder and Kalmbach—four of five officials who had authorized disbursements from the secret fund in Stans's office—the fifth, as apparently confirmed by Sloan, Deep Throat and an FBI agent, was Nixon's chief of staff, H. R. Haldeman. The response was immediate. Ziegler accused the Post of "shabby journalism" and claimed that Haldeman's name had not been mentioned in grand-jury testimony, as the story claimed. Then Sloan appeared to back off, telling the reporters they had misinterpreted him. The reporters had made a bad mistake and at one point considered resigning. Finally, Deep Throat confirmed Haldeman's involvement but said the reporters had been wrong about the grand-jury testimony. "You've put the investigation back months," Deep Throat told Woodward.

The fall elections passed and there were no new breaks, no more big stories and the Post's reputation suffered. According to Bradlee, the long dry spell was "pure anguish." He pressed the reporters to come up with something fresh on Watergate, to salvage the newspaper's credibility. Bernstein and Woodward became desperate for new information and new sources as the date for the trial of the Watergate burglars approached.

appeared, was on the juror. There seemed to be nothing in the law that forbade anyone to ask questions. The lawyers agreed but urged extreme caution in making any approaches. They recommended that the reporters simply ask the woman if she wanted to talk.

Bradlee was nervous. "No beating anyone over the head, no pressure, none of that cajoling," he instructed Woodward and Bernstein. He got up from behind his desk and pointed his finger. "I'm serious about that. Particularly you, Bernstein, be subtle for once in your life."

The next morning, the reporters drove across town, knocked at the woman's door and identified themselves. She invited them inside. They did not mention the grand jury and said simply that they had heard she knew something about Watergate.

"It's a mess, I know that," the woman said. "But how would I know anything about it except for what I read in the papers?" It took ten minutes to



*how the truth—thus far—
about watergate was
finally ferreted out by two
young reporters and
a courageous newspaper*

figure out that the woman was, indeed, on a grand jury at the courthouse, but not the Watergate one. They thanked her and left.

The episode had whetted their interest. They knew the outlines of the information they needed, but they lacked the details a cooperative grand juror could probably supply. That afternoon, Bernstein called the chief prosecutor, Earl Silbert, and asked for a list of the 23 grand jurors. Silbert flatly refused, rejecting Bernstein's contention that the membership of the jury was a matter of public record.

Woodward asked a friend in the clerk's office if it was possible to get a roster of the Watergate grand jury. "No way whatsoever," he was told. "The records are secret."

Next morning, Woodward took a cab to the courthouse.

The clerk's office employed about 90 people. Woodward started at one end of the large complex of file rooms and after half an hour had found someone willing to direct him to a remote corner of the main file area where lists of trial and grand juries were kept. He identified himself to another clerk as a *Post* reporter and said he wanted to look through the file. The clerk looked at Woodward suspiciously.

"OK," he said, "but you aren't allowed to copy anything. You can't take names. No notes. I'll be watching."

Woodward started going through the file drawers and finally found the master list of 1972 grand juries. Two grand juries had been sworn in at the beginning of June. He remembered that the foreman of the Watergate grand jury had an eastern European name and worked for the Government as an economist or something like that. He found the right name on grand jury number one, sworn in on June 5, 1972.

Each of the jurors had filled out a small orange card listing name, age, occupation, address, home and work telephones. Woodward began sifting through the cards, then glanced over his shoulder. The clerk was sitting at his desk, about 15 feet away, staring at him. Woodward took the first four cards, set them face up in the bottom of the file drawer and began studying the names, ages, addresses, phone numbers and occupations. It took about ten minutes to memorize the information. He asked the clerk where the men's room was.

Inside the washroom, Woodward went into a stall, took a notebook from his jacket pocket and wrote out what he had memorized. *Priscilla L. Woodruff, age 28, unemployed.* Trying to visualize what each of the grand jurors looked like helped him keep track of the information. *Naomi R. Williams, 56, retired teacher and elevator operator. Julie L. White, 37, janitor at George Washington*

University. Woodward drew a mental picture of a coat of arms and the name Haldeman etched beneath a pair of crossed daggers guarding a throne: *George W. Stockton, he wrote in his notebook, Institute of Heraldry, Department of the Army, technician, age 53.* He hitched up his trousers. Four down, 19 to go.

He memorized the next five cards. Straining not to look guilty, he asked the clerk where the chief judge's chambers were.

The man frowned. "You're sure spending a lot of time with those files. I'm not sure that you're allowed to even look in there."

Woodward said he would be back—as soon as he had checked something with the chief judge. Upstairs, in a third-floor washroom, he wrote down the five names and the other information. That left 14. At the rate he was going, the job would take all morning.

On the third try, he was able to memorize six cards. Returning from the lavatory to the file room, he asked the clerk when he went to lunch. "I don't go out to lunch," the man said curtly. The perfect clerk, Woodward thought ruefully: even eats at his desk. He needed to get the rest this time, because the clerk was getting impatient. It took nearly 45 minutes to memorize the last eight names and accompanying details.

Back at the office, he typed a list of the jury members and the accompanying data. In Bradlee's office, the editors and Bernstein and Woodward eliminated nearly half the members of the grand jury as too risky. Low-grade civil servants—especially older ones, for instance—were accustomed to doing things by the bureaucratic book, checking with their superiors, rarely relying on their own judgment. Military officers the same. They were looking for the few least likely to inform the prosecutors of a visit. The candidates would have to be bright enough to suspect that the grand-jury system had broken down in the Watergate case and also be in command of the nuances of the evidence. Ideally, the jurors would be capable of outrage at the White House or the prosecutors or both; persons accustomed to bending rules, who valued practicality more than procedure. The exercise continued with Bernstein, Woodward and their bosses trying to psych out strangers on the basis of name, address, age, occupation, ethnic background, religion, income level. The final choices were left to the reporters.

Everyone in the room had private doubts about such a seedy venture. Bradlee, desperate for a story, and reassured by the lawyers, overcame his own. Simons doubted out loud the rightness of the exercise and worried about the paper. Rosenfeld was concerned most about keeping the enterprise secret. Sussman

was afraid that one of them, probably Bernstein, would push too hard and find a way to violate the law. Woodward wondered whether there was ever justification for a reporter to entice someone across the line of legality while standing safely on the right side himself. Bernstein, who vaguely approved of selective civil disobedience, was not concerned about breaking the law in the abstract. It was a question of *which* law, and he believed that grand-jury proceedings should be inviolate. The misgivings, however, went unstated, for the most part. The reporters' procedure would be to identify themselves, tell the juror that they had learned from an anonymous mutual acquaintance that he or she knew something about Watergate and ask if he or she was willing to discuss the matter. They would leave unless the juror, without prodding, volunteered something. Nothing would be said about the grand jury unless the juror mentioned it.

Bradlee, addressing them in a final briefing before bivouac, repeated the marching orders: "No strong-arm tactics, fellas. Right?"


Working separately over the weekend of December second and third, Woodward and Bernstein attempted the clumsy charade with about half-a-dozen members of the grand jury. They returned with no information and a clear impression that the prosecutors had warned the jurors to beware of jokers bearing press cards. Only one person volunteered that he was on the grand jury, and he explained to Woodward that he had taken two oaths of secrecy in his life, the Elks' and the grand jurors', and that both were sacred trusts. The others said they didn't know anything about Watergate except what they had learned from the media. One told Bernstein: "Watergate? Oh, yeah, that fancy apartment down in Foggy Bottom. . . . I heard about it on the television, all that break-in business and stuff; there's no place safe in this city." Until he heard about the Elk, Bernstein had feared that his partner with the fantastic memory had wasted it on the wrong list.

On Monday, Bradlee called the reporters into his office for an urgent meeting. He shut the door, a gesture often reserved for such delicate matters of state as firings. "The balloon is up," he said. At least one of the grand jurors had told the prosecutors he'd been visited by a *Washington Post* reporter. One of the prosecutors had called Edward Bennett Williams, the *Post's* principal attorney. The prosecutors had gone to Judge John Sirica with the juror's complaint and Williams had advised Bradlee to have his reporters sit tight.

They asked Bradlee how much trouble Williams thought they were in.

"You're not going to get an award," said Bradlee. "Williams said that it's up

(continued on page 186)



*ok, mark spitz
you're not—
but that
shouldn't stop
you from
looking great*

divers pleasures

Beachwear, '74 style, ranges from nothing at all—demonstrated here by the skinny-dipping lady—to the brightly colored elegance of our man's knit pullover, \$19.50, and his drawstring beach pants, \$23, both by Bouncing Bertha's Banana Blanket.

active
By ROBERT L. GREEN



There are a lot of fish in the sea, but some definitely shine brighter than others. Like the guy above, who's either on top of the world or else getting to the bottom of it all, depending on how you look at it. His nylon knit T-shirt, \$13, and sport shorts, \$11, are both by Robert Truth. Below: This stud favors the more homespun texture of his blue-denim suspender jeans that feature a drop front, patch pockets and straight legs, by A. Smile, \$17.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



Our shoremates above have found just the right ingredients for a smashing beachside idyl: a pair of print-patterned, nylon knit, square-legged swimming trunks, by Jantzen, \$8.50, and a pair of nylon briefs, by McGregor, \$2.50. Meanwhile, on a secluded part of the beach, another gent, below, has used his multicolored trunks of stretch nylon with V stripes, by Robert Bruce, \$9, to hypnotize a lady into counting the hairs on his tummy. One, two, three. . .





ILLUSTRATION BY ERALOO CARUGATI

did you invite me ?

*he was a widower, she
was divorced; something had to be
done about him, she said*

fiction

By V. S. PRITCHETT

RACHEL FIRST MET GILBERT at David and Sarah's, or it may have been at Richard and Phoebe's—she could not remember—but what she did remember was that he stood like a touchy exclamation mark and talked in his shotgun manner about his dog. His talk jumped so that she got confused: The dog was his wife's dog, but was he talking about his dog or his wife? He blinked very fast when he talked of either. Then she remembered what David (or maybe Richard) had told her. His wife was dead. Rachel had a dog, too, but he was not interested.

The bond among them all was that they owned small, white stuccoed houses, not quite alike—hers alone, for example, had Gothic-revival windows, which, she felt, gave her a point—on opposite sides of the park. Another bond was that they had reached middle life and said nothing about it, except that Gilbert sharply pretended to be younger than the rest of them in order to remind them they had arrived at that time when one year passes into the next unnoticed, leaving certain dregs, an insinuation that they had not done what they intended. When this thought struck them, they would all—if they had the time—look out of their sedate windows at the park, that tame and once princely oasis where the trees looked womanish on the island in the lake or marched in grave married processions along the avenues in the late summer or in the winter were starkly widowed. They could watch the weekend crowds or the solitary walkers on the public grass, see the ducks flying over in the evenings, hear the keeper's whistle and his shout "All out" when the gates of the park closed an hour after sunset; and at night, hearing the animals at the zoo, they could send out silent cries of their own upon the place and evoke their ghosts.

But not Gilbert. His cry would be a howl and audible, a joint howl of himself and this dog he talked about. Rachel had never seen a man so naked. Something must be done about him, she thought every time she met him. Two years ago, Sonia, his famous and chancy wife, had died—"ON THE STAGE," the headlines in the London newspapers said, which was nearly true—and his eyes were red-rimmed as if she had died yesterday, his angry face was raw with drink or the unjust marks of guilt and grief. He was a tall man, all bones, and even his wrists coming out of a jacket that was too short in the sleeve seemed to be crying. He had also the look of a man who had decided not to buy another suit in his life, to let cloth go on gleaming with its private malice. It was well known—for he boasted of it himself—that his wife had been much older than he, that they quarreled half the time and that he still adored her.

Rachel had been naked, too, in her time, when, (continued on page 242)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

Playmate of the Year

*for february's cyndi wood,
the suspense is over—but the
real excitement is just beginning*

WHEN Marilyn Grabowski, PLAYBOY's West Coast Picture Editor, picked up the phone to give Cyndi Wood the good news—that she'd been chosen Playmate of the Year—it took a while to get the call through. It took even longer, "about a week, I'd guess," says Cyndi, for the full impact to sink in. "I was in Tokyo, in the midst of a night-club engagement, recording sessions and modeling dates, when Marilyn reached me," she recalls, "and my first reaction was just kind of a 'Who, me?' Not until several days later did I really start to believe it, to feel how exciting it actually was." Excitement hasn't exactly been lacking in Cyndi's life since her appearance on our February 1973 gatefold. Take the Tokyo trip. That came about because Cyndi heard that some

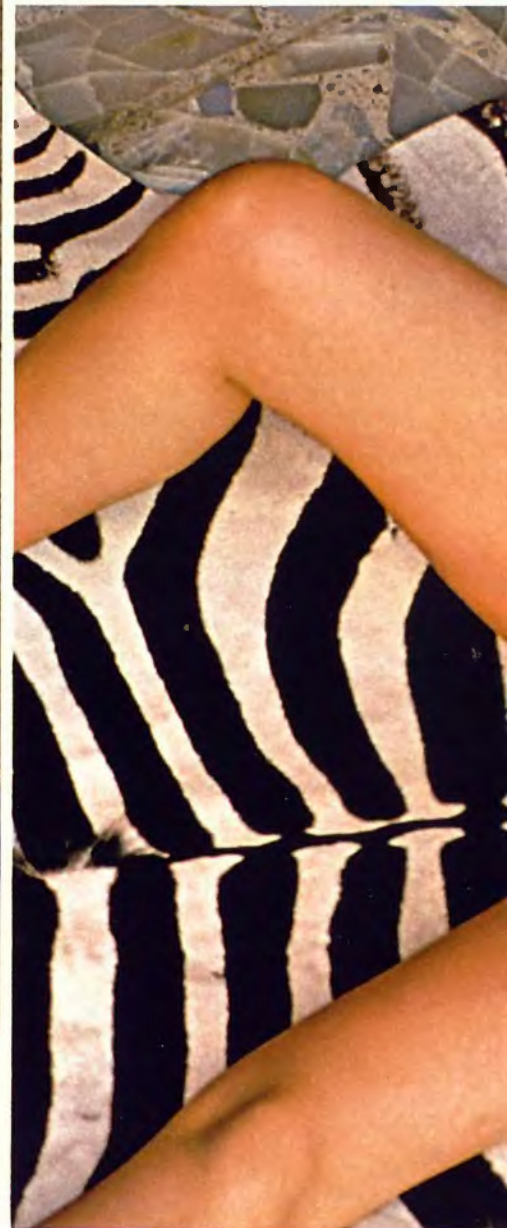
You won't catch us pinning the second line of that studded T-shirt title (left) on Cyndi Wood. But since her selection as top gatefold girl, she's become a lot wealthier: One of her prizes was this Mercedes 450SL.





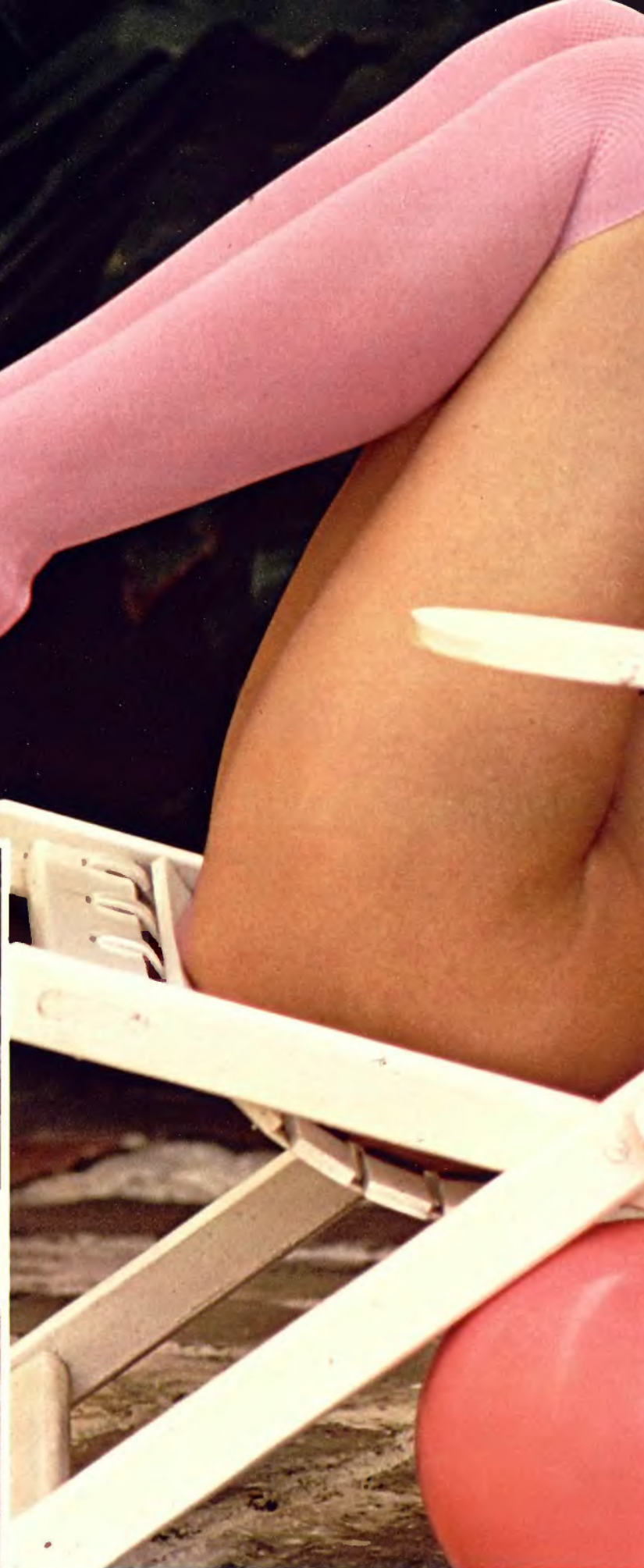
Japanese impresarios were staging auditions in Los Angeles—at the Playboy Club, as it happened. “I hadn’t sung professionally, except in recording studios, for about three years, but I decided to have a try at it, and they signed me to appear at this very exclusive club in Tokyo, the El Morocco. It has about a fifty-dollar cover charge and only really wealthy people go there. When I first arrived in Tokyo, though, things looked as if they weren’t going to work out too well. They had *(text concluded on page 219)*

Posing for these pictures proved a rash move for Cyndi: “I’m allergic to zebra!” Soon after the shooting, Miss Wood broke out in spots that would do a leopard proud.





"I haven't really decided on a career, and I'm in no hurry. I don't think in terms of making it big; I'd just like to earn enough to invest in a small business, so I wouldn't have to worry about money all my life. That way I could keep on doing lots of different things."










"I never dreamed, when my girlfriend sent my photograph to PLAYBOY, that I would ever become a Playmate, let alone Playmate of the Year. I guess I thought all Playmates were spectacular—that I was too ordinary." Now, that's what we call bad judgment.





"Once when I was on a radio talk show, some women called in and said I was sinful for taking off my clothes. Well, I'm tired of fighting people like that. Nudity can be tasteful, like a 16th Century painting. If my pictures are sexy, that's only incidental. I just try to be natural."







"You'll have to explain, Captain, just how you managed to penetrate the most secret center of our department."

MURAKAMI TATSUKO was 35 and barren, a fact that she blamed on her husband, Murakami Shinjo, samurai and medical man, who made love with his hands the way a snake swims through water, whose only shortcoming was the shortness of his comings. He could have used a third hand or an extra sword at those excruciating moments when ecstasy flagged like a primrose plucked and wilting under an August sun.

Thus, it was a strange stirring that Tatsuko felt as she arose in the middle of her sleep with the urgency of having drunk too much beer and crossed the yard to the bathroom and settled her silken self on the skin-smooth cedar shelf and relaxed. The limbs from the maple rattled against the house and something that felt like five fingers and the palm of a hand moved lightly across and down the curve below her spine. The shock was such that everything knotted in midstream. She paused to ascertain the facts. But the hand suddenly was gone.

Strange things happen in the dead of night. Hands without bodies appear at windows and finger the edges of curtains and screens; they appear at the corners of doors like mice, inching over the sill, moving into dark closets, lurking for a deeper view. Such are the wonders of dreams.

But, being pragmatic, Tatsuko decided the following evening to probe the wonder of the outhouse. She slipped from her quilts and out beneath the moon, her skin like porcelain but softer than the leather sheath she lifted from her husband's side. She entered the outhouse, lifted her kimono, parted the swirls of cotton and settled onto the seat. She waited for a sign or a feel, for whatever might happen. She held her breath and counted to 155, and as she was about to loose the jammed air from her lungs, she felt again the webs of the hand encircle that part of herself she had hung over the edge of the pit. Quick as a cat, she unsheathed from the folds of her skirt her husband's short sword and struck with the strength of her heart. A hand with an arm to the elbow struck the wall and thunked to the floor.

A scream like that of gulls flooded the room and through the doorway a manlike figure, thin like a rippling wave in the moonlight, staggered and disappeared across the circle of night.

Over cold rice and tea the next morning, Tatsuko told her husband of her dreams. He arose and returned in less than a minute with a package wrapped in rice paper. "It was a Kappa," he said. "A Kappa has fallen in love with you, and you have cut off his arm. I must find him and return his arm." And he was gone. She had heard many tales of the small creatures whose webbed feet carried them through ponds and rivers, who disappeared against green woods, their hair hanging like moss, who moved like water. She knew they were mythical.

Murakami followed the trail for six hours, and finally he saw a figure bent by a stream. It held onto its stub of arm, moaning as a stream moans in early spring. As he approached the Kappa, Murakami said, "You love my wife but have lost your arm. I shall return it in exchange for the Kappa secret of joining flesh to flesh, of taking a flower that has been severed from its stem and returning it to the root that it may run to seed."

The Kappa replied, "The matter is simple. Hand me my arm and watch how arm will grow again to arm."

The Kappa took from Murakami the severed arm and placed it onto his stub and from his pouch he took a package the size of a prune wrapped in leaves. Within was a white, translucent salve that smelled of the sea. He rubbed it slowly and lightly in a circular motion over the wound for five minutes and then ten more, expanding and lengthening the motion as he rubbed blood back to the wrist and fingers. And Murakami saw the pale lifeless member begin to glow, the skin flush, the finger tips flex and stiffen with a life of their own.

"And so you know the Kappa's secret. Take this salve, for it contains the secret of joining." With that, the creature slipped beneath the surface of the stream.

And so Murakami took the salve and returned to his wife. It was not long before Tatsuko's belly began to swell until it curved like an egg carved out of alabaster, and Murakami grew jolly as he walked about the town.

Their children numbered 13 before Tatsuko grew too old and too weary to bear any more. They were frail children who seldom walked but who rippled across fields. Murakami, the samurai, became one of Japan's finest doctors and its first marriage counselor, while Tatsuko continued her nightly habit of leaving her quilts to walk out under the stars or in the rain to the little house where she had learned to hold her breath and count.

—Retold by Lonny Kaneko



high-class hustle (continued from page 132)

sure he won't forget, either.

The curious cut: You ask an innocent question about his game—the best part of his game—so that he begins to dissect what he's doing well reflexively. "Did you realize that you tap your right foot three times every time you putt?" is a good question. ("It took me five years to get my putting back to form—I was looking at my foot all the time instead of the putt," one victim has said.) Of course, sometimes the ploy doesn't work.

On the eve of the British Amateur at Sandwich in 1948, says the Archivist, a British golf writer sent a note to a fellow diner, Frank Stranahan, asking: "Do you inhale or exhale when putting?" The idea, of course, was to get Stranahan, a most accomplished golfer, to think about his breathing, not his putting.

At the adjoining table, Stranahan looked up, apparently bewildered. "I don't know," he said.

Later that evening, the writer noticed—with satisfaction—Stranahan on the practice green, inhaling on one shot, exhaling on the next. He must have found the answer, because the last laugh was on the Britisher. Inhaling and exhaling all the way, Stranahan won the tournament, beating the local favorite, Charles Stowe of Sandwich, five and four.

The Archivist spent his caddying years studying not only the psychology of hustling but some of its tactics and personalities. "All the hustlers then had a 'freak-shot bet.' If they lost to you in a game of golf, they'd come right back at you with their freak bet that you figured you couldn't lose. The Stork would bet you he could win—on a handicap—by standing on one foot for every shot; he'd tuck one leg up behind him. Mysterious Montague would bet you he could beat you on the putting green with a rake, a hoe or a shovel." Charley the Blade would bet he could beat you playing only with a three iron. Floren Di-Paglia, who went from fixing basketball games to hustling golf—a natural progression—used to bet high-handicap golfers that he could beat them even though he played all his tee shots with a Dixie Cup over the ball. George Low, once a pro-tour golfer, would bet you he could win putting by *kicking* the ball into the hole ("He's supposed to have aced five of nine holes that way on one bet") and—if it meant a great hustling opportunity—he'd bet you he could win on the greens using a rake, a broom handle or a pool cue. Lee Trevino, who hustled bets on a par-three course in Dallas before going on the pro tour, would bet he could beat you using a taped-up Dr Pepper bottle ("He wasn't so dumb; it had a smooth side instead of the bulging ribs that Coke bottles have"). And Snead has been known to hack a club out of a branch from a swamp-maple tree and bet

a "mullet" (as he called his victims) he could beat him using the stick for tee and fairway shots and a wedge for chipping and putting. The mullet took the bet eagerly—and paid off when Snead shot a 76.

In the old days, says the Archivist, the most florid and renowned hustler was a tall, lean itinerant named Titanic Thompson. "He was a gambler as much as a golfer," says the Archivist, "so he wasn't always working the hustle in expected ways." Once he made a bet with some pigeon that he could drive a ball 500 yards off the tee of his choice. Since the world record recognized by the Professional Golfers Association is 392 yards and the longest known drive was that of a 483-yard hole in Devon, England, with a gale to help, Titanic's bet seemed like a good one to the pigeon. Only the tee Titanic chose, outside Chicago, had a steep drop-off far down the fairway and—while the fairway dog-legged right—the course ran straight out to Lake Michigan. As it happened, Titanic chose winter to carry out the bet, so not only was the fairway ice-hard but so was the water of the lake. The ball had only to take a couple of big bounces before it was heading out over the ice in the general direction of Michigan. It went not only 500 yards but perhaps that many miles.

If he lost a bet, somehow Titanic had a way to get even: He'd pull out a gun and bet double or nothing he could split a silver dollar thrown into the air—he was, among other things, an expert shot. Or he'd bet he could throw a quarter into a skinned potato at 15 feet—for some reason, he was expert at that, too. If it had been a really bad day, he'd have some back-to-the-clubhouse bets. One example: On the course, he'd usually be tossing pecans into the air and catching them in his mouth. When he got back to the clubhouse, he'd bet everybody double or nothing that he could toss one of the nuts over the clubhouse roof to the other side. Whereupon, he'd palm the selected pecan, replace it with a lead-filled pecan and throw it over the clubhouse. If anybody objected, he'd say, "I threw a pecan like we bet. Nobody said what it had to be filled with." But this gimmick became fairly well known and when its allure wore off, he'd bet he could throw a pumpkin over the roof. The pumpkin happened to be one he'd reserved for the purpose—it was the size of a baseball—and he'd win the bet easily.

Some bets demanded more in the way of resourcefulness. One day Titanic was on the putting green at Tenison Park, practicing with a long-handled shovel—on the chance someone might want to bet that he could beat Titanic putting with a shovel—when a wealthy used-car

dealer approached with a deal he couldn't refuse.

"See that kid over there?" he asked. Titanic saw—a long-haired kid putting with a wedge and picking the ball out of the hole with his toes. "I'll back him against you for a grand," said the used-car dealer.

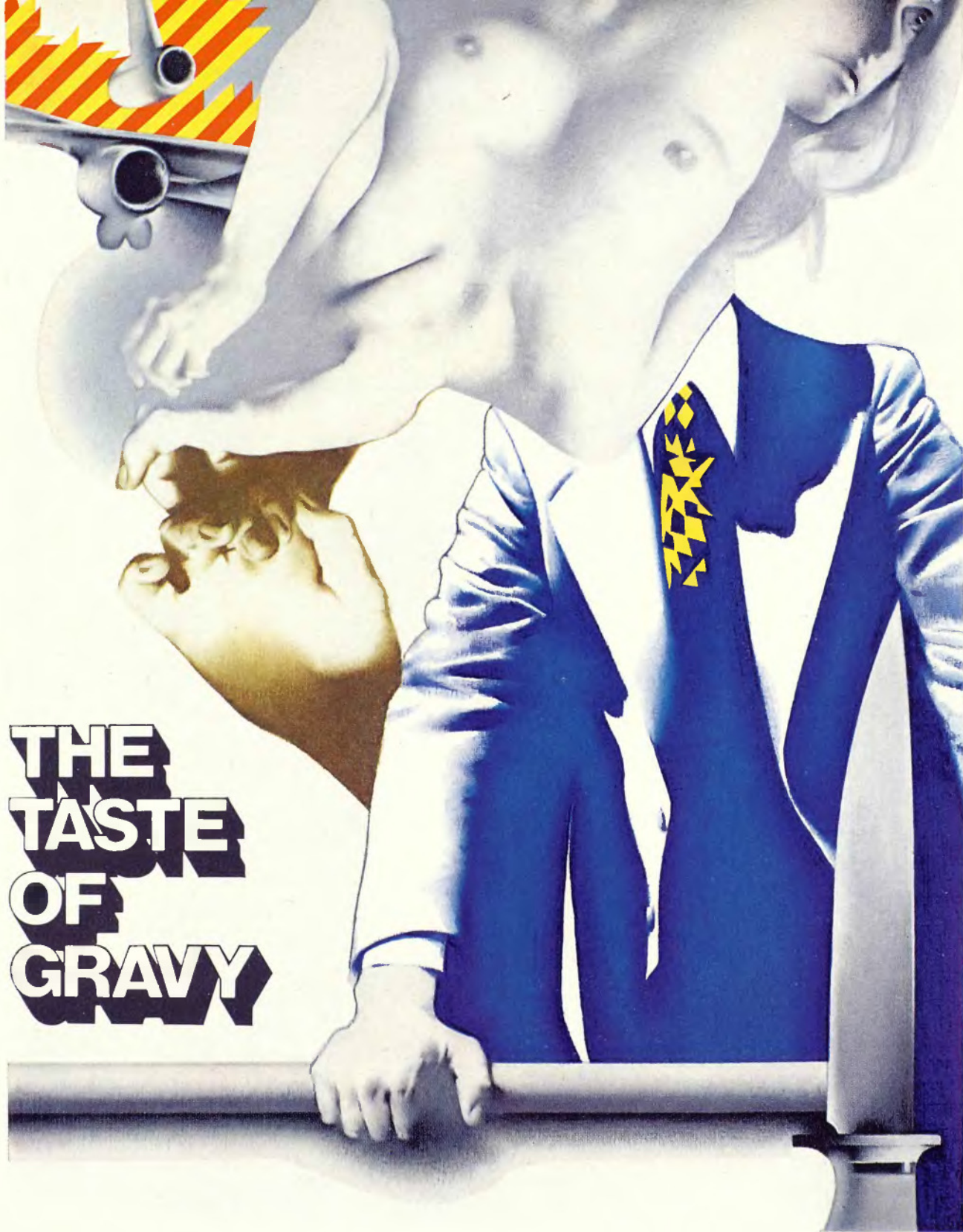
There is nothing that arouses a hustler so much as a chance to match mind and morals with a used-car dealer—particularly one exploiting a kid who can't even afford to buy shoes. It never even dawned on Titanic that the kid—like himself—may not have been altogether what he seemed.

He was, in fact, one of the best junior players in the state. He could outhit Titanic—who was in his upper years—off the tee with no trouble. It was only slightly more trouble to demolish him entirely over the 18 holes.

While the kid went back to the first tee to take on the next pigeon, Titanic went off to brood for a while. He moped around the clubhouse, pitching coins at a crack in the floor—another hobby of his—until he could catch the used-car dealer with a deal he couldn't refuse. "I'll play him double or nothing and I'll beat him," he said. "And to show you how confident I am, I'll let him take three drives off each tee and then let him play his best one." The patron leaped at the chance; some used-car dealers have absolutely no morals about how and how much they exploit a pigeon.

In the first nine holes, the kid began piling up a good lead. It wasn't always easy: This was the third round the kid was playing on this day and—what with the extra strokes off each tee—it was the equivalent of two or three extra rounds in one. By the 11th hole, the kid's arms began showing some of the wear of trying to make three long drives off each tee. He began hooking the ball viciously in strenuous efforts to maintain his distance, and then when he shifted his hands in the grip to compensate for it, he began fading it. Soon he couldn't get any of his three drives onto the fairway and by the 15th or 16th hole, when he overreacted in an effort to stay accurate, he wound up shooting short. Titanic finished the round by humiliating the kid and maintaining the honor of the hustler over the used-car dealer.

Titanic is in his 80s now. He kept hustling when he could no longer play well with yet another ploy. He tutored a group of kid golfers in how to make certain shots, then he'd send them out to play the game after he used *his* head to arrange the hustle. ("Maybe I can't beat you, but my caddie can.") In a sense, says the Archivist, the passing of Titanic signaled the passing of old-time hustling. "Not much action in the old sense around nowadays. It's all penny-ante
(continued on page 212)



THE TASTE OF GRAVY

fiction **By JOHN D. MacDONALD** The stewardess started talking about seat belts and cigarettes. He swallowed away the growing tightness in his ears as they settled down through the blowy night. First class was thinly populated. He yawned and gathered up the paperwork he had spread across the empty seat and the two service tables and put the raw data along with the almost-finished report into his dispatch case.

He looked at the time and felt disoriented. Ten past nine. Airplanes are never so early.

"Helen?" he said. The stewardess stopped and turned and came back to his seat.

"Yes, Mr. Catlett?"

"What's going on? We're off schedule, aren't we?"

"Gee, I guess you didn't hear the announcement. We diverted to Syracuse. (continued on page 220)

maybe there should be more lives than one—he longed for the lives he couldn't have

some birthdays are worse than others and, incidentally, ma'am, would you mind removing your breast from my eye?

That's me on top HELPLESS!

article By CRAIG VETTER

MY BIRTHDAY is never a good day anyway. It usually comes on me like a bad lab report (Gemini creeps into the western sky, charts under his arms, delivers the news, "Pssst . . . you've still got it . . . the drugs are no use . . . life is the big dose") and last June I turned 31 in L.A. and proved I could get lower than that. I couldn't have done it in any other city nor without the help of another frayed mind, and I would have let go of my anxiety over it long ago except that there is a professional-quality photographic record of the whole dirty business.

That's Rowland's contribution, a friend of mine, a photographer, wizard of visual delights, a man who walks around with entirely too much ginseng in his system and who crashed into my birthday funk like this: "I'm calling from the pay phone at the Academy of Nude Wrestling on Santa Monica Boulevard so I have only three minutes to tell you that I have uncovered prehistoric thrills here my brother and you will love it. They got a woman . . . leopardskin tights . . . big scary woman . . . eyes that are looking for food . . . hardly talks at all . . . snorts kind of—"

"It's my birthday, Rowl, leave me alone," I told him.

" . . . And for twenty dollars they'll turn her naked body loose on you for half an hour and I can shoot it with the motor Nikon and we can bury the negs where they'll find them after the quake because I'm telling you this thing is goddamn anthropological."

"You and I don't eat the same roots, Rowl."

"Gimme that bullshit . . . call yourself an athlete of experience . . . I need you now. The sheriff's vice cops have been here once this morning and the reptile queen is talking about going home. . . . It's too sleazy to last . . . it's too beautiful."

"No. I'm thirty-one, I want to be a grownup," I said and he laughed the way whores do when you offer them small money



and I told him I'd show up.

On the way there, north up U.S. 405, I used all the tricks I know to get out of my worried head and into my easily pleased body. It worked and pretty soon my dumpy little car felt like a flower in the rapids and everything that wasn't funny (eight acres of bumper to bumper, Chevies around Long Beach) was beautiful (the Goodyear blimp moored around Hawthorne).

I had the car as full of AM rock 'n' roll as I could get it and somewhere around Redondo a voice started playing in my head, telling me a dirty joke I once knew. So at 70 miles an hour, louder than *Killing Me Softly* . . . , a Texan bursts into an Alaskan bar yelling that he's pissed and ashamed to be from the second-largest state in the Union and that he will take any initiation the natives say to become a genuine sourdough. The locals snicker, they laugh. They tell him that he has to drink a quart of whiskey, wrestle a Kodiak bear and

fuck a woman, in sequence, in one night. The Texan chugalugs the booze and careens out into the arctic dark. Couple of hours later he staggers back in, clothes ripped to shreds, his back scratched and torn, one ear partly hanging off, he's limping, but the fire is still in his eyes and he plants both feet, sways, and then shouts, "All right you bastards, where's this woman you want me to wrestle?"

I listened to that three or four times and by the time I floated down the off ramp onto La Cienega, I loved it as I had when I was a child. I loved everything: I had the rhythm of the city, the rhythm of the times and I hit every green light for three miles, past massage parlors (wonderful), sweaty little bookstores, a billboard shampoo ad: "Get Head" (nothing is too bizarre), sweaty little moviehouses (fantastic), seven-and-eight-year-old hitchhikers (far out), and I had the windows down and the radio up and an ad for *Deep Throat* came on, then Lou

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Reed started singing about boys' becoming girls ("Take a walk on the wild side") and when I couldn't get enough, I started singing myself. . . . "All right, Los Angeles. . . . Hey hey, L.A. . . . I got your number. . . . I'm thirty-one, Los Angeles. . . . now where's this goddamn woman you want me to wrestle?"

I met Rowlie on the sidewalk in front of the academy. He had on a couple of cameras and a bag full of lenses and he was excited because he said he'd found a film designed especially for sleazy light. He called it *whorehouse Verichrome*. The sign on the window behind him said: **WRESTLE A LIVE NUDE MODEL.**

"I already shot it," he said. "I love it: horny enough to get them in off the street, specific enough to discourage the necrophiliacs."

"It'll be the late Seventies before you can wrestle a dead nude model," I told him. "Even in L.A."

"What kinda shape you in?" he asked me.

"I feel like I've unplugged my basic goodness and left the motor functions intact," I said. "I think I'm ready."

We walked out of the sunlight into a room too dark for anything but the growing of fungus or the selling of flesh: heavy drapes, red, a couple of cheap space-age swivel chairs, a half-dozen full ashtrays and a couple of half-empty Cokes floating with cigarette butts that had no place else to go. There was an empty desk with a little ring-for-service bell on it and there were back-room noises: pounding, small cries, some laughing.

Rowlie hit the bell and before it stopped ringing, a head poked around the doorjamb: dark hair, greasy as the Fifties, "Be right there, you guys," a face that had seen the top end of its career emceeing dance contests, "We're busier than shit today," a manner that had run a *we-supply-the-camera-you-shoot-split-beaver* photo studio before this, "Be right back," a smile that could have wilted ivy.

He was gone, then back, putting on a Hawaiian shirt, saying hi again. His name was Jess and one of the heavy loves of his life was named Suzy. He had both names tattooed on the big muscle of his right arm. "You guys are gonna have to wait, I'm sorry, there are two writers, a photographer and a vice cop back there right now and I don't got any girls left." Then he smiled again.

"Oh, Rowland," I said. "Press day at the snake pit. You give a *hard* test," but he didn't hear me, because he was asking where the lizard woman was and Jess told us she'd gone home. Just tired, he said, she was very popular, but he promised that he had two bronze beasts for us and although I didn't know what he meant right then, a minute later a big, hard-looking black woman in a bra and panties walked out of the back trailing three men behind her: two writers and

a photographer. I was looking at their faces for signs of just how slimy it was going to get, but they just kept smiling and walking, fraternal smiles . . . hi . . . hi . . . see you at the big fires . . . ha . . . and then they were gone.

I asked and Jess explained to us about the vice cops. "Can't touch us," he said. "They been back three times now and it's really pissing them off. See, the law says that if the girl takes her own things off, you can bust her. But if the customer does it, or if they *accidentally* fall off, you're cool. The fuzz keep sending these undercover guys in here to wrestle, it's funny, man, they think they're undercover, but I been on this street long enough to know 'em all."

A derelict wandered in the door, stood blinking his eyes against the dark for a minute and then said, "Well . . . what about it?"

The black woman—who had introduced herself to us as Gloria—gave him a speech she'd memorized. "Well, sir," she said, "the girls here are all taking a course in feminine wrestling. Thass a gentle kind of rasslin' where nobody gets hurt and nobody wins. You the customer are considered her sparring partner and it costs twenty dollars per half hour. . . ."

When she got to the part about the money, he stood wavering for a second, then said, "That's too rich for my blood," and then stumbled out the door. He looked like a man who knew exactly what his blood was worth and I wish now I'd followed him out into the sunshine.

A guy in a sports coat, low brows, fire-plug shoulders came out of the back adjusting his tie, not looking at anybody, and he walked through and out. Jess mouthed the word *vice* but didn't say it and pointed at the guy as he went through. Then Tina came out: almost as big as Gloria, also in bra and panties, with a sour look on her face.

"How'd it go?" Jess asked.

"Sheeeeeeeyit," she said, "he was *strong*. I couldn't throw him for nothin'. And right up at the end, I said, 'Yo time's up,' and he say, 'No it ain't,' and then blam, he throw me over, then blam again . . . he's mean."

Just after the cop got out the door, a young guy in a Ban-Lon sport shirt had come in and now he was asking for Cynthia, whom he'd wrestled before, he said, and who was his favorite.

"Oh," said Gloria. "Ah . . . she's working in the other room now." The kid just stood there looking at her, the way Rowlie and I were looking at her. Jess was looking at her, too, angry.

"How do I get there?" the kid asked.

"You can't," Gloria told him. "It's a—"

"There ain't no other room," said Jess. "Cynthia's gone." He made it sound as if candles were being lit for her somewhere and the kid left. Then I asked Jess about the other room and whatever he mum-

bled was hard to hear, but the spirit of it was, "I'm just the piano player."

Then he gave me a release to sign that said if I was killed or paralyzed that was that, and then he led us all to booth number one, the deluxe chamber, it turned out. There were a couple of double mattresses jammed against each other and covered with burlap, and four highway markers, stolen, spray-painted, strung with droopy clothesline, trying to look like ringposts. And there were things about our stall that were trying to make it look like a classroom: There were three right-handed desks at the end of the room opposite the mat and all over the walls there were big-time, university-style anatomy charts. One of the duotone posters showed the main veins and arteries, another outlined the muscular system, another the skeletal system and my favorite, the biggest, named the differences between the male and female structures: silhouettes of him and her, skull larger in male (it said near the top), male shoulders broader and less sloped. Female thorax narrower, male torso shorter, female pelvis wider, male arm longer, oblique slant in femur more pronounced in female, male legs longer. I was studying the chart, looking for a cheap way to win, maybe, when Jess told me to strip to my Jockey shorts. Gloria had already taken off her bra and was smiling "Are you ready?" and Rowlie was in a yoga squat in the corner looking like a lotus with several cameras hidden in it, peeping at Gloria's large heavy breasts and the rest of her muscular body.

"I don't have any Jockey shorts," I told Jess.

"Boxers are OK."

"Well, I don't have any boxers either. I don't wear shorts."

He looked at me as if I were a pervert. "I got a pair of cutoffs in my car," I told him.

"Better get 'em," he said and I did.

When I got back, there was someone new in the room. "Willie," Jess told me. He was a black man in a *dashiki*, probably six and a half feet tall, probably 250 pounds, a sumo stomach and a half-crooked "Whass happenin', baby?" smile.

I shook his hand and told him, "Not much, just getting ready to wrestle that lady over there," and I pointed to Gloria.

"Thass cool," he said, "thass cool. Thass *my* lady." Then he grabbed her from halfway across the room and pulled her to the stool he was sitting on, and while I put on my trunks and Rowlie pretended to check his lenses, Willie played with Gloria's nipples as if they were dice. She squealed and protested and slapped at his hand, but he really wanted to do it and so he did. Jess was getting a kick out of it, but I could tell it was spooking Rowlie and I was having horrible flashes that maybe Willie was going to want to
(concluded on page 235)

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN AND WHO CARES?

a tv trivia quiz to separate the dilettante from the addict

By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

DESIGNED BY ALFRED ZELGER



ALTHOUGH NO ONE seems to have noticed, 1978 was, more or less, the 25th anniversary of everybody's favorite piece of furniture—the television. While the tube has been with us since the Thirties, full-scale inanity actually took off around 1948 with such shows as Milton Berle's *Texaco Star Theater*. To say that television has not influenced mankind is sheer nonsense; to say that it has is horrifying. Yet, for many of us who were born in the Forties or later, it might be said that the idiot box has made us what we are today. If you're not exactly sure what that is, just take a good look at yourself, beady eyes, demented expression, gaping mouth, chronic sloth, inability to concentrate above the intellectual level of *Hee Haw*. To you, *cinéma vérité* was invented by Allen Funt and the televised Nixon-Kennedy debates were just another episode of *Who Do You Trust?* After years of expensive schooling, the only thing you've committed to memory is the theme song to

the *Mickey Mouse Club*. And remember Miss Frances smiling, her hands smeared in finger paint, or Private Duane Doberman gazing philosophically into space? Of course you do. Let's face it, kids, it's been *Howdy Doody* time all your life. So, just to see how far gone you are, and to belatedly commemorate TV's 25th birthday, try your hand at the trivia quiz below.

1. "There's a holdup in the Bronx, Brooklyn's broken out in fights, there's a traffic jam in Harlem that's backed up to Jackson Heights" is:
 - A. a romantic poem by Mickey Spillane
 - B. theme-song lyrics to *N.Y.P.D.*
 - C. theme-song lyrics to *Car 54 Where Are You?*
 - D. page one of the *Daily News*, page 67 of *The New York Times*
 - E. a good reason to move to Rye

2. *The Ed Sullivan Show* was originally called:
 - A. *Mister Ed*
 - B. *The Topo Gigio Show*
 - C. *The Toast of the Town*
 - D. *The Ed Sullivan Show*
 - E. boring

(continued on page 217)



TAKE TWO ASPIRINS

they can accept the penis-shaped kind but not this square one. Some of the women ask where to buy one. Everyone, male and female alike, agrees that masturbating is a Good Thing.

The next day, at a session devoted to reading the results of a questionnaire that asked what people feel guilty about, two respondents answer "Masturbating." I conclude that sexual attitudes restructure slowly.

It hardly matters. We have moved away from self-love, have seen two short humorous sex films and now are "trusting" others. This involves a laying on of hands, similar to that practiced in encounter groups: The workshop participants indicate whether or not they trust one another by standing, eyes closed, in a small circle and allowing themselves to be caught by fellow group members as they fall; then they are raised in the air by joint huffing-and-puffing group effort; they are then deposited on the floor and massaged—fully clothed. The point of the exercise is to demonstrate that the body feels good when rubbed all over, not just when it is rubbed genitally, although each participant chooses whether he or she wants an E or an R massage—"everything" or "restricted." No one chooses R.

From generalized massage we move to feet and hands. Feet have become the big nonsexual symbol for many of the new sex therapists, which may seem odd to foot fetishists. Two West Coast sex therapists, Dr. William Hartman and Mrs. Marilyn Fithian, have theorized that if a couple can pay loving attention to each other's feet, they are on the way to being sexual 100-percenters. They prescribe a foot caress, often lasting upwards of an hour. Two disciples of theirs, Dr. Jeremy and Mrs. Virginia More, have filmed a foot caress and use it in therapy: an endless balming and bathing, rinsing and rubbing, wiping and wetting, which seems to last longer than *Ivan the Terrible*, Parts I and II together. In New York, the blithe Dr. Sacolick has made his own version of the asexual caress film, something he calls *The Whitefish Caress*, which features a young woman who blissfully unwraps a package of smoked whitefish, smells it and fondles it at length. But then Sacolick is not your garden-variety sex therapist: He has a sense of humor.

With all this attention to feet, it's no surprise that the highlight of the evening turns out to be Reverend Shaw anointing someone's toes and nibbling them. After the workshop breaks up, a few stalwarts stay for a bit of extracurricular massage, performed in underwear—except for the reverend, who dispassionately appears as God created him. I am told I cannot remain, since my nonparticipatory pres-

(continued from page 116)

ence might discomfort some of the partakers.

The next morning we launched into the Fuckarama, to the canned tune of "She's a hooker, she fucks and sucks any schmuck with twenty bucks," and other porn songs taped to accompany the movies. The hit of the day was a song to the tune of *Jimmy Crack Corn*—"Jimmy fucks Sue and Sue fucks Sam./Mary balls Dave and then eats Dan. . . . They call it friendly intercourse./It's therapy to stop divorce." As the song was played over and over, therapist Myers danced to the music, kicking up her heels, while an assistant therapist named Dave energetically punched the air with a clenched fist.

When evaluations were taken after the workshop, the consensus was that the weekend had really been "an experience." One young man said, "It's been the most significant experience of my lifetime." He had come in with his wife and, by Sunday, had abandoned her big pillow for that of Dave's wife, although he had to share it with a second man as well. His wife was OK, though; she had made room on her pillow for Dave.

Of course, frequent studies have shown that if people are given any sort of innocuous treatment by a healer, whether it is a medication or a placebo, a prayer or a magazine, a high percentage will always feel helped. But even allowing for the "yea-saying response," as psychologists call it, there does seem to be hefty appreciation of the National Sex Forum films. A study conducted two years ago by the Forum revealed that 93 percent of the viewers found them "helpful"—an overwhelmingly positive response. This has led to interest on the part of several universities, which now show films to students, and on the part of prestigious medical-book publishers, who want to enter the sex-therapy field. McIlvenna feels that "specialized knowledge of human sexuality is the right of every person" and that through the showing of sex films, sex therapy ceases being "magical" and becomes "democratized."

It is no surprise that the film weekend I attended started out with masturbation instead of the more usual Fuckarama. This is the year of the masturbator. For centuries civilization's dirty little secret, masturbation has finally come out of the closet. Betty Dodson has written a paean to it. "Socially institutionalized dependent sex is depersonalizing," she says. "Masturbation can help return sex to its proper place—to the individual." Dr. Joseph LoPiccolo, formerly at the University of Oregon, now in Texas, has written a nine-step masturbation program. For, as it turns out, masturbation is not everyone's secret. There are droves of women who have never tried it. Many of these women are what is known in the

trade as primary anorgasmic—they have not reached orgasm through coitus or masturbation—and nothing makes a woman orgasmic quicker than teaching her to masturbate.

At the University of California, Lonny Garfield, a graduate student, has devised her own unique program for anorgasmic women. She works with women alone, whether or not they have male partners, gathering them in groups of six to eight. Following the format devised by the women's movement for consciousness raising, Garfield's clitoris-raising groups discuss their feelings and experiences with masturbation, lending support to one another. Garfield and another female therapist participate, assigning the group daily homework exercises in self-examination and self-pleasuring. One day they look at themselves all over and examine their genitals with a mirror. Another day they commence stimulating themselves but stop short of orgasm. Later, orgasm is permissible and different methods of stimulation are experimented with. Garfield insists on an hour's worth of homework a day. Intercourse is not part of the program. Garfield says, "I am not coital orgasm-oriented. Intercourse without additional clitoral stimulation doesn't work for many women." She prefers to leave the ultimate choice of how they will pursue their orgasms entirely up to her clients.

There are, however, some therapists—female ones, interestingly—who still respect the feelings of the woman who can reach orgasm through masturbation but wants to have the sensation while having intercourse with a man. According to Dr. Helen Kaplan at Cornell-New York Hospital Medical Center, which has a large psychiatrically oriented sex-therapy clinic, "The problems of the woman who's never had an orgasm are incredibly simple to resolve; we make half of the women who come in to us orgasmic in no more than three sessions." It is the others who are more difficult to treat, which may be why so many new therapists concentrate on the easy problem. Dr. Kaplan herself thinks coital orgasm may be impossible for some women, but she is uncertain about it. Orgasm, she explains, is a reflex comparable to the knee jerk or gagging. What triggers a reflex is stimulation, the doctor's rubber hammer to the knee, a cotton swab to the throat. "Some people require greater stimulation than do others before their eyes will blink or their knees will jump or their throats will gag. And some small percentage of people are totally lacking in these reflexes, no matter what the stimulation."

On the other hand, Kaplan continues, it is really not difficult to teach women who have the orgasm reflex how to experience it during intercourse, even without direct clitoral stimulation. "We don't consider it the end point of treatment if a man has to manually stimulate the



"Sharon, I know your left one is a little bigger than your right one, but you see, darling—I don't care."

woman during intercourse," Kaplan explains. "Actually, when they're at that stage, we call it the 'transitional period.'"

At the neighboring New York Medical College's sex clinic, therapist Dagmar Graham concurs. "We call it a 'bridge technique.' It's the bridge to where they have asked to go, and the patient's expectations, not the therapist's, should direct the therapy."

• • •

If some sex therapists are training women to satisfy themselves and letting it go at that, others are trying a technique that at least sounded logical to me: using men to do it. In California, they are breaking the great male-surrogate barrier. A sexual-surrogates organization has recently been formed with an eye to setting occupational standards, ethics and fees. The organization has 16 charter members, three of whom are male. I was introduced to one, a former physicist named Danny Tompkins, by a female friend who said, as she brought us together in a Mexican restaurant, "Female surrogates, that's just another way of servicing men. They've always had that available to them in one form or another. But male surrogates! That's really progress." I felt the same way.

While Masters and Johnson had used partner surrogates to work with impotent men and premature ejaculators who had no female mates of their own, they had avoided providing such partners for women. Their rationale was that men could accept such casual partners but that sexually dysfunctional women needed "the security of an established man-woman relationship, real identification with the male partner and warmth and expression of mutual emotional responsibility." I have always disagreed, having known many women who have been happy about casual sex partners—and particularly happy when casual but good sex replaced no sex at all. I mentioned this to Tompkins, a pleasantly shy, slight and handsome man of about 35, who was, he explained, still in training with another male surrogate, who was charging him a modest \$100 for three training sessions, plus \$75 for a weekend internship.

"What exactly does a male surrogate do?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "you have to understand that being a male surrogate does not necessarily mean having to come up with an erection. You can go a long way without having an erection."

The woman who had introduced us said in astonishment, "You can?" in the same breath that I said in astonishment, "You can? But then what do you do?"

"Well, first of all, you spend a few hours talking to the woman," Tompkins explained. "You discuss things until you both feel comfortable. Then you go into the bedroom, and it's not unusual after you've been in the bedroom for, say, two

or three sessions, that the woman gets turned on and wants to fuck."

"No kidding," I said.

"Yes," Tompkins said. "Well, then you have to weigh 'Do I want to have a good time and fuck or do I want to be in the business?'"

"I thought that was your business."

"No, that's not the name of the game," he said.

Later, he explained a case. "One woman—a married woman—was basically an aggressive type. That's not why she came to see me; she came because she had not experienced orgasm with her man's penis inside her. But anyway, I diagnosed immediately that she was basically an aggressive type."

"You mean because she wanted to have an orgasm with a penis inside her?" I asked.

"Well, ninety percent of these problems are, after all, right here," he said, pointing to his head. "You don't have to put your penis inside. The idea is to get the person's head turned around so she regards sex as a clean act so she can get turned on and doesn't come into it cold and just say, 'I want an orgasm.'"

"Lots of women who think sex is dirty have orgasms," I said.

"I don't personally agree with that."

Tompkins had surrogated four women so far but had not had intercourse with any of them. He had, however, made them orgasmic. The treatment was a matter of making the right physical connections. "With this particular problem," he explained, "the thing you do is have the woman stick her finger into the introital opening of her vagina—"

"The what?"

"The opening. And then you have her rub her clitoris at the same time, alternately taking her finger out and then putting it back in. It takes a lot of training, but you can do it without entering."

The other woman and I asked simultaneously, "What's wrong with entering?"

Tompkins tried to explain. "I guess it's just the human female condition. The woman doesn't always have a live penis available to her, and the fact is she can always feel her clitoris. She can do it in front of the television set."

It was certainly beginning to look as if, in a growing fringe of the new sex therapy, "warmth and expression," and even intercourse, were on their way out.

• • •

Female surrogates do not avoid intercourse, at least not in the elaborate therapy program devised by Dr. Bernard Apfelbaum, a psychoanalyst who heads the Berkeley Sex Therapy Group. "We don't like the term surrogate therapy," Dr. Apfelbaum says. "It implies providing a stand-in for the wife, implies you can do the same things in individual therapy that you do with couples. We've found you can't. The surrogate cannot

just be a substitute for a wife. It's a new kind of relationship."


Apfelbaum makes sure the "relationship" is progressing by meeting with the patient and his surrogate after every two-and-a-half-hour bedroom session. The three of them discuss the sexual obstacles and peaks that have been encountered.

Bearded and rabbinical-looking, Apfelbaum theorizes that men with sexual problems also have troubled personality profiles; they are "loners, men who do not see women as people they can turn to, who do not see sex as a response but as something they must produce to please women." He hopes to uncover these feelings and change some of them along with changing sexual performance. Consequently, the therapy he espouses is a "talking" cure. The patient is encouraged to keep expressing himself, no matter what else is happening.

Sandi Enders, the gentle, dark-haired, soft-spoken woman who is Apfelbaum's chief cotherapist and has worked with over 35 men, explained the process to me. "Take someone who's impotent. We're trying to build up a reliability factor, so we practice by my giving him an erection, then his losing it, then gaining it again, then losing it. But we're continuously talking. The feelings the men get into aren't usually aimed at me. They get into loneliness, depression, abandonment. Quite often in this stage, they will really start crying, and I'll hold them. What they're doing is really getting down to some of the things that are wrong with sex for them and that sex is bringing up in them at other times when they can't express it."

Enders has no difficulty in keeping the conversation going. "I've sat there and talked for forty-five minutes with a penis inside me." She reaches orgasm very easily: "I can turn on to everything; that may be my sexual problem." But she warns her patients, "That's not the end point to look for. The orgasm is mine." What she is aiming at is getting the man to react to everything, including her orgasms, and she describes working with one patient, a 28-year-old virgin, to help him respond appropriately. "I told him I was probably going to have an orgasm, and what it was going to sound like, because I thought otherwise he would freak out. I told him I was very noisy. Then he laughed all the time I was having my orgasm. He just laughed and laughed and laughed."

The Berkeley surrogate-therapy program differs in many respects from the one Masters and Johnson used in their early research. They felt that the female surrogate should have a generous amount of social contact with the patient, so her job usually started with dinner and an exchange of biographical and intellectual opinions. Apfelbaum considers this



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Menthol or Regular

unnecessary and, indeed, has structured the program so that patients have virtually no social relations with the surrogates. They do not go to dinner; the surrogate need not, unless she feels like it, share details of her life; and when she and a patient have finished the two-and-a-half-hour lovemaking session, they drive to Apfelbaum's office in separate cars, like a quarreling suburban pair. Still, many patients fall in love with Enders—or are afraid they will—and do not seem in this respect different from people who respond emotionally to good sex partners.

Apfelbaum's treatment has become much in demand, since he is one of the few therapists in the country currently using surrogates. Masters and Johnson abandoned their surrogate program a few years ago, after a lawsuit was brought against them by a suspicious husband. They feel that while they are certain that female-surrogate therapy is an effective treatment device, it is not worth the risk of "blackmail," not only for the therapists but for the vulnerable patients as well. Apfelbaum is not worried about this; he has recently added two more surrogates to his staff.

• • •

It is women more than men who seem to be getting treatments that are not yet validated. I suppose this should come as no surprise, and yet it is disconcerting, after women's lib, after the scares over the pill, after the furor over surgeons'

performing unnecessary hysterectomies. One group of sex therapists has begun recommending "clitoral-adhesion removal," a surgical procedure, albeit a minor one. Some women are said to have a condition in which the skin covering the clitoris is stuck to the glans of the clitoris. It is, according to Hartman and Fithian, true believers in clitoral-adhesions removal, the normal situation in infants. Natural freeing of these adhesions occurs in the first few months of life, they say, but not always, possibly because when mothers are sent home from the hospital with baby girls, they are instructed not to wash the clitoris, not to handle the female genitals at all. If the clitoris does have adhesions, the foreskin won't pull back, which might make a woman uncomfortable—and possibly nonorgasmic.

But how many women have this condition? Hartman and Fithian report that in a study they conducted of 83 nonorgasmic women, "approximately one third had clitoral adhesions." At another California sex clinic, the Sexual Therapy Medical Clinic, where clitoral-adhesion removal is regularly performed, Dr. Benjamin Graber reports that "Ninety percent of the women who come in here have foreskins that won't pull back." Yet at Long Island Jewish Hillside Medical Center, where over 100 female patients have been treated in a sex-therapy program that includes a gynecological examination, Dr. Leon Zussman, the gynecologist in charge, reports, "I have seen it once or

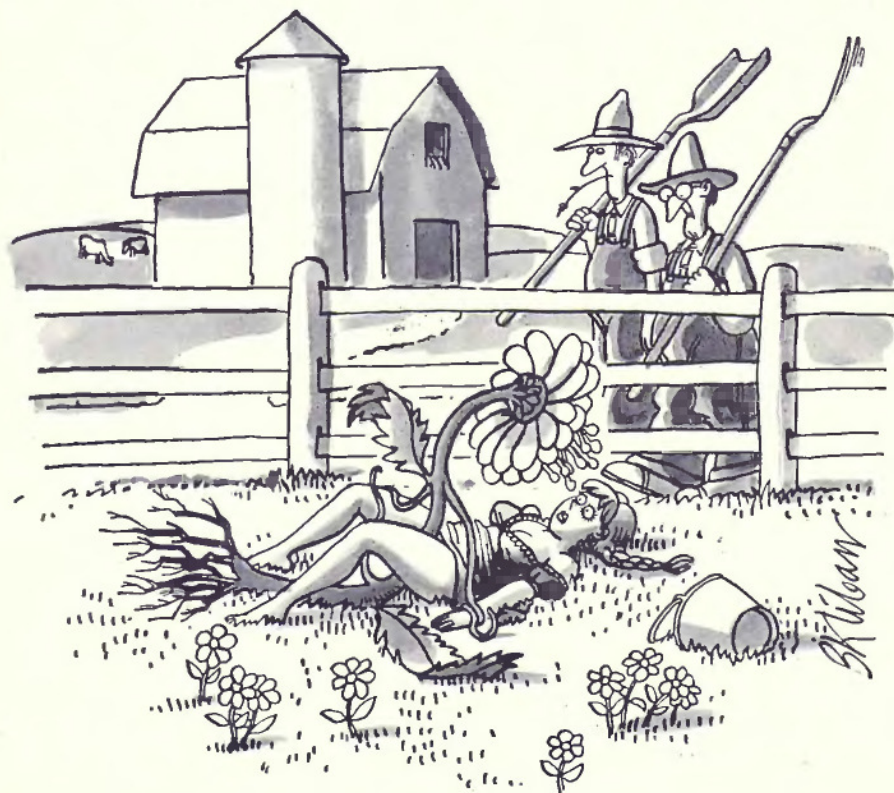
twice." At Columbia Presbyterian Hospital, gynecologist Dr. Raymond Vande Wiele, who heads Columbia University's International Institute for the Study of Human Reproduction, reports that in his several decades of practice, "I haven't seen it." Since the believers in adhesions insist that the reason gynecologists don't see adhesions is that they don't ordinarily check the clitoris, I ask about this. Dr. Vande Wiele is not just a gynecologist but an endocrinologist, working on the physiological aspects of menstruation. "Oh, yes," he explains. "I always check the clitoris, since obviously the clitoris is the best sign for me of an increased secretion of androgens."

Those who seek and find the adhesions perform a minor surgical procedure to free the clitoris. "In several instances, women with clitoral adhesions have become orgasmic in the immediate subsequent coital opportunity," Hartman and Fithian report. This finding is, in the opinion of most sex therapists polled, an indication of the operation's placebo effect: The procedure doesn't really do anything one way or another, but the woman thinks it will because she's been told it will; consequently, sometimes it does.

In Marina del Rey, California, Dr. Graber and his nurse-wife, Georgia, are planning to study the problem. They are a young, attractive couple. "The incredible number of women who have clitoral-foreskin adhesions is overwhelming," they tell me. Unfortunately, however, they admit, "Many women who are orgasmic have this condition." Why do the surgery, then? I ask. The Grabers explain that the procedure may have no value whatsoever, but they want to study it. They say, "Bill Hartman said he talked to Bill Masters about it one time and Masters shrugged his shoulders and said, 'We just couldn't get to everything.'"

Later I ask Dr. Masters. He tells me, "It is true that there are adhesions in the minor labial prepuce; that is, the covering of the clitoris. Have they been demonstrated to be specifically and particularly important in the repression of female sexual responsivity? Under no circumstances anywhere any time has anything been published that is of statistical import." Masters feels strongly that the value of the procedure should be studied before being used for treatment and says, "If anyone has information that the removal of these adhesions will make dysfunctional women sexually functional, I'd be pleased to see the controlled information, the data, the statistics and the follow-up."

Dr. Albert Ellis, grand old man of sex therapy, who has seen more of it come and go than anyone else in America, having gotten into the work in 1939,



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is queasy. "It seems to me quite unethical," he says. "Some of these characters could be removing their patients' clitorises, too."

At present, it is difficult to determine what works and what doesn't work in sex therapy, what is a valid technique and what is merely the equivalent of incantation. Everything—and nothing—may cure some people. At Columbia Presbyterian Hospital in New York last summer, Dr. John O'Connor, who heads the sex-therapy program, met with representatives of 13 of the most prestigious Eastern medical schools and universities to discuss their brands of sex therapy and research. One topic that fascinated all of them was how many "fast cures" they had accomplished.

"Seven to nine percent of our cases get cured in the first interview," Dr. O'Connor claimed.

A therapist from New York Medical College reported, "Three percent of ours get cured just being on the waiting list."

These figures are no surprise, since for many people, just admitting that they have a problem and making an effort to do something about it sets a change—and sometimes a cure—in motion. At the University of California, where Dr. Vandervoort and colleague Dr. Jay Mann are trying to evaluate all current methods of

sex therapy in order to arrive at quicker and cheaper cures, they have found that in many cases, just giving troubled clients the counseling unit's *Yes* books (*You Can Last Longer* for premature ejaculators or *Getting in Touch—Self-sexuality for Women* for anorgasmic women) has effected sexual cures.

On the other hand, there are many people whose problems are more resistant. Masters' disasters were always scrupulously recorded and pondered: Some people seemed untreatable. Dr. Harold Lear, a urologist who has been running the sex-therapy unit at New York's Mt. Sinai Hospital, says, "You know and I know that you can't divorce sex from people's personalities or their relationships. Bad sex can be a symptom of ignorance or inexperience, but it can also be a symptom of a person's problems with intimacy. If the problem stems from the latter, then we have to work like dogs to make them pressure-free and guilt-free before their sex will change."


Dr. Sallie Schumacher at Long Island Jewish Hillside Medical Center finds the problem of sex-therapy failures even more complex. She has noticed that often when a patient's dysfunction is "cured," his or her sexual problem recurs some months later. This might be because the psychological difficulties in a couple's relationship have cropped up again or it might

be because dysfunctional couples have a lower sex drive than do others. Dr. Schumacher, in conjunction with endocrinologist Dr. Charles Lloyd of the Hershey Medical College in Pennsylvania, is embarking on a lengthy study of the sex-hormone make-up of the 200 couples already seen at the hospital. While it's a long way off, Schumacher hopes that someday we'll know how to increase sex drive.

Some therapists do not buy these theories of individual differences and the complexity of sexual dysfunction and instead plunge patients, whatever the origin of their difficulties, into an athletic baptism of sink-or-swim sex: Couples are asked to do their sexual exercises either in front of the therapists or in the presence of groupmates or both.

The unconventional Hartman and Fithian recommend observing patients doing sexual caresses. In an account of their treatment written by Patrick M. McGrady, Jr., in *The Love Doctors*, they are shown at work as they witness a nude wife massaging her husband's body. While the husband found the experience very sensuous and remarked of the therapists, "I'm not really conscious of their presence," the wife said, "I'm very conscious of their presence." Later she complained, "I'm not turned on. I'm just embarrassed."

Jeremy and Virginia More, who run



One side waxed with paste wax.
One side waxed with new Liquid Kit.

the Toluca Institute for Marital and Sexual Counseling in North Hollywood and were trained by Hartman and Fithian, have begun treating couples in weekend groups of 12 to 16. The couples work only with their own partners, starting out Friday night by learning to caress feet, advancing on Saturday to a facial caress and culminating Sunday afternoon with a body caress, done in the nude by all the couples present, simultaneously. It is timesaving for the therapists.

Curiously, the Mores are very conservative people who see themselves as catering to California's many "conservative," even "inhibited," couples. Indeed, many of their referrals come through local ministers and church leaders. Referring to a photograph that appeared in *Newsweek* of a nude sex-encounter group run by Dr. Martin Shepard in New York, More says, "If I were a conservative couple and I saw that orgy picture, I'd stay away." His own nude group, he explains, is quite different; it goes beyond the honor system: Everyone in a More group has his or her eyes closed, which presents no problem, "since part of sensate focus is keeping the eyes closed to avoid being distracted."

Therapists who observe their clients in sexual activity explain that they do so not because they are voyeurs but because they cannot be sure that couples given sexual homework will accomplish the as-

signments correctly, thus making observation necessary. They also assert that, in any event, our culture is too hung up on sexual privacy. This may be true, but it is a fact that not only American but Western culture in general practices sex in private. It would seem logical that the person with a sexual dysfunction—who is generally more vulnerable and therefore more private about sex than anyone else—might find himself feeling even more dysfunctional and possibly even depressed after being observed in performance. Unfortunately, the matter has not been adequately looked into before being offered to the public as a cure. Hartman and Fithian studiously avoid talking about their failures and, instead, set the tone of a large element of the new sex therapy by preferring not to give statistics—even success statistics. "We are loath to report statistical 'success rates,'" they write in their privately published book. "We are not interested in developing a numbers game where centers such as ours will enter into a kind of spurious competition based on numbers."

Because what used to be called scientific validation is increasingly thought of as a numbers game or spurious competition by some new sex therapists, the consumer of sex therapy has little to go on in deciding from whom to seek treatment. He has to beware, like any buyer. The field is infantile; so, too, are some of

the practitioners. Every other sex therapist worth his or her petroleum jelly is currently writing or has just written a book, usually based on a handful of invariably "successful" cases and suffering excruciatingly from premature evaluation. While hundreds of new sex clinics have sprung up since Masters and Johnson published their work, not one has produced a treatment account that is even remotely comparable in honesty and accuracy to *Human Sexual Inadequacy*. In St. Louis, Masters and Johnson have begun to bemoan the fact that so many people are turning to the lucrative job of treating sexual problems, so few to the research drudgery that remains to be done. "We still know so little about sex" has become their litany, and sometimes they regret that the ship they launched is now sailing under less-experienced hands.

And yet, why sink it? Sex therapy is a brief treatment, inexpensive when compared with analysis, and all forms of it have helped some people. If this help has been less effective or less enduring or less dramatic than some of the new sex movers would have it, some people are getting help, and, on the horizon, at least a few of the new sex therapists are finally getting ready to explore the hows and whys.



(We can't tell them apart either.)

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"I think nurse Grant's about ready to check out your vasectomy, Mr. Miller."

HOODLUM EMPIRE (continued from page 136)

underworld. But despite that reputation and union office, he was still able to pull down \$10,000 a year on the side as labor-relations counsel to the Greater New York Cartmen's Association. Soon he was the dominant figure in both labor and management in the garbage business. And to edit the industry's trade paper, *The Hired Broom* (slogan: "Out of garbage there grows a rose"), Squillante hired an ex-convict turned scholar named C. Don Modica. Modica also was private tutor to the children of Joe Adonis, Willie Moretti and Albert Anastasia and he became something of a watchdog for the Anastasia interests. When Anastasia was murdered, Modica found it expedient to throw up his job in garbage and retire to his New Jersey home in order to, he explained, write a treatise on such American perils as progressive education, delinquency and communism.

Then there was the situation in Yonkers, the Westchester County city abutting the Bronx. When the city fathers decided to dump municipal garbage collection in favor of private cartage, they handed the contract to the Westchester Carting Company. Its president was Alfred "Nick" Rattenni, a convicted burglar and narcotics suspect. Though Teamster Local 456 had jurisdiction in Yonkers, Rattenni signed a labor contract with New York City Local 17, whose secretary-treasurer was Joseph Parisi. Parisi had a record of 11 arrests ranging from disorderly conduct to rape and homicide and his Mob ties went back to his working with Lepke and Lucky Luciano in labor extortion. The Rattenni-Parisi agreement might have gone off without a hitch had not Local 456's president, John Acropolis, objected to the encroachment into his local's preserve. When Acropolis refused to give in to threats, he was informed by one local Teamster official, "You are not that tough. Tougher guys than you have been taken care of." And Acropolis was taken care of. A few weeks later, he was gunned down as he stepped out of his home. There were no further complaints.

Gangster influence in and infiltration of the Teamsters existed not just at the local levels. It permeated the central chain of command as well. The credentials of Robert "Barney" Baker that had brought favorable notice from Hoffa and other Teamster leaders included a stint as a professional boxer, a long-shoreman's job and a term in prison for stink-bombing a New York theater. He had been a close friend and working partner of John "Cockeye" Dunn, a New York-waterfront hoodlum who wound up in the electric chair, and he had worked as a bouncer in a casino for Adonis, Meyer Lansky, Frank Costello and Vincent "Jimmy Blue Eyes" Alo. Like so many other thugs, he found shelter in the house of the Teamsters, hiring

on at one point as a driver in Washington, D.C., a job that led to his elevation to union office in Local 730. But Teamster leaders had bigger things in mind for Baker, and so he quit that post and moved to the Midwest, where he became an organizer for Hoffa's Central States Conference. When Kennedy questioned Hoffa about Baker's background, asking, "Does that not disturb you at all?" the Teamster boss replied, "It doesn't disturb me one iota."

Nor, apparently, did the fact that among Baker's close friends and fellow Teamster leaders was John Vitale, ruler of Local 110 in St. Louis, who was widely regarded as the Mob boss in that city.

As the evidence about hoodlum infiltration of the Teamsters and Hoffa's alliance with the Mob piled up, a determination grew in Kennedy. So morally repellent did he find Hoffa that he became obsessed with the desire to see him in prison. And that obsession grew as Hoffa seemed to live a charmed life, successfully defeating indictments growing out of charges that he had wire-tapped the phones of union officials and that he had illegally received documents belonging to the McClellan committee.

Once Kennedy became Attorney General in January 1961, the drive against Hoffa—which some saw as little more than a personal vendetta, in which illegal means were used to attain what few would deny was a just end—accelerated. Scores of grand juries were impaneled to investigate Hoffa's multifarious activities. A special unit in the Justice Department was set up, with the sole aim of getting the goods on Hoffa. That work finally paid off. In 1962, Hoffa went on trial for demanding and receiving improper payments from a company employing Teamsters. That trial ended in a hung jury, but then Hoffa was tried for attempting to bribe one of the jurors. On that charge he was convicted and sentenced to eight years in prison. In 1964, he was convicted once again, this time for improperly obtaining \$20,000,000 in loans from Teamster pension funds and diverting \$1,700,000 to his own use. When all the appeals on both convictions had been disposed of, Hoffa faced 13 years in prison. In March 1967, he entered the gates of Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary in Pennsylvania to begin serving his time.

• • •

The "Get Hoffa" campaign was only one of Kennedy's obsessions as Attorney General. Another was organized crime as the country's political and social cancer, about which he had begun to learn so much while counsel to the McClellan committee. Getting Hoffa was the simpler job. Organized crime had thrived during the Eisenhower Administration partly because the enforcement arm of

the Justice Department, the FBI, was led by J. Edgar Hoover, who had long insisted there was no such thing.

Kennedy, then, had two jobs. One was to get the Justice Department involved, and this he did by setting up an aggressive Organized Crime and Anti-Racketeering Section staffed by young and ambitious lawyers. The other was to somehow persuade Hoover that the Syndicate did, indeed, exist. Into his hands fell the tool that led to Hoover's grudging conversion, if not to his immediate involvement.

All his life, Joe Valachi had been a punk. From the time he was 11 and hit a teacher with a rock, for which he wound up in reform school, he had labored with no great success in the vineyards of the underworld, a common worker whose major claim to stature was his marriage to Mildred Reina, daughter of one of the early Mafia leaders slain in the Thirties during the Castellammarese war. By June 1962, Valachi's fortunes had reached their nadir. He was serving a term in Federal prison in Atlanta for narcotics trafficking; there were rumors that he had turned stool pigeon; his cellmate and longtime boss, Vito Genovese, believing those rumors, had given him the kiss of death; he had narrowly escaped three attempts on his life and was certain a fourth would not be long in coming. Valachi was in a panic, and he was certain he knew to whom Genovese had given the contract for the next try at him. In the exercise yard one day, he thought he saw that would-be assassin; picking up an iron pipe, he raced across the yard and beat the man to death. Valachi had picked the wrong man; his victim was only a small-time forger with no Syndicate connections; he just happened to look like somebody else.

That mistake, Robert Kennedy would say later, provided the "biggest single intelligence breakthrough yet in combating organized crime and racketeering in the United States." For, in the weeks that followed, in peril from all sides—the Government had a murder indictment against him, his underworld friends had a murder contract out on him—Valachi became what the rumors, until then untrue, had said he was, an informer. And he was probably the most important public canary since the days of Abe Reles and his revelations about Lepke, Anastasia and others in Murder, Inc., 20 years earlier.

Blessed with instant recall of almost every event in his life, and seething with hatred of Genovese and a determination to wreak revenge, Valachi spun out all he knew about organized crime for the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, the FBI, the Justice Department and, in the fall of 1962, for the public before Senator McClellan's Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations.

What he provided was not a view 173

from the top but the worm's view. It was, however, a view that spanned the decades, from the time before the Castellammarese war through the consolidations and modernizations of Luciano to the intrigues of Genovese and on and on. He might never have been present when the leaders made decisions and formulated policies, he might not have known firsthand of the rivalries and enmities among Syndicate rulers, he might have been unaware of the deep influence and high position of non-Italians. But, like a soldier in the field, which he was, Valachi helped turn the established policy into reality: he had heard all the rumors and secondhand stories, had heard the versions favored by those he served, had speculated on all the nuances and the reasons for changes in direction, on the rise or fall from grace of various superiors. Now he spun out this blend of rumor, speculation and personal knowledge. He could recite a *Who's Who* of the underworld, reveal the existence of five major crime families in New York and others around the country, tell who had killed whom and why (or at least the reasons he had been told), explain how policy had been implemented and, in the process, clear up many long-standing mysteries.

The tales that Valachi recited came as a shocking revelation to much of the country and to the Senators on the McClellan subcommittee. But for Kennedy and his anticrime unit, the tales were neither new nor particularly startling. In the Justice Department's files rested the voluminous history recited by a self-exiled *mafioso* named Nicola Gentile. Unlike Valachi, he had been high in the Syndicate councils during the Twenties and Thirties and so had direct knowledge of and insight into the tangled events Valachi had witnessed from a much lower level. During the Eisenhower Administration, Gentile in his Sicilian exile had rambled on about his life and times to a special unit of the Justice Department. But nothing had been done with his story. When Kennedy took office, the Gentile memoirs were resurrected, both as a check against Valachi and for an even more important purpose. And it was in this area that Valachi provided his really important breakthrough.

By rights, the war on organized crime should have been directed by Hoover. But he had no more enthusiasm for that struggle, nor any more belief in it, than he did for investigating civil rights violations or for protecting the lives of civil rights demonstrators south of the Mason-Dixon line. But when a soldier of the underworld got up in front of the television cameras and proceeded to draw Organization charts, recite names, places and events in excruciating detail, Hoover was, however reluctantly, forced to change his mind. That change was made

a little easier when wire taps and other listening devices provided the Justice Department with a new name by which to "discover" organized crime. In their conversations, mobsters had at times talked of "our thing" or, when speaking in Italian, of *cosa nostra*. Of course, it would not do to call the Organization Our Thing—that sounded more humorous than menacing. But to call it *Cosa Nostra* or, better yet, *La Cosa Nostra*, or simply L.C.N., gave it a ring of sinister authenticity in an English-speaking world.

Acting as though he had suddenly come upon the much-rumored but consistently disbelieved mother lode, Hoover was galvanized into action—or, at least, inspired to make stentorian public pronouncements. "La Cosa Nostra," he was soon intoning, "is the largest organization of the criminal underworld in this country, very closely organized and strictly disciplined. . . . It operates on a nationwide basis, with international implications." To combat and defeat it, he would say repeatedly, would take all the forces at his command (not to mention a larger budget) and he was sending armies of FBI agents to war against L.C.N. with the kind of intense and total dedication that had long marked his fight against domestic Communists. (This new war on organized crime, marching side by side with Hoover's continuing war on domestic Reds and other radicals, also gave him an easy alibi when the bureau was criticized for ignoring the civil rights struggle in the South. Hoover merely explained that he didn't have the funds or the agents to divert from these other, major battlegrounds. A few years later, though, when the peace movement gave rise to demonstrations against the war in Vietnam, he somehow found plenty of agents to throw into the fight against peaceniks and other social rebels.)

At first, Hoover's efforts in the organized-crime war were mainly confined to sending out publicity releases. Instead of FBI shock troops, spurred by an aroused director, using their wire taps and bugs (legal and illegal), their informers, computers, files and all the rest of the crime-fighting arsenal developed by the bureau and turning the evidence over to the prosecutors, the G men balked and their director sulked. As former Attorney General Ramsey Clark noted, once Robert Kennedy took the lead, the FBI stayed on the side lines until he had left the Department of Justice: "The conflict between Attorney General Kennedy and the FBI arose from the unwillingness of the bureau to participate on an equal basis with other crime-control agencies. The FBI has so coveted personal credit that it will sacrifice even effective crime control before it will share the glory of its exploits. This has been a petty and costly characteristic caused by the excessive domination of a single person, J. Edgar Hoover, and his self-centered

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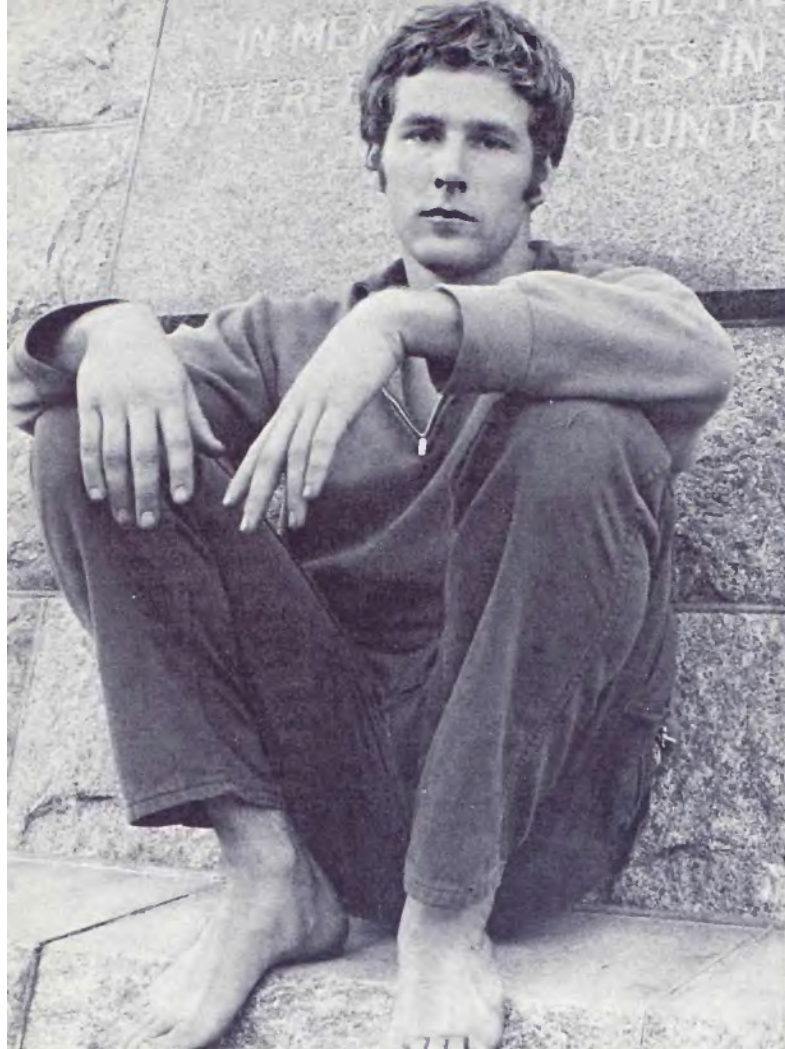
But even Hoover's foot dragging, though it hurt, did not stop the Justice Department from opening the war. There was Attorney General Kennedy lobbying strenuously and effectively to get through Congress a host of strong new legal weapons. There was the anti-crime division striking out in sudden and massive campaigns against specific targets in the underworld—illegal gambling centers in Florida, Kentucky, Arkansas and elsewhere were closed up tight and some of the operators, though not the real rulers like Lansky, were sent to jail; gangster-dominated union locals were harassed and broken and their rulers sent into courts and prisons.

The years that Robert Kennedy ran the Justice Department were years of frantic and often effective activity, and his hit-and-run tactics seemed to keep the Syndicate constantly off balance and in confusion. By the time he left office in 1964 to run for the Senate from New York, the number of Federal indictments for organized criminal activity had climbed from 19 in 1960 to 687. But with his departure, the Justice Department's efforts again slacked off; the interests of the new Attorney General, Nicholas B. Katzenbach, seemed directed toward advising President Lyndon Johnson more on the war in Vietnam than on the war against crime. Then in 1967, the battle was stepped up once more, with the arrival of Clark as Attorney General, bringing with him a dedication to defeat organized crime equal to Kennedy's and a new weapon to attack it—Federal strike forces, set up on a semipermanent basis in a number of major cities.

"A strike force," Clark explained, "gathers and analyzes all available police intelligence about organized crime—its leaders, subordinates and activities—in a target city. By collecting relevant data possessed by all law-enforcement agencies operating in an area, an immediate and substantial reservoir of information is available for designing a plan of attack."

By the time Clark left office and Attorney General John Mitchell moved in, the work of the strike forces was resulting in more than 1000 indictments annually against members of the Syndicate, though lumped with that figure was a helter-skelter assortment ranging from street-corner narcotics pushers all the way to Carlo Gambino. Further, during the Kennedy-Clark era, massive files were accumulated on more than 300,000 Syndicate-connected businesses and businessmen. Fortunately, there were some very able prosecutors, such as Robert M. Morgenthau, the United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, who knew what to do with the evidence. Fortunately, too, the strike forces

(continued on page 178)



LARRY BARBIER

TIMOTHY BOTTOMS *up from the top*

MOST SUCCESSFUL ACTORS seem to tell a common story of their beginnings: They hitchhiked to one of the coasts, spent eight years pleading for bit parts and washing dishes, then some crusty producer signed them for a three-word walk-on and audiences the world over saw their magnetism. ("Forget the star: who was that guy playing the pizza delivery boy?") Well, 22-year-old Timothy Bottoms didn't start quite that way. In 1970, he was graduated from high school in Santa Barbara, California, and a year later was starring in two movies simultaneously. "I was working six days a week in Texas filming *The Last Picture Show*, then flying to L.A. on Sunday to read dialog for *Johnny Got His Gun*." Before that, Bottoms had worked for years in local California theater—"It was great, because I was working with professional actors who lived in Hollywood"—so movie people had been watching his talent grow for quite a while. Four films later, he still feels best about his work in *Johnny* ("I gave a lot to that film") and recalls the gloom and indecision on the set of *Picture Show*: "Bogdanovich went through a lot of personal trauma while the film was being made and he wasn't sure what he was doing. But it was such a depressing film anyway that his mood helped us get into it." For now, he'd like to leave sad scripts alone, which is one reason he's so enthused about *Vrooder's Hooch*, a Playboy Production to be released this fall. "It's about a Vietnam vet who comes home and sets up a secret camp under the on ramp of the San Diego Freeway. The movie's fun; it has a happy ending." He'd next like "to do something with friends, like Jim Bridges, who directed me in *The Paper Chase*. After I'd finished my first films, I didn't know what I wanted to do—but I just *knew* I didn't want to make movies. But they just became more and more enjoyable. And now I know I want to work in films for a long time." For those of us who've gotten to see the ones he's made so far, that's very good news.

ROBERT GOTTLIEB *making books*

"THE SINGLE BEST THING an editor can be," says Robert Gottlieb, "is lazy." A curious sentiment from a man who is, at 43, president and editor in chief of one of the most prestigious publishing firms in America and widely regarded as the best fiction editor around. "Look," he explains, "only when a book *demands* to be worked on—rather than the editor's *wanting* to work on it—does a real editor go to work. Only when there's a passage that cries out, 'Fix me,' does a truly good editor go to a writer and say, 'This has to change.'" As head of Alfred A. Knopf, Gottlieb publishes some of the world's most noteworthy writers—Anthony Burgess, John Le Carré, Kate Millett, Chaim Potok, Doris Lessing, Ray Bradbury, Bruce Jay Friedman and both Crichtons (Robert and Michael) among them. Uniquely, he still edits those writers personally and ascribes his success to a continuing effort to perfect his laziness. Gottlieb's literary predilections started early. "Even when I was a kid on New York's West Side," he recalls, "I spent most of my time reading. There was a lending library in my neighborhood, and while my childhood friends were playing or at the movies, I'd be blowing my allowance renting up to four novels a day." That interest evolved into a career in 1955, when Gottlieb joined Simon & Schuster. Long lunches and cocktail-party chatter weren't—and, if he has his way, never will be—his style. Sensitive editing *is*, which is the likeliest reason authors such as Joseph Heller, Thomas Tryon, Jessica Mitford and John Cheever have chosen to move over to Knopf since Gottlieb was appointed its executive vice-president six years ago. He still finds time to spend up to 40 percent of his 60-to-70-hour work week actually reading and editing manuscripts, juggling what's left of his leisure hours doing what comes most naturally—reading. "My reading," he says, "is almost dementedly various. It's really just luck that my neurotic obsessions have helped me in my work." We respectfully beg to differ.



ON THE SCENE



CHARLES W. BUSH

JILL KREMENTZ



TONY ORLANDO & DAWN *a new day*

BACK IN 1961, a New York kid named Tony Orlando made his *American Bandstand* debut singing *Halfway to Paradise*, which Carole King wrote for him. He was really in the clouds: "It was enough just to bring a record back to my block and say 'Look, man, I did this for a real record company.'" But a few years later, the British invasion forced a lot of American singers to find other vocations. Orlando, desperate to stay in music, found his in publishing and became vice-president of a CBS subsidiary. Meanwhile, a couple of Detroit girls—Joyce Vincent Wilson and Telma Hopkins—were singing background on Marvin Gaye and Isaac Hayes sessions ("I'd have been happy to be there," says Tony, "just to get coffee for the artists"). Then, in 1970, some friends talked Orlando into singing lead on a tune called *Candida* for Bell. Separately, they got Joyce and Telma to harmonize. The trio didn't meet until the cut was a smash, and they didn't take their act on the road until they'd sold 9,000,000 records; the tally now, after *Gypsy Rose*, *Tie a Yellow Ribbon* and other sentimental shuffles, is close to 25,000,000. Despite the group's hectic schedule of openings, closings, press parties, etc., Tony feels that he's found his métier. Or, more precisely, his meat: "Performing is my steak, and the awards and hits are like A.I. sauce and pepper; take them away, I've still got the steak. And if I wind up working Joe's bowling alley in Passaic, that's cool with me, too; my hour and a half onstage is the one time I can get out every emotion I have in me." Also, of course, he gets to work with Joyce and Telma—who make sure all his buttons are sewn on before showtime. They're not looking back any more than Tony is—and the game plan calls for them to do more lead work. "What we did with *Yellow Ribbon*," says Orlando, "is just a fragment of what the group is capable of—and what we will do." It also shows what real professionals can accomplish even when it's chance that brings them together.

HOODLUM EMPIRE (continued from page 175)

were under the control of essentially nonpolitical career officials in the Justice Department, such as Henry Petersen, head of the organized-crime section. These were men who stayed on from one Administration to the next, and so even after Nixon and Mitchell assumed power in 1969 (and denounced Clark as being soft on the criminals), the work of the strike forces went on relatively unimpeded and some of the fruits of six years of labor began to ripen and fall.

And by then, even the FBI was deeply involved, though that involvement was concentrated along a narrow trail. Kennedy, Clark and their people at Justice had developed considerable sophistication. They were aware of the vastness and complexities of organized crime—spreading across ethnic lines and encompassing violent as well as victimless crimes, pandering to the illegal appetites of the public and infiltrating and

controlling unions and businesses, controlling nickel-and-dime policy and international gambling, putting money onto the streets from loan sharks and legitimate lending institutions. Hoover was more simplistic. The song of Valachi had apparently convinced him that behind every crime was an Italian or a Sicilian, all wrapped in the cloak of La Cosa Nostra. And the Italian underworld initially did nothing to dissuade Hoover of this certainty. The Gallo-Profaci war and the other violent struggles for power in the Italian underworld during the Sixties made him certain that his view was the correct one.

So the main thrust of the attack was directed against the Italian-dominated branch of the Syndicate. But even with such a clear target, it was no easy thing to win victories over men who had spent their lives covering their tracks, erecting shelters of respectability and cultivating friends in high places, including

Congress. It took years of hard and often frustrating work, accumulating evidence bit by bit, before a case could be made. There were some victories, of course. One of the weapons Kennedy had at his disposal was an immunity statute whereby a hoodlum, if granted immunity from prosecution, could not refuse to testify before a grand jury on grounds of self-incrimination. That law was used effectively against the Lucchese family in the years when Tommy Lucchese was in failing health and then immediately after his death. Vincent John Rao, a top Lucchese lieutenant, went to prison for five years for perjury when he decided to lie before the grand jury when granted immunity. Lower-ranking members of the Lucchese family gave in and talked, and the evidence they provided resulted in convictions of Johnny Dio for bankruptcy fraud, James "Jimmy Doyle" Plumeri for tax evasion and Tramunti for contempt. When Tramunti got out of prison, he moved to the leadership of the Lucchese family, with the blessings of the ruler of the Italian underworld, Carlo Gambino.

And, of course, there was Corallo, Teamster racketeer, strong-arm man and fixer extraordinary. One of Corallo's fortes was corrupting public officials, and that ability led to the messiest scandal in the administration of New York's then-Republican reform mayor John V. Lindsay, in 1967. Even before then, Corallo had spent some time behind bars for practicing that vocation; in 1961, he had bribed a New York supreme-court judge, J. Vincent Keogh, and a former Chief Assistant U. S. Attorney for Brooklyn, Elliott Kahaner. All three went to Federal prison. No sooner was Corallo back on the streets than he found a new pigeon, this one named James Marcus, the water commissioner in the newly elected Lindsay administration.

On the surface, Marcus seemed anything but a likely target for a bribe. He appeared the impeccable public servant, devoted to selfless service and already tabbed to head a new superagency dealing with all of New York's environmental problems. According to the propaganda emerging from the Marcus offices, the new water commissioner had had a sparkling career in investments, had headed a major subsidiary of Interpublic, Inc., the huge public-relations firm, and was a brilliant administrator. His social connections, too, were exemplary. He was married to Lily Lodge, the actress daughter of John Davis Lodge, former governor of Connecticut and Ambassador to Spain; her uncle was the estimable Henry Cabot Lodge of the Massachusetts Lodges; and Mayor Lindsay himself was the godfather of one of the Marcus children.

But behind this sterling image was the real Marcus, a man whose career was



"The people are not in a mood to be trifled with, your Majesty. I really think you'd better go out there and sing 'Melancholy Baby.'"

marked by one failure after another, from flunking out of college to disastrous business dealings; and a man who was weak, greedy and displayed little moral fiber. By the time he took over the water department in 1966, he was deeply in debt, heavily into the stock market on margin and seeing his investments turn sour, while his interest to his brokers climbed to more than \$1600 a month.

By then, though, Marcus had a friend. His name was Herbert Itkin, a self-proclaimed labor lawyer (whom no other New York labor lawyer had ever met). Itkin's labor law was of a special kind. He served as middleman in the passage of bribe money from hard-up businessmen to corrupt union officials, money paid to obtain large, and rarely repaid, mortgage loans from union treasuries. It was a calling that Itkin had been led to by a sometime friend, *mafioso* Jimmy Plumeri, who was then anxious to make a killing on some Teamster treasury money under his control. But on the side, Itkin was something else again. He was, he claimed, an undercover agent and informant for both the CIA and the FBI, though his information always seemed to be passed along after the fact, and after he had made his pile in the deals he informed about.

Marcus and Itkin had come together during the Lindsay campaign, when Marcus was seeking union endorsements for the Republican mayoral candidate, no easy undertaking in Democratic New York. Itkin had just the contacts Marcus needed, turning him on to Daniel Motto, president of a Queens local of the Bakery, Confectionary and Food International Union (a local that had been thrown out of respectable labor's house because it was under the control of Motto and other hoodlums). Motto obliged, setting up something called Labor's Nonpartisan League, which threw its support to Lindsay. He did even more. At Itkin's urgings, he lent the desperate Marcus enough money to gain him a little time.

Thus, when the moment came for a little financial finagling—which would line Motto's and Itkin's pockets and might also solve Marcus' pressing troubles—Marcus was easily persuaded to cooperate. The Jerome Park reservoir in the Bronx urgently needed cleaning, a job that might cost the city \$1,000,000 (it actually cost \$800,000-plus). Because of the urgency, it was also the kind of job that could be let, despite its size, without formal bidding, just by the water commissioner's assigning a so-called emergency contract to a qualified company.

The potential for graft in such an undertaking did not escape Marcus or Itkin or Motto. Nor did Motto and his close friend Corallo fail to appreciate the control that a little graft would give them over a rising politician like Marcus in the event Lindsay ended up in the



"My parents don't approve of my new boyfriend. In fact, they don't even approve of my husband."

White House (where it was evident his ambitions were directed) and took Marcus to Washington with him. The reservoir would be the tie that bound and would lead to bigger and better opportunities for graft.

A job the size of the reservoir, though, was a little out of Motto's league. It called for somebody with a lot more clout, somebody like Tony Ducks, who obligingly announced that he would do all the arranging. The graft would come to five percent of the contract—eventually, \$42,000. Marcus could get \$16,000 (just enough to take care of some of his most pressing needs but not enough to get him clear), while Motto, Corallo and Itkin would divide the rest. That graft would come from Henry Fried and his S. T. Grand Company, which, as it happened, was actually qualified to handle the reservoir-cleaning job—in fact, had been recommended for the job by one of the water department's engineers.

The reservoir payoff was the start. As Marcus' needs kept spiraling, Itkin kept coming to the rescue. He found some friendly loan sharks willing to advance Marcus some costly cash. Thus, when the potential for the biggest killing of all presented itself, Marcus needed no urging. Consolidated Edison Company of New York was trying to get permission to rebuild some transmission lines into the city, and water commissioner Marcus was the man to grant that permission. The cost of the work was going

to run well up into the millions, and the possibilities of diverting some of that cash into a few private pockets were not lost on Marcus, Itkin or Corallo, nor on Fried, either, who saw in the power of the Marcus pen some opportunities for himself. The figuring went that if Marcus delayed signing the authorization long enough, Con Ed would become desperate, would be willing to pay whatever graft was demanded, would be willing, even, to give Corallo a profitable contract to haul used copper from its plants and give Fried a lot more business than the \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000 he was then doing for the utility.

But to approach Con Ed would take somebody of considerably greater stature than Corallo. Such a man was Carmine DeSapio, once the all-powerful leader of Tammany Hall and still a politician to be reckoned with. DeSapio might be a Democrat and Marcus an officeholder in a Republican administration, but when it came to things like money and graft, nobody cared much about politics. Besides, the spoils in New York had been split along nonpartisan lines for decades, the only real friction among the political bosses arising during the months preceding an election.

In his discreet way, DeSapio made the approaches to Con Ed, to persuade the utility that the way to do business with Commissioner Marcus was to line his pockets and the pockets of his friends, including DeSapio himself. As one

witness later described a luncheon meeting at the fashionable L'Aiglon restaurant on Manhattan's East Side, "Mr. DeSapio said he knew the Department of Water Supply and Con Ed were two vital organizations in supplying the lifeblood of the city and he was concerned—he had heard their relationships were not particularly good. . . . He felt he might be of some assistance to Con Ed . . . to act as some sort of referee."

In this oblique manner, the negotiations for a major payoff dragged on. But before any money could actually change hands, the whole scheme collapsed. An investor in a company that Marcus and Itkin had established complained to Manhattan district attorney Frank Hogan about the way his money was being handled. Hogan, and soon U. S. Attorney Morgenthau, began looking into the tangled affairs of Marcus and his friends, and the more they looked, the more they found. Suddenly it was time to cut and run, and every man ran for himself. Itkin rushed to his FBI contacts and belatedly spilled the story of the whole conspiracy (keeping the money that had been his share of the payoffs and turning in, as evidence, only the bank wrappers the money had come in). Trapped and facing a long prison sentence, Marcus suddenly resigned his job as water commissioner, to the shock and dismay of his patron, the mayor. He then took himself to Hogan and to Morgenthau,

telling his side of the plot, agreeing to be a witness against his fellow conspirators in the hope of leniency.

Then the trials began. Marcus, Corallo, Motto and Fried were convicted for their roles in the reservoir payoffs. Because of his repentant and cooperative attitude, Marcus got off with 15 months in prison; Fried and Motto each got two years and Corallo, three. With Marcus and Itkin the chief witnesses, Corallo and DeSapio were convicted in the Con Ed conspiracy, with DeSapio going to jail for two years and Corallo for another four and a half on top of the earlier sentence. As for Itkin, though indicted, he was never brought to trial. His FBI benefactors protected him. But that protection took the form of residence under guard at a military base, for Itkin was convinced, he said, that should he wander the streets again, he would be a target for a bullet from one of Corallo's friends in the Mob.

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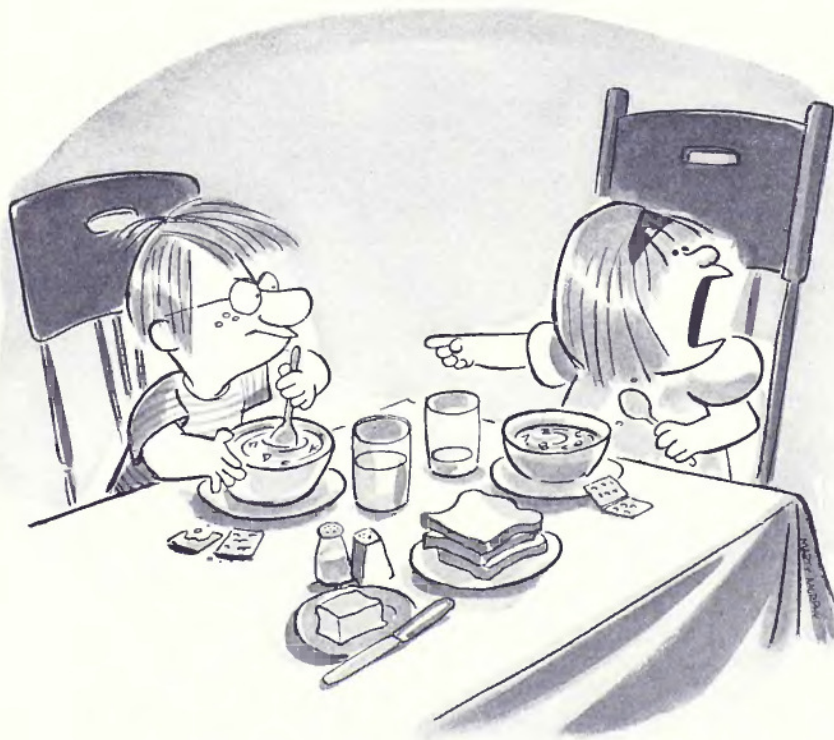
To some, it must often have seemed that the Government's war against organized crime was not only directed solely against Italians but was being fought only in the streets and courtrooms of New York. Certainly, New York was the focus of a major drive and it was the struggle there against the principal crime families and their leaders—Gambino, Lucchese, Joseph Profaci, Joseph Bonanno and the rest—that got

the biggest headlines. But there were plenty of mobsters elsewhere around the country who were not being ignored. Chicago boss Giancana realized this all too well.

Giancana had worked his way up from the bottom in the Capone manner and in the Chicago style—before he was 20, he had been arrested three times for murder and by the time he took command of the Chicago mob in 1957, his record listed 60 arrests. But as he matured in the ways of the Organization, Giancana learned to forgo muscle, cultivate the right people and put good friends in the right places. By the early Sixties, he had his son-in-law, Anthony Tisci, installed as the \$900-a-month secretary to Chicago Congressman Roland Libonati, a member of the House Judiciary Committee who seemed to go out of his way to sponsor bills that helped Giancana and his friends avoid Government surveillance.

An even closer friend was Frank Sinatra. Giancana hoped that cultivating Sinatra's friendship would help him resolve some of his legal troubles. In the end, though, it helped Giancana not at all and did considerable damage to the singer. Sinatra had thrown all his energies into the Presidential campaign of John F. Kennedy in 1960 and hoped that with Kennedy's election he would be welcome at the White House; he further expected that his own estate in Palm Springs would become a vacation spot for the new President and even built an addition with this in mind. But Robert Kennedy killed Sinatra's hopes of forming a close relationship with the President. His Justice Department agents kept stumbling across Sinatra's name as they delved into the dealings of the Fischettis, New England mob boss Raymond Patriarca and others in the underworld hierarchy. Particularly disturbing were the reports of Sinatra's relationship with Giancana. In the early Sixties, Sinatra had acquired a controlling interest in the Cal-Neva Lodge, a luxurious hotel-casino on the California-Nevada border overlooking Lake Tahoe. Obviously, the singer wasn't going to run it himself. But the man he installed as manager was Paul D'Amato, a New Jersey mobster of long standing. According to the stories that reached Kennedy, D'Amato's real purpose at Cal-Neva was to take care of the Giancana interests; the Chicago leader had boasted that through Sinatra he owned a piece of the lodge.

If such reports were true, Sinatra was in deep trouble with the Nevada Gaming Board. Giancana was on the board's black list, one of 11 top mobsters barred from owning or even visiting a casino in the state on pain of the casino's losing its license. Then, in 1963, Giancana actually showed up at the lodge with his constant companion, Phyllis McGuire of the



"Momma! Herbie's spelling out F-U-C-K with his alphabet soup again!"

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singing McGuire Sisters. Sinatra turned up about the same time and the two were seen in close company. The gaming board demanded an explanation. Sinatra said he hadn't invited Giancana to the lodge; and he promised that thenceforth he would avoid contacts with him in Nevada; but then he added that Sam "Mooney" was an old friend and it was his business if he wanted to see him outside the state. With all its past troubles over mobster control of casinos and skimming operations, the last thing the gaming board needed was a big casino owner who openly and blatantly paraded his friendship with a top gangster. The board initiated formal proceedings to strip Sinatra of his gambling license at Cal-Neva. Some powerful friends tried to come to Sinatra's aid. Governor Grant Sawyer was told how unfair it was to persecute the singer and how he might be the beneficiary of large campaign contributions. When this subtle approach failed, Sinatra voluntarily sold his interest in the lodge.

There was little doubt that Sinatra blamed many of his problems on Robert Kennedy. Through the succeeding years, his enmity toward the Kennedys and anyone associated with them increased (his once-close friend Peter Lawford, a Kennedy in-law, was even banished from the Sinatra circle). By 1968, all his energies were devoted to beating back Robert Kennedy's bid for the Democratic Presidential nomination. And after Kennedy's murder, Sinatra turned up with some new and lasting friends. Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew—and the Palm Springs quarters that had been designed for John Kennedy became a second home to Agnew, the new Vice-President.

As for Giancana, it's possible that he began to have second thoughts about how valuable a friend Sinatra actually was. For he became a primary target for Kennedy's anticrime unit and the immunity law that had been passed at the Attorney General's urging was used to nail him. Not long after his 1963 visit to Cal-Neva, he was summoned before a grand jury, granted immunity and then grilled about the Mob and his role in it. Giancana decided that his best course was silence, which earned him a year in jail. When he was released, it was obvious that the Government's interest in him had not diminished. And it was obvious, too, that his much-publicized flings had earned him the displeasure of his Chicago associates. So he took himself off to Mexico, Argentina and other southern regions, leaving the rule in Chicago to the two old Capone mobsters, Accardo and Paul "The Waiter" Ricca, the same men he had displaced nearly a decade before.

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If the mounting troubles of Italian mobsters worried the Gambinos, Accardos

MOBSTERS IN THE MOVIES

hollywood presents the underworld: a great place to visit but....

This is an indictment against gang rule in America and the careless indifference of the Government. . . . What are you going to do about it? —SCARFACE, 1932

Before 1930, the popular image of the big-city gangster was a fuzzy composite of bootlegger, bank robber, burglar and other traditional underworld types usually depicted in three-day beards and thug hats, pointing a pistol at the honest citizen. After 1930, the public could recognize a gangster anywhere: He looked like Edward G. Robinson, Paul Muni or James Cagney, talked tough, had a tommy gun and a touring car. Since then, Hollywood has continued to provide the public with its most vivid and updated, if usually glamorized and not always accurate, idea of what organized crime in America is all about.

The movie industry was depressed even before the stock market crashed in 1929. Talkies had revived Hollywood in 1928, but the new sound films were largely wasted on romantic schmaltz and stagy drawing-room dramas. What gave the industry its biggest boost was the arrival of the gangster movie that borrowed the gritty style of sensational newspaper journalism, vitalized sound tracks with gunfire and screeching tires and adopted the old muckraker rationale: Once informed of evil, injustice and corruption, the American people will rise up in righteous wrath and throw the rascals out.

If adequately informed and outraged by Hollywood's dramatized documentaries on the "shame of the nation"—*Every event shown in this film is based on an actual occurrence and all characters are portraits of actual persons, living or dead. Only the names have been changed to protect the innocent*—moviegoers, nevertheless, lapped the gangsters up. The flamboyant, Capone-style mobster was already a goner and, if anything, a nostalgic symbol of the corrupt but prosperous Twenties. Before the deepening Depression turned popular sympathies to bank robbers and other good men "driven to crime" by circumstances and injustice, there was considerable admiration for the self-made thug whose brains, guts and ambition made him a multimillionaire crimelord. Of course, the movie gangster invariably died a violent and premature death, often in the gutter—but

only in the last few minutes of the show. Meanwhile, he had packed several lifetimes of high living into his last exciting years.

The country's original gangster-movie binge began in 1930, when Warner Bros. produced *Little Caesar*, and ended suddenly in 1932 after Howard Hawks's *Scarface*—both loose biographies of Capone. What stopped it was the Hays Office. Will Hays, Postmaster General under President Harding and national chairman of the Republican Party, had been appointed head of the motion-picture industry's trade association; his job was to set industry standards and, mainly, to deflect criticism that movies were corrupting American morals and glamorizing criminals. Hays was not satisfied that all gangsters ultimately died in a fusillade of moralistic gunfire; he further disapproved the depiction of all policemen, politicians and businessmen as either corrupt opportunists or impotent idealists, and the restrictions he placed on scenes and characterizations doomed the movie mobster.

In 1935, Warner Bros. devised a clever means of circumventing the Hays code. Starting with *G-Men*, the new film hero was a law-and-order freak. Judging from his attitudes, tactics and personality, James Cagney might have been happier as a gangster—as he had been four years earlier in *The Public Enemy*—but as a Federal agent he could still intimidate people, violate civil rights and civil liberties and shoot most anything that



Crime takes Little Caesar to the top . . .

moved. He just didn't get paid as much.

The true gangster movie did not regain its old popularity or return as regular film fare until after World War Two, by which time the gangster had undergone a change (the public having survived on detective movies and Humphrey Bogart during most of the Forties). The mobster no longer operated out of a garage and mowed

down rivals from speeding cars: he was the much more subtle, businesslike and truly organized racketeer who had started cropping up in the late Thirties cop movies, thanks to the headline reform movements of Tom Dewey, William O'Dwyer and other crime busters. This new "syndicate" gangster was fleshed out in the Fifties after Kefauver investigators grilled Frank Costello on national television. Unlike the original Prohibition hoodlum who deceived no one and didn't need to, the postwar racketeer masqueraded as a legitimate businessman—which, indeed, he had increasingly become. Most of his violence was carried out by underlings in some room or dark alley, not on the public streets, and his life was generally longer and less stylish. Sometimes, he was undone simply by good policework and sent to jail to contemplate the error of his crooked ways. Often as not, he was a WASP instead of a wop. To the connoisseur of the classic gangster movie, the Fifties was an era of skulduggery and politics, and the violence, though often brutal and explicit, lacked the old-time simplicity of a machine gun blazing from the window of a careening car.

The historical mobster returned in 1959 with Rod Steiger's acclaimed performance in *Al Capone*; was celebrated in loose biographies of Dutch Schultz, Legs Diamond, George Raft and Eliot Ness; and then suddenly succumbed to the contemporary spies, sexy private detectives and master criminals of the "caper" who dominated the Sixties. When the gangster returned at the end of the decade, he had undergone another subtle but profound change. The McClellan investigation into labor racketeering and the sensational revelations of Joe Valachi had compelled the Justice Department to acknowledge the existence not only of the National Crime Syndicate but of the American Mafia, to which the Government gave the fresh name La Cosa Nostra. By the time the headlines inspired books and the books inspired movies (the traditional sequence), the typical American gangster was once more an Italian—but a complex man in conflict with culture and conscience. With organized crime back in the news, yet another Capone movie was the first to revive the gangster film, in 1967, but *The St. Valentine's Day Massacre* combined the new insights with the old formula. Jason Robards (who might have been a Legs Diamond or an Arnold Rothstein but never an Al Capone) clearly suffered from emotional problems that stemmed from his past life experiences—namely, that everybody was trying to kill him, as shown in several

flashbacks to spectacular assassination attempts. *The Brotherhood*, starring Kirk Douglas, was the first important (if largely ignored) film to treat the Mafia as a sociocultural phenomenon and to hinge its story on the transition in organized crime: from a loosely knit cartel in the early Thirties, dominated by the Mafia, to a sophisticated, nationwide equal-opportunity Syndicate to which the old-line Italians must either adapt or be killed.

The Godfather elaborated on the same theme and made the greatest effort yet to view the Italian-American gangster in the context of his cultural history. Even more than *The Brotherhood*, *The Godfather* explored the mind of the new-generation Italian-American gangster. And the moral conflict that Michael Corleone resolved by electing to follow in his family's footsteps has intrigued audiences enough to inspire *The Godfather, Part II*—probably for the same reasons that audiences 40 years ago swarmed to



... then deposits him back in the gutter.

theaters to watch Little Caesar die in a gutter moaning, pathetically, "Is this the end of Rico?"

Because gangster films and film historians are about equally behind the times, the recent so-called black-exploitation films that started with *Shaft* and *Super Fly* are not yet categorized as true gangster movies. But there's not much difference between the white slum kid of the Twenties who then became a big-time bootlegger and today's black slum kid who becomes a big-time pusher. Only the vices have changed: both heroes use criminal cunning to escape poverty and live the good life to the bloody end. In *Shaft*, Richard Roundtree is the black private-eye equivalent of the James Cagney cop, except that he understands that Italian-American mobsters and WASP racketeers no longer have a monopoly on big-time crime. In *Super Fly*, Ron O'Neal is a black Al Capone who, under different racial circumstances, might have ridden through town in an elegant armor-plated limousine instead of an expensive pimpmobile. —WILLIAM J. HELMER

and the rest, they didn't bother Meyer Lansky. As a Jew, he was, according to Hoover and the FBI, only an associate member of La Cosa Nostra and so of less importance. This mistaken assessment suited Lansky perfectly. All during the late Fifties and through much of the Sixties, as the heat on the Italians increased, Lansky was off building a bigger and more lucrative gambling empire.

At first, this empire appeared shaky. In late 1958, Fidel Castro and his 26th of July revolutionaries came down from their Sierra Maestra stronghold and by New Year's Day 1959 had taken control of Cuba. Batista had fled with millions looted from the Cuban treasury and close behind him were Lansky and his Syndicate partners. The few who remained, hoping that Castro would become another Batista, keeping the casinos going and taking a cut for himself, were first jailed and then unceremoniously thrown out of the country. Celebrating the end of the Batista regime, the Cubans went on an orgy of slot-machine smashing. The casino era in Havana was over.

And it was not long, either, before the illegal casino business in the United States was suffering under the onslaught of Kennedy's anticrime forces.

A farsighted man, Lansky had already planned for such exigencies. It was not far from Cuba, or Miami, to the warm sands of the Bahamas. American tourists had been streaming there for years and, with the closing of the Cuban playground, the tourist boom would surely be staggering. So one day in 1960, Lansky got off a plane in Nassau and taxied to the offices of Sir Stafford Sands, the islands' 300-pound glass-eyed minister of finance and taxation and effective leader of the Bay Street Boys, the white power structure that ruled the Bahamas. Lansky had a proposition to make—one that would enrich Sands and guarantee a tourist invasion (and that might, if Sands and his fellow white politicians so desired, provide some employment and considerable economic benefits to the black majority, thereby keeping it docile). According to Sands, Lansky offered him \$2,000,000 (others have put the offer at a mere \$1,000,000), to be deposited for his personal use in one of those handy numbered Swiss accounts, if he would get legislation enacted to permit gambling.

Sands said he turned Lansky down, but the evidence indicates otherwise, for soon Lansky's ideas became reality with the help of Sands and two dubious characters. One was Wallace Groves, an American financial manipulator who had immigrated to the Bahamas after serving a prison term for mail fraud. He struck up a close friendship with Sands, who, in 1955, drew up and signed into law the Hawksbill Creek Act, which gave Groves vast tracts of land on

Grand Bahama Island at \$2.80 an acre. The only proviso was that Groves agree to develop the area and dredge a deep-water port, which would become Freeport, at the mouth of Hawksbill Creek. The other was Canadian-born Louis A. Chesler, a close friend of Lansky's (they had cooperated in some shady Canadian mining schemes), a successful Florida real-estate promoter with a firm called General Development Company and a partner of Lansky ally John Pullman.

With Sands as their attorney (and with Lansky, as usual, playing Svengali), Groves and Chesler formed Bahamas Amusements, Ltd., and proceeded with plans to turn Grand Bahama Island into a tourist attraction, complete with the 250-room Lucayan Beach Hotel. It was not long before the real purpose of that hotel was apparent. There was a law in the Bahamas banning gambling; but there was another statute, enacted in 1939 at the urging of Sands, permitting himself, as the minister of finance and taxation, to grant certificates of exemption from the law. In 1963, the attorney for Bahamas Amusements negotiated just such a certificate of exemption for the Lucayan Beach Hotel; and as his legal fee for handling this negotiation with himself, Sands received \$1,800,000.

So gambling went to Grand Bahama, with most of the equipment obtained from the closed illegal casinos in the United States. With the gambling went all the old familiar faces from Lansky-run casinos in the States and in Havana—Max Courtney, Charles Brudner, Dino Cellini and others. And with these old familiar faces went the high rollers, on Syndicate-organized junkets from every major city in the U. S. So successful was the Lucayan Beach that Groves began

selling off some of the land he had bought at \$2.80 an acre. The going price for some of it was as high as \$2000 a front foot. Some of it even went to competitors, such as the King's Inn Casino. But there was plenty of room for another casino and, besides, King's Inn had been built by Daniel K. Ludwig, a billionaire recluse who had dredged the Freeport harbor for Groves and who just happened to lease the King's Inn to two of Lansky's old friends, Morris Landsburgh, proprietor of Miami Beach's Eden Roc Hotel, and Sam Cohen (in 1971, both would be indicted with Lansky for Las Vegas skimming operations).

Still, Grand Bahama was only an out island. The real wealth lay in Nassau, tempting Lansky and other men of means. One was millionaire Huntington Hartford. Years before, he had bought Hog Island in Nassau Bay, renamed it Paradise Island and lobbied strenuously but unsuccessfully for a bridge to Nassau and a certificate of exemption. Suddenly, in 1965, minister Sands had a change of heart. Not toward Hartford but with regard to gambling on Paradise Island. He announced that he had been hired as attorney by a partnership of Mrs. Wallace Groves (most of Groves's holdings were in his wife's name) and a Tampa corporation called Mary Carter Paint Company (by then, promoter Chesler had been frozen out). In the name of that partnership, Sands applied to himself and easily obtained a certificate of exemption to permit Paradise Island gambling. At the same time, he announced the imminent construction of a toll bridge to the island. As for Hartford, he, too, was frozen out, though permitted to retain a minority interest in the island itself.

At first nothing seemed strange about the deal—at least no stranger than usual. Groves, after all, had made a success of the Grand Bahama operation. And Mary Carter now had a financial interest in the Bahamas, having bought 1300 acres on Grand Bahama and turned them into a subdivision. Besides, a major stockholder in Mary Carter was one Thomas E. Dewey, former racket buster, former governor of New York, former Republican candidate for President, now senior partner in a prestigious Wall Street law firm and close friend and advisor to another prominent Wall Street lawyer, Richard Nixon.

Before this new Bahamian venture got fully under way, however, the lid blew off. Reporters for *The Wall Street Journal* did some digging and what they uncovered won them a Pulitzer Prize. They turned up a seamy story of massive payoffs to the white rulers of the islands, from the prime minister on down, to gain gambling concessions. The ensuing outcry led to a general election, and black voters turned out in a massive wave. When the votes were counted, the Bahamas for the first time came under the rule of blacks, with the Progressive Liberal Party in control and a black prime minister named Lynden O. Pindling.

But Lansky and his friends had, in fact, hedged their bets on the Bay Street Boys. Support, some clandestine, some open, had also gone to Pindling—including the use of a helicopter for him to tour the islands courtesy of a Lansky associate, Mike McLaney. Lansky knew that if Pindling tried even partially to live up to his promises of bettering the lives of blacks, he would need the gamblers; they would be the most important source of revenue.

But first, as prime minister, Pindling felt the need to shatter his opposition, to totally discredit the former white rulers. This he did by setting up a Royal Commission of Inquiry. It revealed the whole story of payoffs and corruption, the venality of Sands, the dealings of Groves and Chesler, even the manipulations and control of Lansky. Some of the peripheral testimony, though, made even the commissioners a little uneasy. Courtney, for instance, talked at length about his prodigious bookmaking activities in the States. His customers, he said, included some of the country's most important men. Such as whom? he was asked. Such as onetime Vice-President Nixon, he answered. (The allegation has never been denied.)

Then Pindling moved to assure Lansky and the gambling fraternity that he was, at heart, their true friend. When Sands announced that Groves was withdrawing from the Paradise Island enterprise, Mary Carter was given the go-ahead. Within a year, it had not one but two casinos—the Nassau Bay Club



"All he ever thinks about is sex!"

and the Paradise Island Casino. Of course, the American underworld was no longer involved. Well, only to the extent that the manager of one of the clubs was Lansky's man Eddie Cellini (brother of Dino) and behind the tables were a lot of familiar faces from the Lansky circle. But that didn't deter the world's elite from jetting into Nassau to a gala celebration that opened gambling's new mecca in the Caribbean. And it didn't deter Wall Street attorney Nixon from taking time out from his incipient Presidential campaign to attend as an honored guest.

But then Mary Carter—or Resorts International, as it called itself after selling off its paint division—had an especial fondness for Nixon as well as for Nixon's closest friend, Charles "Bebe" Rebozo, the onetime Florida filling-station operator who made his first millions selling recapped tires during World War Two and then graduated to real estate, banking and other enterprises. During the 1968 Republican Convention in Miami Beach, the company offered Nixon free use of its yacht to rest and relax from the campaign rigors and bade him visit Paradise Island often after he reached the White House (the Secret Service said no to that, not when the casino catered to so many shady characters). And Nixon returned some of the favors. One of his Secret Service guards at the time of his Vice-Presidency, later the security director of the Nixon campaign headquarters in Miami Beach and later yet security director for the Inauguration, was James Golden. When his work for Nixon was done, he moved on to Resorts International, as deputy director of security.

As for Rebozo, when 900 shares of IBM stock turned up at his Key Biscayne Bank in 1968 as collateral for a loan—stock that turned out to have been stolen—one of the men Rebozo called to check on the stock and the loan was James Crosby, "the chairman of the board of Resorts International and an old friend of mine."

Through the Sixties, then, the money poured across the tables on Grand Bahama and Paradise Island. And Lansky's gambling empire expanded through much of the rest of the Caribbean, including Haiti, and even across the Atlantic to England. As fast as it flowed into the casinos' coffers, much of it flowed out again. For the venerable Lansky technique of the skim was working well and by then, Lansky and his associates had ready places for that cash to rest. A good part went into the Bank of Miami Beach and the Miami National Bank, which the Government would later charge served as major depositories for skimmed funds.

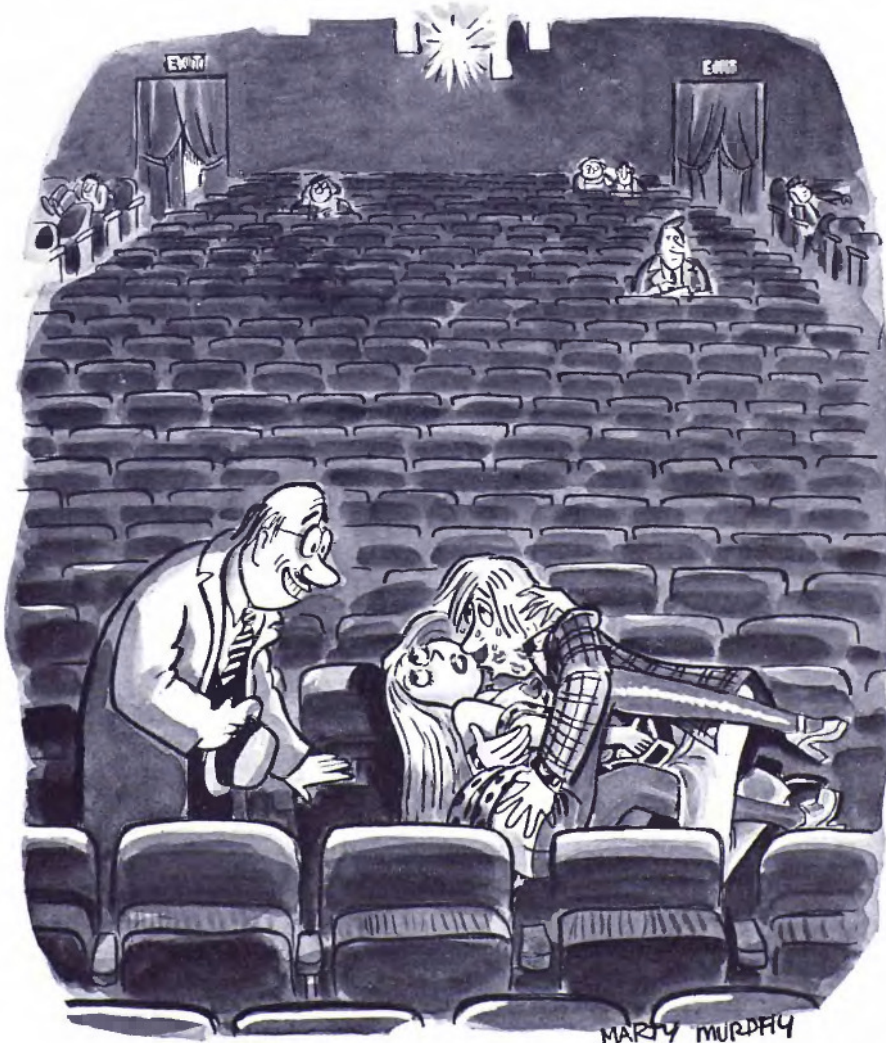
Who ran them? It was no secret any-

where that the Bank of Miami Beach was Lansky's bank in the U.S. The Miami National Bank was under the control of the Teamsters Central, Southwest and Southeast Pension Fund between 1959 and 1964. Then it passed into the hands of Lansky's close friend Cohen. But neither bank was the final resting place for the skim from Las Vegas or the Caribbean. From there it moved across the Atlantic, to Swiss Banks.

From Switzerland, the money went to a thousand different places: back to the U. S. in the form of loans to and investments in legitimate businesses as the wedge for Syndicate take-over and into dozens of Syndicate operations.

By the end of the Sixties, the tentacles of the Lansky octopus stretched in every direction, but its appearance was becoming deceptive. Lansky was growing old and he was beginning to attract some of the attention that traditionally had focused almost entirely on the Italian Mob. The world was changing and the face of organized crime was changing with it.

This is the 11th in a series of articles on organized crime in the United States.



"Pardon me, but is this seat taken?"

ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN

to the judge." But Bradlee was worried. Sirica, the chief judge of the United States District Court for the District of Columbia, was known as Maximum John because of the stiff punishments he imposed.

Late in the afternoon, Bradlee told the reporters to be in Williams' office at nine the next morning. "Things look a little better," he said. "Williams talked to Sirica and to the prosecutors; he thinks he can keep you out of the slam."

The next morning, Williams was pacing around his handsome office. "John Sirica is some kind of pissed at you fellas," he said. "We had to do a lot of convincing to keep your asses out of jail." Williams had pledged there would be no more *Post* contact with grand-jury members. The prosecutors, too, had interceded in the reporters' behalf, recommending to Sirica that no action be taken because none of the grand jurors had imparted any information. But Sirica was still fuming, Williams said, and would probably lecture them, at a minimum. "Stay in touch and keep your noses clean," he warned. The judge could be very unpredictable.

Judge Sirica wanted Bernstein and Woodward in his courtroom at ten A.M. on December 19. The reporters dressed neatly for their day in court. Woodward got his hair trimmed. The courtroom was packed, mostly with media people. Bernstein and Woodward took seats in the second row.

Sirica, they learned at precisely ten o'clock, was capable of expressing his displeasure with a frown so deep as to leave no doubt about his reputation for toughness. He had decided to make the reporters the first order of business. The grand jurors had entered the courtroom. The audience obeyed the command of "All rise." The judge's frown deepened. "Oh, boy," Woodward whispered to Bernstein, bouncing on his toes and sucking in his breath so the words sounded as if he were ordering a horse to stop. Bernstein was contemplating which fate he preferred—the ignominy of being stripped naked in front of his colleagues for his half-assed conduct or the mitigating honor of being dispatched by Maximum John.

"It has recently come to my attention. . . ." Sirica began recounting the unfortunate facts: Grand jurors had been approached over the weekend of December second and third in an attempt to get information; but the investigation apparently had not been compromised. The jurors were to be commended for their silence. Their resolve could only be strengthened if once more they were reminded of the oath that bound their deliberations "sacred and secret."

The judge peered out into the audience. "Now, I want it understood by the

(continued from page 140)

person who approached members of this grand jury that the court regards the matter as extremely serious."

The reporters were hanging on the judge's every word now, less confident than before that Williams and the prosecutors had been convincing in their arguments.

Sirica was scowling. He noted thoughtfully that the person who had attempted to subvert the sanctity of the grand-jury proceedings was neither defendant nor counsel but "a news-media representative." A buzz in the assembled press corps. Who among them? Bernstein and Woodward waited for the judge to unmask them and, maybe, call on them to throw themselves on the mercy of the court.

First, however, Sirica wanted to point out the legal ramifications and to remind the assembly that attempting to gain information from a grand juror is, "at least potentially," a contemptuous offense. Then he excused the grand jury and strode from the court. The clerk declared a recess.

It took the reporters several moments to understand what had happened, that that was the end of it. They had gone free.

As Bernstein and Woodward joined the rush into the crowded hallway, some of their colleagues approached them and asked if they knew who the culprits might have been. The reporters declined to speculate. Daniel Schorr of CBS was the first to suggest that Bernstein and Woodward were the offenders.

"Hearsay, innuendo and character assassination," Bernstein protested.

Schorr responded with a knowing smile. The reporters had reluctantly agreed on their way out of the courtroom that they would deny the allegation outright only as a last resort; if pressed, maybe they could get by with indignation and artful footwork. The confused scene in the hallway did not lend itself to careful thought. Two dozen of their colleagues were shouting their private theories or polling one another in search of the guilty party. Accused again, Woodward said the first thing that came into his head: The grand-jury contact had taken place over the first weekend in December. That was six weeks after he and Bernstein had written a major story. Somehow, the compelling illogic of the syllogism got by. Bernstein, feeling grubby, listened raptly to another newsman explain why the offender was probably a radio or television reporter, not someone from a newspaper.

"Sirica specifically used the phrase 'news-media representative,'" one newsman said. "That's the term he always uses when he's talking about radio and television reporters. When he means newspaper reporters, he says 'the press.'"

Yeah, said Bernstein, he thought he had noticed that, too.

They were trying to avoid a colleague who was interviewing reporters in the hallway about the session in Sirica's courtroom, but he caught up with Woodward near the elevator and asked point-blank if the judge had been referring to him or Bernstein.

"Come off it, what do you think?" Woodward answered angrily.

The man persisted. Well, was it one of them or wasn't it? Yes or no.

"Listen," Woodward snapped, "do you want a quote? Are we talking for the record—I mean, are you serious?—because if you are, I'll give you something, all right."

"Sorry, Bob, I didn't think you'd take me seriously," he told Woodward. The danger passed. The nightmare vision that had haunted them all day—Ron Ziegler at the podium demanding that they be the object of a full Federal investigation, or some such thing—disappeared. They tried to imagine what choice phrases he might use ("jury tampering"?), and they realized that they didn't have the stomach for this kind of exercise.

They felt lousy. They had not broken the law when they visited the grand jurors, that much seemed certain. But they had sailed around it and exposed others to danger. They had dodged, evaded, misrepresented, suggested and intimidated even if they had not lied outright. They had chosen expediency over principle and, caught in the act, their role had been covered up.

. . .

Two weeks before their near escape in Judge Sirica's courtroom, the reporters had decided to return to more conventional sources. On December fifth, Bernstein signed a *Post* car out of the office garage and drove to an apartment several miles away. It was about eight o'clock when he knocked on the door. The woman he was looking for answered, but when he told her his name, she did not open the door. She slipped a piece of paper underneath it with her unlisted telephone number written on it. "Call me later this evening," she said, adding, "Your articles have been excellent."

The woman was in a position to have considerable knowledge of the secret activities of the White House and CRP. Bernstein had attempted to contact her before, but she had rejected every approach. He drove back to the office and dialed the number. Her voice was unsteady, nervous. "At this point, I don't trust a soul," she said. "But I respect your position." She asked if Bernstein was calling from a safe phone. He was at the desk of a reporter on the Maryland staff; he thought so.

"I'm forced to agree 100 percent with Ben Bradlee; the truth hasn't been told," she said.

Bernstein printed the letter Z on the

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**Today
you can't afford
a dirty carburetor.**



"This is the part I was telling you about! They kiss with all their clothes on and then the camera pans up into the trees and leaves it all to your imagination."

top sheet of a blue memo pad; X had been retired with the bookkeeper [another early source of information]. "My boss calls it a whitewash," said Z. "Two years ago, I never would have believed any of this, but the facts are overwhelming." She advised Bernstein to reread carefully the reporters' own stories. "There is more truth in there than you must have realized—many clues. You're doing very well, but you could do a lot better. It's a question of putting on more pressure."

She refused to be interrogated and laid down the ground rules: She would point the reporters in the right direction to help them fill in some of the right names in the right places—certain hints, key avenues to pursue. She would answer questions only in the most general way, if at all. Much of what she called her "message" might seem vague, partly because even she didn't understand things completely, and because the information would be difficult to sort out.

"Your perseverance has been admirable," she said. "Apply it to what I say."

Bernstein, who had no idea what to expect, thought she sounded like some kind of mystic.

She began with Haldeman: "Someone had to pull the strings. You have a lot of company in thinking it's Haldeman. . . . John Dean is very interesting. It would be really interesting to know what Dean's investigation really was. His involvement went way beyond that. . . . Magruder and Mitchell are very definitely involved. . . . Mitchell requires more perseverance."

Bernstein had already interrupted her several times, but she would not be more specific. Involved in what? Dirty tricks? Wire tapping?

She advised him to consider Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Colson and Robert Mardian as a group. "Disclosure is the common thread," she said. . . . "Yes, of wire-tap information."

Meaning they had received information from the Watergate tap?

"Disclosure," she repeated, "is the common thread. When people have jobs to lose in high places, they will go to any extent to protect them. The general theme is 'Don't blow the lid, even now.' They are better organized now than before June 17. They are good organizers but, to a certain extent, very sloppy. Financing is the most important way to learn who is involved. Pursue other Segrettis. [Herbert] Kalmbach was the paymaster [as Nixon's lawyer, he had been implicated in stories about the disbursement of funds to the Watergate defendants]. A lot of activities grew out of Plumbing. It goes back a lot farther than the Pentagon papers. The Plumbers are quite relevant: two of them were indicted. I'd like to know how many more Plumbers there were."

Bernstein tried to learn more.

Z said there could be no further messages; he was forbidden to call her.

The next night, Woodward and Bernstein drove the familiar route to Hugh Sloan's house. Perhaps he could help decipher Z's message. Knowing that Sloan was always less than anxious to see them,

they did not telephone ahead. As usual, he was too polite to close the door in their faces. He looked pale and defeated. He had lost weight. He invited them into the front hallway. The job hunting was going badly, he said—the taint of Watergate. Equally awful, there was no end in sight to the trials and civil suits and depositions that were making him a professional witness at about \$20 a day. They did not know how to respond; visiting Sloan always made them feel like vultures.

The reporters outlined what they had learned from Z, but Sloan said he could make no more sense of it than they. Then, changing the subject, he was apologetic about the Haldeman debacle, and it became painfully clear at last what had happened that night in the rain. Sloan had misunderstood Woodward's questions, thinking that Woodward had inquired if Sloan *would have* named Haldeman before the grand jury had he been asked.

Now he was more enlightening than before about Haldeman's relationship to the fund and to CRP: "Bob ran the committee through Magruder until Mitchell and Secretary Stans came over in the first part of 1972. Jeb authorized the first payments to Liddy. I think Liddy was still working at the White House at the time, in the summer of 1971. Actually, Haldeman stood behind all four who got bulk payments from the fund: Kalmbach, Liddy, Magruder and Porter [Herbert Porter, scheduling director for CRP and a former White House advance man]."

Haldeman was insulated from the fund, Magruder, Kalmbach, Stans and even Mitchell had effectively acted on his behalf, Sloan explained. Haldeman had never personally ordered Sloan to hand out any payments. But spending money was the province of the White House chief of staff. "Maury [Stans] frequently complained that too much money was being given out [from the fund]," he said.

Woodward asked more about the structure of Haldeman's office. Sloan summarized: Chapin was the Presidential appointments secretary; Strachan, the political lieutenant; Lawrence Higby, the office manager and major-domo; and Alexander Butterfield supervised "internal security and the paper flow to the President." Typing his notes that night, Woodward underlined the words "internal security."

On the morning of January eighth, the opening day of the trial of the Watergate defendants, a gray and gaunt Howard Hunt arrived at the courthouse wearing a black topcoat with a small, aristocratic, though slightly frayed fur collar. He puffed on his pipe and paced the corridors, whispering frequently to his partner, Gordon Liddy. The two walked down the hall talking. Hunt, whose wife had died in a plane crash a few weeks

before, held his arm high on Liddy's neck, as if seeking support.

Liddy had arrived smoking a large cigar, smiling, waving and strutting confidently. Later in the day, when he was introduced to the prospective jurors, he bounded to his feet and waved his right hand triumphantly, like a politician greeting a crowd. The four Miami men, looking tense, appeared with their attorney, Henry B. Rothblatt, who wore a toupee and had a small mustache that appeared to be accented with eyebrow pencil. McCord, looking serious, came in a few minutes later. He warded off reporters' questions with a "No comment."

The members of the prosecution team—Earl Silbert, Seymour Glanzer and Donald E. Campbell—were spruce and well groomed. Each carried a foot-thick stack of files. As they got off the elevator, reporters swarmed around them. "All your questions will be answered," Glanzer said. "Just wait."

And high on the bench, his wavy black hair making him look much younger than his 68 years, sat Chief Judge Sirica, who had assigned the case to himself. At a pretrial hearing in December, he had expressed his intentions: "This jury is going to want to know. What did those men go into that headquarters for? Was their sole purpose political espionage? Were they paid? Was there financial gain? Who hired them? Who started them?"

Silbert presented a two-hour opening statement. The chief prosecutor seemed rather exasperated when he said that he would be able to account for only \$50,000 of the \$235,000 in Presidential campaign funds that had been handed to Liddy in \$100 bills. Basing his theory primarily on the statements of Magruder and Porter, Silbert was convinced that Liddy had been given the funds to conduct legitimate intelligence-gathering activities. Liddy, Silbert said, had gone off on his own and planned and executed the illegal Watergate operation. It was the CRP "coyer story" that had been described to the reporters, months earlier, in their evening visits.

Silbert had told Bernstein and Woodward that he expected to please no one with his Watergate investigation. He was going to succeed, that seemed clear. He had repeatedly stressed that there was no evidence to indict any more than the seven men who had been caught. "There is an unwritten rule in the Justice Department—the higher up you go, the more you have to have them by the balls. And I think it's a good rule."

After the opening statement, Hunt changed his plea to guilty. He told reporters outside the courtroom that no higher-ups were involved in the conspiracy "to my personal knowledge."

Bernstein had been told the day before by a member of the Miami contingent that the four Florida men might also

plead guilty if Hunt did. The rumors persisted. On Friday afternoon, after the session ended, Bernstein and Woodward were standing outside the courthouse with *Post* columnist Nicholas von Hoffman and *Post* editorial writer Roger Wilkins. Rothblatt was standing on a corner with his clients, trying to hail a taxi.

We'll lose them, Bernstein said, unless one of us goes. Woodward agreed. Bernstein said that he wanted to go. Woodward handed him \$20. Rothblatt and his clients had found a cab as Bernstein raced toward them. Rothblatt, Frank Sturgis, the stockiest of the burglars, and the three other men filled the cab, but Bernstein, uninvited, got in anyway, piling in on top of them as the door slammed. Von Hoffman and Wilkins nearly fell off the curb laughing. Woodward wrote a note to himself that Bernstein owed him \$20.

Bernstein arrived back in the office late Saturday, mole-eyed and wrinkled. He had gone to the airport with Rothblatt and his clients, bought a ticket on a flight one of them was taking and, engaging in friendly banter, offered to carry a

suitcase and slipped into the adjoining seat. Bernstein did not really have to press the man too hard to turn the conversation around to the trial. The story came out in an easy flow of conversation as the jet engines surged peacefully in the background. The interview was costing the *Post* more than a dollar a minute, Bernstein thought.

According to the man on the plane, Hunt had been visiting the four Miami men for a week, urging them to change their pleas to guilty; their families would be cared for financially and they could count on Executive clemency after a few months in jail. In the enduring CIA fraternity, Hunt, the seasoned case officer, was again passing out orders to his lower-level operatives. For more than a decade, the men had had unquestioned trust in Hunt, even after he had supervised their participation in the Bay of Pigs operation. He was their leader, the tie between their own projects and the cause of American patriotism. Rothblatt, Bernstein learned, was furious, and had instructed his clients "to stay away from



"Well, frankly, no, Miss Kramer, I didn't answer all the questions honestly at the computer-mate office."

that son of a bitch Hunt."

On Monday, the story on Hunt's maneuvers ran in the *Post*. In court that morning, the four Miami men fired Rothblatt and were assigned a new attorney, who immediately entered guilty pleas.

Sirica was seething. After accepting the new pleas, he called the four men from Miami before him. They walked up and stood before the bench. Defendant Barker bounced up and down on his toes, wringing his hands behind his back. Apparently torn by the anxiety of the moment, he went into a deep knee bend. As he answered the judge's questions, his head wagged up and down and sideways in short jerks, as if his neck had turned to rubber.

Judge Sirica asked about "these hundred-dollar bills that were floating around like coupons."

Barker replied that he didn't know where they had come from. The others nodded. "I got the money in the mail in a blank envelope," he said.

"Well, I'm sorry," replied Sirica, "I don't believe you."

Sirica questioned the men for about an hour. The heads of all four defendants seemed to be attached to the same strings; they bobbed up and down in unison. Yes, they said, the decisions to plead guilty were made free from any pressure. No, your Honor, they said, when asked if anyone had mentioned Executive clemency.

The judge's frown deepened. Had any of the men ever worked for the CIA?

"Not that I know of," answered defendant Martinez, who had been on a CIA retainer of \$100 a month until the day after his Watergate arrest. Among those who laughed out loud was Liddy, who had finished a brief nap at the defense table when Sirica began questioning the men.

As Sirica interrogated the defendants, chief prosecutor Silbert shook his head in disgust and stared at the yellow legal pad in front of him. Glazer leaned back in his chair and rubbed one side of his face. The prosecutors' assurances that everything would come out in the trial were fading into nothingness as the defendants ducked into the haze of their guilty pleas.

Sirica asked Barker about \$114,000 in Nixon campaign checks that had been deposited in his Miami bank account. Barker said he just didn't know where the money had come from.

"Now, isn't that strange?" Sirica asked.

"I don't think it is strange, your Honor," replied Barker. "I have previously been involved in other operations which took the strangeness out of that, as far as I was concerned."

The Miami four were led off to jail.

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That noon, Woodward took a cab back to the *Post* for a lunch with Katharine Graham and Howard Simons. "Katharine wants to go over some of the stories

and ask about the sources," Simons said.

Mrs. Graham, the publisher, is the daughter of Eugene Meyer, who bought the paper in 1933. When her husband, Philip Graham, who was publisher of the *Post*, committed suicide in 1963, she assumed control.

Woodward was glad that Mrs. Graham had waited until after the intense period of major investigative stories and the attack by the White House in the fall before asking for a meeting. He took the elevator to the eighth floor and walked through the double glass doors onto the thick white carpet that led to her office. Simons was already there, a drink in hand, and the three of them sat down in a small office in one corner.

"What's happening in the trial today?" Mrs. Graham asked.

Woodward told her about the guilty pleas by the four Miami men and Sirica's interrogation. The trial was getting increasingly ridiculous, Woodward said, and he described the scene of the four men talking and nodding as if on cue.

Mrs. Graham asked several questions about what it all might mean and what would happen. "Is it all going to come out?" she asked, somewhat anxiously. "I mean, are we ever going to know about all of this?"

Woodward thought it was the nicest way possible of asking. What have you boys been doing with my newspaper? He said that he and Bernstein weren't sure it ever would come out. "Never?" she asked apprehensively. "Don't tell me never." She laughed, throwing her head back with a bright smile. "Well, let's eat," she said, rising and leading them to the dining room directly behind her office.

A woman in a traditional maid's uniform of black and white served eggs Benedict. Simons outlined the purpose of the lunch, a confidential discussion of the sources for the Watergate stories. Woodward had finished two bites of his eggs Benedict and now, he realized, he was going to have to give a monolog. He told her about several Justice Department attorneys, an FBI agent, a White House aide, the bookkeeper and Sloan. Mrs. Graham said she was less interested in the names than in the positions they held.

Woodward said that he had told no one the name of Deep Throat.

Mrs. Graham paused. "Tell me," she said.

Woodward froze. He said he would tell her if she wanted but was praying she wouldn't press it. Mrs. Graham laughed, touched his arm and said she was only kidding, she didn't really want to carry that burden around with her. Woodward took a bite of his eggs, which were cold.

"Now, about the Haldeman business," Mrs. Graham said, looking as if she were not sure she wanted to hear it.

Woodward put down his fork and told the story of the mistake he and

Bernstein had made about Sloan's grand-jury testimony.

"But are you absolutely sure we're right?" The question carried an intensity absent from the previous conversation. "I remember talking with Henry Kissinger," she continued, "and he came up and said, 'What's the matter, don't you think we're going to be re-elected? You were wrong on Haldeman.' And he seemed upset and said something about its being terribly, terribly unfair."

If there's anyone who has not been wronged, Woodward said, it is Bob Haldeman. It was the most definite statement Woodward made during lunch.

• • •

The trial lasted another two weeks. Woodward and Bernstein continued to attend, sifting through exhibits and papers filed with the court. Woodward copied the phone numbers from the defendants' address books, which were entered into evidence, and one evening he called some of the numbers.

"The FBI?" one man asked. "They never, never contacted me. I never talked to them." Woodward slammed down the phone. In the biggest, most wide-ranging investigation since the assassination of President Kennedy, the FBI didn't even call the numbers in the address books.

While going through the list of witnesses, Woodward found one who knew Hunt quite well. He called the witness at his office and asked what he was going to testify about. The witness said: "I'll tell you what I *could* testify to, but Silbert won't ask. If the judge or any of the attorneys do, I'll say it."

Woodward sat up straight in the large blue chair at his desk and asked what that testimony might include.

"Howard always used 'they' or 'the White House' when he was talking about his activities. But one day I remember he was complaining about Ehrlichman and saying what an amateur Ehrlichman was, because Ehrlichman put a hold on a lot of things Howard was doing, various secret, intelligence-type things. The operation was delayed for two to three weeks because Ehrlichman was holding up the budget."

Ehrlichman. Woodward snapped a pencil in half between his fingers.

"And Howard was saying that was why he liked Colson, because Colson understood that such things are necessary. Colson is an operator and gave immediate approval. He pushed the budget through."

Colson. That made sense; but Ehrlichman? Woodward lined up several neat rows of paper clips on his desk as the witness went on.

"From the comments Howard made, it was apparent that Mitchell was getting typed reports of the wire taps."

OK, Woodward thought, that made sense.

"After the Watergate arrests, when



*"Oh, Rhett, when you hold me like this,
chills run up and down my spine!"*

Howard was out of town hiding and needed a lawyer, he was looking for John Dean, and said, 'Let him get me a lawyer.'"

Woodward's hand jerked through the neat rows of paper clips, destroying the symmetry. "John Dean?" he asked.

"That's exactly how Silbert sounded when I told him," the witness said. "He said, 'That's the first time his tracks have appeared in this.'"

Woodward took one of his giant paper clips, bent it into a large L and began twirling it in his hand as he read over his notes. At that moment, Bradlee walked by his desk and asked what was up. Maybe a whole lot and maybe nothing, Woodward said, but there was at least one witness who could do some damage to Mitchell, Colson, Ehrlichman and Dean. Bradlee's eyes brightened. He did a little dance, holding an imaginary towel to his ass and wiggling it back and forth before walking off.

• • •

On February 26, Bernstein stepped into the elevator in the *Post* lobby and suddenly felt his arm grabbed and then his body being pulled back into the lobby. He started to struggle, then heard a female voice.

"Boy, am I glad to see you!" It was Laura Kiernan, a young news aide who had recently been promoted to reporter on the local staff. "There's a guy upstairs in the newsroom with a subpoena for you and your notes. Bradlee doesn't want you up there to get it. He wants you out of here, fast."

Bernstein dashed to a stair well at the end of the lobby, then up seven flights of steps to the accounting department. Closing the door of an office, he dialed Bradlee's extension. Woodward was off for a few days in the Caribbean, but they had long before agreed on what to do if they were subpoenaed. Turning over notes or naming sources in either a grand-jury proceeding or a judicial hearing was obviously out of the question. There would be plenty of time to fight that in court. The first thing to do was move their files to a safe place. Bernstein told Bradlee where the files were. They would be moved immediately, he said.

CRP had issued subpoenas for five people at the *Post*: Bernstein, Woodward, Jim Mann (who had worked on some of the initial Watergate stories), Simons and Mrs. Graham. Also reporters from the *Washington Star-News*, *The New York Times* and *Time* magazine. Simons and Mrs. Graham, the only non-reporters on CRP's list, had already been served. The subpoenas demanded that those served testify by deposition in one of the civil suits arising from the break-in and bring with them all notes, tapes and story drafts in their possession regarding Watergate. Bradlee told Bernstein he

couldn't find the *Post*'s lawyers and he didn't want him served until he'd heard their advice. "Get out of the building," he said. "Go to a movie and call me at five o'clock."

Bernstein went to see *Deep Throat*—the movie version.

When he called Bradlee at five, the editor told him to return to the office and explained the strategy. Bernstein would accept the subpoena. Custody of at least some of the reporter's notes would pass to Mrs. Graham.

"Of course, we're going to fight this one all the way up, and if the judge wants to send anyone to jail, he's going to have to send Mrs. Graham. And, my God, the lady says she'll go! Then the judge can have that on his conscience. Can't you see the pictures of her limousine pulling up to the Women's Detention Center and out gets our gal, going to jail to uphold the First Amendment? That's a picture that would run in every newspaper in the world. There might be a revolution."

That night, Bernstein was at his desk typing when he saw the CRP page hurrying down the middle aisle, arm outstretched. Bernstein continued to type.

"Carl Bernstein."

Head down, Bernstein raised one arm and picked off the subpoena. But the page stood there silently. Finally, Bernstein glanced up from the typewriter. The page looked about 21, tousled blond hair, wearing a V-neck sweater, very collegiate.

"Hey, I really feel bad about doing this," he said. "They picked me because they thought somebody who looked like a student could get upstairs easier." He was a law student who worked part time at the firm headed by Kenneth Wells Parkinson, the chief CRP attorney. He promised to keep alert for any information that might be useful to the *Post* and gave Bernstein his home phone number.

• • •

No Presidential decision affecting Watergate seemed so ill advised or left the reporters more perplexed than the White House announcement in February that L. Patrick Gray's name would be submitted to the Senate for confirmation as J. Edgar Hoover's permanent successor. Gray was already the acting FBI director; his confirmation hearings would almost certainly become a Congressional inquiry into the FBI's conduct of the Watergate investigation; why risk the possible consequences of a Senatorial fishing expedition to make his tenure permanent? The Administration officials to whom the reporters posed the riddle seemed no less baffled. Several insiders professed to know only that there had been a mammoth struggle in the innermost Nixon circle. Ehrlichman, it was said, had vehemently opposed the nomination, but the President had ultimately rejected his counsel. No one suggested that Gray had

been nominated because of ability or because the White House regarded the hearings as an opportunity to set the Watergate record straight.

Shortly before the hearings were to begin, the reporters decided it was time for Woodward to move the flowerpot on his balcony. That night he traveled by foot and cab to the garage. *Deep Throat* was not there. He had told Woodward that he would leave a message on a certain ledge when he couldn't make an appointment. Woodward, 5' 10", couldn't reach that high. He found a section of old conduit pipe and fished around.

Moments later, he found a piece of paper on which *Deep Throat* had typed instructions to meet the next night at a remote bar Woodward had never heard of. A bar? Had *Deep Throat* gone crazy? Something must be wrong. When he got home, he looked up the bar in the phone book. There was no such listing. From a pay phone in his apartment building, he dialed information. An operator gave him the listing—an address on the outskirts of the city.

At nine the next night, Woodward walked a few blocks before taking a cab to a section of the city in the opposite direction from the bar. He walked another 15 minutes and took a cab to within a few blocks of the bar. It was really a tavern, an old wooden house that had been converted into a saloon for truckers and construction workers. Woodward, who was dressed casually, walked in. No one seemed to pay any attention to him. He spotted *Deep Throat* sitting alone at a side table and nervously sat down across from him.

Why here? he asked.

"A change," *Deep Throat* said. "None of my friends, none of your friends would come here. Just a sleepy, dark bar." A waiter came over; they both ordered Scotch.

There has to be more to this new meeting place, Woodward said.

"A little bit classier surroundings," *Deep Throat* answered. "No chance you were followed? Two cabs and all?"

Woodward nodded.

"How'd the *Post* like its subpoenas?"

Just great, said Woodward.

"That's only the first step. Our President has gone on a rampage about news leaks on Watergate. He's told the appropriate people, 'Go to any length' to stop them. When he says that, he really means business. Internal investigations, plus he wants to use the courts. There was a discussion about whether to go the criminal route or the civil-suit route first. At a meeting, Nixon said that the money left over from the campaign, about \$5,000,000 or so, might as well be used to take *The Washington Post* down a notch. Thus your subpoenas and the others. Part of the discussion was about

(continued on page 196)

**"New York socked in?
Boston socked in?
D.C. socked in?"**

**Launch another
Cutty."**



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PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



STRONGER THAN A LOCOMOTIVE. . . .

Putting an ordinary padlock on your bicycle is like asking a pickpocket to hold your wallet. But the lock pictured above is no ordinary padlock—it's a Kryptonite Bicycle Lock (\$17 from KBL Corporation, 20 E. Concord Street, Boston) and it will stay locked under most circumstances (nuclear explosions excepted). Given a four-week street test in thieves' mecca Greenwich Village, it survived and so did the bike it held, thanks to a special bolt and a heavy metal band instead of the usual chain. Also, it looks like it bites.



A LOT OF BRASS

Sure, every leather shop has a display of "genuine" Tiffany-style brass belt buckles. But if you'd like to tap the mother lode of these contemporary antiques, try Deane & Adams, 75 Upper Street, Islington, London N. 1., England. D & A label themselves "purveyors of militaria," and have they got brass belt buckles to purvey—over 300 styles that range from Santa Claus to the K.K.K. At \$15 each, including belt, it's a mighty hip way to buckle up.

LIB SERVICE

Sure, we've all heard the usual slang expressions for the opposite sex, but did any of you guys out there ever call a girl a fireship? Well, it and other definitions found in standard reference works have resulted in a group of feminist writers' giving birth to *An Intelligent Woman's Guide to Dirty Words* (it's \$1.50 from the Y. W. C. A., 37 S. Wabash, Chicago). And, fellows, these ladies are really pissed off. The guide is divided into six types of "patriarchal epithets": Woman as Whore, Woman as Whorish, Woman as Body, Woman as Animal, Woman as -ess and Woman as -ette (as in coquette). Jessie Sheridan, one of the compilers, goes so far as to say that their research showed that "almost every word in the English language that has to do with women has some degrading meaning." Maybe so, Jessie, but did you know that *Webster's* definition of feminine is still "passive"?



MUSCLE TRIKE

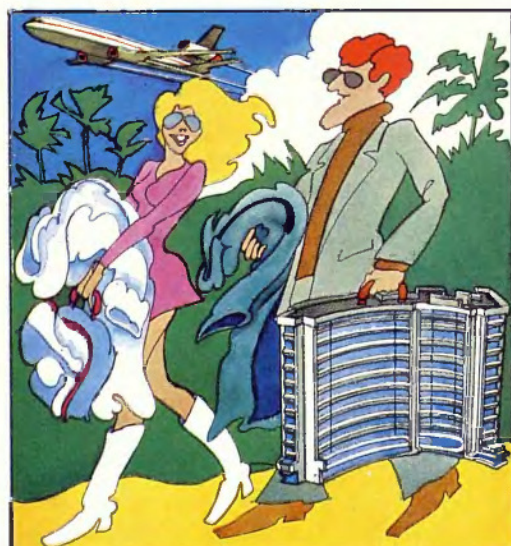
You didn't see anything like this in *American Graffiti*, but if it had been invented then, you would have. Because the Street Legal (and it is in most states) Tri-Sport shown here can leave just about anything at a stop light. Alsport, Inc., the manufacturer, at 84 Whittlesey, Norwalk, Ohio, is quick to point out that the company also has gas economy on its mind, as the Tri-Sport gets 35-45 mpg and a top speed of 65 mph reached mighty quickly, thanks to a 290-c.c. engine. Best of all, Alsport's price is right—only \$1375, and that includes speedo, tach and cargo rack. Take two, they're small.





BOARD HORDE

Now that you're really into backgammon, having mastered the training set we featured in our March *Potpourri*, you'll want to get yourself a status board to play with. So try Lester Inc., at 669 Madison Avenue in Manhattan. Owner Don Lester stocks an assortment of unusual accessories, including French dice cups, scrimshaw markers and even a one-of-a-kind model made of aged fruitwood with ivory dice. The price, \$2500. What the hell, you'll win it back next game.

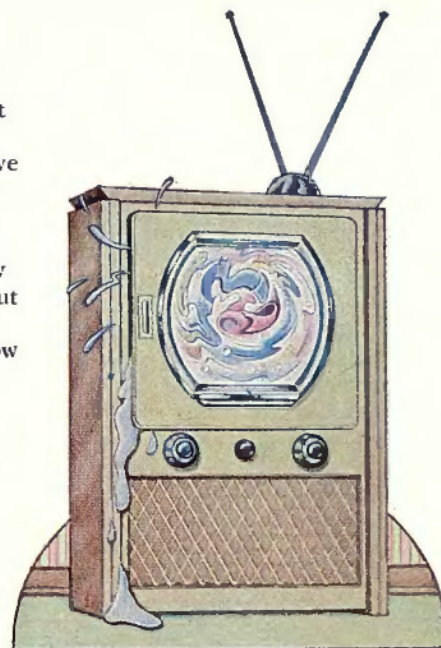


ESCAPE CAUSE

If you're dreaming of a little R&R away from it all but would like something a bit more exclusive than just another stay at a hotel, check with Condomart at 655 Madison Avenue in Manhattan. It's a rental agent for luxe international condominiums in some mighty exotic spots (Spain's Playa del Castillo, for example, or La Plagne in the French Alps). And best of all, its wares are available at some surprisingly reasonable rates—especially for longer stays. So stay longer.

SOAPERIFIC IDEA

You've just gotten back from a sun-drenched vacation in the Bahamas and you've got a great tan and a stack of new phone numbers. Only problem is, you've missed two weeks of your favorite daytime soap opera and you can't figure out why Bill had a sex-change operation and how Mona got pregnant and who put the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder. Cheer up, addict. Now you can catch up on all the happenings by subscribing to the Daytime Serial Newsletter (P.O. Box 6, Mountain View, California). For a mere \$7.50 a year, you get not only the monthly plot summary of such biggies as *Days of Our Lives* and *As the World Turns* but editorials, interviews and info on the latest cast changes.



TURKISH DELIGHT

It's kind of a family thing; mom and pop and the kids all get together on a warm Turkish evening someplace east of the Dardanelles, haul out their little tools and carve a few meerschaum pipes to sell to the tourists. Well, we'd like to meet the kinky family who carved this baby—or a number of the other erotic meerschaums that Cellini Pipes at 170 N. Franklin, Chicago, is selling for \$60 to \$120 each, including case. No two are ever alike, so that means you have to keep dropping by the store for one more peek in the showcase. You dirty old pipe smoker, you.



SAY, YOU SILLY SAVAGE

Forty years ago, Doc Savage was born, emerging from the mind of a Missouri telegrapher, Lester Dent, to strike terror into the hearts of evildoers everywhere. He was the strongest, bravest, smartest man in the world and, together with his five pals—the world's smartest lawyer, greatest chemist, finest engineer, most renowned geologist and most gifted electrical wizard—Savage waged a never-ending war with injustice. Never-ending is right, for Warner Bros. will soon release *Doc Savage . . . The Man of Bronze*, the first of a series of feature films based on the hero.



ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN

starting a grand-jury investigation, but that's for later.

"Nixon was wild, shouting and hollering that 'We can't have it and we're going to stop it, I don't care how much it costs.' His theory is that the news media have gone way too far and the trend has to be stopped—almost like he was talking about Federal spending. He's fixed on the subject and doesn't care how much time it takes; he wants it done. To him, the question is no less than the very integrity of Government and basic loyalty. He thinks the press is out to get him and therefore is disloyal; people who talk to the press are even worse—the enemies within, or something like that."

Woodward took a breath. Deep Throat sipped his Scotch gingerly, then wiped his mouth inelegantly with the back of his hand.

How worried was he?

"Worried?" Deep Throat leaned back and threw his arm over his chair. "It can't work. They'll never get anyone. They never have. They're hiding things that will come out and even discredit their war against leaks. The flood is coming, I'm telling you. So the White House wants to eat *The Washington Post*, so what? It will be wearing on you, but the end is in sight. It's building and they see it and they know that they can't stop the real story from coming out. That's why they're so desperate. Just be careful, yourselves and the paper, and wait them out, don't jump too fast. Be careful and don't be too anxious."

Woodward was anything but reassured by his friend's assessment. He said he needed more details if he was going to tell the others at the *Post* that they were on the menu but weren't going to be eaten. Deep Throat shook his head, indicating that he could not say much more.

What about Gray's nomination? asked Woodward; that didn't make any sense.

Deep Throat said it made all the sense in the world, though it was a big risk. "In early February, Gray went to the White House and said, in effect, 'I'm taking the rap on Watergate.' He got very angry and said he had done his job and contained the investigation judiciously, that it wasn't fair that he was being singled out to take the heat. He implied that all hell could break loose if he wasn't able to stay in the job permanently and keep the lid on. Nixon could have thought this was a threat, though Gray is not that sort of guy. Whatever the reason, the President agreed in a hurry and sent Gray's name up to the Senate right away. Some of the top people in the White House were dead set against it, but they couldn't talk him out of it."

So good Pat Gray had blackmailed the President.

(continued from page 192)

"I never said that," Deep Throat laughed. He lifted his eyes, the picture of innocence.*

What about the *Time* magazine story that claimed that the Administration had wire-tapped the phones of reporters and White House aides? Had Gray been aware of the taps?

"Affirmative," said Deep Throat, and he cautioned that even he did not know all there was to know about the subject. "There was an out-of-channels vigilante squad of wire tappers and burglars that did it. Including taps on Hedrick Smith and Neil Sheehan of *The New York Times*, after the Pentagon papers' publication. But it started before that. All the records have supposedly been destroyed." He explained that the wire tapping had been done by ex-FBI and ex-CIA agents who were hired outside of normal channels. Robert Mardian had run the Justice Department end of the operation for the White House. Watergate was nothing new to the Administration, Deep Throat continued.

There had been an election strategy session at which Haldeman pushed Mitchell to set up a wire-tapping operation for the campaign. Mitchell had been reluctant, but Haldeman was insistent. Mitchell was instructed by the White House chief of staff to transfer part of the vigilante operation from the White House to the campaign. That meant Hunt and Liddy.

"In 1969, the first targets of aggressive wire tapping were the reporters and those in the Administration who were suspected of disloyalty," Deep Throat said. "Then the emphasis was shifted to the radical political opposition during the antiwar protests. When it got near election time, it was only natural to tap the Democrats. The arrests in the Watergate sent everybody off the edge because the break-in could uncover the whole program."

Deep Throat and Woodward each had another Scotch, luxuriating in the unfamiliar comfort of their meeting place. Woodward wondered if his friend was intentionally flirting with the danger of being discovered. Did Deep Throat want to get caught so he would be free to speak publicly? Woodward started to ask, then faltered. It was enough to know that Deep Throat would never deal with him falsely. Someday it would be explained.

*Stephen Sachs, Gray's attorney, told Woodward in early 1974 that the suggestion that Gray had pressured or blackmailed the President was "outrageously false." "[Gray] went to the White House expecting not to get the job," Sachs said. "Nixon told him that he should be as ruthless as Hoover in stopping leaks and be aggressive in the use of polygraphs." Sachs said that pressuring the White House was "not the way Gray handled himself with those guys. It was plain fear most of the time. . . . Now, it makes perfect sense that some of those guys down there would think he might be pressuring, because that's the way they operate, but not Gray."

The drinks were cheap. Woodward put a five-dollar bill on the table and left first.

. . .

For the next several weeks, the reporters watched the confirmation hearings in amazement as, day after day, Gray attested to the ineptitude—if not the criminal negligence—of his supervision of the FBI's investigation. Deep Throat's implicit suggestion that Nixon had been frightened into nominating Gray became increasingly plausible as the nominee demonstrated a dangerous candor.

On March 22, Gray testified that Dean had "probably" lied when he told the FBI on June 22 that he did not know if Hunt had an office in the White House. The White House issued a statement "unequivocally" denying Gray's charge and Dean demanded a "correction."

The day before, the CRP subpoenas of reporters and the *Post*'s news executives had been thrown out of court.

On the morning of March 23, Woodward was walking down a corridor near the editorial-page office when Herblock, the *Post* cartoonist, stopped him. "Hey, did you hear about McCord's letter to the judge? I heard it on the radio."

The last time somebody brought him news of Watergate from the radio, Woodward thought, the Haldeman story had blown up. No, he hadn't heard, he said, and waited.

"Yeah, McCord's saying there was perjury and pressure to keep quiet, and others are in on it."

As Woodward bounded into the newsroom, Simons, standing near the national desk, was waving a piece of wire copy and shouting.

It was the text of a letter from McCord to Sirica:

"Several members of my family have expressed fear for my life if I disclose knowledge of the facts in this matter. . . ." McCord was coming forward to tell what he knew. Woodward studied the letter's charges: Political pressure had been applied to the defendants to plead guilty and remain silent. Perjury had occurred during the trial. Others involved in Watergate had not been identified in testimony.

McCord was requesting a meeting with Sirica after sentencing, "since I cannot feel confident in talking with an FBI agent, in testifying before a grand jury whose U.S. attorneys work for the Department of Justice, or in talking with other Government representatives."

Woodward wondered whether McCord could prove his charges. An image of Mitchell being led off by marshals flashed through his mind.

Simons, jubilant, told Woodward, "Find out what the hell he's talking about—who committed perjury, who else was involved, who applied pressure."

Bradlee was more subdued. The letter



The Bullfrog.

(The greening of a drink.)

When this drink originally occurred to us, we had some misgivings. It was so simple and obvious we were afraid of appearing unsophisticated by suggesting it.

We tried it out on a few friends who convinced us it was too good to keep under wraps. So now that we've found the courage to suggest the idea, you might want to try a Bullfrog. It tastes as fresh-faced as summer itself.



To make a Bullfrog, pour 1½ oz. of Smirnoff into a tall glass with ice. Fill with 4 oz. of limeade and stir.

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"Names, fellas, we want names," he said.

Bernstein began unenthusiastically to see if he could find a source on the Senate Watergate committee who would tell him what McCord had said in a private interrogation. He had made half-a-dozen unsuccessful calls when an item moved over the *Los Angeles Times* wire: McCord had told Samuel Dash, the committee's chief counsel, that Magruder and Dean had had advance knowledge of the Watergate bugging operation and were involved in its planning. The story was by Ron Ostrow and Robert Jackson. Bernstein knew they wouldn't take a flier unless their source was absolutely reliable.

The information about Magruder was no surprise, but there had been no real hint from anyone that Dean had had anything to do with planning the bugging. If the man named by the President to investigate the bugging had been one of its planners, the consequences seemed incalculable. Already, the White House had issued a statement denying categorically the charges against Dean. The state-

ment did not mention Magruder; the President's men had cut him loose.

By Sunday evening, Bernstein had called more than 40 people—Senators, members of the Watergate-committee staffs, lawyers, CRP and White House sources, Justice Department officials, friends of McCord—even McCord's minister. Nothing. He and Simons decided he would write a story quoting the *Los Angeles Times* and noting that the *Post* had been unable to confirm the details. Then Simons got a call from a lawyer who said he represented Dean. He was threatening to file a libel suit if the *Post* ran the allegations about Dean. Simons told Bernstein to quote the threat and name the lawyer.

Simons sensed Bernstein's frustrations at the day's events. He told him to get accustomed to being beaten by other papers, that the days when the *Post* had dominated the Watergate story were over.

The next morning, Bernstein and Woodward searched frantically for confirmation of the *Times* account and came up, finally, with three people on Capitol Hill who said it was correct. One, a Republican politician, said McCord's

allegations were "convincing, disturbing and supported by some documentation."

At the White House, Ziegler announced that the President had personally telephoned Dean and expressed "absolute and total confidence" in him.

It was Seymour Hersh of *The New York Times* who reported on April 9, 1973, that McCord had secretly testified that the cash payoffs to the Watergate conspirators had come directly from CRP. The connection was one of the keys they had all been waiting for. Since January, everyone had assumed that CRP had bought the conspirators' silence, but now someone was finally saying so from the inside.

Months earlier, Hugh Sloan had told the reporters that the celebrated secret fund had never ceased to exist—even after the Watergate arrests. Bernstein and Woodward had been astonished. Sloan had told them that the money had been transferred from Stans's safe to Frederick LaRue. They had not written about it, because they couldn't confirm it and didn't know how the money had been spent. Sloan had refused to say how much money was involved. Now it seemed possible that it had bought the defendants' silence. LaRue had been Mitchell's deputy and, according to an earlier story by Bernstein and Woodward, had directed the destruction of records at CRP in the wake of the Watergate break-in. He and Mardian were the two CRP officials who had supervised Kenneth Parkinson and the other committee lawyers. McCord's testimony had identified Parkinson and the late Dorothy Hunt as conduits for the payments to the conspirators.

Woodward called a CRP official who had been friendly but unwilling to talk specifics. The man exploded on the phone about the awful state of affairs in the wake of the McCord disclosures:

"John Mitchell still sits there smoking on his pipe, not saying much. . . . I used to take that for wisdom—you know, keeping your mouth shut. Now I realize that it's ignorance. . . . God, I never thought I'd be telling you guys that I didn't hate what you did. It's the way the White House has handled this mess that's undermined the Presidency. . . . I've got friends who look at me now and say, 'How can you have any self-respect and still work for CRP?' I'm sick."

Seeing an unusual opportunity, Woodward said he and Bernstein *knew* that LaRue was involved in the payoffs to the conspirators. Woodward had only seen pictures of LaRue. He was a balding little man with round spectacles, a former Las Vegas casino owner and oil millionaire—the perfect bagman, Woodward had decided.

"I can't answer any questions, but I'll tell you one thing you might have trouble believing," the man from CRP



"I know your type, fella—you're the kind of guy that's not going to believe that I fainted on your doorstep and your wife was merely administering mouth-to-mouth resuscitation as you walked in!"



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said, "Fred LaRue won't lie under oath. If they ask him, he's going to say he helped pay the men off."

Woodward called Sloan. LaRue paid off the boys, Woodward announced, then realized how silly he sounded. Sloan was not surprised to hear it. He had always suspected the worst, whatever it was.

How much money was transferred from the fund? Woodward was looking for a ball-park figure.

Sloan wouldn't say.

They played their old game, like two sparring partners who hadn't been in the ring for a while. More than \$100,000? More than \$50,000? Between \$50,000 and \$100,000? Which side of \$75,000?

"Within \$5000 of that," Sloan said.

That was good enough; it was probably \$80,000, but they would use \$70,000.

How could CRP continue the secret fund after the Watergate arrests and get away with it?

"The transfer was done in July," Sloan said. "Nothing had come out about the money yet and Secretary Stans approved it. It was a way of doing business, having cash around." Sloan presumed that somebody had told Stans to do it, but he didn't know who.

Do the prosecutors know about this? Woodward asked.

"I don't think so," Sloan said. "I was never asked." Sloan did say, however, that he had been asked the relevant questions about secret cash when he had testified, a few weeks previously, before a Federal grand jury in New York that was investigating the cash contribution to CRP by Robert L. Vesco, an international financier and accused swindler. Vesco's gift of \$200,000 in \$100 bills was delivered to the committee in a black attaché case. It had been added to the cash fund in Stans's safe and had helped finance the Watergate operation and other undercover activities.

Woodward called a Justice Department official. Were the prosecutors trying to determine if the conspirators were paid off with the \$70,000 LaRue got out of Stans's safe after Watergate?

"The prosecutors are looking at every penny of committee money to see if it went for payoffs, every penny they can find."

Including the money that was in Stans's safe?

"Right."

That tied the knot.

The secret fund had brought the reporters full circle—first the bugging, and now the cover-up.

• • •

That Sunday afternoon at dusk, Woodward and a friend were sitting on a grassy ridge in Montrose Park in Georgetown. A short distance away, Woodward saw a couple in intense conversation strolling toward them.

"It's Haldeman," Woodward's friend said. It was indeed Haldeman, wearing

light-colored sneakers, casual slacks and a tan windbreaker. He walked slowly, his hands in his pockets. His wife, also casually dressed, was speaking to him with obvious emotion and conviction. Haldeman was silent, occasionally turning his head to her. The sun was setting.

Woodward saw a chance to get past the wall. Here, in a public park, with no guards or police or White House limousines waiting, Haldeman looked subdued. Woodward started to rise, wondering if Haldeman would slug him if he introduced himself.

"Leave him alone," Woodward's friend said quietly. The couple walked by, engrossed in private conversation. Woodward didn't move.

• • •

On the evening of April 16, the *Post's* night city editor called Woodward at home. The *Los Angeles Times* was predicting on its front page that the White House would make a dramatic Watergate admission in a few days: One or more high-level officials not identified in the story would be named as directing or condoning political espionage and sabotage activities without approval from the President.

Woodward made an emergency call to Deep Throat. The procedure involved making a call from a predesignated phone booth, saying nothing and then hanging up after ten seconds. Woodward had to wait for almost an hour by the phone booth before the call was returned.

No meeting was possible that night, Deep Throat said. "You don't have to tell me why you called."

The whole town is going crazy, what's going on? Woodward asked.

"You'd better hang on for this," said Deep Throat. "Dean and Haldeman are out—for sure."

Out? Woodward repeated, dumfounded.

"Out. They'll resign. There's no way the President can avoid it."

Could the *Post* publish that?

"Yes. It's solid," Deep Throat said.

What should we do? Woodward asked.

"Someone's talking. Several are talking—go find out. I've got to go. I mean it—find out." Deep Throat hung up.

When Woodward arrived in the newsroom at about 11 A.M. next morning, April 17, Bernstein, Sussman, Rosenfeld, Simons and Bradlee were in Bradlee's office trying to figure out what to do next. Bernstein had just talked to a White House official who said the place was chaotic but that nobody seemed to know what was going to happen or when.

Woodward rushed into Bradlee's office, blurting out Deep Throat's message. The others were stunned. It was solid, Woodward said. Deep Throat had been sure. They all realized that the house of cards was tumbling.

"Can we go with it?" Bradlee asked, staring out the window.

Yes, said Woodward. But he was concerned that a story might delay the resignations. Bernstein worried that a story in the *Post* might even kick the decisions the other way. Rosenfeld suggested politely that perhaps the reporters and the *Post* as well were overrating their importance. If Dean and Haldeman had to go, the President had more to worry about than whether the *Post* got the satisfaction of reporting it first.

Bradlee recalled that he had been badly burned on a resignation story once and the experience had left him with a healthy fear of the whole genre.

"I wrote a cover story for *Newsweek* on J. Edgar Hoover, saying the search was finally under way for his successor at the FBI," he said. "Moyers [Bill Moyers, Lyndon Johnson's press secretary] said, 'We've finally got the bastard. Lyndon told me to find his replacement.' So that was the lead, without Moyers' name: 'The search is finally under way for J. Edgar Hoover's successor.' Johnson—the next day, I think—held a press conference at which he appointed Hoover director of the FBI for life. And as he went before the television cameras, he said to Moyers, 'You call up Ben Bradlee and tell him, 'Fuck you.' Well, for years, people would come up to me and say, 'You did it, Bradlee. You did it, you got him appointed for life!'"

Bradlee said he didn't know what to do with this story about Haldeman and Dean. He wanted to go, but he was afraid of it.

A decision became unnecessary for the moment. A news aide brought a piece of wire copy into the room. The President had scheduled an announcement for that afternoon in the White House press room.

The reporters decided Bernstein should go in case the President agreed to answer questions from the floor. He called Ziegler's office—Bernstein didn't have a White House press pass.

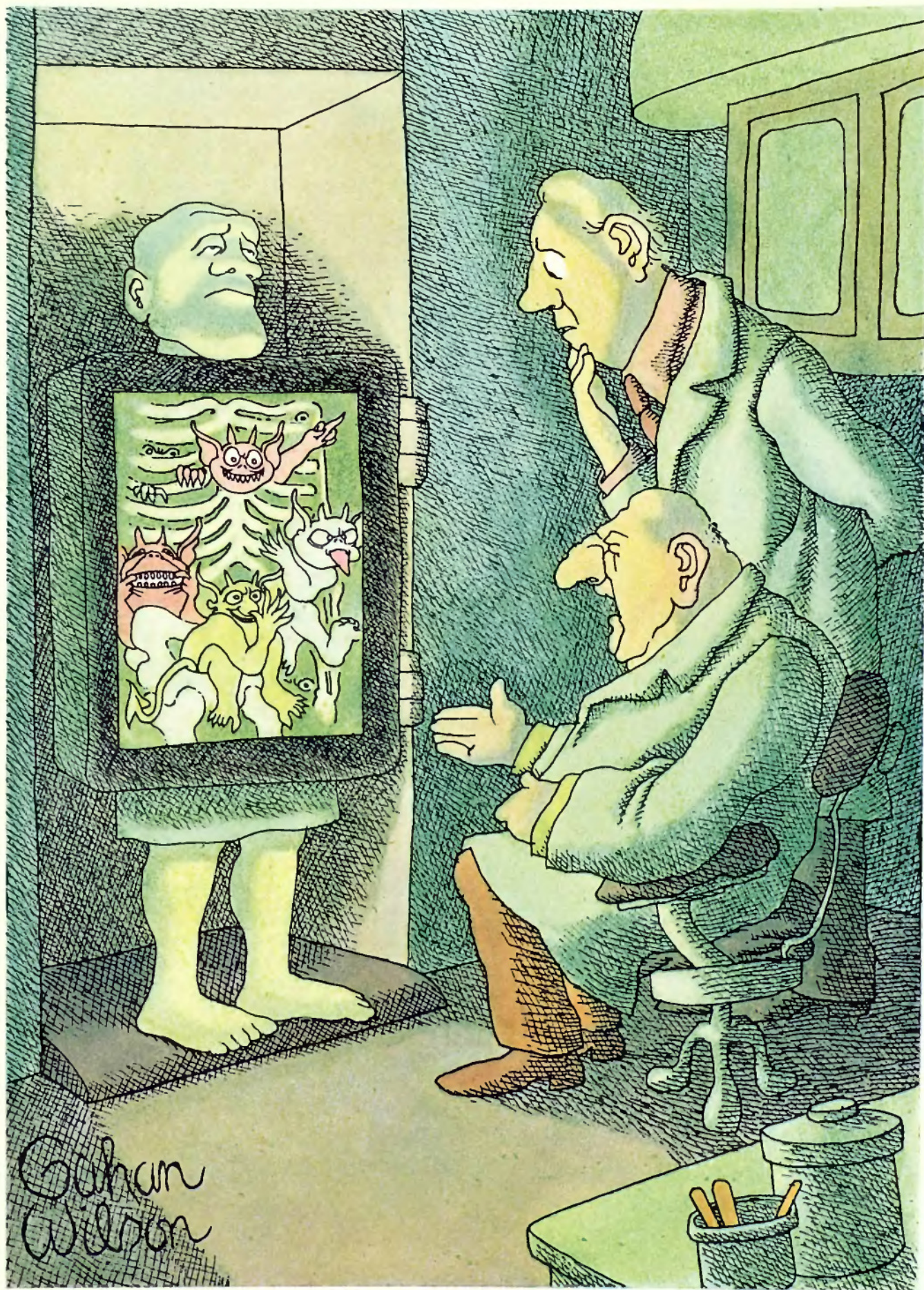
The room was already jammed when Bernstein arrived. He was surprised at what he judged to be a very different attitude among the White House press corps, old and young. There were a lot of angry people in the room. Gallows humor was the order of the day. The President was running late.

"He's out getting a cocker spaniel and a cloth coat for Pat," said one senior reporter.

"Nixon's going to waive Executive privilege for Manolo and finally throw him to the wolves," said another. (Manolo Sanchez was the President's valet.) Somebody theorized that they were about to hear the Administration's prison-reform message.

"Yeah," replied another, "they're going to move the White House to Leavenworth."

A few members of the press corps, including Helen Thomas of U.P.I., thought



"It's as I suspected—Mr. Harding, here, is possessed by demons."

the President was going to announce Haldeman's resignation. An hour passed and the television lights were turned off. Gerry Warren appeared and said the President would be out as soon as possible. Warren looked grim.

Helen Thomas thought the President had become so emotionally wrought at what he was going to have to announce that he couldn't pull himself together to go through with it. That would explain the delay, she said. Warren appeared again and said it wouldn't be too much longer. The lights went back on.

At 4:40 P.M., Ziegler, looking grimmer than Warren, emerged from the hallway in the West Wing.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States."

There was some discussion as to whether Ziegler was finished and was going to be replaced. If the President admitted any White House involvement in Watergate, Ziegler deserved to be finished, someone said. He deserved to be finished no matter what, someone else added, and there was a good deal of laughter.

The President was very tanned, but he looked older than his pictures. His hands were shaking, Bernstein noticed.

"... I can report today that there have been major developments in the case concerning which it would be improper to be more specific now, except to say that real progress has been made in finding the truth," the President said. "Serious charges" had recently been brought to his attention and, as a result, he "personally [had begun] intensive new inquiries into this whole matter" on March 21.

There were to be no resignations that day. Instead, the President announced that he would suspend "any person in the Executive branch or in Government" who was indicted in the case. The President had become the investigator who would see justice done where others had failed. These were the much reported "major developments."

Nixon had met on Sunday with Attorney General Kleindienst and Assistant Attorney General Henry E. Petersen "to review the facts which had come to me in my investigation and also to review the progress of the Department of Justice investigation."

Nixon was now the prosecutor and had expressed "to the appropriate authorities my view that no individual holding, in the past or at present, a position of major importance in the Administration should be given immunity from prosecution."

The President's announcement lasted about three minutes. His hands did not stop shaking. Most of the time, he looked past the reporters in front of him, his eyes fixed on the television cameras on a platform at the rear of the room or on the paper from which he was reading.

Then he forced a smile—more like a

grimace—and hurried from the room. Bernstein asked some of the regulars if his hands always shook like that. Only recently, they said.

The mood in the press room turned ugly after the President left. The reporters were going to beat and flail Ziegler into submission.

At first Ziegler's resistance was agile. There were no contradictions between the President's latest statement and what had been said before, Ziegler insisted. The previous statements from the White House had been based on "investigations prior to the President's action" and on "the previous investigation" and on "information available at the time." Now "new information" had led to the latest "standing statement of position."

But the reporters wanted more. On the 18th blow, Ziegler yielded.

"This is the operative statement," he said. "The others are inoperative."

...

The reporters began to search for the exact reasons behind the President's abrupt turnaround. The next morning, April 18, Woodward visited the man from CRP and asked him who was talking to the prosecutors.

"Magruder is your next McCord," he said. "He went to the prosecutors last Saturday and tucked it to Dean and Mitchell."

Woodward was surprised. He had regarded Magruder as a superloyalist. Things must have been very bad, he said.

"Bad, shit," the man said. "The walls were coming in on him—walls, ceiling, floor, everything." He threw his arms in front of his face for emphasis.

Woodward asked what Magruder had pinned on Dean and Mitchell.

"The whole mess," the man said, "the bugging plans and the payoff scheme... those meetings, or at least one meeting, in Mitchell's office, when everything was discussed with Liddy before the bugging."

Woodward took a cab back to the office and called a White House official.

We know Magruder is talking, Woodward said.

"You've got pretty good information, then," the official answered.

How extensive was what Magruder told the prosecutors?

"The works—all the plans for the bugging, the charts, the payoffs.... It will put Dean and Mitchell in jail. This is no hearsay like McCord."

...

Woodward called Magruder's lawyer, James J. Bierbower, and told him that the *Post* was aware that his client had gone to the prosecutors.

"Now wait, now wait," Bierbower said. "I'm not even confirming that he is my client."

Woodward said the *Post* was going to report that Magruder had accused Dean and Mitchell on both the bugging and the cover-up.

"I'll call you back in fifteen minutes," Bierbower said.

Half an hour later, he told Woodward, "I will confirm that he will testify before the grand jury when he is called."

Woodward called a Justice Department official and told him what he had.

"That's not all." The official sounded positively cocky. "Other people will testify that Mitchell and Dean were in on the arrangements for the payoffs."

Bernstein reached a White House source who confirmed Deep Throat's information that Haldeman and Dean were finished there. Dean's resignation had already been typed out and Haldeman's was in the works.

Woodward was finishing the first page of the story when Bradlee arrived at his desk. He had brought a sheet of his two-ply paper with him and sat down at the typewriter behind Woodward. Their backs were to each other. Woodward heard Bradlee say something about "the story I've been waiting for." Then Woodward heard the sound of the typewriter. Bradlee's first paragraph was out in about a minute flat and he asked Woodward to turn around and look.

Woodward protested mildly that Bradlee had failed to attribute the story to any sources. It read as if Magruder's allegations had come from nowhere and landed in the *Post's* lap.

Bradlee was undeterred. "You can do that later," he said, and started typing again. By the end of the third paragraph, he had more or less solved the attribution problem and filled the two-ply.

Except for titles, middle names and initials, the three-paragraph lead was Bradlee's.

Former Attorney General John N. Mitchell and White House Counsel John W. Dean III approved and helped plan the Watergate bugging operation, according to President Nixon's former special assistant, Jeb Stuart Magruder.

Mitchell and Dean later arranged to buy the silence of the seven convicted Watergate conspirators, Magruder has also said.

Magruder, the deputy campaign manager for the President, made these statements to Federal prosecutors Saturday, according to three sources in the White House and the Committee for the Re-election of the President.

The entire story filled half of the front page.

The next morning, Bernstein called Dean's office. Dean's secretary was crying. She didn't know where her boss was or if he worked at the White House anymore. She gave Bernstein the names of several friends and associates of Dean's who might be helpful. All were unreachable.

In the late morning, when Dean's secretary had regained her composure, she

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"No, I won't swap wives, but I'll trade mine for your oldest daughter!"

called back and read Bernstein a statement that had been issued in Dean's name: "... Some may hope or think that I will become a scapegoat in the Watergate case. Anyone who believes this does not know me, know the true facts, nor understand our system of justice."

Bernstein reached one of the associates suggested by Dean's secretary. The man sounded cordial when Bernstein introduced himself.

He said that Dean respected the *Post's* Watergate coverage. Just what they needed, Bernstein thought, an endorsement from John Dean.

"Dean doesn't think you've been unfair to him. There's no reason for him to take it personally. Hell, he didn't take a step without somebody telling him what to do in this thing. He didn't make the decision to try and beat you. He was against it. He'd like nothing better than to sit down with you and tell you the whole story. But that's not what he needs now. If he ever testifies, he has to be able to say under oath that he did not talk to

the press first. That doesn't mean that you and I can't do a little visiting with each other. ..."

Not knowing what to expect, Bernstein asked where he should begin.

"You might start with the P's statement," the associate said. (It took Bernstein a moment to realize that "the P" was the President.) "Find out what happened on March 21—who it was that brought all those 'serious charges' to the P's attention."

John Dean?

"Well, I'm not saying who it was, but your thinking is on the right track. Check it out. It sure wasn't John Ehrlichman who walked into the Oval Office that day and said, in effect, 'There has been a cover-up and it's worse than you think it is, Mr. President.' That would be a pretty good reason to make somebody a scapegoat if you were, say, H, wouldn't you think?"

Haldeman?

"And others. From June seventeenth on, John Dean didn't do anything unless

Haldeman or somebody else told him to do it—including the arrangements for hush money."

Why didn't Dean go public right away, if he was so interested in the truth?

"Once, because nobody would believe him if he walked out today and said everything he knows. This didn't start with Watergate. It was a way of life at the White House. He's got to establish gradually that he's reliable, that he won't lie. Because he knows things that nobody else is ever going to talk about willingly. Almost everything can be checked out. But before he goes public, he's got to convince everybody—the prosecutors, the press and Senator Sam's people on the Hill—that he's telling the truth. Otherwise, the White House will cut his balls off before he has a chance."

In the late afternoon of April 27, Bernstein and Woodward were called over by one of the editors to look at a story that had just come across the Associated Press wire as a bulletin.

It was another Watergate. In Los Angeles, at the trial of Daniel Ellsberg, Judge William Matthew Byrne had announced that he had learned from the Watergate prosecutors that Hunt and Liddy had supervised the burglary of the office of Ellsberg's psychiatrist in September 1971.

Bernstein reached Dean's associate.

"Carl, how do you think they learned about that little bag job on the Coast?" the associate asked.

Dean again?

"You ask the prosecutors who told them about that. ... John's got some stories to tell. Ask them about his credibility. Everything he's told them has checked out ... and there is still a lot more he hasn't told them yet that they want to know about. Don't forget: John Dean was over there at the White House a long time, and there were lots of projects. John has knowledge of illegal activities that go way back."

How far back?

"Way back ... to the beginning."

More wire tapping?

"I wouldn't challenge that assumption."

Burglaries?

"Would you keep a squad of burglars around the house for years if you only wanted them for one or two jobs? ... H and E are upset about what has come out so far. There are documents. ..."

About burglaries?

"About a lot of things. There is only one way this whole story will ever come out. ... You didn't see E run down to the prosecutors and tell how he broke the law. Has H been down there? I don't expect the P to walk down Pennsylvania Avenue to the courthouse. That leaves one person. John Dean again. ... We

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"Haldeman and Ehrlichman have been trying to get John to take a dive and convince the P that he should save their skins and blame it all on John. The P has agreed."

Is Dean going to implicate the P?

"There were lots of meetings. . . . The P was there. The cover-up was being discussed."

The next evening, Woodward went to the White House. He had asked a senior Presidential aide for an interview to talk about John Dean. Woodward sat in one of the colorfully decorated offices in the old Executive Office Building and drank coffee out of a cup bearing the Presidential Seal.

Haldeman and Ehrlichman were finished, the man said.

And, yes, it was coming. Dean was going to implicate the President in the cover-up. The aide had a pained expression on his face.

What did Dean have?

"I'm not sure. I'm not sure it is evidence. . . . The President's former lawyer is going to say that the President is . . . well, a felon." The man's face trembled. He asked Woodward to leave.

James McCartney, a national correspondent for Knight Newspapers, happened to be in the *Post* office on April 30, researching an article for the *Columbia Journalism Review*. His piece, which appeared in the July-August 1973 issue, recorded Bradlee's reaction to the events of that day:

It was 11:55 A.M. on April 30, and Benjamin Crowninshield Bradlee, 52, executive editor of *The Washington Post*, chatted with a visitor, feet on the desk, idly attempting to toss a plastic toy basketball through a hoop mounted on an office window 12 feet away. The inevitable subject of conversation: Watergate. Howard Simons, the *Post's* managing editor, slipped into the room to interrupt: "Nixon has accepted the resignations of Ehrlichman and Haldeman and Dean," he said. "Kleindienst is out and Richardson is the new Attorney General."

For a second, Ben Bradlee's mouth dropped open with an expression of sheer delight. Then he put one cheek on the desk, eyes closed, and banged the desk repeatedly with his right fist. In a moment he recovered. "How do you like them apples?" he said to the grinning Simons. "Not a bad start."

Bradlee couldn't restrain himself. He strode into the *Post's* vast fifth-floor newsroom and shouted across rows of desks to . . . Woodward. . . . "Not bad, Bob! Not half bad!"

Howard Simons interjected a note of caution: "Don't gloat," he murmured, as *Post* staff members began to gather around. "We can't afford to gloat."

That night at nine, the President addressed the nation on network television. Bernstein and Woodward went into Howard Simons' office to watch the speech with him and Mrs. Graham.

"The President of the United States," the announcer said solemnly. Nixon sat at his desk, a picture of his family on one side, a bust of Abraham Lincoln on the other.

"Oh, my God," Mrs. Graham said. "This is too much."

The President began to speak: "I want to talk to you tonight from my heart. . . . There had been an effort to conceal the facts both from the public, from you, and from me. . . . I wanted to be fair. . . . Today, in one of the most difficult decisions of my Presidency, I accepted the resignations of two of my closest associates . . . Bob Haldeman and John Ehrlichman—two of the finest public servants it has been my privilege to know. . . . The easiest course would be for me to blame those to whom I delegated the responsibility to run the campaign. But that would be a cowardly thing to do. . . . In any organization, the man at the top must bear the responsibility. That responsibility, therefore, belongs here in this office. I accept it. . . . It was the system that has brought the facts to light . . . a system that in this case has included a determined grand jury, honest prosecutors, a courageous judge, John Sirica, and a vigorous free press. . . . I must now turn my full attention—and I shall do so—once again to the larger duties of this office. I owe it to this great office that I hold, and I owe it to you—to our country. . . ."

"There can be no whitewash at the White House. . . . Two wrongs do not make a right. . . . I love America. . . . God bless America and God bless each and every one of you."

The day after the President's April 30 speech, Bernstein was at his desk reading *The New York Times* and the *Washington Star-News*. A copy aide dropped the following U.P.I. wire copy on his desk:

White House press secretary Ronald Ziegler publicly apologized today to *The Washington Post* and two of its reporters for his earlier criticism of their investigative reporting of the Watergate conspiracy.

At the White House briefing, a reporter asked Ziegler if the White House didn't owe the *Post* an apology.

"In thinking of it all at this point in time, yes," Ziegler said, "I would apologize to Mr. Woodward and Mr.

Bernstein. . . . We would all have to say that mistakes were made in terms of comments. I was overenthusiastic in my comments about the *Post*, particularly if you look at them in the context of developments that have taken place. . . . When we are wrong, we are wrong, as we were in that case."

As Ziegler finished, he started to say, "But—" He was cut off by a reporter who said: "Now, don't take it back, Ron."

Bernstein took the copy and laid it on Woodward's desk. Later Woodward called Ziegler at the White House to thank him.

"We all have our jobs," Ziegler replied.

The first week of June, Bernstein was talking to a source he hadn't called for several weeks. He asked if there had been any other burglaries.

"There was one *proposed* . . . but I don't think it ever came off. The Brookings Institution [a center for the study of public-policy questions]. John Dean turned it off."

Bernstein called Dean's associate. "I'm not sure you have the right word, friend," he said. "Somebody must have misspoken himself. Chuck Colson wanted to rub two sticks together."

Maybe Bernstein's mind was jumping too fast. Colson wanted to start a fire?

"You might say that."

It couldn't have been serious, Bernstein said.

"Serious enough for John Caulfield [an aide to Ehrlichman] to run out of Colson's office in a panic. He came straight to Dean, saying he didn't ever want to talk to that man Colson again, because he was crazy. And that Dean better do something to stop him before it was too late. Dean caught the first courier flight out to San Clemente to see Ehrlichman. That's how serious it was."

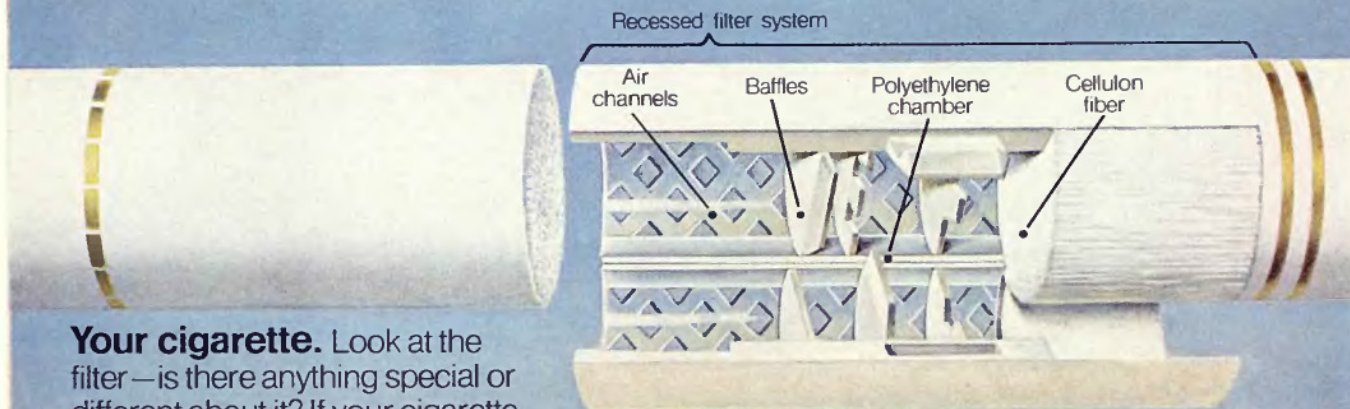
Why Ehrlichman?

"Because he was the only one with enough influence to stop it at that point. And he was not happy to see John Dean. Dean wasn't supposed to know about it. But once he flew out there to make a big deal about it, E didn't have any choice but to shut it down. John stayed in the room and listened while E called Colson. The whole time he was on the phone, E just glared at him like he was a traitor."

Dean's associate explained the purpose of the operation to Bernstein: Morton Halperin, Daniel Ellsberg's friend, was believed to have kept some classified documents when he left Kissinger's staff to become a fellow at the Brookings Institution. The White House wanted those documents back, and since security at Brookings was too tight to risk a simple burglary, it was conjectured that a fire could cover a break-in at Halperin's office.

Bernstein located someone who had

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heard the whole story from Caulfield. "Not just a fire, a fire bombing," the man said. "That was what Colson thought would do the trick. Caulfield said, 'This has gone too far,' and [that] he didn't ever want anything to do with Colson again in his life." Both Dean and Caulfield had told the whole story to investigators, he said.

Woodward was afraid it might be a setup.

Bernstein checked his sources again, and the investigators. Absolutely solid, he told Woodward. A fire bombing.

Woodward then called Colson.

"There's no question about that," Colson told him. "There is one mistake. . . . It was not the Brookings but *The Washington Post*. I told them to hire a wrecking crane and go over and knock down the building and *Newsweek* also."

Woodward said that he was serious, the allegation was deadly serious and not a joke.

"It was *The Washington Post*, I'm telling you. He had an explicit assignment to destroy *The Washington Post*," responded Colson, his tone perfectly straight. "I wanted *The Washington Post* destroyed."

Woodward didn't doubt it, but he said the allegation was going into the paper.

"Explicitly," Colson replied, "it is bullshit. I absolutely made no such statement or suggestion. It is ludicrous. The story you have told me is a flight of fantasy, the outer limits—this one has gone too far."

He called Woodward back several hours later. "Are you serious about this story?"

Woodward said that he was.

Colson's tone was altered. "I was asked about this by the Federal prosecutors. I was aware that there was a discussion about how to get highly classified documents back. . . . There is always a possibility that I might have said it. . . . It is characteristic of me. . . . But I never made it and certainly never meant it."

The story ran on June ninth.

. . .

Since June 17, 1972, the reporters had saved their notes and memos, reviewing them periodically to make lists of unexplored leads. Many items on the lists were the names of CRP and White House people who the reporters thought might have useful information. By May 17, 1973, when the Senate hearings opened, Bernstein and Woodward had gotten lazy. Their nighttime visits were scarcer and, increasingly, they had begun to rely on a relatively easy access to the Senate committee's staff investigators and attorneys. There was, however, one unchecked entry on both their lists—Presidential aide Alexander P. Butterfield. Both Deep Throat and Sloan had mentioned him, and Sloan had said, almost in passing, that he was in charge of "internal

security." In January, Woodward had gone by Butterfield's house in a Virginia suburb. It had seemed to be closed up.

Woodward had asked a committee staff member in late May if Butterfield had been interviewed.

"No, we're too busy."

Some weeks later, he had asked another staffer if the committee knew why Butterfield's duties in Haldeman's office were defined as "internal security."

The staff member said the committee didn't know, and maybe it would be a good idea to interview Butterfield. He would ask Sam Dash. Dash put the matter off. The staff member told Woodward he would push Dash again. Dash finally OKed an interview with Butterfield for Friday, July 13.

On Saturday the 14th, Woodward received a phone call at home from a senior member of the committee's investigative staff. "Congratulations," he said. "We interviewed Butterfield. He told the whole story."

What whole story?

"Nixon bugged himself."

. . .

For the moment, the information was strictly off the record. The reporters were again concerned about a White House setup. A taping system could be disclosed, they reasoned, and then the President could serve up doctored or manufactured tapes to exculpate himself and his men. Or, having known the tapes were rolling, the President might have induced Dean—or anyone else—to say incriminating things and then feign ignorance himself. They decided not to pursue the story until Monday.

All Saturday night, the subject gnawed at Woodward. Butterfield had said that even Kissinger and Ehrlichman were unaware of the taping system. The Senate committee and the special prosecutor would certainly try to obtain the tapes, maybe even subpoena them.

Kissinger doesn't know, Woodward reflected. And, he thought, Kissinger probably knows almost everything, and he wouldn't like the idea of secret taping systems plucking his sober words and advice out of the air—whether for posterity or for some grand jury. How will foreign leaders feel when they learn of hidden microphones? Woodward relished the idea of knowing something that Kissinger didn't know. Ziegler was also in the dark, apparently.

Woodward called Bradlee. It was about 9:30 p.m. and Bradlee sounded as if he might have been sleeping. Woodward outlined the details of Butterfield's disclosures. As he spoke, his voice tripped several times. Maybe he was overreacting, making too much of a taping system. Bradlee was silent.

I just wanted you to know, Woodward said, because it seems important. We'll go to work on it if you want.

"Well, I don't know," Bradlee said with slight irritation.

How would you rate the story? Woodward asked.

"B-plus," Bradlee said quickly.

B-plus, Woodward thought. Well, that isn't much.

"See what more you can find out, but I wouldn't bust one on it," Bradlee said.

Woodward apologized for calling on a Saturday night.

"No problem," Bradlee said cheerfully. "Always glad to hear what's up."

They hung up. Woodward concluded that he'd been too anxious.

The Senate committee moved quickly. On Monday, on national television, Butterfield reluctantly laid out the whole story of the tapes before the Senate committee and the country.

"OK," Bradlee said the next morning. "It's more than a B-plus."

The news about the White House tapes may have been a turning point in the Watergate story, but it was by no means the conclusion of Woodward and Bernstein's investigation. In the months that followed, the reporters continued to break major news stories and, as this issue went to press, they had written about the following developments:

- In the first week of November, after President Nixon had fired special prosecutor Archibald Cox and later bowed to public opinion by handing over seven of the nine subpoenaed tapes, Woodward met once again with Deep Throat in the underground garage. Deep Throat's message was short and simple: One or more of the tapes contained deliberate erasures. The *Post* ran a story to that effect, which was denied by Ziegler at the White House. Two weeks later, the President's lawyers admitted in Judge Sirica's courtroom that one of the tapes contained an 18-and-a-half-minute gap.

- In early February, Woodward and Bernstein quoted sources "close to the prosecution" to the effect that at least one of the tape experts assigned by Judge Sirica to verify the integrity of the tapes believed that some of the remaining tapes were suspected of being rerecordings. The day the story appeared, Nixon's new chief of staff, Alexander Haig, called Bradlee and said that the article was "blasphemous." The next day, the White House confirmed that such suspicions existed.

- Finally, on March second, the day after the first Watergate grand jury indicted seven of the President's men, Woodward and Bernstein reported that a sealed envelope and briefcase handed to Judge Sirica contained evidence showing that the President was himself involved in the cover-up. This time, the White House had no comment.





"How much for the one in the fez?"

high-class hustle (continued from page 158)

stuff." He feels the old-time hustlers brought it on themselves: "You got to want to be a freak, a carny, to wander around the country looking for suckers who bet they can beat you when you're standing on one foot with a heel on your ass." People got to know you because you *were* a freak and you had to move on—one day here, the next day 500 miles down the road, the day after that 500 miles farther down the road. "That's the penny-ante life." He much prefers the high-class hustle among "high-class people who are a success in life and are out on the golf course looking to be losers." Not only at golf: "Hell, they have their bookmakers following them around the course for the afternoon's action at Hialeah, they stop at every phone to call their brokers to see how they're doing in the market." The difference for him is not only in the suckers but in a style of life. "I've got my roots down and I've got a business. The insurance gives me a parlay on the golf—I get a little business on the course, I get a little golf in through the business." Most of all, it gives him an acceptable identity—i.e., anything but as a hustler. "In the old days, all the hustlers didn't mind being known as hustlers. They just didn't want to be known as themselves." Even Titanic kept his real name—Alvin C. Thomas—a secret. Not anymore. "People know you're a hustler and they stay away from you." So the hustler today wants an identity not as a hustler or even a golfer. "Diz Dean has an identity—he hustles all the time and people don't mind losing to him, because they think of him as a *baseball* player." He mentions another baseball player, now a coach, who labors hard at *not* being known as a golfer. "Hell, he was about to break the course record one day and—so word wouldn't get around about how good a golfer he was—he double-bogeyed the last two holes." The Archivist keeps a very low profile campaigning as a businessman, as an exceptionally winning insurance agent. In doing so, he adheres to a fundamental proposition: He doesn't cheat his victims—he just places them in the way of cheating themselves. "I mean, hell, they're *dying* to do it."

He identifies three areas in which the system works in the high-class hustle:

Always know how to lose a little on the exotic bets so you can win a lot in the end.

Always give the guy who's gross in trying to cheat himself a reasonable opportunity to do it.

Always know so much about your game and his that you can make honest and reasonable bets that it's very unlikely you'll lose.

As an example of the first principle, he cites the bet known as bingle-bangle-

bungle, a not uncommon bet in hustling, or in the friendly little bloodletting of weekends in the open air. It's basically a three-way bet on a particular hole—usually a par four.

Bingle is a bet on who'll hit the first ball to land on the green. Its payoff is a minimum figure—say \$50.

Bangle is a bet on who has the ball that's closest to the cup after all the balls are on the green. Its payoff is for a middling figure—say \$100.

Bungle—or bunko to some—is a bet on who gets the ball into the cup first. It's for the third and highest payoff—say \$150.

Each bettor in a foursome puts up \$75 on the bet; each member of a threesome has to put up \$100.

"The thing about this bet is that any golfer—even a high-handicap golfer—can win it," says the Archivist. "But he's so anxious to win it all that he cheats himself out of the big-money end of it."

How?

"By not having the good sense to lose the front end of the bet purposefully." The front end is designed to lure the pigeon: "It's the classic play in golf—who gets onto the green first is really another way of saying who makes it in the least number of strokes. Who can get up there and power the ball the farthest? So it's a familiar bet—the pigeon reacts reflexively to it. But the guy who gets onto the green first has practically no chance of winning the second and third legs of the bet. He's going to be too far away to win the second leg or the third leg." And there's one more point: He's going to be swinging so hard to get his drive out there that he may wind up in the rough or the woods or the water or a sand trap. "So he's going to try to win the low end of the bet—hell, \$50 won't give him his investment back—and he stands a good chance to lose it all."

What the hustler does is lose the first bet. Deliberately. "I play what looks like hacker's golf—worse than the worst," he says. "I look for the best lie off the tee—I don't care how short it is. I want to find my way up there so on my final approach shot I can pitch right up to the cup." It doesn't bother him if it takes him three, four or five strokes to get to the green, as long as he's closest to the cup when he gets there. "This second bet pays off on distance, not on least strokes—this is what the pigeons don't understand. Once I give up the least-strokes idea—once I give up the \$50 bet—I get in a position to win the \$100. With \$150 to come on bungle, because I *am* closest to the hole, I got the best putt of them all."

The third phase of the bet relies, for the hustler, on his verbal skill as much as his golfing skill. For if he's been swift and foresighted on the tee, he'll have

arranged that all putting will be done in strict rotation, instead of in the normal course of the "most away" man getting the first putt, the "next most away" getting the second putt, and so on. "If we use the regular rules, I'll always putt last," says the Archivist. "That means anybody else can get lucky and sink a long putt and beat me. But if we putt by rotation, I may be the guy who comes up first in the rotation. Or second. Or third. Any way, I come off better. No way can I come off worse."

Even if he happens to putt third or fourth, he figures to have an advantage. "The other guys—who were so fast after that first fifty bucks—will see what I've done and they'll be so mad at having been foxed that they can't concentrate on their putts. I'll even tell them about it, if they're so dumb they've missed the point." He'll needle, he'll brag, he'll infuriate—he'll get them to the point where he figures that they'll be so mad they'll blow their putts. His point is that then he's got them two ways: on distance and on concentration. "I haven't done anything but play the first shot the way the worst possible golfer would play it—short and safe. And then I tell them about it."

To illustrate the second principle—"You see a guy who's a sneak and you let him think he's sneaking an advantage"—the Archivist cites the art of the Fat Man. His name was Martin Stanovich, an awkward, bulbous man who straddled the ball like a hacker—and then executed some of the most wondrous shots known to man. The Fat Man didn't mind playing an opponent who could outdrive him. In fact, he'd frequently fall short off the tee of an opponent who *couldn't* outdrive him. The reason was that he'd then have first shot on the fairway. Both he and his opponent would stop first at his ball and that gave the opponent a deceptive advantage: He could see what club the Fat Man would select from that spot on the fairway and—figuring that he himself was perhaps five or ten yards closer to the pin—choose his own club accordingly.

There was just one small thing: Stanovich covered the clubs with the wrong covers.

He'd turn to his caddie and say, "Give me the five iron." The caddie would reach for the iron covered with a 5, strip the cover and hand it to the Fat Man. It was really a seven iron and the Fat Man would pop the ball gently onto the green, three feet from the cup.

His opponent would walk up, measure the distance, turn to the caddie and say, "Give me the five iron." Only he'd really *get* the five iron. He'd swing and club the ball 30 yards over the green and spend three strokes trying to find his way back out of the woods.

The Fat Man would smile enigmatically. He'd done nothing wrong. He



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"Oh, I dated her once or twice, but that was before I met you."

simply allowed his opponent the chance to cheat himself.

The reverse twist on this—"there's always a reverse twist"—is to let the opponent cheat himself on the fact that you *can* outdrive him. "This is the Dick Martin bit." Dick Martin, a frail, skittish little man who makes a living playing golf down in East Dallas, once played five guys with high handicaps in a best-ball round. That meant that he'd play his round and they could pick the best of their five lies on each shot to match against his. Thus, they could use the best of their five skills against his encapsulated skill. But he could outdrive all of them—a fact that he knew and they knew. And so, grudgingly, terribly reluctantly, he yielded one extra point: They could start play with their second shot—from where his tee shot landed. That figured to give them the best of all possible worlds: They'd have him drive for them and they could use the best man for each shot thereafter—the best man with the long iron, the best with the short iron, the best with the wedge, the best putter.

There was just one thing: On that day, Dick Martin suddenly developed a long and wicked hook. It was so bad and so devious that somehow the ball always landed in the worst of all possible spots—deep in the woods, in the shallows of a creek, on rock-strewn paths, in the next fairway. Martin had to play his way back from these disastrous shots, but he was always able to do it. His opponents also had to play their way back from these shots, but they weren't able to do it. The match was supposed to go nine holes. Martin won the first five and—since the

pigeons could not possibly win—it was all over.

The third principle is simply to think about golf and the golf course in a way that lets the Archivist measure his game against his opponent's—with the golf course giving him the edge.

"The great golf courses, the great holes are really triumphs of psychology—they look like they're going to give you something while they take something away," he says. "It's a setup that's ideal for hustling."

Thus, he looks carefully at the course and its psychological play. He can glance at the layout, for example, and tell what kind of golfer its over-all design might favor.

"Most of the courses built from around the turn of the century to about the mid-Sixties favored a right-handed golfer with a hook," he says. The reason is that most of them were built in or close to urban areas with busy roads around them. "The golfer in those days had played just enough to get rid of his slice and develop a hook. So they began building golf courses in a general counterclockwise fashion for the right-handed golfer with a hook." Why counterclockwise? "Because if they built them clockwise, the right-handed hook would always be going off the golf course—physically off the golf course and onto the streets where there were people walking or driving. By building them counterclockwise, the right-handed hook still goes far off the fairway—maybe a couple of fairways over—but it still stays on the course: You don't endanger the people outside." (Needless to say, the golf course

that favors the right-handed hook also favors the left-handed fade or slice.) "Not every course is built this way," he cautions. Firestone in Akron is built in a series of parallel holes and many of the most recent courses are so far away from highly trafficked streets that they can be built clockwise as readily as counterclockwise ("LaCosta out in California is an example").

Beyond that, the Archivist looks to the individual personality of the particular course he's playing—or hustling—on. "You take Colonial in Fort Worth. It's got Bermuda grass, which means the ball doesn't get much of a roll. You got a duffer who hits the ground shot and he won't get 120 yards there if he is used to getting 140–150 yards somewhere else. Also, it's a driver's course. If you've got a guy who can't hit hard and accurately off the tee, you know he's going to be in trouble on every hole." Also, it tends to favor the carefully controlled fade—"seven of the nine most difficult driving holes bend to the right." Its over-all demand: "low, hard-punched shots—line drives, really—that don't get high enough to be caught by the wind. Normally, you get a lot of roll on that kind of shot after the ball hits the ground, and roll can get you into trouble, because once the ball hits the ground, it might hit anything on the ground and go anywhere. But with Bermuda, you're not going to get that roll. So you get the yardage without the danger." And, of course, the tee and fairway shots should be susceptible to a controlled fade. "If I've got a guy on a course like this who hits a high, lofty drive that hooks a little, I've got an edge on the bet that he hasn't even thought about."

Augusta National is just the opposite. "You need the high shot that you can drop down for a short roll pretty much where you want it. And a draw is a help here"—the most difficult holes bend to the left. "That's what Trevino meant when he said he didn't have the shots for the Masters. He's got a low punched drive that just can't do him as much good here as somewhere else. Give me Trevino against any golfer of equal skills who has a high, lofty shot with a short roll and I gotta take the other guy." That, he adds, is the reason Arnold Palmer changed his style of driving. "He hit the low, hard-punched shot—great for driving on those English and Scottish courses in the British Open—but he picked up the high, lofty shot with the short roll so that he would do better in the Masters."

The Archivist takes the same psychology down to a lower level: the individual hole. "There's a gate to the green—an opening—on every golf hole in the world," he says. "Most of them are quite obvious. You just go up the middle and find the gate to the green sitting fat out front—no sweat, no trouble." But the better golf courses will put the opening

to the green off in a corner or at an oblique angle that will take the golfer out of his way if he wants to avoid hazards. "You can still get to the green if you want to go over water or over a sand trap," says the Archivist. "But if you want to get up there without encountering trouble, you're going to have to pay a price." The price, he says, is usually an extra stroke. "The easiest way in is the longest way around. You can take the easy way with more strokes or the hard way with fewer strokes. That's the test of golf—you give a little, you take a little." But that one extra stroke on every hole in a round—by a guy who's looking for the easy opening to the green—turns a 72-par into a 90. "Hell, I'm hustling for a stroke against a guy who doesn't know how the course is costing him 18 strokes."

And that's only the start, says the Archivist. "You analyze the good holes on the golf courses, and each one has a 'psychology'—they're trying to make you do something that's going to add to your score. How many guys you meet who know *that*? They're playin' the hole and they don't even know its psychology." He uses as an example the sixth hole at Seminole Golf Club near Palm Beach. ("Once, maybe twice a year I'm lucky enough to play it. That's the only time they let outsiders on the course—two members-guests tournaments a winter." That's also why he's a "businessman," not a hustler.) The sixth is a 383-yard par-four hole—not a long one but a hole liberally sprinkled with trouble. "Constant sand. Like the Sahara. They got at least 11 sand traps in those 383 yards. You can't even see the fairway." The opening to the green is through a narrow channel of 150 yards down to the left of the fairway; on the right side of that channel are four huge sand traps. "But they give you that psychology right off the tee. You can see the opening to the left, but they block it out off the tee so that you feel you *have* to go to the right." The way it's done is by building bunkers a fewscore yards off the tee, invading from the left toward the right, as well as a few palm trees that force the curve of the fairway to the right. "Every psychological demand is made on the golfer to shoot to the right," says the Archivist. But this, of course, takes him away from the opening to the green. "So when the tee shot gets out there on the fairway, the golfer has two choices: One is to keep going down the right side and come across the big bunkers that guard the green on the right; the other is to sacrifice a shot on the fairway and try to cross over early to the left to get into the channel that leads to the green." The first way, the psychology of the hole leads the golfer into danger that might cost him several strokes. The second way, it leads him into the sacrifice of at least a stroke in the effort to "buy safety." "If he's strong

psychologically, he'll take the risk—and lose bets. If not, he'll buy safety—and lose bets." What does the Archivist do? "I go over the bunkers off the tee and try to thread the opening between the palm trees on the left and the big bunker on the right. I'm closer to the hole and I've got no worse lie than if I was off to the right."

To accomplish all this—to respond to the psychology of the particular hole and golf course—the Archivist worked on perfecting all his golf shots. "The point of the high-class hustle is to be a good golfer, not just a good gambler," he says. So he can hit the fade as well as the draw, the low punched line drive as well as the soaring lofty fly ball that drops, bounces once or twice, and then stops with virtually no roll. He worked on getting out of all kinds of sand traps so hard that shooting out of a bunker poses no more psychological hazard to him than shooting out of a difficult fairway lie. The result is that he'd rather play a golf course with a lot of sand than one with a lot of water. "Water is impartial. It treats every golfer the same way. Once you get into it, you pay the same penalty for getting out as the worst duffer. But sand"—and his eyes light up with joy—"is a hustler's paradise. It treats me better than it treats most golfers simply because I've worked hard to learn how to get out of it. It might cost me a stroke where it'll cost most other golfers two or three. That's where I get my insurance."

It is by measuring the course against

the competition that he decides how to handle his bet. "On a well-bunkered course, I figure I'm going to have an edge on the other golfer that he won't even know about," he says. The basic bet is on the round, based on each golfer's handicap: The Nassau, for example, is a three-way bet—on who has fewest strokes on the first nine holes, who has fewest strokes on the second nine holes and who has fewest for the 18-hole total, with the handicap of each golfer figured into each score. "I won't lie about my golf game," he says about negotiating with his colleagues and victims. "I *may* test the truth a little, just to see how sharp they are, what their giving point is. But I'm not keeping any secrets from them. One round, two rounds, and you can't fool 'em anymore." What he can do is introduce a certain flexibility into the betting so that their handicaps may fit his skills in such a way as to give him an edge. "I may give a guy a half a stroke a hole except for the par threes," he says. That amounts to a seven-stroke giveaway, since there are usually four par threes on an 18-hole layout. "Or maybe I'll give him two strokes on the par fives and one stroke on the par fours, or maybe if he's a poor driver, I'll give him a stroke on every hole over 400 yards." That may not be as much of a concession as it seems, for he may know that the long holes demand a certain kind of driving ability—other than sheer distance—which the usual duffer does not have. "So that he's not only short but likely to be in trouble all



"The painting behind me represents many things, my dear. It's my product, my philosophy and what I expect twice a week from my secretary!"

the way," says the Archivist. If the trouble involves sand traps, not water, the Archivist figures he's got an edge of several strokes, simply because he knows he can "let out" and take the chance of the "sand-trap kind of trouble" on a long drive, "whereas the other guy is going to be short and have trouble anyway." If he's playing old friends—"guys I've been playing and betting with a long time"—he may let them have par for a partner on everything but, say, the par-five holes. That means the "friend" will always get the lower of two scores—either his score or par—on 14 holes. ("If he birdies it, he gets the birdie. If he bogeys it, he gets par.") But on the par five, he gets only the score he shoots. "That puts a lot more pressure on him—most golfers are psyched out by par-five holes, anyway. They're scared of them because the par fives are so long. This play just puts a little more pressure on them on the par five. Because when they see they're on some 'monster' hole and now they can't fall back on par, they're going to clutch—they're going to blow that hole sky-high." And when they see how smoothly he plays the par fives—"If it's well bunkered, it's all to my advantage"—the pressure on them will rise even higher. "That's the psychology of the hustle: You give 'em a little one place, you take it away from 'em another place. They psych themselves out by having it so easy on the par threes and par fours."

These bets, like the Nassaus, are negotiated on the first tee. The Archivist has no set amount for his betting: "You have to take what comes along. You can't get on the first tee and figure you're going to get \$1000 a side in Nassau. You're just going to scare the hell out of people and you won't have either a bet or a golf game." So if *they* don't start out with big bets, he doesn't. He takes the action as it develops: "Maybe \$20 a side in Nassaus, maybe 100 bucks a side." But his low-keyed, low-profile posture is deceptive. He looks for a lot of action beyond the first tee. "Before we're through, I'll be betting 'em on every hole and every shot. I'll bet whether they'll get a birdie, a par, whether they'll sink the putt, who'll be farthest off the tee, first on the green, closest to the cup, everything you can think of." This, too, is part of the psychology of hustling: "A guy who figures 'What the hell, the worst I can do is lose twenty bucks Nassau' winds up standing over a putt and suddenly realizes that I've been 'pyramiding' him and he may have a \$1500 putt looking up at him. And that's the putt he's going to blow." In these on-the-course bets, the Archivist again takes advantage of his knowledge of course and hole design as well as what his opponent can do. "If the hole bends right and my pigeon can't hit

a controlled fade, I know he's not going to be able to tuck the ball in there close to the hole. Hell, even if the fairway is straight and long but the cup is up there behind the bunkers on the right-hand side of the green, I know he's not going to be able to get up there close to the cup—he's going to be shooting for the left-hand side of the green and start putting across." That means more putts or big trouble: "He hits the first putt so hard it goes off the green and into the bunkers." The Archivist's point is that he can spot so many bets to make that he doesn't have to cheat; he doesn't even have to battle for the big edge on the handicap on the first tee. "I can look like I'm giving something away there and know that I'm going to get it back on the golf course." Or he can make a low-yield Nassau: "It's a prime thing in hustling to make it look like money doesn't mean anything to you. 'OK, if you want to make it easy, let's play ten dollars a side.' Then they don't feel they're being hustled."

He'll do this with all members of his foursome. He'll do it with other players who may gather at crowded tees late in a round—"if I know them." Thus, what starts out as a foursome might involve six or eight bettors or even more late in a game. "Down there where Trevino plays out of"—Horizon City Country Club in El Paso—"they'll go out in foursomes or sixsomes and wind up with twelvesomes on some of those holes. Hell, when they come off those tees in their golf carts, it looks like a Roman chariot race."

So what starts out as a modest piece of action can build to something pretty wild. "Presses, double presses"—double or nothing, quadruple or nothing—"and parlays, anything you can think of, with half-a-dozen, maybe a dozen guys in the action; you can be going for a couple of thousand bucks by the end of a round." He remembers he built the action from a "little Nassau" to more than \$5000 in one round in Miami. "You can afford to give a little—let a guy think he's taking you for \$20 early in the game—when you know what's going to come later on." Of course, he's not the only guy doing the betting. He's encouraging everybody to cross-bet, in order to step up the action and yet not look like the guy who's "making" the game. "The big thing is to have a good memory. That's where I come in handy. I can remember all the bets, not only my own but what the other guys have laid. So I come in pretty handy for them—I can handle the traffic. And when the payoffs are made, it's not all one-way traffic, money coming into my hand and nobody else's. The money's getting passed around. Only I'm not passing it out as much as the other guys."

He maintains the same low profile

when he spots a guy cheating. "I guess I've seen all the tricks," he says. Not just the gross: washing a ball with a vigorous rackety-rax—in a wooden ball washer near the tee—when an opponent is in his backswing, jingling coins in a pocket as he stands over a critical putt. "The real sneak is the guy who's pulling something out where he figures he can't be seen." In the fairway, for example, a golfer is allowed to clear away any impediment—a twig, a stray leaf, perhaps a branch or even a food wrapper—from behind the lie of the ball. But not in the sandy rough: He cannot clear pebbles or wet-hardened clumps of sand or anything else from behind the ball. Indeed, you are not even allowed to touch the sand with anything but the soles of your shoes.

"But I've seen guys bend over and look as if they're clearing out a twig or a leaf—like they don't know the rule against it—and they'll stick out a finger or two and brush the sand behind the ball. Dig out a little trench behind the ball with that finger, so that the impact side of the ball sits up free and clear on the sand." Or he'll see other golfers go into a grassy rough and violate another rule—that of not pressing the grass down behind the ball so that, in effect, the rough is cleared from behind it. "But I'll see guys choose a wood for what is clearly an iron shot, go in and address the ball, and then 'change their mind' and call for an iron instead," says the Archivist. "They think I don't know what they're doing: They're taking that wood and leaning down on it while they're 'addressing' the ball, and pressing the grass flat behind it." He rarely calls them on it, unless it's a key shot that'll cost him a lot of money. "Usually, I pick out the feistiest, most uptight guy in the foursome and I point out to him what's going on. And I let *him* go up to the kink and call him out. I don't need enemies—I just let them fight it out among themselves. When it's to my benefit."

So the high-class hustle demands identity but not celebrity. No prominence, no eminence, no salience. The wanderers of the past can make a big point of hustling only if they're willing to settle into a penny-ante life. So says the Archivist. "I'm a professional," he says. "I made a study of the field, I gathered what the scholars said about it and I found something cerebral in it"—i.e., the psychology of the hustle as well as the hustle itself. "I found a new form of the art and a way to make it fill my own life. I can go on doing it all my life—I can be a gentleman golfer for the next 40 years." He finished the last of his Scotch and water and the night lights came on. "Nobody is going to give me a Nobel Prize for it," he said. "But I don't have to sit here and drink all night." So he got up and left.



WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?

(continued from page 163)

3. Gimmicks were big, especially in Fifties Westerns. In *Wanted—Dead or Alive*, Josh Randall, played by Steve McQueen, carried a:
 - A. mule through Death Valley
 - B. bullwhip
 - C. long knife
 - D. sawed-off shotgun
 - E. grudge against his horse
4. *You Asked for It*, emceed by Art Baker, was brought to you by:
 - A. mental telepathy
 - B. Wheaties
 - C. Ajax, the foaming cleanser
 - D. Skippy peanut butter
 - E. Gleem tooth paste
5. Ted Mack's *Original Amateur Hour* went to TV from radio in 1948. One great talent that everybody should remember was three-time winner Liber Frenkel, an Israeli who imitated:
 - A. a pickled gefilte fish
 - B. Humphrey Bogart
 - C. David Ben-Gurion
 - D. Al Jolson
 - E. Frank Sinatra
6. In 1953, *Goodyear Television Playhouse* telecast Paddy Chayefsky's classic *Marty*. Starring Rod Steiger and Nancy Marchand, it was about:
 - A. two hours too long
 - B. a lonesome sailor on a three-day pass
 - C. a nebbish butcher who falls in love
 - D. a teenage romance
 - E. Liber Frenkel's bar mitzvah
7. During the classic Nixon-Kennedy debates of 1960, Nixon lost points for:
 - A. not knowing about Article 187
 - B. not knowing his zipper was open
 - C. not knowing about Quemoy and Matsu
 - D. not knowing whether he was Nixon or Kennedy
 - E. not knowing the gross national product
8. Florian ZaBach is best known for:
 - A. sequined outfits
 - B. his resonant voice
 - C. playing 1280 notes on the violin in 100 seconds
 - D. catching for the Pittsburgh Pirates
 - E. ordering a frozen daiquiri in a longshoreman's bar
9. In the original version of *Ozzie and Harriet*, Ozzie's profession was:
 - A. lawyer
 - B. dentist
 - C. buttoning his cardigan
 - D. Mafia don
 - E. never revealed
10. *Pete and Gladys*, starring Harry Morgan and Cara Williams, was an offshoot of:
 - A. *The Allen Brady Show*
 - B. *December Bride*

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check one: left handed <input type="checkbox"/>		right handed <input type="checkbox"/>

- C. a cholera epidemic
D. *Romeo and Juliet*
E. *I Love Lucy*
11. Liberace's flamboyant piano style was often ridiculed by critics. Liberace answered them with this well-known rejoinder:
A. "Shove it."
B. "I cried all the way to the bank."
C. "Here's my brother George."
D. "Don't knock it if you haven't tried it."
E. "All Gaul is divided into three parts."
12. *Father Knows Best*, first shown in 1954, starred Robert Young and Jane Wyatt as the parents. Billy Gray, Elinor Donahue and Lauren Chapin played:
A. strip poker
B. the cello, the violin and kazoo
C. Bud, Betty and Kathy
D. Bud, Betty and Karen
E. Bud, Betty and Chiquita
13. Perry Como, the ex-barber turned singer from Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, was popular in the Fifties. His easygoing nature earned him the title:
A. Duke of Windsor
B. Mr. Easygoing Nature
C. Mr. Nice Guy
D. Mr. Swell
E. faggot
14. *The Goldbergs*, once a radio classic, went to TV in 1949. It was created by Gertrude Berg, who was often seen leaning on the window sill and calling out:
A. the National Guard
B. "Yoo-hoo, Mr. Bloom."
- C. "Yoo-hoo, Mrs. Bloom."
D. "Yoo-hoo, Mrs. Calabash."
E. "Yoo-hoo, sailor."
15. In the popular game show *Queen for a Day*, winners were determined by:
A. the number of cardiac occlusions they had survived
B. their sex appeal
C. audience response
D. a panel of judges
E. a computer named Bill
16. *Arthur Godfrey and His Friends* was a long-running favorite of the older set. Occasionally, Godfrey would take out his trusty:
A. appendix
B. ukulele
C. guitar
D. harmonica
E. talking squirrel Ralph
17. A show called *Those Two*, starring Pinky Lee, made its TV debut in 1951. Lee's first co-star was Vivian Blaine, who was later followed by:
A. a hungry basset hound
B. Martha Stewart
C. Totie Fields
D. Roberta Hemoglobin
E. a detective
18. Ever since she began on television in 1951, Dinah Shore has traditionally ended her shows by:
A. saluting the flag
B. saying, "Good night and God bless."
C. nine o'clock
D. throwing a kiss to the audience
E. throwing up
19. Bishop Fulton J. Sheen's religious program *Life Is Worth Living* lost some of its audience because:
A. life wasn't worth living in 1952
B. it was sponsored by Raid
C. it was shown on Saturday nights
D. it was on opposite Milton Berle
E. God never showed up
20. Pat Boone, originally a winner on Arthur Godfrey's *Talent Scouts* and later host of his own show, was known for his distinctive white:
A. supremacy
B. shirts
C. teeth
D. bucks
E. socks
21. In *Dragnet*, a show that arrived on the tube in 1952, Sergeant Joe Friday worked for:
A. 65 cents an hour
B. the N.Y.P.D.
C. the L.A.P.D.
D. the S.F.P.D.
E. Hadassah
22. *Yancy Derringer*, set in New Orleans, was one of the first Westerns not set in the West. Jock Mahoney played Yancy and an actor named X Brands played his Indian side-kick named:
A. Gandhi
B. Yahoo
C. Pahoo
D. Hachoo
E. *Gesundheit*
23. Elvis Presley was a sensation on *The Ed Sullivan Show* in 1956. However, in order to spare a puritanical America great shock and outrage, he was shown only:
A. in Quemoy and Matsu
B. from the shoulders up
C. from the waist up
D. from the chin up
E. from the ankles down
24. Leonard Bernstein got his first TV break in November 1954. Appearing on *Omnibus*, he was given half an hour to explain:
A. the facts of life to Jack Paar
B. Beethoven's Fifth
C. Seagram's Fifth
D. Mahler's Fourth
E. visitors nothing
25. Television soap operas have been with us since 1949. CBS' *First Hundred Years*, brought to the home screen in 1950, was the first soap opera to:
A. keep the director awake
B. stay on the screen more than two months
C. be fully sponsored by a soap company
D. not be sponsored by a soap company
E. make sense



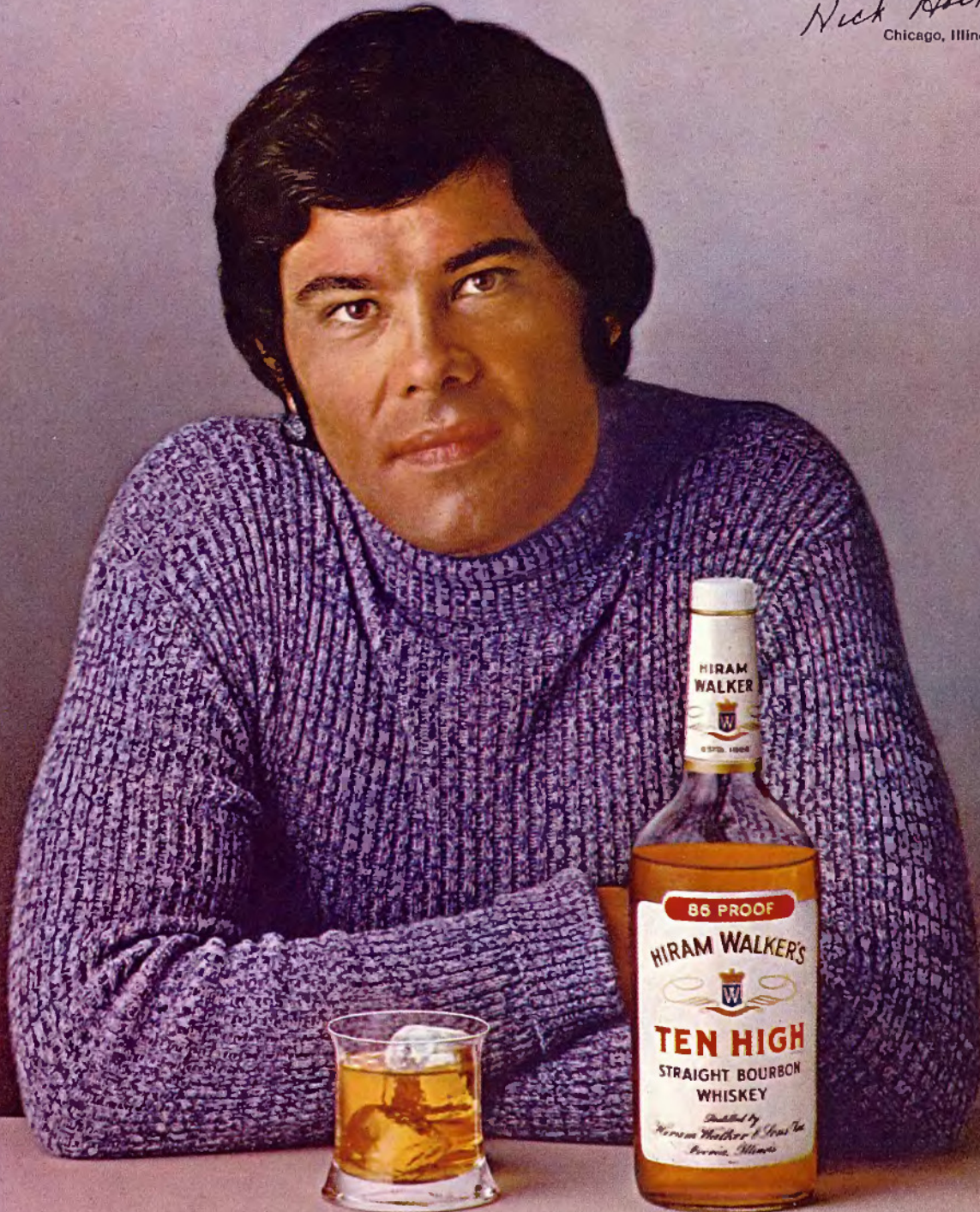
"Hey! Your grass is greener."

ANSWERS

- | | | | | |
|------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 1. C | 6. C | 11. B | 16. B | 21. C |
| 2. C | 7. C | 12. C | 17. B | 22. C |
| 3. D | 8. C | 13. C | 18. D | 23. C |
| 4. D | 9. E | 14. C | 19. D | 24. B |
| 5. D | 10. B | 15. C | 20. D | 25. C |

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Playmate of the Year

(continued from page 148)

designed a big show around me, spent something like ten thousand dollars for costumes that looked as if they were made for a fifty-year-old bar singer. It just wasn't me."

Streamlined, the act went better, and Cyndi made a hit with club patrons—especially when she sang in Japanese. "I'm fascinated with the language," she says. "I didn't speak it before I went to Japan, but I picked up some books—and made a lot of friends who helped me." Through her contacts at the night club, she made new non-Japanese friends, too—singer Engelbert Humperdinck, for instance. "I had dinner with him one night while he was on tour in Japan. He's really quite a guy," she reports.

Cyndi left Tokyo after three months, promising to consider returning to cut an album as a follow-up to the two singles she recorded there for CBS-Sony. Back home in the States, she hasn't been idle, either. There've been TV outings—twice on the *Sonny and Cher Comedy Hour*, lots of talk shows—and many modeling stints. "I've done magazine ads and billboards, plus several television commercials. One of the top agencies in New York told me I might have a big future in modeling; my hair is so out of style, so unlike the high-fashion look, I'd have the girl-next-door image just about cornered."

And there've been the personal appearances—which, now that she's Playmate of the Year, will only increase. On one Playboy promotional tour, Cyndi reaped an unexpected dividend: romance. Visiting Cincinnati, she dropped in at the local Playboy Club, where the current attraction was the rising music/comedy act called The muledeer & moondogg Medicine Show. Moondogg (Denny Flannigan) and muledeer (Gary Miller) asked the pretty young Playmate if she'd like to join their routine for one performance. "I was supposed to go on in leather jacket and dark glasses to look like a greaser, as a gag," she recalls. "Denny taught me the song *Be My Baby*. But when I went on, I sang the first line perfectly—and then forgot all the rest of it. I was laughed off the stage."

"I thought I'd never be able to show my face in a Playboy Club again, but Denny comforted me. 'They thought it was part of the act,' he told me. 'You were fantastic!' I think that's when I fell in love with him."

Denny and Cyndi have since become a steady duo—and her Cincinnati debut will be far from her last Playboy Club date. When she goes on tour as Playmate of the Year, she's hoping for a chance to sing—as well as smile prettily—for keyholders. "Frankly, just signing autographs is not very inspiring," she remarks.

As Playmate of the Year, Cyndi will have plenty to warble about, starting with

a \$5000 check from PLAYBOY and the keys to a Playmate Pink Mercedes-Benz 450SL coupe/roadster, valued at \$15,500. Driving is one of Cyndi's favorite pastimes—before the energy crisis, she tooled around an average of 100 miles a day from her San Fernando Valley home to Los Angeles and environs. Should she decide to try other modes of transport, however, her Playmate of the Year prizes also include an oil-injected, lightweight AMF Harley-Davidson SX 125 on/off-road motorcycle, with matching helmet; a Hobie Cat 16-foot catamaran with trailer from Coast Catamaran; and a custom-built Schwinn ladies' Super Sport ten-speed bicycle, all in Playmate Pink.

And there's more: a 19-inch Quatre-color television set, a four-channel home-

entertainment system with AM/FM radio, turntable and four speakers, and a microwave oven, all by Panasonic; 7x-12x-35mm high-power zoom binoculars by Bushnell; a complete service for eight of Stonehenge white oven-to-tableware by Midwinter for Wedgwood; an AM/FM replica of the famous Franklin Cathedral-model wireless radio of the Thirties; a four-function pocket calculator from Texas Instruments; a four-piece set of Samsonite luggage in Playmate Pink; an Olympus SLR OM-1 35mm camera from Ponder & Best; a deluxe, leather-encased backgammon set from Aries of Mexico; and a swimsuit and cover-up wardrobe from Bare Facts.

Not bad for a young lady who didn't think she had a chance of becoming a Playmate.



"I prefer the thrill of the chase, thank you."

"That's where we are now."

"Why?"

"Some gadget isn't working the way they think it ought to work, something to do with the directional-beam stuff, and it's all blind at Kennedy and clear here. It's a standing order, if that particular gadget acts funny, go no farther. They say replacement is like thirty minutes, so make it an hour, and we were already forty minutes behind schedule. Sorry about all this. Why should I feel it's my personal fault, huh?"

"Because it is, it is," he said, smiling.

She hurried on. He slid the dispatch case under his seat. He made himself relax. CatCo East would have a limousine waiting and the comfortable corporate suite would be waiting. He could finish the report on the Syracuse-to-Kennedy leg. Not exactly a report. A proposal. The meeting was set for ten in the morning, and by then there would be ten perfect copies of the report for study and discussion.

A gust shuddered the descending aircraft. The stewardess woke the girl across the aisle. The girl tilted her seat up and the stewardess put the pillow overhead. She was a big girl, young, with a strong pale face now blank with sleep. She wore a pants suit in a shade of rust he did not care for. She wore it over a white high-throated sweater, a jangle of gold necklaces. Her hair was dark blonde, heavy and healthy.

She hunched and shivered and thumbed her hair back, then cupped her hands against the black glass and tried to see out. A city was tilting down there. He saw traffic on an interstate and soon the speed-blurred runway lights. They were down with squawk of rubber, a little wind waver.

The captain spoke over the intercom with a brassy voice, saying that they could wait in the boarding lounge if they desired. Don't go too far.

Catlett stayed aboard. The girl got off, wearing a limp leather shoulder bag the size and shape of a rural mailbox. After leafing through a magazine, he got off and went through the waiting room and along the corridor that led to the main part of the terminal. He bought a paper and sat at the counter in the coffee shop and checked the closing on CatCo. Twenty and three eighths. And holding. It had varied a quarter of a point up and down all day on over 26,000 shares traded.

He heard flight 509 announced ready for reboarding. Last call, they said. First, last and only. So he lengthened his stride going down the corridor. Ahead of him he saw the big girl in the rust-colored suit involved in some kind of hassle at the check point.

As he got up to her, he heard her say in a deep husky voice, "I don't care if your buzzer rings, friend. I've got nothing on me to ring it."

Catlett walked through the little electronic arch and a buzzer rang. He walked three strides before he realized what it meant.

"Hold it, you, there!" the guard said just as he stopped. "Come on back here," he said, hand on his gun.

"Their goddamn toy is busted," the tall girl said to him. "They're waiting for some matron person to come to search me. Listen, you with the gun, I've got to get on that airplane."

A small Eurasian girl stood behind the table, looking worried. The tall girl's big shoulder bag was on the wooden table, all searched and cleared.

"Empty your pockets," the guard told Catlett.

"I really don't think there's time. I haven't got anything on me that—"

"Empty your pockets, I said!"

"He's a doll," the tall girl said.

"May I suggest you ask that little girl who's assisting you, officer, to walk through the arch?"

"Huh?"

"Just to see if she rings it, too."

The guard's forehead wrinkled up. "OK, Annie. Go on through."

"At a dead run, please," the tall girl said.

The little attendant also rang the buzzer.

"You got anything at all on you, Annie, that could—"

"Nothing. You know. Nothing, Dave."

"We really don't want to miss our flight, officer."

"Well, go ahead. . . ."

The girl was a few feet behind him when he got to the boarding lounge. It was empty. He went to the window and saw 509 moving rapidly out toward the designated take-off runway.

The girl stood beside him, almost his height in her platform shoes, and breathing hard from running, her breath misting the glass.

"Oh, boy," she said. "Great! Don't they count heads or something? The one time you don't need a big rush, there they go."

"Inconvenient, all right."

"Got any ideas?" she asked.

"I think we check Allegheny first."

She smiled. "Want to be the leader?"

"I'll give it a try."

She put her hand out. "I'm Sheila Christopher. Sheil for short."

"Paul Catlett. How do you do."

"Poorly, at the moment, Paul Catlett. Oh, that absolute idiot! Is that us out there? Yes. Wait a minute. I want to see my luggage take off."

He stood with her and watched 509 take off, big headlights bright on the runway, red and green navigation lights blinking. It lifted into the clear windy night, toward a diamond sky. He turned away and suddenly she took hold of his forearm with such shocking strength it made him gasp. He turned back toward her and saw her staring, her eyes wide and mouth slack, sagging open. He thought for an instant she was having some sort of seizure, but then he looked toward 509 and saw a long trail of orange flame, a dirty orange that made an arc, a gentle long curve toward the ground. There was a sudden bloom of orange-and-white flame that made him think of those television pictures from the Cape, when the booster separated and it would look for a few moments as if the whole rocket had blown up. The bigger blossom of fire continued along the same arc, while smaller burning pieces fell out of it. It coasted down out of the sky and disappeared behind a distant hill, and then a bigger flare lit up all of the night. Moments later, there was an audible "Whumpf" sound that shook the big window.

Sheil Christopher turned into his arms quite blindly, bumping her forehead against his right eyebrow. She hugged at him with strength, saying, "Oh, God, oh, God, oh, God."

He held her and thought of Helen, the stewardess, who had remembered his name from another time or from television.

There were sirens then. Hoarse shouts inside the terminal corridors. She pulled back away from him, snuffed and dug into her purse for a tissue. She blinked at him and tried to smile. "I can't . . . I just can't seem to. . . ."

"Come on," he said, and he turned her and led her back toward the main part of the terminal. There seemed to be a great deal of running and shouting going on. He took her into the cocktail lounge, to a banquet table in a dark corner, and sat across from her, his back to the room.

The waitress said, "There's been a crash, folks. On take-off."

"W-we saw it g-going down . . ." Sheil said. She cleared her throat. "Bourbon on the rocks, please?"

"Sure, honey. In a hurry, huh?"

"Two doubles, Wild Turkey, if you have it," he said.

"I think so."

She slid her hand across the table toward him and he knew she was not even aware of the gesture. He took her hand and held it, not speaking and not releasing it even when the drinks arrived.

She drank, shuddered, pulled her hand free and gave him a wan smile. "It was so damned casual, Paul. You know? Sort of floating and unreal. Fireworks at the



"Has anyone ever told you that you have beautiful eyes . . . too?"

country club. It if hadn't been for that broken search thing and that dumb ugly guard. . . . Excuse me. I keep getting a funny kind of chill."

"I know."

"Suppose the airline lost my bags. I would have been furious! I would have had the uglies like you never saw before. But all my stuff is gone for good and right now I couldn't care less. All those poor people! Where did you get on?"

"Los Angeles."

"Me, too. Did you see those twins come on?"

"No."

"Dear little boys. British, I think. Very correct and polite. What a damned terrible waste, Paul. I know they didn't get off in Chicago. I was awake then and watching for them. Are you reacting

at all? What are you thinking? I mean really."

He reached for the casual answer and then changed his mind. "Really? I keep thinking about the work I did on the plane and I keep wondering if I made any mistakes in the projections, and I keep thinking that I will never know. I try to think of other parts of it, of the people, but my mind keeps wheeling back to that work I did. I think it's some kind of protective reaction. I think of the work because I can't quite make myself think of all the rest of it. Like trying to touch a hot stove."

"Maybe the other part of it is that the work didn't really mean as much as you thought it meant."

He stared across at her. His eyes were used to the muted light. He thought she

would be better looking if she accented her colorless brows and lashes. Her face looked too blunt and fleshy and unreadable.

"Or," he said slowly, "it meant too much to me."

"You're saying the same thing another way, right?"

"I guess so. I guess we've got phone calls to make."

"I know."

"They'll cut into television and radio programs with a spot news flash on this one. There will be people worrying about us."

"I know."

"What's the matter?"

"I don't know. I don't know if I can say it. I have the feeling that something . . . valuable has happened to me. I want to sort of sit back and put it together and see what it says to me. If I go rushing about, inserting myself back into place, right where I was before, then I won't know what this meant. God, I sound as if this great booze got to me."

"I think I know what you mean. But isn't that a big ego trip, really?"

"How?"

"You want to find out how much people really care. That's the rationale of a suicide, isn't it?"

"Who are you? I keep thinking I know you from someplace."

"It happens to a lot of people. I spent a full day on television a couple of months ago."

She frowned. "Catlett? Paul Catlett? Watergate stuff?"

"No. It was whether or not I got—or my company got—special favors from the Securities and Exchange Commission."

She nodded. "Now I remember. Sure. And you were sort of orchestrating the whole thing; I mean, you had those lawyers on one side and that assistant-boss type on the other, and those guys behind you, handing you papers over your shoulder. You were really articulate. I mean, I liked hearing you talk. I got hooked for a half hour or so and then I turned it off when it got into financial money."

"That's the best kind."

"Why don't you ever say my name? It's strange. I keep calling you Paul. Now I feel funny about that, knowing who you are."

"Sheil, don't feel strange."

"How old are you?"

"Almost forty."

"You look more like thirty, really. Married?"

"Technically, yes. Twice. You?"

"Me? Hardly. You have kids?"

"By my first wife. Two. Aged fifteen and sixteen, and legally adopted by her second husband."

"What happened tonight has to mean something."

"Not necessarily."

"Haven't you ever wondered what



"It strikes me you're making a deal more fuss over this than it calls for, Dan'l."

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would happen in the world if you were dead?"

"Everybody thinks about that at times. I guess it is one of the standard fantasies."

"You know, it would be a lot easier if the terrible shock of seeing our flight go down made us . . . lose our memories for a while. Then we could find out if we're who we think we are. Or were. I mean find out who we are, really. What could you lose?"

"I could lose a year and a half of very tricky maneuvering, designed to extricate me from what used to be called the executive suite, and spring me on an unsuspecting world with enough golden booty to last me forever."

"Golden booty! Listen to him. Then what? Tropical islands? Beautiful girls? And all the toys a boy could ask for?"

"It isn't that simple, Sheil. I spent some hot years moving too fast. I put three and three together and made eleven. I built something so big there is a lot less there than meets the eye. So they have been tracking me down. Steal from the wolves and they come after you. There is a primitive way to get rid of wolves. You freeze a very sharp knife, blade up, against the ice, with a little frozen gravy on the sides of the blade. The wolves lick the blade. It is so cold they can't feel it slicing their tongues. They taste fresh blood, their own, and keep at it until they swoon and freeze. While I am far away, over the icecap and the mountains, and down the other side."

She stared at him. "Jesus! That is horrible!"

"Tomorrow morning I am supposed to be in New York, putting gravy on the blade."

"I sure don't like the way you explain it. Can't you . . . keep hold of what you are doing and make it live up to what it is supposed to be?"

"The analysts call that internal growth. I might make it. I might not. I wouldn't know. I think I'm very tired of trying. I think I am very tired of what I do and tired of the people who work for me, tired of lawyers and hearings and judgments, tired of Annabelle and her little affairs."

"Your wife?"

"My second."

"She cheats?"

"Frequently. And then she is very sorry, when caught. She's very lovely."

"And she must be out of her skull."

"Not really. I'm a victim of the male ego. I thought that a few years ago, when she cheated with me, I was the exception rather than the rule. I was so overwhelmingly fascinating nobody else would ever catch her eye."

"You don't hate her, do you?"

"No. I'm just tired of her, along with a lot of the other furniture of my life."

"That about Annabelle makes me feel weird."

"Why should it?"

"It's me. I'm not what you call lovely. This guy I go with, he's with NBC in Burbank, out there six months now and he hasn't moved his wife out from New York, because he didn't know how long he'd be there. We began to happen after he was there a month. Do I love him? I don't know. I really don't. The physical part is fantastic. He's hooked. So I've been testing my muscle, you know? Now we're taking a cruise together out of New York. He had to fix time off and make up some lies. Fifteen days. I'd decided that if I could get Don on that boat for fifteen days, he'd come home and ask for a divorce and marry me. Now I don't think it's such a great idea. But I don't know what else to do with my life right now, this year. You know?"

"If you're not a hundred and ten percent certain. . . ."

"OK. Neither are you. Of anything. And we've got this chance to change things. Right? I've got three hundred dollars. What have you got?"

"Half that, I guess."

"So we buy a couple of cheap flight bags and toilet stuff and drip-dry things right here in the airport. With a can of hair spray, Paul, I could fix your hair line and that droopy mustache so you'd look a lot different. Then we take a night-coach flight South. We can hole up someplace like along the Gulf Coast, Mobile or Biloxi, where nobody will know us or give a damn. Dare you? Double dare you?"

Her eyes were very bright. He felt his heart lift for the first time in a year. He felt a hollow excitement in his belly. He reached to grasp her extended, challenging hand. . . .

. . .

The girl was a few feet behind him when he got to the boarding lounge. It was empty. But through the window he could see the gray gleaming bulk of flight 509. He hurried through the canvas tunnel. Helen stood inside the doorway looking worried, then smiled when she saw him and the girl. She said to the man with the clipboard, "These are the last two. Thanks."

"Sorry about the delay," Catlett said. "We kept ringing the buzzer on their metal detector. It was out of adjustment." "And they were being absolute idiots about it," the girl said.

They took their seats. The door was closed and dogged shut and they moved slowly back. He clinched his seat belt and looked over at the girl and saw the initials on the copper medallion on her purse. s. c. The girl smiled at him and said, "Thanks. If you hadn't suggested he let that cute little girl try, we'd still be there."

He wanted to tell her that he was very

sorry they couldn't fly down to Biloxi together. But there is no way to apologize to the object of a fantasy, a sexual fantasy at that, a big strong, able girl. She would be confused, then irritated, and then probably alarmed.

Soon the runway lights merged into a long white line and he felt the aircraft lift off. And now, he thought, the way my luck has been running, the long orange flame, a dirty, smoky orange flame, will start to trail out behind us and. . . .

Ironical amusement turned into a moment of pure terror. From forehead to knees, his skin leaked a sudden sweat, and his bowels cramped and roiled. Then it faded slowly, slowly, and he could look down and see the ground lights, with the first clouds of the front beginning to hide them intermittently. So much for extrasensory perception, Catlett.

He forced himself to finish his report. A proposal. Gravy on the blade. He leaned back when he was through and looked over at her. Fantasy, yes, but not a sexual fantasy. More of a freedom fantasy. An ever-more-compelling need to change the way things are. Change for the sake of change. He pinched the bridge of his nose and startled himself with the sudden feeling he was going to cry.

Flights were stacked over the three airports. They were a long time awaiting their turn. The captain was picking up local news. The ice storm had finally hit. They might get in and they might not. They might have to go elsewhere. But they were at last given permission to land.

After taxiing, as they were waiting for an unloading spot, he said to the girl, "Where are you headed?"

"Huh? Oh, Sixty-fifth near Second. Why?"

"Do you have transportation?"

"No, I don't."

"There'll be a company car there to pick me up. It may be the only way you can get into the city in less than forever."

"Well, sir, I have this pumpkin and these mice waiting there, and I wouldn't want—"

He laughed. "No strings. A friendly offer."

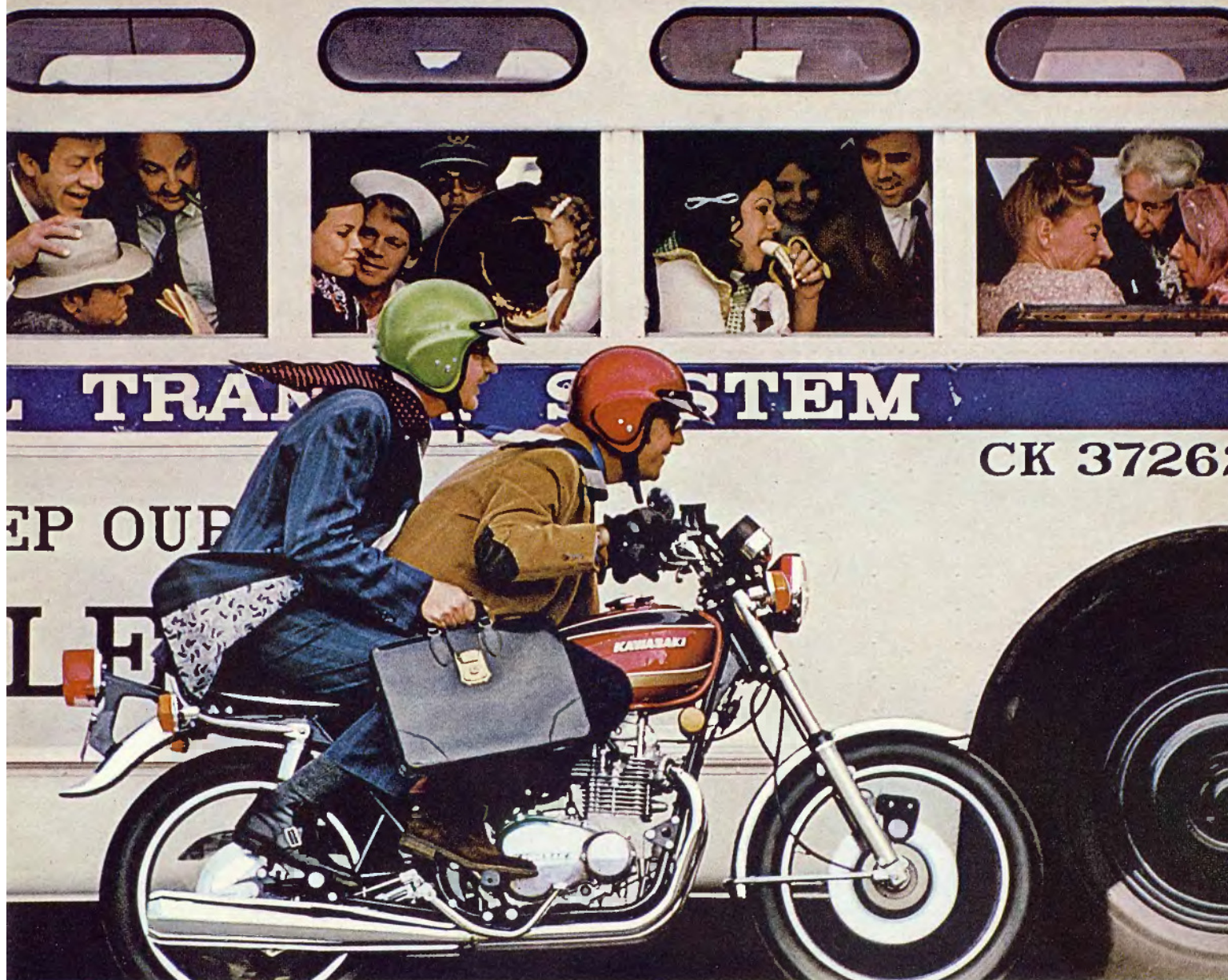
"OK, friend with friendly offer. I'm Sarah Cramer and you are Mr. Paul Catlett. I've been trying not to like you."

It startled him. "Why?"

"I saw all of your command performance."

"What did I do wrong, Miss Cramer?"

"I guess you were . . . are . . . a sign of the times. You know. Sleek and tricky. And you don't give a damn about anything but your own skin and your



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money. And power. I have the feeling I'm talking myself out of a ride."

"A person can get trapped into a situation where they have to argue a point of view they don't completely believe."

"Can they? Really and truly? Do you believe that crap?"

He smiled. "I keep trying to believe it in order to stay sane, Sarah."

She shrugged helplessly. "Damn you, I would rather dislike you. You know that. I hate to give up a moral position."

"You don't have to. What do you do with *your* life?"

"I'm a travel agent."

"And you sell the customer *exactly* what the posters and the literature and the travel folders tell him to expect?"

"Well . . . *everybody* knows that—"

"So nobody is ever let down. Nobody feels cheated."

"Let me up, please, sir."

"OK. You're up. And we can get off."

. . .

Harvey Ingleton was waiting there for him when he came off the plane. Ingleton was wearing his habitual expression, earnest anxiety. Catlett introduced the girl and said they would be giving her a lift into town. Ingleton said that he would go get the car and driver and bring them around to such and such an exit from the terminal. He said he had a good secretary on stand-by and perhaps they could stop there before dropping Miss Cramer. And leave the report?

Sarah Cramer pointed out her large and heavy suitcase and he lifted it off the merry-go-round and gave the guard her baggage check. The limousine, long and black and gleam under a fresh speckling of ice, was waiting where promised. The driver hopped out and stowed the suitcase and Catlett's carry-on bag in the trunk. Ingleton hesitated and stayed in front with the driver. Catlett got in the back with Sarah Cramer. And his dispatch case. "This beats a pumpkin," she said contentedly.

It was a hairy night, a slow trip. Cars slid into one another, blocking lanes. They had to wait motionless amid the blare of idiotic horns time after time. Catlett and the girl talked. He could hear himself going on and on. A talking jag. It was a symptom. It always happened when a big decision loomed. He could hear himself, like some frantic bore, picking his best stories out of his past and holding them up for her, to make her laugh, to make her feel close to him.

They had to stop on the bridge. Wind buffeted the big car. The noisy night gave them privacy, closed away from the two men in the front seat by the curtain of storm sound.

She said, "I'm a reincarnation person. A lot of people think it is absolute nonsense. But they can't prove it can't happen, just as I can't prove it can. Right? So what I mean is, I have a weird feeling

about you, about us. As if we knew each other before. Do you know what I mean?"

"In some other life?"

"Or in one to come. We remember the ones to come as easily as we remember the ones we've had. Time is a circle and we keep going by the same places, over and over."

"All right. We met and our lives were not satisfying to us and we ran away together, to Biloxi, Mississippi."

"Hey! You're fun, you know? How did we make it?"

"We didn't make it at all. It wasn't right for us."

She cocked her head. "At least I can be sure you really don't want to con me into anything, because what you would have said, you would have said we were great, we were fantastic. Hey! Paul Catlett!" She put finger tips under his eye. "Why tears, man? What is it?"

"Maybe there should be more lives than one, and I miss the ones I won't have." His voice was thick and shaky.

She looked at the men in front, then leaned and hugged him quickly, one time, soft cheek touching his. "It's OK. It will be OK."

They moved off the bridge and turned downtown. The change of route made it easier to drop her first. The car stopped under a light. As the driver got her suitcase out, she dug a card out of her billfold and gave it to Catlett, after penciling a number on the back.

"Here's where you can get me if . . . you want to run through that Biloxi bit again. And thanks."

As the driver took her suitcase into the apartment building, Ingleton came into the back to sit beside him.

"It's really a terrible night, Mr. Catlett."

"First one of the year."

"Right. We've been lucky so far. Fred, we'll stop at Three Hundred Park next, then the hotel."

"Yes, sir."

"I guess you won't get much sleep, Mr. Catlett."

"Not very much."

When the limousine parked at the office building, Ingleton said, "If you want to dig the report out, sir, I'll run it up to Miss Villotti."

"I better go over it with her, I think."

"Well . . . sure. Fred, can you wait right here?"

"I don't think anybody will bother me this late at night, Mr. Ingleton. If I get roused, I'll just circle the block."

The security guard let them in. They signed the book and went up in the elevator. Miss Villotti was waiting. He didn't remember which one she was until he saw her. He thanked her for a long vigil and told her to wait a moment in the

outer office while he talked to Mr. Ingleton.

After the door swung shut, he said, "Harv, I think I'm going to go the other route."

"I don't think I understand."

"I'm going to push for six months more."

Ingleton stared at him. "You've got to be kidding!"

"I think I can hack it."

Harvey Ingleton walked slowly to the big corner window. He looked out, fists in his hip pockets. He turned and said, "Paul, nobody can pull it out. Believe me. I have busted my ass for a year setting up this buy-out. I put my money on your number, damn it! We'll walk away with fat capital gains, yours one awful lot fatter than mine. A year from now, Paul, it's zip. You get to keep your shoes and a ballpoint pen. What have you got? A death wish?"

"Funny you should say that."

"Tell me the joke. I'll laugh myself sick."

"No joke. I'm going to give it a try."

"But *why*?"

"Let's say so that a lot of people who bet on Paul Catlett eight years ago won't have to settle for a dime on the dollar, and in six-percent debentures, at that."

"The great Paul Catlett. Jesus!"

"Harv, you can go down and get my flight bag out of the car and come back with it, and you and I can revamp the report, and we can work right here with Miss Villotti until ten in the morning. And you can look forward to six months of sleepless hell. Or you can send Fred up with my bag and wait for him down there in the car and have him take you home. Think about it on the way down."

"But this is the chance we've been working—"

"It's a clear choice."

"What *happened* to you since we talked on the phone this morning?"

"Happened? Oh, I had one of those standard fantasies."

"Are you OK?"

"I hope so."

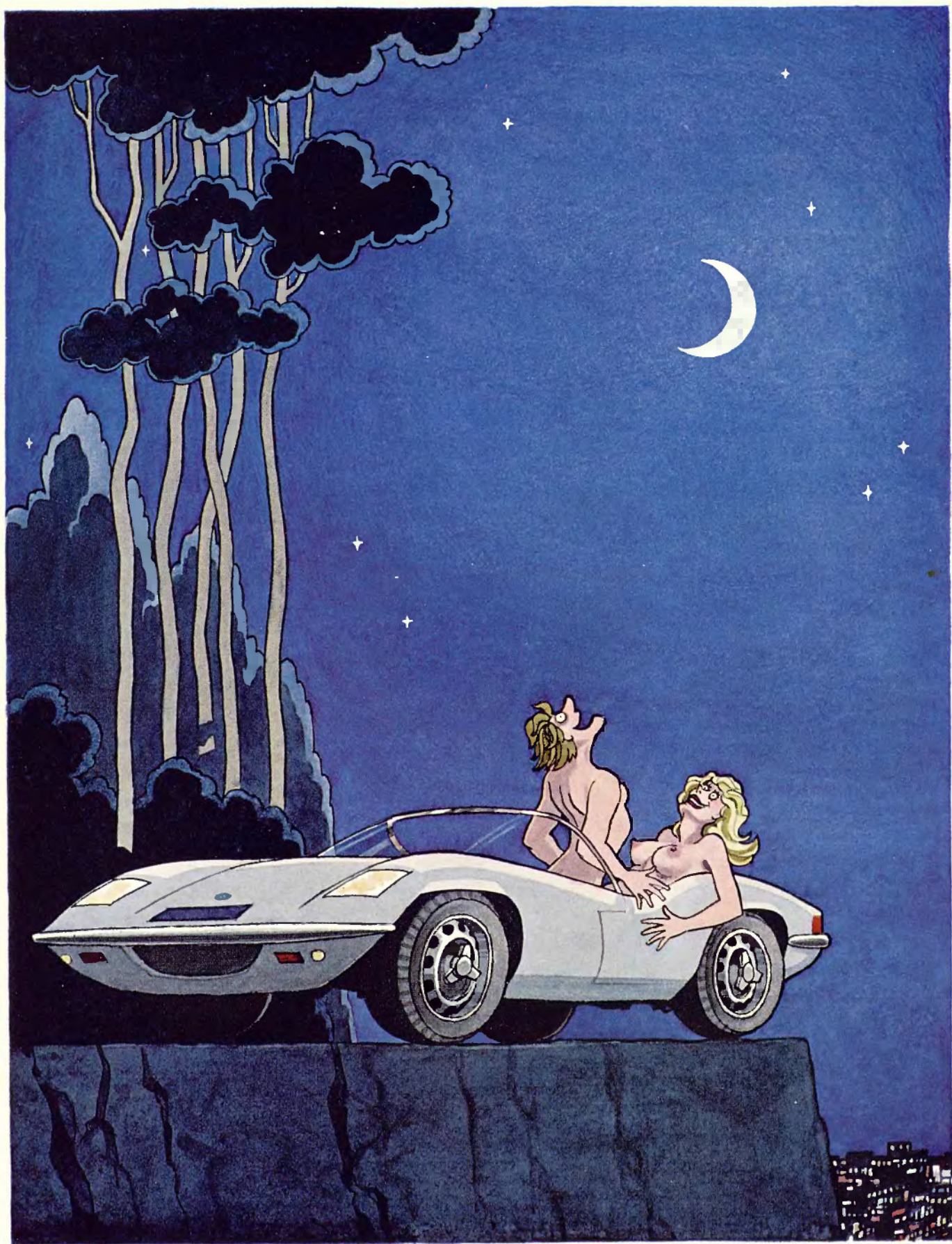
"Is there anything you know and I don't that makes things look . . . different?"

"Financially? Absolutely nothing. You'd be smart to get off right here, Harv."

With his hand on the door, Ingleton turned and said, "But I won't get off. And I won't know why. We're both quite mad."

The door swung shut. The wolves waited out there in the dark night beyond the firelight. Catlett clicked the latches and opened the dispatch case and brought all his attention into total focus upon the new problem, the new presentation, the new risks.





smilby

"Vroom—VROOOOOOM!"

some like it cool

(continued from page 137)

well as the palate, adorned with such fancies as orchids, hibiscus, mango slices, lengths of sugar cane—and served in anything from a papaya to a coconut.

But whimsy alone is no substitute for professional savvy. Happily, the men who man the tropical bars are graced with equal parts of flair and know-how. And they're emphatic on one point—tropical coolers must be served snapping cold. Frigid. That means everything that can be is prechilled, including pitchers, shakers—even the blender container. Glasses are buried in crushed ice or stored in the refrigerator. Ice, whether for shaker, blender or glass, is always hard frozen. Bar syrup, available at most liquor stores, is preferred to sugar because it can be prechilled. Mixing time is shortened and there is less dilution. Any leftover syrup should be stashed in the fridge, tightly covered. It's handy and keeps indefinitely.

Bar syrup is ideal for making the swizzle—the ingratiating drink of the Caribbean. A swizzle is a type of sour served in a highball glass with cracked ice and a swizzle stick. In the islands, sticks are often twigs cut from spice trees, roughly trimmed to leave short jutting stems at the base end. The shaft of the stick is rotated back and forth between the palms, churning the ice, until a frothy head forms on the drink and a delicate haze frosts the glass.

Swizzles and other potions are often sweetened with the fragrant flavored

syrups that abound in the tropics. Faler-num, an amalgam of almond, lime, sugar and spice, is what gives the mai tai its distinction. Local bar stewards are also partial to passion fruit, orgeat and *tamarindo*—tossing them casually into drinks with a raffish disregard for formal recipes. They must know what they're doing, because results are invariably delicious.

As with the syrups, the native spirit is given a good play. That's rum, of course, or, more accurately, rums. The category includes the dry, delicate products of Puerto Rico, the fuller Jamaica rums, smoky, high-powered Demeraras, and distillates from Haiti, Barbados, the Virgin Islands, Martinique and Trinidad—each with its own unique character. Contrary to general belief, dark rums are not necessarily sweeter than light rums. But they tend to be heavier and rummier, just as Côte-d'Or Burgundies are likely to have more body than those from Beaujolais.

While rum is *numero uno* on the tropical juice charts, gin, brandy, whiskey and tequila have their place. In fact, the motto seems to be anything goes. That kind of relaxed attitude, coupled with one or more of the following coolers will get you through the long hot summer in a breeze.

THE BERTA SPECIAL

(Berta's place in Taxco and the Berta Special are lovingly remembered by visitors to Mexico. If the drink doesn't taste quite the same at home, it's because we

don't have those crazy little Mexican limes.)

- 1 small lime
- 1½ ozs. tequila
- 1 to 2 teaspoons bar syrup, to taste
- Ice water or club soda
- 2 to 3 dashes orange bitters

Squeeze lime and add juice to tall glass, along with one half of shell. Add ice cubes, tequila and bar syrup and fill with ice water or soda. Add orange bitters. Stir to chill.

STRAWBERRY PITCHER
(Serves eight to ten)

- 1 pint ripe fresh strawberries, hulled and quartered
- 2 cups orange juice
- ⅓ cup bar syrup
- 6 ozs. vodka
- 2 ozs. kirsch or framboise
- Orange for garnish

Have everything cold, including blender container and pitcher. Blend strawberries with 1 cup orange juice until berries are puréed. Add remaining juice and bar syrup. Blend briefly to combine. Pour into pitcher, stir in vodka and kirsch. Taste for sweetening. Serve in cups or small highball glasses. Garnish each drink with a half slice of orange.

PINA SORPRESA

(Dorado Beach Hotel, Puerto Rico)

- 1¼ ozs. Puerto Rican gold-label rum
- ¼ oz. Puerto Rican 151-proof rum
- ¼ oz. Southern Comfort
- ¼ oz. triple sec
- 2 ozs. pineapple juice
- 3 chunks pineapple
- 1 teaspoon bar syrup or superfine sugar
- 2 scoops crushed ice

Combine all ingredients in chilled blender and blend until creamy. Serve in tall glass or hollowed-out pineapple shell, with straws.

At the Dorado Beach Hotel, this drink is served in a hollowed-out pineapple, which also supplies the juice and the pineapple chunks. Here's how to do it, if you're feeling artistic: Cut top from ripe pineapple. Using sharp, thin, long-bladed knife, cut around the circumference, leaving about a half-inch shell. Cut through fruit to make wedges, which can be lifted out. Even off inside of shell with knife or tip of serrated grapefruit spoon. Pour off juice as it accumulates. If more juice is needed, press pulp in a food mill.

HERBIE SPECIAL

(Playboy Club-Hotel, Ocho Rios, Jamaica)

- 1 oz. light rum
- 1 oz. vodka
- ½ oz. apricot-flavored brandy
- 2 teaspoons bar syrup
- 1 oz. lime juice
- Dash cinnamon
- ½ cup crushed ice
- Orange slice and cherry for garnish



"Newton here is an idea man."

Blend all ingredients, except garnish, in blender for 10 to 15 seconds. Serve in highball glass, with straws. Decorate with fruit.

PLANTATION SWIZZLE

(Caneel Bay Plantation, St. John, Virgin Islands)

1/2 large lime
Crushed ice
2 ozs. light rum
1/2 oz. Falernum
1/4 oz. grenadine or passion-fruit syrup
Fresh pineapple finger

Squeeze lime. Pour juice into highball glass and drop in shell. Fill with crushed ice. Add rum and syrups. Churn with swizzle stick or long-handled bar spoon until glass frosts. Garnish with pineapple and a sprig of mint, if desired. Serve with straws.

COSMOPOLITAN SIN

(Grand Bahama Hotel and Country Club, West End, Grand Bahama Island)

Shaved or finely crushed ice
2 ozs. light rum
1/2 oz. triple sec
2 ozs. grapefruit juice
2 ozs. pineapple juice
1/2 oz. green crème de menthe
1/2 oz. grenadine

Pack a chilled, oversized snifter about 3/4 full of ice, mounding the top. Mix rum, triple sec and juices and pour slowly over ice. Trickle the green crème de menthe down one side of the glass and the red grenadine down the other. Serve with straws.

FORGE FLORIDITA

(The Forge, Miami Beach, Florida. The Forge prefers juice from fresh pineapples, liquified in a juice extractor.)

2 ozs. triple sec
2 ozs. pineapple juice
Dash Pernod

Shake triple sec and pineapple juice with ice. Strain over fresh ice cubes in a small old fashioned glass. Stir in Pernod. Garnish with sprig of mint or watercress, if desired.

THE PUSSYCAT

(Round Hill Hotel, Montego Bay, Jamaica. Like the fog, "it comes on little cat feet." A smooth, satisfying potion.)

1 1/2 ozs. gin
1 1/2 ozs. orange juice
1 oz. pineapple juice
1/2 tablespoon lime juice
1 oz. maraschino-cherry juice
1 oz. cream
1 scoop crushed ice
Cherry, orange slice, lime slice for garnish

Pour all ingredients, except garnish, into blender and blend until fairly smooth. Pour into tall, thin glass. Pop on fruit and serve.

TETON'S WHITE PORT PEAK

(Cerronar Beach Hotel, Dorado Beach, Puerto Rico)

4 ozs. imported dry white port
Tonic, iced
1/2 oz. strawberry liqueur
1 slice lemon

Fill a stemmed goblet or Pilsner glass with ice cubes. Add port and pour in chilled tonic to within 1/2 in. of the rim. Stir lightly. Float liqueur on top by slowly pouring it over the back of a spoon held against the inside of the glass at the tonic level. Place lemon slice atop the ice cubes. Sloe gin, blackberry liqueur or crème de cassis may be substituted for strawberry.

MAI TAI

(The mai tai attained fame in Hawaii, but it has become generally popular. In tropical Shangri-Las, an orchid is the usual garnish. Feel free to dispense with that horticultural touch.)

1 oz. light rum
1/2 oz. curaçao
Juice of 1/2 lime
1 teaspoon lemon juice
2 dashes each Falernum and orgeat syrups
1/2 oz. dark rum
Fruit garnish, as desired
Shake first five ingredients very briskly

with cracked ice, until very cold. Strain into saucer champagne glass. Carefully float dark rum on top. Decorate with cherry, pineapple and orange slice—or whatever delights you.

HURRICANE

(Caribe Hilton, San Juan, Puerto Rico. There are several versions of this drink, combining rum, apple brandy and tropical juices. The Caribe Hilton serves it in a hurricane-lamp-shaped glass. A collins glass will do as well.)

1 1/2 ozs. light rum
1 oz. applejack or calvados
1 oz. triple sec
4 ozs. guayaba (guava) nectar
1 oz. lime juice
Cherry, 1/2 orange slice and a length of sugar cane for garnish

Vigorously shake all ingredients, except garnishes, with cracked ice. Strain over fresh ice cubes in tall glass. Garnish with fruit and sugar-cane stirrer. (Note: If guayaba is not available, you can substitute any fruit nectar.)

Summer calls for a change of pace. So give your faithful old martini pitcher a vacation. As some Brahmin barman once said, "'Tis better to swizzle than to burn!"



"Just because your appointment stirred up less controversy and polarization than my appointment, don't think that makes you a better Justice than I am."

(continued from page 96)

up quarreling and play up my troubles by crying and whining. The drivers would be moved and help me out. But even that's impossible; I need fights like the air I breathe. So, since I can't and won't be a whore or a beggar, I fall back on this contradiction: First, I really insult the driver who picks me up, and then, just as I'm getting out of the car, I change my line and very timidly ask, "Say, could you let me have a small loan?"

As I said, a contradiction. But you can see I'm not so contradictory as I think I am. Or else men go for contradictions. That's right, it isn't at all unusual that the same guy I've just finished roundly insulting puts his hand in his pocket when I ask for a loan and gives me money. In fact, I notice the ones I insult the most are the most generous. Once again, masochism. What else would you call it? Who knows?

Here's this Paolo giving me money even before I ask for it. I look at the 10,000-lira note he's handing me between two fingers with aristocratic aplomb. The same thing happens to me that always happens the minute I see money. Maybe because I see so little of it. My mind goes blank, my anger disappears, a kind of stupor takes hold of me, makes me feel empty. I go into a trance. I see that flesh-colored bill with Michelangelo's picture on one side and the white oval on the other, and my thoughts fizzle.

Finally I manage to say, "It's ten thousand lire."

"It's for you."

"Are you giving it to me?"

"Yes."

I grab the bill and stick it into my purse. Then I'm overcome with greed, another effect the money hypnosis has on me. I add, very childishly, imploringly, "Just ten? Can't you let me have twenty?"

You might say, what crust. But it's not true. It's really a kind of shyness that comes from being poor. I'm so poor that the same thing happens to me with money that happens to a starving man with food. After eating, he's still hungry and wants to eat all over again.

But Paolo doesn't give in this time. He tells me, "Ten's enough. But if you come to see me at the office tomorrow, I'll give you another ten and maybe more."

I stammer, "But tomorrow's Sunday. Nobody goes to work tomorrow."

"Exactly."

Exactly what? What a great excuse for another quarrel, now that I'm about to leave. But I'm played out. And the money stops me from winding up again. So I answer, in a very hushed voice, as if I didn't want to be overheard, "All right, I'll come. But couldn't you give me a

small advance, say, five thousand? If I come to your office, I have to have a new pair of pants, at least."

"It won't be a party. I'll be the only one there. You're fine just as you are."

The car stops, I look around. I'm dismayed to see we're at Corso Trieste. A street like any other, normally, but now the symbol of my defeat. I ask anxiously, "At what time?"

"Come at five."

"What's the address?"

He reaches into his pocket and for a minute my hopes are up. But nothing doing. It's his visiting card: name, address, export-import and—naturally—his coat of arms, with lines radiating from circles like an insect's body, engraved over his name.

I put the card in my purse and he reaches over and opens the door for me. I say very quickly, "Thanks a lot." And just as I'm about to step out, I lean over, like a real nut, and kiss his hand in abject gratitude. True, the minute my lips brush against his hand, I'm strongly tempted to bite it, but it's only a temptation. And what's a temptation if you don't do anything about it? Nothing, less than nothing. I get out and stand on the sidewalk watching, in a dead rage, as the car drives away.

. . .

It's Sunday, and here I am on this street lined with new buildings. On weekdays, it would be a madhouse of a traffic jam, engines roaring helplessly away, cars wrapped in clouds of smoke from their exhausts. But today, being Sunday, everything's deserted. I even cross paths with a cat calmly strolling across the street. The appointment with Paolo turns the deserted street, that would otherwise be pleasant, into something sinister, menacing, mysterious. Paolo's not one of those you go to see on Sunday when his parents are away, just to spend the afternoon smoking, listening to records, drinking, making love and maybe having a joint or two. Paolo is . . . Paolo. A man who doesn't appeal to me, who repels me, actually, but whose invitation, for all its ambiguity and promise of no good, I accept. Sure, there's the hope of another 10, or even 20 or 30. But I've already explained, money fascinates me if I see it, in the flesh, so to speak, right there under my nose. When it's out of sight, it doesn't hypnotize me anymore. For better or for worse, I become myself again. So why am I here? Why am I going to see him? Why have I let myself be taken in? A contradiction, as usual. And so we go back to where we started. Why do I contradict myself so often? Who knows?

Enough questions, here's his office building. I look up at it and I'm nearly blinded by the dazzling wall of glass and steel, with the cold blue reflection of the sky on each panel. Strange, all this brilliance, this glare, these shiny materials and pure lines, and behind them, in one of the offices, Paolo with his harelip, his mustache, his coal-black brows, his owl eyes. I go up to the entrance, but it's locked. I try peering in, but the doors are made of that special glass you can only see out of. Next to the door, though, there's a row of names, including the export-import firm. I make up my mind and press the buzzer, set in a brass ring the size of a bowl.

Almost at once, the door clicks open, as if I had been watched from behind the one-way glass by someone who was expecting me. In the entranceway appears a boy with long hair. Not long the way kids wear it these days but long the way little girls wore it many years ago. His hair falls on both sides of his white, smooth, slightly chubby face that makes you think of the cherubim and seraphim with wings attached to their heads that fly around the sky in religious paintings. His languid eyes, too, are angelic as, both encouraging and questioning, they look at me. A straight nose with narrow nostrils, a heart-shaped mouth, the corners turned up. He's small like a jockey, but well proportioned, with such slender hands and feet as to tug at your heart. I like him. "Are you the porter?"

He answers modestly, "No, his son. Poppa has gone to the country."

"Well, I have to go to the fifth floor, to the export-import firm."

"To *Signor* Paolo's? I'll show you the way."

He leads me to the elevator, enters it, I follow and he starts to close the doors. I tell him, pointing to the indicator panel, "You don't have to show me the way. I can press buttons, too."

He looks at me without answering, then casually, but not insolently, reaches over and presses the fifth-floor button. I angrily repeat, "Are you deaf or something? I said I can go up alone."

He shoots an ambiguous glance at me and announces, "Orders from above."

"Whose orders?"

He doesn't answer. Now he's staring at my breasts, maybe only because they're at his eye level. He has a curious expression on his face that I can't quite decipher. It makes me nervous.

He hurriedly explains, "Today's Sunday. This is an office building and nobody's around. Did you know we're alone in the whole building?"

I answer curtly, "Who gives a damn?"

"Well, then, how about a kiss?"

As he says it, he presses the emergency button. The elevator comes to an abrupt stop.

Now, I really could give him a kiss, if

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for no other reason than he's such a perfect angel right out of an altar painting. And, furthermore, maybe I wouldn't mind, either. But it's that "Well, then" that gets me. Why "Well, then"? "Well, then" what? Obviously, "Well, then, give me a kiss, because you're a girl and we're alone and you can't do anything about it."

I stare him right in the eye. Then very emphatically I say, "Kiss you? You silly little fool."

Would you believe it? Here that angel, with a very resolute expression on his cherubic face, lunges at me, grabs my blouse and with one tug rips off the only button. Absolutely determined, he grips my bra and pulls it down on one side. A tit pops out and the angel, without wasting a second, squeezes it hard. I moan with the pain and give him a quick knee in the groin. The angel jumps back, grabs me by the hair and pulls my head down, trying to get my mouth close to his.

Enraged, I lash out blindly and claw his face. The angel immediately lets go of my hair. I straighten up, breathing hard. There he is, cowering in the corner of the elevator, looking at me, humiliated, and wiping his face with his hand. He whines, "I only wanted a little kiss."

I jab angrily at the panel and the elevator starts up again. "Look, you'd better just shut up."

He's begging me now: "At least promise you won't say anything to *Signor Paolo*."

A great idea! The perfect excuse to start another scene with Paolo: the angel assaulting me in the elevator. But just because the angel's chubby, scratched face makes me feel sorry for him, I want to show him how tough I can be. I snap, "I'm not promising anything."

He looks at me, his expression not at all intimidated. If anything, it's full of curiosity, like someone pressing his face against the side of an aquarium, watching the darting fish. But I don't have a chance to think about it. The elevator stops. I turn my back to the angel and get out hurriedly without looking to see if he's following me.

The door of the export-import firm is ajar. I push it open and plunge into the reception room, then down a long corridor with doors on both sides. Gray wall-to-wall carpeting, red doors, white ceiling. Where's Paolo? I open one door after the other and come on the usual scene in offices on holiday: covered typewriters and sheets of paper and carbons scattered around as if a windstorm had struck. But as I continue to throw open doors without finding a trace of Paolo, my annoyance grows. I'm getting wound up the same way I do when I hitchhike. A phrase darts through my

mind like an angered fish: "I'll fix him."

I come to the room at the end of the corridor and burst in. Paolo is sitting at one end behind a steel-and-glass desk. The office is large and nearly bare. He's wearing the same gray suit, the usual gold cuff links, the usual striped tie and, I was almost about to say, the usual harelip. I launch into him: "The porter's son attacked me in the elevator. Look at me! He ripped my blouse, grabbed my hair, squeezed my tit! What the hell is this? Who do you think you are? With all your self-importance, you allow people to be attacked in your own elevator," etc., etc.

I'm shouting by now, but Paolo doesn't react or try to interrupt me. He, too, is looking at me the way the angel did in the elevator, out of curiosity, as through glass. What can these two want, looking at me like that? I end my diatribe: "What kind of behavior do you call that? Who's going to pay for my blouse? I'm going to turn him in, that little thug. I'm going to turn him in for sure."

Finally Paolo moves, but in a very studied way, almost as if he were acting. He reaches toward a box on his desk, takes out a cigarette and puts it to his harelip. Very easy, common gestures, you'll say, that anybody makes without effort or attention, allowing the movements to happen almost by themselves. But somehow, Paolo acts out these seemingly normal gestures as if he were concealing something not so normal. And, in fact, he fluffs them, like a nervous actor in his first play, putting the wrong end of the cigarette in his mouth and not realizing it until he lights his lighter. Then he turns the cigarette around and moves the flame toward it again. Strange, his hand is so shaky, he doesn't succeed in lighting it. I'm suddenly afraid: it's clear his hand is shaky because he's been planning something for me that's made him nervous, ashamed, even frightened. I watch as he lowers his hand, puts the lighter back on the desk and looks down at his hand, which is still trembling. Finally he says hoarsely, "Do you want me to punish him?"

Scared by that trembling hand and the tone of his voice, I want to say no, I don't want you to, I've forgotten the whole thing. But, as always, the contradiction in me wins out. My curiosity is always stronger than my fear. I blurt out hypocritically, "Of course I want you to."

Silence. Paolo is looking at the desk, where a sheet of paper is lying. He picks up a pen and begins doodling on it, lost in thought. After a while, he reaches over to the intercom and presses a button. A croaking sound at first, then very clearly, the angel's voice comes over the loudspeaker. "Yes, *Signor Paolo*?"

"Come up right away."

I'm awed. "What are you going to do to him?"

He doesn't reply. He's absorbed by the doodles he's tracing on the sheet of paper. Or, to be more exact, I realize he's staring at his trembling hand as it draws the spirals. I wait for him to answer and, meanwhile, I catch myself staring in fascination—I don't know why—at that trembling hand. Then I hear his voice, clipped and authoritative: "Undress."

I look at him uncertainly. Did he say something to me or was I imagining it? I ask, "Huh?"

He repeats the order more slowly, deliberately: "I said, undress."

How strange the human personality is. Or mine, at least. So changeable, so full of contradictions. I'm a rebel, an activist, a protester ever since I was born, you might say. And yet, here it takes one order delivered in the right tone of voice and at the right time to make me as obedient and disciplined as a soldier facing a superior. Or, better yet, I tell myself as I start pulling off my clothes, like an actor taking orders from a director. Yes, that's it, a director, because Paolo has a role for me in some play of his and, unexplainably compliant, I'm accepting it.

What kind of role is it? What's compelling me to tiptoe over to a chair to put my clothes on it, for example? And then to tear off my bra and panties as if I were afraid I wouldn't get them off in time before the angel, the other actor in this comedy, makes his entrance? I'm standing there naked, but since I'm ashamed of my big, hanging breasts, I cradle them on my arm to hold them up, the way you do to feed a baby. I feel awkward, so I approach the desk and shyly ask, "Should I stand up or sit down?"

"Keep standing."

A knock at the door. In his clipped tone, Paolo tells the boy to come in. The angel cautiously peers around the door as if he were checking to see how far along the act is. Then, unquestionably satisfied with what he sees (Paolo, his eyes lowered, is absorbed in his doodling, I'm standing in front of the desk naked, but with my boots still on), he strides in confidently and says, "*Signor Paolo*, you called?"

"Yes, I called. So you're attacking people who're coming to see me in the elevator?"

A moment of silence. Then something happens I was really expecting and confirms my feeling that this is some kind of play the three of us are acting in. Taking advantage of Paolo's distraction as he still intently watches his trembling hand, the angel turns to me and brazenly, but always angelically, winks at me, as if to say, "It's all been rigged between me and *Signor Paolo*. But you and I are in this against him." Just for a second. Then the



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angel explains in a contrite, obsequious, fake voice, "Signor Paolo, you're right. But the young lady was—what can I say?—a little undressed, and so I lost my head and—"

I have just time to think what a bad actor the angel is, when Paolo, with an inhuman growl, says, "Shut up, slave!"

"But, Signor Paolo—"

"Silence, pariah!"

Listen to that. If the angel can't act, Paolo certainly makes up for him. Or rather, he's playing himself, realer than real, so much so it's scary. He jumps to his feet, slams his fist on the desk, shouts, "Slave! Pariah! If you don't want me to tell your father, you've got to kneel, that's right, kneel in front of Sebastiana and kiss her feet."

The plot thickens and I'm getting more involved, without even attempting to guess what the next development will be. A minute ago, I was a third-rate call-girl who was undressing in front of her customer. Now who am I? Who knows? Maybe some kind of goddess. I look on incredulously as the angel drops onto all fours at my feet in a comic gesture of prostration. And then how eagerly he stretches his neck toward my boots. Paolo is shouting like a madman, "That's not enough. You've got to do more than kiss her feet, you've got to lick them."

Is the angel following orders or only pretending to? It's hard to say: Because of the boots, I can't tell what he's doing. Paolo shouts again, "Both of them! Both of them!" And the angel obediently bobs his head from one foot to the other.

I jump in terror. Paolo has come around the desk and grabbed my arms from behind with tremendous force. He's hurting me. He peers at me from over my shoulder and hisses in my ear, "Now pee on his head. Go on, pee, pee on his head!"

What's happening to me? Simply that I am no longer a character in Paolo's play. I'm myself again. And so, very naturally, instinctively, I refuse: "I won't do that."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't want to."

"Why don't you want to? He's a low-life, a servant, a slave. Go on, do it on his head. I'll give you whatever you ask for, but do it, do it!"

But it's obvious now that the deal between Paolo and the angel didn't include getting pissed on. The angel is uncertain as to what to do, like someone who isn't sure he's heard right, then suddenly he scuttles back across the floor and jumps to his feet. Breathlessly, he blurts, "Signor Paolo, not that, not that!"

It seems our game is over. Apparently the angel and I, like two actors who've finished their scene, have nothing left to do except make our bows and leave the stage. But no, I feel suddenly the plot is taking a new turn. I'm not wrong. Paolo

circles around, stands in front of me, shouts, "If you won't do it on his head, do it on mine, yes, mine!" And he drops to his knees on the floor.

Here's the picture: I'm standing with my legs apart, one boot here, one there, my arm holding up my tits and leaning with my hip against the desk. The angel is standing a little way off, his face still red from the strain. And this nut Paolo is on all fours in front of me, clutching my ankles, his head bowed over my boots.

At this point, I have to confess that anything having to do with bodily functions makes me burst out laughing hysterically. Why this effect? Who knows? It's a fact like any other, and that's that.

I was about to start laughing when Paolo ordered me to urinate on the angel's head, but now that he's begging me to do it on his own, I can't contain myself any longer. I laugh despite myself, like an idiot, with a savage joy I don't understand. Paolo keeps pleading, down there on the floor, "Come on, do it."

And, convulsed with laughter, I stammer, "No . . . no . . . never!"

"Come on, do it, do it."

"I said no, no, no."

Beside himself now, he shakes me by the ankles, the way you shake a tree to make the fruit fall. I'm swaying back and forth trying to keep my balance, laughing harder all the while. But suddenly he yanks at me and I fall against the desk. The sharp pain chokes off my laughter. I scream at him in a frenzy: "Stop it! Leave me alone! Are you completely crazy?"

That's it, he's really out of his mind. He keeps tugging at me. Just as I'm about to fall, my eye lights on a heavy glass ashtray on the desk. I pick it up and with all the strength my anger arouses in me, I bring it down on his head. He cries out in pain, lets go of me and puts his hands to his head, falling on his side, his knees drawn up in a fetal position.

I lean over him and start to raise his head, when I feel something wet on my hand. I look and see that it's blood. A terrible fear grips me, a fear that increases when I realize he's not dead as I had thought. He's alive, too much alive. He lies there without moving, his cheek pressed against the carpet, his hand on the wound and those owl eyes of his wide open, staring straight ahead at something only he can see. It's those round, gaping eyes that should reassure me I haven't killed him, but that now only strike terror in me.

What I didn't do before because I didn't want to, I start doing now, out of horror and uncontrolledly. I begin pissing, not normally, in a stream, but in spurts and dribbles, at random. When I see the urine dripping onto his hair, his face and on those awful staring eyes, I

pull away to avoid wetting him. As I stumble to the chair where I put my clothes, the urine, coming out in small, involuntary splashes, traces a dark wet line on the gray carpet and runs down my boots. I grab my clothes and, turning toward the angel, who's standing there stunned, take him by the hand and in a low voice urge him, "Come on, let's go!"

But even before we take a step, we're frozen by the sight of Paolo, his face streaming blood, struggling to his feet. Perhaps he doesn't know we're there; he certainly is not looking at us. He wipes his face with his hand and reels across the room. But he doesn't go to the door the angel and I came in. He staggers by us, opens a smaller side door I hadn't noticed and disappears. Through the open door, we can hear water running. At least Paolo has the strength to wash himself. I pull the angel by the hand: "Let's get out of here!"

I know the building is empty, because it's Sunday and they're all offices. So I don't think twice about dashing down the stairs just as I am, breasts and hair flying, with my boots on and my clothes over my arm. Hand in hand, I dragging the angel and he letting himself be dragged, we careen down the winding staircase five floors to the lobby. But we don't stop there. The porter's son beckons. With a flick of his eyes, the angel answers the question in mine, as if to say I had guessed right. I give his hand a squeeze to seal our silent bargain and he does the same. We hurry down the narrow flight of steps leading to the basement apartment. Of course, we're still running away from Paolo, but of course, too, we end up where you might expect: in the porter's big double bed.

Later, as we lie without talking, our bodies pressed against each other on the gaudy satin bedspread, I think how much I like basement apartments to make love in and afterward relax and doze. The ceiling is low, the room is cluttered with furniture and bric-a-brac. The stale smells of airless rooms and cooking fill the place, as in all these basements where porters and their families live. Behind the frosted glass of the half-windows, I can make out the paired shadows of legs belonging to the occasional passers-by. The mirror on the wardrobe door at the foot of the bed reflects our naked bodies from below, so that our feet seem attached directly to our knees. I'm holding the angel's prick, encircled by my two fingers like a ring, and his hand is lying flat on my groin.

After a while, the angel asks, "Why do you think Paolo does those things?"

"Because he likes to."

"But why does he like to?"

"Who knows?"

—Translated by Arthur Coppotelli



go around the room and play with everybody's nipples.

Gloria broke free and headed for the mat. "Come on," she said. "Less go."

"Do like I taught ya, now," said Willie.

Gloria got down on all fours (a standard collegiate-wrestling start position) and told me to get next to her, one arm around her waist, one hand holding her left wrist. My arm touched her breast as I was taking hold and a voice in my head told me, "That's Willie's, don't ever touch it," and then another voice said, "No, it's not Willie's, it's Gloria's, and you're a reporter on assignment, wrestling a woman, it's your birthday, relax." Then the first voice said again, "No, you're wrong. It's Willie's."

Jess yelled go and all the feminine wrestling bullshit went out the window with Gloria's first move: She tried to trap my arm with a quick and nearly professional roll-over that wanted to pin and injure me in the first few seconds. Willie yelled and Rowlie fired off a salvo, but I let go, which left me still in the start position with Gloria on her back, under me, smiling up like the lamb she'd never been, making her eyes go soft and her voice go gentle. "That don't count," she said, "you let go."

"I'm sorry," I told her and as soon as I said it, I knew why spies and smugglers use women in the tight spots, one on one in cheap hotel rooms and at border crossings. Gloria: 150-odd pounds of sin who'd studied charts and tricks, who wasn't going to leave that room till she pinned me, who was getting 20 bucks a half hour to maul L.A.'s horniest vice cops and kinkiest street trade, working her way up to the "other room" . . . Gloria. And I knew that every man she climbed onto that mat with was finally brutal Willie to her and that given a nail file and a little darker room, she'd just as soon cut out my eyes and eat them as do any feminine wrestling and still in that moment, with her on the bottom and me on the top, I felt like a heel.

I should have forfeited right there, because that was the subtle moment of her victory, but Jess yelled go again (the subtle moments were getting by Jess) and Gloria was on me like burden on a donkey.

I was cool for a while, small defensive moves, but Gloria was strong and big and she started killing me. I got a little desperate and threw a headlock on the woman, rolled her over my hip, and her goddamn wig, which looked and felt real to me, came off and she hit a highway marker and the wall. The building shook. Rowlie started to boo. I turned to ask him to please give me some slack and was only to "give me" when Gloria jumped on my head.

I was on my knees, bent double, face

smashed into the mat and she had the beginnings of a hammer lock on my right arm. Willie was saying little street things like "Get his fingers . . . kneel on his calf . . . choke him . . ." and then there was an arm around my throat. I didn't want to be choked, so I raised up and flopped the two of us over. I landed with all my weight on Gloria's stomach and thorax and torso and on Willie's breasts. It knocked the air out of her, but Willie yelled, "Don't let go," and she didn't. I was slippery with the archetypal sweat of a man losing and I was trying to use that to slip free and I think I might have made it if she hadn't thrown a neat and painful scissors around my legs. Rowlie was laughing and clicking. Willie was slapping his knee and Gloria worked the right-side hammer lock into a half nelson, and when I reached over and back with my left arm to undo it, she turned it into a full nelson and then it was all over except for the official birthday portrait that Rowlie was now standing for.

"Turn his head a little this way," he asked Gloria and she did it.

I couldn't see Jess, but his laughter was over the line into manic stuff. Willie was clapping and Rowlie's camera sounded like Kerouac's typewriter. I made one

frantic try to get loose, but it didn't work, and then I just lay there belly up, pinned, trying to believe that the universe was unfolding the way it should whether I knew it or not, and then finally feeling like just another journalist in the downhill part of the 20th Century who knows that the heavy stuff is going on in the other room while he's pinned by forces sleazier than he has drugs or meditations for, wondering if this is it, if he could possibly have been born to star in an old dirty joke, at 31, on Santa Monica Boulevard, in Los Angeles.

That was the bottom moment. After that, nothing much bothered me (Willie ordering mural-sized prints, Jess giggling . . . Tina saying she wished I was the fuzz . . .), it was all easy.

When we were on the street again, Rowland told me to think of it as the kind of experience that keeps a great man humble. I told him that if I'd wanted to be humbled, I would have wrestled a Buick or something, then I asked him to burn the film. He said no, and the only reason I mention any of this is that I don't want those particular photographs to fall into the hands of either my friends or my enemies without a true and complete explanation hooked right to them.



"Miss, do you have to whistle while you work?"

DEATH OF THE SALESMAN

upper-class missionary who, having experienced the good life, insists on bringing it to the rest of us: "I remember it was this whole thing about going into the world versus staying in this valley that was paradise on earth."

Then, as now, it was a white-middle-class paradise. The blacks in that very Southern Virginia county must have numbered among their lesser deprivations the fact that they were not allowed to attend Rennie's segregated high school. He does not remember writing any editorials in the school paper about local race problems, and yet "national race problems" were the main reason he felt the rest of the country needed saving.

When I pressed him on this, he got angry: "Why are you making such a big thing out of this? It has a lot to do with my karma, my family, my sense of being able to take on big projects, not small projects, you know, get things done." And he added, in that inevitable blending of the missionary and the careerist, "The cities were where it was at. . . . I was going out into the world, and the world was going to be dark."

If Rennie had accepted the 4-H scholarship offered him to study animal husbandry at Virginia Polytechnic, he might have joined a fraternity and gone on to become a bright young face in Kennedy's agricultural program. He went instead to Oberlin on the advice of his father's friends, who were active liberals and thought Oberlin was more "with it." And it was the emerging generation of New Leftists who were the most with it at a place like Oberlin.

Rennie's first political guru was Paul Potter, who was a year ahead of him and who later became head of SDS. Paul was putting together a campus political party that soon became the center of action at Oberlin. Rennie chose to be the "behind-the-scenes organizer" who put the party's election slate over the top. Then the sit-ins began in the South, and his next guru appeared: "Tom Hayden came to town and talked about our organization's becoming part of SDS. From there it has been uphill ever since—from then I would say I have been full time in the movement. That's where my head was at up until now."

Rennie's entry into the movement was at the top: "I was national from the beginning. One of my first acts was to organize a national conference of campus political parties. I went to the National Student Association convention and then joined the SDS leadership group."

It was a heady time and no one was likely to question the ability of a confident young upper-middle-class white male to save the poor and the blacks.

(continued from page 112)

The older generation of radicals that had knocked about since the Thirties was dismissed as square, and its ideas as needless intellectual baggage: "I didn't study Marxism and felt that those groups which did were stuffy. They were out of the mainstream, they were old and we felt—I think there was even a touch of arrogance in our style—we were the wave of the future."

When he chose the path of the New Left, it was definitely with the sense that it was an upbeat career: "We didn't feel unequal to anybody in the society, including the top executives we could have been. If anything, we tended to look down on them. We didn't suffer from any class problems—you know what I mean?—we didn't feel out of class with a university president or corporate head or Government person or anything like this."

Rennie now recalls those days as times of selfless puritanism. At one point, we were talking in one of the back rooms of the guru's national headquarters in Denver, an old tombstone of a building honeycombed with bustling offices. I had spent a week with this vegetably holier-than-thou crowd and was by then having lecherous fantasies of beer and pizza. I confessed to Rennie that I've generally thought of myself as being in large part "corrupt," or at least petty. It occurred to me that Rennie seemed to have more ambitious proportions in mind—that he thought of himself as 90 percent noble and virtuous. With total seriousness he corrected me to say that he had generally tried to keep it at 100 percent. "I did all those things like sleeping with people, drinking bourbon and beer, going to parties," he told me. "But it was like a very secondary thing, it was not my life. I felt my life was getting to an office early and staying there late, working very long hours. The appetites I had were for the movement."

Anne Weills, who worked with Rennie in Chicago, recalls a very different history: "Rennie needed women. He couldn't be alone for a day without a woman to take care of him. He drank more than anyone I knew in the movement. Later he changed to dope and then to acid, but whatever it was, it was always much more than the average person. He was an addictive personality. I think he was terrified of being alone, of confronting himself and seeing who he really was."

The Chicago demonstration and trial of 1968–1969 was the time of his time. "Dustin Hoffman was going to play me in the film version of the trial." Better Audie Murphy. Rennie was the grand mediator of the political left and the Yippies, between the old and the young.

Never offensive, all things to all people, he came to be known for his ability to hold things together, even when they should, perhaps, have come apart.

It all began to come visibly apart after the trial. For Rennie, it was a break with his guru, Tom Hayden. Hayden's memoirs of the trial recall this debate: "During and after the trial, we argued over the future of the conspiracy. Differences emerged around whether we should become a permanent leadership group in the movement. The Yippies wanted a kind of American Apple Corporation: conspiracy books, posters, records, sweat shirts, and so on. They and Rennie wanted the conspiracy to be a kind of high command of the revolution." The main obstacle to all this was the developing militance of radical women amid a rising annoyance with "media heavies." Hayden split to begin organizing in Berkeley and Rennie had a guru crisis. This time he chose a Vietnamese: Madame Binh, the spokeswoman for the N.L.F. in Paris. She was, conveniently, a woman, which helped undercut criticism of his leadership from the women's movement. He made no fewer than 15 personal visits to Madame Binh and, in what must be the ultimate derogation of women's political leadership, came to see her not as a political revolutionary but as his mother.

It was Rennie's particular arrogance to parlay his Vietnamese contacts into a unique pipeline, so that when he spoke, it was of "their" mind, not his. Attack him or his latest scam and you *attack the Vietnamese*. "I have just spoken on the phone to Madame Binh, who assured me that . . ." was the familiar salutation that led into a typical Rennie speech telling the audience to go somewhere to do something.

I recall coming back to New York after almost a month in North Vietnam to be met by Rennie at the airport, breathless to get in on the act. Ignoring the fact that only days before I had been in Hanoi, he pressed me to endorse his latest scheme—because the Vietnamese wanted it, he said—and was unaffected when I said I had spoken to Pham Van Dong and he'd pointedly told me that it was not their business to direct the activity of American radicals. "Summarize your own experiences," had been the advice of the Vietnamese prime minister.

The national antiwar movement reached its apex after the Chicago trial in the spring of 1970 with the huge Cambodian-invasion demonstrations and a final massive mobilization that fall, but even then the time had passed for that style. People seemed generally burned out by the big march, the national action with its media build-up around key personalities, and were searching for more meaningful,



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less elitist forms of organizing.

The next few years witnessed the fitful and increasingly desperate attempt by Rennie to lead a mythical youth army into a nationally spotlighted Armageddon. There was enough momentum left for the 1971 May Day action in Washington, where 13,000 people were arrested. But after that, any attempt to rally the troops failed. Even May Day saw Rennie increasingly isolated from his older friends and peers and working for support with a weird mixture of teenagers, police agents and Yippies. Typical of this mélange was Larry Canada, who became Rennie's roommate in the months before the event and ended up bank-rolling much of it. It was this same Canada who later put Rennie in touch with the guru and came up with the \$20,000 for his eventful trip to India.

Rennie was searching for funds for May Day, so the story goes, and heard about a rich freak—Canada—who had married an heiress to the Lilly fortune and lived on a communal farm in Indiana. He was heavily into the hippie scene and definitely nonpolitical, but Rennie went to the farm and, according to one confidant, "sold Larry on the excitement of May Day as a military Happening." In addition to contributing large amounts of money for the event, Canada got very heavily into the military-theatrical logistics contemplated for May Day, none of which ever seemed to come off. (He was one of the geniuses behind the plan to "invade" Washington via the Potomac with a fleet of canoes.)

As he passed his 30th birthday that same May, Rennie began to adopt all the trappings of the youth culture. The boy-next-door image was simply dropped and the acid freak, stringing necklaces of corks and beads, emerged. Rennie took his first acid at the time of the Chicago trial, having put it down for a number of years. According to many who worked with him on May Day, he was high most of the time, a practice that continued up to the time of his religious conversion almost two years later.

Predictably, he turned to Yoko Ono for his next guru figure. Elaborate plans were made to launch a nationwide touring company. Jerry Rubin would play in the band, there would be a light show and Rennie would speak. But Yoko tired of his plans and abruptly dropped him.

By his account, the central problem in Rennie's life then was the intrusion of the women's movement into his relationship with Sue Gregory, the woman he "had been searching for all my life and finally found." Although they were "meant to be together," they fought a great deal and were actually apart most of the time. What followed was one of those sad, bizarre jokes of the movement's worst times. There would be fitful attempts at

role reversal; Rennie would stay home and watch Susan's seven-year-old son while Susan went out and gave speeches. To be accurate, it should have been called reverse elitism, Susan's claim to expertise being that she lived with Rennie. And, indeed, her speeches would center on such phrases as "When Rennie last spoke to the Vietnamese. . . ."

All such tensions, it appears, have now left Rennie and Susan's life. "Our relationship is perfect right now"; they are accountable only to the lotus feet of the Guru Maharaj Ji. Susan converted soon after Rennie. They live in separate ashrams in Denver. Susan has her son and Rennie has his work—as well as his new love, Annie Bishop, a singer in the guru's rock band. She is considered by premises to have been the Virgin Mary in a past life, while Rennie was Saint Mark.

. . .

After the success of May Day, Rennie was to go through one dismal failure after another, each of which heightened his sense of isolation and impotence. The movement was also going through hard times. The national scene, particularly after the moratorium of 1969, had increasingly become a floating crap game. It was attracting the more disturbed elements thirsting for a quick shot of power—rising egomaniacs fully convinced that without the stripe of a national action one didn't count. And as subsequent trials have shown, there was a large contingent of paid Government agents. This group grew absurdly large in proportion to the dwindling number of stable New Left people willing to participate in national demonstrations. The various Watergate investigations have provided an abundance of evidence on the increasingly paranoid response of the Nixon Administration during this period toward demonstrators. There seem to have been literally thousands of police agents posing as gay radicals, crazies, veterans, hippies. There must have been more than one occasion in that period between May Day and the Miami convention when Nixon's paranoia and the movement's hostility to national politics intersected to leave Rennie Davis alone in a room totally filled with various Government agents, all frantically plotting a strategy of just one more demonstration to overthrow the Government. Since these agents most often did not know one another's identity, their cumulative reports must have been truly alarming to the President.

In the immediate aftermath of May Day, Rennie had what nonmystical people might call a nervous breakdown. His vulnerability and isolation had gotten to him, at least temporarily, and he retreated to that bountiful valley in

Virginia. This time to a small shack, all that remained of the family estate.

He bounced back for his last hurrah in Miami during the 1972 Presidential conventions. But it got really rough, with Rennie caught among Yippies and Zippies, women's lib, gay lib, militant and moderate blacks, all trying to lead an army that had no basis of unity in program, nation or class, and probably in agreement on only one thing: They didn't want either Rennie or Nixon to lead them. It was here that his last constituency, "youth," finally turned against him. The college students had stayed home, and the few thousand street kids who were there scoffed at his moral appeal. The bottom had fallen out of the market for a 31-year-old male movement heavy.

"I'm very isolated now and I don't want to be isolated anymore," he told George Katsiaticas, an antiwar activist at the Miami demonstrations. When George suggested that what was needed was a more responsible leftist political organization, Rennie snapped back, "George, there are more people in this country into Eastern religion than into Marxism."

He found relief from all this in a 42-day fast during which the real or pure Rennie seemed to emerge. Free of the problems of eating, sex or physical movements, it "reduced all of my activities to the essential work of the demonstration." Shari Whitehead, who fasted with him, recalls that he "even increased the amount of time he spent hustling on the phone, holding press conferences and dealing at endless meetings." To the end, the Justice Department would deal only with Rennie, it, too, being a creature of habit. But events were beyond his or its control. New realities, forces and battlegrounds were setting in. The student movement had done its work. The Cold War was ending and with it, for the time, certain types of demonstrations.

It is an irony of that period that, while Nixon's belated recognition of China, the Vietnam cease-fire and Watergate all confirmed the essential accuracy of the left's analysis and should have provided movement people with new energy, it had, for some, the opposite effect. It disoriented those, like Rennie, who had come to view politics not in terms of the advance of popular awareness but as the preservation of familiar rituals or activities and their own unique roles.

After Miami, Rennie showed up briefly in California before the fall election to work with the Indochina Peace Campaign as a secondary speaker, appearing where Jane Fonda or Tom Hayden couldn't make it. He was going through the motions only, though, giving the same speech again and again to school crowds that in most cases numbered fewer than 50. He disappeared for days

on end, was rambling in his delivery and generally distracted.

Bruce Gilbert, an I.P.C. coordinator who traveled with Rennie, noticed that "he tended to get more and more crazed and started affecting a sort of crypto-English accent."

Jane Fonda recalls sharing a stage with him in Orange County. A Jesus freak heckled them during her talk and out of nowhere Rennie started screaming, "Jesus Christ is the Viet Cong! Jesus Christ is the Viet Cong!"

One night he went out to look at the sunset and didn't show up until late the next day, having in very un-Rennie-like fashion missed a speaking engagement. A few days later, he wandered off into Yosemite and, when he emerged, abruptly canceled a string of speaking engagements.

In any event, the Vietnamese made it through without Rennie and the cease-fire was signed. With that, the last thread connecting him with the political world of the New Left snapped. It was at the very time of the peace agreement that he made his last pilgrimage to Madame Binh in Paris. There, Larry Canada introduced him to some of the guru's aides and they all "just went on to India." Exit the Vietnamese, enter God. This could occur because Rennie had never viewed the Vietnamese as political revolutionaries but rather as part of a Happening—or at best as suffering, innocent, pure children. For him, the cease-fire meant that they had entered adulthood. They spoke directly to Kissinger, no longer needing his intercession. Miami had spelled the end of a particular type of white-youth-led street action and the cease-fire (and Nixon's visit to Peking) had spelled the end for this particular knight-errant.

The revolution would not come to America within two years, as Rennie and some others had expected. A more serious and sustained political style was required. But this did not fit in with Rennie's messianic view of himself. Jack Davis, part of a May Day delegation to Paris, was told by the Vietnamese that Rennie's view of politics "was too cataclysmic." But it was precisely this cataclysmic vision that made Rennie run. The imagery of a monumental clash between darkness and light, with massive disaster followed by paradise, was his impetus. In this titanic battle, he would mobilize the forces of light.

With the ebbing of the Vietnam war, politics could no longer feed Rennie's vision. History had ceased to be personally useful, so he went outside of history and found a guru-god.

• • •

I last saw Rennie with his guru at the ashram in Houston, prior to their "biggest-ever event." He was once again



**After a bad round,
have a good one.**

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY CO., LOUISVILLE, KY. © LTDC 1972

obsessed, organizing office meetings with city officials, spelling out epic visions. We tried to talk for several hours, but Rennie wouldn't depart from the party line. As usual, we could not be alone. There was a group of the faithful gathering around and, aside from feeling creepy, I suddenly felt a very nonprofessional sense of loss. I was witnessing the desperation of someone who, for all his very human failings, had been a moral comrade. I realized that in figuring out Rennie, I had taken him on his own terms: a solitary pillar of strength, an intact individualist. But instead, here was someone so scared and alone that he was willing to appear totally ridiculous, that he had suspended all restraints of logic and friendship to find some peace. It didn't matter whether he was a New Left heavy, a professional athlete or a Houston businessman, the individualist fantasy that one could, through personal heroics, alone transcend the social environment and alter the facts of life and death on this planet was doomed from the onset. It is to be expected that one who lives the American dream as fully as Rennie did should end up dependent for his salvation upon a god who has an ulcer. It was equally to be expected that his politics should become suprahuman and divine—not a communion between him and other roughly equal mortals but a personal dialog with his very own god.

Rennie's rarefied life had become so divorced from the stuff of ordinary human existence that his politics had become a game. This is not without precedent in earlier political movements. Lenin once described some of his contemporaries as "petty bourgeois driven to frenzy by the horrors of capitalism. . . . The instability of such revolutionism, its barrenness, and its tendency to turn rapidly into submission, apathy, phantasms, and even a frenzied infatuation with one bourgeois fad or another—all this is common knowledge."

This frenzy and instability came to be characteristic of many of the speaker-leaders of the left youth culture.

To Rennie, and a good portion of the media that covered him, the movement had consisted of himself and several hundred equally mobile and self-conscious young, white, mostly male radicals. Within that group there were at most a dozen that he considered peers in any sense. Those people beyond the chosen and aware few thousand were a vague blur of stereotyped "constituencies"—street-fighting youth, freaks, campus radicals, the poor, blacks and, of course, liberals (read most people). Such a view is built into the basic functioning of any speaker-leader, whose position makes it almost impossible to experience people in more than two ways—as the handful of locals who appear at the airport to greet him and the large crowd waiting at the hall.

The whole shot usually takes up an evening, perhaps a few hours in the afternoon, and, if the schedule is relatively relaxed, a sleep-over and breakfast before dashing back to the airport. An early-morning flight takes you to some other small group waiting at an airport, and so on for maybe two or three weeks. Then it's back home to an even tighter, more isolated group to whom you tell stories of the outside world.

These are relationships of calculated shallowness—the mystique is dependent upon their staying that way. The speaker-leader instinctively knows that to touch base by entering into more complex relations with the locals would mean the beginning of the end of an image that in many ways is as satisfying as it is unreal. We are not dealing with a leader in the sense of one who has risen organically out of the life experiences of a people and who, through deep understanding of their needs, can articulate their hopes and fears. That category includes authentic leaders such as Ho Chi Minh, Martin Luther King, Harriet Tubman and even Mario Savio during the Free Speech Movement days. But the speaker-leader (and I have been there) is of another ilk. His organic connection is with the media and the only people whose aspirations he really understands and caters to are reporters.

The speaker-leader did not grow up in the primary context of a village, extended family or ethnic or class grouping within a city. He grew up in front of a television set. From this box a child was born. It was the TV that defined the parameters of reality, not the folk stories of village elders or family tradition. That which did not appear on TV by definition either was frivolous or did not exist. And that which did appear was important in direct relation to the prime time it received. The genius of the speaker-leaders is that they internalized this truth like no one else around them.

Rennie and the others most often began conversations with me in the old days with the phrase "Hey, Scheer, you think the media would cover . . . ?" This was in deference to my being an editor of *Ramparts* and presumably in possession of some insights into media magic. The *sine qua non* of any action was the press conference that would inevitably precede it. Feeler phone calls would be made to friends in the media to get their likely reaction—would they come to such a conference and how much play would it get? If the press conference looked like a bummer, then the inner group would most likely move to off the action (or alter it to make it appear more exciting to the press). Jerry Rubin was good at gimmicks that would titillate the media and maybe supply a few good camera shots,

but Rennie was the master of the grand strategy that would hold the reporters' interest. These were the bloated campaign promises that fell under such rubrics as "election-year strategy" and "people's peace treaty." He had predicted at a press conference that his October 1971 rally would be "the most important gathering of people in 25 years." *The New York Times* later reported: "Most of the world failed to notice when the most important gathering in 25 years was postponed . . . on account of rain."

The problem with all this is that to surrender oneself to be simply buffeted by the fickle and co-optive forces of the media is to take the path of insanity. It is a process that destroys any real roots, anger, love or joy in the speaker-leader and leaves him increasingly frenetic, upwardly spiraling into a shrill and ultimately broken record. It is a process that substitutes contrivance for spontaneity and press notices for human affection. It begins with the speaker hearing his own voice, in mild schizophrenic detachment, and ends in messianic flip-out where the voice itself assumes the dimensions of truth. The speaker-leader inevitably reaches a point where he recoils from that estrangement and challenges the role that he is in or surrenders to it and ends up going off the deep end. The human brain has its own truth and when that is taxed, it gives out external signs that something is berserk.

But Rennie did not invent this culture of ours and he must be numbered among its victims. In what meaningful sense was there ever an American life outside prime time that he could have inhabited? In a basic way, Rennie did what was expected of him from high school on. He never really rebelled but rather accepted all of the prevailing myths of success, individuality, freedom and sexuality that are dominant in this society.

It is not entirely a personal problem that he found these wanting, nor that he was incapable of developing a collective, loving and nonexploitive alternative. But it was his vanity to presume that he alone could transcend this reality.

There are many religious and/or mystical experiences that Rennie could have turned to, but none would have accepted and maintained his privilege any better. The kidgurugod has magically transformed Rennie's sin of elitism into blessed virtues of divine service. He now transcends earthly criticism by simply terming his ambition God's will. And if everyone else will only get plugged in by receiving "the knowledge," they too will see that it is indeed God's will that Rennie Davis once again fly from campus to campus with the word.





Buck Brown

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by doggies, she means it!"*

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FEDERAL: A NAME TO TRUST

did you invite me?

(continued from page 145)

six or seven years before, she had divorced her husband. Gilbert is "in the middle of it," she thought. She had been "through it" and had "come out of it" and was not hurt or lonely anymore and had crowded her life with public troubles. She was married to a newspaper column.

"Something really *must* be done about him," she said at last out loud to David and Sarah, as she tried to follow Gilbert's conversation that was full of traps and false exit lines. For his part, he sniffed when he spoke to them of Rachel.

"Very attractive woman. Very boring. All women are boring. Sonia was a terrible bore sometimes, carrying on, silly cow. What of it? You may have remarked it: I'm a bore. I must go. Thank you, Sarah and David, for inviting me and offering me your friendship. You did invite me, didn't you? You did? I'm glad. I have no friends. The friends Sonia and I invited to the house were hers, not mine. Old codgers. I must go home and feed her dog."

They watched him go off stiffly, a 40-year-old.

An outsider he was, of course, because of loss. One feels the east wind—she knew that. But it was clear—as she decided to add him to her worries—that he must always have been that. He behaved mechanically, click, click, click, like a puppet or an orphan, homelessness being his vanity. This came out when David had asked him about his father and mother in Rachel's presence. From their glances at each other, she knew they had heard what he said many times before. Out came his shot, the long lashes of his childish eyes blinking fast:

"Never met the people."

He was showing her a nasty wound. He was born in Singapore, he said. One gathered the birth had no connection with either father or mother. She tried to be intelligent about the city.

"Never saw the place."

The father became a prisoner of the Japanese. The mother took him to India. Rachel tried to be intelligent about India.

"Don't remember it."

"The old girl"—his mother—sent him home to schools. He spent his boyhood in camps and dormitories, his army life in Nissen huts. He was 20 when he really "met" his parents. At the sight of him, they separated for good.

No further answers. Life had been doled out to him in accidental soup-spoons, one at a time; he returned the compliment by doing the same and then erected silence like houses of cards, watching people wait for them to fall down.

How did the raw young man come to be married to Sonia, an actress at the top of the tree, 15 years older than he? "The

old girl knew her," he said. She was his mother's friend. Rachel worried away at it. She saw, correctly, a dramatic woman with a clever mouth, a surrogate mother—but a mother astute in acting the part among her scores of grand and famous friends. Rachel had one or two famous friends, too, but he snubbed her with his automatic phrase:

"Never met him."

Or: "Never met her."

And then Rachel, again correctly, saw him standing in the doorway of Sonia's drawing room or bringing drinks perhaps to the crowd like an uncouth son; those wrists were the wrists of a growing boy who silently jeered at the guests. She heard Sonia dressing him down for his Nissen-hut language and his bad manners—which, however, she encouraged. This was her third marriage and it had to be original. That was the heart of the Gilbert problem: Sonia had invented him; he had no innate right to what he appeared to be, although he was 40.

So Rachel, who happened to be writing an article on broken homes, asked him to come round and have a drink. He walked across the park from his house to hers. At the door, he spoke his usual phrase:

"Thank you for inviting me. You did invite me, didn't you? Well, I thank you. We live on opposite sides of the park." He said this like a marksman. "Very convenient. Not too near."

He went in.

"Your house is white and your dog is white," he said.

Rachel owned a dog. A very white fox terrier came barking at him on a high, glassy note, showing sharp teeth. Rachel was wearing a pale-blue dress from her throat to the tips of her shoes and led him into the sitting room. He sank into a soft, silky sofa with his knees together and politely inspected her as an interesting collection of bones.

"Shall I ever get up from this?" he said, patting the sofa. "Silly question. Yes, I shall, of course. I have come, shortly I shall go." He was mocking someone's manners, perhaps hers. The fox terrier, which had followed him into the small and sunny room, sniffed long at Gilbert's shoes and his trouser legs and stiffened when he stroked its head. The dog growled.

"Pretty head," he said. "I like dogs' heads." He was staring at Rachel's head. Her hair was smooth, neat and fair.

"I remarked his feet on the hall floor, tick, tick, tick. Your hall must be tiled. Mine is carpeted."

"Don't be so aggressive, Sam," said Rachel gravely to the dog.

"Leave him alone," said Gilbert. "He can smell Tom, Sonia's Boston bull. That's who you can smell, isn't it? He can smell an enemy."

"Sam is a problem," she said. "Everyone in the street hates you, Sam, don't

they? When you get out in the garden you bark and bark, people open their windows and shout at you. You chase cats, you killed the Gregory boy's rabbit and bit the Jackson child. You drive the doctor mad. He throws flowerpots at you."

"Stop nagging the poor animal," said Gilbert. And to the dog he said:

"Good for you. Be a nuisance. Be yourself. Everyone needs an enemy. Absolutely."

And he said to himself: She hasn't forgiven her husband. In her long dress she had the composure of the completely smoothed-over person who might well have nothing on underneath. Gilbert appreciated this, but she became prudish and argumentative.

"Why do you say 'absolutely'?" she said, seeing a distracting point for discussion here. "Isn't that relative?"

"No," said Gilbert with enjoyment. He loved a row. "I've got an enemy at my office. Nasty little creepy fellow. He wants my job. He watches me. There's a new job going—promotion—and he thinks I want it. So he watches. He sits on the other side of the room and is peeing himself with anxiety every time I move. Peeing himself, yes. If I leave the room, he goes to the door to see if I'm going to the director's office. If I do, he sweats. He makes an excuse to go to the director to see if he can find out what we've been talking about. When I am working on a scheme, he comes over to look at it. If I'm working out costs, he stares with agony at the layout or the figures. 'Is that Jameson's?' He can't contain himself. 'No, I'm doing my income tax,' I tell him. He's very shocked at my doing that in office hours and goes away relieved. He'll report that to the director. Then a suspicion strikes him when he is halfway back to his desk and he turns round and comes over again, panting. He doesn't believe me. 'I'm turning inches into centimeters,' I say. He still doesn't believe me. Poor silly bugger."

He laughed.

"Wasn't that rather cruel?" she said. "Why centimeters?"

"Why not? He wants the French job. Boring little man. Boring office. Yes."

Gilbert constructed one of his long silences.

After a while, he went on:

"He was the only one who came from the office to Sonia's funeral. He brought his wife—never met her before—and she cried. The only person who did. Yes. He'd never missed a show she was in."

"So he isn't an enemy. Doesn't that prove my point?" she asked solemnly.

Gilbert ignored this.

"They'd never met poor Sonia," he said. And he blinked very fast.



"This is not room 205. This is room 305. No one here ordered a blow job."

"I never met your wife, either, you know," said Rachel earnestly. She hoped he would describe her; but he described her doctors, the lawyers who assemble after death.

"What a farce," he said.

He said, "She had a stroke in the theater. Her words came out backward. I wrote to her first two husbands. Only one replied. The theater sent her to the hospital—damn fools. If you go to the hospital, you die of pneumonia, bloody hospital won't give you enough pillows, you lie flat and you can't get your breath. What a farce. Her brother came and talked, one of those fat men. Never liked the man."

She said how terrible it must have been.

"Did she recover her speech? They sometimes do."

"Asked," he said, "for the dog, called it God."

He got up suddenly from the sofa.

"There! I have got up. I am standing on my feet. I am a bore," he said. "I shall go."

As he left the room, the terrier came sniffing at his heels.

"Country dogs. Good ratters. Ought to be on a farm."

She plunged into a confidence to make him stay longer.

"He used to be a country dog. My husband bought him for me when we lived in the country. I know," she reverted to a worry, "how important environment is to animals and I was going to let him stay—but when you are living alone in the city—well, there are a lot of burglaries here."

"Why did you divorce your husband?" he asked as he opened the front door. "I shouldn't have asked. Bad manners. I

apologize. I was rude. Sonia was always on to me about that."

"He went off with a girl at his office," she said staunchly.

"Silly man," said Gilbert, looking at the dog. "Thank you. Goodbye. Do we shake hands? You invited me, now it is my turn to invite you. That is the right thing, of course it is. We must do the right thing. I shall."

Weeks passed before Gilbert invited Rachel. There were difficulties. Whatever he decided by day was destroyed at night. At night Sonia would seem to come flying out of the park, saying the house had belonged to her. She had paid for it. She enumerated the furniture item by item. She had the slow, languid walk of her stage appearances as she went suspiciously from room to room, asking what he had done with her fur coats and where were her shoes? "You've given them to some woman." She said he had a woman in the house. He said he asked only David and Sarah: She said she didn't trust Sarah. He pleaded he had kept the dog. When he said that, her ghost vanished, saying he starved the poor thing.

One night he said to her, "I'm going to ask Rachel, but you'll be here."

"I damn well will," she said. And this became such a dogma that when, at last, he asked Rachel to come, he disliked her.

His house was not as sedate as hers, which had been repainted that year—his not. His windows seemed to him—and to her—to sob. There was grit on the frames. When he opened the door to her, she noted that the brass knocker had not been polished and inside there was the immediate cold odor of old food. The hall and walls echoed their voices and the air was very still. In the sitting room, the seats of the chairs, one could see, had not been sat on for a long time, there was

dust on the theatrical wallpaper. Hearing her, Sonia's dog, Tom, came scrambling the stair carpet and rushed into the room hysterically at both of them, skidding on rugs, snorting, whimpering, and made at once for her skirts, got under her legs and was driven off onto a sofa of green silk, rather like hers, but now frayed where the dog's claws had caught.

"Off the sofa, Tom," said Gilbert. The dog ignored this and snuffled from its squat nose and gazed from wet eyes that were like enormous marbles. Gilbert picked up a rubber bone and threw it to the dog. Down it came and the racing round the room began again. Rachel held her glass in the air for safety's sake and the dog jumped at it and made her spill whiskey on her dress. In this confusion they tried to talk.

"Sonia liked being photographed with Tom," he said.

"I saw her on the stage only once. She was very beautiful," she said. "It must have been twelve years ago. Gielgud and another actor called Slade were in it. Or perhaps it wasn't Slade. Oh, dear! My memory!"

"Her second husband," he said.

He picked up the dog's rubber bone.

The dog rushed to him and seized it. Man and dog pulled at the bone.

"You won't get it. You want it," said Gilbert while she seemed to hear her husband say, "Why can't you keep your mouth shut if you can't remember things?" And Gilbert, grinning in his struggle with the dog, said:

"She always had Tom sleep on our bed. He still does. Won't leave it. He's on it even when I come back from the office."

"He sleeps with you?" she said with a shudder.

"I come home. I want someone to talk to."

"What d'you do with him when you go to your office?" The dog pulled and snorted. The woman who came in and cleaned looked after the dog, he said. And went on:

"Your house has three stories, mine has two, otherwise the same. I've got a basement full of rubbish. I was going to turn it into a flat, but Sonia got worse. Futile. Yes, life is futile. Why not sell the damn place? No point. No point in anything. I go to the office, come back, feed the dog and get drunk. Why not? Why go on? Why do you go on? Just habit. No sense in it."



"Shakespeare? I've a little room in the back, sir."

"You do go on," she said.

"The dog," he said.

I must find some people for him to meet. He can't go on like this, she thought. It is ghastly.

When she left, he stood on the doorstep and said:

"My house. Your house. They're worth four times what we gave for them. There it is."

She decided to invite him to dinner to meet some people—but whom could she ask? He was prickly. She knew dozens of people, but, as she thought of them, there seemed, for the first time, to be something wrong with all of them. In the end, she invited no one to meet him.

On a diet, silly cow, he thought when she came to the door, but he fell back on his usual phrase as he looked about the empty room.

"Did you invite me? Or shall I go away? You *did* invite me. Thank you. Thank you."

"I've been in Vienna with the Fladgates. She is a singer. Friends of David and Sarah."

"Fladgates? Never heard of the people," he said. "Sonia insulted someone in Vienna. I was drunk. Sonia never drank anything—that made her insults worse. Did your husband drink?"

"Indeed not."

He sat down on the sofa. The evening—Sonia's time. He expected Sonia to fly in and sit there watching this woman with all her "problems" hidden chastely except for one foot, which tipped up and down in her shoe under her long dress. But—to his surprise—Sonia did not come. The terrier sat at Rachel's feet.

"How is your enemy?" she said as they drank. "The man in the office."

"He and his wife asked me to dinner," he said.

"That's kind," she said.

"People are kind," he said. "I've remarked that."

"Does he still watch you?"

"Yes. You know what it was? He thinks I drink too much. He thinks I've got a bottle in my desk. It wasn't the job that was worrying him. We are wrong about people. I am. You are. Everyone is."

When they went in to dinner, candles were on the table.

Bloody silly having candles, he said to himself. And when she came in with the soup, he said:

"We had candles. Poor Sonia threw them out the window once. She had to do it in a play."

The soup was iced and white and there was something in it that he could not make out. But no salt. That's it, he thought, no salt in this woman. Writes about politics and things all day and forgets the salt. The next course was white, too, something chopped or minced with something peculiar, goodness knew what.

It got into his teeth. Minced newsprint, he thought.

"Poor Sonia couldn't cook at all," he said, pushing his food about, proud of Sonia. "She put dishes on the floor near the stove, terrible muddle, and rushed back to hear what people were saying, and then an awful bloody stink came from the kitchen. I used to go down and the potatoes had burned dry and Tom had cleared the plates. Bloody starvation. No dinner."

"Oh, no!" she said.

"I live on chops now. Yes," he said. "One, sometimes two, every day, say ten a week. Am I being a bore? Shall I go?"

Rachel had a face that had been set for years in the same concerned expression. That expression now fell to pieces from her forehead to her throat. Against her will, she laughed. The laugh shook her and was loud; she felt herself being whirled into a helpless state from the toes upward. Her blood whirled, too.

"You laughed!" he shouted. "You did not protest. You did not write an article. You laughed. I could see your teeth. Very good. I've never seen you laugh before."

And the dog barked at them.

"She laughed!" he shouted at the dog.

She went out to make coffee, very annoyed at being trapped into laughing. While he waited, the dog sat, undecided, ears pricked, listening for her and watching him like a sentry.

"Rats," whispered Gilbert to the dog. It stood up sharply.

"Poor bastard. What a life," he said.

The dog barked angrily at him and when she came in, he said, "I told your dog he ought to be on a farm."

"You said that before. Let us have coffee next door," she said. They moved into the next room and now she sat on the sofa while she poured the coffee.

"Now you are sitting on the sofa. I'm in this armchair," he said, thinking of life tactically. "Sonia moved about, too. I used to watch her going into a room. Where will she sit next? Damned if I ever got it right. The same in restaurants. 'Let us sit here,' she'd say, and then when the waiter came to her chair, she'd say, 'No, not here. Over there.' Never knew where she was going to settle. Like a fly. She wanted attention. Of course. That was it. Quite right."

"Well," she said coldly, "she was an actress."

"Nothing to do with it," he said. "Woman."

"Nonsense," she said, hating to be called a woman, and thought, It's my turn now.

"My husband," she said, "traveled the whole time. Moscow, Germany, Copenhagen, South Africa; but when he got home, he was never still, posing to the animals on the farm, showing off to barns, fences, talking French and German to birds, pretending to be a country gentleman."

"Let the poor man alone," he said. "Is he still alive?"

"I told you," she said. "I won't bore you with it all."

She was astonished to find herself using his word and that the full story of her husband and herself she had planned to tell, and which she had told so many people, suddenly lost interest. And yet, anyway, she thought, why shouldn't I tell this man about it? So she started, but she made a muddle of it. She got lost in the details. The evening, she saw, was a failure. He yawned.

If there was one thing Rachel could honestly say, it was that she had not thought of her husband for years. She had not forgotten, but he had become a generality in the busyness of her life. But now, after the evening when Gilbert came to dinner, her husband came to life and plagued her. If an airplane came down whining across the wide London sky, she saw him sitting in it—back from Beirut, Cape Town, Copenhagen—descending not upon her but upon another woman. If she took the dog for a run in the park, the cuddling couples on the grass became him and that young girl; if babies screamed in their prams, they were his children; if a man threw a ball, it was he; if men in white flannels were playing cricket, she wondered if he were among them. She imagined sudden, cold meetings and ran through tirades of hot dialog. One day she saw a procession of dogs, panting and tails up, following a bitch, with a foolish grin of wet teeth in their jaws, and Sam rushed after them: She went red in the face shouting at him. And yet she had gone to the park in order to calm herself and to be alone. The worst thing that could happen would be to meet Gilbert, the cause of this; but, like all malevolent causes, he never showed his face. She had wished to do her duty and be sorry for him, but not for him to become a man. She feared she might be on the point of talking about this to a woman, not a woman she knew well—that would be disastrous—but, say, to some woman or girl sitting alone on a park seat or some woman in a shop: a confidence she would regret all her life. She was touchy in these days and had a row with the doctor who threw flower-pots at her dog. She petted the animal. "Your head is handsome," she said, stroking its head, "but why did you go after that silly bitch?" The dog adored her when she said this. "You're vain," she said to it.

Gilbert *did* go to the park, but only on Saturdays, when the crowds came. He liked seeing the picnics, the litter on the grass; he stood still with pleasure when babies screamed or ice cream dripped. He grinned at boys throwing water from drinking fountains and families trudging, drunks lying asleep and fat girls lying half on top of their men and tickling their faces with grass. "The place is

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a damn bedroom. Why not? Where else can they go? Lucky, boring people. I've got a bedroom and no one in it."

One Saturday, after three days of rain, he took his dog there and—would you believe it?—there the whole crowd was again, still at it, on the wet grass. The trouble with Sonia was that she thought the park was vulgar and would never go there—went once and never again, hadn't brought the right shoes.

He remarked this to his dog as he let it off its leash. The animal scampered round him in wide circles, came back to him and then raced off again in circles getting wider and wider, until it saw a man with string in his hand trying to fly a kite. The kite was flopping on the ground, rose 20 or 30 feet in the air and then dived again. The dog rushed at the kite, but the man got it up again, higher this time. Gilbert walked toward the man. "Poor devil, can't get it up," he said as he walked. He got near the man and watched his struggles.

Then the kite shot up high and Gilbert watched it raving there until suddenly it swept away higher still. Gilbert said: "Good for him." The boredom of the gray afternoon was sweet. He lit a cigarette and threw the empty packet onto the grass and then he lost sight of the dog. When he saw it again, it was racing in a straight line toward a group of trees by the lake. It was racing toward another dog. A few yards away from the dog, it stopped and pranced. The dog was a terrier and stopped dead, then came forward. They stood sniffing each other's tails and then jumped round muzzle to muzzle. They were growling, the terrier barked and then the two dogs flew at each other's necks. Their play had turned to a war, their jaws were at each other's necks and ears.

Gilbert saw at once it was Rachel's dog; indeed, Rachel was running up, shouting, "Sam! Sam!" The fight was savage and Tom had his teeth in.

"Stop them," Rachel was shouting. "Stop them. They'll kill each other. He's got him by the throat."

And then she saw him: "You!"

Gilbert was enjoying the fight. He looked around and picked up a stick that had fallen from a tree.

"Stop them," she shouted.

"Get yours by the collar, I'll get mine," he shouted to her.

"I can't. Sam! Sam! They're bleeding."

She was dancing about in terror, trying to catch Sam by the legs.

"Not by the legs. By the collar, like this, woman," he shouted. "Don't put your arms round him, you idiot. Like this. Stop dancing about."

He caught Tom by the collar and lifted him as both dogs hung on to each other.

"You're strangling him. I can't, I can't," she said. Gilbert brought his stick down hard on the muzzles of the dogs,

just as she was trying to grasp Sam again. "You'll kill them."

He brought the stick down hard again. The dogs yelped with pain and separated.

"Get the leash on," he said, "you fool."

Somehow she managed it and the two dogs now strained to get at each other. The terrier's white neck and body were spotted with blood and smears of it were on Rachel's hands.

Gilbert wiped their spit off his sleeve.

They pulled their dogs yards apart and she stared at him. It infuriated her that he was laughing at her with pure pleasure. In their stares, they saw each other clearly and as they had never seen each other before. To him, in her short skirt and her shoes muddied by the wet grass, her hair disordered and the blood risen to her pale face, she was a woman. The grass had changed her. To her, he was not a pitiable arrangement of widower's tricks but a man on his own. And the park itself changed him in her eyes: In the park he, like everyone else there, seemed to be human. The dogs gave one more heave to get at each other.

"Lie down, Sam," Gilbert shouted.

She lifted her chin and was free to hate him for shouting at her animal.

"Look after yours. He's dangerous," she called back, angered by the friendliness of his face.

"Damn silly dogs enjoyed it. Good for them. Are you all right? Go up to the kiosk and get a drink—if I may, I'll follow you up . . . see you're all right."

"No, no," she put out a loud moan—far too loud. "He's bleeding. I'll take him home," and she turned to look at the park. "What a mess people make." And now, walking away, made a final accusation:

"I didn't know you brought your dog here."

He watched her go. She turned away and dragged the struggling terrier over the grass uphill from the lake. He watched her walking unsteadily.

Very attractive figure, he thought. Silly cow. Better go home and ring her up.

He turned and on the way back to his house, he could still see her dancing about on the grass and shouting. He went over the scene again and repeated his conclusion: She's got legs. A woman. Must be. Full of life. She was still dancing about as he put a bowl of water down for the dog. It drank noisily and he gave it another bowl and then he washed the dog's neck and looked at its ear. "Nothing much wrong with you," he said. He fed the animal and soon it jumped onto the sofa and was instantly snorting, and whimpering and shaking into sleep.

I must ring her up, yes, that is what I must do.

But a neighbor answered and said Rachel had gone to the vet and she had come back in a terrible state and had gone to bed with one of her migraines.

"Don't bother her," he said. "I just rang to ask how the dog was."

Rachel was not in bed. She was standing beside the neighbor and when the call was over, she said:

"What did he say?"

"He asked about the dog."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

This flabbergasted her.

In the middle of the night she woke up and when her stupefaction passed, she damn well wished he were there so that she could say, "It didn't occur to you to apologize. I don't like being called a fool. You assume too much. Don't think I care a damn about your dog." She was annoyed to feel a shudder pass through her. She got out of bed and, looking out of her window at the black trees, saw herself racing across the park to his house and pulling that dog of his off his bed. The things she said! The language she used! She kicked the dog out of the room and it went howling downstairs. She went back to bed weak and surprised at herself, because, before she realized it, Sam became Tom in her mind. She lay there stiff, awake, alone. Which dog had she kicked? Sam or Tom?

In his house, Gilbert locked up, poured himself a strong whiskey, then a second, then a third. Uncertain of whom he was addressing, Rachel or Sonia, he said, "Silly cow," and blundered drunkish to bed. He woke up at five very cold. No dog. The bed was empty. He got out of bed and went downstairs. For the first time since Sonia had died, the dog was asleep on the sofa. He had forgotten to leave his door open.

In the morning, he was startled to hear Sonia's voice saying to him in her stage voice: "Send her some flowers, ask her to dinner and stop pitying yourself."

So he sent the flowers and when Rachel rang to thank him, he asked her to dinner—at a restaurant.

"Your house. My house," he said. "Two dogs."

There was a long silence and he could hear her breath bristling.

"Yes. I think it has to be somewhere else," she said. And added: "As you say, we have a problem."

And after this dinner and the next, she said:

"There are so many problems. I don't really know you."

They talked all summer and people who came regularly to the restaurant made up stories about them and were quite put out when in October they stopped coming. All the proprietor had heard was that they had sold their houses—in fact, he knew what they'd got for them. The proprietor had bought Sonia's dog. There was a terrier, too, he said, but he didn't know what had happened to that.

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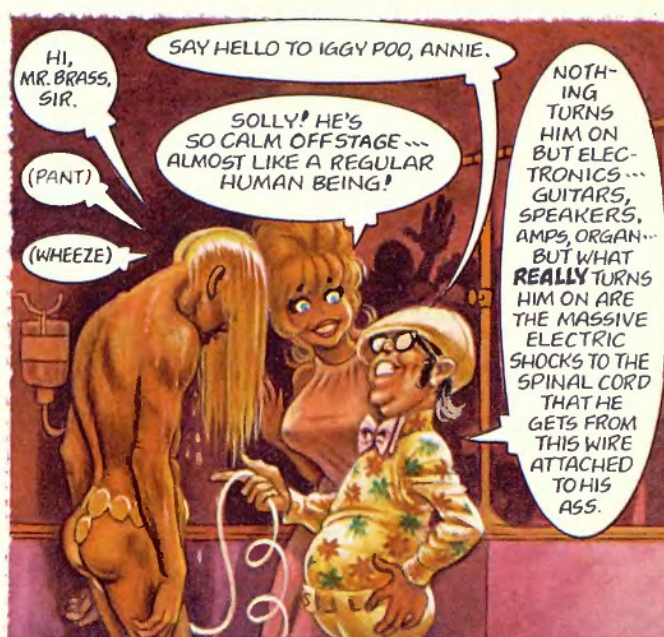
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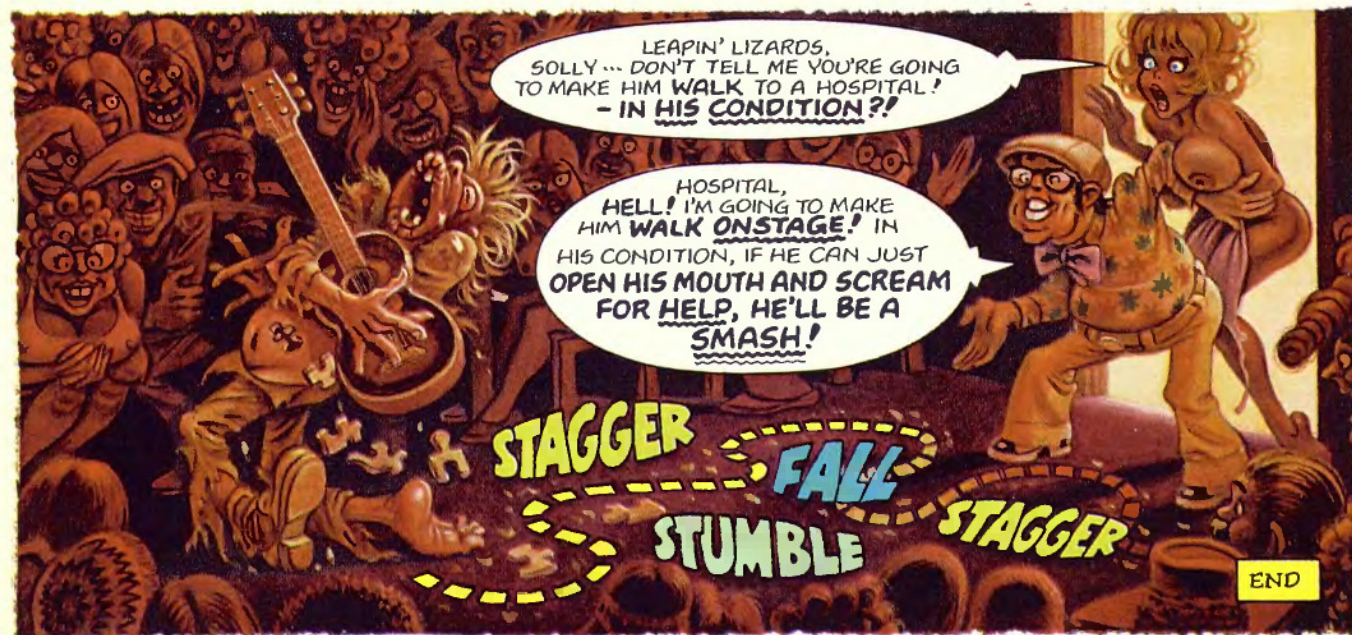
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"GLORIA STEINEM AND THE UNEATEN TUNA FISH SANDWICH"—THE AUTHOR OF A *FAN'S NOTES* PENS A MS. ON AN UPTIGHT MS.—BY **FRED EXLEY**

"WINTER OF '73"—NOTHING WAS GOING RIGHT ANYWHERE ELSE, SO WHY SHOULD VAN NESS AVENUE BE ANY EXCEPTION? A SHORT-SHORT STORY—BY **HERBERT GOLD**

Salem refreshes naturally.

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- A man and a woman are on a log in a river. The man is sitting on the log, holding a cigarette, and the woman is standing behind him, holding the log. They are both smiling and looking at the camera. The background is a lush green forest.
- Naturally grown menthol.
 - Rich natural tobacco taste.
 - No harsh, hot taste.



King or Super King

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

KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
SUPER KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '73.



DART SPORT CONVERTTRIPLE '74.



Extra care in engineering
makes a difference in Dodge
...depend on it.

IT'S THREE CARS IN ONE... ALL THE CARS YOU'VE EVER WANTED.

1 AN ECONOMICAL FIVE-PASSENGER COUPE. In a recent gas mileage test conducted and sanctioned by the United States Auto Club, Dart Sport with a V8 got better gas mileage than Nova with a six-cylinder engine, and Dart Sport's Slant Six got even better gas mileage.

2 A SUN ROOF CONVERTIBLE. What an option! You get a secure metal sun roof that slides open to give you the sun in the morning and the moon at night. With Dart Sport, the sky's the limit. So sit back, relax, and start to follow the sun.

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